

THE  
SPIRITUAL OFFERING,  
A  
SCIENTIFIC AND SPIRITUALISTIC  
MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY.

---

EDITED BY D. M. AND NETTIE PEASE FOX.

---

VOLUME II.

1878.



SPRINGFIELD, MO. :

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.





68761  
May 24, 1899  
A. S. Giles  
gift

257

7 Sp 3

(v. 2)



## CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

PAGE.	PAGE.		
A Materialist Prays.....	98	Remember, (poem), Mrs. E. G. Planck..	120
Ancient and Modern Gods.....	125	Remarkable Revelation by a Spirit.....	179
A Common Sense Sermon. Wm. Denton,	154	Remarkable Psychological Phenomena.	181
Are the Roman Catholics Gaining Power?	155	Reason and Science.....	207
Answers to Questions.....	157, 277	Remembrance, Nettie C. Maynard.....	253
An Ideal, (poem).....	293	Spiritualism, Christianity and Rational-	
All Roads Open.....	338	ism.....	5
An Atheist's Child.....	217	Spirit Bride, Mrs. Kate Osborn.....	16
Be True.....	182	Song of the Soul, Belle Bush.....	34
Brittan, S. B., Biography, (with portrait)		Somewhere, (poem), M. H. Marble.....	53
9, 60, 127, 188, 229,	320	Spirit Communion, (poem).....	55
Clerical Scandals.....	98	Spirit and Matter, John Wetherbee.....	71
Christianity, Statistics.....	99	Substantial Stuff in Dreams.....	82
Children's Lyceum at Santa Barbara....	204	Spiritual Ministry of Sleep.....	83
Correspondence, John Wetherbee.....	285	Spirit of the Opposition.....	87
Contemplation of Death, (poem).....	315	Statistics of Christianity.....	99
Dark Circles, Warren Chase.....	24	Schiller and Charlotte.....	121
Dr. Slade, Experiments with in Europe,	31	Sermon to Prisoners, Wm. Denton.....	122
Ditzler and Jamieson Debate.....	175	Scientific Psychography.....	140
Drifting Leaves, S. B. Brittan.....	301	Spiritualism not an Aristocracy.....	173
Death of the Fairy, Mrs. E. G. Planck.	332	Spirit Rappings in Jno. Wesley's Fam-	
Editorial Notes.....43, 154, 220, 283,	351	ily.....	180
Enlargement and Change of Terms.....	95, 156	So Nigh, (poem).....	272
Evolution of the Religion of Israel, 105,	161	Spiritualism not Sectarian.....	278
245, 289		"The Grand Old Book".....	35
Fear Not, (poem), Harris.....	8	The Phantom Form, or Experiences in	
Fruits of Christianity. The True Basis		Earth and Spirit Life, by Nettie	
of Morality.....	286	Pease Fox.....40, 89, 151, 214, 279,	344
Feeling an Amputated Limb.....	330	The Little White Hearse, Mrs. Osborn.	56
Hindrances to the Spread of Spiritual-		Thoughts on Prayer.....	57
ism, Denton.....	18	The Wanderer, (poem).....	59
How can we Obtain an Abundance of		The Devil's Sonata.....	83
Money? Loveland.....	25	The Question.....	96
How like an Angel.....	86	The Work of Spiritualism.....	99
Happiness, (poem), S. N. W. Rumford.	138	The Purest Poetry, (poem), Belle Bush.	112
Having Eyes, they See Not—Having		The Innermost of Spiritualism, D. L.	
Ears, they Hear Not!.....	257	Ditson.....	117
How False and yet How True!.....	294	Thoughts, (poem), Wm. Denton.....	138
How can Investigators Protect them-		The House You Live In.....	145
selves against Fraud?.....	219	The Devil.....	146
Harry's Consolation.....	143	The Early Evangels of Spiritualism, by	
Immortality in the Bible.....	49	the Editor.....	147
I Smiled and She Smiled.....	205	To Mrs. Christine Fierman, (poem), by	
Letter from Dr. Willis—Weighing a		the Editor.....	150
Materializing Medium.....	80	The Spiritual and Liberal Press.....	156
Liberal Offer.....	97	Timely Matters, John Wetherbee.....	170
Let the Bible Stand for its True Worth.	97	Thanatopsis, (poem), Wm. Cullen Bry-	
Lectures by Mrs. Fox in Kansas and Mis-		ant.....	178
OURI.....	208	The Mystery of Mind.....	181
Lines inscribed to Lillie, (poem).....	301	The Case of Mrs. Besant.....	180
Lines for the Little Ones.....	331	Testing Mediums.....	208
Materializations, Mrs. Pickering.....	30	The Purest Poetry.....	213
Mediumship, by the Editor.....39, 273,	339	The Spirit of the Streamlet.....	261
Monopoly Ethics, J. S. Loveland.....53,	114	Twilight Musings, (poem).....	263
Mythical Origin of Christianity.....	76	Thomas R. Hazard—A Family Reunion,	264
Materialization, Mrs. Boothby.....	142	To a Cousin.....	309
My Priestess, (poem).....	164	Thoughts on Phenomenal Spiritualism,	
Materialization, Prof. J. R. Buchanan..	240	Jno. Wetherbee.....	310
Mediums' Rights, Lyman C. Howe, 254,	317	The Morning Concert.....	335
Mediumship, W. E. Coleman.....	312	The Two Glasses, (poem).....	337
Matter Passing through Matter.....	284	Timely Brevities.....	349
My Little Boy, (poem).....	202	Visit of a Dead Mother to her Child....	328
Nora Ray.....	286	Why do not the Mediums Find Charley	
Our Religion, Mrs. E. G. Planck.....	1	Ross?.....	28
Our Young Folks.....84, 143, 202, 257,	332	Workmen, Rouse! (poem).....	70
Phenomenal Record.....29, 78,	139	Weighing a Materializing Medium.....	70
Phenomenal Items of Interest.....	33	What we Want, Editorial.....	130
Physical Theory of Another Life.....	225	What should be the Basis of Union for	
Personality of God.....	306	Liberals?.....	173
Phenomenal Spiritualism.....	330	What is Sin?.....	298
Polly's Twenty Friends, Miss Wixon....	203	Woman's Mission, D. Higbee, M. D....	73
Quiet Thoughts, by Belle Bush.....	244	Wm. Cullen Bryant, Biographical, by	
Review of Current Literature.....45,	100	the Editor.....	209
156, 221,	286	Yourself.....	84



THE HISTORY OF THE

Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, appearing to be a historical or biographical account. The text is arranged in several columns and is significantly faded and obscured by noise and artifacts.



THE  
SPIRITUAL OFFERING.  
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY  
FROM A SPIRITUALISTIC AND SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.


---

MAY, 1878.

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.  
OUR RELIGION.

BY MRS. E. G. PLANCK.

HE religion of the ancients was a product of the imagination rather than the reason—harmonizing with the poetic genius of the people—and in complete sympathy with their lack of moral development. Priests in costly and gorgeous robes offered sacrifices to mythological gods—deities representing every passion of the human heart, the most degraded as well as the most ennobling. Temples were dedicated to these divinities; and fruits, precious perfumes, and even human beings, were laid upon their altars.

Besides the many gods of their vague and wild imaginings, the ancients recognized lower objects of worship and these were almost without number. Every dark grove and shady valley—every cooling stream and lonely grotto—was to them peopled with weird beings, half human, half divine; mysterious links between gods and men—more beautiful than mortals, less sacred than the gods. Amid the heavy forest gloom dwelt the Dryads—over the high mountains roamed the Oread with bow and quiver—while near the plashing fountain reclined the young Naiad, gazing on her own divine image reflected in the sparkling waters. Soft voices came whispering through the leaves—every rippling brook gave forth the songs of fairies—and a mysterious charm pervades every wild solitary scene; while wandering Arcadian shepherds caught the glancing of white feet, as ideal wood-nymphs fled at their approach. The lonely hunter slumbering by the mountain spring, was haunted by the spell of the weird lady who smiled upon him in his dream and vanished on his waking; while hidden troops of mischievous echoes mocked his lamentations as they retreated before his voice. Every grove and river and valley was animate with life. On the silent shores of the sea were the green-haired Nereids—in rocky caves, amongst the shells and gorgeous wonders of the deep ocean dwelt the sea



nymphs—while altars all along the coast, smoked with offerings of milk and oil and honey; brought by mariners seeking the favor and protection of the water spirits in times of tempest and danger. All the events of life were in some way connected with their divinities, especially amongst the Greeks. The thunder was the voice of Jupiter—the lightning was his spear; the summer breeze was the fanning of a zephyr's wing, the forest echo was the voice of a goddess.

Every emotion was attributed to some special divine agency—even the pang of love was inflicted by the dart of Cupid. In battle Mars was the inspirer of the conquering hero—when the billows raged, Neptune was angry—and if the winds howled Eolus must be appeased. A gorgeous cloud sailing through the heavens, was Jupiter's chariot—the rosy, golden morn was heralded by Aurora—and Iris came floating on the rainbow. All Earth was a constant attraction to Heaven, and Heaven was ever bending low to touch the Earth. Thus the ignorant and credulous worshippers of the gods, though crude and material in their ideas, recognized a divinity in all things; shadowing forth the time, when man in a more progressed condition, gazing out upon the wonders of creation and the marvelous manifestations of the universe, should trace all sublimity and beauty "through Nature up to Nature's God."

There are certain natural objects which can be accurately measured only at a distance. This is also true of events; and the history of a people viewed from a distance, may distinctly announce the advent of a new idea—thus the mythology and religion of ancient times seems to us a prophecy of the revealment of great truths; or rather, the promise of a development (then but dimly felt) of the present growth toward a knowledge and recognition of God in all things, and the nearness of earth to the world beyond.

Down through the materialistic ages came this idea, brightening the dark places and lighting up the caverns of ignorance, as a ray from a far-off star may penetrate the bosom of a dark lake telling of light beyond. From time to time as the ages rolled, this idea found embodiment in living men, who taking upon themselves the individuality of their own nation and epoch, gave form and expression to great principles which the world recognized through them; as clouds are said to assume the outline of countries they pass over, and moulding themselves upon the valleys, plains and mountains, retain their forms and move with them over the skies. Zoroaster left the old paths and impressed his people and the institutions of his age with his own spirit. Moses too, was an embodiment of the advancement of his time, and though despotic in his laws and teachings, rising above the Zoroastrian code. Solon the Athenian, was the representative of the wisdom of his day and people—Lycurgus, acknowledging no human authority, was a gleam to his nation of the revealments of reason and intuition—and later, in the person of Jesus, the world has seen and recognized a principle so exalted, a truth so pure and beautiful, that like the ancient worshippers of the



gods, it has mistaken the shadow for the substance—the human messenger for the God-principle manifested—and has bowed down in idolatry.

“Human thought, like God, makes the world in its own image,” and there are epochs when old institutions pass away from the earth—dead branches from the tree of humanity—leaving room for the new birth and regeneration of its people. All reform is, in its essence, a sublime and impassioned spirituality—all revolution has a divine and universal ideal. Reform and revolution extend beyond mere localities, because they are the accessions of moral sovereignties. The mythology of the Ancients, the bloody sacrifices and myths of the Mosaic era, and the superstitious ignorance of modern theology, fall away to give place to a higher civilization and a loftier and purer religion. Gradually the old errors sink into disbelief—dogmas fade and doctrines die out of the creeds; but the same *germ of truth* which for long generations kept alive the flame of the old religions, lives on to-day clothed in a new and higher beauty. There has been no revelation: we speak of the discovery of new stars as if they were just born by miracle—men of learning announce new principles in science, as if God had just spoken them into being—when, in truth, the stars have always shone, the eternal laws of the universe have moved on forever, while man has been blinded by his own ignorance.

Within the human spirit, pure and true, the sacred *intuition* which is the signet-ring of Heaven, has ever spoken—faintly or more clearly as conditions have allowed.

This divine principle of our nature (the Holy Ghost of traditional religion) ever grasps at *truth* and possesses within itself the power to discern it. The ideality of the Ancients—the transcendentalism of later times—and the vague angelic beauty of the Christian religion, are simply the spirit's recognition of its eternal destiny. There is no such thing as imagination: the ability to conceive an idea presupposes the ability to execute it, and what we call imagination is but the *infinite spirit* of man yearning towards the *Infinite Creator* of that *spirit*! Every longing of the human heart in its desolation—every cry of the hungry soul for light—every agony of crushed aspiration—every avail of anguish from the sorrowing—every pang of despair from the tempted—all the convulsions and agonies, which can no more be measured by anything human than souls can be measured by space—all these are but the spirit's involuntary recognition of its heritage—its protest against wrong and oppression here—the sure promise of its glory and happiness hereafter.

Philosophy, the child of Reason, has swept away the vagaries of ignorance and superstition, and stands forth in the blaze of this wonderful century, demonstrating that the laws of God are immutable—that there is no death—that the Great Father is one with his children—that every human creature is the child of God—and that God is the great *positive magnet* of the universe, attracting all souls



*upward* to himself!

The old story, that the thunder and lightning were the avenging weapons of Jove, is scarcely more a fable now, than the traditionary teachings of total depravity, eternal punishment, and the resurrection of the body. Science proclaims that there is no mystery, that ignorance alone is the veil which shuts out a knowledge of the future; and as the world, baptized anew with inspiration, moves grandly up the mountain of progress, Heaven comes nearer and nearer—songs of angels gladden the ear—visions of the loved and lost greet the yearning heart—and we realize that we stand on the threshold of time, looking forth into eternity! The infinite possibilities of the human soul reach out into spirit realms; and spirit faces smile upon us, spirit hands fondly clasp our own, and spirit voices whisper “come up higher.”

Earth-life will soon recede—spirit-life advance upon us; and we know that soon, from that higher and happier home we shall glance back upon this, as manhood or womanhood looks back upon infancy. Shall we gaze backward through tears? Will the harmony and beauty of that spirit-home be troubled by memories of errors and wrongs which have stained our childhood here? Will our happiness be clouded by the unfailing record left on our souls by life on earth?

While we are on the journey we should be faithful; gathering flowers and gems of truth to bloom and shine eternally in that home of “Our Father” where are “many mansions.” As pilgrim-like we travel onward, we should never forget that we are linked together in one common brotherhood; that although we cannot always relieve each other’s sorrows, we may share them; and that when we draw the cloud of another’s woe around us, every drop that falls on us is taken from another’s grief. For our religion is one of sympathy and love: its divine mission is to purify and exalt the soul by unselfishness and a life devoted to high and noble purposes. It is a religion of *living* not *believing*—and as a diamond flashes forth its radiance, illuminating a dark mine, so the love and light from every true and pure human soul lights up some darkened path of life, dispelling its gloom, and breathing of hope and peace.

No sacred fane or altar do we raise, no priestly mysteries or swinging censurs claim; no pomp of ritual or savor sweet of gums and spices; no taper lights or dirge-like mournful chant.

Such worship needeth not our God, for “The great heart of the *Infinite* beats *even*—untroubled flows the river of *His* peace.”

Our worship is not in vain offerings or holy rites, but love to God made manifest in love to man.

---

All that hath been majestic  
 In life or death, since time began,  
 Is native to the simple heart of all,  
 The angel-heart of man.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



## SPIRITUALISM, CHRISTIANITY, AND RATIONALISM.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

**S**PIRITUALISM and Christianity are antithetical, radically antagonistic, and impossible of assimilation or harmonization. The genius and spirit of the two are antipodal; and, despite the many efforts to conjoin them since the inauguration of the Spiritual Dispensation (speaking theologically) thirty years ago, it has ever been found—as it ever will be—an impossible task to reconcile their many inherent, insuperable contrarities.

Christianity is based upon the life and teachings of one individual, Jesus the Christ; Spiritualism is based upon the life and teachings of no man or set of men, but upon the revelations of Nature both in the material and spiritual worlds. Christianity recognizes and blindly accepts the leadership of a young Hebrew living nearly two thousand years ago; Spiritualism neither recognizes nor accepts any special leadership, either on earth or in the spirit-spheres. Christianity declares the life and words of Jesus to be a revelation from God to man, sufficient, full, complete, by which our thoughts, words, and deeds must be guided, if we would attain the kingdom of heaven; Spiritualism knows nothing of any authoritative pen-and-ink revelation from the Supreme to man, whether emanating from Judea or India, Persia or China, Europe or America,—emphatically declaring through the trumpet-tongued utterances of the angel-world, that the life or words of no man, however eminent in goodness and wisdom, are to be regarded as the infallible standard by which our lives and words should be measured or gauged.

Christianity affirms, through its Christ, that heaven and earth shall pass away, but his (Christ's) words will never pass away; Spiritualism distinctly and positively asserts that the words of no man, even in this enlightened age ablaze with scientific research and philosophic lore, much less those of one living in an unenlightened, barbaric era, will endure for ever, but that many, very many, of the teachings of the wisest and purest sages, whether of the past or of the present, will sink into merited oblivion, with their kindred errors of all times and ages. Christianity points to the Man of Nazareth as the best, purest, wisest, most god-like mortal our planet has ever seen, or, mayhap, is likely to see in the æons yet to come; Spiritualism affirms the impossibility of a man living in the childhood of the race, in an obscure, semi-civilized land, devoid of the advantages of literary, scientific, and artistic culture, reared in the midst of poverty and unfavorable surroundings, his companions the dregs of the people, illiterate, contemned, despised, fishermen and harlots, publicans and sinners,—the impossibility of such a man attaining the *summum bonum* of moral and spiritual excellence, the *ne plus ultra* of purity, virtue, and wisdom, capable of imparting to all mankind, even to remotest ages, from the superabundance of his own plethoric store, the sublimest lessons of ethical instruction, the



most exalted and transcendent inspirations of religious culture, growth, and aspiration.

Christianity teaches a finality in moral and religious instruction,—the doctrines of Jesus; Spiritualism avers, in thunder tones, that, in the mighty arch of truth now being daily and hourly upreared on earth, piercing even the o'erbending heavens with its sublimity and grandeur,—the work of the myriad angel-visitants from the ever-green hills beyond the swelling flood,—that, in this vast triumphal arch, its keystone is the grand, the soul-uplifting, everlasting truth, the Eternal Progression of Mind and Matter from everlasting to everlasting,—no finality, no cessation of energy and efforts mental or physical, no stagnation and its ultimate attendants decay and death. Christianity affixes limits and bounds to our attainment of truth moral and spiritual,—to our aspirations heavenward,—by confining us to the few confused and conflicting sentences attributed to Jesus in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago; while Spiritualism—heaven's last, best gift to man, but alas! often crucified by those claiming to be its best friends—places no fetters upon the human mind and its achievements, in any field of emprise, but urges on with might and main the oft-flagging endeavors of feeble, frail humanity to surpass all previous efforts, whether in the domain of science, morals, or religion, whether proceeding from Aryan sage, American seer, or Judean carpenter, whether found in sacred Vedas or Holy Bible, musty with age and hoar with antiquity.

Christianity is conservative, dogmatic, anti-progressive, a stumbling-block in the path of enlightenment, progress, civilization; Spiritualism is radical, untrammelled with dogmas, creedless, progressive, ever seeking, ever welcoming new truth,—the great liberalizing power of the nineteenth century, the universal solvent of enervating creeds and time-worn superstitions,—impelling with titanic energy to farther and still farther advances in art, science, philosophy, religion, civilization, enlightenment,—in a word, progress universal. Christianity has cursed the world almost from its very birth, deluging it in blood and woe, fire and slaughter; Spiritualism has blessed the world,—is blessing it as it was never blessed before,—bringing peace to the broken-hearted, smiles to the heavy-hearted, and joy and gladness unutterable to the mourning and the sorrowful.

Christianity is the effete relic of a dead and mouldering past insisting on dragging through the world its loathsome corpse,—a horrid, ghastly spectacle, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness,—a grisly skeleton grinning in fiendish glee at the manifold miseries mountain-high it has heaped upon helpless humanity; Spiritualism is a fresh and rosy-checked damsel, full of hope, elasticity, and buoyancy of spirit, fair to look upon, mild and gentle, joyous and laughing, cheering all, inspiring all, banishing gloom from every heart, spreading blessings innumerable along her pathway at every step, making earth indeed a very heaven. Unite these two, the



grinning, ghastly spectre from the charnel-house of pagan folly and Hebraic dogma, and the blooming virgin fresh descended from the sunny slopes and terraced pavilions of the Summer-land, bursting like a goddess on our enraptured vision! Never! Unite Christianity and Spiritualism! Sooner unite oil and water, flood and flame, light and darkness, heaven and hell, God and Satan!

Repel, resist, the insidious advances of this protean-visaged monster, Christianity, as he seeks to claim as his heaven-affianced bride the heaven-descended maiden, Spiritualism; striving to encircle her in his all-embracing, all-crushing arms, as fatal to everything they clutch as were those of that holy agent of its (Christianity's) pious purposes in days not long ago, the Virgin's Statue in Spanish Inquisition hall or in grim Bohemian castle dungeon, when they drew the unlucky victim of the Church's wrath and doom close to the statue's form to receive the "Virgin's Kiss,"—a horrid, cruel death from knives innumerate concealed within the Virgin's sacred form, cutting therewith the offender into mincemeat excommunicate.

Spiritualism is at one, in spirit, with the tendencies of modern thought, while the "Spirit of the Age" is in direct antagonism to the claims of Christianity. The whole drift of scientific research and discovery is in opposition to Christianity, in all its myriad shapes. The present century is the age of Liberalism *par excellence*, as even the Church tremblingly admits. Christianity is now being shaken as it has never been shaken before.

Gradually, since the Reformation and the invention of printing, have the foundations of Christianity been weakening, its props and supports one by one falling through decay and death; and now, from all sides, on every hand, a serried host of earnest, vigorous sappers and miners are busily tugging away at the base of its deep-laid foundation-walls, and its corner-stone—the supremacy of Jesus Christ, his life and teachings,—will speedily be dragged out into the sunlight of God's truth, a crumbling mass of sand and gravel. Soon will the entire structure, now swaying to and fro, topple and descend with a fearful crash, "and great will be the fall thereof;" illustrating forcibly the truth of Jesus' borrowed Talmudic parable,—the ultimate overthrow of the house built upon the sand.

On one hand we see Science, with its heavy artillery in panoplied array, leveling at Christianity, with ever-increasing, never flagging zeal and vigor, its red-hot shot of stubborn facts that will not down,—that obstinately refuse to assimilate or be brought into harmony with Christian tradition and Biblical legend. Keen-eyed Philosophy, too, is, with its telescopic vision, pointing out its many lamentable defects, poorly patched up with flimsy subterfuges, empty assertions, and pretentious assumptions; while Freethought, under its varied aspects of Free Religion, Secularism, Materialism, Positivism, Deism, Atheism, Reformed Judaism, etc., in flank and rear, is pouring into its decimated ranks chain-shot and bar-shot (solid



arguments), Greek fire (common sense), and nitro-glycerine (enlightened reason).

Crowning all these, we behold the swift-advancing army of Modern Spiritualism, a mighty host in weight and number, exceeding much all other Christian combatants combined,—returning legions from the Heavenly Home its guides, directors, inspirers, leaders, more skillful, wise, and valiant far than those celestial champions led by fabled Michael in pre-Adamic time to cope with dread Apollyon and his rebellious cohorts and malign battalia. Under the inspiring guidance of this angel-band, forward they press with unblenching zeal, storming even the (presumed) impregnable fortress in which Christianity has been so long entrenched,—Supernaturalism: crowding over rampart and portcullis, scaling parapet and donjon-keep, penetrating into its secret depths, unearthing its sacred mysteries of inspiration, prophecy, and miracle, proving them the common property of all mankind, devoid alike of sanctity or exclusiveness, in pure accord with Nature's unerring, never-varying laws, eternal as herself.

This stronghold, Supernaturalism, being wrested from this latter-day Giant Despair,—his boastful, braggart followers dissipating like mist before the rising sun of Liberty and Truth,—a homeless, houseless wanderer will this erewhile terror-inspiring freebooter and sanguinolent vandal be, crawling and creeping through the world, eking out a miserable and brief existence, ere long to drop, unhonored and unsung, into a lonely, desolate grave, never to rise again.

The fact that Science, Philosophy, Reason, Morality, Common Sense, Intuition, and Pure Religion itself, are all combined in solid phalanx against Christianity and its arrogant claims, furnishes sufficient grounds, I opine, for my refusal to be called by the Christian name, preferring rather that of a Spiritualist, *pur et simple*.

Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

---

### FEAR NOT.

O BROTHER MAN! fear not: though hate and wrong,  
And want and death, hem round thy perilous path,  
Cease not to warble forth thine angel-song;  
Fear not old Falsehood's wrath.

Whether we face the lions in the den,  
Or sail o'er martyrdom's red, fiery seas,  
Around us camp, invisible to men,  
"The cloud of witnesses."

No chains can bind, no flames consume, the soul;  
God's breath dissolves the avalanche of ill:  
When the dark clouds of suffering round us roll,  
He sends his angels still.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.



## SAMUEL B. BRITTAN.

## Passages from the Record of a Busy Life.

BY HON. NELSON CROSS.

## CHAPTER I.

**Relations to the Early History of Spiritualism—Brief References to his Ancestry—An Inspired Mother—Struggles with Adverse Fortune—Prof. Nathan Brittan—Early Religious Instruction—Terrors of Hell Illustrated—The Boy before the Oven—Walking in the Night—The Little Somnambulist in a strange garret—He falls down stairs—A Young Metaphysician's views of Conversion—His experiences as a Mechanic—A Warning Voice excites his Curiosity—The Vigil at the Cradle—Rev. Dr. Ballou on the great Restitution—Mysterious and forcible Impression—The Youth resolves to grapple the World—A Sister's Remonstrance in vain—A Sudden Departure and a Night of Peril.**



**T**HERE is perhaps no name more intimately associated with the whole history and literature of Spiritualism than that of the man selected as the subject of the present biography. A complete review of his labors in the public elucidation and defense of its facts and philosophy would carry us back to the year 1846, when, to the best of our knowledge and belief, no other public advocate of Spiritualism—living or dead—had entered this wide but uncultivated field, that now stretches away beyond all national boundaries, and is to-day broader than the vast area of modern civilization.

It may be interesting to discover the antecedents of the mind that speaks to us from the rostrum and through the printed page. We all like to know something of the veiled life of prominent persons, in whatever capacity they may have been called to act. While it is not proposed to write a complete history of our subject, involving a full view of his relations to the progress of unpopular ideas, the present occasion may yet afford a proper opportunity to outline his private character and public career. We may not pause to picture the early life, which, however, was neither barren of impressive suggestions, nor destitute of the elements that impart a dramatic interest to personal narrative. We may, at least, observe in this connection, that in the childhood of S. B. Brittan there was less of sunshine than shadows; and that is the story of many a young life in its struggle with the world. Still less is it necessary to trace the line of his English and Scotch ancestry, since the limits to which this sketch must be confined will only permit of brief references to the more important events and interesting incidents of his personal history. When a man's relations to the public cover a period of full forty years, and the career has been characterized by remarkable freedom of thought and ceaseless activity in the various relations of private and professional life, it is not possible to embrace the familiar details of ordinary experience, nor to deal with collateral questions, except so far as these may furnish



the more forcible illustrations of the character to be portrayed.

S. B. Brittan was born at Phillipston, Worcester County, Mass., on the 13th of August, 1815, and will therefore be sixty-three years old on the next anniversary of his birth. The families of both parents were among the early settlers of New England. They were warmed by patriotic fire and otherwise characterized by the stern virtues of the Puritans. The life of the grandsire on the mother's side was made an early sacrifice to the cause of Liberty. The first spasmodic throes of the American Revolution witnessed his speedy emancipation, when the spirit of the young soldier left his mortal armor at Bunker Hill. Samuel Brittan, the father of our subject, had been a soldier in the war of 1812. Just before the signing of the treaty of Ghent he was honorably discharged from the service, and immediately married, for his second wife, Miss Hannah Burt, a young lady of remarkable personal attractions and rare intellectual and spiritual gifts, which—at a later period—were so signally displayed that the Baptist Church, of which she was an exemplary member, declared she was divinely inspired.

More than half a century ago the mother of S. B. Brittan made a profound sensation in New England and throughout the Western States and Territories. She was an inspirational medium of such amazing power that thousands literally followed her, and heard her inspired discourses with emotions of the deepest reverence. The subject of mediumship not being understood at that early day, the pious people who listened to her supra-mortal eloquence felt assured that the spirit of the Lord was upon her, and that she was indeed a Christian Apostle baptized with fire from Heaven.

The subject of this biography was the first fruit of his father's second marriage, and the first-born of the young mother's love, on whom her purest and deepest affections were centered. Every feature of her countenance was indelibly impressed upon her offspring, and, from year to year, the resemblance became more and more striking. This likeness was not limited to the personalities of mother and child, for the mental faculties and spiritual forces, which have shaped the son's career and given him whatever distinction he has acquired, were the inheritance received from his Mother—the loving evangelist whose footprints were beautiful on the mountains, while the night yet lingered and the new day waited to be born.

Just before the birth of S. B. Brittan, his father experienced great reverses of fortune, his earthly possessions being destroyed by the elements; at the same time his prospects were obscured by sad misfortunes for which he was in no way responsible. Broken down in fortune and health, and his ambition crushed, he became an invalid for the remainder of his life. Thus at an early age Samuel was cast upon the world to be in childhood the victim of adverse circumstances, and in later years—under the

“Divinity that shapes our ends,”—

our artificer of his own destiny. With a resolute determination,



quite beyond his years, the poor boy worked his way up almost from the weakness of infancy. By constant industry in summer, and the practice of a rigid economy at all times, he managed to obtain necessary books and to keep himself in school several months in each succeeding year. It was often necessary for him to labor at unseasonable hours, and beyond the measure of his strength. Many times, in his early experience, he felt a sense of something colder far than the deep snows that covered the hills and the icy chains that fettered the streams of his native New England; but he worked on patiently, all the while keeping his courage and cherishing the hopeful spirit that promised better days.

An elder brother, by the father's first marriage, the late Rev. Prof. Nathan Brittan—widely known as a successful educator, and, especially, as a popular Professor of the Greek and Latin classics—had been educated at Brown University for the ministry of the Baptist Church. Our subject was not pious after the spasmodic fashion; but he had been made very unhappy by such religious teaching as the saints of the "close communion" could afford. He was told that he must hate himself if he would merit the divine favor; though precisely how the love of God was to be secured by this injustice to himself he could never comprehend. He was taught that the morality of a blameless life was as filthy rags in the sight of God, and that even the best people all deserved to be damned. In his young and misdirected imagination the Supreme Being was clothed with the terrors of a ferocious beast. A book containing pious instructions for children was placed in his hands, in which the terrors of the Lord were illustrated by the picture of a lion, with mane erect and fire eyeballs starting from their sockets. The animal was in the act of leaping from his jungle upon his unconscious prey. The first lines of the letter-press description that accompanied the picture were devoted to a comparison of God and the brute, expressed in the following words: "*The lion is the most terrible of all beasts, but he who made the lion is more terrible than he.*" Indeed the religious nature of the little boy was chiefly fed on cruel dogmas of a revengeful God, and "the wrath to come." His spiritual constitution did not thrive on this kind of fare; and so when less than seven years old he was made to stand before the oven when it was full of the flame of an intense combustion. He was told that Hell was infinitely hotter than the oven; that if he proved to be disobedient God would burn him therein for ever, and that eternity would reveal no hope of a mitigation of his sufferings. Every child is a living refutation of the infernal dogmas of endless hate and total depravity. If Samuel ever desired to follow the advice of his early religious teachers—by hating himself in the hope of becoming an object of the divine love—we are sure it was only for a season, while in his early childhood arbitrary authority stifled the natural voice of reason. In the normal mind success is not the ultimate result of such abnormal efforts. He may have tried to love



the Lord with all his heart, but the thought that God was far more terrible than the most ferocious beast only increased his apprehension and alienation.

This course of religious training did not result in what the church is pleased to regard as a hopeful conversion, owing to the normal instincts of the child, which are often wiser than the creed of his fathers. The mysterious change that was expected to preclude the acceptance of all rationalistic views of religious subjects; to eliminate the effete remains of the old Adam by the recognized process of pious expurgation—and thus

“Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart”—

did not come to Samuel; and so less regard was had to his future than to that of his elder brother. But the beneficent powers of incorporeal spheres would seem to have had the first-born son of his inspired mother in their keeping. The neglected youth did not wait for mortal incentives, nor did he require priestly advisers to push him forward to the place and the work before him. In due time he was most emphatically called and ordained to a more spiritual ministry, as clearly appears from the story of his life.

Many persons believe—not without some exhibition of significant facts and reasons—that the sleep-walker and sleep-talker are governed by spirits, who, taking advantage of the temporary suspension of the voluntary powers of the human mind in the subject, assume—agreeably to psychological laws—the temporary direction of his faculties, and thus determine the action of the nerves and muscles of voluntary motion. When a young child, the subject of this sketch was wont to both walk and talk when asleep. This noctambulistic habit continued for several years, and was only interrupted at last by the occurrence of an accident while he was visiting at a strange house. The boy slept alone in an open garret, the imperfect roof of which sprinkled the mild moonlight over his bed. Around the stairway, on the upper floor, there was neither hand-rail nor other guard to prevent the possible contingency of a fall. Somnambulists are rarely known to lose their footing, even in the most perilous situations, except when they are suddenly awakened. While asleep and unconscious of his relations to external objects, the young visitor left his bed and started on his nocturnal perambulation. The limits of his walk appear to have been determined by the distance from his bed to the foot of the stairs, where he found himself, his consciousness having been fully restored by the rapidity and abrupt termination of his descent.

For some time the mind of Samuel was deeply exercised on religious subjects. Always characterized by a rational reverence, his natural tendencies were nevertheless so philosophical that he could never jump spasmodically to the conclusion, that his religious experience involved any radical change of human nature. True, he had been profoundly impressed and unhappy at times; and, when



the feeling of mental depression and anguish of spirit subsided, he was of course greatly relieved. He inferred that what illogical people were prone to regard as conversion and a new heart, was only the natural reaction of the faculties and affections of the mind after a period of unusual and painful tension, and the pleasurable emotions which inevitably accompany such a change. His friends, seeing he was not just such timber as orthodox ministers are made of, concluded he had better have a trade, and accordingly, in 1830, he went to live with the late David R. Gates, at that time a carriage manufacturer in Spencer, Worcester County, Mass. Mrs. Gates was a sister, born of the father's first marriage, and hence our subject was quite at home in this new relation. Here he soon displayed a degree of constructive and ideal capacity which gave promise of his becoming a mechanic. All the while, however, he manifested a still stronger inclination to the study of books, and he was, fortunately, kept in school several months in the year so long as he remained in Spencer.

In 1831, while living in his sister's family, there was an unusual religious excitement in the town. As many members of the household as could be spared, from day to day, were in attendance at the protracted meeting. Mrs. Gates having a young child it was necessary for some one to remain at home. While the daily and nightly religious services were in progress, it was noised abroad that a distinguished Universalist minister would preach one night in the public hall of the village hotel. The preacher was Rev. Dr. Hosea Ballou, who seems to have been regarded by the pious people of the neighborhood as a most dangerous emissary of Satan. The young apprentice might never have thought of going to hear the preacher had he not been impressively warned to keep away from the hotel on that particular occasion. Dr. Ballou, if not described as

"— A monster of such hideous mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen ;"

was at least represented as a person whose presence was eminently detrimental to the moral health of the community. This excited the curiosity of the young inquirer, and awakened an intense desire to see the man whose presence and influence were regarded with so much apprehension. It was his turn to remain at home that evening while the rest of the family went to the revival meeting. Samuel was charged with the responsibility of caring for the child. The angel of sleep favored his purpose, and at an early hour somniferous influence was diffused over the cradle. As soon as it was sufficiently apparent that the baby was in a sound sleep, its young guardian—not yet beyond the years of youthful indiscretion—noiselessly closed the doors and started for the hotel, intending to satisfy his curiosity and return in time to avoid any unpleasant contingency.

The preacher selected his text from the prophecy of Isaiah (Chap. xxv, 6-8) and delivered a powerful sermon on the "final restitution of all things." The youth listened with the interest the prisoner



naturally feels in the eloquent plea of the counsel who demolishes the indictment and restores him to liberty. He became quite unconscious of everything except the preacher and the great theme of a world's salvation. The spell was only broken at the close of the discourse, when Samuel observing that the candles were burning low—some were expiring in their sockets—concluded it was expedient to hurry back and look after that little domestic responsibility. He did not wait for the benediction, but made fast time on his way home, only to discover that the family had arrived some time before him, and found the child exercising its vocal powers in a most vociferous manner. With a feeling of becoming penitence the coach-maker's apprentice listened to a second lecture the same night; but the first made an impression on his mind that was never obliterated.

It is said that when Daniel Webster was asked for his opinion as to the best way to hang a scythe, he gave an illustrative answer by hanging the implement *in a tree*, where he left it to be removed by other hands. The great orator and statesman was not alone in his manner of illustrating his convictions by his acts. One day, in the early spring of 1832, our subject made a similar disposition of the tools employed in the carriage business. He all at once conceived the idea that the mechanics' shop was not the place Nature had intended he should occupy. The impression had all the force of reality, and he at once proceeded to act under the strong impulsion. Going out into the lumber yard he selected a wide, clear board, which, in a few hours, he converted into a large chest. Early in the afternoon it was finished, stained and placed in the sun to dry. On going in to supper he was questioned respecting the use he intended to make of the chest. He replied that he proposed to make it the receptacle of his small personal effects, and added that it was his intention to leave on the following day for New York. It was difficult for his sister to realize that he was serious in this announcement. When at length the family was convinced that it was the settled purpose of his mind to leave home and his native State the next day, Mrs. Gates employed all her powers of persuasion in the hope of changing her brother's resolution. Finding these efforts ineffectual she sought to prevent the execution of his purpose by appeals to his fears. The cholera had already made its appearance on the American continent and was expected in New York. She assured him that he would be in danger of taking the disease, and that he might never return to the home he was about to abandon.

The youth listened, not without deep feeling, to these appeals; but his firm purpose was not to be shaken. There was no railroad communication at that time, and a trip from the old Bay State to the commercial center of the Western World was something more than the journey of a day. The sun had not reached his meridian on the — day of March when the stage from Worcester to Hartford arrived at Spencer, where a youth, with a thoughtful counte-



nance and a new chest, mounted the vehicle. The words spoken at parting were few, and the coach rolled rapidly away. It is a sad thing for a youth to go forth into the great arena of human activities to battle on his own account; and in this case the impressible mind and sensitive heart felt, oh, how keenly, that the world was indeed cold and unsympathetic. Tearful eyes followed the receding form of the boy destined to return no more—save as a transient visitor—to the familiar scenes of his youth.

The afternoon of the day following his departure found young Brittan at Hartford, Conn., and a passenger on board the Chief Justice Marshall. Night came on as the boat entered Long Island Sound, and with it the equinoctial storm which raged with the greatest violence through the night. "The powers of the air" seemed to be released from all ordinary restraints of natural law. The darkness was unusual, and the elements were in the wildest commotion. The power that in the morning held the four winds in his hand seemed to have relaxed his grasp;

"— And over head,  
And all around, wind warr'd with wind,  
Storm howled to storm."—

Torrents of rain, hail and snow, swept with blinding force over the boat, freezing as they fell. It was quite impossible for any one to stand on deck, or to stay anywhere else long without anchoring himself to a post or other immovable object. It was a rough experience for our young traveler, who was thrown out of his berth, and, at the same time, baptized with ice water as a wave broke with great violence through his cabin window. The Captain was a brave and cautious man. All night he was watchful and anxious, but admirably poised. His own calm self-possession gave him remarkable power over his men, and inspired hope even in the hour of the greatest peril. Many of the passengers were in hourly expectation of going to the bottom before morning, and they watched every expression of his face for some revelation of their probable fate. At length the day dawned and the storm abated; and then the chances of going on that exploring expedition after marine deposits, grew beautifully less until noon, when the steamer reached her moorings in New York.

TO BE CONTINUED.

---

PERMIT, then, that the dead  
Be in the earth entombed. Each various part  
That constitutes the frame of man returns  
Whence it was taken,—to the ethereal sky  
The soul; the body to its earth: of all,  
Naught save this breathing space of life our own.  
The earth, then, which sustained it when alive,  
Ought to receive it dead.

EURIPIDES, B.C. 450.



[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING  
SPIRIT BRIDE.

THROUGH MRS. KATE OSBORN.

**T**HEY wrapt her in her snowy veil,  
And softly laid her down to sleep;  
My own fair bride I loved so well,  
The angels would not let me keep.  
I bathed her raven hair with tears,  
One midnight raven tress I kept;  
I wildly kissed those icy lips,  
But still she coldly, calmly slept.

No more the tint of rosy shells,  
Came back to answer love's warm thrill;  
Her cheek was blanched mid shadows dark,  
The music of my life was still.  
I held her in my fond embrace,  
And clasped her to my burning heart:  
But oh, she would not nestle there,  
'Twas then I knew that we must part.

In vain I pressed her frost-bound hand,  
In vain I called her to awake;  
To give me one sweet look of love,  
And not to let my heart-strings break.  
'Twas all in vain—those jewels bright,  
Then in a shining crown were set;  
With me the casket only stayed,  
Those snowy vails deep fringed with jet.

My soul grew dark: Truth's iron hand  
Around my sinking heart clasped tight;  
Deep pressing *in* despair and grief,  
While pressing *out* all joy and light.  
So close, so cold, around it clasped  
That heart so oft to pleasure woke—  
Until this burning iron hand,  
Had one by one, my heart-strings broke.

Then all was dark—one long black night—  
Till angels came their watch to keep;  
Sad memory dawned, and then I wept,  
As only broken-hearted weep!  
But soon a golden shimmering light,  
Came floating on an amber tide;  
Then grew a form—I knew it well;  
It was my own lov'd spirit bride!



In her snow-white bridal drapery,  
 Bright with sparkling jewels shining;  
 'Mid her waving silken tresses,  
 Close with orange blossoms twining—  
 Pure as snow-flakes, bright as sunbeams,  
 Like a love star softly gleaming;  
 Stood my lost one, full of beauty,  
 Come to tell what she'd been dreaming:

With angelic tones of music,  
 With those eyes lit up with glory;  
 Like the murmur of a sea shell,  
 Softly she began her story—

“ Dearest lov'd one! I did leave thee;  
 “ But the magic chain that bound us;  
 “ With its golden links of feeling,  
 “ Still is clinging close around us.

“ Magic chain, no death can break it,  
 “ Every link is stronger growing;  
 “ As our lov'd ones cross the river,  
 “ Where the music tide is flowing:  
 “ Flowing to the home of angels,  
 “ Where the words of love are spoken;  
 “ 'Neath a sky that knows no shadow,  
 “ There our hearts are never broken!

“ Dearest lov'd one! wouldst thou dwell there,  
 “ In the fair ambrosial bowers?  
 “ Then on earth thy spirit wreath,  
 “ With Truth and Wisdom's brightest flowers:  
 “ Every thought of selfdenial,  
 “ Ere we cross the shining river—  
 “ Twines a flowret in the garland,  
 “ That shall live and bloom forever.

“ When dark memories weave a mantle,  
 “ O'er the lone heart sad and weary;  
 “ When the spirit bows in anguish,  
 “ Drooping 'neath the shadows dreary—  
 “ Then the angels hover o'er thee,  
 “ Kissing back the tears of sorrow;  
 “ Telling how the withered roses,  
 “ Live and blossom on the morrow.

“ We will cheer thy drooping spirit,  
 “ Hush thy weary heart's repining—  
 “ With a light that weaves and colors,  
 “ For each cloud a silver lining.



“Farewell lov’d one!” then she murmured,  
 As the shimmering halo faded;  
 While her form passed into shadows,  
 And my vision bright was shaded.

Changing years have come and vanished,  
 Since she first came back to greet me;  
 Angel darling! In the twilight,  
 Still with joy she comes to meet me!  
 Fondly nestling heart to heart,  
 Thus I know death cannot sever  
 Golden cords that bind and hold us,  
 We shall live and love for ever!

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

## HINDRANCES TO THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

**N**O RELIGIOUS faith ever promulgated has spread with greater rapidity than Spiritualism or made a greater number of converts in the same space of time. Thirty years after the advent of Christianity it was scarcely known outside of its cradle, and its believers were too few and obscure to be noticed by any contemporary historian. Josephus, Justus, Philo Judæus, Pliny and Seneca, all living at the time and in the countries where they were, never mention them. They were doubtless looked upon as ignorant and superstitious followers of a crucified fanatic, whose notions time would soon consign to oblivion.

In thirty years Spiritualism has compassed the globe, and there is no spot where it is unknown. Its light has illuminated America from Behring’s Straits to Terra del Fuego; England has seen its glory beams, from the Queen on the throne to the sooty pitman delving in her coal mines, and rejoiced to know that the gloomy night, that had enshrouded humanity for ages is gone. In France, Spain, Germany, Italy, India, China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand the morning of a radiant day dawns, and millions are realizing that a never-setting sun has risen in humanity’s sky.

Among its believers are the poorest and the wealthiest—bankers and beggars, for it has no more respect for persons than the glorious sun that lights and warms us all, philosophers and artists, poets and priests. Stricken souls everywhere come to its shrine for the consolation, which they had sought for in vain at every other. Those who have spent a life-time in preaching immortality to others come here to obtain that assurance which their religion could never give, and that it becomes daily less able to give as it is farther removed from the original witnesses of its marvels. We have seen the tiny seed planted and watched it grow till its branches overspread the earth and millions eat with delight of its fruit.

There is not a paper printed that does not teach its doctrines,



that is not influenced by its spirit, often when strenuously denying its very existence. It has modified the doctrines taught in every pulpit; the most heartily applauded orthodox ministers owe their popularity in a great measure to the Spiritualism that they put into their discourses, and those who have sworn to know nothing but Jesus are preaching every Sunday what Jesus never knew.

Yet with all this success Spiritualism ought to have done much more and much better. Instead of millions of secret believers and only thousands of outspoken professors, it should have had by this time millions of fearless promulgators, declaring their faith boldly and able to give their reasons for it. With demonstrations such as we have had, one hundredth part of which would have made the fortune of any pre-existing faith, we should have had by this time halls in every city and town and public mediums supported by believers for the purpose of giving freely satisfactory evidence of spiritual communion to all. We should have had hundreds of standard works on Spiritualism that no scholar need be ashamed of, and such as we could present to a sceptic and say, read these and you will discover that in them which harmonizes with all true science, but goes as far beyond its past domain as the spirit is superior to the body. We ought to have had in every town and city public expounders of our faith proving by the superiority of their teaching and practice the superiority of their faith. We should have had a number of the largest, cheapest and best newspapers in the land, disseminating among mankind that knowledge so eminently calculated to prepare us for life, for death and the infinite life of the spirit.

Why have not the multitudes that Spiritualism has convinced flocked to its standard and enrolled themselves as its defenders and promulgators?

In the first place Spiritualism is not orthodox, and orthodoxy is fashionable. The way to the orthodox heaven was once rough and thorny, uphill and stony, and every soul had to wearily foot it from the base of the mountain to the summit, being constantly pulled back by "the world, the flesh and the devil;" but now there is a splendid single track railroad, furnished with the best of Pullman's sleeping cars—cushioned seats for those who cannot pay sleeping car fares—the most obliging conductors, delicious music to soothe the traveller, and all that is necessary is to obtain a ticket at the proper office, go on board and you are insured a safe passage to the heavenly Canaan.

To be a christian a man needs only to float with the current, that sweeps down to the Dead Sea, but to be an outspoken Spiritualist he must row up stream all the way; and this requires a resolute will and constant labor. Had Spiritualism been as orthodox as it is heterodox, it would have been the pet of every priest from Maine to California, and as fashionable with christian ladies as ever was the hooped skirt or Grecian bend.



Another hindrance to the spread of Spiritualism has been the licentiousness of many of its advocates. If there is anything against which nature protests in loudest tones it is promiscuous intercourse between the sexes. The foulest diseases that afflict the human frame are the penalty that she inflicts upon the violators of her law of chastity, while frequently the offspring born as the results are cursed in body and mind during their entire lives. Spiritualism has had among its advocates a large proportion of "affinity hunters;" men who have crept into houses only to separate a woman from her husband and leave her in a short time worse than widowed; women who have not scrupled to seduce a man from his wife and then prostitute the holy names of freedom and love to cloak their lustful deeds. Had not Spiritualism been founded on the rock of truth, had not its walls been composed of facts stronger than granite, it had long since broken down under the weight of the licentious deeds of many of its notable expounders.

For those whose aim is to purify marriage, to lift woman out of the mire of lust and make her the owner of herself, for those whose love for the race leads them to abolish all laws which tend to make woman a slave and man her tyrannical master, I have only words of cheer; and Spiritualism in the hands of the chaste and courageous has done immense service to humanity in this direction, and has been bitterly cursed on this very account.

Spiritualism has also had to bear the reproach of a host of the fanatical and superstitious, who have been attracted to it as moths to a candle.

The leading Spiritualist in Darlington, England, says that he is the veritable Adam of the garden of Eden, and that he was created where London now is, which is where the garden was situated. He lived 457 years, then was somnambulized by the Creator till 1815 when he was born. Many Spritualists in America, either blown up by their own imaginations or by spirits as ignorant as themselves, have prophesied woes against nations, cities and individuals, very much in the style of the old prophets of Jewry, and with just as poor success, but are never abashed by a thousand failures. Such persons have disgusted multitudes, who do not know that intelligent Spiritualists no more endorse such men and their proceedings than they endorse Isaiah, who walked naked three years "for a sign and a wonder upon Egypt and Ethiopia." When men or women allow spirits of any kind to become their masters, then are they slaves and there is scarcely any folly into which they may not run.

Another cause that has operated against Spiritualism has been the great names that have been paraded before the world and that have been made to father the smallest kind of writing and talk. There is scarcely a name inscribed on the roll of honor or fame that has not been made to endorse ideas and language almost infinitely below them. From Demosthenes to Horace Greely we have had messages, lectures and books in such quantity that no house in the



land could hold them, not one thousandth part of them worthy of five minute's consideration. To believe them Demosthenes has become a free-lover of the most rabid kind, Benjamin Franklin has forgotten all the good English of which he was such a master, Thos. Paine has lost his common sense and become a driveller, Robert Burns has forgotten how to rhyme and Hood the witty has become as dull as a hoe; Theodore Parker writes like an insane man and the wisest philosophers know less than many of our school children.

Here is "The Spirit Life of Theodore Parker as narrated by himself" published by William White & Co. in 1870. We read on the 12th page "I must bring forth evidence sufficient to substantiate my claim, I must lay aside every barrier and step back to the world—Theodore Parker." We shall see how this very necessary work is done. Speaking of his condition while visiting Vera Cruz just before his death he says: "The mystic touches of a funeral pyre looked me in the face," which is as sensible as it would be to say, the mystic winks of a five-barred gate sounded in my ears. The work abounds with such stuff, but I will only inflict the reader of this article by quoting one more sentence. It is on page 38. "There is no tax to be paid on our gleanings in religious culture; we can take all we can digest without fear of its hurting our digestive functions. It is a harmless remedy for all the ills of life; it clears our pathway of all false rubbish, of all graven images, sprouted for no use to the soul's salvation, but a lumbering car filled with weapons of destruction to slay our peace and comfort."

Here religious culture seems to be a field, and no tax is to be paid on our gleanings in it; but in an instant it becomes something eatable (for the "its" can only properly refer to culture) of which we can take all we can digest. In a moment however it becomes a medicine to cure the ills of life; then a scavenger that cleans our pathway of all false rubbish and graven images. How these graven images came to be in our pathway is a puzzle to which there is no clew. But the graven images become vegetables in the next clause of the sentence and begin to sprout, but "for no use to the soul's salvation." We have barely time to look at these strange sprouts, like fungi on a fallen log, when, like the pumpkins at the touch of Cinderella's fairy wand, they become "a lumbering car filled with weapons of destruction." Theodore Parker stark mad could never have written anything so monstrously silly as this.

But we have discourses given by persons of brains, of considerable culture, and oratorical ability, discourses which are published in our spiritual papers, weekly read by thousands of ardent admirers, and endorsed by men of intelligence. These discourses are given in the name of Swedenborg, Edmonds, Owen, Parker, Mapes and a host of other intelligent and manly spirits. Do these really come from their professed source? Shall we who question Moses and Jesus, who reject the claims of christianity on the ground that they will not bear rigid scrutiny or reasonable investigation, shall we re-



ceive unchallenged a second revelation because it may be clothed in eloquent language and is in general harmony with our ideas? Such a course has greatly injured the cause we love. Mrs. Richmond has naturally a ready command of language, and on subjects with which she is familiar she is at times eloquent and speaks with great beauty and power. Her faults are a lack of scientific training, manifest whenever she, or her professed controllers, refer to scientific questions. She lacks clearness of expression and many of her long sentences are involved and ungrammatical. High-sounding words are used, but they fail clearly to express the ideas which appear to be involved in them. It matters not who the speaker may be these faults characterize all the utterances through her that I have seen. As an illustration I will give a single sentence from a discourse by Swedenborg, published in the *R. P. Journal* for February 23rd, 1878.

Speaking of the power of spirits Swedenborg is represented as saying "When in company of these angels you forget yourselves, you come out of the thought of selfhood that encloses you and become a part of the universe. No longer wrapped in your own appetites and desires, no longer baffled in the wish to do—and be—the greatest within you! The greatest is there; abides with you as wings for their aerial flight; it unfolds to their purpose; it shapes to the destiny of the spirit, having influence necessary to become one with the pulsation of light."

In the first place the sentence is not at all Swedenborgian, nor is the discourse. Every powerful writer like Swedenborg has a style that may be recognized by the critic, as the expert can detect handwriting with which he is acquainted. It is characteristic of Mrs. R. who causes all spirits who are said to lecture through her to express themselves at times in just such long, complicated, tortuous and unmeaning passages. In the sentence we are first told that "when in company of these angels you forget yourselves." Very good; the company of the wise and good frequently causes us to forget ourselves. Then it is declared that "you come out of the thought of selfhood that encloses you." Such a writer as Swedenborg would hardly, I think, talk of a thought *enclosing* a person. As far as I can get at the meaning of this part of the sentence, it teaches what the previous part of it taught, namely: that in the presence of the angels we forget ourselves, though if their presence should cause us to come out of "the thought of our selfhood," it would be a very unfortunate thing. Selfishness one can afford to part with, but selfhood never; it is the marrow of the man.

We are then told when this is done we become "a portion of the universe." But were we not a portion of the universe before? Shall we be more so afterward? Would it be a benefit to us to come out of our thought and be a portion of the universe? The speaker proceeds: "No longer wrapped in your own appetites and desires; no longer baffled in the wish to do and be—the great-



est within you." We may be controlled by appetites and desires, but I think Swedenborg would hardly talk of being "wrapped" in appetites and desires. If by the wish to do and be the greatest within us means the ability to live in accordance with our highest ideal, it is an unfortunate expression; for what is it to do the greatest within us? We are then told "the greatest is there; abides with you as wings for their aerial flight." Of course, if the greatest is within us it must be there and abide within us. Where else could it be? But it abides within us "as wings for their aerial flight." Of course all wings are for flight, and, as far as we know, for aerial flight; but when we are told that the wings are "for *their* aerial flight, we naturally look back to see what the "their" refers to. All we can discover are the wings, but the wings can hardly be for the flight of the wings, for this would be a locomotive built merely to draw itself. We read on: "It unfolds to their purpose." What is it that unfolds? The "it" may be "the greatest," or it may be the wish to do the greatest or be the greatest; it is impossible to tell which is meant. We might suppose it to be the wings, but wings are not an it; but whatever it is, it unfolds to *their* purpose. Now we are just as much puzzled to know what "their" refers to as we were before to know what was meant by "it." Does "their" refer to the wings? That can hardly be, for we cannot think of something unfolding for the purpose of a pair of wings. It certainly cannot be for the purpose of our appetites and desires, and yet what else is there to which "their" can refer?

We are next told that "it shapes to the destiny of the spirit." What shapes? The greatest, the flight or the purpose? The sentence does not enable us to decide. But if it shapes, it shapes something. What does it shape? We are not informed. Shapes is an active, transitive verb and requires after it an object expressed or understood. "It shapes to the destiny of the spirit," is no better sense than shapes to the destiny of the man. The sentence ends with "Having influences necessary to become one with the pulsations of light." What is it that has these wonderful "influences?" No one can learn from the sentence. What kind of influences can they be to make anything become one with the pulsations of light? What can be meant by becoming one with the pulsations of light? Is it any more sensible than it would be to speak of becoming one with the vibrations of the air? Is it anything more than a fine-sounding but utter meaningless expression?

I have marked a number of sentences in the discourses of Parker, Owen and others, as given by Mrs. R., very similar to the one that I have criticised. When discourses containing such sentences are placed before thinkers and critics as the veritable language of men who were masters of our tongue, we need not be surprised that they turn from a Spiritualism which is supposed to endorse



them with feelings of supreme disgust.

I am satisfied, however, that at times and for short periods departed spirits can and do make persons their mechanical mouth-pieces. But, judging from what I have seen and heard for the last 30 years, I am also satisfied that this is very rarely done, and still more rarely by any spirits of superior intelligence. The chance of being misrepresented by the ordinary medium is so great, it is probable that very few intelligent spirits are willing to run the risk of communicating even where they have the ability.

Spiritualism will flourish despite the fanaticism, the folly and the licentiousness of many of its believers and promulgators, who represent it as the fog does the rising sun that reveals it. It will eventually unite science and religion—at present appearing as bitter foes, owing to the ignorance of their advocates. It will enlarge the boundaries of science till they include all that is fundamental in religion, destroy in all the fear of death by giving them undoubted assurance of future life, and prove itself the most beneficent angel that ever came from heaven to earth to uplift and bless despondent souls.

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

### DARK CIRCLES.

BY WARREN CHASE.

**M**Y EXPERIENCE in these manifestations is entirely different from that of Brother Jamieson. In an experience with mediums of over thirty years, in nearly all phases of mediumship, it has left me with the conclusion that the dark circles have done a full proportionate share of proving and establishing the fact of intercourse between the two spheres of human existence—this and the spiritual world. I am of opinion that there are as many persons in the ranks of Spiritualism who can trace their convictions, if not their conclusions, to what they witnessed in dark circles, as there are who can trace them to any other one phase of mediumship, and far more than have been awakened to its truths by those in the field of labor to which I belong, and in which Brother Jamieson and myself are both now laboring on the rostrum. The rappings began in the dark and are still largely dark circle manifestations, as they are mostly confined to dark places, under floors, tables, &c. The rappings remain as much a mystery to science and as inexplicable to reasoners and as far out of reach of mountebanks and jugglers as any one phase of the physical phenomena. It is true there have been a large number of efforts made to expose and destroy the mediumship of those engaged in giving dark circle manifestations, but they have been largely failures, and in only a few cases have they succeeded in proving the parties frauds, cheats, and tricksters. Mr. Mott, Mrs. Stewart, the Holmes', the Eddys, and many others are still doing



more to convince skeptics than all those who have, at times, tried to prove the phenomena were not spiritual. I have myself witnessed, through each of these and many others, the most satisfactory proof of the participation of spirits in their manifestations, however much of failure or fraud there may have been in the experience of others.

I am well aware of the noble work and practical utility of the labors of Brother Jamieson, and I know he has done excellent service in the field, both in his earlier mediumship, and, later, intellectual labors, and I hope he will be heard and read by all that can reach either his voice or his pen. We have no speaker who smite the old dead forest trees of Christian superstition with bolder strokes or more effective blows than he does, and this is the encumbrance that is in the way of the plow, the harrow, and the seed-sower. I do not question his experiences or observations, of which he is the judge, as I am of mine, but only question his conclusions, which differ so widely from mine, based on the same increasing phase of mediumship. "Let us hear all sides and then decide."

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

## HOW CAN WE OBTAIN AN ABUNDANCE OF MONEY?

BY J. S. LOVELAND.

**T**HE ANSWER to this question will, no doubt, be of much greater interest to most of my readers than the preceding articles on the money question. And, if they have carefully considered them, I have hope that this one will find secure lodgment in their understandings.

The first thing demanding attention, in giving this answer, is the creating power which produces money. Where does this power reside? What man, or what body of men, possess it? Were there no society—no nationality—there could be no money; for one of the essential properties of money is its legal tender character—that is, it compels the creditor to relinquish, to cancel, the claim he has upon the debtor when it is offered. He has no alternative but to accept the proffered money and discharge the debtor from his obligation. But nothing could perform such a function unless it were an embodiment of supreme authority. Such is money. It is the symbol of absolute sovereignty, otherwise it could not be "the tool of trade," the representative of value, the medium of exchange. We shall find, then, the creating power where we find a national sovereignty or head. We shall find it in what we call the government. And, in our national charter—the Constitution—we shall find the power to create money and regulate its value, conferred upon Congress as an exclusive prerogative. In the exercise of this high function Congress has, at various times, created money from widely differing materials. It has used gold, silver,



copper, nickel and paper. None of these substances are money of themselves. They possess an intrinsic value, based upon their fitness for certain necessary uses. Gold and silver have an artificial value, consequent upon their almost exclusive use as the material out of which money has been made. But the stamp, designated by the law, is what makes the pieces of gold or silver a piece of money. That insignia of supreme authority impressed upon a piece of paper, of a certain form, color, texture, etc., constitutes it an absolute money—as much so as a stamped piece of gold. By act of Congress and approval of the President, such paper money has been made, and, by solemn decisions of the Supreme Court, its creation has been declared in accord with the letter and spirit of the Constitution. A portion of this paper has always been at par with gold here at home, receivable for all dues, customs as well as others; and in Europe has commanded a premium over American gold coin. And, with the exception of customs and interest on the Government bonds, the common greenback has been declared a full legal tender money for the payment of all forms of indebtedness. And as the first issue of greenbacks, called demand notes, have always been at par with gold, always received for customs the same as gold, it follows, as a matter of course, that the supreme authority of the nation, Congress, can create an absolute money out of paper—an article of little intrinsic value when compared with gold and silver. It compelled the soldier, who risked his life, and all its other creditors save the bond-holders, to accept the common greenback as a full and complete payment for the claims which they held against it. The Supreme Court decided that Congress had ample right so to do. Upon this point there can be no possible question.

It must be conceded, by all, that in absolute sovereignty must inhere the power to create money—the indispensable instrument for the transaction of all business—and to create it of such substance as shall seem best. Our way is clear, then, so far as the right and authority is involved, and we have only to inquire if appropriate conditions exist to warrant the exercise of unquestionable authority. This is an easy task. In the preceding article we have shown the necessity for an abundant supply of money. We, as a people, do not possess it. We have less per capita than any other enlightened nation on the face of the earth. We have not one-third as much as France. On many accounts we ought to have more than other countries. We are burdened with an enormous public debt, and have paid already, in interest alone, over \$1,500,000,000, and are paying each year some \$100,000,000 interest in gold upon this colossal incubus. The bonds, representing this debt, were largely paid for with greenbacks at an average gold value of not more than 60 cents on the dollar. We want this debt paid, and this ruinous drain of interest stopped. How can it be done? Make two billion dollars of full legal tender greenbacks




—absolute money, always to be at par with coin, gold or silver—and pay every bond therewith and never issue another bond while the nation exists. Let no reader get excited and begin to shout “inflation, too much money,” etc. until we make a little calculation. If the population of the nation was only 40,000,000, the amount per capita would be \$50. But our population is most likely near 50,000,000, and we should only have \$40 per capita, which would be either \$250 or \$200 for each family of five persons. Now if any family can be found which will admit that it would have *too much* money, then we have made a mistake. But as this money will not be distributed pro rata, if any person can be found who has more than he wants we will write a special article showing how he can dispose of it. We seriously doubt if this sum, vast as it seems in the aggregate, would be sufficient. The present greenbacks would be exchanged for the new issue and retired. The National Bank circulation, being based upon the bonds when they are paid, will disappear, of course, and we shall have only gold, silver and greenbacks as our money, and they of equal value as money. Thus can we secure abundance of money, relief from debt, exemption from onerous taxation, deliverance from money monopoly, and unparalleled national prosperity. We shall very soon do it.

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

“WHY DO NOT THE MEDIUMS FIND CHARLEY ROSS?”

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

 IS amusing to see some very worthy people pick flaws. They have a sort of savage delight in hacking somebody's darling idol. For instance, there is the prospect of a new revelation, some undeveloped good, that may help the pilgrim on his way. The pioneer, in the thought world, starts out in quest of the blessed *something*. They ransack heaven, earth and the under world for the priceless treasure. Another class stand agape and question. They are not going to unglue their fair hands and go into the quarry. It is enough if they conclude to accept an image when perfected and honored by the seal of public opinion.

No new theory has been so severely, so unfairly, criticised as Spiritualism has been. If it be good the benefit is universal; yet the to-be-blessed are not going to accept with a “Thank you” the holy grail, nor are they going to let the life cup pass in silence. If there be seen a blemish the world must straightway know the fact. That is not all; the investigator must at all times and in all places hold himself ready to explain, defend, protect his hoped-for truth. To illustrate: One day a professed truth-seeker writes this question for a medium: “Where is Charley Ross?” The reply comes, “I do not know.” The questioner made haste to pro-



claim the medium a fraud. He had made one grand discovery. The ball was now in motion. The same perplexing problem has been again and again propounded with like results.

Recently the Rev. Dr. Kalloch, of San Francisco, advertised to speak upon Spiritualism. The great Tabernacle was over full of persons anxious to hear what the Doctor knew concerning the renowned queen of the skies. The preacher had faith in the communion of spirits; he knew and respected some mediums; he even counted them among his friends; he had read the *Banner of Light* and numerous other Spiritual publications. So the handsome Doctor floundered about in shallow water, not caring to venture far from shore. No applause gave him courage to hoist sail and steer out boldly for open seas; in fact there were signs of orthodox sympathy. So he veered about and, gazing for a moment in silence upon the sea of upturned faces, he said, solemnly: "If there be, indeed, any truth in Spiritualism, why don't the mediums find Charley Ross?"

To the oft-repeated question there comes no reply. The mediums present were vanquished; the fact was apparent in the manner of applause that run over the unseen lines.

Like other defeated New Englanders I longed, while listening to Dr. Kalloch, to answer his question by asking others. Charley Ross is not the only lost child; one finds the estrays in prisons; in dens of crime everywhere; children lost to honor, integrity,—souls who are hopelessly bankrupt in all human graces. Where were the spirits then and there that they are not fetching these lost souls home? Charley Ross may be in good hands. Like Joseph of old he may have gone down to Egypt and be found when famine desolates his father's land; but these other lost are indeed *lost*. Why do not the good spirits among us feed, clothe, home the honest poor? Why are not the sick healed, the sorrowing comforted? Another question, the good Father loves his children, then why afflict with fire, flood, famine? Why withhold the rain? Why devast by earthquake? Why does not He, the merciful God, bring back Charley Ross?

---

THE GENEVA CONGRESS will mark in history the beginning of a new era in social progress. It has been found possible for a large congress of intelligent and highly reputable men and women to meet and deliberate with a becoming delicacy, and a profound reverence for truth, upon the gravest of the problems which concern social science, christianity, civilization. The oppressive silence so long maintained has been effectually broken. Hereafter there will be a free and more enlightened discussion of the causes and consequences of social vice, and of the best methods, not to regulate, but to cure and prevent it.—AARON M. POWELL.

---

IF SENSUALITY were happiness, beasts were happier than men.



## Phenomenal Record.

---

[Phenomena reported for this department will be carefully considered before publication, and are given as matters of record; not intending thereby to express an opinion favorable or otherwise, unless special attention is called to the report; but to give our readers the account and all the facts we have for their thoughtful consideration. We advise investigators to receive with caution all reports of phenomena occurring in presence of mediums who refuse POSITIVE TEST CONDITIONS. We believe that all phenomena must be brought to the crucial test of science; but, while maintaining this position, we would say with equal emphasis, do not accept or adopt as final the adverse decision of PROFESSEDLY scientific men; the most distinguished having but just entered the vestibule of Science' vast temple. Scientists must soon recognize us within their legitimate domain, the Spiritual as well as the Material Forces of the Universe. EDITORS.]

### DR. SLADE.

---

Ten years ago by positive demonstration we became fully convinced of the genuineness of Dr. Henry Slade's mediumship. At that time a resident of the same state, having an intimate, personal acquaintance with him, we had ample opportunity in the full light of day, and under conditions that admitted of no possibility of deception, to detect fraud if any existed. It is therefore with great pleasure that we make record of his thorough and most complete vindication of the charges that have been occasionally brought against him in this country, but more particularly in England the past year. We are very glad, too, that this vindication has come from eminent scientists, men equally as capable as Professors Carpenter and Lankester, and their superiors by far in candor and honesty of purpose. Prof. Tyndall, the third distinguished scientist opposing Spiritualism, according to his own statement, once *gave a quarter of an hour (!)* to the investigation of the phenomena, producing in its effects an agitation that has shaken the religious, and to some extent the social and political world. The course of Professors Zollner, Butlerof, Mr. Aksakof, Samuel Bellachini and many other distinguished persons in Europe, has been more consistent.

It will be gratifying to our readers to learn, that upon further investigation, carefully and critically conducted by our earnest Boston contributor and many others, that the materialization of forms in the presence of Mrs. Pickering are placed almost beyond the possibility of doubt. Mr. Wetherbee is a careful investigator and the following brief report of his visit will interest all. Following it will be found extracts from English papers attesting to



the wonderful manifestations of spirit power, occurring in the presence of Dr. Slade.

EDITORS.

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### MATERIALIZATION OF HUMAN FORMS.

Experiences with Mrs. Pickering, Rochester, New Hampshire.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

**T**HE EDITORS of the *Banner of Light*, with six others, including this writer, making a nice little party of eight, two of which were ladies, have just returned from a visit to Rochester, New Hampshire, to see the Pickering materialization. This was a second trip by most of the party, the first visit early in March not being very satisfactory. On that occasion the medium was not well and the conditions probably not good, and before coming to any conclusion it was thought best to make this second visit. The medium desired it as well as ourselves and was willing to be thoroughly tested.

These materializations are very extraordinary and very satisfactory. On the occasion that I am now speaking we went early and visited the medium and thoroughly examined the premises, saw that the floor where the medium sat during the manifestations was sound, no secret contrivances; went into the cellar underneath the spot, examined the whole thing thoroughly, took up carpets, &c., and know the place was intact, and confederate impossible; in fact we were sure on that point on the other visit. The medium was then taken by the two ladies of our party and her clothes taken off and examined and then redressed under their surveillance, and there was not a white piece of clothing on her person—not even a collar, a cuff, a pocket handkerchief. Nobody came in contact with her. Our two ladies kept with her to prevent any supplement had she been so disposed, and when the audience room was ready for her they led her into the cabinet and seated her on a simple cane-bottomed chair and the curtain was dropped, she being behind it in the corner of the room.

Now, with all the positive assurance that language can give, we know that there was nothing in that small triangular-curtained space but the medium and the chair, and nothing could get in without our knowing it, as we have said there was nothing white on or about the medium's person.

After a short time the curtain parted, showing a female form in radiant white, which came out into the room, which was well enough lighted to distinguish the faces in the circle or see the time by a watch. This radiant lady was dressed in a white fabric and over it a profusion of lace or gauze, in ample folds and long train. During the three hours that the seance lasted there were some thirty apparitions. Some appeared more than once, but there were about fourteen or fifteen different spirits, differently arrayed and of dif-




ferent sizes, though the females were always in white, with the profusion of light material. There were four males, one boy of about 12 years, some eight or ten females and one Indian. Some of these spirits were recognized.

As I have said the seance was perfectly satisfactory. Not one of us doubted the genuineness of the materialization; that they were what they claimed to be, and how could they be otherwise after our caution when we knew there was no connection with the enclosure, and nothing on the medium that was white, and, more than that, she could not have smuggled in a skein of cotton if she had wanted to, and Indian costumes and dresses, and other fixings that decorated the spirits would have filled a Saratoga trunk.

No matter if the world is full of frauds this was genuine; and if the medium don't get worn out by being taxed too much, materialization of forms will have to be admitted as unmistakable facts.

### EXPERIMENTS WITH HENRY SLADE AT LEIPZIG.

[From the Daily Telegraph, April 2d, 1878.]

NDER this title the *Quarterly Journal of Science* publishes a remarkable article, giving a curious illustration of the idea which has recently been developed in Germany that space has another dimension beyond the length, breadth, and thickness recognized in Geometry. F. Zollner, the professor of physical astronomy at Leipzig, is the author, and he describes some experiments which he made in that city in December, 1877, with Mr. Henry Slade, the American. These experiments were, he says, only the practical application of Gauss's and Kant's theory of space, which these two eminent men imagined might contain more than three dimensions. This conception cannot be easily explained without the use of diagrams and resort to highly abstract conceptions; but Herr Zollner examined the subject in its simplest form, the knotting of an endless cord, and he observed that "if a single cord has its ends tied together and sealed, an intelligent being, having the power voluntarily to produce on this cord four dimensional bendings and movements, must be able, without loosening the seal, to tie one or more knots in this endless cord." And he proceeds to say that "this experiment has been successfully made within the space of a few minutes in Leipzig, on December 17th, 1877, at eleven o'clock A. M., in the presence of Mr. Henry Slade, the American. I myself selected one of four sealed cords, and, in order to never lose sight of it before we sat down at the table, I hung it around my neck—the seal in front always within my sight. During the *seance* I constantly kept the seal—remaining unaltered—before me on the table. Mr. Slade's hands remained all the time in sight; with the left he often touched his forehead, complaining of painful sensations. The portion of the string hanging down rested on my lap—out of my



sight, it is true—but Mr. Slade's hands always remained visible to me. I particularly noticed that Mr. Slade's hands were not withdrawn or changed in position. He himself appeared to be perfectly passive, so that we cannot advance the assertion of his having tied those knots by his conscious will, but only that they, under these detailed circumstances, were formed in his presence without visible contact, and in a room illuminated by bright daylight." There were four knots in the cord, and the professor describes very minutely how they were sealed. Several other scientific men were present. He concludes thus: "The four knots in the above-mentioned cord, with the seal unbroken, this day still lie before me. I can send this cord to any man for examination. I might send it by turn to all the learned societies of the world, so as to convince them that not a subjective phantasma is here in question, but an objective and lasting effect produced in the material world, which no human intelligence with the conceptions of space so far current is able to explain. If, nevertheless, the foundations of this fact, deduced by me on the ground of an enlarged conception of space, should be denied, only one other kind of explanation would remain, arising from a moral mode of consideration that at present, it is true, is quite customary. This explanation would consist in the presumption that I myself and the honorable men and citizens of Leipzig, in whose presence several of these cords were sealed, were either common impostors or were not in possession of our sound senses sufficient to perceive if Mr. Slade himself, before the cords were sealed, had tied them in knots. The discussion, however, of such an hypothesis would no longer belong to the domain of science, but would fall under the category of social decency." On the result of his inquiry the German professor comes to the opinion that Mr. Slade "was innocently condemned in London, a victim of his accusers' and his judge's limited knowledge."

The following is the certificate of "Mr. Samuel Bellachini, Prestidigitator and Court Conjuror to His Majesty the King and Emperor William I:"

"I hereby declare it to be a rash action to give decisive judgment upon the objective medial performance of the American medium, Mr. Henry Slade, after only one sitting, and the observation so made. After I had, at the wish of several highly esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, and also for my own interest, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade in a series of sittings by full daylight, as well as in the evening, in his bed room, I must, for the sake of truth, hereby certify that the phenomenal occurrences with Mr. Slade have been thoroughly examined by me, with the minutest observation and investigation of his surroundings, including the table, and that I have *not in the smallest instance* found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus, and that any explanation of the



experiments which took place *under the circumstances and conditions then obtaining*, by any reference to prestidigitation, *to be absolutely impossible*. It must rest with such men of science as Crooks and Wallace, in London; Perty, in Berne; Butlerof, in St. Petersburg; to search for the explanation of this phenomenal power, and to prove its reality. I declare, moreover, the published opinions of laymen, as to "How" of this subject to be premature, and according to my view and experience, false and one-sided. This, my declaration, is signed and executed before a notary and witnesses.

"SAMUEL BELLACHINI."

### COMPLETE VINDICATION OF DR. SLADE.

Prof. Friedrich Zollner, an eminent German physicist, in the course of a recent article in the *Psychische Studien*, thus expresses himself in regard to Dr. Slade and his persecutors in Great Britain. The reference he makes to the "slate-seizer" Lankester is richly deserved:

"I made other surprisingly successful experiments, which I had worked out from my standpoint of space-theory, and which Slade himself did not believe to be possible. The appreciative and sympathetic reader will understand what pleasure this gave me, and how gratefully I presented Dr. Slade, 'in remembrance of hours spent in Leipzig,' with the first volume of my *Principles of an Electro-dynamic Theory of Matter*, in which I had some years previously discussed the possibility of theories of extended space in relation to our physical world. *As Dr. Slade made on myself and my friends the impression of being a gentleman, his conviction for deception in London awakened our liveliest moral sympathy. For after witnessing those physical facts which took place in his presence with such great variety, there could be no reasonable ground for supposing that Slade had in any single case resorted to conscious deception. Mr. Slade was, therefore, in our eyes, INNOCENTLY CONDEMNED, A SACRIFICE TO THE UNINFORMED JUDGMENT OF HIS ACCUSER AND HIS JUDGE.*"

A SINGULAR INCIDENT—WHO CAN ACCOUNT FOR IT?—Mrs. Bowers, the most popular actress in California, narrates a singular experience which recently happened to her in that city. She says that she was eating dinner, when some one tapped her on the shoulder and a voice said: "I am J. W. Rover, and have just been hanged at Reno, but I am innocent." She looked around, but could see no one, and she soon learned that Rover had been hanged at that time, though previously she had not known of his existence.

A WOMAN at New York dreamed that her house was robbed Saturday night, and awoke to find it a reality. While detailing her loss to the detectives Sunday, a thief was brought in whom she identified as the man she saw in her dream. On searching him the stolen jewelry was found, and at his rooms were found the other property.



[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING]

## SONG OF THE SOUL;

On its Release from Earth.

BY BELLE BUSH.

**V**ICTORY! victory! shouts the soul,  
 When like an eagle it nears its goal,  
 Leaving the earth and the stern control  
 Of the clay-built huts in the vales below,  
 Where wends the numberless streams of, woe,  
 With a sorrowful sound and a fitful flow.

Victory! victory! life is one!  
 Sings the soul of each ransomed one,  
 Whose work on the earth's dull plane is done.  
 Victory! victory! joy is ours;  
 Earth had never so many flowers  
 As bloom for us in the angel bowers.

Victory! victory! still it cries,  
 And Death before it in bondage flies;  
 The soul is immortal, and never dies.  
 It lives, it loves, and it has a home,  
 Where shades of sadness may never come;  
 It lives and labors as God may plan,  
 In the schools above, or the school of man.

Victory! victory! words of cheer,  
 How it is echoed and warbled here  
 Through bowers where never a sigh of fear  
 Floats in the calm, pure atmosphere,  
 By every soul that unfettered comes  
 From the sorrow-haunted and lonely homes  
 It leaves on earth, when the mortal breath  
 Is stilled by the ice-cold hand of death.

Victory! victory! shouts the slave,  
 As he upward soars from his twofold grave  
 And sees the lights of eternity  
 Gleaming for him o'er the infinite sea.  
 Then thrills his soul with a sense of glee,  
 As he cries "thank God, I'm free! I'm free!  
 There are no more fetters or chains for me;  
 No more sighing, and no more tears;  
 No more lashes and no more fears,  
 For the day long prayed for at last appears."

Victory! victory! sings the child  
 On whom the angels of God have smiled  
 And wooed from earth, and its tangled wild,  
 While yet its spirit was undefiled,  
 And free from the darkness of doubt and fear,  
 Out of which gathers the mourner's tear.  
 Victory! victory! words of cheer!  
 Oh, fathers and mothers could you but hear,  
 How they are echoed and warbled here  
 By the joyous groups that are waiting near.  
 You would weep no more for the little girl,  
 With laughing eyes and the golden curl.



Who cheered you once with her baby glee,  
 Or lisped a prayer on her bended knee,  
 But whom you missed from your home one day,  
 When her still, cold image was borne away,  
 And you wept for your idol turned to clay.  
 You would weep no more for the noble boy  
 Whose lightest smile was a thing of joy,  
 Who grew to manhood beneath your eye,  
 "Only to droop," as you say, "and die  
 Too soon for his blossoming thoughts to seed  
 And bear rich fruitage in word and deed."  
 Oh, could you but look on the paths they tread,  
 You would turn from the casket from which they fled,  
 And joyfully murmur "they are not dead,  
 For lo! they are threading a shining way,  
 And oft they come to us, day by day,  
 With gifts of love on our hearts to lay."

—BELVIDERE SEMINARY.

---

### Editor's Table.

#### "THE GRAND OLD BOOK."

**S**PIRITUALISM in its teachings allows the broadest freedom in the formation and expression of individual opinion; hence, anything having a tendency toward *intolerance*, either within or without its ranks, should be opposed. Last week our attention was called to the following extract which we find in the editorial correspondence of one of our Spiritual Journals, which we think requires at least a brief consideration:

"The grand old book from which we love to quote has been thrown aside by many so-called Liberals; but we think they might often find in its neglected pages treasures of wisdom and knowledge not to be lightly cast away."

In the words "so-called Liberals," if we mistake not, may be discovered the spirit of intolerance ever manifest by bible worshippers. Spiritualists and Liberalists, who have searched this "grand old book," failing to find therein "treasures of knowledge and wisdom," having placed it side by side with other books of the past ages, of human origin, and finding it entitled only to equal consideration, are to be designated as "so-called" Liberals. The liberty to criticise and bring the teachings of this book to the test of reason and the revelations of science, constitute an offence that will disqualify all such Liberals to full recognition by Christian Spiritualists.

It may not be inappropriate for us to suggest that comparatively the bible is not an "Old" book, neither is it in any respect specially



“Grand.” The more closely its pages are scanned in the light of the 19th century, its treasures of “knowledge and wisdom” become less apparent. We will allow that there are a few redeeming qualities—a sprinkling of good passages (and what book has not something good?) but these passages are so rare, that like angels’ visits, they are few and far between. But, even the unexceptional parts limited though they be, are by no means original. Most of them are borrowed from other productions, as it is incontestable that moral precepts equally admirable were taught by the sages of Greece, the philosophers of Rome, the Brahmins of India and the Reformer of China, long anterior to the bible, before either the Old or New Testament were written. There was no proper canon or collection of the writings of the Old Testament until the time of the Maccabees, *which was only two hundred years before the appearance of Christ.* The claim that it is “old” thus vanishes.

Let us enquire further as to its grandeur. Is it “grand” in its History, its Consistency, Morality, Philosophy or its Influence on Society? For answer to the first enquiry, it is only necessary to refer to the fact that no enquirer goes to the “grand old book” for any important fact in the world’s history, the history of the Jewish nation only excepted. As a Jewish history, however, in view of its many fabulous and contradicting statements, very little reliance is placed upon it. We cannot for want of space refer to the many historical contradictions even of the New Testament, but pass to enquire very briefly as to its inconsistencies. If the bible is itself a contradiction, inconsistent with itself, it cannot be divine. In one part (Matthew xix) we are told God is *omnipotent*. “With God all things are possible:” and in Judges (chapter i, 9) it is declared that he “*could not* drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron.” In Romans ii, 11, we learn that God is “*impartial*,” has “no respect of persons,” notwithstanding in the same book (ix, 13) we are assured that God *loved Jacob, but hated Esau.* Instances might be multiplied by the hundreds.

Is it a grandly moral book? We are indebted to the “Enquirers Text Book,” by Robert Cooper, for the following extract:

“Listen to the extraordinary declaration of Richard Lalor Shiel, Esq., M. P., member of the Whig administration, and one of the privy councillors to the Queen. In the Church of Ireland Magazine for 1825, the following language is ascribed to that brilliant



orator: "Many passages of Scripture were written with such force, and he might say, with nakedness of diction, as rendered them UNSUIT for indiscriminate perusal. There were parts of the Old Testament in which images of voluptuousness were presented to the mind on which the imagination of a youthful female ought not to be permitted to repose. He would venture to assert that the Odes of Anacreon did not display more luxury of imagination, or combine more *sensual* associations than parts of the Old Testament. The Bible contained details of atrocity at which human nature shuddered. Part of the holy writings consisted of history, and of the narration of facts of a kind that could not be mentioned in the presence of a virtuous woman without exciting HORROR. Should a woman be permitted to read in her chamber, what she would tremble to hear at her domestic board? Shall she con over and revolve what she would rather die than utter?"

Can a book be called "grand" at the perusal of which, a virtuous mind must shudder? The accounts of falsehoods, deceptions, incest, polygamy, adultery and crime in the Old Testament are really horrible; have we any better system of morals taught in the New? We will not pause to consider many of the sayings and doings of Jesus, which to say the least would be questionable in a moral point of view; but go to Paul, who, after the death of Jesus was the main champion of Christianity. He declares in his second Epistle to Cor. (xi, 8) "I *robbed* other churches to do ye service." In Rom. (iii, 7) "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my *lie* unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" In Cor. (xii, 16) he says: "Being crafty, I caught you with *guile*." Here, in this "grand old book," we have the doctrine of the Romish Church, practiced, too, whenever and wherever possible; that the doing of evil for the glory of God is all right, the end justifies the means. The practice of this dogma has not been confined to the Romish Church. On the morality of the bible we need not dwell; we have quoted only one of a thousand passages, going to show that as a book of morals it is, to say the least, not superior to many other of the so-called sacred books.

Of its philosophy we cannot now comment as we intended, but pass to notice briefly the influence of the bible on society. We shall not enter into Jewish history, blood, blood, blood is therein recorded in nearly every chapter. The most hardened must be shocked by reading the atrocities said to have been performed by God's command. The spirit of love and virtue can never flourish amongst us, while we continue to regard such a production as a



“grand old book.” But passing to the New Testament itself, we find that envyings and jealousies were at a very early date growing up among the disciples of Jesus, and even among the apostles. Bitter contentions sprung up among the christians as related by Paul—Cor. 1, 11, 12. They were split up into many sects during the first century. Strife and contention has marked the entire history of the christian church, each and every sect with the “grand old book” in hand, anathematizing the others, all in accord with the teachings of Jesus, who emphatically declared that he came to bring “not peace but a sword,” and it is a fact that cannot be successfully gainsaid that this “grand old book” has in its influence occasioned more division, strife and sectarianism among men, more enmity and bloodshed than any other cause in the world’s history during the time of its existence. Take the history of the contending sects in the first centuries of the Christian era. It was not, however, until Christians had acquired political power that its bloody history really commenced. Take as an instance of civil war the contest in the eighth century growing out of the insignificant question, whether images should be set up in churches; it was decided by a council in the affirmative, and damnation to all heretics followed; result, the death of 50,000 human beings. Volumes would be required to record the direful influence of this “grand old book” in human history. It is a stumbling block in the way of progress, and it shall be our work to endeavor to place it in its true light before the world; let it be regarded as of human origin, like all other books written in the dark ages, and the men through whom it has come to us not only very fallible, but often absolutely vicious and criminal. The fact that this book is yet regarded by millions of people as infallible, God’s *only* revelation to man, causes them to be held in spiritual slavery, and that some of our Spiritualistic friends are to some extent aiding to perpetuate an undue reverence for it, leads us with Moore to hope for the time

“When from the lips of truth, one mighty breath,  
 Shall like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze,  
 The whole dark pile of human mockeries;  
 Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,  
 And starting fresh as from a second birth,  
 Man, in the sunshine of the world’s new spring,  
 Shall walk transparent like some holy thing.”

---

True happiness (if understood), consists alone in doing good.



## MEDIUMSHIP.

**T**HE critical and analytical investigations being prosecuted by many cultured Spiritualists, men of scientific attainments as well, are worthy of thought and careful consideration. That varied and unfamiliar phenomena of a supermundane origin, governed by intricate and uncomprehended laws have been simulated, is as obvious, as that careful and thorough analysis is not compatible with the inception of great movements. The rapid and unprecedented spread of Modern Spiritualism implies the acceptance of unsound theories; conclusions formulated from an unscientific basis, thereby necessitating a process of disintegration which will inevitably result in the rejection of much now accepted as genuine; and a thorough and systematic arrangement of facts leading to a clearer conception of spiritual laws. While rejoicing at the elimination of truth from the entanglement of error, we can but realize that a great responsibility rests upon those who sit in judgment upon the revelation that through all-coming time will mark the distinguishing characteristic of the nineteenth century. The number and the variety of scientific facts enriching and adorning the age, elevating humanity above the thralldom of superstition and ignorance, will pale before the shining galaxy of spiritual truths, leading emancipated humanity to a knowledge of immortal life, and crowning existence with a diadem of imperishable beauty. Mediumship with its complex laws presents a broad and inviting subject for critical investigation; yet in no realm of thought is experience and spiritual perception more essential. He who brings to this investigation only a knowledge of physical forms and forces, ignoring the existence, action and reaction of spiritual principles, will fail to perceive the verities underlying all genuine phenomena. To stigmatize a manifestation as fraudulent before a careful and thorough investigation has been made, is unscientific. Manifestations occurring in the dark depend upon certain mediumistic conditions obtainable only in the absence of light. One such test received by competent, reliable witnesses, far outweighs all that can be said against dark circles, if select. We have known two well-defined cases of mediumship where long-continued and unmistakable evidence of spirit power occurred only when the medium was in a profound sleep;



shall we deny the facts because the law upon which they rest is not comprehended? The incongruities found in the utterances of trance speakers and mediums do not establish voluntary or involuntary deception on the part of medium or control. The receptivity of the mediumistic brain may be impaired, and the communication lose its clearness of expression and assume the indefiniteness of the organism through which it passes; or, the controlling intelligence may be affected by conditions which destroy the equilibrium of will, marring the completeness of expression and rendering identification seemingly impossible; or, as is more frequently the case, the control is rendered imperfect by a circle of positive minds and anything that disturbs this unity of purpose, concentration of will, reacts upon the medium, changing the entire course of thought. This indefiniteness may impair, but does not destroy the value of mediumship; for the fact remains, that thousands of spirits have fully identified themselves. Many spirits communicate impersonally, until they can establish identity. This certainly appears wise and would prevent much misunderstanding.

---

## THE PHANTOM FORM;

Or, Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life.

### PART SECOND.

#### CHAPTER I.

Can it be?

Matter immortal? And shall spirit die?  
 Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?  
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,  
 No resurrection know? Shall man alone,  
 Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,  
 Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?

—YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.



WEEK passed after the event recorded in the last chapter before consciousness dawned upon my benumbed and deadened faculties. The memory of that awakening is like the faint echo of far off music. I lay with half closed eyes enjoying the beautiful sights, delicious odors and sweet sounds that surrounded me. From this delightful, visionary mood I slowly drifted back to the full possession of conscious being, and realized that I was not dreaming, neither gazing upon vision, but surrounded by realities. I examined with intense interest the pro-



fusion of wonderfully beautiful flowers that had attracted my attention. The vast apartment was literally alive with these children of beauty; the walls were semi-transparent, and in places literally covered with feathery mosses and fine, delicate vines, trained in forms of artistic elegance. Among the bright green moss, gleamed little golden flowers, so arranged as to form words: "repose," "rest," "peace," "to love;" these and many others, sometimes whole sentences were apparently growing in the strangely illuminated walls. The light falling through tinted windows was soft and mellow, rustic chairs and lounges cushioned with moss, were seen as far as the eye could reach. A soft velvety carpet covered the floor, while the vaulted ceiling which had at first attracted my attention was of a deep blue, spangled with golden stars, their beauty half veiled by silvery cloudlets, such perfect copies from nature that one could readily imagine himself gazing at the sky. The air of this splendid apartment was filled with fragrance, and melodious with soft, sweet strains of distant music, mingled with the murmur of the fountains, and the song of many golden-winged birds flitting among the flowers. It was sweet, natural, restful, and long I revelled in the delight that this sphere of beauty imparted.

At last the question, how came I here? disturbed my tranquility of mind. I closed my eyes and tried to recall the past; slowly the bygone years came back; childhood; the poverty and inharmony of our home, the stern hard man I called father; the pale, patient suffering mother; the bright sweet Eunice; the appearance of the Phantom Form; the death of my little brother and mother. Each event was as clear and distinct as the reality had been, and each scene awoke the peculiar feelings and emotions that had belonged to it; every event of earth-life was depicted with perfect clearness, and I can truthfully say that I lived over again every phase of the existence I had passed through, up to the very closing scene. Until this was presented I had not realized that I was dead; for memory did not go in advance of the scenes depicted. Dead! I startingly exclaimed, and wringing my hands in despair, with one bound I sprang to my feet and pulled aside the swaying vines that partially concealed a crystal mirror. No, I was not dead! The delicate features, the finely rounded form, smooth white velvety skin, long and darkly shining hair, long lustrous eyes, rich full lips; this picture spoke of life and beauty, and for a time I thought of nothing but the wonderful transformation and I revelled in the contemplation of of a beauty so long coveted. But at last came the conviction that I was of the earth no more! The beauty became at once valueless, and from that moment there was a settled determination to return to earth again, and rest not, until he who was the sun of my life, should be free from the meshes that had been woven around him and bow before her whose beauty now far surpassed that of the pale-faced Eunice. Do you think it strange that a desire to re-enter the shadows of earth should have found its



way to that peaceful abode? that a love that had stung me almost to madness should be more potent than the uplifting love of a mother?

While thinking how best to broach this subject to my mother, who I felt sure would endeavor to detain me, she entered, accompanied by two spirits whom I had known in earth life. They greeted me as one arisen from the dead; talked and painted in glowing colors the beauty and happiness of the world they lived in. I was glad to meet these friends, especially the sainted mother, whose youth and beauty astonished me, being far superior when seen in a spirit world by spirit vision than when looked upon through the murky atmosphere of earth. Her robe was of soft, silvery brightness, falling around her perfect form in wavy outlines. The light of the mother love had not faded from her face. She placed the hand of her child in mine and whispered his angel name. How tall he had grown, so perfect in proportion! Ah, mothers, if you could but see the happy change wrought in your little ones when borne away to the gardens of paradise you would no longer grieve without hope! As soon as possible I signified my desire to be alone with mother. It was granted and we sat upon one of the rustic seats and enjoyed a sweet communion. In giving me a history of her experience in spirit life, to my astonishment she did not mention the spirit known as the Phantom Form. At the close of her recital, she said: "Now, my dear Emily, I know all that is within your heart—the great longing that has taken possession of you. It is my duty to try and draw you from this earth attraction; it is at best but temporary. The trials you have passed through, as I once told you, were for a purpose, a purpose you cannot yet understand; but be assured my child, the sooner you break this attraction, the better for you. He is on earth, you in the spirit world! He a mortal, you a spirit! To go back across the gulf that separates you is but to add to your sufferings and will lengthen the time that must pass before you are freed from the entanglement of magnetic conditions and are prepared for higher fields of usefulness.

My mother paused for an answer; her words had failed to change my purpose. The spirit world was nothing to me; the society of angels, even the pursuit of knowledge, was as dust and ashes to one whose every thought centered in another plane of existence. Reading the decision in my face, my mother said: "My child, it shall be as you wish; if you can only acquire knowledge through bitter experience, you shall return, but not at present; you are weak, need rest and strength, be content to tarry with us a time. There is one I would have you meet, one who has watched for your coming and will have something to say to you before your return to earth; rest now my child, to-morrow you shall meet my friend and and go for a time to my pavillion. Ah, it will be long, long before you will again look upon it!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## Editor's Drawer.

---

**A TALK WITH OUR READERS.**—The commencement of the New Volume presents a favorable opportunity to hold friendly converse with our readers upon topics of interest to both. First, we render thanks to the many friends who have written us words of cheer and in approval of our work. These expressions have come to us from every part of the country and from all classes of Liberalists. In the many letters received there come always those expressing satisfaction with the OFFERING and frequent reference to special articles that have been peculiarly suggestive, inspiring and helpful.

Our aim is to enlarge the circle of magazine readers, and we know of no better way than to present a publication attractive in appearance and of real intrinsic value. For this we have labored earnestly, and now present the OFFERING to its many friends in its NEW MAY-DAY DRESS. We feel sure that all will be pleased with its external appearance, and we hope that it may receive a cordial welcome wherever it goes; certainly nothing ministers so purely and so cheaply to the pleasures of home as the monthly visits of such a periodical, fresh from the brains of the thinkers and workers of the world. We hardly need to call attention to the names of our honored and valued contributors.

A word about the price of the OFFERING. Since its commencement we have doubled the number of its pages, quadrupled the reading matter in quantity, improved its quality, and yet have kept the price at \$1.25 per annum; hoping thereby to very largely increase its circulation. We hold it at same price now, but are compelled to appeal to our patrons for more earnest labor in its behalf, otherwise we shall be obliged to increase the price. We venture to say, that never was so much of brains, taste, printing and paper given for the money asked as we give every month to our subscribers. If our permanent list can be increased to 5,000, we will enlarge to 64 pages and retain our present price.

To subscribers who have not yet remitted for the new volume we appeal for action at once. To several whom we know personally, and others by correspondence we continue to send the OFFERING, confident that when they see the initial number of volume 2 and know that our motto is "Upward and Onward" they will remit the small amount required. If any wish to discontinue their subscription, they will please write address on margin of cover, and immediately return. We trust, however, that the beautiful appearance we present to our readers this month in our new dress, new type, and better paper, may prompt all who receive the magazine to remit. Old or new subscribers not prepared to pay now, can have three months time by making the request. Further; will our friends with a copy in hand, please devote a few hours to the work of soliciting new subscribers on above terms?

The press of matter for this number compelled us to defer until a future time, the publication of several interesting articles; among them contributions from Mrs. Osborn, J. Straub, J. E. Ludlam, Esq., John Wetherbee, Dr. Higbee and others. We had also intended to commence in this issue the publication of a debate held at Eddyville, Iowa, between W. F. Jamieson and Prof. D. R. Dungan. This will constitute an interesting feature of several consecutive numbers of the OFFERING, involving as it does a discussion of the prominent teachings of Spiritualism.

**PROF. S. B. BRITTAN.**—With the first number of the new volume we present to our readers the portrait of one who meritedly stands with the foremost in the ranks of the advancing army of progress; a man of whom any people may be justly proud. An early and earnest public defender of Spiritualism and the responsible editor of the first spiritual paper in the world, his history is so interwoven with the history of Modern Spiritualism that his Biography will involve much of its history. Friends who have never met our valued contributor will be glad to see the likeness we have obtained expressly for the OFFERING. It makes



a fine Frontispiece for the new volume and should be carefully preserved for binding at the close of the year. The first chapter of the Biography will be found interesting, but the interest will increase as its publication progresses.

In this connection we call attention to the oration delivered by Prof. Brittan at the recent anniversary meeting in New York City. It has been published in pamphlet form, (see advertisement on another page) and can be obtained at this office. This pamphlet, together with the tracts we are publishing at a very low price, if circulated, will do great good in any community, perhaps more with a certain class than a course of lectures. Some persons who do not attend our meetings will read if they have opportunity.

**AN ABLE ADDRESS.**—We are in receipt of a most excellent address just issued by the Executive Board of the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists of Michigan. From it we learn that at the twelfth annual meeting held in Kalamazoo the articles of association were amended so that the organization is now known as The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists. This is a move in the right direction. Liberalists of every shade of opinion will in self-defence eventually be driven to this step and the earlier the work is everywhere consummated the better. We regret our inability for want of space to give a more elaborate notice, and favor our readers with some very fine extracts from this admirable address. We shall refer to it again. The pamphlet can be obtained at \$1.50 per hundred upon application to S. B. McCracken, Detroit, Mich.

D. HIGBEE, M. D., sends an article for publication on "Woman's Mission" which will appear in next issue. Our contributor closes his letter of encouragement in the following words:

"Flattery is one variety of vanity; but words of honest and deserved praise are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. The neatness, taste, typographical accuracy, value, variety and utility of contents, manifest experience and sound judgment on the part of editors of the OFFERING and its contributors.

'That long and arduous toil  
O'er book has burned the midnight oil'

to spread a rich treat for your readers. May you live long to enrich the world with liberal thought."

**THE BEST GIFT** you can make is a first-class Liberal Magazine. Such a gift constantly renews its welcome and interest—every number is a new delight; keeping your friend most pleasantly reminded of you throughout the year. Let us suggest the SPIRITUAL OFFERING as a most appropriate gift. Here your friend, whether now in belief or otherwise, will find embodied the thoughts of our best minds, Spiritualist and Materialist. We are confident that this magazine, one of the very best exponents of Liberalism and Freethought, will be welcomed.

**THE EDITOR'S DRAWER** contains personal notices of Prof. Wm. Denton, and extracts from an address delivered by him in Anamosa, Iowa, as reported in the *Anamosa Journal*; also personal notices of Prof. Janieson, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mrs. E. L. Saxon, Warren Chase, A. J. Davis' lectures in Washington, D. C., and the progress of our cause in different parts of the country. All these must remain in the Drawer for a time. The Drawer also contains notices of several anniversary meetings, which we very much regret our inability to publish.

The anniversary meetings more especially successful and noticed at length by the secular press, were held in Boston and New York. These cities being great commercial centres and having large societies of Spiritualists are able to command the attendance of many prominent speakers not obtainable in smaller towns and country places. At the New York City meeting, Dr. Hallock presiding, A. J. Davis, Prof. Brittan, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Brigham were the prominent speakers. Mr. Davis during his remarks enunciated certain points of belief from which very few Spiritualists will essentially differ.

**PLEASE RETURN.**—All who receive this copy of the OFFERING who do not wish to subscribe and within three months remit the pay for one year, will please return the same to this office. If wanted, notify by postal card.



## REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[The publishers of this Magazine are glad to announce to its patrons and the public that they have secured permanently the services of Mr. Coleman, of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a Bibliographer of twenty-five years experience. All books sent to his address or to this office will be carefully, thoroughly, and impartially reviewed.]

*The Mother of Harlots; or, a Synopsis of Popery as It Was, and as It Is.* By William Hogan, for twenty-five years a Confessing Priest. "Holy Cross" Series No. 2. 203pp. 12mo. New York, D. M. Bennett. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

This work is a candid and forcible presentation of the Church of Rome's harlotry with the Civil Power through all the centuries of her abominable career. The entire and irrepressible incompatibility between American Republicanism and the Papal Hierarchy—between the genius of patriotism and the "Mother of Harlots"—is clearly and cogently set forth. There can be no question but "that Popery, with all that it and its vile imitations mean, ecclesiastically, politically, and socially, continues to be the great and enormously increasing cause of our most imminent peril as a republic." The Romish Church is the greatest organized despotism the world has ever seen, crushing with its iron hand every vestige of freedom, mental, moral, social. No greater foe to American institutions can possibly exist; and, in view of the startling increase in numbers, power, and wealth of this anti-republican oligarchy in the United States, it behooves every lover of liberty and equal rights—every soul alive to the importance of successfully baffling this steadily encroaching instrument of direst evil—to bear a wary eye upon its pretentious aggrandizements, its insidious wiles and nefarious schemes, involving the overthrow of all we hold near and dear.

The author of this *expose* of the Papacy's fell designs upon American liberties, after being hounded and persecuted from place to place by the Jesuits, his business destroyed, his health broken up, and his life in constant danger, was at length vilely poisoned in Syracuse,—by whom there can be but little doubt. Many thanks are due him for bravely presenting the world with so earnest and truthful an indictment of Romish tyranny and corruption: a work which merits the widest circulation as an eye-opener, well calculated as it is to enlighten the beclouded minds of the millions of America's sons and daughters supinely indifferent to the perfidious purposes of the unconscionable "Mother of Harlots."

*Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk, as exhibited in a Narrative of her Sufferings during her Residence of Five Years as a Novice and Two Years as a Black Nun in the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal, Ont.* "Holy Cross" Series No. 9. 188pp. 12mo. New York, D. M. Bennett. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

*Sister Lucy and her Awful Disclosures Respecting New Hall Convent, Boreham, Essex, England.* "Holy Cross" Series No. 13. 40pp 12 mo. N. Y., D. M. Bennett. Paper, 10 cents.

Appositely indeed are these books characterized as "Awful Disclo-



tures," and well may Romanists hide their heads in shame for being connected with a church guilty of such diabolical transactions as are herein recorded. When "Maria Monk" was first published some years since, great was the excitement thereby occasioned both among Protestants and Catholics; and every effort was made by the latter to stamp the work with falsehood and blacken the character of its author, but with scant success. The Autobiography of her daughter, recently published under the title of "Maria Monk's Daughter," attempts to throw discredit upon the disclosures of her mother; but, as the daughter is a devoted hoodwinked Romanist, little faith can be placed in this as in all other Catholicized whitewash.

To an unprejudiced, impartial reader, the story of Maria Monk seems to be a plain, simple, unvarnished narrative of her actual experience. It bears the evident impress of truth upon its face; as also do the disclosures of Sister Lucy in the smaller work. A horrible, sickening spectacle of nunnery and convent life do they spread before us; and, in our opinion, as true as horrible. Depravity and villainy unbounded infest these holy (?) institutions,—lying, deceit, treachery, malignity, unmitigated selfishness, the most horrid cruelties and torturings, unbridled licentiousness, wholesale infant strangulation, and everything imaginable that is despicable and atrocious run rampant within their cloistered *sacredness*. Topping all, we find vividly depicted murders most foul and damnable, under circumstances of fiendish cruelty and savage brutishness, of young, beautiful nuns unwilling to lend themselves to the body-polluting, soul-destroying diabolisms of consecrated vice.

Nunneries and convents are plague-spots upon the civilization of nineteenth-century enlightenment; and it is a deep and lasting shame that such festering masses of putridity and salacity should find a foot-hold upon the American body-politic. Heaven speed the day when every vestige of these accursed pest-houses will be swept from the earth, along with the infamous church by whom they are fostered and nurtured.

---

*Priestly Celibacy Exposed.* A Lecture by Rev. Geo. Townshend Fox, M.A., of Durham, Eng. "Holy Cross" Series No. 10. 51pp. 12mo. N. Y., D. M. Bennett. Paper, 15 cents.

A trenchant exposition of the disastrous evils of priestly celibacy, from the days of Primitive Christianity to the present time. "Rome has degraded woman," says its author, "from her rightful place in the family of man; has dragged her from the social board and the happy ties of domestic life; has corrupted her mind; has imprisoned her body in doleful solitude, where she is kept against her will; and had Rome no other guilt to answer for than the wrongs she has inflicted on woman, she would still deserve the eternal execrations of mankind." "Morals decay, female purity fades, the human mind degenerates beneath the blight of Rome's unhallowed breath; and pampered though we be by truckling politicians and luke-warm friends, there is, I trust, enough of stern, uncompromising principle left amongst us to make Rome stand back, and to drive her from our shores in dire disgrace." Amen and Amen!



*The Laws of Being: Psychology; Re-incarnation; Soul, and its Relations. Showing the Occult Forces in Man; that Intelligence Manifests without Material; and the Most Important Things to Know.* By Almira Kidd. 127pp. 12mo. Boston, Colby and Rich, 1878. Cloth, \$1.00.

This is another of the many works ever issuing, proclaiming their emanation from the spirit-spheres. It claims a loftier origin, however, than some of its fellows; for, as we are told, from no ordinary spirit-personalities does Mrs. Kidd receive instruction, but from other and higher intelligences inhabiting more transcendent realms of light,—“from intelligences overreaching the ordinary circumambient spirit-sphere.” On one occasion, as the author informs us, she “heard distant voices, that seemed to come from immensity itself, of the most awe-inspiring significance, conveying lessons to spirits, which they called the voice of God;” this being I believe the first instance in which a medium has been favored with the audition of the direct voice (or voices) of God. Mrs. Kidd’s principal “guide” or “control” seems to be one Cenis, a Sioux Indian, who has been two thousand years in spirit-life. [Query.—Did the Sioux exist on earth twenty centuries ago?]

This work stoutly attacks Darwinism; while, on the other hand, it even more rigorously opposes the theory of the Soul of Man being a Divine, etherialized portion of the infinite Over-Soul. What it is that is advanced in opposition to these two hypotheses, as being the real truth in the premises, we must confess, after a labored perusal of the volume, our inability to accurately determine; for vagueness, indefiniteness, and a bewildering idealistic verbiage are strongly characteristic of the entire work.

A mild form of re-incarnation is undoubtedly advocated; in strong contrast, however, to the system of Allan Kardec, which she denominates “puerile and inconsistent,” and “irreconcilable with anthropological laws.” Kardec’s mediums, she tells us, “must have been psychologized by his will or chain of thought on that subject.” (which is unquestionably true); but the same truth is palpably evident in the mediumship of Mrs. Kidd as well. This whole book, to our mind, is clearly a series of subjective impressions germinated in its author’s mind, and projected through her self-psychologized mentality as spiritual revelations clairaudiently or psychophonically received. We are infinitely relieved, after Kardec telling us that each one of us undergoes re-incarnation thousands of times, to now learn from Mrs. Kidd that we are only re-incarnated two or three times, and in rare instances the fourth time.

The physical and intellectual development of children in the spirit-world as upon earth, a cardinal tenet in all spiritual revelations of the Beyond, is herein emphatically denied. Upon entering spirit-life, children take a long rest,—remain stationary,—even at times for fifty years, before attaining progress as do other souls; so Mrs. Kidd informs us. Depraved, wicked spirits, it seems, also have protracted seasons of rest: since we learn that a young man and a young woman, both of very marked and positive evil inclinations, were consigned to rest in the spirit-world, one for 1812 and the other for 1820 years. The sun, the centre of our solar system, is, as we are told, “the object towards which spirits and planets are traveling,” it being “a centre of light and intelligence,”—a minor or sub-deity of some kind; and the depraved spirits not being able to “travel to the sun,” they were obligingly permitted to take a rest—of 1800 years extension!



*Our Thought.* By George W. Keith and Mary A. Read. 64pp. Stoughton, Mass., 1878. Paper, 25 cents.

"In this pamphlet," its authors tell us, "is presented the blended pictures made by the phenomena of life upon the mental retina of a man and woman." Last year one thousand copies were distributed gratuitously; this year co-operation is invited in the expense of publishing and distributing it. We are here favored with many earnest radical thoughts upon such topics as Communism, Spiritualism, Woman, Scientific Propagation, Prayer, Unwelcome Children, and cognate subjects. We find much in this book to which we can give cordial assent, but from some of its conclusions we most decidedly dissent. Some of the thoughts concerning Woman we deem conservatively masculine and wholly sophistical. Such ideas as these we must regard as radically incorrect: "In whatever work is to be jointly done (and, in the large sense, all work is joint work), he (man) must take the first step. Woman's daintier foot will be quick to follow. Until he has done his part she is helpless; she can do nothing, except partially and imperfectly." "Man's superior size is a fact full of significance. He is larger than woman, that he may surround, encompass, and comprehend her. Man may be compared to a square, and woman to an inscribed circle." "It is a fact, that woman desires to be held, owned, and governed. It is also a fact, that man delights in doing it." This latter observation I deny emphatically, in the name of oppressed womanhood, and of enlightened, whole-souled manhood. No true woman delights in being owned and governed; no true man delights in so doing. Paternity is also exalted above maternity, and the male element declared the positive, not only stamping itself "upon the offspring, but upon the plastic nature of the females;" which is sometimes the case, and sometimes not,—the truth being, that, taking humanity all through, the two elements are about equally positive in their impress upon offspring.

The following we look upon as a moral heresy: "If I were a moral teacher, I would not advise anybody to use tobacco, or wine and intoxicating liquors; and I would never advise any one not to use them." In contradistinction to Dr. Keith, we have always advised, and shall ever advise, all parties against the uses of stimulants of every kind, being convinced they are a scourge and a curse to the world,—of vast injury to humanity, bodily, mentally, and morally; and so, acting true to our conscientious conviction, we shall vigorously oppose their use, cost what may. Some of our authors' views relative to social freedom, variety in sexual mating, and matters of that ilk, are antithetical to our convictions of moral purity and innate justice; for example, sentences like these: "The oftener a person can change his present mating for a more perfect one, the better. There is life, there is growth in change."

Some excellent thoughts on Mediumship are contained in this little work. "Mediums," it says, "are not operated on by spirits to the extent and in the manner that is generally understood. It is *spirit* that inspires the medium; that blends with his own spirit, and gives it increased volume and power." "Demand creates its own supply, and as long as there is a call for John and Mary, George Washington and Theodore Parker, 'Sunflower' and 'Snowdrop,' these names will be appended to communications; not because mediums are dishonest, but because the demands for personality creates a vibration in the spiritual atmosphere which the sensitive medium feels and responds to." The following excerpt is a perfect gem, and there are many such in the pamphlet: "Moral liberty will yet be recognized as the equal of religious liberty,—freedom of action equally as sacred as freedom of opinion. Any and every act lies solely and absolutely between the man and his God, until he infringes upon the rights of some other individual, when his action ceases to be a manifestation of freedom, and becomes tyranny."



THE  
SPIRITUAL OFFERING.  
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY  
FROM A SPIRITUALISTIC AND SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.

---

JUNE, 1878.

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.  
IMMORTALITY IN THE BIBLE.

---

BY J. E. LUDLAM.

---

**F**ROM APOSTOLIC time down to the present day it has been a favorite theory with all Christian Churches that in the New Testament immortality is revealed with a fullness and clearness that leave nothing to be desired, while in the Old Testament it is so dimly foreshadowed as to be scarcely taught at all. This error has been enunciated from all pulpits, Catholic as well as Protestant until it has long since come to be regarded as a theological axiom, admitting of no dispute. Hence the derogatory terms applied to the Old Testament whenever it is contrasted with the New. The author of the Apocalypse compares the New Testament revelation to the sun, the Old Testament to the moon, and this metaphor so flattering to ignorant self-conceit has been adopted by Christians of every name.

It would be hardly worth while to spend any time in exploding this popular error and showing that it is just the reverse of true, were it not that a little consideration of the best portions of the Old Testament discloses a striking similarity between ancient Judaism and modern Spiritualism on two points, man's duty in this life, and his destiny in the next. When we consider the immense interval, over 3000 years, between these two great spiritual upheavals, and the enormous difference between the social, political and religious life of ancient Palestine and that of the present age, this accordance is truly wonderful. Another advantage of refuting this error will be, to demonstrate that the kind of immortal life "brought to light" in the New Testament is directly opposed alike to the teachings of Spiritualism and to all we can learn from Nature through the revelations of science. "Christian Spiritualism" is a contradiction in terms.

The origin of the delusion that the New Testament is far superior



to the Old with respect to the immortality of man is easily traced. In the four centuries intervening between Malachi and Matthew some curious superstitions crept into the Jewish theology from Babylonish and other sources, and formed part of the current creed in the days of Jesus Christ. One of these pagan doctrines was the existence of a personal devil with an immense army of evil spirits under his control at constant war with God and man. Another was the belief in two fixed localities, Heaven and Hell the former being the abode of God and his angels, to which the souls of the righteous ascended, there to spend an eternity of happiness; the latter being the residence of the devil and his angels, to which the souls of the wicked descend there to suffer everlasting torment from fire and the torture of devils. These barbarous conceptions are utterly foreign to "Moses and the Prophets," and were doubtless derived from the mythologies of Babylon and Persia with which the Jews came in contact during their long exile. Notwithstanding their heathenish origin and savage character these superstitions were adopted by Jesus Christ and his followers, and have ever since been regarded as fundamental doctrines in Christian Theology. Of course such plain and sharply defined teachings as these were just adapted to make a most powerful impression on the minds of the ignorant multitudes which the Church gathered into its fold. The descriptions of Heaven and Hell in the New Testament are brief, but vivid enough in all conscience, and were supplemented by still more graphic descriptions from the mouths of preachers, and the pens of the "Fathers," until those places acquired as strong a hold on the minds of people as New York and Chicago have upon us. Hence the delusion that immortality is far more clearly revealed in the New Testament than in the Old. Strictly speaking it was not so much a revelation of immortality as of the place where that immortality was to be spent. Mark the result of these brutal doctrines! Instead of unfolding man's spiritual nature, and raising him one stage higher on the ladder of life, they covered Christian Europe for fifteen centuries with the densest cloud of ignorance and degradation from which even yet it has not fully emerged, and never can until such savage notions of the future life are consigned to everlasting oblivion.

When we turn to the Old Testament we find an utter absence of any precise description of the future life, or of any locality where that life is to be spent. Hence the charge of inferiority to the New on this point seems apparently well founded, especially as so many of its promises relate to this life. If, however, we look into it more carefully we shall find that in reality it is far superior to the New as a teacher of immortality of the right sort, and that its ethics are in direct accord with ours.

The Jews seem to have regarded the soul's immortality as an intuition, and not as a deduction of the reason which required argument or proof to support it. On this point the name of their



God Jehovah is very significant. It is translated "I am," but it is really a compound made up from the present, past and future tenses of the verb to be. It might also be rendered "The Eternal One." Compare psalms xc, 2, "Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." Isaiah lvii, 15, "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity." His Omnipresence is most eloquently portrayed in the 139th psalm, and his Almighty power in passages too numerous to quote.

According to the Jewish religion Adam was made in the image of his God. The account Gen. ii, 7, of his creation most plainly recognizes the dual nature of man. "Jehovah formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." This phrase "living soul" is not synonymous with vitality, for we read in Ecc. xii, 7, — "The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." The meaning of this "return" is given in the last verse of that chapter, "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing whether it be good or whether it be evil." Compare psalm viii, 5, "Thou hast made him (man) a little lower than the angels; thou hast crowned him with glory and honor." All such language becomes unmeaning rant if man be a fleeting phenomenon only.

Not only was man regarded as made "in the image of God," but he and his maker are treated all through the Old Testament as being in the closest relationship, such as a father to his children, a sovereign to his subjects, &c. All the multitudinous exhortations to a holy life are based on this idea, and they necessarily assume the immortality of the persons to whom they are addressed, otherwise they are stripped of all rational meaning. As early as Gen. xvii, 1, we read, "when Abram was ninety years old and nine the Lord appeared and said unto him, I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect." Now whether such a thing ever did occur or not is wholly immaterial. The author of Genesis undoubtedly believed that it did. But surely no sane man could ever imagine that Deity could address such a command to an old man of 99, whose life was shortly to go out like the flame of a candle and cease forever. If, however, we assume that Abram was to have a career in another sphere of existence, which would take its complexion from his conduct heré, then the injunction, and thousands of others of a like import, become full of the highest wisdom.

The complex ceremonial ritual contained in Exodus, Leviticus and Deuteronomy, supposed to have been given by God himself cannot be explained on any other theory, especially as it is permeated with the most exalted morality. It is true that obedience to these ceremonies and laws is to be rewarded with temporal blessings, long life, peace and plenty, &c., but the main ground of obedience is tersely stated in the oft repeated, "Be ye holy for I am holy." Why should an eternal Being address such language to



a parcel of creatures who lived only "three-score years and ten," or perchance four or five score? The answer is to be found in so many passages that I can only quote a few for want of room.

Psalm cii, 15, "As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field that flourisheth. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him."

Psalm xv, 1, "Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, &c."

Psalm xvi, 10, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell (grave); neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life—In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand are *pleasures for evermore*."

Psalm lxxiii, 23, "Thou shalt guide with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

Compare also, Numbers xxiii, 10, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Deut. xxxiii, 27, "The eternal God is thy refuge; round about thee are the everlasting arms." Psalm cxvii, 15, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

On the other hand, the worst punishment threatened for the greatest of sins, idolatry, is declared to be, that "the souls that commit it shall be cut off *from among the people*, or out of the land of the living."

The story of the witch of Endor, (1st Sam. 28) has little bearing on this question, though persons always refer to it as directly in point. There were "witches," "wizards," "enchanters," and "magicians," in those days as now, ready to gain a living by practicing on the credulity of others. Still it is remarkable that the witch asked for no pecuniary compensation, and the language addressed by the materialized form to Samuel, was the reverse of flattering and consoling. These are two points directly in the old lady's favor.

Finally, the essence of the New Testament's teaching may be summed up in the command, "save your soul or you will go to Hell;" the sum and substance of the Old Testament is, "Have a soul worth saving and leave the rest to God." The former is a relic of barbarism; the latter is in direct accord with all the truest and best we can learn of the future life, whether from the phenomena of Spiritualism, the teachings of Science, or the brightest thoughts of the world's best poets and prophets.

---

It is my firm conviction that man has only himself to blame if his life appears to him at any time void of interest and of pleasure. Man may make life what he pleases, and give it as much worth, both for himself and others, as he has energy for. Over his moral and intellectual being his sway is complete.—*Humboldt*.



[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

## SOMEWHERE.

By MILTON H. MARBLE.

FOR the seed upon earth scattered,—  
 Though by earth-frost often shattered.—  
 We shall gather, one day, fruitage,  
 If the plant have deep, rich rootage!

Man may dwarf the high endeavor,  
 But the Right shall triumph ever;—  
 Wait in patient, self-submission,  
 For a full, and rich fruition.

Up the steep old mount of Duty,  
 We at last reach fields of Beauty;  
 On that steep of pure ascension  
 We shall know each pure intention.

Somewhere, then, O, man! remember,  
 There is May, for dark December;  
 There is sunshine for the sorrow,  
 Somewhere in the Great To-Morrow!

TABLE ROCK, NEBRASKA, May 21, 1878.

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

## MONOPOLY ETHICS.

J. S. LOVELAND.

THE AGITATION respecting railroad fares and freights brings certain grave questions of morality into discussion; and will, ultimately, force upon the public conscience their consideration and settlement, in spite of the efforts to ignore them. The railroad men are great sticklers for "vested rights!" We ask, who vested them, and for what? Was there not a contract, by implication at least, between them and the vesting party, (the people) which guaranteed certain things, as a *quid pro quo* for the rights vested? And, when the complaint is made that "the rights of property" are invaded by the tariff bills of Wisconsin, and some other states, we are justified in pursuing our inquiries and asking: What is the fundamental principle of rightful ownership? Simple profession is not sufficient. It must be ownership justly acquired, and justly retained; whether of houses, lands, money, or franchises. The railroad men, in addition to their road-bed and rolling stock, possess certain franchises as incorporated companies. And, if the attainment of the same involved certain reciprocities between the parties, it is difficult to see how complaint of infringement of rights



can be made with any grace whatever, when only those reciprocities are sought to be obtained. Or, to make the case still plainer, we may affirm, that the question of ownership, or confiscation of property, is not involved in this discussion. The ownership is not challenged by the states in question. But it is the mode of their use. Their franchises are "vested rights," to be sure; but, there can be no rights without correlative duties. These "rights" were "vested" for a purpose. That purpose was the use, which they were to subserve to the people who conferred these franchises. No people could be so stupid as to confer such favors with no prospect of benefit therefrom. The people complain that their gifts are used to oppress rather than aid them. They demand a remedy, and put that demand in the form of authoritative regulation of railroad tariffs. The owners demand, and ask, may we not do what we please with our own? The answer is easy. To a certain extent, we may do what we please with our own; but, there are limitations to this rule. Let our railroad magnates essay to convert their fine offices, in our cities, into nuisances, and they will soon see them abated, no matter what the amount of money the nuisance might yield them, or the perfectness of their title of ownership. We may not use our own to the injury of another.

Railroads, and other means of transportation, are largely communistic in character. Men do not build railroads, or steamships for their own private use. They are for the use of the public, and the conditions created by their existence compel the public to use them. They are individualistic so far as property ownership is concerned; that is, individuals have paid for their construction and outfit, with the exception of those aided by subsidies and grants of the public lands, still there is a form of ownership retained by the people, as an equivalent for the franchises conferred; and, that ownership, is the right of equitable use. The right to use a railroad is as perfect as is the right of the public to the accommodations of a hotel, and even more so. But the people complain that their rights are infringed by the imposition of extortionate rates for fares and freights. The railroad men reply that it is simply a question of profit, and belongs exclusively to themselves. They demand to know who has any right to define the limit of their profit. And this challenge brings the ever recurring, but never adjusted question of rent, profit and interest, before us for solution. If the money lender may exact one, two, or even three per cent. a month for his loan; if banks, and other monied institutions, may make their twenty per cent. dividends; if the trader may impose twenty-five, or one hundred per cent. on his goods; or the landlord receive ten to fifty per cent. rent on his houses and lands, why may not railroad men demand such profits as they please? All the above named classes take advantage of people's necessities; and "fair profits" are just what can be realized by the skillful arts of extortion. It cannot be denied, that the same principle is involved in all



these cases. "Things are worth what they will bring," states it with sufficient clearness; hence, if money will bring five per cent. a month, in consequence of the desperate condition of some miserable debtor, it is worth that rate of interest! Or, if misfortune compels some houseless wanderer to hire a dwelling paying fifty per cent. rent, it is worth that amount! Or, any price, which the needs of the people and the rapacity of the trader may make possible, is, according to this theory, only the just value of the goods sold! This may be truly termed "the moral standard" of all existing monopolies. Were it the "standard" of monopolies only, the remedy for present financial evils would be easily found and applied. Unfortunately, however, the masses adopt, without question, the same code of financial morality which I have designated as "Monopoly Ethics." And, it is impossible for me to see the difference in principle between the railroad, which absorbs in freights all the surplus of the farmer's fruit and grain, and of that same farmer who absorbs all the products of the laborer's toil, except what is necessary to support him in a working condition. Can any one? The transportation monopolies, and the distributing ones—the go-betweens—are accused of nearly, or quite robbing the producing classes. How do they do it? By carrying out the principle that "a thing is worth what it will bring;" hence, if their services, in carrying and distributing, can be made to bring them all, or nearly all, the surplus products of the country's labor, then are they justly entitled to the same. If scarcity on the one hand, and necessity on the other, can justly regulate the price of labor, commodities, money, etc., then the course of railroads, and all other monopolies, is right and good, and we have no just cause of complaint. Can any one show to the contrary? We defer to another article farther discussion.

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### SPIRIT COMMUNION---A COLLOQUY.

BY MISS E. KISLINGBURY.  
(London, England.)

**F**AIRY fingers weaving chains of tender flowers,  
 Bring them to you, leaving sweets for weary hours.  
 Lay them on your eye-lids, bid them ope and smile,  
 Touch your aching fingers, make them rest awhile.  
 Leave the busy spinning, think of long ago,  
 Long-lost memories winning, friends you used to know.  
 Conjure up their faces, call them by their names,  
 People all the spaces, read them in the flames.  
 Look! can you not see them flitting past you now?  
 Hear them, sense them, feel them resting on your brow?  
 Hark! now they are rapping on the table near;  
 Pushing, tilting, tapping, deaf who will not hear!



List! were those not voices? do not shrink with fear;  
How *my* heart rejoices when I feel them near.

Draw up to the table, let them talk awhile  
As they best are able and all care beguile.

What! you will not listen? turn the gas up higher,  
Close the shutters tighter, stir the waning fire;  
Keep the draught from shaking that old rickety stand,  
While *they* flight are taking to their own bright land.

“ Let the fairies weave us chains of lovely flowers,  
Only bid them leave us peace in fireside hours.”  
Strange, cold heart, that never blessed dead invokes,  
But content forever earthly coal-fire pokes.  
Never longs its loved ones gone before to meet,  
Nor from wand’ring earthly cares to rest its feet.

Come then, fairy fingers, rest upon my brow,  
I’ll not tell who lingers close beside me now.  
You and I will whisper in our secret thought,  
None shall see my sister, guess what she has brought.  
Our will be a pleasure none can make or mar;  
Keep our heavenly treasure rare, yet never far.

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

### THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

THROUGH MRS. KATE OSBORN.

**Y**ES; IT IS only a little White Hearse, but it bears away heart-blossoms gathered from a mother’s bosom! Rose bud cheeks, violet lips, and snow-drop fingers. All are gone like sweet flowers of the valley, borne away by the first chilling breath of autumn—a breath so gentle it is hardly felt.

It is a tiny thing, this little White Hearse, and yet it has taken away all the sunshine out of a great house; hushed every voice of gladness; filled the home with mourning; and left the place in darkness! The little Hearse passes lightly by, scarcely producing a jar; but remember, every time it passes, a mother’s heart is crushed. For it cometh like the soft twilight, stealing the dawn of day.

See the tiny casket with its bright fringe and waving tassels. It must have been an infant child—yes, only an infant. But not too small to twine itself around the heart-strings of a fond mother; and when its infant life went out every heart-string was broken. There is room enough in this little Hearse to bear away the treasures of a mother’s soul, hopes of future years, and the idol of a household:



But it is too small to hold the *tears* that have been wept o'er the tiny casket since the last setting of the sun.

Like a diamond clasp to a strand of jewels, is each little one to the home circle; and when it wings its way with the angels, the clasp is broken—the jewels scattered:—Weep not fond mother, but let thy soul go out in dreaming! For a dream bright and beautiful shall come to thee.

Loved ones departed long ago, shall come again from their far off summer-home. Over the crystal tide they will bring thy treasure back to thee; and thou shalt know thy darling is not lost—only waiting for thee with the angels!

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

BY J. STRAUB.

**I**N CONCLUDING my article on "A Week of Prayer," in the March number of the OFFERING, I said there is true philosophy in the secret prayer of the Church, the contemplation of the philosopher and the self-magnetization of A. J. Davis.

The history of the world furnishes abundant proof of the truth of that remark. Far away from the disturbing influence of busy life, in some secluded grove, cave or mountain, originated the great religious as well as some of the most venerable systems of legislation. Minos, the great Cretan law giver, received his laws from Jupiter in a cave. Numa Pompilius founded the Roman religion under the inspiration of a nymph in the sacred grove of Egeria. Moses spent forty days and forty nights in Mount Sinai, writing the religion of the Jews. Mohammed received his religion from the angel Gabriel in a cave. Jesus spent forty days in the mountains, or wilderness, preparatory to entering upon his mission—the establishment of Christianity. He often retired alone to the mountains to pray; his prayers were generally in secret. He commenced his great sermon on the mount—the greatest, his followers say, that ever was preached—without singing a hymn, without reading the scriptures, and without uttering a prayer. Indeed, the practice of opening meetings with prayer, is heathen rather than Christian. The Greeks always opened their public assemblies with prayer. Demosthenes began his great oration on the crown by a prayer to all the Gods and Goddesses. (Are chaplains a Christian or heathen institution?) True, these men claimed to be inspired for their great work by Divinity; how much was owing to spiritual or Divine influence I will not say; but whether they received aid from the Divini-



ties or not, the fact remains the same, that they emerged from their seclusions with systems of laws and religion that have had a vast influence on mankind.

Alone with God in his own grand Temple of Nature, in the silent, beautiful grove, in the sombre gloom of the awe-inspiring cave, or amid the solemn grandeur of the lofty mountain, the mind, withdrawn from the externalities of life, turns itself inward and reflects upon the mysteries of its own being and of the Infinite, and from its own unknown depths brings forth treasures so rare and brilliant, that in its astonishment it often regards them as the inspirations of Divinity.

This power of the mind, when withdrawn from the disturbing influences of its environment, to contemplate truths and principles in the abstract, will explain much that has long remained a mystery and is yet but little understood. It is in this state that the poet, the philosopher, the inventor, the discoverer, and the student in any department of Nature, receive their highest thoughts and achieve their greatest works.

It matters not much whether we call it secret prayer, self-contemplation, self-magnetization or the passive state, the result is substantially the same. The secret prayer of the church, however, fails generally of the best results. This arises from ignorance and a misconception of mental laws. The individual is taught to ask God for light, spiritual strength, &c., and if his faith is strong, he feels that his prayer is answered in the kind of mental satisfaction, spiritual ecstasy and moral strength which he experiences. But he is not really much benefitted, for he has not asked God in the right manner. God does not communicate knowledge to men as parents do to children. Nature has spread out her treasures before us in great profusion, and by giving us perceptive faculties, commands us to observe and experiment. With the treasures of Nature's facts we enter the sanctum-sanctorum of our inner beings. We reflect upon them, we reason, we meditate; and truths, principles, conclusions, and generalizations often flash upon the mind with a force and clearness that astonishes us—a result seldom reached while engaged in the busy life around us.

Without these facts the reason has no substantial basis to act upon. An unbridled imagination roams the Universe like a rudderless ship on a shoreless ocean. This accounts for the chimerical character of the old religions. Unacquainted with the scientific facts of nature, the reason had no substantial basis, and the religious imagination, wandering in limitless fields, conjured up, here and there, specters of satanic divinities, leading the odious train of total depravity, vicarious atonement and justification by faith. The curtain of futurity rises, revealing nine-tenths of the human family tempest-tossed on the anguished seas of eternal despair. Slowly the curtain is dropping, and men are rubbing their eyes to clear their vision after the horrible nightmare.



On the other hand there is also an extreme, though not attended by evils of such great magnitude. The study of natural phenomena is the leading thought of the age. A knowledge of the external universe, its phenomena and laws, is the only true basis of a correct religion or philosophy. But in the attempt to subject nature to an analysis by the senses, there is a tendency to ignore whatever is not tangible or susceptible by the senses. We do not give ourselves sufficient time thoroughly to digest our knowledge of matter by proper reflection. To do this it is not necessary, as the ancients did, to retire to some gloomy cave or desert, far away from the haunts of men; but, in the shop or the field; in the privacy of our own room, or on our pillow after retiring to rest, if nature is not too much exhausted; or in a pleasant retreat of vines, trees, or flowers; let us, for the time being, forget the cares of life, turn inward, communicate with our thoughts, look over the treasures we have gathered in the fields of nature or experience, take a calm and cool survey of our own natures—our desires, hopes, fears, loves, hates and actions—and subject them to the closest scrutiny of reason and conscience. It is then that the soul often receives responses to its profoundest questionings, from the unknown depths of its inmost being, or from the gentle whisperings of the spirit world. This is true devotion, earnest, because silent. This is true prayer, rational, because natural.

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### THE WANDERER.

BY T. P. NORTON.

A FLOWER was floating slowly down the stream,  
 Its colors sparkling in the bright sunbeam.  
     It was a tender flower,  
 By ruthless hand dashed from its parent stem,  
 A ruby in the river's diadem  
     For but a fleeting hour.

The playful eddies whirled it o'er and o'er,  
 While graceful lilies nodded from the shore  
     The little waif to greet;  
 And blent their perfumes with the odorous trees,  
 Loading with fragrance every passing breeze,  
     In salutation sweet.

The stream sped faster in its downward course  
 'Mong rocks and stones to reach its native source,  
     Old ocean's dark domain;  
 Where buried lies so many an earthly flower,  
 Relentless fate consigned to one short hour  
     Of pleasure or of pain.

Remorseless billows dashed the little gem,  
 Regardless of its torn, and tender stem,  
     When from a western sky



A friendly zephyr kindly came to save,  
And gently raised it from its watery grave  
Upon the rocks—to die.

The passing breezes fanned its fading cheek  
When life was ebbing; and 'twas faint and weak,  
An angel, bright and fair  
Stoop'd with a message from a heav'nly bower  
And smiling sweetly, took the little flower  
To be transplanted there.

So many a little wanderer to the tomb  
Is born to droop in sorrow from the womb;  
To suffer, and to die;  
No friendly hand to welcome or caress,  
'Till angels deign to pity and to bless  
Their pathway to the sky.

---

### SAMUEL B. BRITTAN.

---

#### Passages from the Record of a Busy Life.

---

BY HON. NELSON CROSS.

---

### CHAPTER II.

Portrait of the Young Adventurer—Home in Brooklyn—Whitney Brittan and his Brother—A Labor of Love—City Council and the Doctors—Walt Whitman and the Literary Coterie—In a New Business—Mr. Brittan in Philadelphia—A fair Orphan Girl—The Merchant's Daughter—A Thief Purloins his Mantle—Our Friend on the Trail—The Presence in the Door of his Tent—Who Steals his Heart—In the Laboratory—Views on the Passaic—Courtship and Marriage—Teaching School—Life at Long Branch—A Post Office on Wheels.

**A**N HOUR after the Chief Justice Marshal reached her pier a youth—whose growth had been arrested by too much labor and study—might have been seen silently threading his way along one of the principal business streets of the Metropolis. He moved with varying pace, pausing here and there, and wearing on his countenance an expression of thoughtful curiosity. He was dressed in a suit of homespun, dyed in a decoction of the bark of the butternut tree, and made in the rustic style then prevalent in the rural districts of New England. We cannot give a complete pen portrait of our subject as he appeared on that day; but a mere limner's sketch may assist the reader to form a conception of the figure he made on the occasion of his first appearance in New York. He wore a large high-crowned hat, resembling a school-house bell inverted, and quite overshadowing his small person. In the upper story of the same there was unoccupied space sufficient to accommodate a small Southern post office. His pantaloons were gathered in at the waistband, and so full at the hips as to leave no special indication of either natural outline or physical dimensions. From the point where the nether garment became a *dualism*, the separate members tapered rapidly down almost to two points at the pedal extremities, as if the same



had been sharpened like fence-posts with a view of their being driven into the ground. His coat had a rolling collar of such aspiring tendencies as reached the ears of the wearer. It was made at great sacrifice of buckram, and was as rigid as the New England type of theology at that period. The skirts had sufficient latitude to atone for whatever was wanting in the proper ideal of becoming length and graceful proportions. On the whole the wardrobe was conspicuous for a certain amplitude which anticipated indefinite expansion, rather than for any elegance of either fit or finish. The careful observer might have noticed something more—and not less suggestive—about the wearing apparel of the youth. The patriotism of the young American might have been readily inferred from his coat of arms. The principal device consisted of a spread eagle which, in sharp outline and brilliant expression, surmounted every steel button on that butternut-colored coat. Thus outwardly equipped, with the addition of the moral armor derived from Solomon's advice to parents and the Puritan schools of theology, the youth had fairly started out on his first expedition in life.

Not long after his arrival the young adventurer found his half-brother, Whitney Brittan, who at that time possessed manufacturing interests in Brooklyn. Here S. B. Brittan found a home and occupation until the Autumn of 1834. Fortunately he had not wasted his early but somewhat limited opportunities. On the contrary, he was always industrious and studious, spending his leisure hours in such studies as were best adapted to enlarge the sphere of general knowledge and to qualify him for the business of life. It is said that the first personal property he acquired consisted of useful books; and after the daily toil for subsistence was over he was accustomed to spend the hours until the noon of night in making himself familiar with their contents. The authors of his choice were essayists, scientists, jurists, historians, philosophers, metaphysicians and the inspired poets of ancient and modern times. His mind was not cast in a mold fitted either to obscure the essential attributes of natural objects, or to exaggerate the virtues and vices of mankind. Hence he seldom read a book from the pen of a novelist. Even at the early period to which we refer he made the observation: "Time is so short, and the world so full of grand realities, that I cannot afford to devote much attention to works of fiction." A protracted and varied experience has only confirmed the original inclination of his mind, while time has deepened and intensified his early sympathy with Nature.

The Summer of 1832 will long be remembered as the season when the cholera, assuming its most malignant form, visited the principal American cities. Our subject had been settled in his new home but a few weeks when the epidemic made its appearance, and Brooklyn—not less than New York in proportion to its population—presented its many ghastly scenes of suffering and death. A feeling of general insecurity and apprehension pervaded the community and



thousands fled to the country. Whitney Brittan was, always and everywhere, a fearless man, and was otherwise characterized by a philanthropic spirit which prompted him to noble and self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of suffering humanity. Soon after the cholera appeared he closed his manufactory, and, without the first thought of compensation or reward, devoted his whole time to the poor victims of the pestilence. In these labors he found a ready assistant in his young brother. Together they visited the poor who were destitute of proper care and everything the sick require, after going at night to the homes of those who had been given up as incurable. Of the class thus abandoned by the faculty, and left to die, they succeeded in restoring to health some *thirty persons*, who, with hundreds of others, remained as living witnesses of their ability to subdue the fatal malady when licensed practitioners failed.\*

This astonishing success occasioned no little excitement among the doctors, who, true to the first law of nature, succeeded in procuring the passage of a city ordinance prohibiting the administration of any remedial agent whatever, except under the immediate direction of a physician who had been through the prescribed course of professional studies, and regularly graduated from some medical college—under a penalty embracing both fine and imprisonment. The Brittan brothers made no charges for their services, and paying no attention to the municipal order openly continued their labor of mercy in the interest of the sufferers. So far as they were concerned, at least, the ordinance was a dead letter. It was widely known that they had, by their own peculiar means and methods, made many surprising cures. Their only authority to practice was not a dry parchment; *it was the practical demonstration of their ability to relieve suffering and save life when the doctors failed.* Such was the moral influence of their example that no one ever entered a complaint against them before any branch of the city government. The doctors no doubt had sufficient occasion to look after the honor of the profession; but they won no laurels in the attempt to secure special legal protection for titled ignorance and inefficiency at the *expense of their sick and dying patients.* †

In the course of the same year young Brittan became interested in the ministry of Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer, then pastor of the Orchard street church in New York, where the new views he had derived from the single sermon by Dr. Ballou—delivered on the memorable night when he ran away from his charge at Spencer—were confirmed by forcible appeals to reason and the Scriptures. He examined the controversies between the champions of Universalism and the leading evangelical divines; he read the writings of Channing and other authors who entertained benevolent views of

---

\*A French gentleman, then widely known and celebrated as "the Fire King," was similarly successful in his treatment of the cholera in New York.

†During the Summer of 1832, our subject was smitten by the pestilence, but soon recovered under the treatment his brother and himself had been accustomed to apply to others.



the Divine government, and rapidly grew into the larger faith that embraced the salvation of the world. Rising from its previous state of sectarian servitude the young mind suddenly rent the somber garments of the old theology. The dogmas of endless disobedience, infinite wrath and hopeless misery hereafter, were shaken off like the phantoms of a troubled dream. The new light on the great subject of human destiny gave life and the world more cheerful aspects, and prepared the way for superior illumination and larger liberty.

While living in Brooklyn Mr. Brittan associated himself with a number of intelligent persons in the organization of a Society for Mutual Improvement, which prospered for several years and achieved no little distinction. It embraced several gifted young men, among them the poet, Walt. Whitman, and others who have long been worthy representatives of the several professions of Law, Medicine, Theology and Journalism. In the public discussions and other intellectual exercises of this literary *coterie*, the genius of the eccentric author of "Leaves of Grass" suddenly flashed out like a meteor; and it was here that the philosophical mind of Brittan gave early and eloquent proofs of its peculiar quality.

Late in the autumn of 1834 Whitney Brittan, having sold out his manufacturing establishment in Brooklyn, removed to Texas, where he subsequently became a heavy land-holder. The subject of this biography thereupon suddenly found himself without employment. He had already become Master of the Chemistry of his brother's business; but the laboratory had passed into the hands of another. No opportunity offered at once for him to engage in the same or any similar business, and so he resolved—as a temporary expedient—to seek some other occupation. It was not in the nature of his race to be idle, or like Micawber to wait in listless inactivity "for something to turn up." He trusted in, but never waited for, Providence to come to his aid. He rather anticipated the order of events and circumstances. The departure of Whitney Brittan, and the increased individual responsibility on the part of the youth, served to still further develop the natural forces of the younger brother's character. It was a cold November day when the latter took leave of the former, who, with his wife, had engaged their passage on a sailing vessel bound for Galveston. The parting proved to be for all time. The elder brother had a love of adventure, and was otherwise qualified for pioneer life. He was one of the original captors of Santa Anna, and in the early history of Texas displayed unusual courage and endurance.\*

The next morning after the vessel sailed our subject started out to seek some occupation. He had been faithfully admonished when a child that Satan is wont to find work for idle hands, and he re-

---

\*In 1841 Whitney Brittan lost his life at San Jacinto, at the hands of a cowardly assassin.



solved to give the devil no such advantage. In the course of the day he visited several places, and at last walked leisurly into a looking-glass and picture-frame manufactory. For some time he carefully observed the men engaged in the different parts of the work. His close inspection indicated an unusual interest in whatever attracted his attention. At length he ventured to ask the proprietor if he was in want of any further assistance in the mechanical department of his business? "Why," said the gentleman addressed, "I suppose I might employ another hand or two. How long have you worked at this business?" "Not an hour, Sir," responded Mr. Brittan. It was with a cold civility that the party who had learned his trade replied: "Then, Sir, I apprehend you would not succeed." But the young man who would not be idle, with a manner and tone that indicated a modest self-possession, said, "Sir, I would like to make the trial. If I am able to execute my task to your entire satisfaction, you can allow me what you would pay another; if, on the contrary, I damage your stock, I will indemnify you against loss on my account." The man of frames and reflectors, with an expression of surprise on his countenance, concluded the colloquy by saying: "I like your spirit, and you are at liberty to make the trial." The next morning there was another mechanic at work in that establishment. The new workman never had any occasion to pay for damaged stock; and, at the expiration of three weeks, he was able to command the same wages as those who had served a regular apprenticeship.

In the Summer of 1835 Mr. Brittan was in receipt of a business proposal from a gentleman in Philadelphia, who required his supervision in fitting up a new manufacturing establishment. The proposition was at once accepted. The work occupied his time for several months, and he subsequently entered into similar relations with other highly respectable parties in the same place. This arrangement was, however, interrupted after a few months of successful business, by a sudden disaster which caused the failure of the house. This occurred while Mr. Brittan was absent. He had been to New England on a brief visit, leaving everything in respect to his temporal affairs in a prosperous condition. On his way back he reached New York just in time to witness the great fire, which will be remembered as the most destructive in the history of the Empire City. He remained until the conflagration was subdued, and then continued his journey to Philadelphia, where he again found his "occupation gone." The available assets of the house, with which he had so recently established very promising relations, were in the hands of the Sheriff, and thus terminated his brief business career in that city.

While living in Philadelphia Mr. Brittan became an object of special interest to more than one representative of the fairer creation. Among the number was a beautiful orphan girl, with a warm heart and pure as Alpine snow. She was alone in the world, and



his manly sympathies were enlisted in her behalf. Conscious of the cruel fortune that had left her without either home or guardianship, he ventured to tender the offices of a brother, which she modestly accepted. The young fawn seeks the shelter of the rocks and trees, and the tender heart—alone and exposed to danger—as naturally flies to its own refuge. It was not long before there was observed a growing affection on her part, of a nature he was not prepared to reciprocate. The discovery gave him pain, and suggested the necessity for greater caution in his conversation and deportment. Actuated by conscientious motives he became less demonstrative, gradually withdrawing his fraternal attentions in such a manner as to occasion the least possible surprise. The result of acting on this manly resolution—even with the greatest prudence and delicacy—was to bring back the old oppressive loneliness to a heart made more desolate by the absence of the one object to which it clung. But no one seemed to comprehend the veiled secret that paled the cheek of the fair orphan girl. The world did not discover the unquenchable flame,

“ Burning deep in the shut and silent heart,  
As burns the gathered lightning in the cloud.”

We will not pursue the story. The year following the only visible remains of the bloom of seventeen summers were the modest violets and lillies of the valley, that exhaled their fragrance above a little mound in the church-yard.\*

About the same time the only daughter of a wealthy shipping merchant sought an introduction to our friend, and followed up the acquaintance by many delicate but persistent attentions. The young lady had just graduated from a fashionable Seminary, and possessed all the accomplishments which money could purchase, or one so young be expected to acquire. Added to a charming personality, graceful manners, fine conversational ability and a facile expression, was the subtle magnetic influence—always felt, but rarely comprehended—which invests some natures with peculiar powers of fascination. These forces Miss ——— wielded with equal skill and determination. She was a being to be admired; she even inspired the imagination; but the heart of the young man was untouched. The prospect of a fortune, and an enviable position in social life, weighed nothing in the scale that was to decide the question of a life-long companionship; and so the youth only waited for an opportunity to drift away from the brilliant center of a momentary attraction.

The time came unexpectedly. Young Brittan had been absent

---

\*When the gentle spirit of Hattie, the fair orphan girl, went to heaven, it was to be the watchful guardian of the being whom she had “loved, not wisely, but too well.” In the early morning of Spiritualism—twenty-five years ago—she suddenly came to him at the residence of the late HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS, through the Judge’s daughter, Miss Laura, giving him—in the presence of a large company of distinguished persons—the most unequivocal evidence of positive identity, which have been followed up, through all the intervening years, by similar proofs of her actual presence and angelic guardianship.



for a day in the country, and on returning to his room he discovered that he had been robbed of a valuable cloak and other articles worth over one hundred dollars. He learned that a man by the name of Stearns, who occupied an adjoining apartment, had that day hastily packed his trunks and departed for New York. This man had not escaped a well-grounded suspicion of dishonesty, and when it was known that the articles of personal property were missing, he was at once suspected of having committed the larceny. Our subject, being out of business at the time, instantly resolved to pursue the thief, and accordingly left at the first opportunity. Soon after his arrival in New York, he obtained a clue which he thought might lead to the apprehension of the criminal. He followed up the same for a day or two with his characteristic energy. At Newark, N. J., he lost the trail in a singular manner, which is especially worthy of narration in the personal history of Mr. Brittan. He was still pursuing the man who had stolen his cloak, when he met a gentleman who engaged him in earnest conversation. Without any apparent reason the interview was continued for several hours, and it was near the close of the day when our friend was reminded that he must take his leave of his new acquaintance and return to New York. With a parting salutation he turned and was walking away, when the Newark gentleman interposed an objection, and insisted he should accompany him home and accept the hospitality of his table at the evening repast. It was not without hesitation that the invitation was finally accepted. On reaching the house the young man without a cloak was led to a seat on a long piazza in front of the dwelling. Here the host left our friend for a few moments to his own reflections.

The time was early in May, and the evening breeze was soft and balmy. The incense of early flowers was on the air; new forms were springing into life; the blue birds were mating among the apple blossoms. Altogether it was a time for pleasant reflection; but the suggestions from Nature had not yet come home, with any peculiar force, to the mind of the silent stranger on the piazza.

The host returned, and at that moment a fair young girl, with the soft blush of the roses on her cheek and the hues of spring violets in her eye, came tripping along from her evening walk. As she ascended the steps and was about to enter the house the host gently arrested the light footfalls of the maiden, and introduced her to the strange visitor as Miss Catharine Elizabeth Lyon. Seventeen years define the limits of the fresh life which Nature had individualized in one of her most comely creations. She seemed a modest prophecy of all womanly perfection, in whose sweet presence one might say,

“There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.”

At that moment two souls discovered a mutual attraction. A subtle magnetism stole over the senses and every faculty yielded to the spell. It was as if a new star had unexpectedly risen above the distant hills, and was shining out of ethereal depths over the moral



horizon. Its sudden transit across the orbit of our friend's physical and spiritual being was destined to influence all the movements of his life.

Mr. Brittan was still very young in years, and had never thought of a special partner in the business of this world, except to resolve that he would form no such alliance until a somewhat advanced period in life. But how do all our plans dissolve in the light of a deeper experience! And our early resolutions—whether wise or unwise—how do they vanish like fleeting shadows under the inspiration of some new and powerful incentive! No magician's wand ever wrought a more mysterious change of feeling, thought and purpose. That night—whether asleep or awake it is impossible to say—the man who came to town for a thief dreamed he had reached a land of promise; that he had already pitched his tent, and that some one was standing in the door of the same. It was not Stearns, but a more attractive presence, whose influence softened the stern purpose of the self-appointed detective. It is here he lost the original trail, and he never found it again. And so the man who had taken that cloak was left in the undisputed enjoyment of its possession. Circumstances seemed to have all at once lessened our friend's estimate of his wardrobe. He did not appear to care if his mantle had fallen on the shoulders of a rascal, since by some psychological process virtue might be imparted to the villain. And so he concluded to let the old thief go, while he pursued the fairer one who had stolen his heart.

Having resolved to tarry at Newark, for an indefinite period, the first business of Mr. Brittan was to seek some profitable occupation. Accordingly on the following day he walked deliberately into the large manufactory of Col. David B. Crockett. The business consisted mainly of the manufacture of the several varieties of patent and enamelled leather, oiled silks and the like. While the Colonel was showing his visitor through his new establishment the latter incidentally observed that he thought he could distinguish the materials he employed in the various chemical compositions and varnishes used in the business, and he thereupon named the principal constituents with the greatest readiness. At that time no one was allowed inside of the laboratory; and when the visitor named the chemical elements and processes it embraced, it was with an expression of surprise that the proprietor inquired how he obtained his information. Mr. Brittan replied that the chemical constituents of his compounds were all represented in the invisible aromas which pervaded the whole atmosphere of the building. The feeling of surprise was not diminished when the visitor, specifying the principal article that formed the solid base of the proprietor's most important chemical compound, added: "That article, sir, is not fit to put on leather, for three good and sufficient reasons. First—the surface will not long preserve its original brilliancy, but gradually assume a cloudy appearance: Second—in a high temperature the



composition softens, and the surface becomes adhesive; and, Third—it loses its flexibility in a low temperature, and will break like glass.” “I must admit,” said the proprietor, “that your objections have a foundation in fact, and I would like to see the man who can remedy these defects.” When Colonel Crocket was admonished that the man he desired to see was present, he handed him the key to his laboratory, saying, “I would like to have you show me what you can do.”

The result of the experiment in the laboratory was an immediate revolution in the chemical department of the business. In answer to a question from the proprietor Mr. Brittan named the salary he required for his services, and the terms were promptly accepted. The important information possessed and imparted by him was by degrees acquired by other manufacturers of similar goods. An extensive business has grown up in this country, from which a number of persons have achieved pecuniary independence; while the man who directly introduced the most important improvements in the whole history of this branch of our domestic manufactures may be scarcely known by the very men whom he has really placed under lasting obligations.

During the Summer and Autumn of 1836, Mr. Brittan contrived to agreeably diversify his business by taking some fine moonlight views among the osiers along the green banks of the Passaic. On these occasions he found the presence and assistance of the fair Catharine indispensable to the realization of his purpose. It was here he studied the secrets and experimented under the laws of the more subtle chemistry of the affections. The last rose of Summer had faded; the Autumn winds whispered the strains of a low requiem; Winter came on, and with his chilling presence a shadow fell over the domestic circle of which Mr. Brittan had become a member. The devoted mother of Catharine had been rapidly declining in health, and in February, 1837, closed her eyes on the changing scenes of this world. A few days before her departure she, with tearful emotion, formally gave the daughter to her future husband, who reverently accepted the responsibility. A month later the marriage was solemnized by Bishop Scott, of the Methodist church; and the union has now remained undisturbed for a period of more than forty-one years.

With the Summer of 1837 there came a period of commercial and financial depression that quite paralyzed the manufacturing interests of the country, causing extensive failures and a speedy suspension of many branches of domestic industry. In the general prostration that followed our friend witnessed another illustration of the uncertain tenure of all material interests and prospects. Owing to the state of the times he soon found himself out of business. He now determined on a more radical change in his pursuits, and for the first time seriously entertained the idea of devoting himself to some one of the learned professions. With this object in view he



removed with his young wife to Long Branch, and, assuming charge of the village school, determined to employ his leisure time in a systematic course of study. He soon won the entire confidence of the community, and his reputation as a teacher was speedily and firmly established. At that time Monmouth county did not embrace many persons of conspicuous ability, and the chances were good for an ambitious young man to achieve political distinction. Our subject, however, had no taste for the feverish excitement and the bitter strifes of the political arena; and we hardly need add that his early aspirations were all in another direction.

Mr. Brittan had been at the Branch but a few months when an incident occurred which brought him prominently before the public. The Post Office was at the village center, but the dwelling of the postmaster was two miles away in a neighborhood with but a sparse population. The location of the office suited the inhabitants, but it was quite inconvenient for the official incumbent, who, all at once, resolved on a labor-saving expedient at the expense of the people. Accordingly, he one day—without the slightest regard to their rights or interests—removed the office to his own residence. As soon as the fact became known it occasioned intense excitement in the village. Every one felt that an unscrupulous man had been placed in a situation of public responsibility, and that he had proven to be unworthy of the trust. Presuming that the young schoolmaster might be a competent counsellor in such an emergency, several leading citizens came to consult him as to what had better be done to right the wrong and punish the government official for his audacity. Mr. Brittan suggested the propriety of convening a meeting at the public hall in the village. Accordingly, he prepared and issued the call, which was responded to by the people with the greatest unanimity. On being called to preside over the meeting our friend delivered a stirring address in which he sharply characterized the unwarrantable conduct of the postmaster. The people were fairly aroused and there was no mistaking the popular feeling and sentiment. Following his address, Mr. Brittan submitted a series of resolutions to be forwarded to the department at Washington, one of which recommended the immediate removal of the postmaster. It should be observed that when the meeting had been fairly organized the fact transpired that the government official had secreted himself in a private room adjoining the hall, where he had an excellent opportunity to listen to the schoolmaster's address, and to obtain all necessary information respecting the popular estimate of his character and conduct.

The next morning the village teacher was early at his desk, engaged in writing, when the curious gentleman who had been more enlightened than complimented by the proceedings of the previous evening, suddenly put in an appearance. After the first salutation, the government official meekly inquired if Mr. Brittan was busy; to which the latter replied: "I am more especially so this morning



than usual, and if your business is not urgent, will thank you to call on me at another time." The postmaster resumed: "May I first take the liberty to inquire the nature of the work that just now engages your attention?" O, certainly, Sir, responded the teacher, "I am preparing duplicate copies of the Secretary's minutes of the proceedings of the public meeting convened last evening."

"And what do you propose to do with the same," inquired the man who had hastily resolved to keep a post office, just for his own convenience?

"Well, replied Mr. Brittan, "I shall send one for publication to each of the papers in this county; while the third copy—signed by the citizens whose confidence you have betrayed—will be forwarded to Washington, with the recommendation that you be immediately removed from office."

"Hold on!" said the postmaster, in a supplicating tone; "I promise to bring the office back."

"I will give you until sunset to redeem your promise," replied the man of rules, at the same time bidding his visitor "good morning"

The circumstances just narrated occasioned more excitement in the place than would have been produced by the wrecking of half a dozen merchant vessels on the coast. It was nothing unusual for a ship to be driven on shore in a storm; but this was a new experience. A crowd gathered about the Liberty-pole—the tall exclamation point of the popular patriotism—to discuss the rights and wrongs of the people. Two miles away in the country a different scene was being enacted. It was in the afternoon of the same day that the Long Branch Post Office, with all the appurtenances thereto belonging—not omitting the crest-fallen official—were rapidly mounted on wheels and carted back to the Village, to the great joy of the people, who felt that they had an able champion in the person of the new Schoolmaster.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

### WORKMEN ROUSE!

Workmen rouse! in every land!  
Ye who toil with head or hand—  
Sons and daughters take your stand,  
If you would be free!

Legal robbers, men of prey,  
Steal your heritage away,  
To support their pomp and sway;  
This is slavery!

Who would battle for the right—  
Who for equity would fight,  
Let him rise, and with his might  
Strike Monopoly!

—Caleb S. Weeks.



[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

## SPIRIT AND MATTER.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

“God is: without Him man is not.  
 Man is: without him God is dead.  
 Each by the other is begot,  
 The God sea by the man stream fed.”

**G**OD IS A SPIRIT. Man is a spirit. Having said this, let us go a step further and say Spirit and Matter are two radically and discretely different things. In the order of nature spirit antedates matter. We will not discuss the question that both are eternal, for practically to us they are. “And the evening and the morning were the first day,” says Genesis; when that was no man knows and probably never will. It is the old question of debate, “which was first, the bird or the egg?” So with regard to Spirit and Matter there is no profit and no solution in the discussion of priority. Still we think and will say for our purpose, that logically one was before the other and that was Spirit.

We can say that without the antedating spirit there could be no matter practically, for it takes spirit to recognise matter; matter has no power to intelligently perceive matter. Without spirit then existing in the universe to perceive matter, to all intents and purposes matter did not exist; it could not have a conscious existence for nothing is conscious but spirit. So also without matter, spirit, if existing, is *non est inventus*; spirit to manifest itself must manifest through matter or be unmanifested, practically non existent.

We can perceive spirit to be self-conscious—we cannot conceive matter to be self-conscious; we can conceive that every human spirit might be self-conscious even if disconnected from matter; but each spirit in his self-consciousness would be alone in the universe, for spirit cannot perceive spirit, however self-conscious it might be, except when manifested through matter. The object of dwelling thus on this is to show the radical difference between matter and spirit, and that the one that can be possibly conscious inherently is the higher and logically the older institution of the two.

In this connection I fail to be clear, if any one says it is all matter; and spirit is but matter in sublimity—matter etherialized. I recognize the difference, the dissipation and the sublimity of matter; the difference between gross matter and spirit matter also; I recognise the sublimity of matter into its forces, or into imperceptibility, or matter in its chemical or elemental condition; water can be expanded into steam and steam into a super heated condition and then passed through a red hot iron tube and the element of oxygen be eliminated in its passage, and the element of hydrogen be an invisible and explosive gas, and with powers different and even stronger than when in the visible state of water. We merely state this to



show that we have an extensive idea of matter, but no matter how extended or how etherial and transmutable it never can be spirit and spirit can never be matter.

When we speak of spirits as objective realities to seers or to spirits, we do not mean spirit in the sense we are discussing it. The same of spirit bodies. We have spirit bodies now while in the form, visible to spirits but not to us; when in spirit life we shall dwell in those bodies or some others as time and eternity rolls on, but those bodies are material, are matter. No man hath ever seen the spirit of either God or man, and never will; we see and we shall see only the manifestation, which is matter; matter so refined it may be that gross matter is no obstacle to it and invisible even to the human spirit when clothed in the grosser matter of the flesh. There is no such thing as a "disembodied" spirit. We always use the word with a qualification; spirits are always embodied or would be practically non-existent. Strictly speaking spirits do not materialize. They move too and fro among us with bodies of matter, invisible to us, but material nevertheless and real to them as our fleshly visible bodies are to us. When conditions are right which is very seldom but will be oftner by and by, these spirits with invisible bodies can gather the elements of grosser matter and thus show themselves as apparent human beings, but we have never reached or seen the spirit of an arisen human being, any more than we have seen God; neither have we ever seen a human being, only his manifestation in the form.

It is the privilege of science to investigate the whole boundless domain of matter. It stops now at gross matter, matter that can be weighed; some with one foot on the gross, are dealing with the imponderable, they are not on the border land of spirit, but widening out grandly into the material world in its sublimed state; the spirit world is also a field for scientific research, one of these days star-eyed science will make connection with arisen experts, and telephones and telegraphs will be extended "over the river" as spectral analysis has reached the nebulae and the suns and the world will be radiant with light thereby, but God and man is wholly beyond reach. Science deals with manifestations or phenomena; what a pity its exponents are so reluctant to deal with manifestations bearing on the future of man in its extension beyond the grave. The ice will break some day, in the mean time let us discriminate if we can between man and the spirit, and man as manifested in matter.

Spirit is felt, not seen or sensuously received. Matter is cognisant to the senses, perceived by the spirit through the human organism. Matter, then, means everything that is perceived or perceivable through the human senses or even by the spirit senses. Spirit is the power, or the thing that perceives, but is not perceived, except so far as it is manifested in matter. I think deep down in every man's soul is a feeling that he is discreetly distinct from mat-



ter. This article is suggestive rather than argumentative, and as it is growing lengthy and widening as it grows we will stop where we are, just adding a few lines that were written in our sleep once, knowing that we were asleep, knowing that we were dreaming, and in waking up carefully, so as not to joggle the abnormal composition out of our mind, we wrote it down; as it hints a thought in this connection that we cannot express without taking time and space, we will close with quoting it:

I am not what I seem, within me dwells  
 An older entity. With it at spells  
 I hold communion, as with a star;  
 A star within, whose light has traveled far.  
 This strange companion sometimes tells me  
 That forever we have been in company.

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY D. HIGBEE, M. D.

**I**N THE various moral, social, and religious associations, woman's influence and power are largely and graciously recognized; and where her opportunities have been equal, she has shown herself the cultured, pure, loving, faithful, patient and abiding friend of man. In intellectual wealth, and esthetic culture, she has won as proud an eminence as man. On the rostrum, in the pulpit, as editor, reporter, accountant, as a teacher, in science, at the Bar, in the Hospital and Dispensary, with deft, magnetic and skillful hand prescribing and applying medical and psychological potences, she has stood the peer of man. In her intuitive soul-impressions of men and measures, she is superior to man. Her highest crowning glory, however, is her ability to exalt and perfect her direct successors through her own organism—through parentage. In this her field is wonderful, and realized but by few. Physically and mentally sound, properly balanced and developed, maritally united in love with the man of her own intelligent choice, her power to renovate and exalt her issue is practically unlimited. She should understand the laws of heredity, and fully realize how her mental forces thrill and electrify her child in embryo, how music, love, religion, joy and peace, baptize and photograph the young immortal beneath her warm, loving and motherly heart, through all its nature. How hatred, grief, jealousy, revenge, pride, discouraging toil, animal passion, lust, anger, indolence, mental and physical, render brutal, ugly, savage, dull, malignant and idiotic, what might have been pure, lovely, peaceable, intelligent, angelic. In this magnetic fountain of transfiguration where angels or demons are chiseled into beauty or deformity, the Washingtons, the Frank-



lins, the great, the good, the glorified, were first moulded for the world's highest honors. The mother's power to form the foundation on which to rear the grand superstructure, her power for weal or woe, is vastly beyond that of man, although his is an important factor in the premises. His physical soundness, purity, honor, intelligence, love, goodness and morality are essential elements in the formation of a being, who may be only "a little lower than the angels." Can a mother realize this, and not feel her soul expand with the sublimity and greatness of her mission? How can she vitiate and desecrate this grand citadel of life? With what devout and persistent effort should the young men and women of health and energy, discipline and culture their mental and physical powers, preparatory to the acceptance of so high and exalted a mission. Streams cannot rise above their fountain. Impressibility is a marked feature of motherhood. Her sensibilities during embryotic development, are largely intensified, and thus she becomes mediumistic, sensitive, and easily affected by surrounding objects and influences, and thus operates for weal or woe on posterity. This is entirely in harmony with natural law, and will eventually be recognized as the grandest agency known to humanity for the physical, mental and moral salvation of the race. Oh, Woman! sublime is thy mission! May'st thou honor, cherish and glorify it!

Can any one fail to see the divine benignancy of this instrumentality under the guidance of enlightened and chastened motherhood? The plastic and susceptible being beneath the beating, thrilling heart of the mother, is like the sensitive plate of the photographer, when conditions are favorable, receiving and fixing the image, or influence of desired objects or agencies; hence various physical *surface* marks, discolorations and deformities, or ineffacible lineaments of beauty. But psychological or *soul*-marks are more numerous, positive and indelible. The mother's photographic power vastly excels that of the artist; for while the latter can only catch the *image*, the former makes the *object*, with all its infinite possibilities, and can furnish it with entrancing beauties of person, and enobling qualities of mind and heart. Every young woman, every young man, is looking forward to that auspicious time when parentage shall be their crowning glory. This is right, if there be no diseased condition, or wasted vitality; and wise provision has been made to make home a little Eden on earth. In the opinion of the writer, there should be an examining board in every county, composed of physicians, phrenologists and anthropologists, to examine matrimonial candidates, and issue certificates to the adapted and qualified *only*; with printed instructions on health, longevity, and human development. The world is already overburdened with apologies for men and women. Let no one enter this Holy of Holies too young, or in violation of the laws of health and happiness, lest premature decay, sorrow, suffering and death, rest like a terrible nightmare upon their fairest hopes and prospects. Most of my readers



know how imperfectly prepared is the majority of young men and women, to enter the marital arena and acquit themselves and posterity with credit and honor. I cannot blame such; this all important subject not having been properly brought to their attention. To aid the young to obtain the necessary information on this subject, permit me, kind editors of the *SPIRITUAL OFFERING*, to recommend all in pursuit of knowledge upon this subject to address you soliciting a list of such books as will prove of untold value to them in the direction of physical and mental development, than which no other educational agency is so sacred, important and far-reaching in consequences, and on which there is so much ignorance, because it has been tabooed and ignored, and because the lessons it unfolds are comparatively new.\*

Blind instinct has ruled the world in this direction without a rival. Progress has been made in stock-breeding, fruit culture, floriculture, &c., but *ante-natal* scientific culture and development of the human species has been largely relegated to the realm of ignorance and mystery. Must this always continue? Shall man, the grandest product of infinite power, regard himself the *best* and *last* under the laws of progressive development? How much better to have an introduction upon the stage of action, even surrounded by poverty, under this guiding light of the mother's power over the destiny of her offspring, than to tread the beaten track unillumined by the lights of this 19th Century. I apprehend the intelligence of this age will joyfully accept this Gospel of physical and moral salvation. There is nothing sensual, nothing morbid, nothing wrong in the study of this subject; but the opposite: something grand, ennobling, inspiring and sublime. I know that deep down in the heart of youth is the desire for self-improvement and enlarged and vigorous powers in their posterity. They only need to be convinced that a particular course is right to move in that direction and stir a slumbering world. Upon them more than all others rests the task of giving to a waiting world an exalted manhood and womanhood; the task of banishing from their homes and country war, intemperance and crime, and inaugurating instead a grand and noble brotherhood and sisterhood whose mission will be the establishment of health, peace *love*, culture, longevity, homes of taste, beauty and plenty, and in short the Golden Age. This is the grand mission of mothers. May they devoutly, lovingly and conscientiously accept this sacred trust as the Redeemers and Saviors of their race.

Mungerville, Shiawasse county, Mich.

---

\* In answer to the suggestion of our contributor, we recommend the following which can be obtained by addressing this office, and sent postpaid on receipt of the price named: Dr. R. T. Trall's *Sexual Physiology*, \$2; Mrs. E. B. Duffey's *Relation of the Sexes*, \$2; Fowler's last large work on *Matrimony*, \$2.50; Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker's *Womanhood, its Sanctities and Fidelities*, \$2; *What our Girls Ought to Know*, by Mary J. Studley, \$1; R. D. Owen's *Moral Physiology*, 60 cents; *Law of Population*, by Mrs. Besant; cloth, 75 cents, paper, 50 cents.



[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

## THE ALLEGED MYTHICAL ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY.

A Review.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

**I**N THE early part of the present century, what is called the "solar-myth" theory of the Bible was elaborated with considerable ability and ingenuity by various writers of that peculiar school of thought; that is, they attempted to show that the Biblical writings were primarily intended to depict, and symbolically did depict, the movements of the heavenly bodies and their attendant phenomena, with reference more particularly to the sun and its journeys through the twelve zodiacal constellations. The writings of Sir Wm. Drummond, Dupuis, Volney, Robert Taylor, Desaure, Godfrey Higgins, Bryant, and Parkhurst are conspicuous in literature as expositive of astro-theological exegesis; but their influence, not very extensive either in science or theology, is now almost *nil*. Rational Biblical criticism, based upon the "scientific method," now fast overspreading Christendom, has completely demolished the astronomico-theological hypothesis; the whole system being a mass of bewildering fallacies, reared upon a substratum of truth,—the existence almost universally of sun and planetary worship among the ancients, with which the Jews were, in their early history, affiliated, traces of which are apparent in all their sacred writings. Spiritualists will recall the names of G. C. Stewart and Moses and D. W. Hull as advocates of the astro-theology of the Bible, while in England, Miles McSweeney is almost its last living representative expounder.

These exploded theories have recently been revived by Dr. Milton Woolley, of Streator, Illinois, who has published a bulky volume of 613 octavo pages, called "The Science of the Bible," in which he explains the whole of the Old Testament to be a record of the movements of the sun in summer and winter, and of the physical effects upon the earth of such movements. In a recent pamphlet, entitled "The Career of Jesus Christ," he essays to explain the New Testament upon the same principle. "*Jesus*," he says, "refers to the moist *winter*, and *Christ* to the grazing season, or *summer*." And again, "*Iesous, Iesos, Joshua*, or *Jesus* was the son (sun) of Nun; or, of the fish; or, of the whale which swallowed *Jonah*." Profoundly thankful let us be to know, that *Jesus* was the son of the whale which swallowed *Jonah*!!

According to this far-fetched and absurd theory, none of the New Testament has reference to men and women, places and events, on earth, but all such when spoken of are merely allegorical representations of the action of physical phenomena, which are, therefore, personified and localized. According to *Josephus, John the*



*Baptist* was a real historical personage, who preached and baptized in Judea; but our erudite mythologist gravely informs us that *John the Baptist* was no man, but is the *Summer sun*, which, being each night dipped in the sea, it is therefore called the *Baptist or Dipper*; and that *Judea*, so far from being a country as has been hitherto foolishly believed, is in reality the *beginning of spring*. We have heretofore been under the impression that Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, were genuine towns and cities, and that Herod, Pilate, etc., were historical characters really resident on earth in the first century; but, alas! how sadly in error have we been, for, in sooth, Dr. Woolley sagely tells us that *Nazareth* is the *zodiac*; *Bethlehem*, the *harvest*; *Galilee*, the *ecliptic*; *Jerusalem*, the *summer*; *Bethany*, the *spring equinox*; *Herod*, the *old year's sun*; *Joseph*, the *earth*; *Pilate*, the *constellation sagittarius*; *Mary Magdalene*, the *fulls equinox*; *Cæsar Augustus*, the *summer solstice*, and so on *ad nauseam*.

According to the concentrated wisdom of this thirty-cent pamphlet *Jesus* means *winter*, *Capernaum* means *winter*, *Sabbath* means *winter*, *synagogue* means *winter*: Will its author please explain what is meant when we read, that *Jesus* entered into the *synagogue* in *Capernaum* on the *Sabbath*? which, being translated in the light of the Woolleyite astro-theology, reads as follows: *Winter entered into winter in winter on winter!!* than which a more complicated maze is rarely seen, even in the writings of the theosophical pundits and occultic mystics.

Our exegetical myth-solver must have been favored with a different version of the Bible from that in common use while composing this fifty-three page encyclopedia of Christian lore; since he tells us that the name of the father of the *Prodigal Son* was *Old Dives*, and that *Peter* and *Judas Iscariot* were one and the same person. We know that the *rich man* in the parable of Lazarus is often called *Dives* (the word *dives* in the Latin Vulgate meaning *rich*), but that the rich *Dives*' howling in hell-fire had any connection with the swine-feeding, husk-eating *Prodigal Son*—the two parables being totally distinct from each other—mankind had never dreamed of before. Peradventure, it lies involved in the esoteric meaning of the Scriptures, now for the first time laid bare by the Streator *savant*; as does also, mayhap, the identity of *Peter* and *Judas*, never before manifest till now. Speaking of *Peter*, it seems slightly puzzling that he (*Peter*) should sometimes be the constellation *Pisces*,—the *Fish*,—and at other times *Aries*,—the *Ram*. (See pages 25, 36, 40, 41, 45.)

The polished and classic style of this work may be inferred from the following choice *morceaux*: "It is with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that I now, on the 4th day of July, 1877, announce to the world \* \* \* that the New Testament, the great BAUBLE of the Christian Jurist, is at last explained—'busted';" "THE CAT IS OUT OF THE BAG," and the bag must collapse!" "At this Jesus got his dander up," etc., etc.



Christian sectarists have been for centuries disputing as to the nature of the *Holy Ghost* and its influence. The Illinois mystery-exponent has settled the matter. The *Holy Ghost*, he tells us in one place, is the *March wind*; in another, the *spring monsoon*; in another, the *summer monsoon*. This evidences that the Holy Ghost is some kind of NOISY WIND; and such being the case, no doubt can exist that Dr. Woolley was plenarily inspired with the *Holy Ghost* in the production of seven hundred pages of such wearisome balderdash: the *Lord* (that is, the *Summer sun*) have mercy on those compelled to wade through those seven hundred pages!

Sincerely, we would advise Bro. Woolley to desist from further crude and irrational speculations of no practical benefit to the world; and instead, if he would seek to understand the true science of the Bible, as interpreted by the "scientific method"—the only rational mode of so doing—let him study the works of scientists Baur, Sharp, Zeller, Goldziher, Ewald, Davidson, Keim, Knapert, Tiele, Mackay, Colenso, Schlesinger, DeWette, Strauss, Deutsch, Cranbrock, Hansen, Hooykaas, Wise, Hannell, Newman, Scott, Frothingham, Oort, Tayler, Bernstein, and the other rational Biblical exegesists of the day, who deal, not in vague speculation or fanciful interpretation, but in the sober deduction of historic facts, the logical induction of demonstrated truth.

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

---

### Phenomenal Record.

---

[Phenomena reported for this department will be carefully considered before publication, and are given as matters of record; not intending thereby to express an opinion favorable or otherwise, unless special attention is called to the report; but to give our readers the account and all the facts we have for their thoughtful consideration. We advise investigators to receive with caution all reports of phenomena occurring in presence of mediums who refuse POSITIVE TEST CONDITIONS. We believe that all phenomena must be brought to the crucial test of science; but, while maintaining this position, we would say with equal emphasis, do not accept or adopt as final the adverse decision of PROFESSEDLY scientific men; the most distinguished having but just entered the vestibule of Science' vast temple. Scientists must soon recognize as within their legitimate domain, the Spiritual as well as the Material Forces of the Universe.

EDITORS.]

LOOK nature through: 'tis revolution all;  
 All change; no death. Day follows night, and night  
 The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise  
 Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay,  
 With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers  
 Droops into pallid autumn: winter grey,  
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
 Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,  
 Then melts into the spring: soft spring, with breath  
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,  
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades;




As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend,  
 Emblems of man, who passes, *not expires*.  
 Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live for ever?  
 Is it less strange, that thou should'st live at all  
 This is a miracle; and that no more.

*Young's Night Thoughts,*

---

### WEIGHT OF A MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

---

HE BRITISH National Association of Spiritualists, some time since appointed a committee to prosecute original research in relation to spiritual phenomena. This committee numbered among its members some of the most eminent scientific men of England. The committee has been earnestly seeking to scientifically demonstrate the truth or falsity of the claims of Spiritualism in its physical phenomena. To this end it has recently carefully investigated the phenomena occurring in the presence of Mr. C. E. Williams. While his hands are held by trustworthy persons on each side, musical instruments fly about like bats in a perfectly dark room, sometimes in their flight gently touching the faces of the sitters. Also on other occasions, when Mr. Williams is similarly held, the spirits materialize at half or full length. The latest experiments have been in a new direction, weighing the medium, while manifestations were occurring, on a platform scale with a nicely adjusted self-recording apparatus attached. It was found that when the materialized form was outside the cabinet the medium showed a diminution of weight varying from ten to twenty pounds, at times the scales showed forty pounds. At a second *seance* the medium weighed sometimes as low as thirty pounds, at other times sixty pounds, his weight constantly changing as if some vibrating force were acting upon him all the time. The actual weight of the medium in his normal condition being one hundred and fifty-three pounds. The general result of these scientifically conducted *seances* show that the spirit or materialized form can do very well with thirty pounds or forty pounds of matter, but can do better with more.

The London *Spiritualist* from which we obtain these facts, has a carefully prepared diagram showing the plan of the room, the platform on which the medium is seated; also diagram showing the varying weights of the scale as self-recorded every minute during the *seance* of an hour. We should have been better satisfied had



the committee in its report stated whether the conditions required were such as to prevent all deception. We are, however, judging from the character of these gentlemen for keenness of perception and honesty of purpose, justified in saying that all was made satisfactory in this respect.

Our English friends are giving a more searching, critical and scientific investigation into the physical phenomena than it has ever received in this country; and we shall from time to time report anything specially new and interesting. We do not place as high a value as do many upon the phenomena. Yet we do know that thousands are thus awakened to a consideration of the subject, and the hope is that some system may be adopted by which the vagabonds and mountebanks, *pseudo* mediums now traversing the country may, from want of patronage, be prevented from pursuing their nefarious business. It is to be deeply regretted that immediately following the detection of these fraudulent mediums by Spiritualists, the church, headed by their most prominent ministers take up the cause of the exposed mediums, introduce them to the public, open their church doors for them, thus extending the right hand of fellowship to self-confessed liars and deceivers; hoping thereby to convince the public forsooth, that because these self-convicted men are frauds, *all* mediums are. These men engaged from Sunday to Sunday in theorizing upon immortality, prefer not to have the fact demonstrated that if a man die he shall live again, if the proof must come through Spiritualism. In connection with the facts we have given in relation to the weighing of a medium in England, we favor our readers with the following communication from Dr. Willis for which we are indebted to the *Banner of Light*.

Letter from Dr. Willis in Regard to Weighing a Medium.

MY ATTENTION was called to the issue of the *London Spiritualist* of May 3d by a brief notice in the last *Banner*. I procured a copy of the same, and have read with deep interest the lengthy article by Mr. Harrison upon weighing a medium during the production of spiritual manifestations, especially those of materialization, and recording the variations from the normal weight of the medium. The experiment was tried three or more years ago in this country, by Col. Olcott, Dr. Storer, Mr. Geo. A. Bacon and myself, with Mrs. Markee, the noted medium, then of Havana, N. Y., and more recently at Rochester, N. H., by E. Gerry Brown, of Boston, with the now famous medium, Mrs. John R. Pickering. These variations were found to range from twenty to sixty or seventy pounds, demonstrating the wonderful fact that during the transpiration of these phenomena the body of the medium actually suffers this immense temporary loss of vital forces—of solid substance, may we not say?



In the light of this fact can any one fail to see the possible danger to the medium should anything interfere with the return of these forces to the source from whence they were borrowed—even the possible extinction of life itself?

We have fresh in memory the frantic struggles of the psychic form that was rudely and brutally grasped at a seance given by Mrs. Markee in Rochester, N. Y., in its efforts to reach the cabinet in season to render back these borrowed forces before fatal results should accrue to the medium. By partially de-materializing in the hands of its captor it succeeded in regaining the medium in time to save her life, but not in time to prevent a great shock to her system, so that for days and weeks her life was despaired of, and she was rescued from death after great suffering only by the most assiduous care and attention.

It seems to me that Spiritualists themselves are strangely insensible to the wonder of these marvels that are transpiring so generally throughout the world, and most unaccountably indifferent to the effects of the phenomena upon the mental and physical organization of the media.

While I fully admit the importance of protecting ourselves in every possible manner against being imposed upon by unprincipled charlatans in the sacred name of mediumship, I do not believe we have any right to approach mediums in an arrogant or dictatorial spirit, assuming them to be imposters. Nor do I believe that we have a right to dictate to the spiritual world the terms and conditions upon which we will consent to receive its revelations, as if we were conferring upon it an infinite condescension in deigning to receive the most inestimable boon that can be vouchsafed to humanity. I believe there is altogether too much of this spirit abroad. It was said by one of olden time who was wise in spiritual things, and who manifested a deep insight into the workings of spiritual laws, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." The law holds good through all the ages. To enter the kingdom of spiritual truth to-day there must be in some degree the humble, trusting, teachable spirit of a little child.

The editor of the *London Spiritualist*, in the article to which we refer, evidences that he recognizes the importance of this law, when he says in reference to the medium through whom he was about to make these deeply-interesting experiments, "One element of success was that he should be quite happy and contented with his sitters, so that he could pass calmly into the trance state satisfied that they were not likely to play him any tricks."

Accordingly he invited a gentleman who was selected by the lawyers to give testimony in the Slade case, and who almost invariably gets good manifestations. And why? Simply "because he behaves in a kindly way to mediums, and does not go about thirsting for their blood." In other words, does not approach a medium bristling with the assumption implied, if not expressed—"You are a fraud, and I know it, and am going to prove it."

Approaching the investigation with something of the spirit of little children, these gentlemen obtained the results the narration of which makes this article so deeply interesting, corroborating as it does the experiences of investigators in this country, who, however, conducted their experiments in a much less accurate and scientific manner.

Mr. Harrison says truly that "Every new discovery spreads fresh rays of light upon previous known facts."

More than twenty years ago, at the house of Mr. Daniel Farrar, in Hancock street, Boston, I was levitated and floated above the heads of more than twenty persons within a foot of the ceiling. My sensations I shall never forget. My body felt as light as a cork, or a bladder filled with air, and I believe that could it have been weighed during the occurrence of that phenomenon, it would have been found that its weight had



been reduced by this mystic process to a very low minimum, and I believe that by a continuance of investigations like these instituted by the London Spiritualists, very many of the phenomena of mediumship that now excite the hostility of scientists, because of their seeming infraction of known laws, will be found to occur in perfect harmony with those laws.

This entire article of Mr. Harrison's is pregnant with interest. I am glad to learn that you have an extra supply of the issue upon your counter, and trust they will find ready purchasers.

F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.

### Substantial Stuff in Dreams.

In our sleeping existence the mind wanders where it will, and finds no obstacles in solid bodies and immeasurable spaces. No one may conjecture what the dream-life of the itinerating soul may discover, while it stands sentry along the dim confines of the invisible life. Like sunlight, flashing over the mountains and through the darkness of the waning night, come the revelations from Shadow Land. The Fort Wayne *Sentinel* tells the following story of a young man at the West who has been dreaming to some purpose:

"A clerk at Omaha wrote to his father that he had been robbed of \$5,000 belonging to his employer while returning from a collecting trip. Then the father fell asleep and dreamed that he was sitting at a table of a hotel in Omaha, and overheard two young men talking over the particulars of a robbery in which they had been concerned, at the same time counting the proceeds with much exultation. Learning (as he dreamed) the number of their room, he (still dreaming) consulted the register and fixed their names in his memory. He wrote to his son (having waked up) to consult the register of the Omaha Hotel, and to see if he found there the names of John B. Nelson and James Frank inscribed on its pages under the date of November. Finding the said names registered there, the son caused the arrest of the said men, when they confessed the theft; \$4,812 of the money was recovered, and the offenders are now in the penitentiary."

Now, how do the positive philosophers dispose of such dreams? Do they believe that "The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep," and capable of making such discoveries? If there is nothing in mind but the corporeal instruments, the play of subtile elements over a delicate organic structure, and the dim phosphorescence of the brain, by what means did the dreamer hear those young men converse in their private room in a distant hotel? When the ear was closed in sleep, and the auditory nerve dull and insensible, how did the far-away sleeper hear the confession of their crime? And by what vision did he unerringly read the names of the criminals on the hotel register? Positive philosophers, answer! and stop throwing the dust of your empty speculations in the open eyes of the world. Let those scientific people respond—those who insist that man is neither more nor better than a polished galvanic machine, mounted on stilts and endowed with automatic powers of speech and locomotion. Make an effort, gentlemen, to overcome the reticence of your native modesty and tell us, what invisible



presence was it that—in the silent watches of the night—thus acted as an invisible detective in the secret chamber of the robbers?

Whether it be the province of Science or Religion to answer our inquiries is not yet absolutely determined. This circumstance warrants the largest liberty. So in the absence of all the positive philosophers, the archbishop and our medium, we wait to hear from the Scientific Sphinx, the high priest of Fohi, or any other man.

*S. B. Brittan.*

—  
"The Devil's Sonata."  
—

A SINGULAR story respecting one of Tartini's most celebrated compositions is told on the authority of M. de Lande, chapel-master to Louis the Fourteenth:—"One night, in the year 1713, he dreamed he had made a compact with the devil, and bound himself to his service. In order to ascertain the musical abilities of his new associate, he gave him his violin, and desired him, as the first proof of his obedience, to play him a solo; which, to his great surprise, Satan executed with such surpassing sweetness, and in so masterly a manner, that, awaking in the ecstasy which it produced, he sprang out of bed, and instantly seizing his instrument, endeavored to recall the delicious, fleeting sounds. Although not attended with the desired success, his efforts were yet so far effectual as to give rise to the composition so generally admired, entitled 'The Devil's Sonata.' Still the production was in his own estimation so inferior to that which he heard in his sleep, as to cause him to declare that, could he have procured subsistence in any other line, he should have broken his violin in despair, and renounced music forever!"

*Ibid.*

—  
Spiritual Ministry of Sleep.  
—

MAN is susceptible of no condition that is more remarkable for its beauty and its mystery than sleep. The outward senses are sealed up, and our connection with the external world is severed. The eye and the ear are dull and insensible; our earthly plans are all forgotten; and the objects disclosed so vividly in our dreams, are discerned through an inward spiritual medium. Thus sleep is a temporary *death*. The frequent recurrence of this state prevents our becoming wholly absorbed with the affairs of earth. It disengages the mind, in a degree at least, from the scenes of its groveling and its imprisonment. We are led away to the very confines of mortal being, that we may stand for a brief season by the veiled portals of the invisible Temple, there to question the radiant beings who frequent its courts and worship at its shrine.

*Ibid.*

---

Immortality o'ersweeps  
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep  
Into my ears this truth—Thou liv'st for ever.



## Our Young Folks.

THE CHILD IS THE REPOSITORY OF INFINITE POSSIBILITIES.

### Advice to Boys.

Whatever you are be brave, boys.  
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;  
  Though clever at ruses  
  And sharp at excuses.  
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave,  
  boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys,  
'Tis better than money and rank,  
  boys,  
  Still cleave to the right,  
  Be lovers of light,  
Be open, above-board and frank,  
  boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys,  
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys;  
  The man gentle in mien.  
Words and temper, I ween,  
  Is the gentleman truly refined,  
  boys.

But whatever you are, be true,  
  boys,  
Be visible through and through,  
  boys.  
Leave to others the shamming,  
The "greening" and "cramming."  
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys.

**F**OR THE following lesson, with which we open Our Young Folks' Department, we are indebted to a valuable little volume issued some years since, entitled, "Lessons for Children," A. E. Newton, author. We can find nothing better; it seems to be just what the young folks ought to know, and we hope in this department of the magazine to present something of real value, something they do not and cannot learn in the Sunday school where too many Spiritualists and Liberalists send their children, to have their young minds filled with irrational views of another life and another world, nothing truly valuable of the body and its wonderful relations to the world it now inhabits. We commence with questions and answers upon

#### Yourself.

What are you?     I am a person.

What makes you a person?   I can think, and know, and feel, and can learn many things.

Is that all?   I can love, and can choose, and know when I do right or wrong.

Can you think of anything more that belongs to a person?   I can admire beautiful things, and can wish to be greater and better than I am now.   Can any one give a better answer?

Is a tree or a flower a person?   It is not.

Why not?   Because it cannot think, or know, or love.

Are dogs, cats, and other animals persons?   They are not.



Why? Do not animals think, and know many things? and do they not love you, if you are kind to them? Many of them seem to think a little, and to love in their way, and can learn some things.

Why, then, are they not persons? There are many things they cannot learn, and I do not believe they can know what is right and wrong.

But do not animals sometimes learn to do right things, and not to do wrong things? They do; but I think it is because they expect to be rewarded or punished, rather than because they understand right and wrong as we do.

Do not boys and girls sometimes do things from hope of reward or fear of punishment, rather than because they feel them to be right or wrong? Does any one think differently about this? Can you tell of any other difference between animals and persons? I do not think animals generally have any love of beauty, and I never knew of one trying or wishing to become better.

Has any one a different opinion? May we be cruel to animals, because they are not persons? Whom, then, may we call persons? All boys and girls, and all men and women, are persons.

Of what two parts are you and all other persons made up? A *body* and a *spirit*.

What do you mean by your body? I mean this part of me that you can see and feel, and can weigh in the scales.

Is not that all there is of you? Some people think it is, but I do not.

What makes you think there is something more? One reason is that a dead body does not think, nor see, nor know anything, nor move about.

What does this show? This seems to show that something has gone from the body which was there when it was alive.

Have you any other reason? Some people are able to see things when blindfolded, or through thick walls, or at great distances off.

And what does that prove? It proves that it is not the eye, nor any part of the body, that sees, but something else.

Is there any other reason for thinking the body is not all there is of you? There are many other reasons:—One is that I can remember what happened years ago, and I know that I am the same person I was then.

How is that any proof? My body has changed many times, and if I were not something different from *my body*, I should have changed too, and should forget everything in a little while.

Does any one think differently? What, then, do you mean by your spirit? I mean that part of me which thinks, sees, knows, loves, and gives life to my body.

Which is the more important part, your body or your spirit? My spirit.

What other name can you give your spirit? It is my *real self*.



What, then, can you say of yourself? I am *a spirit*, living in a *body*.

Please recite these lines:

My little body's but the house  
Wherein my spirit dwells—  
A building fair and curious,  
More fine than palace halls.

My spirit is more wondrous still:  
Its form I cannot see;  
'Tis meant with thought and love  
to thrill  
Through vast eternity.

Several years ago we were publishing a weekly paper and had for the Editor of the Children's Department that beautiful woman now an angel in the higher life, Annie Denton Cridge. She was a noble woman, she went to California to live, and from there; young, talented and good, she passed to the land of the beautiful. She wrote the following:

#### How Like an Angel.

It was summer. The flowers were unfolding their petals to the sunshine, filling the air with sweet perfume. Mrs. Newton had an invalid mother, feeble as a little child, who had required her care and attention for many, many years. She loved the songs of birds and the smiling flowers. Mrs. Newton would lift her in her arms, carry her on the porch, and so place her in a chair that she could look on the garden with its wealth of flowers and the green fields beyond.

That vision of a daughter's love is engraved on the tablet of my memory, and will live there, bright and untarnished ever.

The dear old lady was passing away, she had not left her room for some days; Mrs. Newton was her constant watcher. One morning, just as the day began to peep, Mrs. Newton stepped lightly into the room where her daughter and myself were sleeping. "Children," she said softly, "mother is dead." "Hush! don't cry," she continued, as a loud burst of grief rose from their sorrowful hearts. Mother is at rest now; she has been a great sufferer for fourteen years. For fourteen years I have not had one uninterrupted night's rest. Oh, she has suffered! but now she rests. I look back on my life from childhood, but I never said a word or done an act to my mother I could wish unsaid or undone."

Oh, beautiful words! How I wish every boy and girl now living might be able to say as much when their mother has passed to the spirit land.

Each child may make his spirit  
An angel clad in clay,  
And do an angel's mission  
To others every day.

How many bleeding gashes  
His little hands may bind!  
How sweet the ways of Heaven  
Thus placed before mankind!

*Emma Tuttle.*



## Editor's Table.

---

### SPIRIT OF THE OPPOSITION.

---

**T**HE OPPOSITION to Spiritualism has always been characterized by great ignorance and wilful perversity. The schools of science and the defenders of sectarian theologies, with rare exceptions, have manifested a spirit and pursued a course at war with the laws of spiritual science and the legitimate aims of every honest inquirer. This opposition seldom or never undertakes to demolish the just claims of Spiritualism, either by an attempt to reason, by an inquiry into the laws of mind and matter, or by any fair examination of the facts of human experience. It assumes all the wisdom of the world, but it never philosophizes on this subject; it pretends to hold the keys of knowledge, but it neither attempts a scientific classification nor a rational exposition of the facts; it puzzles its brains to counterfeit everything it sees, and then howles against tricksters; it denounces jugglers, and advertizes to produce all the phenomena by the aid of machinery and confederates. With a long face, masked with dissimulation; with lies on its lips and in its eyes; and with a heart full of all hypocrisy and iniquity, it constitutes itself a special committee and goes out to investigate. By a law of spiritual attraction and association it takes along its own lying spirits to answer its questions; and because it naturally enough meets with those who "answer a fool according to his folly," it concludes that the medium is a knave whose function should be suspended, either by legal restraints or by an exasperated public opinion. But what right have such unprincipled antagonists to expect to get the truth in reply to their inquiries, when the truth is not what they are after? When a poor knave baits his hook with a lie, and goes angling in the pool of perdition, he need not expect to fish up any good thing.

It is worthy of observation, that not only the whole vulgar herd of unbelievers, but the very pious and scientific skeptics insist on *dictating* the conditions under which the phenomena of Spiritualism shall be reproduced *ad libitum*. It need occasion no surprise that Seapoys and other uneducated people—who have no opportunity to know any better—together with modern scribes and pharisees—mere theological dogmatists—should set up such preposterous



claims; but we confess our astonishment that—in this country, especially—those who most pride themselves on their scientific attainments manifest the same stupidity. What right has a scientific man to enact laws for Nature and God? From what source does *any* man derive the authority to prescribe the conditions under which any class of genuine phenomena shall be produced? This disposition to say when, where, and how they shall occur, proves to us that even men of science may make their nearest approach to sublimity in their unparalled audacity. What would be thought of the man who should assume such prerogatives in any department of physical science? Let us see how he would appear in the light of his own example.

Meeting an astronomer in his daily walk the skeptic stops him abruptly and says, Sir, show me the great nebula in Orion on a cloudy night, or I will not believe in its existence. You say, moreover, that you observed a brilliant meteor, last evening. In the northern heavens,

“There shot a streaming lamp along the sky!”

But *I* did not witness its appearance. It may have been only an optical illusion; or, possibly some careless firefly intersected the angle of vision. I can never accept such testimony, but I must have an opportunity for personal observation. Now trot out your meteor, at precisely eight o'clock; and if you fail I must either question the evidence of your senses or impeach your veracity. We have read Winslow on volcanoes, but, never having personally witnessed an eruption, have a right to be skeptical. Now, let the Professor bring along his burning mountain and show it up. The interests of science and charity are clearly involved in the proposition. Let the Professor abandon the theory of volcanic action and stop spouting about lava unless he can demonstrate his power to move the bowels of Vesuvius at will.

“Mere theorizing is the idler's trade,  
The madman's boast, the trickster's common-place,  
The dreamer's castle floating in the brain.”

This method of illustration places the injustice and tomfoolery of our scientific men in a true light before the world. They shamelessly abandon all scientific methods whenever they approach the realm of the Spiritual. In Electricity and Chemistry, Astronomy and Meteorology, Optics and Chromatics, Photography and Music, they respect the laws and conditions of the natural world. Indeed,



in every department of physical research they are content to experiment under the existing law, whatever that may be, and after the peculiar methods determined by the nature of the case. But, on the contrary, the moment one of these men begins to investigate Spiritualism he obstinately sets aside the principles and methods applicable to the subject, that he may take along with him the worthless trumpery of his old materialism into the new field of investigation.

This is not the spirit of science—true science never demeans herself after this fashion—but it is a fair translation of the moods and manners of our American sciolists. In the department of scientific investigation we have not many great names; but we have an army of cheap pretenders, who show—by the scaps and bones they carry about with them—that they have been under the tables of more affluent minds. There is surely no folly in the pursuit of utopian schemes; there is no fanaticism in religion; no bewildering superstition anywhere, that is more insane in its nature and demoralizing in its influence, than this base idolatry of the means and methods of material science and a sensuous, soulless, and atheistical philosophy. Science is dishonored by such representatives. Gentlemen, your pretensions are specious but hollow.

“All shams are tottering on their pedestals;  
False reputations shrivel as the grass  
Of Western praries bathed in billowed fire?”

---

## THE PHANTOM FORM;

Or, Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER II.

**D**ON'T GO YET! There are many questions I would like to ask in regard to the new life which has been so suddenly forced upon me. In answer to my request my mother seated herself by my side, and shaking down the delicate vines until they screened us from view, said: “Now my child be as brief as possible; to-morrow you will be stronger and better prepared for the consideration of subjects which at present seem wrapped in mystery.” First, dear mother, where am I? I mean in what part of the spirit world?

“This temple is called the Arbor of Repose. It is situated in the Southern portion of the lovely valley of Zayat.”

That signifies a place of rest for travelers! is this valley dedicated to that purpose?

“Many temples similar to the one you are now in occupy beauti-



ful scites, and are used for the reception and entertainment of those who pass suddenly from earth."

What! are all suicides and all who die by accident brought to this place?"

"No! Many are received by friends or congenial associates in the sphere below this."

Then this sphere is not the nearest to earth?

"No." Is this entire sphere devoted to the purpose to which the valley is dedicated?

"No, the Northern part is inhabited by a refined and intelligent class of persons whose most powerful attraction is toward the earth, which they frequently visit; and there are also other classes, some dwarfed by earth experiences, others angular and unbalanced."

Why do those spirits remain there; are they held by physical force?

"The scenery is more beautiful than any your eyes ever looked upon, and their homes more attractive; there, all the pleasures and benefits to be enjoyed by refined and delicate natures may be found. Spirits remain there because it is their will to do so; it is near the earth to which many of them cling with the deepest affection; while others who have outgrown the attraction that once held them prefer to remain and acquire the knowledge and experience they should have gained on earth."

Mother, is your home in that beautiful place?

"Not at present; I remained there for years and have many warm friends who still linger there. Silver Star, better known to you as the Phantom Form, has never ascended beyond that lovely plane of life, nor can she, until her all-absorbing love for Eunice has ripened into a broad humanitarian work."

You spoke of the spirits of that sphere frequently returning to earth; can they not as easily descend from other and higher planes?

"Certainly, but their mission is purified from all selfishness and is wholly for the good of humanity."

What class of spirits occupy the first sphere!

"The coarse, unrefined, and unfortunate; I mean those who on earth are termed low, depraved and wicked."

Must I pass through that sphere in again returning to earth?

"Certainly not."

It would seem that there could be little, if any, opportunity for improvement where are congregated all that is vile and low in nature?

"That place has not been set apart for that class of spirits, they simply gravitate to it; nor is it left like a plague spot upon the glory and brightness of the summer land. Missionaries are constantly laboring to enlighten and heal the sin sick souls, and they are ever passing on to higher schools in another portion of this sphere."

Have they no high, strong laws that regulate and restrain these turbulent natures?

"Certainly, the sphere is not given over to their control, nor are



they as vicious as when on earth; they do not have unlimited power when permitted to re-enter the magnetism of earth."

Should I remain, where would be my home?

"With the Phantom Form, until the attraction that now holds you was broken or had become mutual."

It will never be broken! Will I not have greater opportunity to strengthen and render permanent this love of my soul when near its object?

"You can try. Experience is the best teacher," replied my mother, bending forward until the long wavy hair concealed the expression of her face. I will try, for I could never, never be happy here! But, dear mother, you spoke of rest, do spirits grow weary?

"Spirit is never disconnected from matter; the fine organization endures longer, but it too requires its period of rest; and I have learned that this law holds good throughout all the realms of spirit existence."

I should reason that the body that wearies, would sometime decay, I said looking with admiration upon the clear white face of my mother.

"Yes, child, it is said there is a process analogous to death, but I have not seen it."

How soon can I return?

"Day after to-morrow."

Day! do you have night here?

"Something that resembles it, a lesser light. And now my child, I leave you, Duties of which you will be apprised to-morrow require my presence; be calm, and remember that your sorrows have planted seeds that will sink deep into many a human heart, starting many a dormant mind into action and helping to prepare the way for a revolution which will agitate the stagnant waters and enable millions to cast off the yoke of a slavery more terrible than death."

Mother, you have hinted at this in your communications to me while on earth, what do you mean?

"Child, you are not yet prepared to understand the significance of my words, neither am I competent to speak understandingly of the great movement ere long to be inaugurated; trust! trust in the overruling power of goodness and justice and to-morrow you will see my humble efforts to work in unison with the circles of higher intelligences that are preparing to break in pieces the idols of man. I must now go, rest until to-morrow!"

How could I rest! What strange meaning was concealed beneath her words? Long I puzzled my brain over this question and at last let it drop and drifted in thought back to my old home. It was long, long before the active brain was still and sweet sleep folded her pinions over my weary eyes.

The song of birds, and the play of fountains called me back to the world of conscious life. Two spirits stood by my bed and smiled at my look of surprise. In a low musical voice one said:



“ We have been sent to prepare you for your journey ; will you rise and go with us? I obeyed and was conducted into a recess off from the main apartment where the light fleecy garment I had so much admired was taken and I was directed to pass through an arched doorway into another apartment. In the center of the room, if I may call it a room, was a body of water which on earth I should have called a little lake ; water as clear as crystal, so beautiful that the vines and flowers which formed the walls of the room were all reflected on its polished surface. The air was balmy and filled with most delicious fragrance. I soon perceived that it was intended for a bath and truly I can say that never had I enjoyed the like, the water imparted vitality, and the beauty and fragrance of every object filled me with a strange and rapturous delight. For a time I forgot everything but the joy of existence. I remained sporting in the bright water until the voice of the angel called, requesting me to prepare for our departure, friends were already waiting to accompany us. I was directed to pass into an alcove on the right ; there I found all that was essential ; the most delicate and beautiful wardrobe had been prepared, made of the finest and most perfect texture. Soft creamy lace that seemed too delicate to handle, something that I called linen, but lighter and finer, dazzling my eyes with its whiteness. I will not weary by giving a minute description of the toilette my mother had prepared. Suffice it to say, that the gossamer robe was of a bright rose color, trimmed with the finest lace and confined at the waist by a girdle of jewels. Everything from the dainty boots to the snowy buds for my hair was perfect and when I gazed for the last time in the long mirror, I felt that I had never dreamed of beauty so perfect. My angel friends threw a light mantle of silvery brightness about me and each taking a hand led me toward a large mansion where they said we should meet our friends. O, the beauty and glory of that morning ! the delicious fragrance, the soft, mellow light falling through the swaying branches of the magnificent trees under whose shadows we walked to the mansion from whose open windows music floated out to greet us.

We were met at the door by a young lady and her brother once my scholars. I was surprised and delighted to see them, also two ladies who had been intimate friends during the first years of my married life. Knowing nothing of the skeleton in our home, they enquired eagerly for my husband and sympathised with me in the sorrow which must follow our brief separation. My guide seemed to notice these remarks were embarrassing and suggested that we should enter the house where other friends were waiting. After being warmly received by the company we passed out over the soft velvety grass and moved in line toward the bright expanse of water which lay sparkling in the sun-light. The interlacing branches of graceful trees formed a canopy partially excluding the light and protected us from the heat, to which I found myself exceedingly



sensitive. We soon reached the silvery sand bordering the beautiful river. Beautiful! indeed the word will give but a faint conception of the broad shining water, its musical waves casting white blossoms and tinted shells at our feet, while swaying vines and bright flowers were laved in its crystal bosom. A number of small boats were waiting to receive us, their silken sails fluttering in the breeze, reminding me of the poets description:

The dainty boat like a pearly shell,  
Tinted and lined with a rose as well.

Poetic imaginings contain more truth than is usually accorded to them; so delicate and frail seemed these little barques that I hesitated before trusting myself to them. My friends smiled at my fears and asked lightly, "how spirit could be destroyed?" The meeting of familiar faces the natural and easy conversation relating to events of the past, the beauty and harmony of our surroundings, the flashes of wit and joyous flow of mirth, put me at ease and for a time lightened the heavy load resting upon my heart. I had many questions to ask of deep interest to me, but I will not repeat them here; enough to say, that after a most delightful sail we came in sight of the emerald shores, heard sweet strains of music and were soon gliding along past mansions whose magnificence must be seen to be appreciated. Green lawns sloping to the water's edge, statues and fountains gleaming among the dark leaves; all, all so beautiful that earth memories for the time were entirely erased. We landed and were met by my mother, accompanied by her friends, and the proud and happy glance bestowed upon me gave assurance that the love of a mother burned with an added power in the heart of that fair, noble woman. She led us over the sloping banks where strangely shaped carriages awaited us. I was surprised by the fine appearance of the horses, their symmetry of form and beauty of color; some were white as snow, others of a rich cream color, and others shone like polished steel; nor was my astonishment lessened when I noticed how easily those spirited animals were controlled. Observing my curious and bewildered expression my mother said: "You wonder at seeing animals in spirit life and marvel at the ease and speed with which we are borne along."

Yes I do wonder, their dainty feet seem to scarce touch the white, shining pebbles, they really appear to be treading the air, I replied.

"You are hardly prepared, to understand the explanation I could give; wait, enjoy the beauty of your surroundings and by and by, another will answer your questions. My child, I do not at once take you to our pavilion, the number of people, the music, the preparations you behold were not made with special reference to your visit. We have a meeting here to-day; a gentleman resident of the sphere you have just left, comes here from time to time to charm us with his eloquence, encourage us with our work



and unravel mysteries whose solution we have not yet reached. He is known by the name of Gonzalo and in reality belongs in this sphere, but for reasons which I will not now explain he prefers to pursue his studies in the home he has so long occupied. His subject to-day is love. Listen my child and ponder well the words of wisdom you will hear." The wonderful steeds were now standing in the outskirts of a beautiful grove. Near by was a raised platform literally covered with flowers, canopied with blue and white, and rustic seats were appropriately arranged. We alighted, my mother drew me near to the speakers' stand. Men and women were approaching from every direction and soon the entire grove was filled with an audience of beauty, intelligence and grace. I was strangely impressed by the purity, frankness and intelligence of the faces; no expression of sordid selfishness, jealousy or discontent. Soon the rich strains of music ceased, and from a distant group two gentlemen advanced toward the rostrum. I shall never forget the electric thrill that leaped from heart to brain as I fixed my eyes for the first time in spirit life upon Gonzalo, and recognized in the majestic form, the broad brow, the eagle eye, the firm mouth, the wavy, silken hair, the spirit that had once appeared and communicated with Eunice and I. If he appeared perfect then, he now seemed to my dazed senses godlike; and when the rich mellow voice was lifted in sweet holy words of invocation, the eyes grew misty with the intensity of feeling and the white brow flushed with the glory of inspiration; then the last tie that bound me to earth seemed to snap asunder and in spirit I fell at his feet. I will not attempt to repeat any part of the oration; it thrilled, exalted and transformed me! I was born anew and for the first time obtained a glimpse of the boundless wealth and deathless power of reciprocal affection! He paused, my mother's clasp tightend upon my hand and brought me back to a consciousness of my real condition. Her face was radiant when she presented her daughter to the orator, and again we were conducted to the carriage in waiting and were soon moving rapidly along through the most charming scenes that the eye had ever rested upon. My mother, brother, and Gonzalo accompanied me. His musical voice in the most poetic language explained many things, and when the horses were checked in front of an immense marble edifice and we ascended the broad avenue and stood for a moment looking up at its gleaming walls and crystal windows, I felt that this was heaven; but what had mother to do in that magnificent structure, how came she there, what meant the bright faces looking out upon me, and above all what was the meaning of the mysterious power exerted upon me by Gonzalo, why did his touch thrill me, his eyes draw me like a magnet and his voice fill my soul with music? These questions will be answered hereafter.



## Editor's Drawer.

**ENLARGEMENT AND CHANGE OF TERMS.**—We have worked earnestly, faithfully, to make the **SPIRITUAL OFFERING** interesting and instructive, an able exponent of Spiritualism and Freethought in Religion, an earnest advocate of Human Interests, and fully abreast with the Progressive Spirit of the age. If we are to judge from the words of approval that come to us from Press and People our effort has been a success; financially it has not. The question is presented thus, either the price must be increased, the size reduced or the work abandoned. We must decide at once; that decision has been made on the side of right, as we understand it. Obligation and love for the cause we advocate forbid our giving up the work and duty to ourselves, demand an increase in the price, enlargement and continuance. The last volume cost several hundred dollars more than the actual receipts, saying nothing of the arduous labors of the year. When the price was fixed at \$1 25 we had no intention of enlarging the **OFFERING**, but contributions from our ablest writers came to hand, matter so valuable that we thought the liberal public should have the benefit. To accomplish this, enlargement became necessary, and the number of pages were doubled, next a smaller type used and for the past six months the quantity of reading matter has been made four times greater than in first numbers without increasing the price. We feel sure that our patrons believe in justice and are willing to render an equivalent for all they receive. We now add eight more pages, in all 56 pages of reading matter, and without ostentation we may be permitted to add that for variety, and the marked ability with which the subjects are treated by our talented contributors, it is not excelled by any magazine published. In this issue appears for the first time a department "For Our Young Folks" which will be continued and made interesting to the home circle, which all should endeavor to make the heaven of earth.

Soon after we commenced the **OFFERING**, when in fact it had but 32 pages, Prof. Brittan a man of large experience in publishing, wrote us, as did many others, advising that our price was too low. During the year many subscribers have written us, remarking that they could not understand how we could afford so large a magazine for the price. Our answer was and is,—that could we have obtained the circulation anticipated we could have sustained the magazine even after enlargement at its present price; all that has prevented is the terribly hard times, the scarcity of money felt by all classes of society. For the reasons given we have concluded to increase the size as above and raise the price to \$2 per annum. With this increase of price, however, we offer to receive subscriptions for three and six months at same rates; six months \$1, three months 50c. Persons of limited resources who cannot pay for one year, lose nothing by paying for a less time, and those engaged in canvassing for us, may send us the names of all parties they find worthy of trust and we will send the **OFFERING**, giving the party three months time. New subscribers can be supplied with back numbers. Old subscribers will be charged at the rate of \$2 per year for their unexpired term, being about one-third difference. Those who have sent \$1 25 for the 2d volume will receive eight copies. Hoping that all may be satisfactory, we go forward in our work, confident of our ability with the aid we shall receive from both sides the "silent river," to sustain the **OFFERING** and make it, all that its most ardent friends could desire.

We now urge upon our friends the necessity of earnest and immediate work in our behalf. We want a canvasser in every town and will pay a fair commission. Let all who will act write at once. **THE OFFERING** is now, all things considered the cheapest magazine published. We pledge ourselves to make it the best.



The *Prospectus* on the inside was printed before we had concluded to make the change, necessitating the following corrections: OFFERING and *Banner of Light* \$4 50 per annum. OFFERING and *Truth Seeker* \$4 25. OFFERING and *Evolution* \$3. OFFERING and *Positive Thinker* \$3. OFFERING and *Free Thought Journal* \$2 75. OFFERING and *Boston Investigator* \$4 50. At these prices a great saving can be made by subscribing through this office.

THE QUESTION.—Words of encouragement and unqualified expressions in approval of the OFFERING, have come to us from every part of the country. Over one year has passed and although far short of what we purpose to make it, our readers have seen enough to enable them to decide the question of approval or disapproval. If the former, the most satisfactory answer possible, would be a response in the shape of greenbacks, or their equivalent. We appreciate words of encouragement, but they have a double force, when accompanied by something of material value, indispensable in publishing even an ordinary Newspaper, but absolutely necessary in sustaining such a magazine as the *Offering* published in the very best style of the typographical art, and filled with matter of interest for the humblest learner and the most profound thinker. The friendly recipient can also favor us by soliciting subscriptions, and sending the names of persons who would probably subscribe if specimen copies were sent them. We could fill several columns with favorable words from the press but for want of space we give only two; one from our home paper *The Springfield Times*, the leading Democratic paper and one of the best in the Southwest, the other from the *Banner of Light*. From all who have enjoyed the reading of the *Offering*, we ask an immediate response, and specially from those who are receiving the magazine and have neither written, or as we requested last month, expressed a wish for its continuance. If not wanted, please return the copies sent.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.—The May number of this magazine is on our table, its publication having been delayed, owing to the fact that the publishers have purchased printing material of their own, with a view of issuing the OFFERING direct from their office, and have as was to be expected with the first issue thereafter, been somewhat behind in getting matters systematically arranged.

In its new dress the OFFERING is a fine specimen of typography, presenting a bright and attractive appearance to the eye. In the number before us a new departure has been taken, the frontispiece being a finely executed steel engraved portrait of Prof. S. B. Brittan, whose name is not unknown in the history of Spiritualism in this country. It is carefully edited by Col. D. M. and Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, and having secured an able corps of contributors is rapidly taking a lead in the literature of those whose views it reflects. Address "Spiritual Offering," Springfield, Mo.—*Springfield Times*.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING for May—published at Springfield, Mo.—reaches us from the hands of its editors, in an entirely new dress, typographically speaking, and begins its second volume with a fine table of contents as well. Since its inception the OFFERING has doubled its number of pages, quadrupled its reading matter, and has won a good hold on the popular estimation. The present number has, in addition to other good things, a steel-plate frontispiece of S. B. Brittan, M. D., also the first part of a biographical sketch of this talented gentleman.—*Banner of Light*.

PLEASE REMIT.—Will all who have not paid for the current volume, at their earliest convenience please send the money. It costs a large sum to get out such a publication as the *Offering*, and printers have to be paid every Saturday. Our enlargement increases expenses. We have other improvements yet to make that will interest all our readers.



**LIBERAL OFFER.**—To subscribers remitting \$2 75 we will send all the numbers of vol. 1 except No. 1, May, 1877, that issue being exhausted. We will send postpaid, to any subscriber, the first vol. entire, neatly bound in cloth, gilt lettered on the back, and the entire second volume for \$3 50. The bound volume is now ready and will be sent on receipt of the money. New subscribers will thus have the reading of the first part of 'The Phantom Form, published in volume one, Emily's Experience in Earth Life. Her Experiences in Spirit Life, judging from the chapters given, promise to be very interesting. In the advertisement of bound volume on another page, it will be noticed we offer the two volumes (one bound) for \$2 75. That advertisement was in print before we had decided to enlarge,—the 75 cents herein added is the increased price in consequence of the enlargement of second volume. The two volumes will contain in neat and durable form over *twelve hundred pages* of valuable reading matter. Our aim is to supply the public with liberal, freethought publications as cheap as any other class of literature. Will persons canvassing for subscribers please call attention to this offer and to our clubbing rates with other liberal papers.

A SUBSCRIBER writes as follows, the name is withheld: "I am sorry you published the article entitled 'That Grand Old Book.' I like the OFFERING very much, but am afraid your opposition to the bible will prevent many from subscribing who otherwise would. Why not let it stand for just what it is worth?"

We say to the good sister from whose kind letter we make the above extract, that is just what we are trying to accomplish, "let the bible stand for *just what it is worth.*" We could not if we would detract from its real value. Our aim is to oppose the doctrine of its *infallibility*, so persistently maintained by the church. The church and thousands of Spiritualists not yet fully emancipated from its influence insist upon a fictitious value, a claim not warranted by the facts, and the time has been, not distant in the past, when the church could enforce this claim. It is even now trying to recover its lost power, and it will only be defeated by united and persistent effort on the part of Liberals. Ask us to be silent upon this point, presenting the only reason therefor that we shall lose subscribers! Why friend, you don't understand us! What is the press for? Do you think such an argument will divert us from speaking in "praise of the right and blame of the wrong, as we understand it?"

"True courage scorns  
To vent her prowess in a storm of words;  
To the valliant, *action* speaks alone."

Yes, by not making the OFFERING to utter sounds to suit all, we have lost a few subscribers; be it so. A few months ago we published several letters, threatening to stop the OFFERING because of our views on the bible; some have stopped on that account, others, upon reflection thought better of it and have renewed; we cannot hope to please all; but, we ask in all kindness, why not answer, instead of uttering this silly cry "stop



the OFFERING! Our columns are open for the expression of any phase of thought. In the editorial department of the OFFERING we claim the right to speak our thought, but extend to all an invitation to criticise; threats of withdrawal of patronage are unavailing. Perhaps Spiritualists and Liberalists are yet unprepared to sustain a *freethought* journal; if so we can only say with *Moore*,

“ Better to dwell in Freedom's hall,  
With a cold damp floor and mouldering wall,  
Than bow the head and bend the knee  
In the proudest palace of slavery.”

CLERICAL SCANDALS.—Several letters have been received recently referring to cases of ministerial departure from the path of rectitude, and particularly to new developments in the one case that greatly excited the public mind three years since. We have and do decline to publish every thing of the kind, for the reason that we see no good to come of it. Our pages shall be occupied with matter we think to be of more value to our readers. It is not pleasant to dwell upon the frailties of humanity;

“ Full oft a better seed is sown,  
By choosing kinder plan;  
For if but little good be known,  
Still speak the best we can.”

Our views upon this subject are so fitly given by that most excellent liberal paper the *Freethought Journal* of Toronto, Canada, we give them as in accord with our own thought:

“ We have received numerous communications giving detailed accounts of the misdoings of ministers of the “gospel” and other prominent members of the Christian churches who have strayed from the paths of virtue. We have consigned all such communications to the “waste basket” and, so far as the *Journal* is concerned, to oblivion. Such descriptions are necessarily coarse and vulgar, and we shall continue to rigidly exclude them from our pages. Apart from their coarseness, however, we object to giving such scandal prominence. Christians claim that their religion makes them better, more virtuous and honest than they could possibly be without it. By carefully noting and giving prominence to every Christian's “fall from grace” we acknowledge that their assertions are true; that their Christianity *ought* to make them better than other men; that they *ought* to stand on a higher moral plane than their neighbors; that had they lived in accordance with the teachings of the Bible they could not have erred, and that consequently it was the loss of their religion which occasioned their fall. A man cannot fall unless he is upon an elevation, unless he occupies a more or less lofty position to fall from.”

A MATERIALIST PRAYS; PRAYS EFFECTUALLY.—An old subscriber writes; “Friend Morris from Joplin complains because you are not orthodox enough. You see you cannot please all, hence you will please yourself, and give us, as you have in the past, a good magazine. I hope you will be able to bring undisputed evidence of continued existence, evidence that will carry conviction to all of us *Materialists*. I am waiting and watching for more light; perhaps if I had faith in the efficacy of prayer I might pray for more. I PRAY FOR IT BY SENDING FOR YOUR OFFERING ANOTHER YEAR.”

Vinton, Iowa.

Your Enquiring Friend,

M. BRANIN.



WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN, our esteemed contributor, has recently been delivering a course of lectures upon *Darwinism* and the *Evolution of Man*, before the Academy of Science, Leavenworth, Kansas. The Academy for years has been controlled by the Orthodox element, who have had everything their own way. Liberal thinkers who have attempted to participate in the discussion, have been silenced and driven away in disgust. The same tactics have been attempted to be practiced in case of Bro. Coleman; but he has refused to be put down, and opposed his bigoted antagonists at every step. Calls to order, motions to adjourn, early adjournment of the session, have all been brought to bear to prevent the free presentation of his radical views. An attempt was even made to close the meetings for the season, so as to prevent him from finishing his series of lectures; but the project failed, and Bro. Coleman has been given free scope to conclude his lecture course. The *Leavenworth Times* spoke of Bro. Coleman's first lecture as having been "pronounced by all who heard it one of the ablest and most interesting ever presented to the Academy."

We heartily rejoice at this victory, and wish every Liberalist throughout the land could be inspired with this same spirit of boldness to face the enemy. If our Buchanans, Brittans, Colemans and Dentons could be multiplied, perhaps the weak-kneed who still cling to the old might be strengthened and no fear exist that success would crown the efforts now being made to christianize our constitution and government.

THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM.—Perhaps in no one direction is the effect of spiritualistic teachings and the general acceptance of its beautiful philosophy more apparent than the fact that hardly a popular publication of recent date can be found, not permeated with its ideas, and clothed in language peculiar to Spiritualists. In the advance sheets furnished the press by the publishers of the life of Charlotte Cushman, written by her life long friend, Miss Emma Stebbins, we find an illustration of our thought. The story of Miss Cushman's remarkable and successful career ends:

"All that was mortal of Charlotte Cushman rests beneath the sod at Mount Auburn, but no one who ever knew her can think of her as there. Our spirits do not seek her in the dust; no thought of her can ever be associated with the grave; and so our hearts are not cast down, but only elevated by the thought that she has escaped the bondage and sufferings of the flesh, and is rising ever 'upward and onward.'"

This is in harmony with the sentiment of the Spiritual poet, written soon after the time recognized as the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

"Never look down for the star, or the levin,  
Nor in the grave for the blest heirs of heaven;  
To the dark chancel of earth-clod, they go not,  
Gloom and corruption, they see not, and know not;  
Never look down for the spirits that love us,—  
They are beside us, around us, above us."

STATISTICS OF CHRISTIANITY.—That our readers may have in permanent, and convenient form for reference and thus be able at once to correct the misrepresentations of the organs of the Christian church as to its



comparative numbers and power; we give the figures as follows, in his *statistics of the world* for 1875 as taken directly from the work of Prof. Schem:

STATISTICS OF CHRISTIANITY (JANUARY, 1875).

	Total Pop.	Rom. Cath.	Protest.	East'n Ch's.
America . . . . .	84,500,000	47,200,000	30,000,000	
Europe . . . . .	301,600,000	147,300,000	71,800,000	69,350,000
Asia . . . . .	798,000,000	4,700,000	1,800,000	8,500,000
Africa . . . . .	203,300,000	1,100,000	1,200,000	3,200,000
Australia and Polynesia . . . . .	4,400,000	400,000	1,500,000	
	1,392,000,000	201,200,000	106,300,000	81,050,000

The total of Christianity is here given as 388,550,000! Prof. Schem's figures as quoted above are substantially corroborated by Johnson's *New Cyclopaedia*.

## REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

By WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[The publishers of this Magazine are glad to announce to its patrons and the public that they have secured permanently the services of Mr. Coleman, of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a Bibliographer of twenty-five years experience. All books sent to his address or to this office will be carefully, thoroughly, and impartially reviewed.]

*A Southerner Among the Spirits. A Record of Investigations into the Spiritual Phenomena.* By Mrs. Mary Dana Shindler. 169pp. 12mo. Boston, Colby & Rich. Cloth, \$1 00.

Mrs. Shindler, long and favorably known to the Orthodox public as the author of many popular songs and hymns, such as "I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger," "Shed not a Tear," "Passing Under the Rod," etc., is the daughter of one clergyman and the wife of another,—both now in spirit-life. About three years ago she determined to investigate Spiritualism honestly, impartially; and for that purpose visited in succession a number of our most celebrated mediums, including Mansfield, the Eddys, Mrs. Thayer, Belle Youngs, Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Eldridge, and Mrs. Boothby. Being thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations occurring in her presence, she emerged from the investigations a fully-fledged Spiritualist; and has since been a faithful worker in the cause of Spiritual propagandism. The work under review contains a graphic description of her interesting and varied experiences with the above-named mediums narrated in detail, together with valuable excerpts from the writings of other investigators, in attestation of the striking phenomena witnessed by them. Mrs. Shindler is an earnest, honest, conscientious woman, and a valuable accession to the Spiritual ranks. She is now one of the editors and proprietors of the *Voice of Truth*, an excellent weekly published in Memphis, Tennessee, devoted to Spiritualism and Reform. May she be spared to us on earth many years, as a joyful laborer in the vineyard of Progression! The South needs many such inspired evangels of truth, to rouse it from its dreamy listlessness, its ultra-orthodox somnolency.

*Heroines of Freethought.* By Sara A. Underwood. 327pp. 12mo. New York, C. P. Somerby, 139 Eighth St. Cloth, \$1 50.

Freethought has its heroines as well as its heroes. The names and deeds of many noble women, from Hypatia to George Eliot, firm, steadfast advocates of unpopular truth, begem the historic page from age to age; and now, in this era of Freethought *par excellence*, their numbers are legion, and conspicuous among these heroic souls of the present day we may name the author of this work, Sara A. Underwood. Possessed of deep womanly tenderness and sympathy, yet with heart and mind attuned to liberty's inspiring song, to freedom's beatific melody,—liberty of will and conscience, freedom of intellect and soul,—brave, noble words, yet



withal couched in phrase of feminine grace and beauty, is she speaking for humanity and its best interests. No rude iconoclast is she, but gently, sweetly conservative even in her deepest radicalism. Though thoroughly anti-Christian, she ever speaks in reverential terms of the character of the man Jesus; and though herself probably both Atheistic and Materialistic, no word of scorn or pity has she for the sincere Theist, the honest Spiritualist.

Her preparation of this work was undoubtedly a labor of love. Her admiration of, and sympathetic unison with, the daring thinkers of her own sex sketched in this handsome volume, glow on every page. Out of a heart overflowing with love and gratitude to these benefactors of the race has this book been the outcome; and well has the task been accomplished. Charming pen-pictures—the outflow of a gifted, enthused mind—are we favored with of some of the more prominent events, words, and deeds in the chequered lives of the apostles and martyrs of liberty of thought selected as representative heroines; who comprise such honored names as Madame Roland, Mary W. Godwin, Mary Godwin Shelley, George Sand, Harriet Martineau, Frances Wright, Emma Martin, Margaret Chappell Smith, Ernestine L. Rose, Frances Power Cobbe, and George Eliot,—including, we discover, those of various schools of reformatory thought and action, Deism, Theism, Atheism, Positivism, Woman's Rights, Co-operative Industry, Republicanism, Social Reform, etc. We feel assured the readers of the OFFERING, our lady friends particularly, will be delighted with this choice and timely production. Read it, one and all!

*The Phantom Wedding; or, the Fall of the House of Flint.* By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. And other stories by her Sister, Mrs. Frances Henshaw Baden. 370pp. 12mo. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Cloth, \$1 75.

Mrs. Southworth has, we all know, for some years been a pronounced Spiritualist; and accordingly all her later productions are plentifully besprinkled with Spiritual phenomena, in full accord with the popular mediumistic interpretation thereof; so this, her latest work, is primarily based upon a series of recurrent manifestations of occulto-spiritual power of an extraordinary nature. It is printed from Mrs. Southworth's manuscript, written expressly for publication in book form, and never before issued in any form whatever. In a letter to the publishers, Mrs. Southworth states that "The Phantom Wedding," is one of the very best she has ever written, and advises all to look over the table of contents, and see what a bill of fare she has presented for her readers, viz.: The Three Fates—A Mysterious Warning—A Strange Picture—The Solitary Watcher on New Year's Eve—The Wandering Voice—'Look! Listen! Remember!'—The Phantom Wedding—The Spectral Brides—The Old Crone's Story—The Mystery—The Beautiful Sisters—The Supplanted Bridegroom—The Tragic Nuptials—The Bride of Death," etc. It will be found to be of thrilling interest, being written in the brilliant and captivating style in which Mrs. Southworth surpasses all others, for she is beyond all doubt the boldest, the most forcible, as well as the most popular of all American writers. The volume is also supplemented by a collection of brief and interesting stories by a sister of Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Baden. It is bound in morocco cloth, black and gold, with full gilt back, uniform with Mrs. Southworth's other works. All of Mrs. Southworth's forty-three books are put in a neat box, and are bound in cloth, with full gilt backs, price \$1 75 each, or \$75 25 for the complete set, and copies of any one or more of the volumes, or a complete set, will be sent to any address, free of postage, or freight pre-paid, on remitting the price of ones wanted to the Publishers.

*Apples of Gold, and Other Stories, for Boys and Girls.* By Susan H. Wixon. 383pp. 12mo. Boston, J. P. Mendum. Cloth, \$1 50. (For sale also by Miss Wixon, Fall River, Mass.)

The Juvenile Literature with which the world is flooded is all, or nearly all, permeated with theological dogmatisms and inutile vagaries; and rarely is it that a work can be found which a careful, conscientious Freethinker can place in his child's hands without fear of its being infected with the deadly miasma of



malignant and noxious superstition interpenetrating its leaves and pages. A great deficiency has always existed as regards Liberal literature for the young. The Spiritualists have published a few, but very few, books for children free from theological taint, while the various other classes of Liberals have issued as few, if not fewer. To supply in part the demand for literature of this character has the present work been written. Miss Susan H. Wixon, a lady of wealth and culture, a popular lecturer upon Freethought and Reform, and one well qualified for the task, has herein presented the liberal public with a collection of thirty-eight stories, including some in verse, all original, and each and all entirely free from superstition. Lessons of the purest morality are inculcated in this well-timed production; in fact, every story serves to "point a moral,"—to convey to the reader the importance of observing some great moral principle. The great reformatory movements of the day—the dignity of labor, the elevation of woman, the equal punishment of male offenders against chastity with female, and similar questions—are all brought to our attention through the mediumship of these pleasant, instructive, and well-written stories. We sincerely trust that our OFFERING friends, when purchasing books for their children, will not forget this charming volume, which may aptly be termed "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Children, both girls and boys, will be delighted with it, we feel assured. Every Liberal family should possess it. Send to Miss Wixon for a copy, and thereby encourage her in the bringing out of the second work which she has thought of preparing, in case of due appreciation of her first literary venture.

*The Resurrection of Jesus.* By W. S. Bell. 49pp. 12mo. New York, D. M. Bennett, 1878. Paper, 25 cents.

Christianity is based upon the physical, bodily resurrection of Jesus, a perfect fallacy as every Spiritualist knows. Destroy that basis of fact, and the entire superstructure topples to the ground. "If Christ be not risen," says Paul, "then is our preaching vain." Mr. Bell has in this pamphlet probed the Scripture narratives of this stupendous occurrence to the bottom,—searchingly analyzed it in all its details, and let the full flood of rational truth flash athwart the darkened maze of self-contradiction, blind credulity, and nescient absurdity in which it is involved. Undoubtedly this is the most complete and comprehensive digest and *expose* of this churchal dogma yet given to the world; and it is calculated to be of much service in the emancipation of the human mind from cramping subjection to this darksome superstition. The question of the spiritual resurrection of Jesus is not broached by Bro. Bell; and, presenting as it does an entirely different view of the case, it (the spiritual resurrection) may be of great utility to us in the solution of the origin of the myth of his material bodily resurrection.

*The Oakland Ghost and Ancient Phenomena, with a Review of the Oakland Committee.* By Thomas Brownell Clarke. San Francisco, Cal. 39pp. 8vo. Paper, 25 cents.

*The Heavenly Spheres: Character of Residents in Each, and their Occupations.* By Martha Washington. 24pp. 8vo. San Francisco, T. B. Clarke. (Published gratuitously.)

In 1874 a series of astonishing physical phenomena, of a presumed occultic character, took place at the residence of T. B. Clarke in Oakland, California, accounts of which were spread broadcast over the land. The first of the present pamphlets is devoted to a succinct narrative of said phenomena, and of the report of the Committee selected to determine their character. The manifestations were successful in convincing Mr. Clarke of the truth of Modern Spiritualism; and since that time he has been one of the most earnest and efficient workers in behalf of its claims upon the Pacific coast, spending time and money freely in its defense and propagation. He has received a large volume of Spiritual communications through one or more mediums, pregnant to him with inherent truths and choicest blessings to humanity; and the second pamphlet under review is a selection from these messages, and consists of communications from "Martha Washington



descriptive of the Summer-land and its successive spheres of life, wisdom, beauty. In a few pages is given considerable information relative to the nature and occupation of the inhabitants of the spheres. It is, in general, clear and positive in its statements; at times, however, becoming a little vague and misty, after the usual order of Spiritual communications. Bro. Clarke is a zealous laborer for Spiritualistic truth, he having distributed hundreds of copies of his pamphlets among ministers and churchmen, besides many copies of the *Banner of Light* and other Spiritual periodicals. Would we had more such missionary spirits among us, willing to devote time and means, intellect and money, to the furtherance of the Harmonial Philosophy and its attendant, Spiritualism.

*The Four Beasts: an Identification of Antichrist, that Fixes the Time of the End.* By W. Montague Connelly. 178pp. 8vo. Baltimore. Paper, \$1 00; cloth, \$1 25.

*Guide to Truth; or the Good and Evil of Spiritualism.* 22pp. large 4to. 15 cents; *The Gospel of Jesus; or, an Open Letter to Moody, Sankey, and their Deluded Followers.* 8pp. large 4to. 10 cents; *An Open Letter to Professing Christians.* 2pp. 8vo. 1 cent; *Departure from the Worship of Almighty God.* 2pp. 8vo. 1 cent. All by W. M. Connelly, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Connelly is editor of the Baltimore *Saturday Standard*, and is moreover a working Spiritualist, giving freely of his means and intellect to advance the cause of Rationalistic and Spiritualistic truth. He was largely assisted, he tells us, by his spirit-guides—especially Cardinal Pole—in the preparation of the "Four Beasts;" which work is a vigorous onslaught upon Orthodox Christianity, with a concomitant defence of Spiritualism. The aim of the book is to identify the Antichrist of the Bible with Orthodoxy; and in sustentation of his position he marshals seventy-seven predictive marks of Antichrist found in the Scriptures, the whole of which apply, as he claims, to Orthodoxy and to nothing else. He makes out a strong argument against the Church; and doubtless, if circulated among Christian devotees, it would be an efficient means of opening the eyes of many to the fallacy of their pet creeds and dogmas.

"The Guide to Truth" contains a comprehensive view of the facts and principles of Spiritualism, and embodies a mass of valuable information relative to Spiritual phenomena, etc., ancient, mediæval, and modern. It is a good missionary document, and should be utilized. The other three tracts are of a similar character to the "Four Beasts," epitomizing the ideas therein contained antagonistic of Orthodoxy.

*The Law of Population.* Its consequences and its Bearings upon Human Conduct and Morals. By Annie Besant. 47pp. 12mo. New York, Asa K. Butts, 19 Dey St. Paper, 50 cents; limp cloth, 75 cents.

*Constructive Rationalism.* By Annie Besant. 8pp. 12mo. New York, A. K. Butts. Paper, 5 cents.

American Rationalists are familiar with the name of Mrs. Annie Besant, through her association with Mr. Charles Bradlaugh in their recent celebrated trial in London for the publication and mailing of Dr. Knowlton's *Fruits of Philosophy*. These two are publishers of the *National Reformer*, the great English Freethought Journal, and the conductors of the *Freethought Publishing House*, from which emanate the major portion of the popular freethought literature of England. In addition, Mrs. Besant is constantly engaged in the lecture field, in active propagandism of radicalism in theology, philosophy, sociology. She is one of the ablest, most cultured, and attractive orators on the Liberal rostrum, always commanding large audiences, and invariably worsting the Christian bigots in their polemical encounters. She is an easy, graceful writer, clear and lucid, pointed and logical, marshaling ever an array of potent facts in sustentation of her carefully-digested positions. In the recent joint trial of Mr. Bradlaugh and herself, the greater portion of the argument for the defence was delivered by Mrs. Besant,—although Mr. Bradlaugh is an excellent lawyer, and usually conducts his own defence in his many legal tussels with the Christianity-dominated authorities of his native land, —which defence of hers occupied portions of several days in its presentation; a



defence probably unparalled in the annals of female forensic eloquence, astonishing the court, the jury, and all present by its great erudition, logical force, massiveness of argument, and grace of delivery.

The work of Dr. Knowlton being somewhat antiquated, Mrs. Besant, to fulfill the demand for a work abreast of the times, has prepared an able and cogently written tractate upon the *Law of Population*, which Mr. Butts has just republished in America. Although issued in England but a few weeks, its sale has reached the 25th thousand; and doubtless a like extensive sale will reward its American reprint. The Law of Population, first formulated by Malthus, that there is a constant tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the nourishment prepared for it, as applied to the human race, forms the basis of this latest of Mrs. B.'s monographs. To counteract the excess of surplus humanity, natural "checks" to over-population are necessarily demanded. An exposition of these "checks," as advanced by various physiologists and political economists, constitute the practical portion of the pamphlet. The information therein contained will be gladly received by many, we doubt not. Enlightened public opinion, rational progress, has long called for "Fewer children and better." The means of regulating the production of offspring, upon which dense ignorance is almost universally prevalent, are pointed out, with suggestions for their utilization hygienically. The beneficent results outflowing from the general adoption of this system of preventive checks is thus graphically depicted, which extract we present as indicative of the pleasing fluency and chaste perspicuity of Mrs. Besant's writings:

"The root of poverty would be dug up, and pauperism would decline and at last vanish. Where now over-crowded hovels stand, would then be comfortable houses; where now the large family starves in rags, the small family would then live on sufficient food, clad in decent raiment; education would replace ignorance, and self-reliance would supersede charity. Where the workhouse now frowns, the busy school would then smile, and care and forethought for the then valuable lives would diminish the dangers of factory and work-room. Prostitution would cease to flourish in our streets, and the sacred home would be early built and joyously dwelt in; wedded love would enter the lists against vice, and, no longer the herald of want, would chase her counterfeit from our land. No longer would transmitted disease poison our youth, nor premature death destroy our citizens. A full possibility of life would open before each infant born into our nation, and there would be room, and love, and cherishing enough for each new-comer."

*Money.* By J. S. Loveland. Spiritual Offering Tracts No. 3. 8pp, 8vo. Springfield, Mo. Paper, 5 cents; 10 copies, 30 cents; 50 copies, \$1 00, postpaid.

The financial question is an all absorbing topic of the day; and many gifted writers are endeavoring to solve the problem of monetary equilibration. Mr. Loveland's tract is a plainly written presentation of the matter in a nut-shell. He first gives us a *resume* of the origin and early uses of money, including the genesis of usury, owing to the inadequacy in amount of the primitive currency. From this he postulates abundant money as the great necessity of society, the truth of which he very clearly and rationally presents; concluding with the consideration of the question, "How can we obtain an abundance of money?" This Mr. Loveland thinks can be secured if we make "two billion dollars of full legal tender greenbacks—absolute money. always to be at par with coin, gold or silver—and pay every bond therewith and never issue another bond while the nation exists." This tract is appositely written, and merits wide circulation. Financial prosperity is, truly, a great *desideratum*; and all suggestions looking to its attainment should, if possible, be brought to the attention of the masses of the people in all parts of the country, as educative of the nation in the evolution of a just and equitable policy of finance.

ALL Liberal Books and publications, including those noticed in this department of the OFFERING, kept on hand and for sale at publisher's prices; will be sent promptly by mail.

Address SPIRITUAL OFFERING,  
Springfield, Mo.



THE  
SPIRITUAL OFFERING.  
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY  
FROM A SPIRITUALISTIC AND SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.

---

JULY, 1878.

---


[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]  
THE EVOLUTION OF THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL, AS ESTABLISHED  
BY SCIENTIFIC EXEGESIS.\*

---

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

---

1.—Genesis and Growth of Biblical Science.

 AMONG the achievements of the present century, not the least noteworthy, may be mentioned the rapid strides of rational Biblical exegesis. Barely known at the commencement of this marvelous nineteenth century, growing slowly for the first twenty-five or thirty years thereafter, it has within the last thirty or forty years made great progress, particularly in Germany, Holland and England, and also to a considerable degree in France and the United States. Various known in its different phases as the *historical* method, the *scientific* method, the *literary* method, the *organic* method, the *his'orico-critical* method, etc., it has discarded the ordinary traditional or dogmatic system of Biblical criticism and research, and patiently and carefully analyzes the entire circuit of Hebrew and early Christian history and literature. It probes to the bottom the Scriptural narratives, prophecies, laws, and poems, assigning each to its proper position in the natural order of events; as evidenced by known facts, historical, theological, philological. The transcendent importance of the results obtained by the critical researches of the sciento-Biblicists can scarcely be over-estimated, overthrowing as they do many of the fondly cherished conceptions of the dogmatists and supernaturalists

---

\**The Religion of Israel*, a manual. Translated from the Dutch of J. Knappert pastor at Leiden; by Richard A. Armstrong. 283 pp., 16mo. Boston; Roberts Bro's, 1878. Cloth, \$1.00.



so prevalent in Christendom, and presenting to the world for the first time approximately truthful views of the real origin and growth, both of Judaism and Christianity; the relative age, authenticity, and reliability of the books of the Old and New Testament; and the true characters and teachings of the various personages so familiar to us in the Bible history, such as Moses, David, Elijah, Isaiah, Jesus, Paul, and the Twelve Apostles,—in all cases differing more or less from those popularly received and currently held by the unthinking masses, and by their almost as equally uninstructed spiritual guides and teachers.

The fathers of modern historical criticism were Spinoza of the seventeenth century, and Lessing of the eighteenth century. The *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* of Spinoza is, so far as known, the first attempt to apply the method of rational *historical* criticism to the Biblical narratives; and to Lessing, with his massive erudition and unrivaled sagacity, belongs the honor of instituting that method of inquiry, which, in the hands of the so called *Tuebingen School*, has contributed above all other instrumentalities, to the complete establishment of the age and character of all the New Testament literature, and which, in the skillful hands of the historico-critical theologians of Leyden (Holland), has performed the same valuable work in the matter of the Old Testament. But many years elapsed ere any could be found worthy to take up and carry on the good work Lessing and Spinoza had begun. In the earlier portion of the present century, however, a number of able scholars, such as Eichhorn, Paulus, Schleiermacher, Semler, Bleek, Bretschneider, Ewald, and DeWette, adopted the historico-critical method, in greater or less degree, in the conduct of their Biblical researches; many valuable results being attained thereby, especially by Ewald and DeWette. The key-note was at length struck in 1835 by David Friedrich Strauss, the author of the far-famed *Leben Jesu*. “The ‘Life of Jesus,’ published by Strauss when only twenty-six years of age,” says John Fiske, “is one of the monumental works of the nineteenth century, worthy to rank, as a historical effort, along with Niebuhr’s ‘History of Rome,’ Wolf’s ‘Prolegomena,’ or Bentley’s ‘Dissertations on Phalaris.’ It instantly superseded and rendered antiquated everything which had preceded it; nor has any work on early Christianity been written in Germany for the past thirty years which has not been dominated by the recollection of that marvelous book.”



Since the publication of Strauss's original *Life of Jesus*, our knowledge of the New Testament literature has been vastly extended. When he first published his incomparable work the dates of but very few of the New Testament writings were known with any degree of certainty; the date and character of the Fourth Gospel, the authenticity of Paul's epistles, the reliability and credibility of the Acts of the Apostles, and the mutual relations of the three Synoptical Gospels were all unsettled. About this time the Tuebingen School of theology was established; and it is to the genius and diligence of this School, and more especially to its founder, Ferdinand Christian Baur, that we are indebted for positive data regarding the points above cited. Baur found "the key to the secret of the composition of the first three Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and portions of other books, in the quarrel between Paul and Peter, feelingly described in the second chapter of the letter to the Galatians,"—these two representing respectively the Pauline and Petrine Gospels of Christ, the liberal Universal Gospel of Paul and the narrow Judaic Gospel of Peter, James, and the Twelve Apostles. Thus the Synoptic Gospels "are the results of that controversy between the broad and the narrow churches; are not, therefore, writings of historical value or biographical moment, but books of a doctrinal character not controversial or polemical,—mediatorial and conciliatory rather than aggressive,—but written in a controversial interest, and intelligible only when read by a controversial light." "His [Baur's] studies on the fourth Gospel," says O. B. Frothingham, "and on the life and writings of the Apostle Paul, are admirable examples of the unprejudiced literary method; by far the most intelligent, comprehensive, and consistent ever made; simply invaluable in their kind. They contain all that is necessary for a complete *rationale* of the New Testament literature. These, taken in connection with his 'History of the First Three Centuries,' his 'Origin of the Episcopate,' his 'Dogmengeschichte,' put the patient and attentive student in possession of the full case." Thirty years of energetic controversy have served to establish nearly all of Baur's leading conclusions more firmly than ever. The priority in date of the so-called Gospel of "Matthew," the Pauline character of "Luke," the second in time of the Gospels, the second-hand character of "Mark," and the unapostolic origin of the Fourth Gospel, may now be regarded as



thoroughly established. In the matter of the Pauline epistles, the penetrative judgment and inspired insight of Baur at once detected the four genuine epistles of Paul; viz., Romans, I. and II. Corinthians, and Galatians,—the others being spurious, with perhaps the exception of I. and II. Thessalonians, the authenticity of which is still in doubt. Says John Fiske: “Seldom have such vast results been achieved by the labor of a single scholar. Seldom has any historical critic possessed such a combination of analytic and of co-ordinating powers as Baur.” His co-laborer, Dr. Edward Zeller, speedily detected the true character of the “Acts of the Apostles,” which work was shown to have been partly founded on documents written by Luke, or some other companion of Paul, and very largely expanded and modified by a much later writer—about A. D. 125—for the purpose of covering up the traces of the early schism between the Pauline and Petrina sections of the Church. Finally, Strauss’s *New Life of Jesus*, “adopting and utilizing the principal discoveries of Baur and his followers, and combining all into one historical picture, worthily completes the task which the earlier work of the same author had inaugurated.”

It will be noted that all the foregoing Biblical critics are German. Spinoza excepted; indeed, until within the last twenty years, Germany has had almost complete monopoly of analytic Biblical science. In addition to the honored names already presented, may be mentioned, as the more prominent in the long role of German historico-critical exegetists, such writers as Kalisch, Keim, Schwegler, Bruno Bauer, Hilgenfeld, Koestlin, Pfeiderer, Zunz, Goldziher (Hungarian), Geiger, Bunsen, Steinthal, Weizsaecker, Credner, Brill, Volkmar, Ebers, Olshausen, Lauth, Hitzig, Gesenius, Paret, Rothe, Schrader, Uhlemann, Bernstein, Eisenlohr, Kohler, Schultze, Hupfeld, Wedell, Holtzmann, Knobel, Ginsburg, Weiss, Anger, Wellhausen, Ritschl, Wilke, Luecke, Riehm, Boehmer, Baumgarten-Crusius, Schlottmann, Von Bohlen, Hirzel, Kayser, Boettcher, Tuch, Hartmann, Kamphausen, Weisse, Grimm, Vonder Alm, Merx, Bertheau, Kohut, Gersdorf, Schwartz, and Duhm.

Within the last twenty years, however, other countries have entered the lists: and the many able works ever issuing in Holland, France, England, and America attest the widespread influence of the Rationalistic and Scientific Schools of Scriptural interpretation and analysis.



Passing from Germany to Holland, we are at once struck with the number of eminent theologians diligently prosecuting the historical or organic system of Biblical exegesis: more particularly with reference to the Old Testament and the evolution of the religion of the Israelites. Germany, it will have been noticed, has developed the only true system of New Testament criticism and interpretation: while, with respect to the Old Testament and Israel's earlier religious growth, Holland stands without a peer. What Strauss, Baur, and Zeller have done for Christianity and its earlier writings, Kuenen, Oort, and Hooykaas have done for Judaism and its literature. Dr. A. Kuenen, Professor of Theology in the University of Leyden, is now the acknowledged master in the field of Israel's religious evolution; and his far-reaching and comprehensive work, the *Religion of Israel*,—an English translation of which, in three volumes, is now published in London,—is universally recognized as the standard upon the subject treated. Ably seconding Prof. Kuenen are Drs. Oort and Hooykaas, whose admirable *Bible for Learners*—now publishing in three volumes, by Roberts Brothers, Boston—sums up all that is now known concerning the Bible, as demonstrated by the Science of Religion,—the critico-historical method. Among other Dutch exegetists, more or less active in this school of thought, we may instance Tiele, Dozy, Graf, Scholten, Pierson, Matthes, Knappert, De Goeje, Hoekstra, Wolff, Loman, Veth, Land, Van Gilse, and Meyboom.

The most popular work of the rationalistic school emanating from France is Renan's famous *Life of Jesus*, a work far inferior in grasp of thought and sound logical deduction to Strauss's celebrated *Life of Jesus*. Among other able sciento-Biblicists of France, the works and labors of Reuss, Reville, Coquerel, Pressense, Oppert, Scherer, Salvador, D'Eichthal, Rodriguez, Nicolas, and Colani, at once engage our attention, indicating as they do how deep an impression the modern school of thought has made upon the French theological mind.

Proceeding to England, we encounter a constantly increasing band of noble workers interested in the advancement of sound Biblical criticism and interpretation. Bishop Colenso's most excellent work upon the *Pentateuch and Book of Joshua* has probably attained a wider circulation, and has occasioned the Orthodox



world, fast tethered to the traditional school of exegesis, more "vexation of spirit" than any other work of its class in the English language. Dr. Samuel Davidson's *Introduction to the O'd Testament*, in three volumes, and *Introduction to the New Testament*, in two volumes, occupy the front rank, probably, in England, as regards breadth of value and scholarly research. Side by side with these we find an anonymous work, in three volumes, entitled *Supernatural Religion*, critically analytical of New Testament literature in all its ramifications, the product of a mind erudite, profound, comprehensive. Judge Hanson has favored the world with two most excellent works, entitled respectively *The Jesus of History* and *Paul the Apostle*; Greg's *Creed of Christendom* has been a standard for years; Scott's *English Life of Jesus* is a valuable compendium of the results of scientific criticism of the Gospel narratives, and deserves an extended circulation; Sharp's *History of the Hebrew Nation and its Literature* presents, in a compact volume of five hundred closely printed pages, the history of the development of the Israelites, politically, religiously, and literarily, as established by the organic method, and is highly prized by the writer. R. W. Mackay's *Rise and Progress of Christianity*, and other works; J. J. Tayler's *Fourth Gospel*; Cranbrook's *Founders of Christianity*; Rev. Dr. Giles's *Hebrew and Christian Records*; Meredith's *Prophet of Nazareth*; Robertson's *Finding of the Book*; Amberley's *Analysis of Religious Belief*; Judge Strange's *Sources of Christianity, Legends of the O'd Testament*, and other works; Hennell's *Origin of Christianity*; and the writings of F. W. Newman, Priaulx, Pictou, Martineau, Wicksteed, Muir, Neale, and others,—these are all timely, valuable, and productive of great good in opening the eyes, and enlarging the understanding, of superstition's enthralled legions in English-speaking countries.

In America but little, comparatively, has been done in the way of infusing the truths of organico-scientific religious criticism among the people, either by the publication of original works of native authors or by the reprint of standard foreign works. Some good work, however, has been done in this regard in both directions. Rev. O. B. Frothingham has recently published a very useful and instructive volume, *The Cradle of the Christ*, giving an account of the genesis and growth of Primitive Christianity, as based upon the literary method of interpretation and criticism. Rabbi Wise of



Cincinnati has given us, in his *Origin of Christianity*, a Talmudico—Judaic view of the early Christian Church, its birth and growth. Rabbi Schlesinger's *Historical Jesus of Nazareth* present the life of Jesus as evidenced by the scientific method of investigation, in conjunction with the modern scholarly Hebrew conception of the Nazarene. John Fisk, of Harvard University, has published two valuable essays on the *Jesus of History* and the *Jesus of Dogma*, epitomizing the conclusions of the Turbingen School and other rationalistic critics. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Chicago, has published a little work called *The Bible: What is it?* embodying the results of the leading German, Dutch, and English scholarship, a new and enlarged edition of which is now in press. Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, of Grand Haven, Michigan, is now issuing a series of essays expositive of the *Origin and Growth of Religions, of Judaism, and of Christianity*, according to the scientific method.

We are also pleased to announce, that Roberts Brothers, Boston, have just published an English translation of Rev. J. Knappert's work on the *Religion of Israel*. This work is a digest or epitome of Dr. Kuenen's celebrated *Religion of Israel*, in three large volumes, undoubtedly the ablest and most comprehensive work on the subject ever published. Within a small compass Mr. Knappert has included all the principal facts, salient points, and general conclusions of Kuenen, expressed in plain, simple phrase, intelligible to the most ordinary capacity. This is a book that should be scattered broadcast over the land, throwing, as it does, a flood of light upon the Old Testament in all its parts, and embodying the results of the profoundest research and most thorough analysis of the whole early Hebrew literature, canonical and apocryphal. All are interested to know when the five books of Moses (so-called) were written, and what degree of reliability to place upon their lengthened narratives. No one but what would be glad to know the intent and purpose of the book of Job; whether David was the author of any of the Psalms; whether Solomon can truthfully be regarded as the author of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon; the truth of the books of Esther and Ruth, and of the other historical books; the function and scope of the Hebrew Prophets; the correct interpretation of the book of Daniel; and a host of similar propositions. A solution of all these may be found in this important volume; and being low in price—one dollar—all can afford to procure it.



It is proposed, in one or more papers succeeding this, to present a succinct summary of the process of evolution of the Religion of Israel, from the earliest authentic period, the sojourn of the tribes in Egypt, to the destruction of Jerusalem. The work adverted to above, Knappert's *Religion of Israel*, will be our guide, our foundation, and the basis of our conclusions. Being itself an epitome of the best and greatest work upon the subject in hand, our succeeding articles will be scarcely more than a digest of this epitome of Kuenen's *Chef d'œuvre*. Feeling assured that our readers will be interested in learning the results of the latest critical researches of the most eminent Bible-scholars in the world, to the following series of papers we invite their attention one and all.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### THE PUREST POETRY.

BY BELLE BUSH.

THE purest poetry lives not in words,  
 But lingers round the heart's deep chords:  
 It is not found in measured rhymes,  
 Nor yet in music's mellow chimes.  
 Its blissful sphere is not confined  
 To those by classic lore refined.  
 But it may bless the humblest mind.  
 It is not always born of speech:  
 The flowers of thought too often reach  
 No farther than the lips that speak;  
 Or if a wider range they seek,  
 O'er human hearts their sounds may break  
 Only to make them 'plain and ache.  
 Not so with poetry that's born  
 Within the soul's eternal morn,—  
 That, planted in the human heart,  
 Becomes thenceforth of it a part,  
 And shows itself,—like golden rays  
 That o'er the hill-tops burn and blaze—  
 In many pleasant winsome ways.  
 Would'st thou, O man, know whence it comes,  
 And where its living presence roams,—  
 What form it takes, what witching spells  
 Can call it from its builders' cells?  
 Know, then, it is the soul of 'Truth!  
 Oh, seek her! She will work no ruth,  
 But crown thee with immortal youth.  
 From heaven she comes, o'er earth she roams,  
 Or lingers in the humblest homes,  
 And when she finds a quiet rest  
 Or lodging in the human breast,  
 There soon she sows the blessed seeds



That grow and bear, for human needs,  
 The golden fruitage of good deeds.  
 Oh, then, let all whose soul's aspire  
 To feel the true promethean fire  
 That linger's in the poet's lyre,  
 Go forth, and write upon the sands of life  
 The poetry of noble deeds,  
 And they will be like fruit-producing seeds  
 Laid in the fertile soil, that quick up spring,  
 Uprooting noisome weeds.

If you would make life's journey safe and sure,  
 Be patient to endure;  
 Let all your thoughts be pure,  
 Your aspirations high, each purpose strong,  
 To strive and win the victory over wrong.

Let every ill be borne with patient trust,  
 And learn from day to day  
 To bear your cross along an even way:  
 'Twill win for you the star crown of the just,  
 And leave upon your robes no soil of dust,  
 Upon your souls no stains of cankering rust.

Leave scorning to the proud, and pride to those  
 Who dwell in clay-built huts  
 Down in the marl-pits and the moral ruts  
 Wherein men fall whose souls  
 The greed of gain o'ermasters and controls.

*Judge no one harshly:* angels never blame  
 Earth's erring ones, but gently fan the flame  
 That kindles in their hearts a sense of shame,  
 More potent far than words of withering scorn,  
 That only waken discord where they're born,  
 And wound the soul, and plant within a thorn,  
 That rankles there, and shuts from hearts forlorn  
 The dawn of heaven, the penitential morn.

Go, cheer the sorrowing: feed earth's hungry souls,  
 Starving for bread of life,  
 Weary and worn with watchings and with strife,  
 They need your heart's best prayer,  
 The gentle, tender care  
 That soothes, with pleasant words and acts of love,  
 The bruised heads that seldom look above -  
 Their idols made of clay,  
 That fade too soon away:  
 And leave them mourning like a wounded dove  
 Whose mate is dead, or, faithless, learned to rove  
 To other bowers, within a neighboring grove.

Cheer on the young, whose race is just begun:  
 Sustain the aged forms  
 Bowed low beneath life's storms;  
 Bless those who rise: encourage those who fall:  
 They are our brothers still: oh, bless them all.  
 Thus will ye sow on earth the blessed seeds



That, springing up and whitening in the field,  
 A hundred fold shall yield  
 Of fruits for human needs,  
 And men will bless you for those golden seeds,  
 And angels call you poet of good deeds.

—*Balvidera Seminary, New Jersey.*

---

## MONOPOLY ETHICS.

BY J. S. LOVELAND.

*No. II.*

**T**HE "Moral Standard" of all monopolies is embodied in the phrase "a thing is worth what it will bring;" and, so far as the social status is concerned, this rule is of universal application. It works both ways, which is supposed to prove the perfectness of any rule. For instance, if the monopolist has created a "corner" in produce, stock, or transportation facilities, and demands prices that are ruinous to those who are compelled to pay them, he is ready to defend himself with the universal rule. So also the money lender, the landlord and all other monopolists; on the other hand, if times are dull and hard, and laborers are to be employed, wages are at once cut down, because "a thing is worth only what it will bring." It is as good for the bulls as the bears of our progressive (?) civilization.

It covers the demand for excessive prices and charges in *one* direction and approves of the lowest ones in the other.

No wonder Democritus laughed at the stupid folly of mankind, if the financial thimble-rigging of to-day was prevalent in ancient Greece. Nor need we be astonished that the money cormorants consider the working masses as only fit to be devoured at leisure. But, there is surely cause for sadness, when we see the toiling millions, seemingly only intent on preparing the banquet of the Cannibals who prey upon them; or, throwing metaphor aside, it is lamentable that the mass accept, as an axiom, the sentence we have quoted as the moral standard of the monopolist. What! are we never to have a standard of value resting on a scientific basis? Is our labor, and what it creates, ever to be at the dictum of those whose only study is to absorb all the surplus of labor's production?

Will the people forever watch the gambling tricks of the go-betweens and applaud their smartness, when they are all the while robbed by the same? Let us hope not. But ere the play will cease on the one hand, and want and misery on the other, the



cursed sorcery, which lurks in the principle of the monopolists, must be exposed and abandoned.

It is not true, that "a thing is worth what it will bring." Actual values are not created by the scarcities and "corners" which gambling speculators may produce. The real worth, or value of anything, cannot be measured by the wants or necessities of parties wishing to make a purchase. A starving man might be compelled to pay a thousand dollars for a meal of victuals; but, will any one be so stupid as to assert that a few ounces of provisions can have any such enormous value? Nor can the use, which the article may subserve to the buyer or borrower, have anything to do with the question of value. The loan of a few hundred dollars, oftentimes, might save a valuable farm from forced sale, and prevent an estimable family from sinking into poverty and ruin; but, to measure the rate of interest by the benefit received, would be monstrously wrong. This rule compels the most needy, those least able, to pay the largest interest. So, also, in the purchase of goods, the poorest are obliged to pay the most extravagant prices. Does the wealth of the rich, or the destitution of the poor, make one or two cents difference in the *value* of the pound of sugar or tea, which they respectively purchase? Of course not. How, then, are we to ascertain the value of articles, if we inexorably shut out of the equation the condition of the purchaser? I answer; by instituting a standard of common sense and honesty.

The *real* value of exchangeable commodities is defined by the amount of labor necessary for their production. Human labor is the only just and proper measure of real values. Hence, the only equitable or honest price of anything having a real value, is the cost of its production. "Cost the limit of price," is the honest *standard* of price, as it is the only common sense *measure* of value. Then, instead of saying "a thing is worth what it will bring," which is the exponent of Monopoly Ethics, we say: things are worth what they cost; no more, no less; and, by cost, we mean the labor legitimately expended in their production and transportation.

It must be apparent to every reader, that, if labor is to be the measurer of values, and all things derive their value from such measurement, it, itself, cannot be measured by them. They can, at most, only be representative of labor, as a bank bill is supposed to represent specie. Money will be simply a labor tally; different



pieces representing different lengths of time employed in work. There can then be no cutting down the price of labor, for the length of time employed is the price.

It is the misfortune and folly of producers, the worlds workers, that they allow the robber class, the monopolists, to establish a fictitious, an ever fluctuating price, not only for the products of their labor, but for the labor itself.

Labor is life. For what is life but the sum total of those forces which constitute us men? And what is labor but the expenditure of a portion of those forces? Labor products, then, represent a certain quantum of expended life; or, to put it in another form, a given amount of life-force has been transmitted into another kind of force. Hence, labor, and labor products, will always be found in strict correspondence to each other in estimated value. And the never ceasing change in prices will continue as long as the workers allow their lives to be estimated by a money standard, and that money the "specie basis of to-day."

If men allow their labor to be valued by gold and silver coins, the money of the traders and monopolists, they thereby consent to be slaves, and slaves they are. The money of civilization, (?) (specie) is the ready instrument by which the Ethics of Monopoly are established. Having no fixed, because no scientific value, it fluctuates every day in the year; and, hence, the price of nothing can be depended on from one week to another. This incessant fluctuation in the price of labor products, made possible by a specie money, perpetually robs the laborer and enriches the monopolist. There being no fixed standard of value for anything (and there can be none with our specie money) renders it easy for the monopolist to establish and enforce the rule, that "a thing is worth what it will bring." A cental of wheat, of like quality, will afford the same nutriment one year as another; hence, it has the same intrinsic value through all the ages. The cost of its production will average nearly the same, except as machinery may modify to some extent. Why, then, the eternal fluctuation in its commercial value or price? Because of specie money and the ethics of the monopolist.

But, to close the article, I submit that the establishment of the scientific—the common sense standard, "cost the limit of price," will at once prevent this ruinous fluctuation in prices. Let it not be forgotten, however, that the monopolist has adopted no new



standard of commercial morality. He applies, in his department, what the people allow in all others. To strike at his application, while the rule is allowed to be just, is worse than folly, it is a crime. If you accept the principal don't wince at its application.

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]  
**THE INNERMOST OF SPIRITUALISM.**

---

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

**T**HE ESOTERIC element in our philosophy seems to me of much more importance than we are apt to credit it with. Do not the mass of Spiritualists of this day, notwithstanding our two or three decades of experience, to say nothing of that vast field of historic lore threaded everywhere with filaments of our faith; do we not all in fact, give a too abundant heed to what is exoteric, to material or physical manifestations, to what I will here term sensuous (in a restricted sense), rather than spiritual? When we hear the thunder crashing through the heavens, we recognize it as a sublime manifestation, but if we stop here, we lose a lesson wherein is inscribed a sublimer mystery, the silent and weird force, a Jupiter slumbering by his forge; the Phœnician Cabiri, the Greek Dioseuri, the Curetes Corybantes and Telechini,\* who, as an electric circle, in one view of their potentiality, girds the heavens. Aye; we lose a lesson as we do when we look thoughtlessly upon the humble paving stone of the street which holds a fire that can brighten the entire universe. The horse's hoof smites it, and lo! it speaks in a spark that proclaims a latent energy more regal than all that surrounds the throne of kings. And this energy will sleep forever unless some venturesome soul has courage and intelligence enough to arouse it, to command it, to wake its voltaic graces, to summon it into activity, to allure it from its hiding place, to invite it as a lethargic beauty to lift its veil; then, perchance, he who has had such daring, if not dazzled by the excessive glory, if not prostrated by unchained forces, if the dungeons night becomes not too painfully dissipated, if the madness of this marvel and mystery makes him not more mad, if he knows the imperial power of his own deific will,—then indeed will he stand as upon a sea of glass with all the heavens reflected therein.

On the other hand we look upon the stone and know that it has its humble uses; we look upwards and see a seemingly blue vault; we see a form manifestation and we clasp it, being sure that it is the one whom we have known and loved on earth, a dear one perhaps who took with her as she went away, the very life of our being, and what then? We pray with our lips and cry, "Help our unbe-

---

\*Jennings Ros.



lief;" we hunger and thirst for righteousness but smite not aright the rock of faith; we wander in the wilderness and see no path outward, though here and there a ray of sunshine streams through the thick foliage; we go about the city and faintly hammer at her gates and are abashed at her battlements; we enter the pool of Beth-esda, but no sweet angels face is therein reflected; we climb to the summit of Mount Nebo but our feet are still upon the earth; we strive to see the star of our destiny while we hide our heads in the sand.

I had once a thrilling vision, probably subjective, which I will attempt to describe, but no words of my own can do it justice. I seemed to be afloat at some distance above the surface of the earth, the eastern and outer margin of which, as a convex line, was in full view. There a radiant angel stood, tall, majestic, vested in long white robes. She seemed to be silently, sadly contemplating the poor frail inhabitants of our planet, who, as intensely black little figures no bigger than flies, were every one of them stooping down as if intently digging in the earth; no one of them looking up to catch a glimpse of the beautiful being, who, despairing as it were, had dropped her hands at her side, hopeless by awaiting recognition while a voice from heaven summoned her thitherward. This scene often recurs to me; for it glaringly, painfully, exactly, represents the condition of things, as the inner sight may see them. The angel of light and beauty, the star in the East that would lead us to the cradle of a perpetual beatitude; the voice in the wilderness crying unto us to prepare the way; the mount of transfiguration, the scene we are rapidly approaching; the crosses of life that stand upon the hill of every anticipated joy; all, all are of supreme moment and like the hand-writing upon the wall should find an interpreter within.

What is it if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls? I do not speak of this in its usual theological sense. I refer to it as a phrase having a significance that we cannot afford to ignore; for the world if gained is the phantom of vanity, the dew of the valley that must ascend at the suns dawning, the cloud, if no bigger than a mans hand and bringing a tempest, that must be dispersed in the vast atmospheric realm which it dotted and perhaps marred; the faint dream foreshadowing the morning. If this then is all in the exoteric view of our transient career, and we find as we draw toward the sunset of our earthly day, that this would be a farce indeed were there nothing beyond, should we not stretch out our arms most eagerly to enfold something firmer, better? To be sure, it may not be well to abandon all of the present for a "farm in the clouds," as the distinguished and marvelous Robert Ingersoll expresses it, but we can dig the soil with an occasional glance upward. (perchance at the angel that I saw standing on the verge of our globe), with an earnest determination to heed the cry of the soul—"the longing for immortality; with a prayer, which, doing no good



can do no harm; with a prayer now and then, if not continuously, which, while it can change no fixed law, may invite our guardian angels to help us—as help us they can. This help which I refer to and the direction it takes I have often illustrated in this way: A man falls in the street, and a hundred may see him fall and pass by supposing that he is able to recover himself; but if he cries for aid, how many of this number would find their hearts throbbing at once with a desire to assist him. So, I fancy, of the angel world. A divine throng may be looking for labor, and near us, and may not be able to look into our encased, often thickly encased, mental laboratory; but when it is prepared for their reception and the cry goes up, “Help or I perish,” the flutter of wings may not be heard, but gentle footsteps will tread the path near us and the inner sanctuary of our being will be visited.

The outer world of Spiritualism as I will name it, is only the “baked meats at a funeral;” it is the veritable husk which few break through to the living kernel; which few seem desirous of breaking through, perhaps in ignorance of the fact that there is a vitality within of unspeakable loveliness,—the light, the power I have referred to, as abiding in the rock.

And do not the Vedas teach this? Did not Sakya Siddarrhata exemplify it? Why did the young prince leave his father’s palace and adopt the garb of a mendicant? He knew the body “to be only a mortifying pile unworthy of costly apparel.” He knew the dangers surrounding power and affluence and adopted the life of a recluse that he might turn his thoughts heavenward and receive his inspiration thence. The fakirs of India know this too, lead the life of asceticism, make everything, every emotion, succumb to the one ruling desire—to be spiritual. “In India,” says Michelet, “piety has produced the effects of wisdom.”

One thing aids these oriental mystics—they eat no meat; and this is in keeping with a great law of nature, viz: all useful animals eat no meat; the useless devour it eagerly. The gentle cow, the sheep, the ox, the camel, the elephant, though with wondrous strength, eschew meat, while the cat, hyena, tiger, thrive on it. Michelet, I think it is, who claims that the English, and more especially the Irish, are a brutal, blood thirsty people because they devour so much flesh. It is a great truth; the more a nation abstains from the consumption of meat the more temperate and gentle it is, and hence the better prepared for spiritual things.

The great and influential body of Free Masons too, would do well to look deeper into the mysteries of their craft than they now do. The “last word” is not yet found among us. An orator at a recent “dedication” stated, I am told, that Masonry dates back only a few centuries. I have been in a vaulted room in an old ruined temple of Egypt where doubtless some of the most ancient of our craft had their gatherings,—where they celebrated, perhaps,



the death and burial of Osiris. Can my brethren see nothing in this? And is not the spiritual nature of it, the esoteric, the inner light of this ceremony, of more moment than all the pomp and show of the day can evoke? Let us contemplate anew the "star in the east."

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### REMEMBER!

BY MRS. E. G. PLANCK.

**W**HEN the glad sun of morning shall dart his first glance,  
 And gilds with his brightness the azure expanse;  
 When the earth is all freshness, and breezes so light,  
 Have sprung from the footsteps of fast-fleeting night;  
 When the soft gush of music with rapture is heard,  
 As it breaks from the breast of the light-hearted bird;  
 When thy heart in its gladness from sorrow is free—  
 In the freshness of morning—remember thou me?

When nature is hushed in the twilight of eve,  
 When the flowers are folded and nightingales grieve;  
 When the rich hues of sunset like happiness fade,  
 And their gay colors melt into evening's dim shade;  
 When silence o'er nature her mantle has spread,  
 And thy soul is to sadness in sympathy wed;  
 When the gloom of that hour hath gathered o'er thee,  
 In the stillness of twilight—remember thou me!

At midnight thou'lt sit 'neath the shadowing trees,  
 And list to the low moaning notes of the breeze;  
 Light fleecy clouds will flit over the moon,  
 Like the first early cares of our life's summer noon;  
 In thy bosom the tumult of passion shall sleep,  
 While the deep waves of memory over thee sweep.  
 The swift wings of thought shall bear treasures to thee  
 Which shall whisper in musical cadence of me!

Oh, then, then remember the days that are past,  
 Whose skies were too bright and too cloudless to last:  
 Ere the flowers that were strewn in our pathway were dead,  
 Or our weary feet pressed the sharp thorns with our tread;  
 As thy mornings, and twilights, and midnights shall flee.—  
 In brightness or darkness—remember thou me!

**PREVALENCE OF COMMUNISM.**—A recent writer notices the fact that communism is everywhere about us in every day life. Streets and highways, churches, hotels and markets are inevitably pervaded by communism. The very existence of railways depends upon communism. Without communism there would be no post office department, nor common schools, nor church organizations. Steamships, factories, banks and great trading companies are all the outgrowths of communism. A modern family hotel would be a full blown community if the proprietor were to retire and the boarders were to run the concern themselves through their own appointed agents, sharing the expense according to cost.



[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

## SCHILLER AND CHARLOTTE.

BY E. VIRGINIA B. STRYKER.\*

**S**CHILLER, the contemporary and friend of Gœthe, was born a poet, endowed alike, as all true poets are, with the delicate instincts of a pure and womanly nature, and the masterly power of creative genius. At an early age he developed not only a taste for the drama, but a capacity for dramatic composition; and he subsequently achieved distinction at the same time in the Professor's chair at the University of Jena, and as a writer of history. Delicate in feeling, of modest mien, but proud in spirit, and withal endowed with rare and various gifts, he was little disposed to mingle in the ordinary circles of society. His soul sought a more subtle communion with nature. In the morning hours he was accustomed to wander by the banks of the Elbe, and to give himself up to solitary musings in the groves along the green slopes, where the ripple of waters, blending with the soft diminuendos of the winds, fell in music on his ear. And when the storm raged his restless spirit went abroad and mingled its deeper sympathies with the unresting elements of the natural world.

Schiller realized his first public triumph in his relation to the drama. It occurred on the occasion of the first representation of his "Cabal and Love." When the curtain fell on the closing scene, the popular enthusiasm was intense, and many voices called out for the name of the author of the play. The chief actor stood silent before the curtain. Not a word was spoken, but he pointed significantly to a private box near the stage. A delicate youth, on whose broad brow was the illuminated seal of an intellectual manhood, stood there alone, with folded arms, seemingly transfixed, and surveying the tumultuous assembly with a bewildered expression. The next moment several young men who had been his fellow students at Stuttgart, recognized their schoolmate and exclaimed, "*Schiller, es lebe Friedrich Schiller!*"

Among the deeply interested witnesses of his triumph was the Lady of Lengefeld and her two daughters, who occupied a court box from which they could see the young poet. The fair Charlotte, whom Schiller's love made immortal, was there arrayed in thin robes of pale azure, and for the first time the beautiful maiden gazed at the object that so excited the populace. Then and there the image and spirit of the people's idol was enshrined in her own trembling heart.

\*We extend a cordial welcome to our new contributor. The first article we have from her pen is beautiful, and our readers may perhaps anticipate something hereafter in the same line of thought. The interest of the reader will not be lessened when we announce that the author, resident of Newark, N. J., is the eldest daughter of Prof. S. B. Brittan, whose Biography is now in course of publication in the OFFERING. Mrs. Stryker is not likely to be left without a manifest inheritance from her father.



Three years had elapsed when Schiller, who returning from an excursion into the country, was entreated by the friend who accompanied him, to pass the night at the Castle of Rudolstadt. As the two young gentlemen approached the castle, situated near the bank of the river along which they were riding, they met the ladies of Lengefeld, who were out for an evening walk. Schiller now first beheld the sweet face of the pensive girl whose destiny was mysteriously identified with his own, and like other poets soon learned the supreme lesson of loving as we may infer from these lines from his *Don Carlos* :

“ How sweet and rapturous it is to feel  
 One's self exalted in a lovely soul,  
 To know our joys make glad another's cheek,  
 Our fears to tremble in another's heart,  
 Our sufferings bedew another's eye!”

Together the youth and maiden walked to the castle. When the evening repast was over the gentle Charlotte seated herself before a lofty window, where a flood of moonlight was poured over her fair face and form, like a silvery baptism from heaven. Two hearts beat in union while the girl lightly swept the strings of her harp, and sang so sweetly that the poet compared the music to

“ A lyric voice from the Paradise afar,  
 Or harp notes trembling from some gracious star.”

---

### A COMMON SENSE SERMON.

---

Delivered to the Convicts in the Penitentiary at Anamosa, Iowa.

---

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

---

**M**Y FELLOW-MEN:—It is nearly 40 years since I began to lecture, but I never before had an opportunity to lecture to men in your condition. I do it with pleasure for I hope to be able to say something that may be of benefit to some of you. Because you are shut up in this place, and are made to wear parti-colored clothes, I do not regard you as any worse than numbers who are on the outside and who are called honorable men. The laws do not catch the worst men, as the spider webs fail to catch the blue-bottle flies, for they dash through and escape. The greatest sinners are rich enough and cunning enough to escape, but you smaller sinners are here because you were not rich enough nor cunning enough to escape. I do not blame you; I am quite sure, if I had been born of the same parents as you were, if my head had been formed exactly like yours, and I had been surrounded by the same conditions, I should have been exactly like you, in prison with a striped suit; and you, with



my parentage, my education and surroundings would have been standing here, ready to say to me what I am about to say to you.

But we cannot all be mended. The man never lived that was perfectly good. It is only to know the best man thoroughly, to know where he needs to be improved; and we can all do something to help each other to outgrow our imperfections, conquer our vices, and render crime to us an impossibility, and this it is well to do, for wrong-doing does not pay. The man who gets drunk injures himself; the pleasure he gets out of a frolic of that kind is trifling compared with the misery that is sure to follow. If he keeps it up you know in what it ends; a deranged stomach, shattered nerves, a broken-down constitution, lost self-respect, a wreck in mind and body is all that is left to represent the man. It is evident that drunkenness does not pay, and for the same reason the drinking of intoxicating liquors does not pay, for it leads to drunkenness and there is no other way to it.

Neither does stealing pay; you cannot steal from another without robbing yourself of more than you get. You rob yourself of the approbation of your own soul, and when you have lost that you have lost a jewel more precious than any that jeweler ever bought or lady wore. What a satisfaction it is to a man when his soul says to him, "well done;" and what a misery it is to him when that soul is constantly saying to him, "you are a thief, you are a villain." Is there any amount of money that can pay a man for suffering it? A man also generally loses the respect of his neighbors by his dishonesty, and this is another reason why stealing does not pay. He loses that sense of security that surrounds the honest man. A man who is doing right can look his fellows in the face without fear; the criminal is a coward, for his soul makes him so, and to his fancy an officer is lurking behind every bush. No man can afford to be a thief; what he gains in money he loses in manhood, and while his gains may be squandered in a few hours, his loss keeps him back both in this life and in the next. The loss of manhood is the worst of all losses. When we gain that we gain heaven, when we lose that we have lit the fires of our hell. The God within is to us the most important of all Gods; and the heaven and hell we make for ourselves by right and wrong-doing are the only heaven and hell that need concern us. The hell that men have hereafter is the very hell they make and carry with them, and the only way to be saved from that is the good old-fashioned way, "cease to do evil and learn to do well." This being the case what can we do that will render it easier for us to do right? What will help to keep us from wrong-doing? These are certainly very important questions to you, as indeed they are to all of us.

First abstain from all intoxicating drinks. Everything that unnaturally stimulates, as all intoxicating drinks do, from hard cider to brandy, strengthens in us what is brutal and low, while it blinds the judgment, and makes a man blind to the consequences. These



drinks are a nuisance and a curse, and more so to you than any other class of men.

Most of you inherit your parents' large back heads and small front and top-heads. Many of you, I have no doubt, were begotten by drunken fathers, and have been unfortunately organized as the result; you have obtained a larger amount of the brute nature, and a smaller amount of the moral and intellectual nature than the average of mankind. By no means are you to blame. It is your terrible misfortune; and the government that allows men to make the poisonous stuff that produces such consequences, is a government that any decent man may well be ashamed of. We cannot, however, wipe out the past, but must do our best to mend what is wrong. In your case to put any kind of intoxicating drink into your mouths is but to add oil to the fire that is consuming you, and at the same time to draw from the stock of water that might quench it.

The same is true, though in a less degree, with tea and coffee. The simpler your diet, provided it is ample and nutritious, the more readily you can rule yourselves and become good members of society. I am sorry to find that the prison authorities here furnish you with tobacco, thus keeping up in you the desire for stimulants, so that you are sure to use them when you go out of here. By this they keep the embers constantly burning, though when they burst into a flame, you will be lodged here again at the tax-payers' expense, if they can only catch you.

You need to cultivate your higher manly faculties, your reason, your judgment, your moral and spiritual natures, that must hold the brutal propensities, which we all possess, in check. When they are not thus held, the brute rules the man and the consequences are fearful. I recommend to you reading, writing, thinking and study. Reading that will cause you to think, that will draw the blood to your front brain, will increase the size of that part of your brain and help you to live better lives and win the heaven which only the good can enjoy. I am glad to learn that you have a library; I hope it is furnished with interesting and instructive books as it ought to be. Good books put good thoughts into our minds and thus crowd out evil thoughts, which are the parents of evil deeds.

I was glad to see you at work in the quarry the other day. Work, and especially out-door work, is a great benefit to you, if it does not continue for too many hours. There you have an opportunity to hear the birds sing, to see the flying clouds, to study the layered rock, to get the healthful influences of the sunlight, and see the trees as they leaf and the flowers as they bloom around you. Though surrounded by a murderous guard, you can still come face to face with nature, our loving mother, and be blessed by her genial ministration. She is never harsh with the lowest or the vilest; she welcomes all and does the best possible for each.

You must never think of being criminals forever, for just as cer-



tain as you are you will suffer forever. There will be nothing in the next life to prevent suffering from following ill-doing, for that is its legitimate fruit; nor will there be anything to prevent happiness from following the doing of right, for that also is its natural fruit.

There is hope for you, brothers; out of granite rock nature, in millions of years, has made you rational men, capable of doing right and wrong; and now I am quite sure that from such men as you she can make heroes, philosophers, angels bright as the sun, wise as the wisest, and blissful as the happiest. Heaven is for you and the heaven of heavens, when you have grown so that your true manly nature sways you continually, and this lies within the power of all of you.

When you go from here, go with the determination to lead temperate, honest lives. Such of you as are unmarried, find, if possible, a proper companion and marry. A good woman for a wife is one of the best saviors for a man. It costs but little to live comfortably and temperately; and this honest labor will enable you to get. Live so that you will be on good terms with your own soul, and you need not fear death, which is a bug-bear only to those ignorant of its true nature. The next life is no more to be dreaded than this. Across the river you will find friends to welcome you, and inducements to do right held out to you, that will, I believe, in the great hereafter, make noble and happy men out of you all.

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN GODS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

**R**OBERT INGERSOLL says an honest God is the noblest work of man. I cannot see how God-making could ever be very noble work for man. Certainly most of it has been very poorly done and it is rarely, if ever, that honesty has been an attribute of the man-made gods. All the gods, and Gods we know anything about, are man-made. For convenience I will divide them into three classes those made of clay, wood, stone, metal, etc. Those made of human beings, and those made of ideas, (imaginary.) The first class ran up into the hundreds of thousands, if not into the millions, and have been worshiped by a large majority of the worshiping portion of the race and yet all the christian, infidel and spiritual part of the race admit the human origin of all such gods, and however numerous and honest the worshipers may have been, we give them no credit for guidance, authority, or council above their own intelligence. Millions are still worshiping these gods and relics of our own early religion, in that division is still retained and incorporated into our Catholic and some of our Protestant churches and still



more in our prayers and sermons. We still hear of the horns of the altar which the Jews brought from the Taurus worship of Egypt in the head and horns of their beast Idol, and we hear of christians eating the body and drinking the blood of their god in sacramental services. When we sweep away this largest class of worshipers with their multitude of man-made gods we have but a portion of the race left, but this portion rises far above them in intelligence, hence we credit them with a better class of gods. The next division is probably the next in numbers of worshipers and has a large list of gods made of men (rarely, if ever, of women) of which the "sixteen crucified Saviors" of Kersey Graves, are only a small part. At the head of these is Buddha and Jesus, both, no doubt, great and good men, but gods only as man made them so and no one any more so than an other. The god part of these persons was entirely of human origin except such part as is in other men not made into gods, Infidels, Spiritualists and a portion of the Christians admit this truth and all intelligent persons will admit it as they do the human origin of the wooden images. All serve as idols and all serve to lift the mind religiously from earthly thought and groveling sensuality, some more and some less. The attributes and characters of these gods never rise above the capacity of minds that make and endow them but are often above the worshipers as the character of the Christ held up by the priests, is usually far above that of the masses that worship, but there is not one particle of evidence that the god part of the man is or was other than man-made. I cannot discover any very noble work in attaching the god part to the man who may have been very honest as the society of his times measured honesty. The other class can scarcely be counted less man-made as it includes thousands if not tens of thousands of which Zeus-Apollo, Jupiter, Allah, Brahm and Jehovah, stand out in bold relief in the historic page. The christians admit all but the Jehovah to be man-made, and yet there is the same evidence, no more nor less than in the case of any of the others. We are born and educated in and under the belief in Jehovah, but historically his character and attributes are inferior to the Gods of the Greeks and Romans if not of Brahm and Allah. These gods are believed to be all personal and local, have homes, kingdoms and servants in some other world if not in this, and although the worshipers of each claim something more than human for their respective gods, yet they all admit the human origin of all except their own, hence, if we take the testimony of them all we must admit the human origin of all alike. Outside all these objects of worship and inside of nature, we find a superior power working out all results, and above all our powers of comprehension, and it may not be inappropriate to call this God, and if we do so this is certainly not man-made, even if it is man discovered. Some persons couple this with nature in their descriptions, others believe it separate, distinct, and superior to nature. In either case we are compelled to admit its potency and



the subjection of all other gods to it and its laws, both man and all man-made gods obey its laws. Those made of wood and clay decay, those of stone and metal wear away. Those made of men die as other men, either by violence or disease, and the imaginary gods quail before nature as the Jehovah did before the iron chariots. None of these gods can endure the test of history and science and retain a divine character, hence, we may as well abandon all forms of Idolatry at once and rise above the superstitions of the past and present. Admit the existence of spirits advanced from this life, but finite as we are and their action in and upon us under a natural law and we take away all the feats of those who were made into gods from our own race and accounts, for all miracles and prophecying and then the two last divisions are disposed of as easily as the first, and Nature and her laws stand supreme.

---

SAMUEL B. BRITTAN.

---

Passages from the Record of a Busy Life.

---

BY HON. NELSON CROSS.

---

CHAPTER III.

*Studies by the Sea—Voices of the Elements—The Terrible Phantom—A Wedding Reception—A Midnight Disaster—Painful Consequences—Writing for the Press—The First Sermon—The Broad Seal Controversy—A Political Speech—Popular Excitement—Declining the Honors—Removal to Red Bank—Deacon Rider on Universalism—A Mormon Apostle—Discussion in the Forum—Abrupt Termination of the Controversy—Mysterious Disappearance—Induction to the Ministerial Office—The Silent Messenger—Sweet Memories of the Dead—The Silver Cord Unbroken—Spirits at the Bank—The Angel Boy.*

**I**N THE Autumn of 1837, after the Summer visitors at the Branch had left for the season, the Village Schoolmaster and his young wife found a congenial home in the family of Mr. George Robbins, at that time proprietor of the principal hotel on the shore. They occupied a large apartment in the main building until the following Spring. Away from arbitrary masters and the deep ruts of the scholastic divinity; on the sea-shore, where the free winds and restless waves were his daily and nightly ministers, Mr. Brittan commenced the study of his theology. The natural elements, whose audible voices—sounding through the watches of the long Winter nights—were never hushed for a moment, inspired his mind with lessons of freedom. Early and late he pursued his studies, or communed in silence with Nature and his own soul. Following the example of the famous Athenian orator, he practiced his elocutionary exercises on the beach, while the bu-



gle-blast of Boreas was sounding in his ears, and the wild waves were breaking at his feet.

While domiciled by the sea Mr. Brittan had a strange and unpleasant experience one night, the import of which he could never fully comprehend. It occurred during the progress of a terrific storm. He had retired but could not sleep, so much was he impressed by the sublime conflict of atmospheric elements and the solemn voices of the ocean and the tempest. The genius of the Poet never conceived, and Tam O'Shanter never witnessed, a more terrible night. The sea howled like an imprisoned demon of immeasurable power; the wind wailed through the ambulatories and around the gables, as if an innumerable host of angry spirits were holding a carnival. It was a rayless night, and the room was so dark as to reveal no image of a single object. The midnight meditation of our friend was by no means unpleasant. The man who so loved the imagery of Ossian that he often communed for hours with the genius of the Gaelic poet was not likely to be disturbed by any power that appealed to his innate love of sublimity. It was perhaps rather a sense of unusual pleasure than the din of the elemental strife that kept him awake.

The storm continued, and increased in violence; but the war of elements in the outer world did not ruffle the spirit that listened to the grand strains of their natural music. While calmly peering, alone, into the darkness, suddenly, there appeared a horrid phantom standing at the foot of the bed. The dim outline of face and figure, apparently human, were only rendered visible by a strange light that shone out of the countenance. The eyes were of monstrous size and surrounded by luminous circles, or broad rings of such unearthly light as might be supposed to emanate from infernal fires. It was this hellish luminosity that revealed all that was discernible of the terrible visitor. The busy brain of the startled observer was accustomed to

“—Ply all means and opportunities in the search of truth.”

He questioned in silence the nature and import of this frightful presence. Evidently it was no “spirit of health” that stood there to chill the blood in his veins. He was not sufficiently orthodox to believe that some “goblin damn'd” had come to him with foul intent and blasts from nether worlds. Was it the momentary creation of the tired brain and nerves excited to a state of morbid sensibility? Had the troubled spirit of the storm materialized his presence; or was this the psychological prophecy—seemingly in objective form—of some impending trouble or disaster?

No voice answered to these questions, but the last had scarcely taken shape in the mind when the terrible apparition began to move slowly toward the door at the opposite end of the apartment. The noiseless movement of the phantom did not resemble the human locomotion. There was no apparent organic action; but the figure



receded slowly as if standing on a moving car or other vehicle, all the while keeping those fierce and fiery eyes on the observer. On reaching the door the frightful spectre turned so as to conceal the lurid glare of those burning eyes, when the whole figure was lost in darkness.

In referring to the night's experience on the following day Mr. Brittan was disposed to treat the subject rather lightly. He was not inclined to be superstitious, and although the mysterious presence presented all the superficial aspects of a real entity, he still thought it possible that the image might have been wholly *subjective*. He was also influenced by other important considerations. Under the peculiar circumstances then existing he thought it unwise to converse seriously in the presence of his wife about a matter that, for some reason, had left a very unpleasant impression on his mind. And then a marriage had just occurred in the family of one of his principal patrons, and he was expected to accompany Mrs. Brittan to the reception to be given at the residence of the bridegroom.

The storm had spent its fury, but the atmosphere was still loaded with dense vapors. A black cloud hung over the sky, and when evening came not a star was visible; but our friend and his fair companion went to the reception. It was about midnight when Mr. Robbins sent Oliver, his coachman, with a close carriage to bring the parties home. The night was so dark that the horses were not even visible to the man on the box. On the way back to the hotel it became necessary to cross a bridge over a little stream. In the center it was perhaps eight or ten feet above the bottom of the brook, the water in the channel being some two feet deep. The mechanical part of the bridge, which was constructed of wood, had a rail or guard on either side, which, however, only extended from one embankment to the other. The driver managed to keep the road until he was crossing this bridge. Unable to see his way he unfortunately reigned his horses too far to the right. The moment he reached the limit of the rail, which had thus far prevented a disaster, the carriage went over, down the embankment and into the stream, landing on the top. The instant Mr. Brittan perceived that the vehicle was being upset from the bridge, and that it was going over in such a way that his wife must inevitably fall at the bottom, he with great presence of mind—quick as thought—seized her person, and with a rapid movement instantly brought her round to the other side of himself, thus probably saving her from a fatal injury. Mr. Brittan went to the bottom, his head striking with great violence against the top of the carriage, which was completely inverted. He was so stunned by the shock as to be rendered insensible for some moments, how long we have no means of knowing.

When at length consciousness returned our friend made haste to get out of the wrecked vehicle and to remove his wife, who had fortunately escaped with some slight bruises. This done he went



to the aid of the coachman. He found the horses were cast and unable to rise, while the carriage had fallen on the limbs of the driver who was bitterly bewailing his ill fortune. Having extricated Oliver, he succeeded in dragging the poor fellow up the bank to a place where he was not exposed to further injury, and then started for the nearest neighbor to obtain assistance. The people having been to the reception had not yet retired. His knock was promptly answered by a young lady who, on opening the door, fainted from fright. The Schoolmaster was covered with blood, his hat broken, and other clothing soiled and torn to such a degree that he was almost beyond recognition. He then for the first time discovered that he had sustained serious personal injury.

At an early hour in the morning all parties arrived at the hotel. Two persons required the immediate services of a surgeon. Mr. Brittan had a severe scalp-wound, three inches long, which left the skull exposed above the ear, and made it necessary to confine himself to a low diet for several weeks to avoid the possible occurrence of cerebral inflammation. As for poor Oliver, one of his legs was so crushed that he was rendered a cripple forever after. There were other unhappy consequences of this disaster. As the coachman had experienced a life-long injury while serving our friend, the latter naturally took a lively interest in his case and omitted no opportunity to serve the unfortunate man. Some weeks after the accident it became necessary to remove Oliver from one bed to another. He was a heavy man, and on this occasion, in order that he might be lifted with the utmost care, he was allowed to clasp his hands over the neck of Mr. Brittan, who thus supported the whole weight of his body. In doing this he ruptured a blood vessel. The hemorrhage which immediately followed produced great prostration, and it required several years for nature to wholly obliterate the consequences of the injuries he had received.

While at Long Branch Mr. Brittan commenced writing for the press, his first published articles appearing in the Summer of 1838, in the *Monmouth Democrat*, published at Freehold. These were soon followed by more finished contributions to the *Universalist Union*, then edited and published by Philo Price, in New York. The *Union* was the leading denominational paper out of New England. It was not by any means wanting in a fair degree of literary merit, and always commanded respect for its candid spirit and elevated moral tone. Mr. Brittan's earliest contributions to its pages attracted the attention of several prominent clergymen, who went to the Editor to inquire into the antecedents of his new correspondent. They expressed the conviction that he no doubt possessed the elements necessary to constitute a successful minister of the liberal faith. From that time he was never lost sight of by the clergy and journalists of the Universalist denomination, who were cordial and persistent in their efforts to induce him to accept the office of the ministry.



The circumstances which placed him in the pulpit for the first time were peculiar, and will interest the reader. He was in Newark where Rev. D. J. Mandell was occupying the Universalist pulpit, temporarily, and where also he was regarded as a candidate for settlement. Mr. Brittan was an unobtrusive member of the congregation. One Sunday, at the close of the morning service, the audience was startled by the announcement from the speaker's desk, that S. B. Brittan would preach there on the following Sabbath afternoon. The gentleman had not been consulted; not the slightest intimation having reached him of any such intention on the part of the officiating clergyman. Had a thunderbolt descended out of a clear sky he could not have been more astonished. At first he utterly refused to fill the appointment, but finally yielded to the entreaties of his friends. On the following Sunday the church edifice was filled to its utmost capacity to hear the new preacher, who so acquitted himself that the society at once offered him an invitation to become its pastor; which, however, he prudently declined, urging the necessity of further study and a riper experience before accepting such a responsibility.

It was late in the Autumn of 1839, that a political controversy occurred in New Jersey, which, from the necessities of the case, was transferred to the National Capitol on the assembling of the Twenty-sixth Congress. The Hon. William Pennington was Governor, and New Jersey was entitled to six Representatives. After the Autumn election the Whig candidates received their commissions from the Governor under the broad seal of his office. Of the six men thus authorized to represent the State, only one, Joseph B. Randolph, was admitted to have been lawfully elected. The returns on which certificates had been issued to the other five were declared to be fraudulent. The Secretary of State for New Jersey certified to the election of the five Democratic candidates; and so the representatives of both political parties presented themselves at Washington, each and all respectively demanding the acceptance of their credentials. This state of things rendered it difficult to organize the House, and led to one of the most exciting scenes that ever occurred in a deliberative assembly.

The preliminary debate had only served to fan the fires of political animosity. At length, however, a step was taken in the right direction by calling the venerable John Quincy Adams to the Speaker's chair. The passions of hostile politicians were intensely excited, and a fearful storm seemed impending. "The Old Man Eloquent," whom all respected, did what the nature of the case allowed to pour oil on the troubled waters. The *prima facie* evidence, on technical grounds, was in favor of the parties holding the Governor's certificates, but the House of Representatives, claiming the right to judge of the qualifications of its own members, exercised its prerogative by lifting the Governor's broad seal, with a view of ascertaining whether it attested a truth or con-



cealed a falsehood. The evidences of fraud thus discovered led to the speedy organization of the House by the admission of the Democratic members to the disputed seats.

The result of the inquiry was damaging to the reputation of the Governor, whose action was regarded as a bold and dangerous usurpation of power. His political enemies were naturally slow in believing that it was an honest mistake resulting from an impartial judgment of alleged facts and conflicting evidence. Indignation meetings were called in different parts of the State, and the official conduct of the man with the broad seal was the object of severe animadversion. Such a meeting was convened at Shrewsbury, and a special committee was sent to the Branch for the Village Schoolmaster, whom the people were inclined to regard as a promising champion of their rights. Personally Mr. Brittan had no desire for political advancement. The ordinary experiences of that kind of life were not only unsuited to a man of his tastes, but absolutely repulsive to his moral nature. He was, for this reason, inclined to shrink from any intimate association with politicians. As may be supposed, it was not without a feeling of extreme reluctance that he finally consented to address the meeting.

The time arrived; there was a great crowd present, and unusual excitement prevailed. Under the inspiration of the occasion the speaker held the multitude spell-bound while he uncovered the daring iniquity which had so exasperated the people. He would not presume to decide who was primarily responsible for the wrong which he characterized as a blow aimed at democratic government and dangerous to American institutions. It was enough for them to know—enough to excite the deepest apprehension—that the great seal of the Commonwealth—carelessly or designedly—had been prostituted to cover a crime against Liberty! Enough, that this bold outrage had been committed under the eye, and at the hands of the very man whom they had placed on the watch-towers of their political Zion to guard the most sacred interests of a free people.

The Schoolmaster's speech was succeeded by profound silence, which was only momentary, and was followed by a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. In the midst of the popular tumult, an old leading politician started to his feet, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "Gentlemen—that's the talk we want! That's democratic doctrine of the right stamp, with the true ring! I swear I'll vote for that man for any office under God!"

The old man did not appear to think he had said anything profane, but rather that his brief and emphatic speech was evidence of the highest devotion to a sacred principle. The man whose views he had indorsed with such percussive force was soon suggested as a proper candidate for the legislative assembly, and he was personally assured that the way would soon be opened to a seat in Congress. But Mr. Brittan, having marked out a different course for himself, resolved to leave the political arena to those who enjoy the



exciting scenes wherein selfish ambition wins its worthless trophies. He could not comfortably exist in the foul atmosphere where scurvy politicians sell their souls,

“ And statesmen, choked with their own falsehoods, die  
Like Judas.”

Near the close of 1839 Mr. Brittan removed his family to Red Bank, where he continued his vocation. His reputation as a teacher preceded him and furnished the occasion of his removal. He had been established in his new home but a short time when a Mr. Rider, one of the trustees of the school, made a determined effort to have him removed. Rider was a Presbyterian deacon, whose peculiar way of serving the Lord caused some people to think the devil was in him. He had been informed that the new Schoolmaster believed in Universalism, and in his estimation this was the most seductive and dangerous form of infidelity. His righteous soul was sorely vexed, and he resolved that the minds of the rising generation should not be corrupted by such a teacher. Accordingly, he called a public meeting, giving notice that business of great importance would be submitted to the patrons of the village school. This saintly representative of the austere Geneva Reformer was a leading merchant in the place; and he had considerable influence, chiefly because he was presumed to have more money than his neighbors. His summons secured a large attendance at the school meeting. The principal Rider of the village, loftily mounted and sharply spurred, put in an early appearance, and undertook to ride rough-shod over the whole district at once. He made a speech in which he expatiated on the sin of heresy, and told the people they must not allow any heretic or other emissary of Satan to mold the minds of their offspring. Acting on his religious convictions he had taken his own children out of school and they would not return. The reasons which determined his course required no lengthy explanation. He had been credibly informed that they had for a teacher a man who believed in the infernal doctrine that everybody will be finally saved; and he expressed his thanks to the several members of the Holy Trinity that the elect had reason to hope for better things. Deacon Rider was swelling with emotional flatulence and pious wrath when he concluded his speech by offering a resolution that the new Schoolmaster be dismissed. A long pause succeeded, and then a deep feeling of indignation began to be manifested. At length some one boldly proposed that the fast Rider should *dismount*. It took the form of a resolution for his expulsion from the board of Trustees. The motion to adopt the resolution was carried by acclamation. The deacon's countenance was suddenly elongated, and he looked as if he might have swallowed an invoice of daggers. With a dark cloud on his brow and something like a flash of unearthly fire in his eye, he retired from the meeting, without standing at all on the order of his going. The Schoolmaster still continued his vocation;



but it was not long before the over-zealous disciple of John Calvin found himself a gentleman of leisure. His old friends deserted him; his trade fell off, and a few months later he failed in business and left the place.

In 1840 no little excitement was created at Red Bank by the presence and preaching of Parley P. Pratt, one of the twelve original Apostles of Mormonism. Pratt was a man of conspicuous natural ability; the author of the book of "Doctrines and Covenants," and other works illustrative of his own craftiness and the blind credulity of his followers. He was a cunning propagandist, wily and unscrupulous; fluent in speech, and so affluent in his command of Scripture that his quotations only ceased when his wind was exhausted. The neighboring clergymen, now and then, from behind their pulpit-parapets—hurled something like a Spiritual javelin after him; but no one seemed anxious to confront the man with two Bibles, who had not only armed himself with all the old weapons, but had mounted an extra *sacred canon* of unknown caliber. This polygamous apostle had converted a number of ignorant fishermen and fed himself generously with their substance: he had led captive several silly women, and was about founding a promising branch of the new church of Latter Day Saints, when the general excitement in the place precipitated a public discussion of the history and claims of Mormonism.

For several weeks the apostle had been preaching daily, and all the while acquiring a magnetic influence over many who listened to his specious appeals. Having everything his own way he naturally became bold and aggressive. He had repeatedly thrown the gauntlet in the face of the Clergy; but they were silent in his presence. While assailing the representatives of the evangelical theology at their most vulnerable points he managed, adroitly, to keep the moral skeletons of his own household out of sight. The opinion was widely entertained that a number of simple minded people were being led astray to their injury, and that something ought to be done to counteract the influence of a religious imposter. The shepherds thought they recognized a "wolf in sheep's clothing;" but not one of their number was willing to accept the hazard of a contest.

In the meantime the excitement increased and converts were multiplied. At length, at the earnest solicitation of a number of citizens, the village Schoolmaster consented to engage in a public oral discussion of the origin, distinguishing characteristics and peculiar claims of Mormonism. The wary apostle had hitherto managed to keep all the offensive features of his system under cover, and doubtless expected to preserve the same cautious policy in the proposed discussion. But the other party in the controversy had already made himself familiar with the early history of Mormonism and its literature. He only waited for the opportunity to uncover and expose the fraud and iniquity of a system claiming to



be an improved religion, and yet having and holding the licentiousness of polygamy as its central idea, in open defiance of civil law, public sentiment and modern civilization.

The Forum was the scene of the controversy which occupied several days, and attracted crowds of people from all the neighboring towns. Mr. Brittan's natural qualifications and previous experience had made him a ready debater. It was soon manifest that he had before him a subject for an inquest, and the implements required in its dissection. As a system of religion he characterized Mormonism as *a corpse*—emphatically dead because originated in fraud and destitute of the essential elements of moral and Spiritual life. The character of Joseph Smith, the history of the Mormon Bible, and the peculiar doctrines, covenants and obligations of the Latter Day Saints, he subjected to a rapid analysis and merciless criticism, which seemed at once to stagger the apostle and open the eyes of the people.

The tide of feeling was setting with increased force against the representative of the ancient patriarchal institution, when, on the last day—just before the close of the discussion—a little incident occurred that resulted in the utter discomfiture of the apostle. Mr. Brittan took occasion to refer to a Mormon banking institution, known (if the writer's memory is not at fault) as the "Safety Security Bank," with which Pratt had an official connection. He thought it ought to be secure if founded on a new divine revelation with an inspired apostle for a president; but, on the contrary, it proved to be a swindling machine from which certain credulous Gentiles had suffered severely.

Mr. Pratt thought it was unfair to make a scape-goat of their institution when so many other banks had failed all over the country. He further declared that although the bank had wound up its affairs, the public had not suffered loss; that they had redeemed their notes on presentation; and they were still ready, if any remained, to accept them in exchange for the same amount of current funds. This proposition was so fair and honorable that the audience expressed approbation in an audible manner.

Mr. Brittan was not only willing but anxious to make any modification of his statement that a further knowledge of the facts might render necessary. He was more than gratified to learn that the notes were still good, and that they had an official representative of the bank present who was prepared to act as cashier. Deliberately drawing some notes of the defunct bank from his pocket, Mr. Brittan spread them upon the table before him, observing that he was willing to make a liberal discount, but demanding lawful money of the United States in exchange for the same. This was a sockdolager. In boasting that he was ready to redeem the aforesaid notes on demand, Pratt had closed every opportunity to retreat from his position. A long pause ensued, and still the apostolic pocket-book remained unopened. It was a moment of



supreme suspense in which several young converts back-slid in a hurry. The multitude shouted aloud and such suggestions as the following from the people, were at least expressive, if not complimentary: "It's time to redeem;" "Don't *parley*, but down with your currency." The palaver about payment did not end in resumption; but the controversy terminated abruptly, while poor

"Parley, exposed to all their jeers,  
Had lost his speech, and kept his ears."

The night following the termination of the discussion, the Mormon Apostle mysteriously disappeared; and his few remaining disciples are supposed to be still waiting for his second coming.

In the autumn of 1840 the New York Association of Universalists held its annual session at Newark, N. J., where, on the 7th day of October, by a unanimous vote of the Council, S. B. Brittan was officially recognized "as an accepted minister of the Gospel," by the granting of the customary Letters of Fellowship, recommending him to the respect and confidence of all people of kindred faith within the jurisdiction of that branch of the Christian Church. Mr. Brittan preached occasionally in New York and elsewhere, but did not formally enter upon the work of his ministry until the following spring. His health had been greatly impaired by close confinement to the school-room, and the constant prosecution of his studies for four years. During the autumn of 1840 and the succeeding winter, there were strong indications of a speedy and permanent decline; and these conditions were aggravated by severe and unexpected trials. Among the sad experiences of that year the sudden death of a beautiful Sister, the youngest and fairest of the family, cast a deep shadow over his mind, and caused him to think, more seriously than he had ever done before, of the real relations of the present and the after life. The circumstances were unusually painful. A young woman of more spotless nature never lived on earth. She had been married one year when her pure spirit went out with the incoming life of her first born. It was an experience never to be forgotten, and its impression was for all time. The brother's deep love of that precious sister, and the general drift of his thoughts at that period, find expression in the following extract from an article written many years ago:

"I was alone in the grey twilight of an autumn evening, when the painful tidings came to me that my sweet Sister, whose presence made the earth fairer to my vision, had gone to dwell in the Sunny clime of the Angels. Existence had always seemed to be more significant and precious because she lived. The tie between us was strong as the forces of our blended life. It held me closely to her, as by a silver chord, over which the rude winds of time had swept in mournful numbers. It was a bleak autumn night, and sorrowful voices seemed to speak to me out of the darkness,

'As the wild winds call to the autumn leaf.'



The loss of health, and the memory of all that dear sister had been to me in childhood, disposed me to seek the solace of silence and seclusion. In the early morning I listened for hours to

·The great music that dies not of the seas.'

And when the restless tides of mortal feeling and human passion subsided at the evening twilight I was accustomed to retire for reverent meditation. For a long time I was deeply thoughtful concerning the grand issues of life, but never faithless for a moment. Indeed, I was disposed to question if 'ever the silver cord be loosed.' It still seemed to be coiled about my inmost being, even more firmly since a new-born angel had taken it from the feeble grasp of a mortal and borne it upward to heaven."

After the death of Mr. Brittan's sister, near the close of 1840, remarkable spiritual phenomena occurred at his house in Red Bank. The doors were heard to open and close when it was known that they were locked, and that no one had either entered or departed. Heavy footsteps were often heard on the floor of the portico, in the front hall and on the stairs, when no mortal was to be seen. In the chamber directly over the dining-room, strange sounds were heard, from time to time, as if some heavy person, or huge animal, was treading on the floor above. The door of the room was kept locked. It was often visited when the sounds were heard, but nothing unusual could be discovered. At night human voices were heard near and under the window of the sleeping-room occupied by Mr. Brittan and his wife; but frequent examinations failed to reveal any visible presence. As none of these phenomena could be traced to any physical cause, their origin was left in doubt. It is true, however, that the thought was suggested that they might be mysterious warnings of some impending event; and this conjecture assumed the appearance of something like probability in view of the sad occurrences that followed.

It was in the winter of 1840-1 that Mr. Brittan's brother met a violent death in Texas. Twice had the silent angel overshadowed the little circle in the space of three months, and still he had not folded his pinions. Mr. and Mrs. Brittan had two children at that time. The first was a daughter, some two and a-half years old, born at Long Branch. She is still living and is distinguished for her remarkable dramatic ability.\* The other was a beautiful boy named Washington Irving. This promising child, though apparently perfectly healthy and extremely vigorous, suddenly sickened, and the early December snows covered his little grave in the church-yard at Shrewsbury.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

\* Mr. Brittan's eldest daughter, Eunice Virginia, married Samuel D. Stryker, a nephew of ex-Mayor George Opdyke, of New York. She resides at Newark, N. J., and has a family consisting of one daughter and a son.



[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING  
THOUGHTS

Suggested by a Piece of Trenton Limestone Crowded with Fossils.

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

**M**YRIADS toiled that this rock might be,  
 Struggling for life in an ancient sea;  
 Pearly shells paving the wave-beat shores,  
 Trilobites rowing with tiny oars,  
 Corals adorning their stony bowers,  
 Crustaceans feeding upon their flowers;  
 Meadows of crinoids, like tulips gay,  
 Bending like wheat to the Zephyr's play;  
 Head-footed mollusks with tapering floats—  
 Giant freebooters in ivory boats,  
 Darting like monitors to and fro.  
 Crawling like spiders a mile below;  
 Gasteropods sailing in crystal cells,  
 Jelly-fish floating like emerald bells;  
 Millions of forms that no eye could see,  
 Sported about in that world-wide sea;  
 Hosts on fucoidal savannas fed,  
 Hosts on them, and the ocean's bed  
 Sepulchre was for the heaped up dead;  
 For death reaped the harvest where life had sown.  
 And ages turned all of them into stone.

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

HAPPINESS.

BY S. N. W. RUMFORD.

**H**APPINESS! where can it be found? In gold.  
 Men think so, and so they seek to find,  
 That which make their hearts grow cold  
 Instead of growing warm toward all mankind.  
 Gold is the idol which so oft doth mould  
 The heart, and its best affections hold.—  
 Though of much use, it never can suffice  
 To bring the happiness that's sought; we're told  
 Of something without money, without price,—  
 If only this could but the world enfold;  
 It must be something that is very good,  
 'Tis for the mind, it is the spirits food.  
 Woulds't drink from this most rare, this precious cup,  
 Look to the source whence it proceeds,—look up!



## Phenomenal Record.

---

“ In deep trance-slumbers, when the world, asleep,  
Lay in the arms of night and wept or smiled,  
His liberated soul raised from its dust.  
We led him far beyond the veils, and floods,  
And labyrinths of sleep; the clouds of death  
And all the shadowed dwellers in the world  
Were far beneath him. Through his consciousness  
Streamed the celestial sunrise.  
Cities and temples of celestial space  
Were mirrored in his mind.”

T. L. HARRIS.

### WHAT WE WANT.

---

**W**E HAVE received several communications from parties to us unknown, giving account of manifestations of a physical character, occurring in the presence of certain public mediums, but being quite similar to hundreds of other cases already on record, we cannot see that our readers would be benefited by occupying our pages, giving in detail manifestations that have become familiar to all investigators. We have also received several papers with stories of Ghosts, Haunted Houses, etc., sent us, no doubt, by well-meaning friends; but in nine cases out of ten these accounts are fraudulent and utterly valueless. We are thankful to the friends, but have no use for the papers. We much prefer reports from quiet family or neighborhood circles, where sincere, earnest, truth-seeking friends meet for investigation and advancement in spiritual knowledge. In our opinion, inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming circles in their own homes. Very few families will fail to find persons of medial powers of their own number; and their development will depend very much upon the earnestness, sincerity and perseverance of those composing the circle.

For the first two articles given below, we are indebted to the *Banner of Light*. As many of our readers do not take the *Banner*, (all ought to for their own benefit,) and as there have been doubts and questionings as to the mediumship of Mrs. Boothby, we gladly give the facts as stated by John S. Adams, favorably known, and in whom we are told implicit confidence can be placed. The phenomena reported as occurring in Savannah are certainly interesting, and appear to be well vouched for.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that contributors to this department of the OFFERING are not limited to the consideration of



physical phenomena or the materialization of human forms, just now attracting so much attention. These are interesting; but no less interesting and important are what we may designate as Occult Phenomena. Take, for instance, the undoubted fact that there is a faculty of presentiment capable of development and exercise to a degree that may well be regarded as oracular. It is a quickening of the sensibilities, enabling the person to perceive facts which, in common everyday life are generally outside the perception. We feel, when groping our way through a dark room, the presence of objects at some distance from us; showing that our perceptive power extends to a considerable distance from our persons. Probably owing to a similar reason, we think of individuals who are approaching while they are still at a distance. A person many miles from another, by thinking intently of him, may cause the latter to think of himself. In a thousand ways and instances we could illustrate our idea, and it is manifest to us that there is a law governing in all this. To investigate in this direction, and report cases of peculiar interest, our pages are open for elaborate articles, or the report of interesting occurrences. EDITORS.

---

"Scientific—Psychography."

---

**WE** FIND in the German *Staats-Zeitung*, published at Canton O., (a paper quite friendly disposed toward Spiritualism,) a two-column article copied from the Savannah, (Ga.) *Evening Times*, under the above heading. In the course of said article Dr. Slade's slate-writing manifestations ('Psychography') are described at some length, and the experiences of the Doctor in London and on the Continent are related, and the certificate of Sam'l. Bellachini, Court Conjuror of the Emperor of Germany, (who pronounced the phenomena occurring in the presence of Dr. S. to be in no manner referable to jugglery or *prestidigitation*)—and which was printed in our columns last winter—is given in full. After speaking of the unfair manner in which Dr. S. and Spiritualism in general are treated by most newspapers and scientists, the writer details the incidents of a seance held over two years ago by a prominent lawyer of Savannah with Dr. Slade, wherein a written message from a deceased uncle was received on the slate, the sitter himself placing the fragment of pencil on the slate, and then holding it under the table, while Slade's hands were upon the table. This occurred in broad daylight, and the message received was an appropriate and satisfactory answer to a *mental* question.



The writer then describes some physical manifestations occurring in Savannah under his own observation, through a Mr. Webster, a professional medium from New England. A series of circles for investigation was held, in charge of a committee consisting of three physicians, a lawyer and two merchants, all skeptics. In order to guard against confederate aid the sittings were held in the residence of a member of the Committee, who provided a cabinet and all necessary articles. The cabinet was six and a half feet high, six feet wide, and two deep, made of strong boards, having seats at both sides, and a door in the centre. The medium was dressed in a garment prepared especially for the purpose, consisting of jacket and pants made from a single piece of cloth, and after taking his seat the sleeves of the jacket and the lower parts of the pants were securely nailed to the cabinet with over fifty nails. Paper and pencils were placed on the opposite seat, at least five and a half feet from the medium; and to make assurance doubly sure that the medium could not reach the writing materials, much less use them, the committee attached strings to the sleeves of the jacket, *without the knowledge of the medium*, which led through small holes in the cabinet to the outside, where they were held by one of the members of the circle, thus precluding the least movement on the part of Mr. W. without it at once being known. Under these circumstances several messages were written. Those sitting next the cabinet could at times hear the rustling of the paper and the scratching of the pencil while the writing was in progress; and if the door was suddenly opened in the midst of the writing the medium was always found secured as at first, and usually in a swoon-like condition, while the person who held the strings had not been able to detect the slightest indication of movement by Mr. W. That an extraordinary spiritual force was present was made manifest at several different times by the powerful agitation of the cabinet, causing a violent shaking of the floor of the room. An attempt by one of the most muscular gentlemen to produce a like result by the exercise of physical strength was utterly futile.

Remarkable manifestations have also occurred in the presence of Dr. B. Sheftall, a practicing physician of Savannah. Dr. S. discovered almost by accident that he possessed strong mediumistic powers, and on one occasion, in order to thoroughly test the matter, allowed himself to be securely fastened to a chair, hands and feet being tied to the same. A slate with a diminutive piece of pencil was placed on the table, the room being light enough to allow of reading a book. After a while a scratching sound was heard, and the pencil was seen to move with no mortal hand touching it. On examining the slate, a message from a deceased friend of one of the party was found on it. In this case deception was absolutely impossible, as the writing occurred before the eyes of all present, while at the same time all could see that the medium remained perfectly quiet.



## Mrs. Boothby's Truthfulness Confirmed.

**H**AD I REQUIRED any further evidence than I had already received that actual materializations of spirit forms occur at Mrs. Boothby's seances, the events that transpired *at my own home*, on the evening of June 4th, abundantly supplied it, and that, too, evidence of the most unquestionable nature.

The occasion was that of a friendly visit, made without the remotest idea of any attempt at materializations, and of course no preparations were made for what we did not expect. The day had been spent as might be surmised in a suburban cottage in June, rambling through Nature's halls and partaking of the feast of beauty and fragrance with which she regaled us. When evening came, there were four of us—Mrs. A., Mrs. S., Mrs. Boothby, and myself—seated within doors, engaged in a general conversation of what had taken place and what might be expected in the way of the blending and intermingling of the visible and what has hitherto been the invisible worlds. At length it was suggested that we might for a few moments give an opportunity to our friends who were present but not seen to make their presence visible. Mrs. Boothby, without a moment's hesitation, arose and took a seat in a small sewing-room adjoining that in which we were all seated. In the small room directly opposite the doorway was a window, through which the moon shone brightly. No darkening of this window was done other than the lowering of a thin curtain. I proposed darkening the rooms further, but Mrs. B. remarked that I had better not. A student lamp that had been in the room was placed in the hall, and so arranged that while it gave us light sufficient for us to plainly see every object and movement, was modified to a general softness. We sat in front and within four feet of the doorway of the room in which Mrs. B. was seated. There was no curtain, the door was not closed, everything was free and open, and the light from the window and from the lamp in the hall had a tendency to cause doubt in my mind of the possibility of our witnessing any materializations. But this doubt was not of long duration, for in about three minutes a spirit-form, robed in white, made its appearance, walked slowly toward us, smiled, saluted us with a graceful wave of the hand, and then as slowly withdrew. This appearance was followed by that of six others, one of them appearing to be an Indian girl, very elaborately dressed, coming very near to us, the light from the hall illuminating her whole form and features very distinctly. After these came "Robert," the spirit who has the management of Mrs. B.'s seances. He spoke to us, and sang two songs loud and clear. We thanked him for his very successful efforts, and then the ladies sang, several spirit voices joining them. At the conclusion of the singing a voice said "Mary," and that being the name of Mrs. S., she responded, the spirit again answering



to the name as "Silas," which proved to be that of a near relative of the lady. Robert then said, "Now if you will be so kind as to sing my song, I will bid you good evening." The song was sung; and thus terminated a series of manifestations in which fraud was absolutely impossible.

I give you this statement of the leading features of this impromptu seance with the hope that it will aid in establishing in the minds of others what is so firmly fixed in my own, namely, that Mrs. Boothby's mediumship is true and genuine.

*West Roxbury, June 13th, 1878.*

JOHN S. ADAMS.

## Our Young Folks,

THE CHILD IS THE REPOSITORY OF INFINITE POSSIBILITIES.

"It is worthy of remark that a belief constantly inculcated during the early years of life, whilst the brain is impressible, appears to acquire almost the nature of an instinct; and the very essence of an instinct is that it is followed independently of reason."—*Darwin.*

"All the machinery of the Church is constantly employed in corrupting the reason of children. In every possible way they are robbed of their own thoughts and forced to accept the statements of others. Every Sunday School has for its object the crushing out of every germ of individuality."—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### HARRY'S CONSOLATION.

BY OPHELIA T. SAMUEL.

**I**T was but a little boy who lay in that attic, with his face upturned to the stars; not a handsome boy, though his eyes were bright and brown, and his hair curled in sunny rings over his head. But the wistful little face was brown and tanned, and neglect had robbed him of many of those charms which are the result of care and culture. A very sad little face it was, upturned to the summer sky, and a sad little heart that throbbed beneath those coarse garments. Harry was living over again the trials of the day: the many thankless errands he had been called upon to perform; the constant demands and coarse abuse of the men in the harvest field; the long tramps after the cows; the scathing rebukes and scanty meals dealt out to him by the farmer's wife, who so grudgingly gave him a home—not one word of kindness or sympathy to sweeten the bitter cup—and his little heart was full. It is said that—

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow  
Is remembering happier things."



And so with Harry. The memory of the tender mother he had lost but made his present loneliness harder to endure. Just one year ago she passed away, leaving her two little girls and eight-year-old boy homeless as well as motherless. "It was no difference about the boy," said the neighbors. "Boys can get along anywhere; but we must find good homes for the girls." So the pretty little girls had been adopted into kind families, and had speedily forgotten both their dead mother and their lonely brother. But ah! *did* it make no difference to the boy? Did he not miss that tender mother's love?—the constant care, the loving caress, the many evidences that he was as dear to her as were his sisters? Did he not miss her ready sympathy with all his boyish pursuits and troubles, and the twilight talks with his mother, when she so lovingly instilled into his young mind precepts of love and wisdom? And now his grieving, desolate little heart filled almost to bursting, and sob after sob shook his slender form. Looking up to the stars in his distress, he exclaimed: "Oh mother, dear mother, come back to me!" One star, larger and brighter than the rest, appeared to expand as he gazed upon it. To his excited fancy it seemed to move from its place amidst the glittering hosts, and float slowly downward till it neared his window. As the awe-struck boy gazed upon it, he saw that the star formed the center of a radiant circle of smaller stars; and beneath that crown there shone a face so pure, so bright, so loving, that the boy knew he looked upon the face of an angel, and with hushed breath and beating heart gazed upon her. Floating nearer, with outstretched arms, she thus addressed him:

"Think not, my child, that in a home of light and beauty your mother dwells indifferent to the trials of her darling boy. When she left her mortal form to approach as a spirit nearer the great Fountain of all love, it quenched not in her bosom that purest of all affections, a mother's love; but so quickened and purified it, that while she sees your every trial, and grieves for every pang you suffer, she can realize that these trials are but the autumnal frosts which will more fully perfect the fruit, and develop all the nobility and manliness of your young spirit. Feel no longer alone, my child! I am ever near you. If you watch for tokens of my presence, you shall receive them. I shall ever guard and guide you with an unfaltering love."

Bending forward, she pressed a kiss upon his brow; and, as she floated away, strains of heavenly music lulled him into a sweet sleep.

With the morning's dawn he sprang up refreshed. The beautiful vision of the past night was so vividly impressed upon his mind, that no toil seemed too hard to-day, no cross too heavy to bear. Carrying water at sultry noon-tide to the thirsty reapers in the harvest-field, he felt a cool breeze fan his cheek, and gentle fingers tenderly touched his brow. Falling asleep beneath a wayside tree from very weariness, he was awakened in time to escape punish-



ment by a warning voice, inaudible to all but himself. Oftentimes sweet flowers were showered upon him; and sometimes, when angry and about to utter harsh words, he felt the pressure of a restraining hand upon his shoulder, and forebore to utter them. Feeling that his angel-mother was ever near him, he tried to live a life so blameless that it would bear the scrutiny of her pure eyes; and daily he grew in stature and in goodness, and, contrary to all Sunday-school teachings, he *did not* die because he was good, but lived to become a useful and noble man, inspired in his manhood by the same holy influence which had saved him from despair when a boy.

“ Swift there came a pure, white angel,  
Through the glory, shining far;  
In her hand she bore a lily,  
On her forehead beamed a star.

“ Very beautiful and tender  
Was the love-light in her eyes,  
Like the sunny smile of summer,  
Beaming in the azure skies.”

---

### THE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN.

---

You have learned that you are made up of a *body* and a *spirit*. What is the use of your body? It is a sort of *house* for my spirit to live in.

What more is your body? It is a kind of *machine* for my spirit to use.

Would you like to learn something about this house or machine? I would, for it seems to be a wonderfully curious one.

Will it be of any *use* for you to know about it? It will, if I can learn how to take care of it.

If you had a watch or a clock, could you take good care of it unless you knew something about how it was made.

Why need you learn to take care of your body? Because, if I am ignorant or careless, it may become sick, or out of order.

And what then? I shall suffer pain, and my body will not be fit for me to use.

Cannot your spirit use a sickly body? Not near so well as a healthy one; sometimes not at all.

What happens then? If I am sick, I cannot do anything for others, or even take care of myself, but others have to do many things for me; and sometimes I feel cross and unhappy.

Have you any right to be sick, then? I have no right to be sick, if I can help it.

Do you think you can help being sick? I can sometimes, if I learn how, and am careful.

What else happens sometimes? When the body gets so bad the spirit cannot live in it any longer, it moves out, and the body dies.



Is that any loss to the spirit? It is, if it happens while we are young.

Why so? Because the spirit needs the body, through which to learn a great many things about this world before it goes to the next.

Ought we then to try to keep our bodies well, and to live in them as long as we can?

Is it not of first importance that you should learn *how to live* in health? It is, or all else that I may learn may be of no use to me or to the world.

Do you know of any way by which children sometimes make themselves sick?

Some people think that God makes them sick or well as he pleases, and that he always makes people die when he chooses; what do you think about this?

What should we do for those who are sick? We should do all we can to make them feel cheerful and happy, and to help them to get well.

Do any of you know any one who is sick?

Can you repeat these lines?

#### Little Deeds.

“Not mighty deeds make up the  
sum  
Of happiness below,  
But little acts of kindness,  
Which any child can show.

“An early flower, unmasked be-  
stowed,—  
A light and cautious tread,—  
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed.  
To spare the aching head.—

“A glass of *water* timely brought,—  
An offered easy chair,—  
A turning of the window-blind,  
That all may feel the air,—

O, deeds like these, though little  
things,  
Yet purest love disclose,  
As fragrant perfume on the air  
Reveals the hidden rose.”

#### The Devil.

“Do you believe there is a gentleman with grisly horns, a long tail and a cloven foot, who lives in a fiery region, and pushes people into the hottest places with pitchforks?” I enquired of a group of children. “No! No!” was the universal reply, while all laughed heartily.

“But why do you not believe this?” I asked.

“Because,” said an intelligent boy, “a God of love never would have such a place in the universe to put the very people in that he had himself made.”

You have answered well, my boy; you are a philosopher. If every person would reason as clearly as you, many of the foolish opinions of the Hindoos, the Mahomedans, the Mormons, and the hundreds of sects and parties, some of which believe in many gods, others in one, and others again in none at all, would soon disappear.



## Editor's Table.

---

### THE EARLY EVANGELS OF SPIRITUALISM.

---

**F**ROM the elegance, affluence and ease of stately mansions ; from the beauty, love and happiness of humble cottages ; from the pain and squalor of humble hovels, come those who have been called and chosen by angels ; many of them rejoicing in the possession of youth, health, talent ; others bowed by age and weakened by disease ; some, lighting the intellectual and moral firmament with coruscations of purity and beauty ; others, twisted and deformed by hereditary taints and immoral tendency ; a moiety benevolent, forgiving, Godlike ; a few narrow, selfish, arrogant and ignorant ;—all having the divine gift of mediumship, and each doing his or her part in carrying forward the great principles of reform.

1st. By weakening man's faith in many consecrated, time-honored errors ; in boldly assailing the strong citadel of superstition and bigotry, and pouring a flood of light on seeming mysteries.

2d. By successfully combating the unphilosophical tendencies of the materialistic theory : that while neither matter nor spirit have been satisfactorily defined, and so far as men or angels know they are two phases of one fact, eternally united yet eternally distinct, and neither molecule nor molecular motion can endow matter with sensation nor transform it to spirit ; that while the physical body is fixed in a certain locality, the spirit passes beyond the limits of earth, measures and names the stars, and familiarizes itself with the constitutions of the planets. More, it passes beyond the golden-fringed curtain that has so long separated the sensuous from the supersensuous ; sees and converses with those who have passed the silent river of death, and returns bringing the glad song of eternal life.

3d. By a clearer conception of God ; broader views of life ; higher and more ennobling expressions of religion ; unmistakable evidence of the immortality of the soul ; positive knowledge of the existence of a spiritual sphere eternal in the heavens ; breaking the chains of slavery ; elevating woman from the degrading position to which theology had assigned her ; causing the "rod" of Solomon to blossom with flowers of wisdom, fragrance and beauty ; bidding the parent to study the nature of his child, and supply its needs, that its young



life might blossom into sweetness and purity. By recognizing the innate purity and limitless possibilities of each soul, it has cheered, ennobled and blessed millions by its wise, loving, world-lifting truths. All this and much more has been accomplished through mediums. They have sacrificed home, friends, health, reputation, and even life has been oftentimes endangered; they have been misunderstood, misrepresented, slandered and despised; they have been handcuffed and imprisoned; crushed by poverty, neglected, regarded by professed Spiritualists with suspicion, and insulted by skeptics. Is it any wonder that at times some are driven to desperation, and when conditions were unfavorable have practiced deception—have sometimes, when unsustained by friends, prostituted the powers they possess to obtain the necessaries of life? True, it is wrong. All are ready to condemn the act. Few will act as in Shakspeare's *King Lear*:

—“ I'll not chide thee:  
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;  
 I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoot,  
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.  
 Mend when thou can'st; be better at thy leisure.”

But, friends, remember that you are indebted to mediums for the knowledge, the assurance, that your beautiful, golden-haired darling does not really sleep beneath the sods of the valley. Through mediumship you have heard the well-known voice; felt the clasp of velvety fingers; and the great sorrow of life has been transformed to a rainbow of glory. Oh, let no word of condemnation fall from your lips, no coldness or suspicion chill and render less efficient the sensitive instrument, whose faults may be venial compared to many that lie concealed in the hearts of those who sometimes attend seances, professedly seeking light and truth. If “test conditions” could be as well applied to auditors as mediums, we should have less of deception and fraud, and perhaps a better class of the invisibles present.

You who can attribute your financial success to the timely and judicious advice brought to you from loving friends in the other life, through mediumship, forget not, neglect not, to lighten their cares and sustain their drooping energies by generous donations from your own bountiful store. Mediums are not mendicants; they are not to receive your munificence as gifts of charity. They have crowned you with glory—brought to you jewels of imperishable beauty. Gold can never compensate for the rich mines of spiritual



truths they have opened for you, but it can aid in protecting these sensitive natures from insult and outrage; it can save them from the ceaseless drudgery necessary to obtain the necessities of life, and procure a condition of rest, quiet and culture, in which the golden harp can be attuned to the divine harmony of the spheres—the silken chords vibrate in unison with the master mind controlling, whose exact thought and beautiful sentences are now so often broken. Spiritualists are numbered by millions; they do not base their faith upon the evidence of trained scientists, sage philosophers or eloquent divines, but upon the phenomena witnessed in the presence of mediums. Every plank in the Spiritual platform was placed there through their mediumistic instrumentality. Trance and inspirational speakers are aware of and fully appreciate the important work accomplished by test mediums, and the necessity of protecting them from the assaults of ignorant investigators, and the hasty and denunciatory expressions of others.

All honor to the noble woman who had the moral courage, after answering most emphatically certain questions propounded in public, to give utterance to the following truthful sentiments:

“ While it is not our province to interfere with the investigation, pursued honestly, of any people, and while every manifestation of every medium must depend upon its own merits, we protest earnestly and emphatically against any class or body of people declaring that party a fraud beforehand who will not submit to their particular dictation. Spiritualism is not a man-made movement. The manifestations do not come at the dictation of any human being. No human being can justly declare under what circumstances manifestations shall take place. If the manifestations take place under circumstances not satisfactory to the investigator, all he can do is to withdraw, or to say that they are not satisfactory.

\* \* \* \* “ This is our word of protest, and we warn investigators, as well as Spiritualists, that the conditions for manifestations must be controlled by the Spirit-world; that if you place yourself in accord with them, ample satisfaction will undoubtedly be given. But no man can tell the sun to shine this or that way, nor say that the stars shall move in this or that direction, nor that there shall be discovered different planets in the heavens, or new properties within the vegetable kingdom; but if he places himself in accordance with the law, nature reveals herself unto him; if he place himself in harmony with the spirit, the Spirit-world responds.”

Spiritualism can only be sustained and carried forward upon a basis of ever-recurring phenomena, and this essential characteristic can only be secured through mediumship. A cheerful compliance



with mediumistic conditions, and a deeper insight into its diversified laws, will greatly facilitate the manifestations, and remove much of the suspicion that now attaches to them. Spiritualists! cherish the evangels of your faith, and ever encourage the young and timid mediums, shrinking from the crown of fire that seems to wait for them.

“ They are the mystic lyres,  
 Attuned by hands above.  
 That waft from heaven’s celestial choirs  
 The songs of angel love.

“ They are the hunted birds  
 Of bruised and bleeding breast,  
 Whose loving deeds and spirit words  
 Soothe angry hearts to rest.

“ Oh, cherish them with care,  
 Their dying hopes renew;  
 In all their many sorrows share,  
 As loving angels do.”

---

TO MRS. CHRISTINE FIERMAN.

---

**D**EAR FRIEND: Through the intervening space  
 My eyes can see, my heart can trace  
 An earnest, thoughtful, loving face.

A spirit filled with pure desire,  
 A heart aglow with heavenly fire,  
 A life that’s ever tending higher.

A soul that scorns inactive rest,  
 Panting to leave its quiet nest,  
 To soar above the mountain’s crest.

A will to take the jewels rare,  
 From snowy throat and shining hair,  
 And grasp the *Cross* reformer’s bear.

To dedicate strength, love and life,  
 To still the angry storms of strife,  
 That in this darkened world are rife.

O, silent lyre! O, songless bird!  
 Be patient, for thy wish is heard,  
 It has the soul of being stirred.

Soon an angel’s hand will sweep the strings  
 And thrill the bird ’till it gaily sings  
 And earth with gladsome music rings.

O, longing spirit with restless desire!  
 O, aching heart and soul of fire!  
 A lesson learn from bird and lyre.

Then evermore though days seem long,  
 Let hope shine bright, let faith be strong,  
 And lips be wreathed with smiles and song.



## THE PHANTOM FORM;

Or, Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life.

## PART SECOND.

## CHAPTER III.

“ A dream sublime of a sunny clime,  
 Whose balmiest breezes blow ;  
 Whose mountains loom and landscape bloom  
 In God’s eternal glow !  
 Give me my lyre ! I feel the fire,  
 Unseen by mortal sight :  
 Oh ! vision grand, of the summer land,  
 I’m fainting in delight !”

**I**T IS NOT my intention to give an elaborate description of the stately mansion, nor dwell upon the elegance of its spacious apartments. This would require much time and like many things I must relate would tax your credulity, therefore I shall pass lightly over external surroundings, confining myself principally to instruction received.

Ascending the marble steps we passed into the main entrance where I lingered to admire the rich and varied works of art and not until my mother called could I leave the delightful scene. Passing down the full length of the great entrance hall, I followed the sound of cheerful voices and soon stood among my friends in a small, neat apartment, partaking of the most luscious fruits and other delicacies. Yes! eating in spirit life, as real as it had been on earth, and I could but smile as I remembered the ideas of spirit life that I had imbibed while there. After an hour or more passed in this pleasurable manner, we were invited to follow mother who led the way to one of the most beautiful rooms I had ever seen. Here, my child, you will be free from interruption, you can ask as many questions as you wish; our friend Gonzalo will answer. I thanked my mother; her quiet, graceful manner and easy conversation had overcome the timidity and restraint first felt in Gonzalo’s presence; addressing him I said: I am curious to know why you occupy so large a house?

“ This is a school, or more properly speaking a Resort,” answered Gonzalo. “ It is designed to aid and educate those unfortunate women who have been deprived of intellectual culture, and opportunity to unfold the inherent capacity and latent talent they possess. They come from all conditions of life, prompted by one desire,—improvement.”

Why are they isolated from companionship with those gentlemen who are prompted by the same high motives, I mean why is this school devoted exclusively to women?

“ You have asked the most important question relating to this



subject. Co-education of the sexes, is as important and beneficial here as on earth; but there is a condition reached by some men and many women which renders association absolutely detrimental."

I cannot understand this.

"Because your experience has been limited. When the love nature, which I may term the central principle of being, when it is outraged through a long succession of years, when it has become blunted, degraded, almost deprived of its beauty by the abnormal condition into which it has been thrown by circumstances, or hereditary taint, then life is robbed of its highest inspirations! Nay, the greatest good is transformed into the means of the greatest evil! the individual sinks into a dark, selfish condition from which the most brilliant power of intellect cannot rescue him,—hatred, eventually creeps in and usurps control."

Will not the love of knowledge, of truth, prevent this disastrous result?

"No; for truth cannot waken a sentiment that it cannot impart! Love of right, does not emanate from the same principle, nor should it be called love."

Surely, Mr. Gonzalo, it would save from a low vicious life!

"For a time it would, but eventually, that nature which has been evolved from lower conditions would assert its supremacy, unless guided and held in check by the Godlike power of reciprocal affection. Your knowledge of history will convince you of the correctness of this statement. But, to return to this school, the object was to provide a place for those women from whose very existence, love seems to have been eliminated. Many of them dislike, even the presence of men, they cannot endure the least manifestation of affection from their own sex. They thirst for knowledge, and in this overruling desire, even the maternal love is lost."

Do such spirits advance rapidly?

"Yes; indeed you would be surprised at their power of mind, depth of thought and display of insight!"

Are they happy?

"Yes, they enjoy all the happiness they are capable of appreciating."

Why is my mother here?

"She has been chosen because of peculiar magnetic conditions, which frequently softens and mellows the icy natures around her."

Oh, mother! can you be happy here?

"Yes child, for like many of this unfortunate class, I too required the solitude and culture which is attainable here; my heart needed rest from the tempestuous gales that had so long tortured it. This resort has been a heaven to me and now I rejoice in imparting the knowledge and experience I have gained."

This is strange, something I had never thought of. How do these students appear when they leave this school?

"You will understand that they are not controlled by compulsion



and there comes a time to each one of them when the overtaxed and weary love nature has had its rest and the intellectual powers have grown comparatively mature. You must understand that development or growth is in circles; when one is complete another begins; the vigor and action of love seems lost and its awakening is slow, but by degrees it again assumes supremacy and the individual rises to a higher and more harmonious plane than ever before."

This is all beyond my comprehension, so I will ask a question upon a subject I think I can understand. In passing from sphere to sphere assuming new forms, is the distinction of sex lost? Is every spirit complete unto itself in the highest sphere? Gonzalo turned his thoughtful and expressive face towards me and replied:

"I am only a learner; for many years I have been trying to free myself from the errors, mistakes and entanglements of earth life; therefore I may not answer your questions as fully and clearly as some other one could. The light that comes to me is from the revelation of principles which I am studying and the experiences related to me by those who have passed on. These principles assure me of the indestructibility of all that belongs to spirit. Sex in person is only an expression of principle embodied in spirit; therefore it will never be lost! No individual spirit is in itself all-sufficient. Man and woman are the two halves of the perfect whole."

I have many other questions to ask upon this subject, but will wait until my next visit. Before I leave will you be so good as to satisfy my curiosity in regard to those wonderful horses whose beauty and speed so delighted and amazed me. How came they here and how are they so easily and perfectly controlled? Gonzalo smiled as he replied.

"Those you saw are not flesh and blood as you imagine; but are simply machines guided and moved by electricity."

What! is there no life there?

"It is hard to believe there is not, but such is the case; I have heard that in the higher spheres every thought takes on a form, as the poet sings:

"All worlds and suns are the thoughts of God."

So it is said thoughts, beautiful thoughts, take on the form of birds, flowers, and many beautiful shapes. You remember the power of thought upon earth; how tangibly one mind can effect another without speech; this power is much greater here, what it may be we cannot say."

This is truly a wonderful life, so different from what I had anticipated!

"Yes, and you have only had a glimpse of its wonders."

"She has had enough for one day," remarked my mother. "My child you will rest here to-night; to-morrow I will accompany you back to your earthly home unless you prefer to remain here."

Like a great wave, came the sudden thought of earth. Stay here! I exclaimed, starting up, oh no, I must go!



“Yes child,” said Gonzalo, “you must go, your heart is on fire; but the cords that bind it, will be burnt to ashes; the power that holds you will be broken, but long, long, will the gray shadows of unreciprocal affection drape your spirit, but at last you will pass through the pearly gate into perfect freedom.”

Thank you for the prophetic words may they be as truthful as they are pleasant.

“Farewell” said Gonzalo, looking into my face with a searching gaze. He stood as calm, white and still as a marble statue; then suddenly his face lighted and become suffused with a crimson tide; and bowing gracefully he took his departure; leaving my mother in a state of rapturous joy, though why I could not tell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

### Editor's Drawer.

—:o:—

“A COMMON-SENSE SERMON” is the title we have given to a discourse delivered by Wm. Denton to the inmates of a prison in Anamosa, Iowa. Our readers will find it on page 122. In it there is more common sense, more genuine philanthropy, more good advice, more true religion, more of the spirit of Jesus, as represented to us in some phases of his character, than in all the sermons, if combined, ever delivered by the Christian chaplains employed in our public institutions, and paid, (unconstitutionally and unjustly,) from the people's money. The fact is, Spiritualism in its teachings brings the only true philosophy, the only panacea for the disorder of all classes of humanity! When will Spiritualists fully appreciate the divinity of these teachings? Half, yea more, of those who openly profess their acceptance of the Spiritual Philosophy go through the world as if half ashamed to acknowledge themselves Spiritualists! Is it any marvel that in many places we do not command the respect of society? Let us have self-respect, cherish a pride in the grand philosophy, the religion, if you please, we profess; then and not before can we exert the influence we should in the world, hope to have our teachings accepted, and society be benefited by their salutary influence. We ought to have the privilege, equally with all others, to disseminate our teachings in all places, and to all classes and conditions of our fellow-men. We do not mean that Spiritualists should lay claim to a proportionate number of chaplains in the army and our various public institutions, a sinecure position for which the various sects of Christians are now contending. No! the usage is wrong in principle and pernicious in its effects. But if the friends unite, and will bring their influence to bear upon the constituted authorities; Davis, Denton, Brittan, Cora L. V. Richmond, Nellie Brigham, Mrs. Hyzer, and many others, teachers of our philosophy, would be permitted to minister to these unfortunate classes of society. The beautiful



teachings of Spiritualism, its golden threads, are interwoven all through this discourse; such thoughts, if faithfully presented, must benefit society and reform criminals. These sentiments of Mr. Denton are beautifully expressed by the Spiritual poetess, Miss Fletcher:

“ Think gently of the erring one,  
And let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet;  
Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
Which we in weakness trod.”

---

“ ARE THE ROMAN CATHOLICS gaining in numbers and influence in this country more rapidly than the Protestants, and is there not great danger that they will get the supreme power?”

This question comes to us from a sincere and earnest man, and demands an answer more elaborate than we have space to give it this month. To both questions, contained in the one sentence, we answer: No! A few remarks will partially explain. There have been periods in our history,—years when the tide of foreign immigration was very large—when it is probable there was a greater proportionate increase of the Romish faith. These years are exceptions to the general rule. Protestantism, represented by its many sects, largely predominates in this country, in influence and in proportionate increase. Further, we are of the belief that the Protestant sects are to-day making greater and more persistent efforts than are the Catholics to get the control of the Government, which should be strictly secular. They propose to accomplish their purpose by so changing the fundamental law, as to embody therein a recognition of the Christian religion. Such a proposition, so utterly at variance with the expressed opinions and intentions of the founders of this government, at first glance appears almost preposterous; nevertheless, there is absolute danger of their success.

The supineness, and almost total indifference of the masses of the people to the dangers that threaten is one of the most alarming features of the impending calamity. Spiritualists and Liberalists are the only true *Protestants*, and upon them we must principally rely in the on-coming conflict. The Protestant sects, protest against the authority of the Pope, but bow to the authority of a book. Spiritualists and Liberalists *protest* against *all* authority that subordinates human reason.

Should the sects finally succeed in making this government Christian, then indeed we might fear the final predominance of Catholicism, the loss of religious liberty and the re-enactment of the horrible persecutions of the dark ages when the Christian church exercised supreme authority.



OUR ENLARGEMENT AND ADVANCED PRICE, has called out many expressions of approval. One man, an earnest supporter of the OFFERING, says: "Now I am sure of your success, before, I anticipated failure for I well knew such a magazine could not be published for \$1.25 per annum without a much larger circulation than I think you can get."

A subscriber in Massachusetts writes kind words of encouragement and adds: "No one who has taken the OFFERING, if they appreciate it as I do, will hesitate about paying 75 cents more, even had you not enlarged it; for certainly it is cheap enough at \$2."

A lady friend sending her renewal subscription says: "I should have been glad to have heard that your subscription list was large enough to sustain the magazine at your present price, if not, no one should ask you to work without compensation."

We thank these friends and others who have kindly remembered us. One man, only one, has written to us complainingly; we will not give his bitter words. Some articles have been published he does not like, says "I am done working for the OFFERING." All right, we cannot hope to please all. He demands the OFFERING for the full time. Well, he shall have it, and *every subscriber* who had paid \$1.25 and thinks he ought to have a 56 page magazine published in the beautiful style of the OFFERING, have only to express their desire and they shall have it. We will work hard and continuously, without rest if need be, to satisfy every subscriber. Further; we expect soon to be able to enlarge to 64 pages, the size we have from the commencement hoped to attain. There will be no further increase of price. We cannot refrain from giving a brief extract from another letter received from a sister (Mrs. Robbins) of St. Petersburg, Pa. We would like to give her excellent letter in full but for want of room cannot.

"Enclosed please find seventy-five cents more for the OFFERING. I sent to Mrs. Osborn one dollar and twenty-five cents and this makes the two dollars for the coming year. Indeed I do not wonder you raised your price, the book demands it, and as each number becomes more interesting and a voice seems to say onward we go always gathering strength and power. No doubt Mrs. Osborn has told you my firm faith in our religion, and as I grow older I find such sweet solace in feeling we have found the truth."

THE SPIRITUAL AND LIBERAL PRESS.—One of the best evidences of the progress of Liberal Religious Ideas and the growth of Modern Spiritualism, we find in the marked increase of liberal publications. It is perhaps this fact that in a measure accounts for the more respectful consideration we receive from the secular and to some extent from the religious press.

A few years since the *Banner of Light* and the *Boston Investigator*, the pioneers of the grand Army of Progress, were the only representatives of the two great divisions of Liberals now composing freedom's advancing hosts. In addition to these we now have the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, *Index*, *Voice of Truth*, *Evolution*,



*Voice of the Angels, Truth Seeker, Spiritual Scientist, Freethought Journal, Olive Branch, Free Thinker, Messenger, Positive Thinker, Physiologist*, and many others, perhaps that should be mentioned; we name those only on our exchange list, now on our table. In this catalogue we have left out all liberal papers, in England, France, Germany, in fact they are to be found in every part of the civilized world. Another important and favorable consideration is in respect to the ability with which all these journals are conducted; they certainly compare favorably, with either the secular or religious periodicals of the country. We should like to pursue this subject further and speak of our Liberal Literature in book and pamphlet form, scattered broad cast over the land. In all this we see progress, progress everywhere and in every direction, save one. The Christian Church stands doggedly in the opening way; clinging to its old dogmas, and seeing with alarm the advancing hosts, their banners inscribed, Freethought, Free Speech, Free Press; no Governmental and Religious entanglements, total separation of Church and State, and it is making desperate efforts to erect legal barriers to oppose; has its government salaried minions employed to persecute, imprison and kill!

Brothers of the Press, we have a battle to fight, a relentless foe to contend with! All crossfiring should cease, no narrow strife among ourselves; let unity, progress, be our watch words, and all move forward with: "Malice toward none, Charity for all."

WE THANK OUR CONTRIBUTORS for valuable articles for this number; giving them the preference, our pages have been so crowded that an editorial, Spiritualism not Sectarian, several interesting items for the Drawer, and a number of notices of new publications, have, from necessity been deferred to next month.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS AND SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.—Poor health and exhaustive labor necessitated the suspension of this department for a time. It will be re-opened in the August number. The questions and answers in the Phantom Form this month are interesting.

THIS NUMBER OF THE OFFERING cannot fail to please our readers. Correspondents express themselves pleased with Our Young Folks department. It is made specially good this month by the beautiful article, "Harry's Consolation," by Mrs. Samuel, a new contributor whom we hope to secure permanently. We are making every effort in our power to make the OFFERING interesting to every class to whom it gains access. The "hard times" affect us; sometimes almost to discouragement. Please send us new subscribers, if only for three months, and will all who are in arrears, kindly remit. If we could personally state our exact condition, and exhibit the amount of labor and money required to get out one number of the OFFERING, none would fail to respond.



## REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

By WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[The publishers of this Magazine are glad to announce to its patrons and the public that they have secured permanently the services of Mr. Coleman, of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a Bibliographer of twenty-five years experience. All books sent to his address or to this office will be carefully, thoroughly, and impartially reviewed.]

*Buddhism and Christianity Face to Face; or an Oral Discussion between the Rev. Migettawatte, a Buddhist Priest, and Rev. D. Silva, an English Clergyman. Held at Pantura, Ceylon. With an introduction and annotations by J. M. Peebles, M. D. 90pp. 8vo. London, Jas. Burns; Boston, Colby and Rich. Paper, 25 cents.*

The thanks of the people of England and America are due to Dr. Peebles for the publication of this interesting work in those countries. It is, indeed, something "new under the sun,"—at least in this portion of the world. An excellent introduction of thirteen pages, from the pen of Bro. Peebles, explanatory of Buddhism and the life and teachings of its founder, Guatama, forms a fitting prelude to the body of the work. "The discussion continued two days, before an almost breathless audience, numbering at times from five to seven thousand in attendance." We can well imagine, as Dr. Peebles tells us, "that the Buddhist priest, being the most graceful speaker, and adapting himself to the popular mind, carried the multitude with him." It surely must have been a difficult task for the mixed multitude present to follow comprehendingly the philosophical predicates and abstruse metaphysics of the Christian disputant. The Buddhist orator manifested a wondrous familiarity with the Bible, its absurdities and inconsistencies, which he freely ventilated to the evident discomfiture of his clerical opponent. In fact, we find this Asiatic priest using as arguments antagonistic to the Bible and Christianity the Scriptural texts and the logical deductions therefrom current in the works of the ablest Freethinkers of America and Europe. The proverbial profundity and subtlety of the Hindoo mind we find exemplified measurably in this work; and as a Buddhist missionary is speedily expected in America to engage in the propagandism of his faith among the benighted Christians of our land, we will doubtless have an opportunity to personally judge for ourselves with regard to the intellectual *status* of the Buddhist priests. Those desirous of having Buddhism explained from a Buddhistic point of view, rather than from that of a prejudiced Christian opponent,—and who does not,—will do well to procure this volume. It should have a large sale in all English-speaking countries.

*The Church and Education.* By "Anti-Jesuit." 33pp. 16mo. N. Y., A. K. Butts. Paper, 10 cents.

An able, vigorous examination of the fundamental questions underlying the subject of religious instruction in the public schools. It overthrows, at every point, the puerile arguments of those advocating that the state should enforce the instillation into the youthful mind of the mept absurdities and sophistical twaddle constituting the stock in trade of modern Orthodoxy. Christian theology is also analytically dissected and held up to righteous reprobation, thus making in all a useful and effective tract for general circulation.

*The Youths' Liberal Guide for their Moral Culture and Religious Enlightenment.* By Prof. H. M. Kottinger, A. M. 316 pp. Large 8vo. Milwaukee [Doerflinger & Co., 56 Oneida St.], 1877. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is a somewhat unique work, no publication of a similar character having, we think, ever been issued in America. It was first published in German five years since, as a text-book for the Sunday Schools of the German Free Religious Congregations in the United States; and having subserved so valuable a purpose in the Liberal education of the German youth, an English edition is now offered to the public. "It aims at the destruction of erroneous theological views, and is adapted to the principles and development of liberal science. It contains: First—A doctrine of human duties and rights, established upon the nature of human



reason, and illustrated by examples collected from standard English and American authors, both in prose and verse. Secondly—The history of the principal religions. Thirdly—A criticism of the most important liberal narratives. Fourthly—Views of the Universe, represented in the liberal writers of the English, French, German, and American natural philosophers, such as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, Laplace, Lamarck, Humboldt, Buechner, Feuerbach, Fiske, etc." It combines the most pronounced anti-theological sentiments with the soundest moral principles. Its code of ethics is comprehensive and inclusive, and is enforced by many admirable illustrations in the way of brief stories, prose and poetic. It is to be hoped that the Liberal public will be sufficiently appreciative of the good work done for them and their children by Prof. Kottinger as to, at least, measurably compensate him for the trouble and outlay consequent upon its publication, by the ready purchase and widespread diffusion of the "Liberal Guide."

*What Our Girls Ought to Know.* By Mary J. Studley, M. D., Graduate, Resident Physician, and Teacher of the Natural Sciences in the State Normal School, Framingham, Mass. 261pp. 12mo. New York, M. L. Holbrook & Co., 1878. Cloth, \$1.00.

This is a book one can scarcely recommend too highly. It should be in the hands of every girl, and, for the matter of that, of every woman old or young not already conversant with the many invaluable truths presented therein. Written by a woman for girls and women, it is couched in choice and chaste phraseology, plain, simple, unpretending, yet in contents valuable beyond compare. No book with which we are acquainted contains so large a quantity of useful knowledge, practical hints, and timely suggestions upon the varied points affecting the life, health, and happiness of "our girls." All the concerns and relations of life that go to make up the existence of woman are treated upon in a rational, common-sense manner; among which we may name, What to Eat and How to Cook it, How we Breathe, The Brain and Nerves, How Plants and Animals are Perpetuated, How to Become Beautiful, Uses and Abuses of Dress, The Mate and the Home, etc., etc.; and each and all handled in a truly excellent manner. Mothers, procure the work for your daughters! Daughters, peruse carefully and seriously heed its many wisdom-laden precepts and instructions, to the end that you may be wiser, healthier, happier, truer, better, purer!

*Monopoly Ethics.* By J. S. Loveland, Offering. Series of Tracts No. 4. 8 pp., 8vo, Springfield, Mo. Paper, 5 cents; 10 copies, 30 cents; 50 copies, \$1.00,—postpaid.

A judicious and equitable settlement of the much vexed questions of the mutual relations of Labor and Capital is cryingly demanded. The "Signs of the Times" are ominous of approaching danger. It behoves our political economists, our masters in finance and trade, to bestir themselves in the matter of the just solution of the sociologic problems underlying the co-operative Trades-Union, Socialistic, and Communistic movements of the day. The nation is slumbering upon the edge of a volcano, whose fitful rumblings give token of a quick-coming avalanche of fire and flame, spreading destruction and desolation all around.

Bro. Loveland's latest *brochure* well exposes the sophistry of the arguments advanced by incorporated monopolies in vindication of their extortions and insatiable rapacity. The fallacies involved in the oft-repeated sophisms, "We can do as we please with our own," and "A thing is worth what it will bring," are effectually laid bare; and the true principles governing trade and barter are lucidly expounded. "Cost the limit of price," is the only common-sense measure of value, as our tractator rightly and soundly sets forth. Tracts like those of Mr. Loveland should be spread broadcast over the land, as servicable aids in the determination of the moot points implicated in the constitution of our social frame work.

*Oration on Leadership and Organization.* By S. B. Brittan, M. D. Delivered in outline on occasion of the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. 28pp. 8vo. New



York, 1878. (D. M. Fox, Springfield, Mo.) Paper, 15 cents; eight copies \$1; one hundred copies \$10.

To aught proceeding from Dr. Brittan all thinking Spiritualists should give heedful attention. Having become, as he tells us, a thorough Spiritualist two years prior to the Hydesville Rappings in 1848, he has from that day to this, with pen and voice, in the study and on the rostrum, lent the whole weight of his scholarship and eloquence, his polished authorship and pleasing oratory, to the congenial task of rearing, upon a solid, immovable foundation, a pure and cultured and rational Spiritualism. Sorry are we to be made to confess, that the great body of Spiritualists have profited but little by the efforts of Bro. Brittan and others to elevate the Gospel of Spiritualism into the dignity of the Eternal Word of Life, the Philosophy of Spiritualism into the substantial basis of the Ever-Living Truth. More heed has been paid to credulous marvel-seeking, to inordinate "ghost"-hunting, than to the practical inauguration in our individual, social, and national life of the indefectible code of ethics constituting the cornerstone of the new Spiritual Gospel.

The present oration of Dr. Brittan is a timely production. It spiritedly combats what are deemed by him two fundamental errors, "obstacles in the way of united, harmonious, and determined action" on the part of Spiritualists: first, that the recognition of the leadership of any one is "forever incompatible with self-respect and the proper development of our individuality;" and secondly, that "organization, with a special view to the advancement of our cause, must necessarily be fatal to its highest interests." Leadership, teachership, he deems indispensable to success in any pursuit of life; but leaders, he tells us, must have *brains*, and those brains located in the frontal and coronal portions of the head. "In other words, it must be an intellectual and moral power to which we yield the right to govern." As for organization, it is, as Dr. Brittan says, a principle universally displayed in Nature, from the lowest to the highest form,—in all branches of the social structure,—and upon the existence of which our civilization, the arts and sciences, all our philanthropic institutions, are dependent. "We do not propose organization as a scoop-net to catch gudgeons; not as a means of checking the moral growth of the individual, nor for restricting the limits of a rational freedom. We will neither have a spiritual hierarchy of the mitred stamp, a new 'pope of philosophy,' nor any other dictator clothed with unlimited and irresponsible power." "Accepting all great men and pure women as lights of the world, and taking the divine elements of good and truth out of all systems, let us proceed, in the interest of humanity and for the honor of a living Gospel—to fashion the New Theology and the Eclectic Religion of the world." "Now let us indulge the hope that the small business of going up and down, and here and there, seeking the latest wonders; the drafting of preambles and passing resolutions to be forgotten in a day; making paraffin hands and tying up jugglers in a sack; watching in darkness while hypothetical spirits wash their feet in the polluted fountain of bad English;—in short, may we not hope that all this unprofitable business, is—in the expressive parlance of the street—fairly 'played out?' • • • The spiritual tramps, dazed stragglers, and moral pariahs, who haunt the desert wastes of irresponsibility, may as well retire and save their *soles*. Let us vagabondize no more, but go to business. Wake up the sleepers! Drones, get out of the way! Make room for the earnest workmen who come to build up the new Zion."

It is to be hoped that the earnest labors of Bro. Brittan and other zealous workers for organized associative-effort—for the agglomerative condensation of the present chaotic Spiritual nebulosity—may be crowned with some measure of success at least; and, as a valuable, efficient assistant in the consummation of this pressing *desideratum*, we cordially welcome this ably written *brochure*, trusting that it may be widely scattered, and thoughtfully perused, among Spiritualists everywhere.

ALL Liberal Books and publications, including those mentioned in this department of the OFFERING, kept on hand and for sale at publisher's prices; will be sent promptly by mail.

Address SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Springfield, Mo.



# THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY  
FROM A SPIRITUALISTIC AND SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.

---

AUGUST, 1878.

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING  
THE EVOLUTION OF THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL, AS ESTABLISHED  
BY SCIENTIFIC EXEGESIS.\*

---

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

---

## II.—The Sources of Information.

**B**EFORE proceeding to consider the evolution of the religion of Israel we must review cursorily the sources from which our information concerning it is derived, of which the primary and most important is the Old Testament. This collection of books, written by the Hebrew nation before the time of Christ, gives us valuable and authentic evidence about the religious conditions of the Israelites at the periods when they were respectively composed. By their aid, therefore, we are enabled to trace the progressive evolution of their religious faith. The books of the canonical Old Testament were all written in Hebrew, except a few short passages, namely: Ezra iv. 8 to vi. 18; vii. 12 to 26; Jeremiah x. 11; and Daniel ii. 4 to vii. 28. These were written in Chaldaic. Hebrew, the language of the early Israelites, is the same as that of the Canaanites,—of whose country they possessed themselves and with whom they largely intermingled,—and is very much the same as that of the Phœnicians. Like all other tongues, the history of the Hebrew may be traced in various words and forms, which have undergone changes or have dropped out of use altogether. After the Babylonian Captivity, the Hebrew language became more and more mixed with the Chaldaic, until finally it died out entirely. This circumstance enables us to settle the dates of the different writings of the Old Testament with more or less accuracy.

The dates of writing of these books are of the greatest im-

---

\**The Religion of Israel*, a manual. Translated from the Dutch of J. Knappert, pastor at Leiden; by Richard A. Armstrong. 283 pp., 16mo. Boston; Roberts, Bros., 1878. Cloth, \$1.00.



portance to us in determining the religious evolution of Israel. Each book furnishes us with evidence about the opinions and the ideas entertained by its author, or authors, and the people of his or their day. . So, if we wish to become acquainted with the manner in which the religious ideas of the Israelites grew up one after another, we must first ascertain when each of the sacred books was written; then, by comparing these one with another, we shall be able to point out how the Israelites advanced from one way of thinking to another. Fortunately, the ages of these books are now known with sufficient certainty for our purpose, and we can arrange them with tolerable accuracy in their chronological order. It is only within the last hundred years that men have earnestly devoted themselves to the investigation of the ages of these books. Previous to that time people simply accepted whatever tradition had handed down about the age of the writers; and if only a book had once some name attached to it, they relied implicitly upon it without a second thought. In consequence of this, the people were impressed with a totally wrong conception of the Jewish religion,—which erroneous conception almost universally exists at the present time,—and ascribed to ideas of comparatively recent date a much higher antiquity than they in truth merited.

The Old Testament, however, not only informs us regarding the religious development of Israel, but it teaches us the political history of this famous nation. Now, it is obvious that the religious history must be fitted into the framework of the political history; but, on the other hand, the Israelites always regarded their political history from a religious point of view, and the course of its fortunes exercised great influence over their religious ideas. It is, therefore, impossible for any one to form a truthful conception of the religion of Israel without knowing the national history of the people. For our knowledge of the later portions of Israel's national existence we are indebted, to a considerable extent, to the Old Testament Apocrypha, the Judeo-Alexandrian literature in which the writings of Philo are conspicuous, the works of Josephus, the New Testament, and the Talmud. Finally, a few works of Gentile origin belonging mostly to later times, together with sundry monuments, inscriptions, and coins, both Israelitish and otherwise, furnish us with contributions of more or less weight towards a knowledge of various periods of Jewish history. By far the most important of all these authorities are the books of the Old Testament; not merely because there is a large portion of Israel's history which we cannot learn anywhere else, but also because it is only by reading these that we can come to know what were the peculiarities of its religion, its excellencies and its defects. For this reason alone they would merit a special examination; but such examination is still more needful, inasmuch as many mistaken ideas prevail concerning the origin and historical value of these books, and because it is necessary that we form, at any rate, an ap-



proximately correct conception on these points before considering the history itself.

**THE PENTATEUCH.**—The Jews who lived after the Babylonish captivity, and the Christians, following their example, ascribed the first five books of the Testament to Moses; and for many centuries the notion has been cherished that he is their author. But strict and impartial investigation has shown that this idea must be abandoned, and that nothing in the whole law really comes from Moses himself except, probably, the Ten Commandments; and even they have been subsequently revised and expanded, as we shall find in the course of our investigations. There is a greater variety of elements, and these, too, belong to a greater variety of periods, in these so-called books of Moses than in any other book in the Old Testament. We can trace at least three principal redactions of the Pentateuch; that is to say, the material was worked over and re-edited with additions and modifications by different people, at three distinct epochs; and, besides these, there were at different periods other smaller additions and modifications, which can now be carefully selected from the mass of materials in which they are imbedded. The first general redaction was made about 750 years before Christ, or about the time of the prophets Amos, Hosea, Micah, and Isaiah. Its author is usually called the "Jehovist", or more properly "Yahwist", because, from the very beginning of his writings, he calls God "Jehovah," or "Yahweh;"\* while the third author informs us that God was only known in the beginning as "Elohim," that, later on, the Patriarchs called him "El-Shaddai," and that Moses was the first man to whom he revealed himself as "Yahweh." For this reason, this third author is called the "Elohist." The first, the Yahwist, was a prophet, who was able to use and weave into his work certain documents that existed even before his day, such as the so-called Book of Covenants, which is pieced in at Exodus from chapter xxi to chapter xxiii. He had certain other laws and precepts also; but it was with the history of Israel that he concerned himself most. His work begins at Genesis ii. 4,—Genesis i. 1 to ii. 3 being the work of the Elohist,—with a brief account of the creation; and then he carries the story on regularly till the Israelites enter the land of Canaan. It is to him that we are indebted for the stories of the patriarchs. He took these from other writings or from popular legends. The principal idea standing out in his work is, that Israel is Yahweh's chosen people.

The Pentateuch remained in this form till 620 years before Christ. Then a certain priest of marked prophetic sympathies wrote a book of the law, which now constitutes the greater portion of the book of Deuteronomy, namely from chapter iv. 44 to xxvi.,

---

\* This word is erroneously pronounced "Jehovah." Its correct pronunciation will be considered in Section III.



and xxviii. In this book we find the demands which the so-called Mosaic party of that day were making, thrown into the form of laws given by Moses, in the name of Yahweh, to the people in the wilderness. It was by King Josiah that this book was first introduced and proclaimed as authoritative. Very soon afterward the author himself wove it into the work of the Yahwist, and also added a few more passages, some of which related to Joshua, Moses' successor. This second author is usually termed the "Deuteronomist," from being the writer of nearly the whole of the book of Deuteronomy. Finally, the third redaction of the Pentateuch was published 444 years before Christ. Ezra then added to the work of his two predecessors a series of laws and narratives which had been drawn up by some of the priests in Babylon. These he himself revised to some extent. The elements thus introduced were of a priestly character, and comprised many instructions for the guidance of the priests and Levites, for offerings and for feasts, as well as regulations concerning clean and unclean. Later still, a few more changes and additions were made; and so the Pentateuch grew into its present form.

**JOSHUA.**—This book is not called after its author, but after the person whose deeds it relates. At first it was regarded as part of the Pentateuch. It is partly the work of the Deuteronomist and partly of a later writer.

**JUDGES.**—This work is manifestly a compilation of various fragmentary narratives, some quite ancient, with large additions by a more recent writer. The 30th verse of the 18th chapter of this book, renders it evident that portions of it at least were not written till the first set of Israelites had been carried into captivity, and perhaps not till still later.

**SAMUEL.**—The two books of Samuel and the two of Kings were each regarded as one book by the Jews. Chronicles was also treated in the same way. Samuel is composed of different parts, written by different authors, of very unequal value and reliability. It was written shortly before or during the Babylonish captivity.

**KINGS.**—The author of Kings wrote during the Babylonian captivity, and made use of many older materials. He looks at things from a similar point of view to the Deuteronomist.

**CHRONICLES.**—The writer of Chronicles lived in the middle of the third century before Christ,—B. C. 250. Though he made use of many authorities, and probably of Samuel and Kings among the rest, it is impossible to rely upon the information he gives; for he allowed his religious views to influence very largely his representation of the facts. Samuel and Kings are much more reliable than Chronicles.

**EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.**—These books, which were originally united, relate many things about the persons whose names they bear, which were partly written by themselves, and were afterwards



collected by a third person who furnishes various explanations and additions of his own.

**RUTH.**—This work is probably based on an historical tradition, and dates from after the time of Ezra.

**ESTHER.**—The writer of this book lived long after the Babylonian captivity, and is quite unknown. It is intended to explain the origin of the festival of the "Purim," and to encourage the Israelites to adopt it. The whole book is unhistorical,—a mere fabrication.

**JOB.**—This book is a didactic poem. The tradition upon which it is founded may be in part historical. The unknown writer's object is to discover how the calamities that befall godly men can be reconciled with the righteousness of God. But he fails to solve the problem completely. He probably lived shortly after the Babylonian captivity.

**PSALMS.**—The Psalms are a collection of religious songs, composed some before and some after the captivity. They are called David's because he was well known as a poet; though in all probability he did not write a single one of them. They consist of three different collections: first, from Psalms i. to xli.; secondly, from xlii. to lxxxiii.; and thirdly, from lxxxiv. to cli. The collector of the last group lived 150 or 140 years before Christ. The entire collection was used as a hymn-book by the Jewish Church.

**PROVERBS.**—This book is a collection of short and pithy moral saws. They are mistakenly attributed to Solomon, but they were brought together long after his time by different people.

**ECCLESIASTES.**—Although this book bears Solomon's name it was not written by him. In fact, it was not drawn up till near the end of the third century before Christ. The author tries to show that everything is vanity, and that life is hardly worth anything at all to man.

**ISAIAH.**—This is a composite work, being the writings of various authors collected together. Most of the earlier portions of the book were written by the prophet Isaiah, who in the year 757 before Christ came forward as a prophet at Jerusalem. Chapter xxxvi. to xxxix.—historical narratives—belong to a later author. Chapters xl. to lxvi. are by a prophet at the time of the captivity,—about 200 years after the time of Isaiah,—whom we generally call, for want of any other name, the second Isaiah, or Deutero-Isaiah. Probably these passages were not collected together till after the fall of Babylon. The following passages, too, belong to later times: Chapters xiii. 1 to xiv. 23; xxi. 1 to 10; xxiv. to xxvii.; xxxiv. and xxxv. Though they cannot all be ascribed to one author, they all belong to the days of the captivity.

**JEREMIAH.**—Jeremiah appeared as a prophet in Jerusalem in the year 626 before Christ, in the reign of Josiah. After the fall of Judah he went with many of his countrymen to Egypt, where he



died. The last two chapters—and probably others—of the book bearing his name do not really come from his hand.

**LAMENTATIONS.**—This book comprises five songs of mourning, in which the deplorable condition of Judah and Jerusalem after the conquest of Nebuchadrezzar is sketched. They are by different authors. Though mistakenly attributed to Jeremiah, they are quite in his spirit.

**EZEKIEL.**—Ezekiel, a priest, was carried off to Babylon in the year 597 B. C. There he labored as a prophet for 22 years. In his writings we find the first traces of priestly legislation, which was afterwards carried out in much greater detail by writers of kindred mind, notably the "Elohists" of the Pentateuch.

**DANIEL.**—This work was written, principally, 165 years before Christ by an unknown author, who tries to encourage the pious of that day in the struggle against Antiochus Epiphanes, and promises them a speedy and complete deliverance. This is the latest written book of the Old Testament, chapter ix. having been incorporated into the original work as late as about 50 B. C. Daniel, in whose name it was written, lived about 600 B. C.

**HOSEA.**—Hosea, who lived in the northern kingdom, or Israel as the authorized versions have it, prophesied between the years 775 and 745 B. C.

**JOEL.**—It is uncertain when Joel lived; he is probably one of the latest of the prophets.

**AMOS.**—Amos was not a prophet by birth or education, but a herdsman from Tekoa, in Judah. He prophesied, however, in the kingdom of the ten tribes, or Israel, between 790 and 780 years before Christ.

**OBADIAH.**—Obadiah prophesied immediately after the devastation of Jerusalem, 586 B. C.

**JONAH.**—The prophet Jonah is an historical personage, and we hear of him in 2 Kings, xiv. 25. But the writer of the book of Jonah is not the prophet, but some one who lived in the fifth century before Christ, and wrote this wholly fictitious story to teach the loving kindness of Yahweh, showing how it embraces even the heathen.

**MICAH.**—Micah was a contemporary of Isaiah.

**NAHUM.**—Nahum was probably a contemporary of Josiah.

**HABAKKUK.**—This writer lived at the time of Jeremiah, and predicted the judgment of Yahweh on the Chaldeans.

**ZEPHANIAH.**—This writer prophesied in the first half of Josiah's reign. The occasion of his prophecy lay in the inroads of the Scythians, who inundated Asia as far as the borders of Egypt.

**HAGGAI.**—This prophet came forward 520 B. C., and vehemently urged the continuance of the rebuilding of the temple.

**ZECHARIAH.**—This book contains utterances by three different prophets. The first of these wrote chapters i. to viii. He was really the latest of the three, and a contemporary of Haggai. The



second author, a contemporary of Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah, wrote chapters ix. to xi. The third prophet, who was the author of chapters xii. to xiv., lived shortly before the destruction of Jerusalem, at the same time with Jeremiah and Habakkuk. In all probability the similarity of names of the three prophets led to their writings being united in a single book.

**MALACHI.**—Whoever collected together the writings of the lesser prophets gave this name erroneously to an author of whom we know nothing, except that he lived in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah, and was active in promoting their ideas.

From what has been said about the dates of the historical writings of the Old Testament, it will have been perceived that their authors, almost without exception, lived many years and even many centuries after the events they relate. In the prophets, too, we find statements and narratives about previous ages; and they refer to events which, in their own day, were generally accepted as facts. When well-informed and trustworthy people tell us anything that they themselves have seen, or inform us what thoughts they and the men of their times entertained about God and religion, we are willing to receive it on their testimony, due allowance being made for mistakes in observation or in reasoning; but it is quite another thing when they tell us about earlier times than their own. We then ask for their authorities, and wish to know whence they derived that which they tell us, no matter whether it be historical events or religious ideas. When prophets or priests of the eighth or sixth century before Christ begin to tell us of Moses and his contemporaries, or offer us accounts of the religious conceptions and customs of the men of those early times, it is of the utmost importance to know whence they obtained their information; for upon this depends very largely what value we set on the information. The great majority of the Old Testament writers had no other source of information about the past history of Israel than simple tradition. It could not, in fact, have been otherwise; for in primitive times no one used to record anything in writing, and the only way to preserve a knowledge of the past was to hand it down by word of mouth. In this way it was preserved for hundreds of years; and it was only at a late period that the traditions of Israel were written down in books, the earlier traces thereof being in the eighth century B. C. Now, as these narratives passed from mouth to mouth, they were adorned and enriched with all kinds of details, which, whether added purposely or unconsciously, deprived them of their historical character. Narratives of this kind are called sagas or legends.

Moreover, not only did the historians of Israel draw from tradition with perfect freedom, and write down without hesitation anything they heard and what was current in the mouths of the people, but they did not shrink from modifying their representation of the past in any way that they thought might be good and useful.



When a prophet or a priest related something about bygone times, his object was not to convey knowledge about those times; on the contrary, he used history merely as a vehicle for the conveyance of instruction and exhortation. Not only did he confine his narratives to such matters as he thought would serve his purpose, but he never hesitated to modify what he knew of the past; and he did not think twice about touching it up from his own imagination, simply that it might be more conducive to the end he had in view and chime in better with his opinions. All the past became colored through and through with the tinge of his own mind. When a prophet was describing the events of the past, he gave them quite a different complexion to what a priest would give to the same facts. As a proclaimer of the will of Yahweh, the prophet sought above all things to impress his readers with the might and majesty of Israel's God. The grand point to be brought out was, that Israel's misfortunes were due to its neglect of Yahweh's service, and, on the other hand, that the nation's only salvation lay in a genuine attachment to the God of its fathers. But it was on the Law—the statutes and institutions—that the priest laid stress. With him, Israel's salvation depended on its faithfulness to this Law; ceremonial cleanness was the chief thing; offerings were to be brought and feasts celebrated. We can often prove from facts that the accounts of former times have been completely transformed, since we now and then meet with two narratives of the same thing from two different pens. A notable example of this is in 2 Chronicles xxii. 10 to xxiii. 21. The author of this passage was a priest, and he has entirely changed the story as it is told in 2 Kings xi., to suit his own point of view. For, according to his version, the priests and Levites played a chief part in raising Joash to the throne, while in the version in Kings they had so little to do with it that they were not even mentioned. Then again, the prophetic author in the Pentateuch—the Yahwist—tells us that Yahweh promulgated no other law on Mount Sinai besides the Ten Commandments; but the later priestly authors makes Yahweh declare to Moses a whole series of laws on that occasion. There are many other instances of this kind, and they indicate how necessary it is to be most cautious in using the narratives of writers who allowed themselves such freedom in the treatment of history. The most scrupulous and impartial investigation is required to separate what is historical in this literature from what is unhistorical. This is essential, before we can come to any true knowledge of Israel's past.

The foregoing facts, however, by no means prevent the unhistorical parts from helping us, as well as the historical parts, in understanding the gradual progress of Israel in religious thought and feeling. The unhistorical parts do not teach us anything about those times which the writer wishes to inform us about; but they do enable us to understand the opinions of the writer himself,



and those generally held in his day. For example, all the stories of the patriarchs belong to a much later period, and are quite unhistorical. They teach us nothing at all about the patriarchs themselves, and are utterly worthless as authorities about those ancient times. But they do acquaint us with the opinions which the author and his contemporaries entertained as to those times. They show us what Israel thought about the days that were gone by; and by this means we get to know by their help what were the religious views current at a much later time than that of which they treat, but a time no less interesting to us. Every legend or myth is a witness about the author and his times, just as much as a real historical narrative would be. The Old Testament is rich alike in legends and in myths. We may take as examples the stories of the first human pair, the fall, Cain and Abel, the deluge, the tower of Babel, God's appearance to Abraham, and Jacob's wrestling. These stories have no historical foundation whatever; but, nevertheless, they give us an insight into the religious conceptions of the ancient Israelites.

The sources of information of Israel's religious development having been definitely posited, we will now proceed to the consideration of the various stages of that evolution; beginning with the religious *status* of the tribes in Goshen in the land of Egypt, the most remote epoch in Israel's history respecting which we possess any reliable information.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

MY PRIESTESS,

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

I.  
 ¶ AS a Queen—and reigns supreme,  
 Though no diamonds on her gleam;—

II.  
 Loving with a Love Divine,  
 I have chosen, named her mine!—

III.  
 And our Love knows no surcease,  
 It has chained my heart to Peace!

IV.  
 Naught can now our hearts divide,  
 As along Life's stream we glide.

V.  
 Her wish is my Law below,  
 And her Love, my shield I know.



## VI.

No law needs *she*—free from guile,  
She has said that one sweet smile

## VII.

Would reward her, for the free  
Wifely love she gives to me!

## VIII.

Harm can never to me come  
With her, Priestess of my Home!

TABLE ROCK, NEB., June 1878.

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

## TIMELY MATTERS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

**T**HERE SEEMS to be a somewhat violent disposition among a portion of the Spiritualists and some of the Spiritualistic papers at home and abroad, to stamp out fraud in the various phases of the physical manifestations, the accent being mostly on the materialization syllable. If fraud could be eliminated out of the order of mediumship it would be a great blessing, but I do not think it is going to be done in any such way as proposed; by any selected body of astute people subjecting all mediums to prescribed tests, and those who stand the tests to have diplomas, or testimonials as being reliable and genuine. The course proposed by these reformers, seems to be to stamp out not fraud merely but the manifestations, as not needed to sustain Spiritualism; and quite a number of the eminent ethical and platform lights, show a disposition to snub the phenominal exponents, demanding that they take back seats and not detract from the respectability the ism in its higher department. This feeling is I think offensively apparent and one is almost justified in supposing as one of the causes, jealousy of the attention the manifestations get, while teachings and oratory comparatively go a begging.

I consider the physical manifestations the greatest light that has ever come into the world. All the hope, desire and faith of my sanguine nature, with all the light then on the subject in the world would have never made me a believer in a continued conscious life after "this life's fitful fever was over," but the "manifestations" which are the distinguishing feature of modern Spiritualism, were to me unmistakable evidence that the man survived death; the bible and twenty years of preaching would not weigh a straw as an argument against my material logic that the man dissolved with the dissolution of his organism, and thousands say the same thing, in fact I do not know a man in the world who has been converted to Spiritu-



alism except by the manifestations, trifling as many of them are, either by seeing them or by testimony of them, never by the teachings, though the latter when not divorced from the former are a valuable stimulant to progress, and mental food when the fact of the manifestations sustains them.

When an intelligent communication is rapped out as coming from a man who has been dead and buried, and the fact of the communication is unmistakable, or when that mourned friend materializes and apparent human hand in my own house and gives me the grip under the table in a light room and proves it to be his hand and I feel the ring I remember on his finger and the scar on the hand and I know at the time my head is level and friends around me at the same time and know there is no human beings hand under the table and that the phenomenon is domestic and honest, it has an effect on me and I am convinced when the argument of a Paul would have failed, the sensuous knowledge convinces when logic and argument is but wind.

These and similar things in the physical manifestation of my experience, as an eye and soul opener puts libraries of rhetoric in the shade, but the fact also gilds the rhetorical and oratorical world with the silver lining of an invisible, intelligent environment, which I would not otherwise have, that is, the physical manifestations besides bringing life and immortality to light in a sensuous or scientific sense, they convert bibles, teachings and oratory from wind into truth.

Does any one blame me for coming to the rescue of the manifestations when I know some of them in every phase are founded on fact? Perhaps these reformers or critics in our ranks may say they don't object to these modest marvels, but the extensions into such dimensions that they become impossibilities, and facts *only* because not exposed as frauds; my experience warrants me in saying every phase even materialization is logically possible and to me satisfactorily demonstrated.

I think the plan proposed is impracticable, it don't look to me to be an honest movement and is not in the interest of modern Spiritualism, it seems of a sensational character, a bid for the god speed of the respectable world, an aim for popularity and patronage, and I think the papers and the people who are moving in this matter will come to grief and these "manifestations" that these builders are now rejecting will become the head of the corner. I think the spirits are the masters of the situation and have a way of running things as they please, they have done wonderfully well in the last 30 years and have made the subject world wide. Every now and then during the history of the *ism* the subject has been exposed in one phase after another and been exploded time and again, still it has gone on, cleared itself, and gone one better as the gambler would say, and won every time and I have no fear, but so it will be.



I am led to write this article because just at this time the secular papers are full of the exposure of Mrs. Pickering. I think there is another side to the story and I am still satisfied she is a medium for materialization, and I am very sure the seance I and others testified to in April was genuine, the lady gave us every opportunity to test her as we pleased, and we did so, as we stated and I am not sorry I endorsed her, I should be very sorry if she did not continue honest for I think there was no necessity for resorting to fraud. It rather struck me that she was being run on too high a pressure for the power of her engine and perhaps from the demand and perhaps more likely for the love of money her magnetism might have shortened and she had supplementary toggery to fill out the bill in case of shrinkage of power and possibly have come to grief, but I think she will sustain her mediumship and qualify the adverse statements if she does not clear herself, time will tell, so I wait. But suppose the adverse statement was right what would be the lesson taught to these stampers out of fraud? If there was a medium who would have had a diploma of genuineness from this proposed testing bureau, it would have been Mrs. Pickering, for the editor of the *Spiritual Scientist* has tested Mrs. P. more thoroughly than any other person has and endorsed her, giving her the benefit of his investigations in long articles in the *Boston Herald*, and his own paper, and he claims to be very expert in smelling out fraud, has smelt it several times where I know it did not exist therefore it is safe to say she would have had a certificate of genuineness. "Weighed in the balance and *not* found wanting," would that have prevented decay from over work or love of money that led to fraud and exposure? No! And this bureau of experts with their certificates of genuineness would have been at a discount at the first go off.

The readers will understand that I am only saying this in argument and showing a probability of how the plan would work, as I have said I think it very questionable whether we have got the facts of the fraud, the Pickeringings will probably make a statement from their stand point. I felt while writing on this subject that I might use the adverse point as an argument and at the same time re-express my opinion of her genuineness when I tested her, and that I still consider her a medium and think she will yet prove that the silly exposure will be qualified when the facts are known.

---

THE CONTRAST.—Idle men, industrious men, men with families to support willing, yea, anxious to work for bread, while officers allowed to collect fees, are paid as follows: The sheriffalty of Marion county, Ind., pays \$50,000 a year, and the clerkship \$35,000. And there has never yet been a legislature in Indiana honest enough to attack this system which robs the people to give princely fortunes to the politicians. This system prevails in nearly all the States.



## SPIRITUALISM NOT AN ARISTOCRACY.

BY WARREN CHASE.

**S**INCE THE advent of Spiritualism scores of efforts have been made, some by individuals, some by societies, some by mediums, to build up an aristocracy in Spiritualism either for themselves or for the cause at large. Some of these efforts have been made by imitating the religious ceremonies of popular churches in prayers, etc; some by securing churches or other popular and expensive places to hold meetings in and holding them at fashionable hours of Sunday service; and some mediums by extravagant prices and surroundings, inviting only the rich to their seances. These cases one after another have been brought down, usually by spirit influence, some in one way and some in another, but often by dissensions and divisions. The truth is Spiritualism is not, never can be made an aristocratic religion. It has come here for the benefit of all classes, especially the poor and oppressed, the afflicted, the despondent, and the poverty stricken masses. It is their religion and the philosophy of the intellectual and rationally thoughtful classes of all parties, but, an aristocracy is made up of neither. It was long ago said "pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." It is true in Spiritualism at least. The camp meetings and other cheap outdoor annual or periodical gatherings are growing popular and no doubt will be extended and highly appreciated; something like the once popular yearly meetings of the Quakers. Private and family seances are also growing more and more popular and efficient.

FROM THE FREETHOUGHT JOURNAL.

## WHAT SHOULD BE THE BASIS OF UNION FOR LIBERALS?

BY GEORGE E. BAXTER.

**T**HE SUBJECT of Union is a practical and important one for the consideration of Liberals. Liberals are social beings like other men and women. When Liberals cease to associate and sympathise with those who entertain different theological opinions from themselves, it is not because they are indifferent to the pleasures and advantages of sympathy and union; but it is from lack of that common purpose and warm sympathies so necessary to form a true union of heart and purpose. Liberals do not fail to take interest and join hands with anyone, in the many common interests of society, that are independent of class and creed. No one can expect them to take an interest in furthering the progress of the Church that is based upon traditional theology. Liberals refuse to be judged by the standards of the Church. It would be unfair to conclude that they will take no interest in the Church of humanity founded on rational



principles. They will manifest unbounded zeal and enthusiasm when they have proper organization and are acted upon by the sympathy of numbers. If the few isolated liberals scattered over the world, are able to stand alone it is as much as can be expected. It is encouraging to the pioneers in the liberal ranks, that rational ideas are fast spreading over the country; and that in every village and hamlet, advocates of liberalism are found in different stages of advancement. It is to be expected that rational ideas in theology will be unpopular, and be opposed by all who are educated in a traditional faith. We must be charitable and make allowances for the prejudices of early education. Prejudices are like old clothes, we cannot very easily throw them off until they are well worn out, and we have new suits to put on.

But liberals are a heterogeneous crowd, and at first sight, it would seem that a union similar to that of the church, was an impossibility. There are many things upon which they cannot be united, and all attempts to accomplish a union on disputed points, will end in failure. They cannot centre on the bible as a standard of faith, or rule of action. They see no virtue in an ordained ministry, and neither sense nor utility in ordinances. They could not even unite on the affirmation of a God, or the immortality of the soul. What then can form their basis of union, so as to bring united action, when occasion requires? The true basis of union will appear, when the object to be accomplished is understood. The practical of liberalism, is to free the human mind from the galling fetters of ignorance and superstition, and to build up true manly and womanly character; also to ameliorate, and if possible, cure many of the ills of society; as drunkenness, poverty, disease, crime, etc., etc.

The true basis of union then, must be *freedom*, mental freedom, and a purpose of work. On this broad basis all may unite, and will unite. There is nothing to hinder the liberals from uniting on this broad basis. On the *purpose to work* they may divide into smaller sections, regulated by local peculiarities, but still the main object of *freedom* and *character*, will form a bond of union sufficiently strong to bring us shoulder to shoulder when occasion requires.

Wherever there are a dozen liberals in a city, town or village, they should be united by this one bond of enjoying mental freedom, freedom of speech, and of working together at whatever may seem to them most advisable.

The liberal platform must welcome upon it any one who has the courage and the ability in a gentlemanly manner, to state and defend his convictions. They may court discussion, and at the same time do things decently, and in order. \* \* \* \* \*

Spiritualists profess that their religion is a scientific one. Prof. Buchanan in his anniversary oration, delivered before the Spiritualists of Boston, at Paine Hall, March 31st, in speaking of the philosophy of theology says, "Science, star-eyed and majestic science, the staff officer of Deity, has entered as one clothed with authority, and spoken with a voice that sounds far along the centuries of all coming time, above the din of mobs, and armies; of chanted creeds, and the roar of musketry that enforces falsehood upon conquered nations. Science in its materialistic investigations, has taken cognizance of the origin and movements of worlds without regard to the marvellous exploits of Joshua, in controlling the sun. Then from the broad basis of geologic, and cosmic history, science looks up to the spirit realm and takes cognizance of all those questions of ethics, and the future life and man's relation to the Divine, which have heretofore been held as beyond the reach of human investigation." It can do no harm to remind the readers of the *Journal* of the fact, that the phenomena exhibited by Dr. Slade is performed in broad daylight, and under whatever tests the investigators may demand, and the many scientists who have a world wide reputation in scientific circles, are



Spiritualists. Certain it is that the philosophy of Spiritualism, requires no creed, no mediator between God and man, no altar, no priesthood, and must of necessity be a liberalizing religion. It, at the same time, gives to many of the aspirations of the human heart, the assurance of positive knowledge and will liberalize when materialism will not. But there is room and need for all to work. We can wish them all God speed.

CARLTON, ST. JOHN, 1878.

---

## DITZLER AND JAMIESON'S DEBATE.

---

### Extracts From William F. Jamieson's Closing Speech.

---

PROPOSITION—Infidelity and modern materialism tend to immorality and to the injury of society. Ditzler affirms, Jamieson denies.

**S**EVERAL TIMES my opponent exclaims "Great God!" Sorry to find that my amiable friend has taken to swearing in the pulpit. But there is where most of my clerical friends do their swearing. Were the same expressions heard in the street they would be called profanity.

Mr. Ditzler charges communism on infidels. Your first christians were communists; "had all things common." He now comes forward to explain the difference. He asserts that the christian communists made a "voluntary and generous distribution of their property; it was a voluntary act." There is where he is wrong again. Read chapter v. of Acts, Ananias and his wife were struck dead because they, like prudent people, kept back part. "Voluntary!"

My opponent sneers at Spiritualism, and hopes I am "not in for that." Why sir, are you not a Spiritualist yourself? Do you not believe in Spiritual life? in the immortality of the soul? There is a great deal of trash mixed up with Spiritualism. I accept none of it that will not bear daylight. What in my judgment is reasonable in Spiritualism I accept. Spiritualism, in its last analysis, is scientific materialism. Spiritualists believe the soul is material. Christians believe it is immaterial. On that point they are driven to the wall by materialists. If the soul is immaterial it is nothing, except as it is a quality of matter.

He asks "Was not Galileo a christian believer?" "Who was Copernicus? Who was Sir Isaac Newton? Who were the Herschells? Who were they all but christians?" But, my friend, they got their science outside of christianity. They were scientific in spite of christianity, not because of it. Who persecuted Galileo? Christians. Who persecuted Copernicus? Christians. Who hated modern science in its infancy? The protestant reformers. But what kind of christians were Galileo and Copernicus? Roman Catholics. Their religion my opponent has called a false religion. When it suits him, he appeals to the Catholics for help. His case must be desperate indeed. Sir Isaac Newton was a great physicist,



but a poor theologian. Napoleon Bonaparte was a great warrior, but not an able preacher. It is a mistake to suppose that men who are great in some departments of study are equally so in all. Newton's opinion on God and religion was not worth much compared with his judgment on gravitation. So much for that.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Ditzler says I introduce "old niggers" here. Any one might know he was from the South, for he spells "Negro" with two "g's". He says Garrison spent most of his time in saying a "league with hell and a covenant with death." Yes, and he said it effectually; and when the rebellion began he said another thing, that "hell had seceded." While Garrison was "harsh as truth" the clergy were either in favor of slavery or silent as the grave until abolition became popular, then they adopted it, as they adopt everything they cannot kill. As a profession they did all they could to strangle liberty in America.

He says "infidels are rather noisy than otherwise." That sounds queerly, coming from a noisy, Methodist-campmeeting-preacher! If any infidel can surpass our Methodist friends in "noise" I have never seen him.

Mr. Ditzler says "old Morse," inventor of the telegraph, "was a blue stocking Presbyterian." Was the telegraph the result of his Presbyterianism? If not, the expression is without point.

There, I have traveled over the ground after him. He has offered but little bearing upon the question. I have had but little to reply to. The "thunder" is still in the far distance. How has he met my counter argument? In the start, he admitted that the great leaders in modern science are infidels, and that all liberal-minded men like Parker and Swing are infidels. This admission of his gave us all the great workers for human progress, the Lyells, Huxleys, Tyndalls, Darwins, Hæckels, Abbots, Frothinghams. It was impossible for him to prove, after that, that infidelity and materialism are immoral and injurious. I think it was clearly shown that infidels who do not expect to escape the consequence of wrong doing, and believe they are happy in proportion as they obey natural law, have every possible incentive to be moral in the true, natural sense.

It has been shown on my friend's own admission, too, that we are apt to imitate what we worship. I then gave a picture of the Bible God. If, as Mr. Ditzler said, we develop our characters from the object worshiped, and which, I believe, then the worship of the Bible God would inevitably lead to cruelty, murder, deception, lying, profanity, jealousy, hate, and persecution. But as other influences are at work in society; education, commerce, art, science, doubt, skepticism, the attention is not fixed on such an unlovely character, and the people are, in consequence, better than their creeds.

It has been shown, I think, that infidelity is liberty, religion



slavery. While the christian church was taking life, modern materialism, (chiefly concerned in blessing man in this world,) was saving life, renovating the world.

I have shown that the christians who helped establish this nation did so in opposition to the letter and spirit of christianity, and in obedience to the love of justice and liberty inherent in human nature.

I have shown that men like Franklin, Paine, Jefferson, were the leading spirits of the revolution.

It has been shown that when the race was possessed of the Bible and christianity, but without scientific materialism, it was plunged in darkness. Draper, Buckle, Huxley, have corroborated these positions, and my friend's own Bible represents that Moses borrowed what he knew, instead of getting it from heaven.

When my opponent declares that science is not enough for man, would not meet his wants, I offset his assertions by the declarations of Tyndall and Huxley, leaving you to choose. My friend considered science insufficient to meet the wants of human nature, because all could not become scientists. I showed that all could not become theologians; and on the other hand, that all industrial pursuits are the products of science.

My opponent did not give the Catholic church much credit for anything. It was shown that "so far as science is concerned nothing is owed to the reformation." The men who were believers in christianity were called infidels when they espoused science. This is the title my opponent gives Huxley, Lyell and others.

With all due respect to my friend, I do not think he has shown, in a single instance, that infidelity and modern materialism are inimical to society. It is absurd to argue that science tends to immorality; that science will not meet the wants of the race. Then we are told that science is the child of christianity. Why, then, did christianity persecute science? Why the long conflict between them? Why, as President White says, "was the whole of the civilized world at fault, Protestant as well as Catholic?" Why were such scientists as Campanella charged with heresy, science, and put to torture seven times? The world can thrive without religion; but it can never prosper without science.

Infidels and materialists are ever ready to accept truth, let it come from where it may, from the church, from the Bible, from saint or sinner, shining in dark dungeon, or glittering in twinkling stars, billions of miles in the abyss of space.

---

THE WORST and most dangerous form of communism, and most calculated to result in revolution, is that of the Shermans, Belmonts, Goulds & Co., seizing our nation's wealth and dividing it up among the Wall Street blackguards, and their retainers, the National Banks.



## THANATOPSIS.\*

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language; for his gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
 Into his darker musings, with a mild  
 And healing sympathy, that steals away  
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;  
 Go forth, unto the open sky, and list  
 To nature's teachings, while from all around—  
 Earth and her waters, and the depth of air—  
 Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
 Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
 Thy image. Earth that nourished thee shall claim  
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
 To mix forever with the elements.  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock  
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
 Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.  
 Yet not to thine eternal resting place  
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
 Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
 The venerable woods—rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,

\* A view of, or meditation on death.



Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
 Save its own dashings—yet—the dead are there;  
 And millions of those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou shalt fall  
 Unnoticed by the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
 And make their beds with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years—matron, and maid,  
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man  
 —Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side.  
 By those, who in their turn must follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan, which moves  
 To the pale realms of shade, where each must take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

---

### Phenomenal Record.

---

#### REMARKABLE REVELATION BY A SPIRIT.

---

One of the most remarkable *seances* held by Mrs. Hayden, at London, was one with a tall, dark-complexioned gentleman, of haughty bearing, who presented himself under the fictitious name of "Cosmopolite," and who was greatly astonished at the correctness of the answers he received, but attributed their correctness to thought-reading, as the answers included nothing beyond his own knowledge.

"Then ask some question, the answer to which is not in your own mind," was said to him.

He again passed his pencil over the alphabet, when the following startling question was propounded to him by the invisibles:—

"Have you forgotten the murder you committed in the West Indies?"

At first he did not comprehend the tenor of the words, the letters being run together without regard to the sentences; but on separating them the above was the result, on discovering the import of which he said, with great agitation:—



“There is some mistake here. Who are you?”

“*Agatha!*”

“My God! but this is strange! There is some mistake. Of what murder do you accuse me?”

“*The young Creole girl!*”

“Pshaw,” said he, with a forced laugh. “Ah! my good madam, there is some wag here who wishes to impose his jokes upon me.”

The only response to this question was one loud rap, which is understood as a negative.

“If I murdered you, as you insist, will you tell me for what?”

“To prevent exposure!” was the prompt reply. The hand of the questioner became tremulous, and his face ashy pale. There was a smothered hell within his bosom, which he was vainly striving to quench. Assuming a careless and indifferent tone, he continued his interrogatories.

“Since you seem inclined to make out so plausible a story, will you tell me with what you were murdered?”

“*The little silver poignard which I gave you as a keepsake, and which you at this moment wear concealed upon your person!*”

The thunderbolt had fallen, and the terrible blow was more than the guilty man could bear; and, while trembling with fear and excitement, he confessed to the truth of the revelation, and implored Mrs. Hayden, for the sake of his family, not to mention the facts in connection with his name, which promise she gave and kept.

This communication made a deep impression upon Mr. ———, who seemed to become a changed man, and afterward said to Mrs. Hayden, “I have nothing more to live for, and shall be happy to go hence whenever the summons shall come.”

This man displayed to Mrs. Hayden the poignard, which he still carried, and his display of feeling was overwhelming. It is to be observed, however, that the messages from the spirit-world in such cases are not vindictive—they do not aim at the exposure and punishment of the murderer, but at his reformation.

*Chamber's Journal* of the same year gives the following statement:—“I revisited Mrs. Hayden several times, and witnessed many similar ‘manifestations.’ On one occasion a young man was present who obtained intelligence of the death of a brother long lost in distant lands; also the secret of a murder, which he suspected to have taken place in his family. The spirit was asked if he should take measures to bring the guilty party to justice, but this was discommended; the spirits, we were informed, are generally tender towards the reputations and interests of living persons.”—PROF. BUCHANAN IN *Banner of Light*.

SPIRIT RAPPING IN JOHN WESLEY'S FAMILY.—All the principal sounds produced by spiritual agency in our times were heard in



the house of Rev. John Wesley, at Lincolnshire, England, in the early part of the last century. Those illustrations of the presence and power of spirits first occurred in 1716, one hundred and sixty-two years ago. A partial enumeration of the different phases of the phenomena embraces the following:—Mysterious knockings at the doors and elsewhere in the different apartments; the moving of ponderable bodies; opening and closing of doors; sounds of footsteps in the hall, and the rustling of flowing garments; heavy foot-falls on the stairs—as if persons were ascending and descending—accompanied by a tremulous motion of the whole house. Thundering sounds whenever Mr. Wesley prayed for the king; sounds such as are produced by shifting the sails of a windmill; the apparent falling of metallic balls among glassware of fine porcelain, and of huge pieces of coal, which appeared to be broken into many fragments and scattered over the floor; rocking the cradle, and lifting the bed with Nancy Wesley on it; and the rattling of silver coin, which appeared to be poured over Mrs. Wesley, and to fall at her feet.—S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

REMARKABLE PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.—The company of the Theatre Lyrique were rehearsing the opera of the “Cle d’Or” for the last time previous to a first presentation the same evening. Leon Achard, the tenor, was to play the chief character.

Suddenly Achard turned pale, and placed his hand before his eyes, crying out, “My brother! My brother!”

The other actors pressed around him. “What is the matter?” said Vizentini, the manager.

Achard looked fixedly at him, and said, “We cannot play to-night.”

“You are mad,” said the manager, “explain yourself.”

“My brother is dead,” said the tenor.

His brother was manager of the Conservatoire at Dijon; every one knew Charles Achard. He was supposed to be in the best health. Nevertheless, the singer continued to hold his hand before his eyes.

“I see him!” he said; “it is he indeed! He is dead!”

While attempts were being made to bring order to the rehearsal, a telegram arrived for Leon Achard. It announced the sudden death of Charles Achard, manager of the Conservatoire at Dijon.

That is the reason why placards were posted up to say there would be no performance that evening, on account of indisposition.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIND.—The following psychological incident, says a writer in the *Louisville Medical News*, which was told to me by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, may prove of interest to those of our readers who are studying the occult phases of nervous phenomena. The narrator, a man of fine nervous organization, was taking his afternoon siesta: his daughter, a



young lady of seventeen, sitting by his side, with her hand in his, and reading. As he passed from the wakeful state into one of semi-slumber, he saw, or seemed to see, appear at the foot of his bed, a tall man, with a sorrowful expression upon his face, who, bending down, tenderly lifted up a coffin and disappeared. He was so disturbed by the strange and unaccountable nature of his vision, that, after tossing restlessly for a few moments, he opened his eyes and said:

“Daughter, I believe I cannot sleep to-day, and will get up.”

Looking up from her book, in which she was evidently deeply absorbed, she said:

“Papa, this is a strange book that I am reading.”

“What is it?” said he.

“The life of Marie Antoinette,” she replied, and then read from the pages before her a recital of the exact incident that had just constituted his dream.

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

### BE TRUE.

BY OPHELIA T. SAMUEL.

---

“If we only strive to be pure and true,  
To each of us all there will come an hour,  
When the tree of life shall burst into flower,  
And rain at our feet the glorious dower,  
Of something grander than ever we knew.”

**W**H IF ONLY every Spiritualist would lay these words to heart, and honestly strive to be true to their faith, and to themselves, what a different place they would have filled in the world long ere this. Claiming the possession of rare knowledge and of a beautiful faith, they should have felt themselves so exalted and strengthened thereby, that they should have walked with heads proudly erect, insensible to all sneers and ridicule; so true to themselves that they might feel indifferent to the desertion of the whole world. Has this been the case? Would that I could answer that question in the affirmative. But the truth is, that in all the annals of history there is no account of any religious reformation or movement which has been achieved at so slight a cost of life or liberty to its converts, nor of one whose advocates have been willing to do or dare so little in the propagation or defense of their faith. When we read how the early Christians suffered; of how Paul and Barnabas were persecuted, and gloried in their sufferings, for “Christ’s sake.” Of how the Jews have been plundered and ostracised, and driven from home and country, and still held fast to their faith in the God of their fathers. Of how Catholic England under bloody Mary, with fire and sword strove to



convert Protestant England, and strove in vain. Of how in her turn Protestant England, under Elizabeth, erected the funeral pile and the headsman's block to punish all who dared deny the supremacy of the church established by that cruel old tyrant, her father,—and midst smoke and flame those brave souls, true to the light within them, went up to join the noble army of martyrs! When we read of how Huguenots and Waldenses, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Puritans and Churchmen, have been burned at the stake, put to the sword, chased from one hiding place to another, and persecuted in every possible manner; how light seem our trials of to-day in comparison,—and yet how many who have the knowledge of spiritual truths, have witnessed and been convinced by its phenomena, shrink from avowing themselves Spiritualists because it is not the popular religion. "There are so many in its ranks who are not what they ought to be; I do not wish to be numbered amongst them," is the plea made in excuse for their cowardice. I would ask of all such, was any great reformation ever accomplished that there did not flock to its standard, some who were discontented with the old forms and beyond the pale of the society which those forms governed; ostracised because of want of conventionality, or from actual crime. These are but the hangers-on, the excrescences, the barnacles that fasten on to every stately ship of progress, but never stay her onward course. Have we those amongst us whose presence and teachings frighten away so many pure minded believers in spirit communion? True, we have—but not more than in the days of Luther and the Reformation when throwing off the old ties that bound them to the church of Rome, monks and nuns plunged into the wildest debauchery. But did that crush the movement? Was the lambent light of truth that burned within the breasts of the mediumistic Luther and the saintly Melancthon extinguished by those wild gusts of license and passion? Rather did it not rise higher and higher, and consuming all that dross, burn a pure and steady flame, a beacon light of progress to guide the nations onward and upward, toward the great truths of to-day? Had they, and all the pure souls in sympathy with them shrunk back appalled before public opinion, where to-day would we have stood in spiritual growth? We owe much to those grand old reformers who had the courage to do and dare, and have educated us step by step up to the height that we have reached, and from which we look backward over the years that have passed and sit in judgment on their actions. Placing the pure principle of progress in the center as their standard, they massed themselves around it, and fought to the death the attacking hosts of ignorance, religious and social persecutions. Thus protected, that truth, that vital principle survived; that step on the ladder of progress was gained and held secure, that the next bold aspirant after higher truths might find a firmer foothold. And, it did well its work of regeneration and reform. Many are the steps that have been thus battled for and



won,—footprints stamped with the best blood of those who fought the good fight and won the victory of which to-day we reap the benefit. Every martyr who ever died for any truth, died that *that* truth might live, and those great truths hang like beacon lights before us, each one higher and higher, until they have lighted us onward and upward to the height on which we stand to-day, and from which we look backward and perhaps laugh derisively, to see how far below us they stood. Like ungrateful children who having reaped the benefit of the labors of parents, look with contempt upon those who have made them what they are. But, which of us to-day is fired by the zeal of Luther, or animated by the self sacrificing spirit of Philip Melancthon. Which of us for the sake of disseminating a truth and implanting it in the souls of men, would leave home and friends, traversing the stormy seas, and in strange lands and under burning suns, exhibit that sovereignty of the Spiritual over the material nature that displayed itself in the life and labors of Ignatius Loyola, and St. Francis Xavier? Or, like St. Cyran, of France, turning his back upon all the emoluments and honors offered by Richelieu, publish, for conscience sake, a protest against that haughty Cardinal's most cherished dogma, which act caused St. Cyran to be conducted to Vincennes, to breathe no more the free air of heaven till Richelieu himself was laid in the grave.

From the snowy steppes of Siberia, to "India's coral strand," whether beneath the calm radiance of the North Star, or the glitter of the Southern Cross, in every age have men and women suffered and died for what to them was truth and religion. Whether in defence of the worship of the god Thor, or prostrating themselves beneath the car of Juggernaut in adoration of the Deity which it represented, there has not been wanting self-sacrificing, heroic souls who shrunk not from torture or death that they might prove thereby how mighty, how exalting was the faith that they professed; and *now*, here in this free land whose only Juggernaut is public opinion; where no Bastille yawns to receive those who advocate an unpopular doctrine; where the flames of the funeral pile have long been quenched, and the gibbet that crowned Salem heights long ago laid in the dust; when the worst we have to fear is that those who do not think with us will turn the cold shoulder, and many who in their secret souls believe as we do, and hunger and thirst for that which they are too cowardly to seek, follow in their lead, or, that our business prospects may be affected if we raise on high in the sight of men the light that shines in our souls, so that all may know that we "walk not in darkness but in light!" If anything could shake my faith in spirit communion, it would be that the souls of the martyrs who have passed away in fire and flame upborne and exalted with holy fervor, so seldom return to inspire those of to-day who profess to love the truth. Is it that they will not strive to



uplift the soul that can be bowed by such slight storms? Is it that when they come burning with the zeal which enabled them to so live and die that their cause is immortal, they retire again sorrowful at finding so few willing to endure unto the end, such luke-warm, cold, indifferent disciples of great and beautiful truths. Oh ye Spiritualists, come out from your hiding places! Be strong and steadfast in the knowledge of the truth, take your stand fearlessly, and trust to the might and power of that truth to sustain you as it did the heroes of old through loss, and persecution, and to the fiery or bloody death! If it is not popular come out from your hiding places and make it so! Ye that are pure and upright, shrinking back in fear of the scorn of the world, come out and be known for what you are, and sustain and uphold those pure and fearless ones who have already led the advance guard of this onward movement. Come out from your homes and your churches, where timorous and fearful you shrink from avowing that which you yet hug to your very souls, and from which, in sorrow and affliction you derive your only comfort. Oh, lift up your cross as did the martyrs of old, and go your way fearlessly before all men, concealing nothing of that light which has shone like the morning star into your souls, which has made the scales fall from before your eyes, and revealed to you the mysteries of life and nature. Give the benefit of your example, your position, your prestige, to the cause which in your soul you endorse, and not long will it be before others, holding back as you now do, emboldened by your example, will throw into the scale of truth their influence, and not only professing, but living the beautiful teachings of their philosophy, help to remove the stigma cast upon their cause by their cowardly course. Dare to be true! In religion, in politics, in anything in which a principle is involved. If the martyrs of the past had lived as you do, where would you have stood to-day? Should the martyrs of to-day, the media who in spite of social ostracism, incredulity and derision, poorly compensated and working far beyond their strength, bearing the brunt of the battle undismayed; where would you now stand in spiritual knowledge had they waited for the movement to become popular, or for all that was disadvantageous to fall away from it? The might and swiftness of a current sweeps away all the debris and scum. Gather together in your full power and strength and you will become as a Niagara, sweeping all before you! You cannot hope to grow whilst you cramp your souls with false pretences; our spirit friends turn their backs upon those who deny them, turn not in anger but in sorrow, as you would turn from one who had loved you, should he respond to your call "I know you not!" I ask of you no great self-sacrifice, no heroic deeds, no unpractical efforts. Only that you be true to yourself and to those who from beyond the veil are striving with all their might to spread these truths far and wide.

Shall they find in you the stumbling block, or the helper? Shall



they, looking into the depths of your soul, read there "Coward!" or "One who dares to be true!" True to yourself, true to the God who as surely planted that germ of truth in your soul, and meant it to bear fruit, as he planted the grapes of Eschol, or set his bow in the clouds as a harbinger of brighter days to come. Think you your life will be crowned with success, a life that shrinks from meeting honest issues, and truckles beneath the pressure of policy, merely to gain the good opinion of the world? Never!

"The very God in Heaven does not choose to have a broken wire carry lightning, nor a double life to succeed."


Let your prayers to him be

•• Maker of the human heart,  
Scorn not thou thine own creation,  
Onward guide its nobler part,  
Train it for its high vocation;  
From the long infected grain,  
Cleanse and purge each sinful stain  
Kindle with a holy fire  
Every great and true desire."

---

From the Springfield, (Mass.,) REPUBLICAN.

### THE CASE OF MRS. BESANT.

RS. ANNIE BESANT, the now celebrated orator and leader of radical thought in England, has been judicially declared unfit to have the care of her little daughter because of her peculiar views concerning religion and social reform. This is essentially a case of much interest, and derives more from its accompanying circumstances. It will be remembered that Mrs. Besant was co-defendant last year with Charles Bradlaugh against the charge of publishing an obscene book, namely, Dr. Knowlton's "Fruits of Philosophy," and was convicted, though the conviction was afterward set aside because of some technicality. That trial placed her prominently before the world as one of those dangerous people who have strange ideas. It is now generally known that Mrs. Besant is a young and handsome woman, who, bred in the church and married to a clergyman, is now separated from her husband in consequence of her innovating and indeed atheistic ideas. The separation was effected in 1873 on terms giving to the father the custody of the son of the marriage, to the mother the care of the daughter; but in this suit Rev. Frank Besant alleged such a serious development of irreligion as rendered it proper that the previous decree should be set aside.

The petition was tried before one of the most distinguished jurists in England,—Sir George Jessel, master of the rolls, who is of the same marvellous race as the present premier, and the first Jew, it is said, that ever sat upon the judicial bench of Great



Britain. Mrs. Besant pleaded her own case, and her determination to do so was considered a most unwomanly thing; for, although they have women doctors in England, they have not yet any women lawyers, as we have in several states. Nevertheless, she showed a striking ability that the judge complimented her by a marked deference; for, instead of being a bore, she was uncommonly brief and pointed in her advocacy of her own case.

It appears that Mrs. Besant disapproves of any religious teaching for a child until it arrives at an age when it can judge for itself as to what it will accept or what reject. She would not warp her daughter to the atheism she holds, nor have her warped to her father's creed, at an age when whatever she believes must be a mere reflection from the opinions of those about her. She claimed on the trial that the whole tenor of recent legislation was in favor of withdrawing children from religious education, and that in this particular case her husband well knew that their child was not to be educated in his orthodoxy. This count was disposed of by Sir George Jessel on the simple ground of worldly advantage. The *London Daily News* thus reports his language: "Mrs. Besant has taken upon herself not merely to ignore religion, but to publicly avow by pamphlets and lectures her disbelief in all religion. I must consider, as a man of the world, what effect this conduct must have. It must cut her off from all social intercourse with the great majority of her sex," and so forth. The Jewish judge was only fitted to deal with the case from this standpoint, for mere Christian orthodoxy as a moral matter can hardly weigh heavily with him, while as a social force he can perfectly estimate it.

The main argument, however, against Mrs. Besant's custody of her own child, was that she had published "The Fruits of Philosophy," and had subsequently written and published as a substitute for that another book with the same purpose,—that is, to induce checks upon the overpopulation of the country. The judgment of Sir George Jessel on this point was emphatic, and terribly unfair, if it is correctly reported, since it charges Mrs. Besant with an advocacy of promiscuous sexual intercourse. The book in question, a small pamphlet, is printed in this country by Asa K. Butts, of New York, and there is not a trace of such vile meaning in its pages, nor is it true that its advice could be "subversive of the morals of a country." In this day, when such things have perforce become matters of common discussion, we may speak plainly. The Knowlton book is coarse and indiscreet, but it had no immoral purpose; its substitute written by Mrs. Besant, although plain-spoken, will do nothing toward the encouragement of vicious practices for the reasons that all who are disposed to vice, know already how they may avoid the consequences of indulgence, and can only incur them from a reckless disregard of the conditions; that the higher and middle classes of society already understand and practice the very precautions she recommends, and that the



classes for whom she especially writes, and who by a careful perusal are now being reached by her book, are those that, in the vigorous words of a secularist writer, "spawn children, half of whom must be paupers."

---

SAMUEL B. BRITTAN.

---

Passages from the Record of a Busy Life.

---

BY HON. NELSON CROSS.

---

CHAPTER IV.

*Ministerial Life in Danbury—Worship in the Country—Ordination at Middletown—An Empty Ceremony—Nations and their Monuments—Invitation to Albany—Settled at the Capitol—Chaplaincy of the two Houses—Important Public Questions—Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward—In a Dilemma—Valedictory and Removal to Connecticut—The City by the Sound—The Disciples in "an Upper Room"—Rapid Progress of the Liberal Faith—National Anniversary—Desperate Opposition—Barring the Doors Against the Public—Oration in the Temple of Nature—Emphatic Words From a Merchant—Unholy Spirit of Religious Intolerance—Opening the Books for the New Church—Laying the Corner Stone—Growth of the New Heresy—The Baptist Samson—The Churches Take a Knapp—Universalism Denounced—Charcoal Sketch by Jacob the Elder—Exciting Scene Before the Altar—The Stag at Bay—Serio-comic Performance—Uncovering a "Whited Sepulcher"—Blasphemous Prayers of the Clergy—O for the Spear of St. Michael—Music of the Tombs—The Crisis—Prayed out at Last—Flight of the Evangelists—Voices from the People—Darkness closes the Scene.*

---

**T**HE SPRING of 1841 witnessed the promotion of a faithful student who had made honorable progress at the great Divinity School of God in Nature and Humanity. He was accounted worthy to "go up higher," and so resigned the office of master of the village school and terminated his residence at Red Bank. He spent the summer months in New York, where he engaged at once in the labors of his new profession. His services were in instant demand among the most enlightened congregations in the city and elsewhere. The Universalist Society at Danbury, Conn., was at that time without a pastor, and a committee was sent to New York to listen to the young preacher. The report was such that he was immediately requested to visit that place with a view of accepting an invitation to become pastor of the society. This was speedily followed by an official call to settle over the parish. Accordingly, about the first of September, the pastor-elect removed to Danbury, where a beautiful cottage—embowered in roses and trailing vines—had been secured for the accommodation of his family. It was situated on an eminence at the west, overlooking that picturesque old town and the rural scenes by which it was then environed. From the parsonage on



the hill-side the picture was a charming one, diversified by fertile fields, green meadows, fruitful orchards and peaceful homes, the landscape possessing all the variety and beauty

“Of hill, and valley, and flowing water.”

There are beautiful passages in the life of a minister whose lot is cast in a country that God made and man has not spoiled. Our subject discovered some of these in his early experience at Daurbury. In that charming inland town, removed from the scenes of fierce conflict which characterize political life and the business world, he spent the first year and eight months of life in the ministry. There, on the green slope, facing the rising sun, and overlooking his own church edifice—which like a pale and silent worshiper stood at the foot of the hill—he continued the peaceful studies commenced long before when he was a dweller by the sea. The fresh verdure and the running waters; the music from the orchards and the groves; the gray rocks with strong sermons in their hearts, and the bright pebbles that ripple the brooks were all full of poetic suggestions. To the reverent and thoughtful spirit, in deep sympathy with Nature, every object became a significant text for elucidation, and a key to invisible arcana.

Having entered upon such a ministry the young preacher naturally grew in his moral stature and increased in knowledge and wisdom. Under these happy auspices his little family lived in peace and loved one another, while the faithful shepherd watched over his flock, striving to lead every wanderer out of the desert of error and sin—into the “green pastures and beside the still waters” of life. All this realized something like a sweet home of the soul, where reverence becomes the law of the place and the common instinct of the human mind. In the morning and evening, with some flowery bank as an altar of incense;

“With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With fragrant honeysuckle,”

there were perpetual offerings from grateful hearts. Where else in the wide world can any man worship more sincerely and acceptably than beneath the great dome of the heavens, when the earth beneath is full of life,

“And beds of violets blooming mid the trees,  
Load with sweet fragrance the nocturnal breeze?”

And there, in truth, the young pastor and his people did “dwell together in unity;” there did they grow in the graces and amenities of social life; and there, also, did they worship together in spirit. Each found strength in the presence of the other. The old felt their faith and hope revive; the young were inspired with new conceptions, and living ideas took root in the common mind; while, from time to time, the new minister echoed the voices of Nature, and did the best he could to modestly translate her mysteries. And the blessing came there and then—the sweet crison which the Hebrew poet compares to “the dew of Hermon.” It was the pure



spirit distilled from the alembic of the loving heart. It came to both minister and people—came to all the faithful, precious, as in the olden time when it “descended upon the mountains of Zion.”

Soon after Mr. Brittan was settled at Danbury the Connecticut State Convention of Universalists held its annual session at Middletown. It was on that occasion that he was publicly set apart for the work of the Christian ministry by a vote of the Council and the special service of consecration. Among those who participated in the religious ceremony of ordination were Rev. John Moore, and the late Rev. I. D. Williamson, D. D., whose strong love of the candidate was most impressively displayed in the eloquent and masterly charge delivered to his young brother in the faith. It will be naturally inferred that Mr. Brittan scarcely required any such public recognition of his right to a place among the religious teachers of his time. The ultimate call to his ministry emanated from a higher authority, over which the poor cobblers who make and tinker the popular creeds and confessions can exercise no jurisdiction. In fact public conventions and ecclesiastical councils can do little or nothing for such men except to try their patience, and enable them to illustrate the fact that “charity suffereth long and is kind.”

In the common judgment of men Nature had been liberal in the bestowment of her gifts; but our friend was never sensible of any increase of mental power following the imposition of the hands of the clergy. It was never presumed that any new dignity was thereby conferred upon the individual character; much less that any “spiritual gifts” could, by a possibility, be communicated to the passive subject. With the church it is only an empty ceremony, that for centuries has possessed no vital significance. The priestly palms that wave above the coronal sutures of ministerial candidates are never expected to impart any principle or influence more spiritual than the animal magnetism of the clerical manipulator. Those palms are neither recognized as instruments of healing, nor symbols of manly power by which we may hope to achieve a victory over “the world, the flesh and the devil.” And yet the pious sham—the soulless shadow of something that was but is not—continues to be *palmed off* by the priesthood for a divine reality.

During the residence at Danbury, Mr. Brittan often preached at Bridgeport, Newtown, Stratford and several larger towns in the State. By his lectures on popular themes and frequent addresses before different societies, he soon acquired an influence quite beyond the limits of his parish and outside of the Universalist denomination. While in New York he had been initiated, and received several degrees in Odd Fellowship. Early in 1842, with the assistance of several friends, he founded Samaritan Lodge at Danbury, of which he became the first presiding officer. In June of the same year he delivered an Anniversary Oration at Bridgeport, which was published in an elegant pamphlet and widely circulated. Starting with



the idea that "Every Age has its Monuments," the monumental remains of the ancient nations—works upreared by the unpaid labor of millions at the command of imperial masters—were presented in vivid contrast with the great Public Charities of modern times. These were employed to illustrate the progress of mankind from the blindness and barbarism of a selfish ambition—though the civilizing processes of the centuries—up to the recognition of the principles of Justice, Liberty and Fraternity. A portion of this address—"Nations and their Monuments"—was extensively copied by the secular and religious press of the country.

Nothing beyond the familiar incidents of a quiet life in the country occurred in the experience of the young minister, until the Spring of 1843, when he was invited to Albany, N. Y., to preside over the interests of the First Universalist Society in that city. The salary offered was much larger than he was receiving, and in many respects the situation was very desirable. It was an old society, owning a large and substantial edifice on Green street. The professional lives of some of the ablest and most eloquent men in the denomination were identified with its history; but for some unexplained reason the society had not prospered. The original incumbrance on the church property was heavy, and for many years the floating debt had been gradually increasing. Under the succeeding administrations or two eminent pulpit orators, covering a period of twelve years, the society had not been able to meet its expenses in any single year. The logical inference from these facts was not adapted to inspire any very lively hope of success in the mind of the candidate. To the vision of a thoughtful young man of very limited experience, it seemed like taking up a heavy weight which stronger men had been constrained to resign; and it was only after mature deliberation that he finally decided to accept the responsibility.

On the first of May Mr. Brittan removed to the new and larger field of labor that opened before him at the capitol of the Empire State. The people of his charge, young and old, at once rallied around him. The magnetism of his presence inspired a fresh interest and called into active exercise the forces of a new life. He soon became familiar with the people, and the acquaintance was productive of mutual confidence and esteem. Every effort to popularize the labors of the new minister met with a prompt and earnest response. The music of a well-trained band of instrumental musicians became an attractive feature in the Sunday exercises at the Green street church. The preacher, rightly interpreting the spirit of the times, seized on the great questions of the age; the special topics of the hour were often discussed; and the lively interest awakened caused a rapid increase in numbers. A liberal and fraternal spirit pervaded the weekly assemblies, and many people were drawn together by the varied attractions of what proved to be an intellectual, musical and religious entertainment.



The following winter while officiating as Chaplain of the Senate and Assembly, Mr. Brittan came in contact with many prominent men, from all parts of the State, and had frequent opportunities to learn their views of public questions. During the session of the Legislature he made it a point to select for his evening lectures subjects presumed to interest men charged with the duty of framing and enforcing the laws. "The Relations of the Citizens to the State;" "Dangers of the Republic from Political Corruption;" "Measures required for the Prevention of Crime;" "The proper Treatment of the Dangerous Classes;" "Law of Kindness in Prison Discipline;" "Necessary Modifications of the Criminal Code;" and "The Death Penalty," were among the questions that occupied his attention, and were the means of drawing to his church an unusual number of persons engaged in various public capacities, among whom were such men as Thurlow Weed, the late Hon. Wm. H. Seward, and other prominent politicians and statesmen.

In the relations of pastor and people everything was satisfactory. The organic action of the society was harmonious, and all its affairs promised a future of material and spiritual prosperity. No one suspected that all this was to be suddenly interrupted. What seemed to be a trifling circumstance precipitated a crisis that resulted in the removal of the pastor at the end of his first year in Albany. The causes of this unexpected change may be briefly explained. It must be observed that his occasional lectures at Bridgeport—delivered during his residence at Danbury—had excited considerable interest; and when it had been ascertained that the call to Albany had been accepted, several friends expressed their regret that they had not been made aware of his willingness to leave Danbury, as in that case Bridgeport would have disputed the claim of any other place to his services. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Brittan was asked if he would not return to Connecticut, provided a certain salary, then and there specified, could be raised for his support at Bridgeport. At that time there was no liberal society there; no attempt had ever been made to organize one; and it was very naturally inferred that this was but an incidental expression of feeling that would terminate with the hour. Not presuming for a moment that any serious purpose was really entertained by his friends, or that any action would follow the interview, Mr. Brittan responded affirmatively to their question and the parties to the conversation separated.

A period of eight or nine months had transpired, during which the subject of a possible return to the east had been in no way referred to by either party, when the Albany pastor was suddenly admonished by the receipt of a letter from Bridgeport, that the required salary had been raised, and that his friends in that city would confidently look for the fulfillment of his promise. The sum specified for the first year's services was but little more than half his salary at Albany. For many reasons he preferred to remain in



the larger field, and especially as it seemed to offer superior opportunities for individual improvement and public usefulness. If he should leave, it would be a great disappointment to his people. He remembered that his word was pledged—not, indeed, to any society having a legal existence; but was the moral obligation less binding? On the promise he had unwittingly given, his friends had acted in good faith. He could not falsify his word; and yet how could he rupture the existing relation? His society had entered into the same in the expectation that it would continue, and with the implied understanding that it might be permanent. He censured his own want of deliberation, and the carelessness which had placed him in the position so forcibly described in the following couplet by Dean Swift:

“A strong dilemma in a desperate case,  
To stay with infamy, or quit the place.”

Mr. Brittan lost no time in making the leading members of his society acquainted with the facts in the case. The situation in which he found himself was wholly unexpected. He desired to remain with them if he could be honorably released from the obligation to go to Bridgeport. At his suggestion the Secretary of the Board of Trustees opened a correspondence with the rival claimants, which, however, resulted in their declining to cancel the engagement. Accordingly, on the last Sunday in April, 1844, Mr. Brittan delivered his valedictory. The circumstances were such as to touch the sensibilities of both speaker and hearer. The parting words—feelingly spoken from the clouds that overshadowed the assembly—left a profound impression that lingered long in the memory of a disappointed people.

A striking illustration of the remarkable results which sometimes follow small beginnings is presented in the experiment of founding a liberal religious society in Bridgeport. On the morning of the first Sunday in May, Mr. Brittan entered upon the uncultivated field of his labor in that place. It was as beautiful a day as ever shown out of heaven to glorify the world. The trees that lined the streets were draped with the fresh verdure of Spring; the early flowers were blooming on the lawns and in the gardens; while the air was full of fragrance and music. That charming little city looked like a virgin queen, with her head reclining gracefully on Golden Hill and her feet resting in the blue waters of the Sound. The topographical contour, as seen from the hill, was rendered irresistibly pleasing by the fresh interlacing foliage of many trees, and

“Braided blooms, which crept  
Adown to where the waters slept.”

The scene presented at the first gathering of the liberal element in that community did not afford a very flattering promise of success. The little company met on the third floor of an old frame building on State Street, known as Masonic Hall. The assembly room was reached by a rickety staircase, lighted at night by an oil



lamp. It might possibly have seated some seventy or eighty persons, had so many chosen to avail themselves of the opportunity; but the actual number assembled at the first morning service was *forty-three*. It seemed like a "day of small things;" and we may well imagine that a vivid and painful contrast occupied the mind of the preacher. To his observation all was changed. The broad aisles, the lofty ceiling, and illuminated courts of the temple had vanished; familiar voices were silent, and the worshipers gone. He missed the vital magnetism of the multitude and the inspiring strains of the orchestra. The first attempt at a song of praise brought *Old Hundred* and several others to grief. In the closing exercises *Coronation* was crucified; but no one could help it. The minister was sorry to witness the execution; but found consolation in the precious faith that represents the Universal Lord as gracious and "slow to anger."

It soon became evident that the new minister would be heard, and that the people were disposed to consider the more liberal theology he inculcated. He selected for his evening discourses texts and themes commonly regarded as irreconcilable with the doctrine of universal salvation. From week to week he announced such subjects as the "parable of the Rich man and Lazarus;" "the Sheep and the Goats;" "turning the Wicked into Hell;" "the Last Judgment;" "Resurrection to Damnation;" "the Lake of Fire;" "the Second Death," and "the Undying Worm." Great curiosity was excited and many members of all the evangelical churches came under cover of darkness—like Mr. Nicodemus the Jewish ruler—to hear the strange teacher. Much they wondered at the facility with which he took hell out of all such scriptures, so clear that not a smell of sulphur remained. All the while the audiences increased so rapidly, it became necessary to change the place of meeting for a larger one no less than three times in sixty days. About the first of July the City Hall—the largest in the town—was secured; and still, on Sunday evenings, the place was thronged and hundreds went away unable to gain an entrance.

Such was the interest awaked in the short period of two months, when a train of circumstances occurred which further emphasized the claims of the liberal ministry and greatly intensified the popular feeling. It was near the last of June when a public meeting of the citizens was called with a view of celebrating the national anniversary. A committee of seven was appointed to make the preliminary arrangements. When the question of who should be selected to deliver the oration came before the committee, it elicited a lively discussion. At length when the vote was taken it appeared that Rev. Dr. Coit, of St. John's Church, in Bridgeport, had one vote; Rev. Dr. Andrews, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, two votes; while the radical minister of the town had four votes. The result occasioned an earnest controversy, the members representing the popular religious element of the city insisting:



that there must be a misapprehension on the part of some gentlemen of the committee. The friends of Mr. Brittan graciously yielded to a request that the vote be taken again. The result was that the name of Dr. Coit was dropped and the Universalist minister had five of the seven votes. This decision was declared to be final.

The next thing was to secure the use of some large building that would accommodate the public. One after another the different religious societies were applied to, and each in turn refused on learning who was to be the orator of the day. Every church edifice was closed against the people. The principles of Liberty were violated in the name of Religion! The rights of American citizenship were not respected by the saints, who seemed to think the devil had come to town, and by some infernal stratagem was about to capture the place. Then followed a fierce crusade against the liberal members of the committee; the man chosen to give expression to the public sentiment; and against liberal principles and people generally. Bills were printed and circulated along the lines of travel leading from the city, representing that the contemplated celebration—"proposed in the interest of Universalism and rum—had been abandoned."\* Also, that there would be "appropriate anniversary exercises in the South Presbyterian Church, and an oration by Dr. Andrews of New York."

But the gentlemen of the committee appointed at the first public meeting were men of nerve. They resolved to stand by their man—out of doors if necessary—and to boldly rebuke the unclean spirit of religious intolerance. They left the bigots to gnash their teeth whilst they went on with their arrangements. A large platform was erected on the public green, in the center of which stood the North Presbyterian Church (Dr. Hunter's); and there the best citizens of the place, and the people for miles around the country, assembled to celebrate the Anniversary of American Independence. The enemies of freedom had failed. The Sabbath School occupied the South Church; but the people, to the number of thousands, well dressed and orderly, crowded the little park. In his oration Mr. Brittan briefly analyzed the history of the early nations, the elements of their prosperity, and causes of their decline and fall. He boldly uncovered the dangers to which, in his judgment, the American Republic was exposed; and expressed his apprehension that the Union might one day be ruptured from causes originating in the unequal expansion of the Northern and Southern mind, and as the result of the growing political depravity of the times. It contained passages that stung the sectarians and stirred the blood of the people, as may be inferred from a brief extract. Mr. Brittan said:

---

\* Only a few days previously Mr. Brittan had delivered an Address before the Washingtonian Society of Bridgeport, in which he advocated entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks.



“On this interesting occasion we have liberty to speak—not in temples made with hands; but in the grand cathedral of the Universe, on which God has left the impress of his own hand. These green aisles, O Nature, are hallowed by the foot-prints of Deity! The living God is here, and the quick soul feels the spiritual presence in the midst of this temple. These emerald halls were fashioned and garnished by his hands, and the great dome above is radiant with the light of his countenance. We are here to-day to rejoice in the majesty of his power and the glory of his presence. I trust all who hear me have left all sectarian resentment and every partisan feeling behind. Let no one come here to extinguish the pure flame our fathers kindled on the altar of their country. The man who would pollute the sacrifice we bring is not fit for the political sanctuary. *His presence is sacrilege!* Let him stand back from the sacred shrine, while those who truly love their native land come near to renew the waning fires in the temple of Liberty. It is not enough to speak of our civil and religious freedom; it is far more important to consider what these words imply, and above all, to *act* on the principles they represent. Thus think—thus act; and America will continue to be free; and our children may rejoice when her proud ensign shall

‘In the distance far away,  
Greet the eyes of the slumbering ages!’”

The popular excitement on the occasion was something new in the experience of that quiet little city. It found frequent expression during the day, and at the close of the orator’s peroration the public enthusiasm rose to a pitch that rendered the scene impressive. Old men wept and fair ladies rushed toward the speaker’s stand. A prominent merchant—whose face was a living picture of determination—seized Mr. Brittan by both hands and said:

“I am a member of an evangelical church. I ought to be a better man than I am; but I would not dishonor my religion. I am also an American, and think I know something about the true spirit of our institutions. Our fathers pledged all they possessed—fortune, honor and life—for the greater interests of civil and *religious liberty*. I stand by the original declaration. I protest against the religious intolerance that to-day bars the doors of the Christian churches against the people. Out upon this unholy spirit! Let it be crucified! I know nothing about your theology, Sir. I only know you as a gentleman whose rights I am bound to respect. I am free to say that our city ought to have at least one place where all Americans may hereafter commemorate the anniversary of their national existence. If you, Sir, want to build such a church, call on me—when you will. *I shall subscribe.*”

The man who just then engaged the attention of the people did not wait long before acting on this suggestion. The public mind was prepared for a new departure. The experience of a few days had proved to be a rapid educational process, that served to enlist many minds and hearts in behalf of the liberal minister. The popular feeling was a wave that moved toward the goal of an honorable ambition. He did not wait for that feeling to subside; but the next morning after the celebration he opened the subscription book for the New Church. He pushed the enterprise from day to day with a resolution that never faltered. He traveled in all directions within a radius of ten miles, and visited every person suspected of entertaining liberal religious views. The work thus



undertaken advanced with such rapidity that in eight weeks the question of success or failure was definitely settled. The subscriptions were already sufficient to cover the estimates of the builders, except the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars, which amount was immediately subscribed in stock by several members of the congregation. A lot was purchased in a central location, and on the ninth of September, 1844, a great crowd assembled to witness the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new temple.

The progress of the building, and the momentous question that involved the final destiny of man, continued to occupy a large and increasing share of public attention. Multitudes flocked to the City Hall on Sunday evenings, and whole families abandoned the fellowship of some of the popular sects. Among the pastors and leading members of the several churches there seemed to be something like a feeling of consternation in view of the rapid spread of the new heresy. Darkness fell on them like the shadow of some impending disaster. "The devil's doctrine" (it was the doctrine that boldly questioned the very existence of each and all the diabolical factors in the orthodox plan of salvation) was not to be tolerated. Union meetings of all the churches in the city were convened for earnest prayer and solemn deliberation on the ways and means to be employed to save the people—by showing that if God only served them right they would all be damned. It was resolved that the ordinary means of grace were insufficient; that a valiant man from abroad must champion the cause; and that special efforts must be made to stay the swelling tide of error and irreligion. Thus they resolved, and it was done.

In those days there was one Elder Jacob Knapp, a coarse pulpit blasphemer, who was reported to have slain more enemies than Sampson, and with the same kind of a weapon. No mild-mannered minister of Jesus, with soft words and gentle persuasions, would meet the demand of the occasion. The work they had to do was to "*smoke out the infidels.*" To meet the emergency they required the services of a bold raider on every form of liberalism. The man they wanted was a battle-scarred theological warrior of the hell-fire and brimstone persuasion. Accordingly, Jacob was sent for and he came; when—without any unnecessary delay—he uncorked the phials of his wrath.

But the manner of Jacob's coming was something to be long remembered. The saints had impatiently waited for his appearance. They expected an unusual demonstration and were not disappointed. He came with a great noise—like the priests of Joshua, with a ram's horn trumpet-blast, that was expected to shake down the crazy bulwarks of the infidel opposition. Lifting his head in proud defiance; pawing the dust and beating the air, he made his *debut* in startling style, as

"An old gray stag before the altar led,  
Butts with his threatening brows, and bellowing stands."



At the beginning of his labors in Bridgeport, Elder Knapp announced that he had come to make an end of Universalism in that place. He declared, "the devil spawned that doctrine from hell." The new church, he assured his hearers, would be converted to another purpose. He boldly prophesied that the Universalist minister would "never be permitted to dedicate that house;" that fear and trembling would come upon him suddenly, and that "the Lord would paralyze his tongue."

Mr. Brittan was little inclined to pay any attention to such a reckless pretender to a possession of spiritual gifts and divine authority. He did not think a mere buffoon entitled to serious consideration because he put on priestly apparel and usurped the pulpit. When, therefore, Elder Knapp announced that, on the succeeding Sunday evening he would "break the back-bone of Universalism," and thereupon extended a special invitation to "the devil's minister and his dupes," to be present, it was only at the last moment—at the earnest solicitation of a number of his people—that he decided to attend the meeting at Rev. Mr. Smith's church, where the Universalist spinal column was to be subjected to trial. A great crowd attended the meeting, including many ladies and gentlemen from Mr. Brittan's congregation. The liberal minister occupied a seat in the front gallery, at the right and not far from the pulpit. The delivery of the rambling discourse that followed occupied nearly two hours. It was a tirade of misrepresentation and abuse of the most vociferous and vituperative character. To illustrate the alleged gross immoralities of Universalist clergymen, he told the most improbable stories—mere fictions, conceived and uttered in a spirit of bitter hostility and malevolence. Hundreds of eyes were fixed on the liberal minister, who with a serene countenance listened, unmoved to the close of the defamatory harangue. When Knapp had discharged the venomous stuff that occupied his mind, he informed the people that inasmuch as the discourse had occupied so much time he would omit the customary prayer meeting and dismiss the congregation with the benediction, which was done.

The instant the services were closed Mr. Brittan was on his feet, and in a quiet manner and dispassionate language made his appeal to the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Smith. He observed that since the exercises of the evening were declared to be closed, he could not be adjudged guilty of disturbing the devotions of the assembly in what he was about to say. He politely requested the privilege of correcting certain erroneous statements, of a personal character, which were calculated to injure the individuals named in public estimation. On any reasonable evidence he would gladly refrain from questioning the motives of the speaker. He had a right to presume that it was the honest purpose of a professed *Christian ministry* to promulgate *the truth*. If this was, indeed, the object of the gentleman conducting the meeting, there could



certainly be no reasonable objection to a friendly correction of any errors or misstatements that might operate to the injury of other people.

Here followed one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed in a religious assembly. The foregoing appeal arrested the attention of the entire audience; but the clergymen, three in number, pretended to be utterly oblivious. Elder Knapp, in a most peremptory manner, *ordered the people to retire to their homes*. Not a soul moved toward the door. The autocrat of the altar repeated his command; but the people kept their seats and seemed determined to hear both sides. Mr. Brittan was not the man to be so easily repulsed. He immediately left his seat and descended from the gallery. The people watched and interpreted the movement. The next moment he reappeared below—walked deliberately up the aisle to within fifteen feet of the altar, paused, and in the same unruffled manner and spirit repeated the question of privilege. The Elder here ordered the people to *sing*, and they obeyed. Mr. B. was silent and motionless during the singing, at the close of which the Baptist minister from New Haven followed with what was called *prayer*. He required the Almighty to take immediate action in the case of the Lord Jesus, *versus* all the enemies of the soul. He insisted that the devil's emissary (Brittan) should be made to see what a graceless and miserable sinner he was, and what a fearful responsibility rested on his guilty conscience. Most especially the bowels of his compassion were deeply moved for and in behalf of the poor simpletons who were running hard after him to perdition. He seemed willing to compromise with the divine administration if—before it was forever too late—those poor victims of a fatal deception might be made to see, that their naked, immortal souls were standing on the very brink of the bottomless pit. \*

A momentary pause succeeded the prayer, when Mr. Brittan, in the same tone of voice, and without betraying the least excitement, repeated his request. "Sing!" shouted the Elder; "brothers and sisters, *sing!*" When the good people had worried through another piece of poor psalmody, and come out in no way refreshed, Rev. Smith, pastor of the church, offered a prayer that reminded one of a sight draft, or a note of hand, payable on demand. There seemed to be a belligerent spirit in Smith when he thus inquired of the Lord:

"Do we not know that the 'devil like a roaring lion' is going up and down in the earth? Has he not come here seeking whom he may devour? Let us put on the whole armor of God and go out to meet him. Lord give us the sword of the spirit and the spear of Saint Michael! O,

---

\*Three weeks after the pharisee uttered this impudent prayer the Baptist church in New Haven witnessed the unpleasant ceremony of uncovering a "whited sepulcher" in their midst. The trustees closed their church doors against this same man, because of the discovery of his criminal conduct in corrupting no less than three families in his parish.



Lord, we pray thee to bring up the heavy artillery! Bring it now, Lord, loaded with solid shot, that we may demolish the works of the adversary, and give the devil and his emissary their due."

—Another solemn pause—and Mr. Brittan, in a firm but gentle tone, repeated his very reasonable request. About that time the Elder required something to harmonize his troubled spirit. He knew what he wanted; so he called for another sacred song, and the doleful numbers came. His hell-clouded spirit seemed to revel in whatever was dark and dolorous. He listened with supreme satisfaction to the sepulchral music of those unhappy souls,

"Whose harps are of the umber shade,  
That hides the blush of waking day."

And when the song was ended the Elder took the balance of the heavy work into his own hands. It is only two or three years since some of the leading New York dailies recalled the scene we have attempted to describe, and published a portion of Knapp's profane prayer offered on that occasion. After presuming to instruct the divine omniscience, he proceeded to draw a charcoal sketch of the Universalist Minister, touched, here and there, with phosphorescent light and crimson flame. The Elder's petition was more imperative than either a military order or a sheriff's warrant. He did not supplicate much. On the contrary, he forwarded his orders to head-quarters, calling on the Lord to attend to their execution at the earliest convenience. Here is a small sample of his prayer for Mr. Brittan. It is sufficiently blasphemous to shock the sensibilities of the average heathen worshiper. It was spoken in a diabolical tone, and with such emphasis as a madman might give to his words:

"And now, O Lord, God Almighty! We are reminded of the terrors of thy word. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord.' Lord God of hosts, let vengeance be satisfied! Hell hungers for her own, and the sharp sword of thy law shall fall on the wicked. O Lord, visit the Universalist Minister in thy hot displeasure. Smite him! Smite him in thy fierce indignation! God of Moses and the Prophets, smite him! \* Suspend him over hell, and riddle his soul above the hot embers!"

A number of persons, mostly ladies, had gathered in the aisle around the object of this prayer. Some of the ladies were pale and tremulous. They appeared to be frightened; and whether their idea was to seek shelter from some apprehended violence of a pious lunatic, or to shield the person of the self-possessed gentleman who kept the angry evangelists at bay, the writer may not affirm. For a moment the hoarse voice of the baptized brawler was silent.—Again Mr. Brittan mildly pressed his application for the privilege of being heard; and then the Elder called louder than ever before for another song. The young people seemed to think that part of the melodrama was "played out." Jacob's part was

\* with each successive repetition of the words "smite him!" the Elder brought down his heavy hand on the balustrade before the altar, with such violence as at once to shock the nerves of all gentle natures, and to threaten the integrity of the carpenters' work.



frightfully overdone. He was too violent; and, for this reason, as a serio-comic performer, he was a failure. The truth is, no one with a soul attuned to the divine harmonies, could sing after such a prayer. One venerable brother and sister—more than willing to mind Jacob—struck a bar, but could not get over it. They struggled hard to get off, but stuck fast.

The crisis had arrived. There were no more ministers to pray, and the voice of the last singer was hushed. In this emergency the master of ceremonies commanded the people to *go home*; but they did not go. They obstinately remained, and seemed determined to see the end of the performance. They did not have to wait long for the closing scene. All at once there was a new commotion, the cause of which was soon apparent. The citadel had been abandoned; the commander-in-chief and the members of his staff were rapidly retreating down the opposite aisle. Knapp called to the sexton to "*extinguish the lights!*" At this moment the excitement was intense, and the voices from the audience were too suggestive to be omitted in this description. The following is copied literally from Mr. Brittan's memoranda:

*First voice*—"Knapp, you must love darkness rather than light."

*Second voice*—"It is not proper to put out the lights while the ladies are in the house."

*Third voice*—"Knapp, you are a coward! The presence of a single truth-loving man puts you to flight."

*Fourth voice*—"Shame! With your 'heavy ordnance and solid shot' you fly before a single shot is fired."

*Fifth voice*—"Captain Smith, have you spiked that heavy artillery?"

Here Elder Knapp jumped upon a seat, in a slip near the door, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "Here are the Universalists, you hear and see them, and may know what they are. The devil has a mortgage on the whole company. *Sexton, put out the lights!*"

*First voice again*—"I am no Universalist. I am a member of St. John's Episcopal Church, of this city; and I say, Knapp, you prefer darkness to light—doubtless *because your 'deeds are evil.'*"

The audience evinced no disposition to follow the ministerial exodus. The people still kept their places. Most of them were on their feet; they were deeply excited and the confusion was rapidly increasing; but there was no violent disorder. The assembly witnessed the clerical hegira with mingled emotions of astonishment and disgust. When the last minister disappeared at the door, the sexton obeyed the mandate of his master by turning off the gas. In a moment the curtain of midnight darkness had fallen on the scene. *Exeunt omnes.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## Our Young Folks,

---

THE CHILD IS THE REPOSITORY OF INFINITE POSSIBILITIES.

---

“It is worthy of remark that a belief constantly inculcated during the early years of life, whilst the brain is impressible, appears to acquire almost the nature of an instinct; and the very essence of an instinct is that it is followed independently of reason.”—*Darwin.*

“All the machinery of the Church is constantly employed in corrupting the reason of children. In every possible way they are robbed of their own thoughts and forced to accept the statements of others. Every Sunday School has for its object the crushing out of every germ of individuality.”—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

---

### MY LITTLE BOY.

---

BY J. M. C.

---

Only a little while ago,  
 A few short days, not years, I know,  
 I held my little boy on my knee,  
 Just as cunning as he could be!  
 Soft were the rings of his flaxen hair,  
 Cheek and forehead, oh, so fair.  
 At eve, when the shadows were growing deep,  
 My baby came to be rocked to sleep—  
 Came to my arms to be soothed to rest  
 Each night, as the sun sank down in the west.  
 Over and over, soft and low,  
 When the Summer roses were all ablow,  
 I sang the songs that hushed him to sleep  
 When the twilight shadows were growing deep.  
 But the time that seemeth so short to me  
 Full twenty long, long years must be!  
 For here, to-night, by his mother's side,  
 Is my little boy, in his manhood's pride;  
 The wee, white hands so strong have grown,  
 And the baby-voice has a manly tone.  
 I lay my hand on his soft brown hair  
 And I miss the flaxen ringlets fair;  
 But my heart is thrilled with a joy divine,  
 As his dark bright eyes look into mine.  
 I am his mother! sweetest word  
 That ever from mortal lip was heard!  
 God grant that in paths of peace and joy  
 The hands of the angels may lead my boy!



Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.  
POLLY'S TWENTY FRIENDS.

BY SUSAN H. WIXON.

**P**OLLY was a queer genius. You would have laughed to have seen her when eleven years of age, arrayed in blue and white calico, her long hair streaming down her back, and her little bare feet all scratched and torn by the briars growing near the brook where she sat, as sober as a judge,—thinking.

Polly was the child of poverty. There are a great many children of the same parent.

“I cannot go to school,” she said, drearily, “I have no shoes.”  
“If I *try*,” she continued, “I may get a pair.”

“I’ll help you, and so will I, and I, and I, I, I, I,” screamed twenty little voices, little fairies or sprites from Thought Land, who are always near at seasonable or unseasonable times and places.

Polly jumped up quickly, exclaiming, “It’s a bargain! Come on!”

And away she went—berrying. She picked nimbly, assisted by her twenty friends, and sold quart after quart, till she had earned four dollars in pennies, which bought shoes, stockings and a pretty straw hat. Thus equipped, Polly went to school and studied like one finding new treasures every day.

By and by the shoes were worn out, and—“What shall I do for more shoes?” was Polly’s query. The berry season was over and gone, and—“What *can* I do?” inquired poor Polly.

“Go clamming!” shouted one of the Thought Land nymphs.

“I will!” said Polly. “I’ll go with you?” and “so say we all of us!” from the score of ever-attending friends.

And armed with a basket and hoe, our little Polly betook herself to the beach, near which she lived, on the coast of Massachusetts.

She imagined the clams *smiled*, as one by one, she pushed them from their sandy beds where they were nicely tucked away enjoying a nap, perhaps, lulled by the charming sea-breezes.

Her twenty little friends helped her carry her basket of clams to market, and the market men readily purchased all that she brought. Some silly boys and girls laughed when they saw Polly’s quaint figure trudging to market with her clams, and said, “We would’nt do it! We’ve money in the bank!”

“*Your* bank may break,” answered Polly. “*My* money is safer in a clam bank!”

To make a long story short, Polly educated herself, helped, as she said, by her twenty friends, without whose aid she declared she could do nothing.

She became, eventually, a successful teacher herself, and this year has gone to Paris to attend the great Exposition there. She



is talented and rich now, and just as brave and good as she can be.

I asked her once to introduce me to her cherished twenty friends: that she was always telling about; and she immediately showed me the daintiest ten toes and loveliest fingers and thumbs I have ever seen. They were all dressed in pink and white, as in the days gone by, and bordered with nails as fair and delicate as the tiny sea shells you have seen, perhaps, and which are brought to this country from foreign ports.

You have twenty just such friends as Polly, so do not despond, do not be discouraged, but do the best you can, and ever try to achieve some great and moral purpose, and these twenty friends will stand ready to help and befriend you, to aid you in your ascent up the ladder of life and goodness.

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING,  
CHILDREN'S LYCEUM, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.]

---

A Boy That will Make His Mark in the World.

---

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

**I** AM SO glad you have a children's department in the OFFERING. This alone should induce a thousand families to take your excellent magazine. I wonder that the liberals give so little heed to the cry of the baby world for books and papers. We ignore false doctrines; we reject theological husks, then why not give the children something good? To the new-born souls the world is all a mystery. They are bound to get her secrets. They, like the vine, reach out for whatever will help them into the light. Deny them good reading they will find the bad. The wonder is if parents know how many vile papers find their way among their children, or, I may ask, if they know that their boys seek places where there papers can be read? When in San Francisco I had occasion often to pass a news-stand where cheap books and trashy papers were sold. That place was crowded with boys, who eagerly read the illustrated papers that were tacked about the walls to attract custom. These boys are not depraved; they were in search of information. We have no papers for children. Why? Why simply because they are not supported. Not a few have been started, lived while at "a poor, dying rate" then went down to rise no more. It is not that we are so poor; there are other reasons. I once asked the happy father of six children to subscribe for a paper for them at the enormous cost of \$1.00 per year. The man liked the paper; the children put in their plea—"Do, please, take it, papa!" But he "could not afford it." That man owned a farm; he smoked and chewed tobacco, but was too poor to give his handsome brood of boys a news-



paper. All men are not so poor in spirit as this man but there are too many of this kind.

While the growl spirit has me in charge I want to complain of the lack of life in the Children's Lyceums. There have been many started, full of hope and promise, but, dear me, most of them are as dead as "door nails." Are we, of larger growth, not in fault? There is no lack of interest among children. The Children's Lyceum means *work*—steady, earnest, love-labor. A few put shoulder to the wheel, push and pull, with no help from the *many*; they weary and *wait*; down goes the Lyceum; the little folks are scattered as lambs, minus a shepherd, are scattered. The few *living* Lyceums are blessed by strong hands, dear heads, united hearts. Take, for instance, San Francisco, Cal. Six years ago a few faithful souls said "let us have a Lyceum. And from seeming chaos it came forth. Mrs. Lavonia Mathews, the conductor, has been absent but three times in the six years. Other members have been as true and steady. There is in the Lyceum no disunion; no desire for leadership; no party spirit. The Lyceum pays hall rent; own a good library; take fifty copies of the *Youth's Companion*. Money is raised by exhibitions and voluntary contributions.

You ask "What of Santa Barbara Lyceum?" We are but four months old. Time will determine our destiny. We now number one hundred members. Seventy-five are counted in as children. Cleveland and Chicago have donated some books. We have purchased fifty copies of Davis' *Manual* and a few library books. There is talk of subscribing for fifty copies of the *Young Folk's Rural*; it is not just the thing for the Lyceum, but it is free from theology. For this cause we give it the preference. We have in the Lyceum the elements of success. Parents and children meet together, speak, sing, work in accord. The leaders are efficient and love their calling; and, if I were not conductor, I would say the officers are united and faithful workers—and so they are. Mr. Chase and Mr. Hunt have each a class of grown people, which adds to the profit of teacher and pupil.

One fact I must not overlook. A boy, under twelve, comes ten miles, and has never been absent or late. He starts Saturday, on foot, with his lunch, if he gets a ride, all the better, if not he walks on. He sleeps alone in an unoccupied house, eats his cold breakfast, with a glass of water, and comes down to the Lyceum happy as a lark. Johnny Rockwell is as rich as a Jew. He would not exchange his wealth for the whole of Colifornia. That is not all; no one can defraud him of his treasures; he keeps them so close. He has will, integrity, health. Is that not great riches?

---

I SMILED AND SHE SMILED.—"How did you come to know her?" asked a mother of her little girl, as she saw her bidding good-bye to a poorly-dressed child. "Why, you see, mammy, she



came into our Children's Progressive Lyceum alone, and I made a place for her on my seat, and I smiled and she smiled, and then we were acquainted," was the answer.

---

### Reason.

---

"Do you believe everything you read?" inquired a young girl of her brother.

"Yes I do—everything," he replied.

"If you were to read, just now, that the lake is on fire, would you believe it?"

He did not answer, for he saw he could not.

We should use our reason about everything, and not believe just because it is found in a book, or because many people *say* it is so. Think whether it is reasonable or not, and ask for the *proofs* of its truth. By cultivating this disposition you will escape much error and superstition, and be better able to learn the truth on all subjects. Train yourself to criticise carefully all you hear or read, not merely to find fault, but because you want to learn the truth, and you will thereby acquire the habit of nicely weighing facts as in a balance, which habit will do you good service when you come (as I hope every boy and girl will) to study *science*.

"SCIENCE!" I fancy I hear some of you exclaim, "O, we know nothing about science; we are very young yet."

Now, I know that you are far wiser than you think you are, for I am sure you know something of several sciences. First, however, let us see what is science?

Science is really *knowledge*; but it is also an orderly and regular arrangement of knowledge.

You know that birds have two wings and two legs; that many of them build nests and sing, and that all of them lay eggs; that some birds fly at a great height in the air, while others keep near the ground; that some live wholly on grains, seeds, etc., while others are birds of prey—that is, they live on worms, slugs, carrion, or the flesh of dead animals.

Well, these are facts in the *science* of ORNITHOLOGY; so that you see you know something of one science; and if you will think for a moment of all you know about cats, dogs, horses, rabbits, squirrels, and other animals, you will discover that you know far more facts than we have time to talk about at present.

Everything, then, that you learn about birds or animals, that is true—either of their habits, food, or shape—are *facts* in the same *science* of ZOOLOGY. Suppose you learn all the facts known about birds, beasts, reptiles, and fishes in regular order—then you are studying the science of zoology.

I just think of another science about which you know something. You know that your brain thinks; that your teeth masticate or



chew your food; that your stomach digests the food; that the blood passes through the heart and causes it to beat; that the air you breathe turns to a beautiful red color the venous blood (that is, the *dark* blood that has circulated through the body to nourish and strengthen it and returns to the lungs to be purified by the air), and perhaps you know that for this reason it is necessary to breathe pure air. These are facts in the *science* of **PHYSIOLOGY**, and I know you would like to study it thoroughly.

Now, suppose you learn all the facts about the bones: of what they are composed, how developed, their names, use, and number in the various parts of the body—the skull, jaw, chest, arms, hands, legs, and feet. Then learn all the facts known about the joints, the four kinds of motion of joints, their structure, how held together, etc. Then all the facts about the muscles, their names and uses, how developed, and of what composed. Then all the facts about the circulation of the blood in the veins, the arteries, etc. You see that you would thus learn in a regular, *orderly* manner. And now you know what I mean when I say that **SCIENCE IS AN ORDERLY ARRANGEMENT OF KNOWLEDGE**.

You look at the telegraph wires, or you see dashing along the steamboat, or steam engine with a train of cars, and you wish you knew all about them. You know that the messages over the wires are sent by means of electricity, and that steam drives the boat and the locomotive engine; but you would like to know *how* all this is brought about. Then you want to learn the science of mechanics and electricity.

You know that the moon moves round the earth and the earth moves round the sun—two facts in the science of astronomy. I know that you often look at the moon and the twinkling stars, and would like to know how far they are from the earth, and how large they are; you want to know all that can be known about them, and so you want to study astronomy.

You see around you hills and dales, rugged rocks and quiet valleys, through which flow rippling brooks, that in their course become large rivers, forming sometimes, near their mouths, islands of the mud and drift brought by their currents. You see the sea wearing away solid rocks by incessantly dashing against them. You see on lofty hills shells resembling those now found on the ocean beaches, and read of the skeletons, and even entire bodies, of elephants dug up in frozen wastes. You would like to know *how* these hills, valleys, and islands were formed; how the sea shells came so far from the present ocean; how the different strata or layers of lime, sand, clay, etc., were formed, and so on. You want to study the science of **GEOLOGY**.

Well, you have only to go on learning all such facts as are known, in regular order, to become well acquainted with those sciences.

Now do you not discover that you are wiser than you knew, and



that science, though a big-sounding word, is, after all, only facts about different parts of nature arranged in a regular, orderly manner?

---

### TESTING MEDIUMS.

---

Editor SPIRITUAL OFFERING:—I have mailed you this date an account, as I think, of some as beautiful experiences as have ever occurred in this country. Will you please publish, also the following: THOS. R. HAZARD. \*

We protest earnestly and emphatically against any class or body of people declaring that party a fraud beforehand who will not submit to their particular dictation. Spiritualism is not a man made movement. The manifestations do not come at the dictation of any human being. No human being can justly declare under what circumstances manifestations shall take place. \* \* \* \* "This is our word of protest, and we warn investigators, as well as Spiritualists that the conditions for manifestations *must be controlled by the spirit world; that if you place yourself in accord with them, ample satisfaction will undoubtedly be given.*"

Spirit A. A. BALLOU, through the mediumship of Mrs. RICHMOND:  
 "Go on dear friend, and strive, if possible, to *place the testing power in our hands, for by so doing we will give to you, and to others, more than they could ever ask of us.*"

Spirit FANNY A. CONANT, in *Banner of Light*.

"I do not believe we have any right to approach mediums in an arrogant or dictatorial spirit, assuming them to be impostors. Nor do I believe that we have a right to dictate to the spiritual world the terms and conditions upon which we will consent to receive its revelations, as if we were conferring upon it an infinite condescension in deigning to receive the most inestimable boon that can be vouchsafed to humanity."

F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.,

---

### LECTURES IN MISSOURI AND KANSAS.

---

Friends are hereby notified that Mrs. Fox, having located permanently in Springfield, Mo., will answer calls to lecture on week day evenings, in the Southwest at any point accessible by railroad and not too distant. We take this opportunity during the temporary absence of Mrs. Fox, to publish one of the many notices by the local press in places where she has lectured. The Marshfield, (Mo.) *Chronicle* has the following:

"The lecture on temperance at the court house on Tuesday night by Mrs. N. P. Fox, was the best of the vast number of addresses upon the subject to which we have had the pleasure of listening during the past three months. Her pronunciation was clear and distinct, and her ideas (many of them new to the audience) were clothed in the most chaste and beautiful phraseology. Altogether, her remarks produced a profound and lasting impression upon our people."

"On Wednesday night, at the same place, the fair speaker held spell-bound for an hour, a large and appreciative audience of our people, by an address upon that most interesting of all subjects, 'The evidences of the immortality of the soul.' Her theory, that the soul can exist, *does exist*, independent of the house that contains it, was supported by the most convincing arguments and rendered more deeply impressive by the most beautiful and forcible illustrations. The almost breathless attention paid to her remarks showed intensest interest in this problem of problems, and that the sublime faith of the speaker in the summer land to which we are hastening was fully shared in by the audience. 'It *must* be so; else, why this fond desire, this longing after immortality?'"

---

\* The very interesting account of the materialization of human forms, at the residence of Mr. Hazard, only ten days ago, will appear in our next issue.



## Editor's Table.

---

### WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

---

**T**HE passing from earth to the higher life of one whose career is so distinguished as the great American poet whose name is given above, calls for more than a brief notice. A good, grand old man has gone up higher. He was honored, loved, and is mourned. At eighty his eyes were as bright, his step as light, his mind as vigorous and his fancy as fresh as at eighteen. In him nature flowered and fruited and reached the utmost limit of ripeness, but suffered no decay. The notice we are able in our limited space to give *in memoriam* of the departed, must necessarily only refer to the main incidents of his life; with the remark, that Mr. Bryant's long and prominent connection with journalism has thoroughly identified him with public affairs, both local and national, for the last fifty years. In fact, he preceded Horace Greeley, Jas. Gordon Bennett, Henry J. Raymond, Thurlow Weed; all are gone except the last named.

William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Mass., on the 3d of November, 1794. At the age of ten years he published some translations from the Latin poets, and at thirteen, he wrote "The Embargo," a political satire, printed in Boston in 1808, which efforts furnish an extraordinary instance of precocity. Soon after the latter appearance in print he entered Williams College, where he distinguished himself by scholarship. In 1812 he left college, and, in 1815, was admitted to the bar. In the same year he was married. So he passed his blossom-time and crowned it with settlement for life. He abandoned the law, and following his tastes, devoted himself to literature. His early ripeness appeared in the publication of "Thanatopsis" in the *North American Review* in 1816. This remarkable poem was written when Bryant was between eighteen and nineteen years of age. It was first published anonymously, and soon attained wide popularity, both in this country and in Europe. It was immediately translated into three European languages, and its anonymous authorship occasioned a great deal of speculation and comment at the time. Previously, no American poet had made himself heard in England with any marked effect. The English critics declared that "Thanatopsis" could not be the work of any American. But the reviewers were forced to credit it to American genius when the first volume of Bryant's collected poems appeared. No short poem—only eighty-one lines in all—ever attracted so much attention as "Thanatopsis." It shone a jewel fresh and bright in Bryant's poetic crown through life, and became a part of the education of all English-speaking children.



Bryant struck the key-note of his poetic inspiration in the first lines of *Thanatopsis* :

“To him who, in the love of nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language.”

He lived close to nature, and, feeling every throb and impulse of her universal heart, became her true interpreter. The forest was to him a holy temple, and giant trees were the organ-pipes which swelled his anthem of devotion and praise. In boyhood he wooed and won the sweet spirit of the woods and fields, and this dear love of a long life kept him always young. To him all things were vocal with the music of being and he caught and interpreted the voices he heard. He gave form and expression to the songs of the solitudes and silences and made the deserts blossom and awakened in the inanimate world teeming life of which his poems are the crown.

Beautiful and attractive as is “*Thanatopsis*,” to the production of which Mr. Bryant owes his early fame, we yet more highly appreciate some of his later poems. One, published in an Eastern magazine quite recently, “*The Flood of Years*,” made an impression we can never forget, and can be deemed scarcely less beautiful by those who consider “*Thanatopsis*” his crowning glory. “*Thanatopsis*,” on page 178, will be read with interest. In our next issue we will favor our readers with the “*Flood of Years*” in full, leaving them to decide as to the comparative merits of the two. The first, looking at external nature only, or, as the poet expresses it in second line, her *visible forms*, is indeed beautiful; but going beyond the external to nature’s invisible, the Spiritual realm which has indeed become the *real*, the visible being but the shadow. Our own favorite poet, Miss Belle Bush, has beautifully expressed this thought on page 476 of last volume :

“Oh! well may we say, as we journey along  
Through the world of joy and sorrow,  
That the land of the *living*, the land of song,  
In its radiant glory lies far beyond;  
And this is the Land of *Shadows*.”

We regard as nearer to the true teachings of Nature the poem by Richard H. Dana,\* entitled

“MAN, THOU SHALT NEVER DIE.”

Oh, listen, man!  
A voice within us speaks the startling word,—  
“Man, thou shalt never die!” Celestial voices  
Hymn it round our souls; according harps,  
By angel-fingers touched when the mild stars  
Of evening sang together, sound forth still

---

\* Mr. Dana, now over ninety years of age, is still living at Manchester, Mass., in the full enjoyment of life, erect of form and firm of step. He is, however, living in such complete retirement, that many of the present generation suppose that he too has gone to join his voice to the celestial choir, chanting the song of our “great immortality,” to which he refers in this beautiful poem.



The song of our great immortality;  
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
The tall dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,  
Join in this solemn universal song.

Oh, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in  
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;  
'Tis floating in day's setting glories; Night,  
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears.  
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,  
As one great mystic instrument, are touched  
By an unseen, living hand; and conscious chords  
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
The dying hear it, and, as sounds of earth  
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe gives to this invisible but real realm  
its grand reality in those sweet words:

"It lies around us like a cloud,—  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks:  
Amid our worldly cares  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat;  
Sweet helping hands are stirred;  
And palpitates the veil between  
With breathings almost heard."

In view of the claim made by some of the materialistic journals  
that Mr. Bryant did not recognize a continuous life, we have in  
answer, only to quote from his own writings. The following  
extract is from "The Flood of Years:"

Further on

A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,  
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is  
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years  
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass  
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?  
Hear what the wise and good have said: Beyond  
That belt of darkness still the years roll on  
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.  
They gather up again and softly bear  
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed  
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,  
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—  
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,  
Sages, and saintly women who have made  
Their households happy—all are raised and borne  
By that great current in its onward sweep,  
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves  
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath



Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,  
 From stage to stage, along the shining course  
 Of that fair river broadening like a sea.  
 As its smooth eddies curl along their way,  
 They bring old friends together; hands are clasped  
 In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms  
 Again are folded round the child she loved  
 And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,  
 Or but remembered to make sweet the hour  
 That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled  
 Or broke are healed forever. In the room  
 Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be  
 A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw  
 The heart, and never shall a tender tie  
 Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change  
 That waits on growth and action shall proceed  
 With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

In this poem Mr. Bryant unmistakably recognizes the existence of an invisible, a spirit world, real, substantial, where

“In joy unspeakable, the mother's arms  
 Again are folded round the child she loved and lost.”

But we have further evidence of the great poet's confident belief in another life as expressed in many of his later poems. One we call to mind, written soon after the death of a dear friend, entitled “The Future Life,” commencing with the following lines:

“How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
 When all of thee that time could wither sleeps,  
 And perishes among the dust we tread?  
 For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not,  
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

In religious sentiment Mr. Bryant was nominally a Unitarian, and usually attended the church of Dr. Bellows. He was too close a worshiper at Nature's shrine to be a sectarian or make any ostentatious display of his religious sentiments. The following, from the editorial columns of the *Index*, so admirably presents this phase of Mr. Bryant's character, that we transfer it to our pages:

“WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is dead,—the eldest and greatest of the triumvirate of American poesy, Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell,—the ‘patriarch of American literature,’ as Dr. Bellows aptly characterized him in the funeral address. Less popular as a poet than either of his renowned compeers, there is in his verse and in his character a Doric grandeur, a lofty simplicity, an austere and inaccessible majesty to which there is no fitting parallel in outward things save the Sphinx in the lonely Egyptian desert. There are those—they are perhaps not many—who owe to his influence the same debt which they owe to the massive men of the early Roman republic, and have been educated by it to appreciate the rare and superb masculinity of a spirit which, though superficially affected by the Christianity of his day, is yet, in the grandest sense



of the word, pagan to the core. Augur well of the youth who is fascinated by the moral strength that is the life of Bryant's finest pieces. It is impossible for one who comprehends it to imagine Bryant on his knees; his only prayer is the soliloquy of the erect and unbending soul, exalted and inspired by the love of Nature and communing with the universe, as it were, on equal terms. There is something surpassingly sublime in the dignity, the self-poise, the formidable and invincible self-possession with which this serene man sustains his own manhood even in the felt presence of the Moral Infinite. Modest as all great souls are modest, he yet never forgets what is due from the whole moral universe to unsullied rectitude and self-conscious integrity; he is constitutionally incapable of groveling, and knows nothing of a religion which is oblivious of self-respect. Here lies the innermost secret of Bryant's genius on its moral side; and no young mind can come into close and sympathetic contact with it and not be borne upwards on its strong pinions into the atmosphere of a higher life. And Bryant is dead? Nay, perish the thought! He lives, and will live, while human souls can thrill to his grand and simple strains."

Mr. Bryant owes his long life and almost perfect health to his temperate habits, steady exercise and plenty of it. Getting up at five o'clock in the morning and going to bed in good season, and a careful diet, have been the secrets of this prolongation of earth-life, and also of its absolute freedom from sickness from his boyhood until now. His exercise has been varied; he took long walks and also practiced feats in gymnastics. It is said that he walked every day from his house in Sixteenth street to the *Evening Post* office on Fulton street and back, the whole distance being five miles. And when he got there he did not use the elevators of that dizzy establishment, but trudged cheerfully up nine flights of stairs.

Of the circumstances of Mr. Bryant's death our readers have been made familiar by the weekly papers. Thirty years ago Mr. Bryant wrote a poem entitled "June," in which is expressed the wish that when called away from earth, it might be in that month of nature's loveliness. His wish was gratified. With that fine poem we had intended to close our brief notice of Mr. Bryant, but want of space will oblige us to defer its publication to next month.

---

"THE PUREST POETRY."—Reader, have you carefully perused the beautiful poem in our last issue by Miss Belle Bush? Some of the finest thoughts ever expressed are there breathed forth. One correspondent, a gentleman of culture and high literary standing, his own soul filled with poetic fire, speaking of the July number of the OFFERING, says: "It is *excellent*, and you ought to have a large circulation. Mr. Coleman's reviews are fine. The poem by Belle Bush, in sentiment and spirit, is a divine gospel from one whose whole life has exemplified the beautiful principles it inculcates. She is one of the noblest examples of pure, cultivated, and unself-



ish womanhood on earth. Her presence and example are full of the gentlest reproofs to the wayward, the strongest encouragement to the weak, and for all the most powerful incentives to nobility of character and life."

This noble woman and her sister preside over Belvidere Seminary and educate the young entrusted to their care. Why will so many liberalists neglect to avail themselves of the benefits to be obtained for their children by sending them to this unsectarian Educational Institution? We can only account for it by pure thoughtlessness. Instead of being left to struggle with financial embarrassment, these ladies ought to be upborne on the shoulders of all who love to see our schools conducted free from the narrowness of sectarian bigotry and intolerance.

---

## THE PHANTOM FORM;

Or, Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.

**H**OW TRUE it is, that the dominant idea will assert itself and obliterate or dim all other impressions. I had been charmed with the surpassing beauty and naturalness of spirit life, and delighted to again hold uninterrupted communion with my loved mother. The novelty and freshness of the scenes through which I had passed had drawn my mind from earth; but, now that the time was approaching for my return, all other thoughts lost their hold upon me, and I awaited with anxiety and impatience for the time to arrive when I could once more turn my face homeward. At that period of life an all-absorbing selfish love was the power that ruled me.

I had been long waiting when my mother entered, accompanied by a radiant being whom she introduced as Thalia, explaining that she had come to accompany us and would remain with me as guide and counselor. Her calm, sweet face, and large expressive eyes had a tranquilizing and wonderful effect upon my turbulent spirit. I recognized her superior mind and proud, exact, yet loving nature; and I greeted her with pleasure, yet with a consciousness that her superiority would be a check to the spontaneous expression of my impulsive nature.

"You will love her and she will bless you," said my mother. "Always follow her advice. Time, sorrow and experience have refined and polished her soul. I rejoice that I have secured the companionship of one so well adapted to your necessities. Now, my



child, as it is your desire to enter again into the scenes of rudimental existence, you will bid farewell to this beautiful world!" Yes, I answered hastily. Thalia moved on in advance and we followed, passing quickly through the flowery grounds surrounding the mansion. Once outside, we passed rapidly through the sweet scented air; Thalia keeping in advance and taking no part in our conversation.

Why is she so reserved and formal? I asked.

"You will know by and by; she is worthy of your full confidence and one of the purest and most noble spirits I have ever met."

There is something strangely familiar in her voice and gesture, yet it is improbable that we have ever met before.

"You have never met. She is to you a stranger, and has volunteered to be your guide and friend."

She does not walk as we do, but seems to float without effort.

"All spirits in this sphere have that power."

We now stood on the mossy bank of a beautiful river, where a small boat, resembling the one we used on a former occasion, awaited us. Never had I seen anything so charming; the tall trees with their drooping branches; the profusion of curiously shaped, bright tinted flowers and the water glowing in a flood of rosy light. Thalia would float from the boat to the shore, bringing flowers and shells. I know not how long we remained upon the beautiful river; it seemed but a few moments until the sweet homes, shining palaces, lovely flowers and beautiful trees began to fade in the distance, and the river lost itself in a boundless ocean, clear as crystal. The boat stopped and mother and Thalia stepped out upon the bright sea, motioning me to follow them; which I could not do until I had received many words of assurance. Once out of the boat and resting upon the bright, magnetic stream, we were borne on with the rapidity of light,—on and on through the boundless realms of space,—no object in sight save the glistening waves and the clear blue sky above; no sound save the murmuring of the waves and rich, harmonious notes that seemed to come from the blending of innumerable human voices. Up from the crystal water came a delicious, sweet scented breeze that exhilarated, while it quieted and calmed every fear. I had many inquiries to make in regard to this mode of conveyance, which I found to be in accordance with the law of attraction. Whoever was placed in the current of this mighty stream was borne at once to earth.

"This is the direct channel of communication," said my mother.

"In this way you avoid contact with other planes of spirit life, arriving in the atmosphere of earth in an almost inconceivable short time." My mother now bade me farewell, charging me to remember the lessons I had learned, and to withdraw myself as soon as possible from the entanglements of earth and come up higher; then left me to the guiding care of Thalia. I am ashamed to admit



the fact that the murky atmosphere of earth was far more attractive to me than the spheres I had left. I felt more at ease after mother had withdrawn; her pure eyes seemed to be constantly reproaching me for my love of earth. Now I was free, yet not entirely so, for Thalia, surrounded by a soft halo, stood near waiting my bidding. I resolved to overcome the restraint I had felt in her presence. Let us go first to my old home, I said. She bowed, beckoning me to follow, as she moved on. I too could float with the greatest ease in the murky atmosphere which seemed to slightly impede her progress. Soon we stood before the well known home. How dark, cold, and cheerless it looked. No comfort, nothing to attract or hold me there. I must seek my husband elsewhere. I had not then learned to utilize my clairvoyant powers, nor did Thalia enlighten me. Material objects were seen only through the emanations that surrounded them; and instead of finding my husband by the power of sight, I wandered from place to place, tracing him by the magnetic emanations imparted to all things with which he came in contact. It was a long search, as he had heard of my intended visit, and had gone from place to place to avoid me. Thalia made no objection to the search, simply acquiescing in the suggestions I made. At last I found him in a quiet village. It was evening as I drew near, and, for the first time since my change, looked upon the face of him I loved.

He was seated on a rustic bench beneath a wide spreading tree; the silver moonlight, falling through the swaying branches, lighting up his pale, intellectual face. I could plainly discern deep marks of care and sorrow. By his side sat Eunice; her head was resting on his shoulder, her small hand clasped in his. This sight aroused all the jealousy and anger of my nature. Thalia stood looking upon them with an expression of admiration. Glancing at me, she seemed to have an intuitive perception of my feelings, for she came to me at once and said:

“Emily, my friend, come away; I have something to say to you.”

Never! I replied. I will not leave them until they realize that I am still living, still claim my right as wife! Saying this, I advanced to my husband, calling to him in a loud, strong voice. I might as well have called to the stars; he could not see, hear or feel me. Never before had I realized how complete was our separation. Every whispered word, yea, thought of theirs was clear and distinct to me; but to them I was dead—gone. It should not be so. I would make them conscious of my presence! I remembered that Eunice was a medium. Going behind them, and using all my will and strength, I placed one hand upon her cheek, the other upon my husband's. He did not move; she gave a piercing scream and fell fainting to the ground. Oh, how I gloried in my success! I had heard her whisper, “nothing shall part us now;” but my first



effort had been more than successful; between them had come the hand of death, the icy touch of her they believed forever gone.

Thalia bent over the drooping form and soon restored her to consciousness. Then taking my hand she led me to a beautiful grove, and seating herself by my side, said:

“Emily, you are wronging yourself; you are hindering your growth; you are grieving away the sweet spirit of gentleness and purity that is a part of yourself!”

Don't expostulate with me, I replied; if you are here to aid me, if you are indeed a friend, then help me to accomplish the one purpose of life: to win back and hold the love that once was mine, that I have a right to, that I will have! Eunice will love another; I never can. She is fickle; I am changeless! Will you help me?

“Emily, hear me! Is love the only object of life? Is this the only height you aim to attain? Let me show you that the love which you have made a God of, should only be an incident; it is a fountain from which you drink, to pass on to higher, grander results. When your soul makes an idol of an individual all avenues of growth are closed. Worship of the finite will not advance you intellectually or spiritually! Worship of an individual will not prepare you for the grand, humanitarian, world-lifting efforts you will be called upon to make! Worship is blind; idolatry is folly! Love is only worthy of the name when free from all narrow, selfish, degrading influences. Has not your love silenced your better nature; extinguished the pure light of sisterly affection, lessened your love for an angel mother; intensified your jealousy, anger and selfishness; caused you to forget the intellectual treasures you were once so earnest in seeking; brought you from heaven to earth; debarred you from the society of the cultured and refined in spirit life; dragged you into the mire and wretched conditions of earth-life? Is this love? What good has it brought you? Is it not even now binding you anew with fetters that may hold you through many, many years? Pause, I beg of you! Think of my words! Oh, barter not the store-house of inexhaustible treasures for the false glitter and sparkle that allure but to destroy! Think of it! To-morrow I will come to you again—promise me that you will remain alone until that time.”

I promise, I replied; and the bright guardian angel vanished from sight, leaving me filled with strange and unaccountable emotions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**AN ATHEIST'S CHILD.**—*Its Mother has no Rights that the Law Respects.*—Such in effect is the judgment of the court presided over by Sir George Jessell, the English Master of the Rolls, in the case of Mrs. Besant. The great mass of the people throughout the civilized world have been shocked by the decision. There is not a mother in all the land, unless her heart be harder than adamant, made so by sectarian bigotry, who will not extend to Mrs.



Besant her warmest, deepest sympathy. This is but one of the legitimate fruits of Christianity wherever the power of the state can be commanded for its support. Its ever manifest tendency is to persecute. This decision fully justifies the poet Moore in saying:

“ And many more such pious scraps,  
To prove (what were long prov'd perhaps)  
That mad as Christians us'd to be  
About the thirteenth century,  
There's *lots* of Christians to be had  
In this the nineteenth, just as mad.”

In England it is the Religion of the State; in this country such a decision could not *now* be obtained; but, should success crown the efforts of scheming priests, working to have this government made Christian by constitutional amendment, recognizing its Savior as the rightful sovereign and ruler over men, and the Bible, as the only and sufficient revelation to men, this accomplished, we may expect just such a decision as has been rendered in England. Our readers should know all the facts in the history of this case, one of great significance in the conflict now fully initiated between the Christian Church on the one side, human rights and religious liberty on the other.

The enterprising publisher of the *Evolution*, A. K. Butts, 19 Dey Street, N. Y. City, is giving special attention to this important contest, and publishing its facts and history more elaborately than any other man on this side of the Atlantic. In the June number of *Evolution* and its supplementary edition, may be found extracts from papers published in England and this country, giving full accounts and the comments of the press. We advise all desiring information to send 10 cents for above number of the *Evolution*, better send \$1.50 for a year, or better still send to this office \$3, and pay for both OFFERING and *Evolution* one year. We call attention to extract from Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, found on page 186.

---

SIXTY-FOUR PAGES!—With the August number we have attained the size for which we aimed from the commencement of our work. *Sixty-four pages*, nearly every sentence written expressly for THE OFFERING. We do not positively promise more than fifty-six pages, but if all who have written words of approval and encouragement will each send one new subscriber, every issue hereafter shall contain sixty-four pages, and other desirable improvements will be made. We had on file for publication highly complimentary notices of our Magazine, from the *Evolution*, *Banner of Light*, *Free-thought Journal*, *Olive Branch*, *Voice of Angels*—in fact, nearly all the Liberal press, but omit them to make room for more important matter. The times are unfavorable for the success of any enterprise; nevertheless, we are working hard and hopefully with hand and brain, to publish a first-class Liberal magazine, and we earnestly ap-



peal to all in arrears to remit, and at the same time send at least one new subscriber. An X on the cover will indicate all whose time has, or will expire with the next number.

---

## QUESTION.

---

*How can Investigators protect themselves against fraudulent manifestations?*

---

## ANSWER.

**T**HIS most important question is demanding the attention of the most earnest in the ranks of Spiritualism. Its satisfactory solution can not be reached until we ascertain the causes which have produced the present unfavorable conditions. They are: 1st. An assumption of mediumship by those who are totally deficient in such gifts, and who by trickery imitate the genuine phenomena. 2d. Mediums who are deficient in moral power, consequently are at times unreliable. 3d. The presence of hard, exacting and suspicious individuals, whose unbalanced, turbulent natures disturb the equilibrium essential to the transmission of reliable communications. 4th. The presence of undeveloped spirits. Here we find the causes, and here must seek for the remedy. Experience and observation will enable an intelligent individual to decide whether or not a man or woman possesses mediumistic power. There are certain marked peculiarities pertaining to mediums, which can not escape the watchful eye of the observer; therefore there is no necessity for such a one being deceived by tricksters. There is greater opportunity for deception from the second class; and it is against this class that the indignation of Investigators and Spiritualists is hurled. Through this class of media the world has received many truths, and much that has served to elevate it. To eliminate the truth from the entanglement of error, free it from the taint of falsehood, is the work of those who receive and are benefited by the communications obtained. Let them consider that to crush by harshness or denunciation is to lessen their opportunity to obtain the light they seek. The only philosophical way to guard against the mistakes and errors of this class of mediums is culture—growth. Let your mediums be surrounded by an atmosphere of moral purity. Strengthen their love of truth; remove them from the necessities which often induce them to swerve from the path of rectitude. Do not too severely reproach when you detect an error; stimulate the higher faculties; encourage and reclaim; remembering that good is always positive to evil. The gospel of Spiritualism has come to uplift and reform. Is not its first work with and for its mediums? O Spiritualists! let the love and sympathy, the beauty and truth in Spiritualism fall



like a holy benediction upon your unfortunate, sensitive mediums. Think less of making proselytes than of ennobling and rendering more efficient those who stand as media to transmit the light you would receive. Protect yourselves by educating, inspiring and protecting your mediums. Protect yourselves by excluding from your seances the class of disturbers whose very presence jars the sensitive and finely strung organization of your medium. This exacting, suspicious class have but faint conceptions of spiritual laws. Never should they be allowed to impose conditions, or assume to point out the way through which manifestations should be given. The controlling spirits will do this to the satisfaction of reasonable minds, as they have in thousands of instances. Through their media they have brought millions to a knowledge of the immortality of the soul, and are educating for the reception of higher truths. Can you not trust them to the end? or would you snatch the scepter from spirit hands to give it to those who would roll back the car of progress? Would that I could speak with the voice of millions who have patiently toiled to inaugurate the New Dispensation, and who are to-day rallying round their mediums, striving to roll back the cloud that threatens to darken the fair sky of Spiritualism. They cry aloud, "Beware! beware!" Protect yourselves against undeveloped spirits—1st. By placing your mediums and seances in such harmonious conditions that disorderly and undeveloped spirits will not be attracted. 2d. Try them, by bringing their words and actions to the bar of reason. 3d. By educating them morally; for there is no spirit so low, as to be beyond the reach of moral influence. There are not so many unfortunates who visit and communicate as many suppose. The faults and errors may often be traced to imperfect control, and to the antagonism occasioned by the presence of positive and conflicting minds; therefore, be cautious; *never condemn!* If you do not comprehend or cannot receive all that is given, study to familiarize yourself with the law of control. Protect yourselves by standing like a wall of fire between the great, bitter, denunciatory world and the sensitive, shrinking mediums, from whom you have received the most satisfactory evidences of immortal life.

---

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—Called to work in another direction, it becomes necessary to leave the OFFERING entirely in the hands of Mrs. Fox. Its readers will profit by the change, for more of the time and inspirational powers of Mrs. F. will be brought into requisition. The magazine, from its commencement to the present time has continually gained in popular favor. If the friends will each kindly aid in extending its circulation, it will be placed upon a substantial and self-sustaining basis. We thank contributors and correspondents for friendly and encouraging words.

D. M. Fox.



## REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[The publishers of this Magazine are glad to announce to its patrons and the public that they have secured permanently the services of Mr. Coleman, of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a Bibliographer of twenty-five years experience. All books sent to his address or to this office will be carefully, thoroughly, and impartially reviewed.]

*The Religion of Spiritualism.* By Eugene Crowell, M. D. 40pp., 12mo. Boston, Colby & Rich, 1878. Paper, 15 cents.

Dr. Crowell is well known as the scholarly author of two large volumes on the "Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," a work valuable for its large store of facts illustrative of the Spiritual Philosophy, in conjunction with its many well-sustained arguments in advocacy of the truth of that philosophy in its various details. He is the most prolific and one of the ablest of the Christian Spiritualistic writers; and this pamphlet is a well-written presentation of what may be termed a rationalized Christian Spiritualism. Although entirely without sympathy for the distinctively Christian phases of Spiritualistic truth, we yet recognize its utility as a stepping-stone to something higher,—as a bridge over which many devotional Christians may safely pass while traveling from Orthodoxy to Rational Spiritualism. Christian Spiritualism becomes harmful only when regarded as a finality; and we are sorry it is considered as such by Dr. Crowell. This pamphlet will, we opine, have but little effect upon us "infidel" Spiritualists, as we are called; but it may—and we hope will—be productive of much good in paving the way for our evangelical friends to be landed, out of the dark and noisome waters of mediæval theology upon the dry land and solid foundation of rationalistic truth, religious common sense.

*The Crimes and Cruelties of Christianity.* By B. F. Underwood. "Truthseeker Tracts" No. 126. 30pp., 16mo. N. Y., D. M. Bennett. Paper, 10 cts.

The title of this excellent tract of Bro. Underwood sufficiently indicates its contents. Fortified by the best historians,—the highest authorities,—it gives a consecutive and accurate narration of the more prominent instances of intolerance and persecution consummated by Christian bigotry, from the days of Primitive Christianity to the present. Its truth cannot be gainsaid. A long and bloody roll of fiendish enormities, unparalleled in extent and scarcely paralleled in diabolism, attest the malefic influence which the insatiate monster, the "child of hell," Christianity, has exerted upon the living page of humanity. Christianity's nefarious atrocities constitute the foulest, blackest stain tarnishing the escutcheon of the race's progress; and the present existence of Christianity is the one great plague-spot upon nineteenth-century civilization. Let us fondly hope that the close of the twentieth century will behold the final death and burial of this hideous ghoul, beyond all chance of resurrection!

*American Communities: Brief Sketches of Economy, Zoar, Bethel, Aurora, Amana, Icaria, the Shakers, Oneida, Wallingford, and the Brotherhood of the New Life.* By William Alfred Hinds. 176pp., 8vo. Oneida, N. Y., Office of the American Socialist. Paper, 50 cents; with flexible cover, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

The subject of Communism is at present rapidly engaging public attention, owing to the threatening nature of the so-called Communistic movement in our larger cities. A marked difference, however, exists between the Communism treated in this work and that of the turbulent element now menacing the nation's peace. The community life depicted by Mr. Hinds is that of those voluntarily associating themselves together for co-operative purposes, industrial, monetary, social, and religious,—that based simply upon mutual consent, freewill, fraternity, devoid of all semblance of force or arbitrary sway. Quite in contrast with this is the mob violence and lawless spoliation inseparably conjoined, in popular estimation at least, with the politico-socialistic Communism of Chicago, St. Louis,



and New York. The present work is not intended to supplant the larger productions of Nordhoff and Noyes, but is designed to afford, to those unable to procure those more expensive publications, an opportunity to become acquainted with the results of practical Communism; and this object, we can truthfully say, has been fully realized. The examples given of peaceful industry, general prosperity, and happy brotherhood "prove the practicability of forms of society whence shall be excluded pauperism, intemperance, and crime, and all class distinctions not based on character itself." The accounts of the several communities are, with two exceptions, based upon the personal observations of the author, made during a tour for the collection of the materials composing the volume. Speaking of the Communism outlined in his work, he says: "From it there is no violence to be feared. If there is a 'strike' or 'outbreak' or 'uprising' or 'mob' or 'disorder' or 'destruction' anywhere or of any kind, it may safely be assumed that Communism, in the true American sense of the word, is in no manner responsible for it. It abhors all forms of compulsion." "The character demanded by Communism contrasts very sharply with that which gains the prizes in this world. It is outlined in the beatitudes of Christ and in Paul's description of charity. Those possessing it will strive neither for leadership nor for individual gain, but for peace, for the happiness of others, for personal improvement—for meekness, love, purity, righteousness."

*The Bennett-Teed Discussion.* Held in the *Truthseeker* between D. M. Bennett and Mr. Cyrus Romulus R. Teed, in 1877-8. Proposition: Jesus Christ is not only Divine, but is the Lord God, Creator of Heaven and Earth. 151pp., 12mo. N. Y., D. M. Bennett. Paper, 30 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

Discussions of moot questions in theology and philosophy are always, or nearly always, of interest and value. The strong and weak points of either side of the controversy are usually elicited, to the manifest advancement of truth. Mr. Teed's positions in this discussion were very peculiar; in fact, so peculiar that it is doubtful if any one save himself ever fully comprehended what it was that he was endeavoring to substantiate. His theories and his arguments are intensely metaphysical, intensely ideal, and altogether mystic and transcendental. He is an opponent both of modern Christianity and of modern science, and evidently an exponent of an entirely new system alike of theology and of general science. He also strongly intimates that he (Teed) is the seventh and greatest avatar or incarnation of the Divine Personality on earth, Jesus having been the sixth. Bro. Bennett, who is intensely matter-of-fact and unethereal, found it an impracticable task to follow his *Teed-ious* antagonist in his aerial flights into the realms of mythical moonshine; and, despairing of ever bringing him down upon the solid ground of rational fact and sturdy common-sense, he terminated the controversy, not willing to prolong a discussion, which, owing to the slow progress made by Mr. Teed in the promulgation of his theories and arguments, gave promise of being well-nigh endless. The nature and character of the universe, and of matter and mind, in their evolutions and involutions, and the position of Jesus in nature, are skillfully handled by the disputants; and the volume will well repay perusal by all interested in the topics therein involved.

*Abstract of the Last Will and Testament of Jean Meslier, a Roman Catholic Priest; who, after a Pastoral Service of thirty years, wholly abjured the Christian dogmas.* By Voltaire. Translated from the French by Miss Ellen Carroll. 68pp., 12mo. N. Y., D. M. Bennett. Paper, 25 cents.

The author of this work, although in his life time he did not dare to avow his conclusions, yet at his death left a pronouncement to his parishioners, embodying the results of his earnest and candid reflections, and his honest convictions, upon religious subjects. The absurdities and inconsistencies of the Bible, and the unreliability of its statements both in the Old and New Testament, are ably expounded; and his exposition, perhaps, in some respects has never been excelled, either by Paine, Voltaire, or present-day Freethinkers. Cure Meslier's devotion to the cause of the people—to the cause of truth and right in both church and state—is plainly evidenced in the concluding sentence of this his Last Will and Testament. "The end of my earthly course is drawing very near, and, to resume all the experiences of my life and career in a few words, I would that the last of the kings were strangled with the intestines of the last of the priests!"



*Sinful Saints and Sensual Shepherds.* By D. M. Bennett. Truthseeker Tracts No. 124. 47pp., 12mo. N. Y., Bennett. Paper, 10 cents.

Infidelity and vice are by many Christian bigots considered synonymous terms: with them a freethinker is necessarily a "bold bad man," in popular parlance. Christianity, on the other hand, is deemed but another word for virtue, purity, holiness; and Christians, perforce, are the "salt of the earth." To counteract this pernicious error,—to prove that Christians and saints of all ages and climes are sinful, fallible men and women like the rest of frail humanity,—Bro. Bennett has presented, in this tract, a record of the crimes, of every hue, perpetrated by a large number of prominent Christian lights, clergymen principally. The prevalent vice, however, of the clerical evil-doers seems to have been that of licentiousness; for an overwhelming majority of the sacred sinners were guilty of adultery and fornication. A *resume* of the misdeeds of the more prominent Bible worthies, from Noah to Peter and Paul, with a sketch of the criminal practices of many eminent Christians famous in history, forms a fitting introduction to the major portion of the tract, which is occupied with the unholy deeds of several hundred "men of God," mostly of the present generation.

*The Bible God Disproved by Nature.* By William Emmette Coleman. "Truthseeker Tracts" No. 55. 38pp., 24mo. 8 cents.

*The Relationship of Jesus, Jehovah, and the Virgin Mary.* By W. E. Coleman. "Truthseeker Tracts" No. 70. 4pp. 16mo., 2 cents.

*Who was Jesus Christ?* By W. E. Coleman. "Truthseeker Tracts" No. 129. 6pp. 12mo. 2 cents.

The *first* of these tracts is devoted to a comparison of the teachings of science and those of the Bible God. Some twenty-seven branches of science are brought forward, each of which is in direct contradiction to the Biblical record. The immoral acts and precepts of the so-called Jehovah are also pointed out, and a short sketch given of the bibliography of Freethought.

According to the *second* tract, if Orthodoxy be true, Jesus is his own son and grandson, his own father and grandfather; Mary is the mother, daughter, and sister of Jesus; and Mary is also the wife, daughter, sister, and mother of God!

In the *third* tract we find thirty-three prominent occurrences in the life of Jesus,—one for each year of his life,—concerning which two, three, and four inconsistent and irreconcilable accounts are narrated in the New Testament, commencing with his genealogy and terminating with his ascension to heaven. This tract is specially commended to the prayerful consideration of deluded Bibliolaters and Jesus-worshippers.

*The Old versus the New Gospel.*—Delivered before the Society of Humanity, in Science Hall, New York, Sunday evening, December 31st, 1876. By Hugh Byron Brown. 22pp., 12mo. New York, C. P. Somerby. 10 cents.

*The Safe Side.* By Hugh Byron Brown. "Truthseeker Tracts" No. 107. 13pp. 18mo. N. Y., D. M. Bennett. 5 cents.

*The God-Idea in History.* By Hugh Byron Brown. "Truthseeker Tracts" No. 66. 26pp., 24mo. N. Y., D. M. Bennett. 5 cents.

These are three excellent tracts, illustrative of the great superiority in ethical and intellectual culture of the nineteenth century over that of our unevolved forefathers. "The Old and New Gospel" is an examination and comparison of the teachings of the New Testament and Jesus, and of Science. The defects and impracticabilities of Jesus' precepts are plainly shown, and the higher ethics of the modern gospel clearly presented. "The Safe Side" is described as "the side of humanity against error, ignorance, slaveries and wrongs of every nature, whether in the pages of a so-called sacred book, or in those of the statute-book of the nation; whether in a bigoted church, a despotic government, a corrupt judiciary, a subsidized press, in everything that hinders and obstructs the path of the race toward freedom, happiness, and truth." "The God-Idea in History" is traced from fetichism to monotheism; and, as a result of the retrospective glance, the God to whom we should offer our sacrifices is posited as the Divine Humanity,—the Human Race in its entirety; truly a Deity much superior to the Asiatic, fiendish, anthropomorphic Jehovah of prevalent Christendom.



*The Psycho-Physiological Sciences, and their Assailants.* Being a response by Alfred R. Wallace, of England; Professor J. R. Buchanan, of New York; Darius Lyman, of Washington; Epes Sargent, of Boston; to the attacks of Prof. W. B. Carpenter, of England, and others. 216pp. 12mo. Boston, Colby and Rich. Paper, 50 cents.

Messrs. Colby and Rich deserve the cordial thanks of the Spiritualistic public for publishing, in one comprehensive volume and at a nominal price, this series of essays. In this age of scientific research and philosophic inquisition,—of rational freethought and skeptical enquiry,—whatever cannot successfully endure the test of the keenest analysis and the most rigid scrutiny is inevitably doomed to perish. The religions and theologies of the past, and of the present also, when subjected to the scalpel of modern critical thought,—when probed to their secret depths by the master-minds of this teeming age of systematized knowledge,—all alike fail to pass the ordeal, all succumb before the magic touch of the mystic wand of the arch-analyst, Rational Science. Not so, however, with Spiritualism. As a system of faith, it is reared upon *ever-recurrent facts*, patent to all careful observers. Its base is now, to-day, in the never-ending present. It persistently courts scientific investigation, feeling fully assured that such will in every case indubitably attest the reality of its claims, the potential substantiality of its general premises. It is a trebly-significant fact, strongly demonstrative of the objective actuality of its phenomenology, that no instance is known of any person of scientific attainments, who has ever *thoroughly* investigated the "Spiritual manifestations," who has emerged from his researches skeptical of their existence. There are another class of scientists, though, who, forced, as it were, to take some notice of the Spiritual gorgon ever thrusting itself before their unwilling vision, pretend to institute what they term an investigation into the matter; and, after *one* sitting with a medium, real or pseudo, incontinently rush into print and denounce the whole subject as a monstrous delusion, based partly on fraud and partly on hallucination: while others, having settled the entire question upon *a priori* grounds, obstinately and contemptuously refuse to pay the least heed to the wondrous phenomena which are claimed by those quite as noted in scientific discovery to be in constant occurrence all around them. Prominent representatives of the first class may be found in Carpenter, pre-eminently, and in Tyndall; and of the second, in Spencer and Huxley. It is to the credit of Mr. Darwin, that, unlike his *confreres*, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, he has not deemed it incumbent to thrust upon the world a dogmatic opinion of that upon which he has little or no experimental knowledge.

*The Psycho-Physiological Sciences* comprises five essays: two by A. R. Wallace, in which the false statements, garbling, and suppression of facts of the pachydermomegatherium of Spiritual sciolists, Prof. Carpenter, are fully ventilated, and the plenary subjection of the doughty physiologist to the influence of a "dominant idea," a strong "prepossession," fully established, his incapacity to grapple with the mighty problems of Spiritualistic truth being thereby clearly substantiated; an extended and masterly reply by the eminent discoverer of Psychometry, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, to the objections to the truth of Spiritualism enunciated by Materialistic and Agnostic scientists, particularly Carpenter and Youmans,—which essay, occupying about two-thirds of the volume, gives a general summary of the mass of evidence probative of mundane and spiritual intercommunication, with a triumphant refutation of the sneerful assumptions and foundationless slanders of the carping critics of supermundane verities; an admirable rejoinder of Darius Lyman to Prof. Youmans' exprobatations of the Spiritual phenomena as being in opposition to the definitely established laws of nature, and therefore impossible of scientific verification; and lastly, Epes Sargent's reply to Tyndall on Spiritualism, in which, we opine, the learned physicist will find several very hard nuts to crack. The entire volume, we see, is devoted to the scientific defense of Modern Spiritualism, and is just what the cultured, thinking world needs to-day. It fills a niche till now unoccupied; and must be productive of great good in clearing away the dust and cobwebs in which the subject treated lies involved in the minds of very many honest, sagacious savants and thinkers.



THE  
SPIRITUAL OFFERING.  
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY  
FROM A SPIRITUALISTIC AND SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.

---

SEPTEMBER, 1878.


---

"PHYSIOAL THEORY OF ANOTHER LIFE."

---

BY J. E. LUDLAM.

---

UCH IS the title of a work by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, which was published in London in 1835, and in the following year republished in this country by Appleton & Co. Although appearing more than a dozen years prior to the advent of modern Spiritualism, and written by a strictly orthodox clergyman, there is much in the work to commend it to the thoughtful Spiritualist, as the author's conjectures about our future life have been strikingly verified in every particular. The author was a man of the broadest culture, and in the foremost rank of the intellectual celebrities of his day. His literary reputation rests mainly on two works, "*The Natural History of Enthusiasm*," which ran through several editions, and "*Spiritual Despotism*," which was pronounced by Sir James Stephens to be "the most original, comprehensive and profound contribution which any living writer in England has made to the Science of Ecclesiastical Polity." His mind, however, was not merely speculative and metaphysical, but intensely practical and logical; in fact his mechanical talents were far above the average. Among his inventions were two which revolutionized the art of calico printing; and his great logical ability was attested by the fact that he was invited to become a candidate for the chair of Logic in the University of Edinburg. He was opposed by the celebrated Sir William Hamilton, who was elected over Taylor by a small majority.

Accepting the Bible with unquestioning credulity, yet, at the same time, keeping himself fully abreast with the scientific knowledge of his time, such a man must instinctively have felt a yearning for some more rational foundation for his faith in immortality than Scriptures written by the fingers of man. Nor could such a cultured mind be satisfied with a mere foundation; he required something which could be realized in thought; such natural, rational conceptions of the future life as might, perchance, be subsequently



verified by increased knowledge. Hence, in the work before us, he discards all allusion to Heaven and Hell, and attempts to sketch an outline of our next stage of existence from a purely scientific point of view, and the special interest of his work is that his theory is in exact accord with the teachings of Spiritualism, and those revelations of the unseen world which have come to us through mediums since his work was written.

As an apology to his readers for resorting to nature—"that elder Scripture writ by God's own hand"—rather than to Revelation, he wisely remarks, "If the human family is to live anew, the future stage of its existence offers itself to our curiosity as a proper branch of Physiology, and we can hardly do otherwise than assume that the future being must be so involved in our present constitution as to be therein discernible, and that a careful examination of this structure must furnish some means of conjecturing what that future life will be, at least in its principal elements."

At the outset, the author tersely exposes the radical fallacy of materialism, that mind is the product of organization, instead of the latter being the product of the former. "It is impossible," says the materialist, "for me to doubt the existence of matter, for it is constantly under my touch and before my eyes, and its properties are the subject of the only sciences which are infallible in their results. But as to mind, otherwise than as a function of the organization, I know nothing of it." "But," says Taylor, "what are all these sensations of touch and sight, and what are those demonstrations of science, but so many *states of mind*, which, while they necessarily imply the existence of mind, demonstrate the existence of matter only by a process of reasoning." He might also have referred to the complexity of structure of all material bodies, but that was a subject which was only just beginning to be investigated in his day.

Before entering on his sketch of the next life he devotes an interesting chapter to a consideration of the "conditions of all corporeity, animal or spiritual," with the view of showing the necessity of our possessing some kind of organization after death. Leaving out of view everything relating to the purely animal part of the body—its maintenance and reproduction—he shows that our spirits, and probably all spirits, derive the following advantages through being blended with a bodily structure: 1st. They are brought into relationship with space and time,—unembodied spirit can be no where; can have no conceptions of time or space, and must be insensible to all the stupendous advantages flowing from them. 2d. They are rendered capable of sensations of the most varied kind, and made conscious of the properties of material bodies. Apart from body, the spirit could neither suffer nor enjoy, and would be shut out from the infinite field of research which the physical universe offers to our view. 3d. By embodiment in a material structure the spirit is enabled to exercise a power over the



solid masses around it. This power to originate motion is the only active influence we are certain of possessing in relation to the material world, and the increase of this power in the next life will be one of the chief sources of our pleasures there. 4th. It is through the agency of body that the mind is capable of experiencing all that large class of emotions, neither animal nor intellectual, called imaginative. Our sense of beauty, sublimity, harmony, music, and their opposites, are directly consequent upon the union of spirit with body, and not only these, but love, anger, justice, pity, ambition, hope, fear, all depend upon concomitant organic sensations. All these emotions impart force and intensity to our moral principles, and we must therefore suppose that similar effects will follow from the new organization we possess after death. Finally, the corporeal alliance of spirit with matter is the cause of individuality, by insulating, to a certain extent, the spirit from others, and this lays the foundation for a complex social economy, each preserving his identity intact, yet possessing free communication with others. These prerogatives of corporeal existence have nothing to do with the purely animal part of man, but are directly subservient to his spiritual nature, and by analogy, we may argue that they will attach to the spiritual body.

Seven succeeding chapters are devoted to a consideration of the "probable prerogatives of the spiritual body as compared with animal organization." This is the most interesting part of the work, though rather dry reading in consequence of containing nothing but hypothesis; yet it is surprising to see how the sober conjectures of this clear-headed philosopher, based solely on the analogies of nature, should tally exactly with subsequently discovered facts. All his "probable prerogatives" we now know to be real ones. The first great benefit he supposes we shall derive from our new body will be, "increased power to originate motion," not only as regards locomotion of the body, but increased power over masses of matter. He points out how much the inherent power of the mind over matter is restricted by the bodily frame-work, and conjectures that the spiritual body will be actuated throughout with the energy of the spirit, so that motion will follow volition directly, instead of indirectly as at present, "the entire body being the reservoir of spiritual power, equably diffused," and not concentrated in centres. This power will also include, he says, the ability to "put into activity *certain chemical affinities*," but he does not enter into any conjectures as to the way in which this power will manifest itself. Still, we now can see how wonderfully this idea has been realized in the sudden appearance and disappearance of materialized forms, drapery, lights, etc., and the passage of one body through another. This increased power over matter will result from the enlargement of our percipient faculties. "Our senses, at present, go no further than to give us information concerning *the last product* of certain combinations or conditions of



matter. But it is conceivable that the inner form of matter shall then be perceptible, so that the specific cause of solidity, fluidity, color, and other states of matter shall be as immediately perceptible as the ulterior products of those states are now. Instead of looking only at the dial plate of nature, we shall be admitted to inspect its wheel-work and springs."

The next prerogative of the spiritual body he dwells upon is the enlargement of memory; a faculty which, at present, is largely a function of the brain, and varying with the condition of that organ; but "the spiritual body having no element of decay or deterioration, will allow the memory to spread itself out to the full. Constituted as we are now, the body, with its ever varying conditions, sways the mind; but the future spiritual body will be the mere passive instrument of mind, subordinate to it in every respect. It will neither suggest ideas nor infuse emotions. Its mental functions will be carried on without effort just as our circulation, respiration and digestion go on with continuous regularity, without fatigue, in our present economy."

Another great prerogative of a spiritual corporeity will be increased facility of communication with one another through the substitution of a direct means of converse in place of the indirect and round-about system of signs we now adopt. While language facilitates our mental operations in some respects, it impedes them in others. A civilized language comprises, probably, 200,000 arbitrary signs, yet falls vastly short of the requirements of mind, as all thinkers have experienced at some period of their lives. As the author profoundly says, "In the recesses of the human soul there is a world of thought, which, for want of determinate and fixed symbols, never assumes any fixed form.

What will be the mode of communication between mind and mind in the next life?

Probably, by a direct representation to others of our own state at any moment without the use of any arbitrary signs. Language will be discarded, and give place to the conveyance of thought in its native state from mind to mind. Our present power to indicate emotion by the expressions of the countenance and the modulation of voice give us a faint indication of what our future mode of communion will be.

Lastly, the author supposes the spiritual body to be so ethereal that it will have "no interests of its own" to assert or care for. It will, probably, not enter into our consciousness as a separate existence at all. In his conjectures as to the structure of this body, however, he represents it as being very different from the descriptions given by A. J. Davis and other clairvoyants. The latter describe it as being as complicated in its mechanism as our present body, differing from it only in the quality of material. Such descriptions, however, are of very little, if of any value. Taylor's theory is that the new body will be as simple and homo-



geneous in its organization as the present one is complex and heterogeneous, and this view is certainly far more rational and probable than the other. The profound reasoning of a first-class mind, drawing its conclusions from a wide range of analogies, is a safer guide than the subjective visions of clairvoyants. Moreover, the great rapidity with which the spiritual body acts, its remarkable power over material bodies of all shapes, etc., indicate that its organization must be absolutely different from the earthly body.

Enough, however, has been said for the present to show that outside of the literature technically called spiritual, there are works having the most direct bearing upon our philosophy, whose authors can be cited in our favor as purely disinterested witnesses.

---

SAMUEL B. BRITTAN.

---

Passages from the Record of a Busy Life.


---

BY HON. NELSON CROSS.

---

CHAPTER V.

*Reviewing the Elder—Finishing the Temple—The Dedication—Relations of Places to States of Mind—Dr. Hewitt on Secret Societies—The Doctor Reviewed—Objections to Secrecy Exploded—Odd Fellowship Revised at Baltimore—Valedictory at Bridgeport—Return to Albany—Fourier and His Disciples—North American Phalanx—Immense Gathering at Poughkeepsie—Oration before Six Thousand People—Convention at Troy—Dangerous Illness of Mr. Brittan—A Profound Trance—Invisible Guardianship—Spell-bound by a Majestic Spirit—Absent from the Body Twelve Days—Silent Vigils at the Bedside—Mr. Davis Instrumental in His Restoration—Waking in the Morning—Mysterious Change—Born in the Spirit—Atr Visible as Water—Solid Walls Become Transparent—Never Alone—Rapid Convalescence—The Preacher again in His Pulpit—Speculations of His Hearers—Wisdom Which is Foolishness with Men.*

HE scene in the Baptist church, described in our last chapter, occasioned no little agitation of thought and feeling in and about Bridgeport. It served to greatly extend the influence of the liberal ministry and to promote all the interests of the new movement. Mr. Brittan was not disposed to regard Knapp as worthy of any further attention, but took an early opportunity to call on Rev. Mr. Smith with a view of ascertaining whether he did, or did not, indorse the Elder's statements and otherwise approve of his conduct. The man of the "heavy artillery" was disposed to equivocate and proposed prayer. "Very well," said Mr. B.; "if you think you will be better qualified to answer so plain a question after a season of prayer, I can offer no possible objection to your praying." Accordingly Smith prayed for wisdom for himself and



*repentance* for his ungodly visitor; and then—after exhausting his pious palaver—he concluded that, all things considered, *he did* approve of the Elder's labors. Mr. Smith having expressed his approval of the religious views, personal statements, and general deportment of his co-laborer, it was publicly announced that Mr. Brittan would review the proceedings at the Baptist church. This he did in two evening lectures, which were subsequently published in a pamphlet of some seventy or eighty pages, entitled "The Lying Wonders of Elder Jacob Knapp, Exposed and Refuted." There was something like the voice of retribution in this elaborate and caustic review. It hastened the termination of the Elder's work in Bridgeport, and followed him when he left the place.\*

During the Summer and Autumn of 1844, Mr. Brittan not only preached twice every Sunday, discharged the duties of pastor through the week and filled other public appointments; but by personal solicitation obtained all the funds necessary in the erection of the new edifice, himself acting as chairman of the building committee. While employed in this capacity, the accuracy of his perception of distance and proportion was often illustrated in such a manner that he became at once the instructor and terror of the architect and the contractors. He often disputed their measurements; his eye fastened on every defect in the work of mechanical construction; and his criticisms were so singularly sustained by the subsequent application of the builder's rule, that his decisions, made at sight, at length ceased to be questioned.

By the first of December the mechanical part of the work was completed, and the pastor called a meeting of all the ladies of his parish for the purpose of making arrangements to furnish the new edifice. The city, with its suburbs, was districted, and a committee—consisting of a large number of ladies—was appointed to solicit subscriptions for that purpose. The fair canvassers went into the work with such earnestness that in ten days an amount was raised sufficient to completely furnish and decorate the interior of the building. Before Christmas Eve—the time appointed for the dedication—delicate hands had given the last finishing touches to the work of the decorative artist, in the disposition of evergreens and

---

\*On leaving Bridgeport the Elder went directly to Troy, N. Y., where he pursued his unholy war against all rational religion and common decency. One night he publicly declared that he had utterly extinguished the Universalist minister at Bridgeport, who was made to see the error of his way, and had *been converted under his preaching!* It chanced that the Universalist clergyman of Troy was one of his hearers, and knowing that the statement was false, he arose in his place and said: "I am well acquainted with Rev. S. B. Brittan, and I know that there is not one word of truth in that statement. Mr. Brittan has just reviewed the Elder; his review is published, and I will have it at my church on next Sunday evening, for the information of all who care to know the truth in this matter." Here the Elder turned upon the speaker with the fierceness of an enraged tiger. Shaking his fist at the intruder he exclaimed, "Shut up, you hell-hound! Down, sir! You Christless *diabolian*, get down!"

The following week some two hundred copies of the "Lying Wonders" found their way into circulation among the people who attended the Baptist church. The proposed revival was chilled in its incipiency, and suddenly the Elder had a louder call for his services in another place.



the arrangement of fresh flowers and immortelles covering the altar, and festooned around the graceful hanging galleries of the new temple. On the Eve of Christmas the dedicatory services were performed by the pastor, in presence of an intelligent audience that filled the house to its utmost capacity. It was an occasion of unusual interest and the services were impressive. The preacher selected as appropriate to the occasion, and suggestive of his theme, the following words from the sixth verse of the XCVI. Psalm:

“Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.”

Even at that early period the spiritual idea—destined to exert a controlling influence over his subsequent life and labors—seems to have overshadowed his mind. This appears from the dedication sermon composed thirty-four years ago. The conception looms up—in shadowy but illuminated form—in the following passage from his exordium:

“We cannot presume that any human service is either more honorable to man or acceptable to God on account of *the place* wherein it is offered or performed. It matters not whether the worshiper bows before some ancient shrine, where relics of ruined fanes and crumbling altars cover the ground; beneath the shadow of the cloister or the gloom of the forest; in the humble cottage or the stately cathedral; in the silence of the desert or the mountain; or by the shore, where the elements declaim from the cloud and the sea. No; *it is not so much the place as the nature of the service*, that interests the enlightened worshiper, since the time has come when the true worshipers \* \* \* worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

“But while a solemn service or a deed of charity may be intrinsically the same in every place, it does not follow that all places and circumstances are equally well adapted to promote concentrated thought, emotional harmony and spiritual worship. There are scenes and objects that naturally dispose the mind to devout reflection. Some places awaken sacred memories of great deeds and illustrious names. These are haunted by an invisible spirit that humbles our pride and subdues our passions. In such places, and with such objects around us, we feel that we are on hallowed ground; and the soul yields to a mysterious influence that inspires our reverence.

“In the street and the market-place, surrounded by the startling scenes and noisy demonstrations of busy life, we seldom look into the secrets of our own hearts, or otherwise become acquainted with the deep things of the spirit. Strange sights and discordant sounds strike the physical organs of sense, and break the inward harmony. We find it difficult, if not impossible, to retire to the silent sphere of interior communion, when the attention is fixed by the showy spectacle of external circumstances, and the great panorama of the living world is passing before us. We must shut out the pageantry of time and space. These open doors of the outer temple of our being must be closed; that in the silence of the inner sanctuary the still, small voice of the spirit may be audible.”

The rapid increase of the new society occasioned universal surprise. It had no parallel in the history of religious movements in the State. Many of the accessions were from the membership of the Baptist Church. Other churches were depleted from a variety of causes. About that time Rev. Dr. Hewitt (Old School Presbyterian) assaulted secret societies from his pulpit, in a way that ex-



cited a feeling of indignation among the members of his church and congregation. Many of his people belonged to the fraternities of Free Masonry and Odd Fellowship, and they were displeased and alienated by the Doctor's unmeasured denunciation. He boldly stigmatized all secret organizations as immoral, and at war with the interests of both Church and State. At the request of many citizens, Mr. Brittan reviewed Dr. Hewitt's discourse, and this effort multiplied his friends in every direction. He made it apparent that there was nothing concealed that related to *the principles and objects of those institutions*; that the element of secrecy was confined to the means of identification of their own members, and the guardianship of the treasures which they accumulated and held in reserve for the sacred purposes of mutual relief and secret charity. We extract the following from one of his lectures, which was published in pamphlet form and widely circulated at the time:

“And is there anything so terrible in the idea of secrecy for such purposes, that men of common nerve should be startled at the thought? Is it a crime to keep the secrets of the friend whose highest interests are at your disposal? May we expect to find all that is most valuable exposed to the public view? No; never. The flower that loads the breeze with the sweet incense of its beautiful life, is often quite concealed; and the gems that decorate every royal tiara were taken from secret places where the Creator concealed them, and determined the conditions on which alone they were discovered. Virtue often builds her hallowed sanctuary far from the haunts of busy life, in the cottage and the cell. Among religious teachers a greater One than any who preside at the altars of worship in this city, thus instructed his disciples: ‘*When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.*’ Even the pious teachers who denounce secrecy as dangerous to society, direct that the morning and evening offering to Heaven shall be made *in secret*—in the retirement of the closet.

“In the affairs of this life secrecy is as often resorted to in guarding a treasure as in hiding a crime. Truth is no braggart; virtue never advertises in the papers; modest merit does not blow the bugle-horn; charity has no use for kettle-drums; while chastity dwells alone, and *in secret*, beyond the reach of profane hands and the world's inspection. It is true we bar our doors and prescribe the terms of admission to those who seek our fellowship. Other institutions—not excepting the Christian Church—often do the same thing, each in its own peculiar way. The guardians of the public welfare are willing to leave them alone, and no citizen fears that his liberties are exposed to danger. A ballet troupe, the negro minstrels, and all the itinerant representatives of the black art may hire rooms, close their doors and fix their terms of admission to others; and yet no one suffers from the apprehension of impending evil. But because a number of the most respectable people think proper to meet, from time to time, to devise ways and means for the relief of the sick, the widow and the orphan, there are grave teachers of morality and religion who seem to be greatly alarmed for the safety of society, and they presume to infer the existence of treason wherever there is secrecy.”

In 1845 Mr. Brittan was the R. W. G. Representative of Connecticut, in the Grand Lodge of the United States, I. O. of O. F. At the annual session of that body—convened in September of that



year, at Baltimore—the complete work of Odd Fellowship, including the higher degrees of the Encampment, was thoroughly revised, and adapted to the higher intelligence and superior refinement of the present age. The body embraced a number of eminent men from the ranks of the learned professions; distinguished authors, orators and statesmen, representing the District of Columbia and twenty-one States of the Union. The labors of this deliberative assembly terminated in a grand reception and ball, given by the municipal authorities and the people in honor of the Grand Lodge.

Late in the autumn of that year (1845) it began to be strongly intimated at Albany that Mr. Brittan had already discharged the obligation that forced his unexpected resignation and compelled his removal to Connecticut. Following these suggestions were definite proposals for his return at the expiration of his second year at Bridgeport. The facts and reasons assigned for pressing the question of his early return to Albany, and the assurance of the universal disappointment of the people, growing out of the interruption of his former relations, were of such a nature as to command the most thoughtful consideration. During the winter following the subject was constantly agitated. Mr. Brittan felt the full force of the reasoning of his friends at the Capital. He *had* disappointed their expectations; and it was true, he had faithfully kept the promise made to his friends in New England. Through his labors there a work had been accomplished that was never anticipated, nor so much as dreamed of by the most enthusiastic friend of the experiment. From a few scattered elements and no organic form, a large society had grown up; an elegant church edifice erected and paid for; a numerous and intelligent congregation gathered; a Sabbath school had been formed which then embraced over one hundred children, and it possessed a library of five hundred volumes. All this had resulted from the labor of less than two years. Verily, he had more than redeemed his pledge, and naturally felt that the moral obligation which governed his movements had been transferred to another quarter. Accordingly, at the termination of his second year—at the close of April, 1846—he resigned the pastoral charge of the Bridgeport society, taking leave of his people in a farewell discourse, the spirit of which may be inferred from the following passage:

“ Friends—during the period we have lived and labored together, there has been no occasion for me to regret the existence of this connection. On the contrary, it has been pleasant to me, and, I trust, mutually profitable to pastor and people. And now that it is about to terminate, it only remains for me—in these few parting words—to bear testimony to your personal kindness to me and mine; to your zeal for the truth; and to the fidelity which has characterized the discharge of the duties, growing out of your relations to me, to each other, and to our common cause. With one mind we have earnestly labored together; but the victory which has crowned these labors must be reverently ascribed to a Higher Power.

“ Brethren—if in this work I have seemed to be strong, it is only because truth is mighty. Personally, I have been with you in much weak-



ness. For myself I claim nothing save a profound conviction of the truth, and an honest desire to perform the duty of the hour, to the best of my ability, fearlessly and faithfully. In doing this I have been the friend of every one of you; and if there is one—even the least of all who hear me—whose friendship I have failed to secure in return, I can only view the fact as my misfortune. I have called no man Rabbi—am not the master of any man; and if I have ever aimed to lead the minds and govern the conduct of others, it has only been by the legitimate means of moral suasion, and the irresistible power of truth, plainly spoken. And whatever may be the ultimate verdict respecting the effect of my ministry in this city, I can truly say, my steady purpose has been to build up every lawful interest of this people, and to promote that righteousness of life which redeems the individual and exalts the State.

"I have felt it to be my duty, under all the circumstances, to return to the field of former labors. Gladly would I have been spared the trial of this hour. But painful as is the thought that this is the last time I shall address you as your chosen minister; that I shall no more come in and go out before you; I am consoled by the reflection that our union is not altogether superficial; that there is an invisible tie which takes hold of our inmost souls; and that the spiritual bond may remain when the outward relation is broken. The hour has come, and I go hence; not in the hope of finding better friends, for such may not exist. In leaving this beautiful temple which our hands have reared; in turning my back on this fair city, and all within its borders which I love and cherish, I should be sad, indeed, did I not hear along with me the assurance, that time and distance may not separate the souls who meet and mingle in the unity of the spirit."

The return to Albany was the occasion of a happy reunion, and was followed by united and earnest labors to strengthen the society. It had been depleted by the removal of several of its more active and influential members, who had become disciples of Charles Fourier. The socialistic institution, near Red Bank, N. J., known as the North American Phalanx,\* was indebted to the Universalist Society of Albany for its leaders. They were men of character and influence, whose places—if made vacant in any community—were not likely to be readily filled. During Mr. Brittan's two years' absence the French philosopher, and such writers as Albert Brisbane and Parke Godwin, had carried away some of the pillars of the old temple. The ranks had been broken, but the breach was repaired by new recruits. To the casual observer, the places of the absent ones did not appear to be vacant, owing to the steady increase of the society in numbers.

The Universalist minister had not only achieved distinction as a pulpit orator, but he had become popular as a platform speaker, and in this capacity his services were often in demand. On the 17th of June of that year (1846) there was a mass meeting of Odd Fellows at Poughkeepsie, which was probably the largest gathering of that kind ever witnessed in the Empire State. Thousands came by steamers from New York, Albany, Troy and other cities on the

---

\*The late Horace Greeley took a deep interest in the Fourier Association near Red Bank. For years the theories of Socialistic reformers occupied a large space in the columns of the *Tribune*, whose editors had been connected with a similar association in New England.



Hudson. Mr. Brittan was employed to pronounce an oration on the occasion. During the reading of an original poem, and the delivery of a statistical account of the rise and progress of the Order in America, by an eminent New York lawyer, the vast assembly became very restless. There was a great crowd, the heat was intense, and it did not seem probable that any one could command their undivided attention. When the master of ceremonies announced that the oration was in order, he could scarcely be heard, owing to the general confusion. The speaker advanced slowly to the front of the rostrum. At that moment more than half the people were on their feet. Having taken his position, he stood motionless as a statue, and said nothing, until by degrees the attention of the whole multitude was directed to the platform, as if curious to ascertain what was to come next. Having thus fixed the attention of all upon himself, the master of pschyco-magnetic spells slowly waved his hand round the semi-circle in front, seating every man and woman before he had spoken a word. And then, for over an hour, he held more than six thousand persons, until he had finished the delivery of an oration which—judging from the effect produced on the people, and the comments of the press—must have been one of the most successful efforts of his life.

In the Summer of that year the church edifice was completely renovated and newly furnished. The work of collecting funds for that purpose devolved largely upon the pastor, whose incessant labors, together with the extreme heat of the season, seriously impaired his health. The improvements were completed about the first of September. The annual meeting of the United States Convention of Universalists, at Troy, followed immediately, giving him no opportunity for repose. Mr. Brittan was in constant attendance, taking an active part in the daily sessions of that body; at the same time his residence at Albany was filled with clerical delegates, to whom he extended a generous hospitality. The constant strain upon body and mind; the extreme nervous tension and unusual heat, were too much for his limited powers of endurance. The day following the adjournment of the Convention he kept his bed. His friends had no doubt that temporary relief from labor, and a few days of undisturbed rest, would suffice to restore all the faculties and functions of mind and body. In this expectation they were disappointed. Another day, and the gravity of the case made it necessary to summon his physician; but the treatment prescribed was powerless to restore vital harmony. Day after day the symptoms became more complicated and alarming. His disease was bilious fever and *gastritis*, accompanied by intense cerebation. The stomach rejected both food and medicine. By degrees the intense fever dissipated the fluids of the body, and burned up the tissues to the degree of extreme emaciation; and still the case baffled the skill of the physicians.

At the end of six weeks the patient appeared to be rapidly sink-



ing. The chances of his recovery seemed to be growing less from day to day; when, at the evening twilight one day, he fell into a comatose state, apparently losing all consciousness of this world. It was a long night that followed; and the sick man gave no sign of recognition, either of the devoted wife who watched over him with the deepest solicitude, or of any one of his attendants. Many members of his parish came to take leave of their beloved pastor, and went away with tearful eyes, expecting to see him no more alive. The patient did not heed their presence; their coming and going made no impression on his senses; for nothing could disturb the profound coma which was expected to terminate in death. Mr. Brittan has described his remarkable physiological and psychological experience, during the memorable night of many days in the Autumn of 1846. I extract a part of that description as follows:

“ ‘No man who sinks to sleep at night  
Knows what his dreams shall be;  
No man can know what wonder-sight  
His inner eye shall see.

“ ‘No man who leaves the outward shape  
Knows what sweet friend his hand shall take;  
What soft white breast, what radiant arms  
Shall fold him in celestial charms.

“ ‘And even so I sank to sleep,  
Like a pale diver through the deep;  
To wake where all around expand  
The palaces of Wonder Land.’ ”\*

“ ‘The season was the somber November, when rude winds hymn the requiem of many forms of life. For long weeks the ominous bird with the dark wing had

— ‘Perched above my chamber door.’

Disease, like a foul demon, clutched and tore the quivering nerves, and torturing pains were the fleet couriers which ran from early morn till night, and from evening till the break of day, through all the fever-blasted avenues of my being. At length Night came like a sweet minister of peace. In the shadow or her presence I discovered the dim confines of another sphere, and lingered there that I might solve the solemn mystery of being. In that hour, Heaven counterbalanced all my earthly attractions; and still I lingered lovingly;

— ‘for the Night

Hath been to me a dear familiar face;  
\* \* \* \* \* and in the starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learned the language of another world.’

“ ‘Two beautiful angels of peace, Sleep and Death, led me beside the Lethean waters, and I was ready to launch away. It was *then*, while the brain reeled and the heart seemed to be sinking amid a chaos of confused sensations and broken consciousness, that the beautiful Immortals came to me. They sat by me in the curtained chamber. I saw them, and heard

---

\* “Epic of the Starry Heaven,” by Spirits through T. L. Harris.



the music of their speech. They touched me, and the second angel retired, by a mysterious Providence in which I recognize the

—'Divinity that shapes our ends.' "

Mr. Brittan had been in his trance many days, and still there were no signs of returning consciousness. For a week his principal physician, while visiting him every morning and evening, had left him little or no medicine, regarding him as quite beyond the reach of all ordinary remedial agents. But the patient still lived, how or why the doctor could not tell. For twenty-one days he had taken no nourishment. On the twelfth day of the trance the doctor prescribed a powder, but on further reflection declined the responsibility of administering it, telling Mrs. Brittan it was at least possible that it might have a favorable effect upon the patient; at the same time there might be several chances to one that he would not live through the operation of the same. Under the circumstances he would leave it to the judgment of Mrs. Brittan to administer it or not at her discretion. Fortunately she decided to make no use of the medicine.

There is an important spiritual fact to be recorded in this connection. It affords the clearest evidence that the higher powers had the patient in their keeping. On the very day the powder was prescribed at Albany, Mr. A. J. Davis—who was then daily magnetized in the service of such diseased persons as desired to avail themselves of his clairvoyance—while magnetically entranced in the city of New York, voluntarily called the attention of his magnetizer, Dr. Silas Smith Lyon, to the critical condition of the sick friend at the Capital. He stated in substance that a medicine, in the form of a powder, had been left by the family physician, and that *it must not be given*, as the patient would never survive the operation. The Seer then made a prescription, and directed Dr. L. to leave at once by the evening boat for Albany, saying, "*If this is not done, our friend Brittan will leave the body. He must not go yet, for there is an important work for him in this world.*"

Dr. Lyon left by the first steamer. The night was cloudy, and owing to a dense fog on the river, the boat did not arrive at her destination until a late hour on the following morning. As soon as she reached her wharf the messenger hastened to the residence of the sick man. On entering the house his first question was: "*Have you given the powder?*" On being answered in the negative, the doctor at once administered the medicine prescribed by Mr. Davis. It was near noon, and for several hours there was no perceptible change; but through the succeeding night the patient's sleep and respiration appeared to be more natural. He had been in a comatose state *twelve days and nights*; and during the entire time it did not appear that he had the slightest knowledge of anything in the external world.

The friends kept their silent vigils by his pillow through all that long night of suspense. The anxious heart struggled with its



emotions, and prayed for deliverance from the crushing weight of its loneliness and apprehension. At length the morning came—the sky was clear. Just as the rising sun shone into the patient's room, he opened his eyes. Consciousness had returned, and the power of speech was fully restored.

The patient supposed he had merely slept for a night, when the fact was he had been absent in spirit nearly two weeks. A mysterious change had occurred which he was at a loss to account for. Outward elements and objects presented new aspects. His powers of perception were immeasurably quickened and enlarged. The atmosphere appeared to be as distinctly visible as the waters had been to his familiar observation. At times the walls of the chamber became transparent before him. The whole current of his thoughts flowed, with singular force and freedom, in philosophical and spiritual channels. At the same time his ideas were so remarkable for their scope and originality, and for a certain rhythmical movement, that he was led at times to question his own identity. The mind was peopled anew with startling and splendid images. Fragments of grand conceptions and sublime ideas seemed to float out on the clear currents of the inner life into outer consciousness. Deeply impressed upon his spiritual senses and the faculties of his mind, was the radiant form of a tall man, with a serene countenance and benign expression; who—standing in his presence while he slept—gazed steadily in his eyes. The spell was complete; and the thought and feeling of his spiritual visitor, like a deep, regenerating tide, set through all the avenues of his being. It was the silent ministry of this majestic spirit, that had taken away his dogmatic theology, cleared his moral vision, and sublimated his whole nature, thus lifting him above the plane of physical suffering into sublime communion with the Spirit world.

“ Though thy slumbers may be deep,  
 Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;  
 There are shades which will not vanish;  
 There are thoughts thou canst not banish;  
 By a power to thee unknown,  
 Thou canst never be alone.”\*

After waking from his long trance, under the new and providential treatment, the convalescence of Mr. Brittan was rapid and sure. He had been reduced almost to a fleshless skeleton, but flesh and strength were fast being restored; whilst the activity of mind and the ability to handle metaphysical and other profound questions were amazingly increased. It was late in December when the announcement was made in the daily papers, that the Universalist minister, having recovered from his long and painful illness, would again occupy his pulpit. The occasion was one of unusual intr-

---

\*In Byron's beautiful dramatic poem the Seventh Spirit, "in the shape of a beautiful female," appears to Manfred. He attempts to grasp the figure and the spirit vanishes. A mysterious voice is heard, and these lines—written in Switzerland—are a part of the beautiful Incantation that follows.



est, and a very large audience assembled in which many of the other churches were represented. As he was once more to address a people who had given up all hope of ever listening to his voice again, it was not without a peculiar pertinence that he selected as appropriate to the time, and indicative of his theme, the following words, said to have been spoken by the Nazarene:

“I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.”—*John xvi.*, 12.

As may be supposed, the discourse that followed the text was eminently suggestive. A great change had occurred in the habit of thought peculiar to the speaker, and that change was manifest to all. A new world had been suddenly opened to his observation. If its forms were at first shadowy, they were every moment becoming more distinct. His tongue had been touched with a live coal from invisible altars. A new spirit kindled the elements of his logic, until the whole argument was aglow and scintillated with preternatural fire. The people listened with rapt and reverent attention. A large majority expressed both pleasure and astonishment; at the same time various views were ventilated at the close of the services. One antiquated individual thought it “best to stick to old-fashioned Universalism;” several apprehended that their minister was leading them “out of the old paths;” others liked some change, and thought they discovered “a singular freshness in the speaker’s thoughts and illustrations;” one person was sure there was “something very mysterious sticking out of that sermon;” a good sister was “afraid Brother Brittan’s terrible illness had turned his brain;”\* while a facetious brother was satisfied from that discourse that his brain was “now right side up.” As a rule the more discriminating ones thought the sermon more remarkable for what it implied, or dimly foreshadowed, than for any radical ideas openly expressed.

In the evening of the same day (December, 1846) he boldly entered upon the public ministry of Spiritualism. His text was the last verse of the first chapter of Paul’s letter to the Hebrews. Having declared that “God maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire,” the Apostle thus employs the Hebrew method of expressing a strong affirmation by the interrogative of the text:

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”

In the discourse from these words he traced the spiritual idea in all religions, more especially in Judaism and Christianity, showing that it was the fundamental principle and vital element in all systems of theology and worship which had exerted any considerable influence on the human mind and character. He never paused to ask what the world might say, or how his temporal interests might

---

\* Mrs. A. D. Shepard, a very estimable lady and for many years an earnest Spiritualist, Her brain was soon turned in a similar manner, she being one of the first mediums developed in Albany.



be affected by this unqualified declaration of his views. Many people have doubtless complained of his want of worldly wisdom—not always, perhaps, without some show of reason. But it was not in the nature of the man to conceal his convictions. It is true he sacrificed a place that gave him personal influence and popularity. His position had been already assured; but he was prepared to subordinate a private advantage to a greater interest in which multitudes were concerned. This was neither a weakness nor a vice. If he thus alienated friends and lost the chances of a life of comparative ease and prosperity, it was because he was no cunning time-server, and never devoted himself to a scheme at the sacrifice of a principle. The manimon worshipers regard such men as fools; but their true friends have the satisfaction of knowing, they seek no unholy alliance with “the money changers,” and never force a fellowship with timid mortals who dilute their speech, and so qualify the truth as to gratify a perverted appetite.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN ON MATERIALIZATION.

By THOS. R. HAZARD.

**P**ROBABLY there is not an individual in the Spiritualist ranks—if he would apply himself to the subject—more capable of investigating and arriving at right conclusions in respect to the important subject of spirit materialization than Prof. Buchanan. This must be my apology for taking the liberty of placing his name at the head of this article, and tersely commenting upon some remarks on the all-important subject alluded to, which I see attributed to him.

He says: “To satisfy all parties, seances should be conducted in such a way that the character or honesty of the medium should not be any part of the evidence, and precautions against fraud should be made unnecessary. For example, in materialization seances, if the medium can be in full view of the spectators at the same time as the materialized spirits, or if the materialized spirits shall dissolve into air in full view of the company, *no other tests would be necessary.*” (The italics are mine.) And is Prof. Buchanan not aware—let me ask—that hardly anything is more common at harmonious materializing seances, than for the medium to be plainly seen by all present at the same time that a spirit form is exhibited? I have seen such a phenomenon in scores of instances, as have hundreds or thousands of others, including many honest skeptics, to whom (as the Professor seemingly intimates) “no other tests *should* be necessary.”



Again: I, as well as hundreds of others, have seen in scores of instances materialized spirits gradually vanish out of sight, or "dissolve into air in full view of the company;" at other times apparently sink into the floor; at others, stand by the medium's side, (both then in sight,) until gradually absorbed into his or her form; and again, in one instance, when standing but a few feet from me, and in plain view of the whole company, I have seen a materialized spirit raise its hand and arm perpendicularly over its head, which limb, without dematerializing passed upward, to all appearance, through the ceiling, before the body entirely dematerialized, as it too followed the arm aloft. At most or all of these seances there were probably skeptics present, to whom seemingly "*no other tests should be necessary.*"

Again continues the Professor: "If this cannot be done, some one of the spectators should be allowed to see or feel the medium in the cabinet, while the materialized spirits are coming into view."

I have no comment to make on the above passage, which I think entirely unworthy of a man of real science, who is at all acquainted with the spiritual phenomena. It might with more propriety have emanated from one of the class of minds who ask, "If spirits can come in the dark, why don't they come in the light?" "If my friends can speak through a medium, why don't they talk directly with me without a medium?" "If spirit forms can show themselves at a materializing seance, why don't they show themselves to me at home, in the workshop, or (mayhap) in the grogshop?"

"If none of these methods are adopted," says the Professor, "another method will be equally *satisfactory to spectators, and ought to be to the medium.* Let the cabinet be divided by a reliable partition, either of boards or of open wire grating, all arranged in a firm and secure manner, and let the medium occupy one compartment, while the other is appropriated to the materializing spirits. It cannot be maintained that such a partition would prevent the materialization, and if properly constructed, such a cabinet *ought to be*" (the italics are mine) "*equally satisfactory to mediums and to investigators.*" Is it possible—let me ask—that a man of Prof. Buchanan's varied experience in the spiritual phenomena is not aware, that in the above description he has exactly described the kind of cabinets that have been in use at many materializing seances almost from the beginning of the manifestations? Last August I passed two weeks at Mr. Frank Way's, West Burke, Vermont, where I attended some dozen seances in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Holmes, and where precisely such a cabinet as Prof. Buchanan describes had been constructed by Mr. Way, and used at all the seances. To make all doubly sure, a padlock was used on the outside of the door of what is called the "test condition," which could not by any possibility be reached by the medium, who was confined within. Spirits of all grades and nations manifested there by scores, many clothed in magnificent costumes that it would beg-



gar a dozen Holmes to buy. But still skeptics were not satisfied, as the Professor asserts they ought and would be under such conditions.

A similar cabinet had been used at the Holmes seances in Philadelphia, until the Katy King exposure; after which, in addition to it, a wrought iron cage, made by an ingenious mechanic in Cincinnati or Pittsburgh, was presented to Mr. Holmes, in which he always sat during the seances, and still continues to sit at his seances, as I am informed. I have attended many seances, during which Mr. Holmes occupied a little narrow seat within this cage, (which is barely large enough to hold his form.) For the purpose of communicating the facts to others, I spent some time in inspecting the contrivance, as well as the inner and outer cabinet, and the ceiling of the room above, and of that of a fellow-tenant of the same building below, and know that there were no fraudulent contrivances. I cannot conceive of any prison being made more secure and perfect than this cage. Sure I am that the strongest giant must have perished if locked within its confines, unless released from the outside; while the wire netting that intertwined the iron bars on the top, sides and bottom, was so close that a small fly could not escape therefrom. It was placed just within the test condition, and firmly screwed to the outside partition of the cabinet, so that the door opened directly into the seance room, always in plain view of the whole company. It having been suggested by some investigator that the screws that fastened the cage to the partition (eight in number) might be defective, I saw one of them taken out, and found it to be perfect. While Mr. Holmes has been securely locked within the iron prison *within a prison*—Mrs. Holmes meantime sitting outside of all in full view of the company—I have seen at different times many scores of materialized spirit forms walk out of the outer cabinet, as perfect and natural as if in earth-life, the enchanting Katy King among others, (both in Philadelphia and West Burke,) long after she had been heralded throughout the civilized world as a fraud, under such test conditions it seems as if the manifestations, as Prof. Buchanan asserts, “ought to be equally satisfactory to mediums and investigators.” But are they? Not at all; and are tabooed to this day by most of the Spiritual press. I remember one evening sitting by the side of a coarse, brutish-looking *investigator*, at one of the Holmes seances in Philadelphia, who had examined the cabinet and surroundings to his heart’s content, and saw Mr. Holmes securely locked into his iron cage, and the key deposited with one of the company, who fairly scowled at the spirits as they respectively appeared. At length he withdrew, with a jerk, his hand from mine, and moved his chair as far from me as the space allowed, regarding me at the same time with a look of venom that expressed stronger than words—“You are a confederate, and if I had the power I would burn you at the stake,” just



as the spirit A. A. Ballou intimated, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Richmond, that certain other investigators would have done to mediums, had they lived a century ago.

The fact is, there are certain men, (and perhaps women,) so organized that it is impossible for them to believe in the spiritual phenomena. These, even if they believe at the time they are witnessing the manifestations, are like the man described by the Apostle James, who, after, "beholding his natural face in a glass, goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." I have met several such at materializing seances, some of whom have assured me, while witnessing striking manifestations, that nothing could ever again shake their belief in spirit materialization! and yet, perhaps a week later, I have found these same individuals as skeptical as ever.

More conclusive than the iron cage of the Holmes was a test I saw applied to Mrs. Robert J. Hull, a few days after her *exposure* at Portland. On that occasion she was assisted from a sick bed, on which she had been prostrated in consequence of the wrongs and insults she had been subjected to, and seated in a chair behind a curtain. A smooth thread of silk, with my and another's assistance, was passed through the aperture in her ear, (the ring having been removed,) and the two ends tied together and fastened with sealing-wax so firmly to the wall, that in removing the thread after the seance, quite a piece of the plastering came away with the wax, as may now be seen at the *Banner of Light* rooms. The doubled thread was about seventeen inches in length; and while the medium was thus confined, the spirit daughter of a lady present walked outside of the curtain more than six feet from the medium's seat, and, after embracing her mother, sat down in a chair beside her for some time. At the conclusion of the seance we found the silk thread intact in the ear, and smooth its whole length. What stronger test could be devised—let me ask—than this, exceeding in simplicity and perfection anything that mechanical ingenuity can invent or construct. And yet, has one skeptic been satisfied by the test? So far from it, the medium had not recovered from her prostration before "*Spiritual*" editors (God save the mark!) were making themselves jocund on the silk thread tested fraud. But would that mother, think you, Prof. Buchanan, have needed any test to render her sure that the loving embrace of her daughter was not that of a fraudulent medium? Such mothers need no tests but such as the spirits themselves give through the manifestations.


My varied experiences have taught me that those who investigate the spiritual phenomena on the love plane, seeking for truth alone, will be abundantly satisfied by their spirit friends, (as that loving mother was,) without resorting to physical tests; whilst those who attempt to enter the sacred realms of spirit materialization in any other way, will be subjected to disappointment and unbelief, test the medium as they may.



Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

## QUIET THOUGHTS.

BY BELLE BUSH.


 H! better far it is to toil and struggle,  
 And bear life's burdens o'er a thorny way,  
 Than to sit idly down where gilded pleasure  
 Holdeth her court and cheats her votaries gay.

Brighter the wealth of heart, the gifts of feeling,  
 Though worn mid suffering, penury and toil,  
 Than all the diamonds in the mines that glisten,  
 And all the gold in California's soil.

We cheat ourselves when earthly treasures win us  
 From our allegiance to the cause of truth,  
 And sell our souls, or "make them aproned waiters"  
 To passions that but work us woe and ruth. ]

There are defeats that mar the plans we cherish,  
 Yet may be triumphs in the years to come,  
 And battle scars that we shall wear as trophies,  
 Of *victories* won, when we have wandered home.

It is the *soul* that triumphs, not the faggots,  
 That, burning, slay the martyrs at the stakes;  
 From rack and dungeon oft have risen the spirits  
 That caused earth's tyrants on their thrones to shake.

We see but dimly here God's will and purpose,  
 We are but children groping in the dark;  
 Through fogs of doubt our higher intuitions,  
 Seeking for truth, see now and then a spark.

This, magnified, distorted by the vapor  
 Of our own ignorance, we think the sun,  
 And straightway we proclaim, "the morning dawneth,"  
 Truth's herald's have appeared, our task is done.

Thus we forget, though truths we may discover,  
 And find a solar system in each spark,  
 That it will set, and leave us need for others,  
 Which we must seek, or wander in the dark.

The wisest learn but little, though they wander  
 In quest of knowledge over all the earth.  
 The humblest child may puzzle and confound them,  
 A wing'd insect or a floweret's birth.



Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL, AS ESTABLISHED  
BY SCIENTIFIC EXEGESIS.\*

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

III.—The Tribes in Egypt: Moses.

**T**HE HISTORY of the Religion of Israel must start from the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt. Formerly it was usual to begin with a discussion of the religious ideas of the Patriarchs; but, as strict investigation has shown us that all the accounts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are entirely unhistorical, we have of course now to begin the history later on. About the times preceding the sojourn of the Israelites in Goshen, in Egypt, we can only make more or less likely guesses. Of the sojourn itself, however, we know a few circumstances with certainty; and from that time forward we can trace the course of Israel's religious progress pretty regularly.

The Israelites had similar ideas about the origin of their nation to those which we find with other peoples. Thus, it was generally supposed that a nation sprang from a single ancestor, and that tribes which were akin to each other owed their origin to the same ancestor; and in this way the Israelites thought that the twelve tribes constituting their nation were descended from twelve brothers, who were sons of one father. Such tribes as were in any way still more closely connected had the same mother too; and those tribes which were rather looked down upon are, according to tradition, children of concubines. This is how we get the stories about Jacob, or Israel, with his two wives and his two concubines. The Israelitish people were, also, closely related to the people of Edom. But this name stands for the same as Esau. The result of this is, that the forefathers, Jacob (Israel) and Esau, were regarded as brothers; and Esau was the elder, because the Edomites had a settled habitation and had been regularly established under kings earlier than the Israelites. But Esau was also the inferior in rank, because with its own people Israel naturally stood in higher repute than Edom. Isaac is the father of these two tribal fathers. Moreover, Israel was conscious that it was related to the Ishmaelites of Arabia, and so their supposed forefather, Ishmael, becomes Isaac's brother; but, to indicate that he was not held in such high repute, his mother is made a slave, Hagar. But then, again, Isaac and Ishmael must have the same father,—Abraham; and he, according

\* *The Religion of Israel*, a manual. Translated from the Dutch of J. Knappert, pastor at Leiden; by Richard A. Armstrong. 283 pp., 16mo. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1878. Cloth, \$1.00.



to a later account, is the forefather of other less important Arab tribes, called Midianites, Dedanites, and so forth. Their mother was called Keturah, which means "incense," because the Arabs dwelt in the land of incense. The Ammonites and Moabites, too, were related to the Israelites; and they likewise obtain a place in the genealogy, and are sons of Lot, himself a son of Abraham's brother. In this way all the mutually related tribes are made descendants of one man, Terah, Abraham's father and Lot's grandfather. They are, therefore, called by the common name of Terachites. The fact is now conclusively established, that these forefathers, however, did not call the nation into being, but, on the contrary, the nation, in trying to imagine its own history, called these forefathers into being.

In so saying, we do not mean to assert that there can be nothing historical underlying all these narratives in Genesis. It is quite possible, in the abstract, that there may have been men who bore these names; but, if so, they were not the fathers of the tribes, nor did they play the part which Genesis assigns to them. Indeed, their very existence remains a mere supposition, and does not help us with the history of Israel. But it is another thing when we find certain indications in these traditions which do give us at least some hint about Israel's origin. From them we gather, that, in very ancient times, Semitic tribes traveled westward from Mesopotamia. Some stayed in Canaan, or on the further side of the Jordan, and in Arabia. Others, again, strengthened by a fresh migration from the old home, and preceded, perhaps, by a single tribe, went on to Egypt and established themselves in Goshen, the northeast part of that country. This is the only thing that we are able to affirm about the origin of Israel.

We are all familiar with the tradition in Genesis embodying the history of Joseph and his brethren, and their ultimate establishment, with their father Israel, in the land of Goshen. It is by imagining all this that the legend tries to account for the fact, that Israel passed some time in Egypt. But we must look for the real explanation in a migration of certain tribes which could not establish or maintain themselves in Canaan, and were forced to move further on. From a passage in Josephus it appears, that in Egypt too a recollection survived of the sojourn of some foreign tribes in the north-eastern district of the country. In a fragment given by Josephus from a lost work of Manetho, an Egyptian priest living about 250 B. C., we have a statement that pretty nearly agrees with the Israelitish tradition about a sojourn in Goshen. But the Israelites were looked down upon by the Egyptians as foreigners, and they are represented by Manetho as lepers and unclean. Moses himself is mentioned by name, and we are told that he was a priest, and joined himself to these lepers and gave them laws. We cannot tell with any certainty when the Israelites came to Egypt; and so



we are unable to say how long they stayed there. The Old Testament says 430 years; but it cannot have been so long. They were grievously oppressed by the Egyptians, at least during the latter part of their stay. They had to do slaves' work in the quarries, and they were employed in building two fortified cities, Rameses and Pithom. We may be sure that the oppression drew the tribes closer to each other. It did not, however, draw them so close that we can speak of the Israelites, while still in Goshen, as one people; but still the mutual ties, which had hitherto been exceedingly weak, were now strengthened, and the recollection of the oppression and of the subsequent exodus afterwards tended powerfully to call out and invigorate the feeling of relationship and sympathy.

We must now consider the religion of the Israelites in the oldest form in which it is known to us. We must once for all dismiss the common idea, that this religion was regularly handed down from Adam to Noah, from Shem to Abraham and the patriarchs, and from these to Moses; everything to that effect in the Old Testament being quite unhistorical. We know, in fact, very little of the religion of the tribes in Goshen; and that little we have to make out from later accounts, or even to infer to a considerable extent from what we know of the popular religion in the eighth and seventh centuries before Christ, which of course had its roots in the past, and gives us some evidence of what that must have been.

In this way we discover the original religion of Israel was Fetishism, and that out of this Fetishism there slowly grew a Nature-worship, just as happened with the rest of the Semites. Fetishism is the least advanced stage of religion known to us. The name is given to the religion of those savage tribes who regard all objects as endowed with life like that of man, but of different degrees of power. Nature-worship is the worship of the various powers of nature; and while the Aryan (or Indo-Germanic) races worshiped those powers as manifested in the phenomena of nature and intimately bound up with them, the Semites, the stock to which the Israelites belong, worshiped those powers as terrible and destroying gods,—lords or kings standing *above* nature, and more clearly distinguished from it than was the case among the Aryans. We still find traces of Fetishism in what the Old Testament tells us of the reverence paid to holy trees and stones. It is true that it is made to appear as if those stones were dedicated to Yahweh; but this is to be explained by the subsequent desire of the Bible writers to bring all the idolatry that still survived in the popular religion into connection with the worship of Yahweh by way of consecrating it. Not being able to exterminate it, they did their best to change its meaning. But these remnants of the old popular religion do not really fit in with the service of Yahweh, as it was afterwards understood, and they can only be explained as a relic from primitive times.

When the religion of a people rises to a higher level, the old



ideas and forms survive for centuries beside the new. We find this general law exemplified all through Israel's history. Its fetishism grew into nature-worship in very early times. It is certain that the Israelites had advanced to nature-worship when they were in Goshen. The general character of their religion was like that of the rest of the Semites; but they modified it in their own way. The Semites drew a contrast between the powers of nature regarded as the source of life and blessing and the same powers regarded as the cause of death and destruction. Among the Edomites, Ishmaelites, Ammonites, and Moabites,—tribes most nearly related to Israel,—the service of the vigorous and destroying god was most prominent; the names for God common among them—Baal, El, Molech, Milcom, and Chemosh—being indicative thereof. These names all denote the mighty, violent, death-dealing god. The powers of nature which confer life and blessing were also worshiped by them, but only in the second place. We know from the character of their national god, that the Israelites formed no exception in this matter; for in early times he was regarded as a god of light and fire, who was to be greatly feared, and was propitiated by human sacrifices. The god of Israel was originally closely allied in character with the Canaanitish or Phœnician Molech. Hence he was worshiped in the likeness of a bull, as an emblem of the power of the sun, so mighty to destroy. With this also are connected the bull's horns which we find on Yahweh's altar in later times, and the twelve oxen which support the molten sea (1 Kings vii. 23. 25). The cherubim, too, on which Yahweh sits are of Phœnician origin, and represent the heavy thunder-clouds which hide the Thunderer from human sight. The representation of flowers and fruits which Solomon put in the temple are in the same way symbols of the life of nature as awakened by the sun-god. Moreover, by the side of Yahweh's altar we have what are called "asherahs," which are lopped stems of trees and symbols of the goddess Asherah, the female side of the beneficent sun-god; and "chamanim," or sun-images, which represent the rays of the sun in the shape of a cone. All this shows that Israel's god was originally regarded as a god of light and fire, and differed little or nothing in character from the rest of the gods of the Semites. But in the conception of Yahweh, as the stern and terrible god, lay the germ of the higher conception which afterward grew out of it. He is pure and holy; no man can see him and live. The first-born are his rightful property; circumcision, which was afterwards the sign of the covenant, was originally a bloody offering for the propitiation of a god of terror. Through the notion that the best and dearest must be given up to the strong and mighty god, the belief in his holiness was cultivated and strengthened. More and more men come to see that nothing could serve such a god save holiness and a strict morality; his claims exceeded those of other gods, and he was gradually contrasted with them and



placed above them in the thoughts of his truest servants; and at last he came to be regarded as the only one that really existed and was worshiped as such, whilst the others were considered to be false gods which did not really exist. This pure monotheism is the fruit of the whole process of Israel's development, and it was not distinctly and definitely expressed till the eighth century B. C. But its germ lay in the original form of Israel's nature-worship, by means of which, under favorable circumstances, this people were enabled to rise above the rest of the Semites.

According to the Elohist writer of the Pentateuch, the name of Israel's chief or tribal god, El-Shaddai, was changed by Moses into Yahweh. We are told that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob called their god El-Shaddai (Exodus vi. 3). This word means the Mighty One or the Strong One; and it implies that the tribes ascribed the character to him that we have explained above. What customs and offerings and festivals may have been associated with the service of El-Shaddai we do not know. Other gods besides the chief one were honored. First came the stars, and especially the planet Saturn, which the Israelites called Kewan (Amos v. 25, 26). To Kewan the seventh day was dedicated. Very likely other planets were worshiped, and the festival of the new moon belonged to the old nature-worship. Besides this, each tribe had its own special god or gods. Later on we find mention of "teraphim," a kind of household gods. They were consulted about coming events, and were worshiped as beneficent powers. This meagre account is all that our sources of information enable us to give of the primitive religion of the Israelites. It will be enough to bear in mind that their polytheism had a chief god, and that they had a very solemn conception of his nature; while his worship was, probably, the bond that held the tribes together.

All are familiar with the story, in Exodus, of the life of Moses, and the departure of the Israelites from Egypt under his leadership and guidance. The details of this story, which was not written till more than five hundred years after the exodus itself, are not historical. The exodus itself, however, remains a firmly established historical fact. All the prophets, including the very oldest, speak of it as a thing universally known and believed. For the same reason it is certain, that Moses was the soul of the movement and the leader of the people. He stirred up the tribes to resume the old roaming life, and to forsake their settled dwellings in Egypt. His enterprise most probably met with opposition on the part of the Egyptians. The narrative of Manetho, previously adverted to, also confirms the main fact of the exodus; and he, too, names Moses as the people's leader. The main fact, however, is all we know. Of the circumstances attending the exodus we have no knowledge whatever. It is, however, constantly becoming more certain that it was Rameses the Second who began the oppression of the Israelites, and that under his son and successor, Menephtha,



their escape known as the exodus took place, about 1320 years before Christ.

From the nature of the case we may infer, that Moses laid the utmost stress on the religious significance of the escape from Egypt. Moses must greatly have quickened the people's love for their common god; and his successful efforts for their deliverance must have impressed the sons of Israel with the superiority of Yahweh's might over that of the foreign gods. Throughout all the ages that followed, Israel steadfastly cherished the memory of this deliverance from Egypt. In later times the Israelites began to associate the celebration of the Paschal feast—or Passover—with that recollection. The origin and meaning of this festival will be considered in due time.

As we have before stated, according to the Old Testament, Moses was the first to whom El-Shaddai, the god of the patriarchs, made himself known as "Yahweh." The only explanation of such a statement is, that Moses proclaimed the national god by this name, and no doubt there accompanied this a fresh interpretation and conception of the nature of this god. The meaning and pronunciation of this name, Yahweh, are not quite certain. We have been accustomed to say "Jehovah;" a form constructed by adding the vowels of Adonai (pronounced Edona), namely, e, o, and a, to the consonants J H V H, those four letters being all that is written in the original Hebrew. This combination arose from the fact, that the Israelites always refrained from uttering the proper name J H V H, saying "Adonai" (which is Hebrew for "the Lord") instead. And in our authorized English bibles the confusion is kept up by J H V H always being wrongly translated "the Lord." The vowels really belonging to J H V H are a and e. This makes "Jahveh." But in English we get nearer to what was most likely the true pronunciation by writing "Yahweh." As for the meaning of this name, even the old Israelites themselves could only guess at it. What is certain is this, that the word is connected with the verb "TO BE." This derivative word, therefore, may either signify, "He who is," or "He who MAKES to be," which would mean "the Life-giver." The writer of the third chapter of Exodus thinks, that the name refers to the unchanging and faithful character of Yahweh,—*"I AM THAT I AM,"*—but it is certain that no such meaning is directly involved in it.

Moses not only preached Yahweh as the god of Israel, but he wished the tribes to worship this god in contrast to, and to the exclusion of, all other gods. Not that Moses was by any means a monotheist, neither did he suppose Yahweh to be absolutely the only god and the other gods not to exist at all. Such pure monotheism as that belongs to much later days; it being many centuries after Moses before the prophets attained to so lofty a conception. Moses believed in the existence of other gods just as much as he did in that of Yahweh; but he taught that he was the



only god to whom the Israelites ought to pray. Yahweh only was Israel's god. We find this principle expressed in the phrase of the law, "Ye shall have no other gods before me."

It is well known that bull-worship—that is, worship of Yahwah in the likeness of a bull—was still a thoroughly national institution in Israel centuries after Moses was dead; and this bull-worship was popularly regarded as pure Yahweh-worship. However bitterly the later Israelites condemned it, and the worship of images, it is easy to see that there was nothing in the tradition about Moses to mark him out as an opponent of image-worship. On the other hand, however, there is nothing to show that he defended it or approved of it.

Although Moses acknowledged the dominion of Yahweh over nature, he by no means made such sharp distinction between them as we find in the exalted ideas of the prophets of later times. To him Yahweh was still the light-god and fire-god, a terrible and mighty being whom none could gaze upon or approach. But at the same time he regarded him as the Holy One; this god of his demanded morality; it was only by being good that man could serve him. Thus Moses identified the command to lead a moral life with the law of Yahweh, and it is his signal merit thus to have laid the foundation of Israel's subsequent growth and progress in religious thought and feeling. The sons of Israel were still too backward to accept the teachings of Moses at once. Tradition speaks of opposition to Moses again and again renewed, and even of insurrections. It was not only that the people kept up the service of other gods,—that went on for centuries,—but even in serving the ancient god of their fathers they failed to heed the modified character which Moses ascribed to him. It was only a few of his more thoughtful followers that could sympathize with him, and in them alone did his views bear fruit.

Moses represented the relation between Israel and Yahweh as a covenant; Yahweh was Israel's god, and Israel was Yahweh's people; the code of laws promulgated by Moses constituted the covenant between the two. We have this code complete in two separate passages of the Pentateuch, Exodus xx. 2—17, and Deuteronomy v. 6—21. We find, on comparison, a great difference between these two passages, not only in a multitude of small points, but especially in the command to keep the Sabbath-day. It therefore follows that these commandments are not derived from Moses in their present form, which must be regarded as a later elaboration, the gist or kernel of them alone being from Moses. It is probable that the tradition of Moses breaking the original tables of stone covers some recollection of a remodeling of the code. This code, usually known as the Ten Commandments, is called in the Pentateuch the law of the *Ten Words*. The exordium itself,—“I, Yahweh, am your god, who brought you out of Egypt, out of the house of bondage,”—which is not generally counted, not being



a commandment, must be reckoned as the first Word. This is the foundation, the starting point, of the whole set of laws. Yahweh, on his part, makes the announcement that he regards himself as the God of Israel, and founds upon it the obligation of the people to obey his commandments. Then the second Word will be what is usually called the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me;" while what we call the second commandment, containing a prohibition against idolatry, is of later date, and is merely an elaboration of the first. Then follows the third Word, the same as our third commandment; and so of the remainder of the Ten Words. According to the story in Exodus, Yahweh himself proclaimed this set of laws on Mount Sinai, while all the people gathered at the foot of the mountain, and tumultuous tokens of Yahweh's majesty and power, in earthquake and thunder, filled them with awe. All that is at all likely to be historical in this is, that Moses assembled, not the whole people, but the heads of the tribes, and gave them the code. There was probably no lack of sacrifices and festivals on the occasion, while the representatives of the Israelites solemnly pledged themselves to keep the commandments thus communicated to them.

We cannot speak with certainty about any other laws or precepts given by Moses; and it is not absolutely established that even the Ten Words originated with him. With regard to the great majority of the laws found in the Pentateuch, it is certain that they belong to a later age. It is, however, possible that a few more injunctions are to be ascribed to him. It is quite probable that he retained much that was already current before he began to teach, or, at any rate, that he adopted it with modifications. Such was the dedication of the Sabbath in the fourth Word. The seventh day was originally dedicated to the planet Saturn, or Kewan. Moses adopted the institution, and consecrated it to Yahweh. It has been supposed by some biblical critics that Moses modified the seventh day of the Saturn-worshippers into a day of rest, he being thus the first to institute the observance of the Sabbath *per se*; but it is now known that the observance of the seventh day as a rest-day passed to the Semites from the Akkadians, or ancient Mesopotamians, long ere the time of Moses. Moses also retained the established customs of circumcision and the dedication of the first-born. It cannot be determined with certainty whether or not Moses so modified the devotion of the first-born to Yahweh, as to dispense with human sacrifice, allowing those devoted to be redeemed from death with an offering. It is undeniable that human sacrifices continued among the Israelites long after the time of Moses. It is, therefore, probable that Moses made but little, if any, change in this long-established custom.

According to a later tradition, the code of laws was preserved in the ark, that is the chest, of the covenant, which was placed in the middle of a portable tent, called the tabernacle. The description



of both of these in the Pentateuch is utterly incorrect, inasmuch as it is at variance with the much older accounts in Samuel and Kings. It is in the highest degree probable that this ark was considered the dwelling-place of Yahweh himself; or, perhaps, a stone was kept in it, and this stone was looked upon as Yahwah's dwelling, and the ark only as the place where it was kept. In any case, the Israelites attached the greatest value to this chest, as we may gather from their habit of carrying it with them into battle. They attributed to it mighty powers and most formidable effect. Now, we may, with considerable confidence, take Moses to have been the originator of this ark; and it is very probable, too, that he cherished that material conception which, in times long subsequent, we still meet with among the people. This ark, we may suppose, stood in a simple tent, while a few priests were attached to it, with Aaron, the brother of Moses, at their head.

We know nothing more of any laws or institutions given by Moses. But slight as our information is, it is sufficient to justify us in recognizing him as the founder of Israel's national existence, the great legislator and religious leader, who gave the first powerful and decisive impulse to the development of Israel. Under Moses' influence Israel took a step forward, but it was only one step. It was not to appear till long afterwards that this step had been decisive, and had placed the people on a path which led straight to a fair and noble termination.

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

### REMEMBRANCE.

---

Given through the medlumship of NETTIE C. MAYNARD.

---

IF, in our Spirit-life, we still remember  
     The Long-ago,  
 The blooms of May—the hoar-frosts of December,  
     The ebb and flow  
 Of old-time feelings, of earth-born joys,  
     Of morn and noon—  
 The fleeting pleasures—the broken toys,  
     Lost—all too soon.—  
                     *Would we forget them?*

If we remember all our tears of sorrow,  
     The grief, and pain,  
 The hopes, and fears, that hung above "To-morrow,"  
     The wasted grain—  
 Our "buried talents" and our worthless days,  
     Reproachful faces  
 That rise before us, on our upward ways  
     'Mid happy places.—  
                     *Would we forget them?*



Nay, 'tis by what we *know* we mark our progress  
 Toward better things!  
*Experience* gives the rising soul its largess,  
 The harp its strings!  
 And every touch of joy, or pain that's ours  
 By *Him* is given!  
 'Tis *rain*, as well as sunshine maketh flowers,  
 Emblems of Heaven,—  
   *Should we forget them?*

Each earnest effort for a life of beauty,  
   Addeth a grace,  
 Until we find, through lowly paths of duty,  
   *His dwelling place!*  
 Then strive, O mortals! ever for the right,  
   *True work* is prayer;  
 The night of death is lost in heaven's day-light—  
   Thy home is there!  
   *Let us remember.*

---

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### MEDIUM'S RIGHTS.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

No. I.

General Principles.

**F**RICTION of matter evolves heat, light, and electricity. Friction of thought eliminates *truth*. Difference of opinion is no disgrace to either party. Nevertheless there are but few who are not impatient of contradiction; few who rise above all personal ambition, and reason without bias or dogmatism. Perhaps none are entirely independent of these weaknesses. But we are growing, and the tendencies of the age are to honest, independent thinking at the sacrifice of personal prejudice or party bias. In the spirit of humility and unselfish devotion to truth, may we be led to the throne of justice, and measure and weigh all facts and theories in the sacred balance. Because we cannot see alike, let us not indulge in partizan bitterness or personal invectives, nor predicate charges upon baseless assumptions or bare suspicion. In stating the positions of an opponent we should give them the strongest force and fairest interpretation possible. Any attempt to weaken the position of an opponent by an incomplete or unfair rendering of his claims, is a tacit confession of our own inability to cope with him; and it is probable that much of the excited discussion and personal alienation which attend the present investigation of mediumship, are due to this cause coupled with a selfish sensi-



tiveness at the honest criticism of our darling creeds. If idolatry be a sin, who is guiltless? The present agitation is a *necessity* growing out of the idolatry of many Spiritualists, the abuses of the gift, the ignorance of the public; the assumptions of pretenders and the sophistry of medium worshipers. We are told that mediumship is divine and its mission the salvation of the world. But are not *all* our faculties divine, and have not all a part to perform in the great work of emancipation? It has been urged too that spirit communion is too sacred to be trifled with; and, hence, mediums are often judged with unmitigated severity for being "in all respects like other men." But is it any worse to cheat in one office than another? Is a lying medium any worse than a lying Methodist? Is sensuality any worse in a medium than in a minister of the gospel? If we exalt them as gods and worship them as patron saints, holding them above criticism or kindly rebuke, the world will naturally exact of them a fulfillment of these high claims and judge them with corresponding severity when they fall. Hence it is unjust and unkind to assign them a place above their normal planes. It is *uncharitable* to force them into assumptions and positions they cannot verify or fill. It is ungenerous to flatter their weakness and cultivate their vanity until the dealings of honesty and justice shock, shatter, and sour them and bar their way to the public heart and general usefulness. The best friends of mediums are those who seek to aid them to higher conditions and help them to resist temptation. If they *cannot* resist is it not charity to assist them to keep out of the way? The rights of mediums are simply *human* rights. In a *general way* they are the same as all other human beings. In adjusting relations we must recognize all the factors that are common to every life and the *special* factors introduced by the equations of mediumship. What rights have mediums that do not belong in common to every investigator? In a general sense they clearly have none, but the position of each, the objects sought, the methods essential to success, and the conditions and forces that inhere in the sphere of mediumship involve *relations* by which the rights of each may be interpreted. As both medium and investigator desire *success*, it is their mutual interest as well as their mutual *right* to make the conditions favorable, according to their best knowledge and belief. But the different relations each sustains to the subject, leaves a wide margin for controversy over the essentials. They agree in *purpose*, but differ in method. The conditions exacted by the medium suggest deception. Magicians are known to make their own conditions and many of their most successful feats depend upon seemingly trivial adjustment, or some peculiarities which the observer knows not how to interpret. Are mediums dependent upon the same conditions? If so, what evidence have we that their manifestations are not from the same source? The fact that many of our trusted mediums have been caught tricking, and many others have—after



playing the role of medium for months or years, and receiving the endorsement of representative Spiritualists and public journals—come out and announce themselves as *exposers* and boasted of their frauds, chuckling over the credulity and gullibility of Spiritualists, does not seem to diminish the doubts of skeptics or make the situation of genuine mediums any easier. If suspicion and exacting criticism are obstacles to success in an honest seance, are we likely to overcome them by placing the medium on a par with known deceivers and insisting on conditions that favor fraud? Is it not the mediums *right* as well as *duty* to be protected against these tricky *appearances*? Is it likely that the spirit world require such a compromise of the mediums honor, as to insist on keeping the genuine and the counterfeit inseparable, so that the best and truest are inevitably under the shadow of the bad company they are COMPELLED to keep? If we are to trust our intuitions to select the true and reject the false, why not leave out the phenomena altogether and learn of immortality from intuition at first hand? But the “stubborn facts” are claimed as indispensable to a large class who have not the development to see and grasp the great reality unaided. Hence, if intuition were competent to decide the true, those most in need of those demonstrations, would be without a guide, and the mixed manifestations only lead them into doubt, confusion and darkness. In the interest of mediumship, with a just regard for the rights of *all* and a tender recognition of the emotional, quickening and increased responsibilities the gift imposes, let us broaden our vision and bless the faithful by a just discrimination and an honest verdict for the tried and true.

---

THE SHADOW of death is around you. O bereaved mother! and its cold desolation has come between you and your child. You take the little hand and it lies heavy in your own; you press the lips and they quiver with no response; and you must put away in the grave the form that has nestled so close to your heart, and the head that you have crowned with a thousand prayers and hopes. And you cannot see why we exist at all.—why such tender relationships are woven to be shattered, and such deep wells of love opened in the human breast only to overflow with tears. Ah! it is because humanity is not an earthly flower, to unfold in bright air and then perish forever; but an undying germ, to struggle upward out of limitation, and find surer root as its props break away, and to be refined by tears, and to shed rich fragrance in the night-time of sorrow, and to glow with a more intense and fixed love as its objects vanish from sight. If life is but a form your affliction is inexplicable; but if it is substance—if it is intrinsic and inalienable power, excellence, beauty—then the bliss of the suffering and the peace of the poor, and the victory of martyrs, and all the fine gold of character that has been smelted in the furnace of trial, illustrate and vindicate the purpose of our being. There is something for man better than happiness, else he might have lived and perished as the lily of the field. There is spiritual strength for him, which is developed by struggling; there is faith whose telescope sweeps the immensities of eternity when the nearer earth is veiled in darkness; there is truth which springs up in the shattering of all earthly supports; and there is that completeness and harmony and divine assimilation of character which is wrought out only by discipline.—*Chapin.*



## Our Young folks,

---

“The pilgrim’s step in vain seek Eden’s sacred ground!  
But in Home’s holy joys again, an Eden may be found.”

---

Childhood is not long; it is very short. How very brief, indeed, it is! Some twelve years or so cover it all. While you are scarcely aware, your little babe has become a boy, and while you have only become accustomed to thinking him a child, he has passed out of childhood forever. What parent has not had it come home to him with a deep tinge of melancholy.

There is but one childhood for your little ones. Oh, then, make it for them all that you can. Make it completely good, redolently sweet in the present, radiant in the past. It is a mournful thing to give them an unhappy childhood. Sad, sad, indeed, is it for one to look back on a childhood which has little in it that he cares to think of. Fill it now with things which will be good by and by to hold in memory. Perhaps all that your children will remember of you will be connected with their childhood; perhaps ere it has gone, mother and father will be away, living only in recollection. Make that memory hallowed and sweet.

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

: **HAVING EYES THEY SEE NOT, HAVING EARS HEAR NOT,**

---


### Or Daisy’s Mission,

---

BY OPHELIA T. SAMUEL.

---

“Strike your harps, ye white robed angels!  
But your music makes me wild,  
For my heart is with my treasure,  
Heaven is only with my child!  
Let me go, and whisper comfort  
To my little mourning dove—  
Life is cold, oh let me shield her  
With a mother’s tenderest love!”

 A large parlor, elegantly furnished; with the blinds carefully closed to exclude the sun-light, there was a coffin; and within that coffin there lay, what might have been one of the rarest conceptions of Michael Angelo or any of those grand old sculptors whose name and fame is immortal. But no sculptor could ever have given that golden glory to that wonderful profusion of curling hair. Only Titian, with his matchless tints, could have done justice to that crown of burnished gold which rippled over the little head, and flowed far below the waist of the lovely child who lay in the casket—a child some six or seven years of age and rarely beautiful. And now as she lay there, in that dreamless sleep, there was a nobility and grandeur of expression on that infantile countenance which made you aware that she must have



been a child of extraordinary beauty, and that those who loved her had suffered no ordinary loss when "the fell destroyer, Death," had robbed them of her. As in her white robe she lay, surrounded with lovely flowers; with her tiny hands clasped peacefully upon her breast, and with that wondrous beauty of expression which so often illumines the countenances of the early dead,

"That light, that never shone on earth or sea,"

she seemed already fitted for communion with the angels, and it was not difficult to imagine her in her proper sphere amongst them.

Kneeling by the side of the coffin, with one arm thrown over it, and her whole form bowed down in perfect abandonment of grief, was a lady some twenty-eight years of age, and from the same peculiarly beautiful hair, and general contour of the head and face, one would readily have surmised that she was the mother of the child; and her attitude of despair showed that she was almost crushed by her irreparable loss.

"Oh, Daisy, Daisy, speak to your mama!" "Oh, my child, it cannot be that you are gone from me forever!" burst from her lips in tones of passionate grief. "Oh, my God, give me back my child, my own little Daisy!" she cried again and again. Her prayer was answered! Drawn by her mother's love and despairing grief, there came noiselessly, softly to her side the living but invisible counterpart of the beautiful image in the casket. With gentle touches, and tender caresses she vainly strove to make her mother aware of her presence. Her kisses fell softly as falling dew upon her brow. Her arms twined lovingly around her mother's neck, and in sympathy and love she strove with all her might to impress upon her mother the fact she had only withdrawn from the form before her, that it

"Is but an empty sea-shell,—one  
Out of which the pearl has gone;  
The shell is broken—it lies *there*,  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is *here*;"

*here* by your side, living and loving you as ever before; *here* never to taste death again, ever to live that life immortal which you have told me of so often." But, vain were her efforts to inspire that mother's consciousness with the idea of her living presence. She only knew that that which *was* her child lay motionless before her, deaf to her cries, mute and still, with no response to her fond caresses. To her, she seemed gone forever, and crushed and almost paralyzed by that belief, she remained insensible to all the loving ministrations of her child. True, she had been taught by her religion that the soul is immortal. That it lives either in a state of bliss, or of agony forever. But even were that true, she must think of her child in a far away Heaven, separated from her by an almost impassible gulf, and her heart rose in rebellion against a God who had taken her darling from her, as she was told, "because she made an idol of her." What! give her so perfect a



child to love, and so large a capacity for loving, and then snatch her treasure from her because she obeyed the law of nature and loved the child who had seemed a portion of herself; who had developed all that was most unselfish and Christ-like in her nature. For her child's sake she had loved all other children. Her birth had seemed to open a valve in her heart which had let in a rich flood of sympathy with all other mothers and their little ones. Following other little coffins to their graves, she had upheld the sorrowing mothers, and whispered to them the same words of consolation that now fell unheeded on her ears, and like lead upon her sorrowing heart. Now her child was gone, and whither? "To Heaven!" they said. Heaven seemed far away, and the time when even the little clay-cold image would be buried from her sight, was drawing near, and her anguish and despair became too great for endurance. All the while the radiant spirit of the child strove to impress upon the mother the blessed truth that she was near her, by her side, living and loving her as of yore. But the force of education was too strong. If now and then some faint gleams of the truth dawned upon her, and she felt as though her loved one was near; christian friends would come to condole with and talk to her of the far distant Heaven to which her darling had gone, of how all must strive to reach that goal, and of the great difficulty of ever reaching that desired Heaven; until between her child and her yearning soul there seemed to rise mountainous peaks of glacier-like doubts and fears, chilling and freezing every hope of a re-union with her. Faithful and devoted in her love, again and again came the child, eager to convince her mother of the truth, and assuage the grief which rent her heart; pitying angel friends lent their aid, but all in vain. They could not counteract the chilling influence of such dreary teachings; they could not induce the sad soul straining its gaze to reach a far distant land, to look by its side for the one who could never have dwelt happily in even that bright world, unmindful of the broken heart she had left behind: could never have struck the chords of that golden harp, and sung the song of the Lamb, whilst the voice that had soothed her to sleep with gentle lullabys all her little life, was now hoarse with cries of anguish for the lost one. Could never have rested contentedly in a loving savior's arms, whilst those which had sheltered her, and in which she had nestled in her helpless infancy were aching with longing for the little one who had passed beyond the need of their care. The great giver of all blessings, who meets every demand in nature with an adequate supply, whether it be the dew to the blossom, the rain to the earth, or the sunshine to the harvest, never intended that sorrowing hearts should be bereft so suddenly, and left with no source of strength and consolation when their loved ones are taken from them. Could we fully realize that they are withdrawn from us but a little way; that just beyond the veil they wait, striving to pour the healing balm into the wounds caused



by the agony of separation, eager to soothe the first great sense of desolation with the knowledge that they will often return to comfort, to strengthen, or to warn us, how differently would we look upon the change called death; how earnestly do our spirit friends strive to impress upon all that "the gates are ajar" and hosts of loving spirits hasten toward us, only to be coldly received, and their hearts chilled with derision and incredulity.

As the time dragged slowly on with that bereaved mother, her loneliness and depression increased rather than diminished. Everything seemed to remind her of her loss; the little vacant chair, the clothing of the absent one, even her bird, full of life with its sweet notes filling the air with music, whilst her darling's voice was heard no more. Visits to the little flower-strewn grave only added to her grief, for the tomb-stone with its epitaph "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," impressed upon her the oft repeated lesson that Daisy had gone to a strange, far away country. Its "sweet fields arrayed in living green, and rivers of delight; its gates of pearl and golden streets," seemed to her but as prison walls, shutting her darling away from her longing arms and aching heart. "If she could only come back to me for one moment!" she would cry, "I could bear it better, but the thought that she is gone forever, I cannot endure!" By her side was her child, striving ever to lead her toward the light. Her friends told her she was wicked to grieve so, she was "rebelling against the acts of Providence." "Why did he so afflict me?" she asked.

"Because you made an idol of your child, and He is a *jealous* God," was the reply. "What, the Almighty God, who is Love, and who filled my soul with the essence of his own being, could he be so cruel as to punish me for loving the child he gave me! and can He be capable of so small and selfish a passion as jealousy?" cried the heart-broken parent. "You grow blasphemous!" answered the chorus of friends.

Wearied and worn out with suffering, she fell asleep one night with a little half-worn garment of Daisy's, the last she had worn on earth, clasped to her bosom. It was the first calm slumber she had known since her darling passed away; and as she slept the child drew nearer, the mother's eyes being closed, and all earthly objects shut out; amid the sweet influences and holy calmness of the night, her spiritual eyes were opened; and, oh, with what rapture and joy she beheld her child! Her ears were unsealed, and she heard that child's sweet tones once more as she delivered her message of comfort and peace, stilling the waves of sorrow which had almost overwhelmed that stricken soul. Sweet was the communion between those two re-united ones; not more refreshing were the night dews to the flowers that Daisy had loved so well and tended so fondly, than were the spiritual teachings of that child to her mother. What those lessons of love were, she imparted to no one, for, when she arose with a light in her eye and a sweet peace



and serenity pervading her demeanor, and said, "Daisy was with me all night," they pronounced it a dream, so her lips were sealed to them. But, from that time, she began to read and investigate the Spiritual philosophy. She allowed no sneers, no ridicule, to deter her; but far and wide, wherever she heard of one who communed with the angels, and brought messages from them to their friends on earth, she sought them, and many satisfying tests from her darling rewarded her efforts.

No longer alone, she knew that her child, instead of being in a far off land, was as often near her as was consistent with her progression and development; that there was a means of ingress and egress to and from that "Promised Land." That the gates might be of pearl, and the walls of jasper, but neither gates nor walls could sunder loving hearts; that a merciful father heeds his children's cries, and satisfies their needs, whether it be hunger of the heart, body or mind.


Learning in the light of that beautiful philosophy the true charity that thinketh no evil, and striving to follow the loving guidance of the child, she went about amongst the poor and lowly, the heart-broken and afflicted bearing messages of spiritual comfort, and by her pure and stainless life winning honor and reverence for the faith which she professed. She lived no hermit's life; no cloister's walls enclosed her. Placed in a world filled with objects of beauty and means of enjoyment, she partook of all, enjoyed and admired all with the pleasure of a sensitive and cultured soul. Music, art, literature; all that was pleasing and harmonious, and conduced to the happiness of others, found in her a liberal patron. Her child seemed nearer to her when she promoted the happiness of other little ones, and in that she found the greatest enjoyment. She well learned the lesson that

"Life is full of holy uses, if but rightly understood,  
And its evils and abuses may be stepping stones to good."

### THE SPIRIT OF THE STREAMLET.

#### Inspirational.

Given through Mrs. Kate Osborn for "Our Young Folks Department" of THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

N A lovely valley on the bank of a crystal streamlet stood a little cottage covered with myrtle and wild roses. This was the home of a sweet child named Marion, the only comfort of her mother, who was a widow, and who labored hard to earn an honest living for herself and little girl; but many times when evening came there was only bread for supper, with not even a cup of milk. Marion's mother wove willows for a living, but when the work was sold it brought but little money to buy food and clothing. Little Marion went out every morning to sell baskets and sometimes sold all she had, for it was hard to say "no" when



she raised her blue, loving eyes and said in sweetest tones, "please buy one—it is all mama and I have to live on;" but many evenings Marion returned with all the work she had taken away. Then the mother's eyes would fill with tears as she kissed her beautiful child and took her in her arms to rest; rubbing her little tired feet, soothing her little weary heart, for Marion only got discouraged when she could not sell her baskets. Five long days had passed since she had sold one. There was nothing to eat and her mother was very ill.

She sat down on the green moss by the crystal streamlet and cried—for she was a very little girl and could not think what to do. But soon a sweet voice that seemed to come from the water, said, "Marion, line your baskets with myrtle and fill them with the wild roses that bloom on the cottage, then you will sell them all."

Her eyes brightened, and with a joyous tone she asked: "Who is it in the water talking to me?"

"I am a spirit who loves you," answered the voice. "I live in the Summer Land and come to earth to help good children; so do not cry, but when you have trouble come to this streamlet, and I will tell you what to do. I cannot help you if you are not good, for when you do wrong or get angry it makes a great hot wind that spirits cannot live in, so they have to go back to their home beyond the blue sky. Remember never to tell a story, for untruthful children cannot go to the beautiful land. Good bye," said the voice from the water, "I must go now but will come again." Marion felt a warm kiss on her forehead, and looking up saw a beautiful lady, her face was radiant with smiles, and drops of water sparkled on her hair like diamonds. She gazed on Marion with her soft brown eyes, and laying her hand on a strand of pearls that clasped her own golden ringlets, she said, "each of these pearls were given to me in the Summer Land, for some act of kindness, some word of love; so remember for every act of love or kindness, the angels will lay aside a jewel to weave a sparkling crown for you, when you go to the beautiful land of music and flowers." With these words she waved her hand and a shadow fell across the streamlet. When it passed away, the beautiful lady, the spirit from the Summer Land, was gone. The child ran to the cottage to tell all she had seen and heard. She never forgot what the bright spirit said, for she tried to be good and truthful.

Through the long summer she sold all the baskets her mother made, for they were lined with myrtle and filled with wild roses from the cottage.

But a north wind full of frost came, the myrtle was covered with ice and would not bend; the frost withered the roses, and the cold wind scattered their leaves. Little Marion was in despair. "What shall we do now?" she said, as the tears began to fall, "winter has come and the flowers are gone."

Suddenly her eyes lighted with hope; and, running to the stream-



let and gazing into the water, she cried: "Beautiful spirit tell me now what to do, the myrtle is frozen and the roses are withered?"

"When it is dark come again and bring your baskets," said the sweet voice, then all was silent.

As soon as daylight began to fade, Marion arranged her baskets by the streamlet, and then sat down on the bank. It grew very dark and still.

"Do not be afraid," said the spirit voice, "we are filling your baskets with lovely flowers, brought from a southern clime, because you have been a good little girl and have told no stories." There was a rustle of leaves and the air was filled with the fragrance of fresh roses. "Come," said the voice, as the silver ray of the rising moon lighted the darkness. Marion was overjoyed, there were the baskets, filled with myrtle, roses, lilies and violets of the spring-time—a beautiful reward from the angels for truth and goodness.

Every night through the dreary winter, the spirit of the streamlet brought Marion sweetest flowers to fill her baskets; so the widow and her child had food to eat and fire to keep them warm.

Little reader do not forget this story, and remember that the bright spirits in the Summer Land will take care of those who are good and truthful.

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

### TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

When the day is done, and the shining sun  
Has gone, and the stars shine clear,  
I list to the beat of unseen feet  
Which many may not hear,

As they wander o'er my carpeted floor;  
Then my bosom is filled with glee,  
And my wondering heart, with a quickening start,  
Keeps time to the melody.

Then I see a flame, and I hear my name,  
Deep-breathed so low and profound,  
By these forms of light from a world so bright,  
That I listen to the sound.

And the words so sweet, make my bliss complete,  
My spirit is soothed to rest.  
And I long to clasp in my loving grasp,  
The whole world to my breast!

O, thus to each one are the truths made known,  
Of the Infinite and Divine,  
And we need not wait to see some great  
Some curious outward sign;

For, ever around there comes a sound  
Saluting our listening ears,  
"When the strife is o'er there is peace on this shore,  
Through the future coming years!"



## Phenomenal Record.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

**H**IS gentleman well known to the spiritual public, residing at South Portsmouth, R. I., is so well known to the Spiritualists of the country that it seems almost needless for us to precede by any remarks of our own, the following account given by himself, of a seance recently held at his own residence. Our only reason for doing so, arises from the fact that so much has been said of the over credulousness of Mr. Hazard, that we esteem it a privilege and duty as well, to speak in behalf of one who, under all circumstances, and upon all occasions, has proved himself to be a true friend to mediums. First, we present the following from the *Providence Journal* of the 23d ult., a first class secular paper published near his life-long home.

"The articles of Thomas R. Hazard on Spiritualism have attracted much attention by their bold and marvelous statements, fully accepted by the believers in the mysterious theories of spiritual communication, and contemptuously discredited by others. We notice that in one paper the attack upon his alleged facts takes the form of a personal assault upon his sincerity and upon his intellectual ability. Of his entire good faith and sincerity no one who converses with him can entertain a doubt; and those who would dispute his vigorous intellect had better try conclusions with him.

Mr. Hazard, during a life now extended to his eighty-second year, has been a man of the most active and enterprising character, and devoted with great vigor and singleness of purpose to objects of public importance, reformatory, educational, philanthropic, and charitable. He was eminently conspicuous in reforming the management of the poor and insane in this State, when they had been treated, in many cases, in a manner disgraceful to our civilization. In this effort he was completely successful. He engineered the effort which resulted in the abolition of capital punishment. He has been an earnest advocate and munificent supporter of African colonization. He was a primal promoter of the movement in this country for the relief of the Irish famine, and a liberal contributor to it. His philanthropy, although at times aggressive and intrusive, attests its sincerity by the generosity of his pecuniary contributions to the objects to which it is devoted. No one who knows him doubts the earnestness of his convictions, or the purity of his personal character, and he carries his years as lightly as a man of fifty."

The *Banner of Light*, after giving the above, says:

"In Rhode Island, the State of his birth and residence, Mr. Hazard is best known; and we are glad to supplement our own words in respect to him with this just and well-merited tribute. But Mr. Hazard's testimony in behalf of the facts of Spiritualism is valuable, not merely because he is a thoroughly sincere, capable and honorable man, but because as an investigator he has probably given more time to witnessing, studying and testing, in his own way, the various phenomena, than any other



known investigator. Labors from which many a younger man would have shrunk have been undergone by him with a patience and attention which only a sincere desire to get at the truth could have inspired. No slurs cast upon such a man can have any effect except with those who are ignorant of his character and past history.

We are glad to give this testimony in favor of one of the most earnest, untiring friend of mediums, and to whom they are greatly indebted.

#### THE CHARGE OF CREDULITY.

In reply to this charge we may very appropriately in this connection present the views of a friend who recently wrote us as follows:

“That individual who by his faith and sympathy has placed him or herself in such harmonious rapport with spirit friends and their medium, as to obtain unmistakable assurance of the genuineness of spirit materialization without resorting to physical testing; labors under an almost insuperable disadvantage in trying to convince the class of investigators who rely on the latter method alone. This is for the simple reason that the very doubt and suspicion the latter bring with them to the seance, disqualifies the spirits by the laws that govern in the manifestation from presenting themselves otherwise than indistinct, shadowy forms; whereas in the presence of those who are more confiding and receptive, they are frequently enabled to show themselves with every feature and characteristic so marked that it is impossible to doubt their identity. But all this goes for nothing with the “testing” class of investigators who find it more congenial to their pride and fancied superiority, to charge their more favored friends with credulity and a lack of ability, rather than acknowledge themselves in the wrong.”

Although we may not fully agree with the writer, it is unquestionably true that in seances, the manifestations depend very much upon the motive of the enquirer, the mental and physical condition of the circle and the medium. It is probable that Mr. Hazard has expended more time and money in the investigation of spiritual phenomena than any other man in this country. In easy, if not affluent circumstances in life, he can have no possible motive in deceiving his fellow man, and from the press of his own neighborhood we have learned that he is noted for his purity of character, intellectual ability, and works, philanthropic and charitable.

This friend in whom we place implicit confidence, again referring to Mr. Hazard, says:

“He is living entirely alone with the exception of his farmer and the farmer's wife. His large house stands on a beautiful plateau of grounds (a century old) of 17 acres in extent, interspersed with hill, dale, brook and lake, and traversed by a mile of intertwining paths. A few years ago it was the abode of three daughters, now all lying in the family cemetery within the bounds of the park just described. Every summer they had as inmates of the family, several young acquaintances from abroad, when joyous voices resounded in every direction, and at almost



every hour. His friends often remark that they never knew a house wherein such unalloyed happiness among young people prevailed. Now all is silent and Mr. H. sits in the hall where song and dance and music was so rife. Surely, some would say, Mr. H. must be lonely indeed! 'Not a bit of it' he replies, 'I was never happier in my life,—I never know what it is to feel low spirited,—I feel, I know that my angel loved ones are with me still, as much, or more, than they were in earth life.' This statement of facts, the isolate condition of the house, no inmates except as stated, rendered deception impossible in the manifestations we are about to report."

We now give our readers the account furnished us by Mr. Hazard in part, the demand upon our pages is so great this month we are compelled to abreviate. We might here, perhaps, very appropriately, ask our readers to point out a way to render the genuineness of the manifestations more certain than the spirits made them without any physical tests being applied? We have given the unquestioned reputation of Mr. Hazard, described the isolated situation of his residence, making it impossible for the lady medium to be aided by confederates. Under these circumstances half a dozen spirits walk out, converse freely and cheerfully, each characteristically as in days of yore. The husband could not be mistaken in his own wife, the father recognized the children who had so recently left him.

EDITOR.

#### A FAMILY REUNION.

On Friday evening, 7th of June, 1878, a *seance* for spirit materialization was held in my house at Vancluse, the lady medium with her husband and myself *only* being present. M—— and myself sat in the same room that was occupied for many years as a sleeping apartment by my late daughter, Frances, and up to the morning on which she left home for Aiken, South Carolina, where she passed away less than two months afterward, on the 20th of February, 1877. Mrs. ——, the medium, sat in a small dressing room opening into the chamber, from which we excluded the light by battening the window with bed quilts, and hanging a loose curtain over the door-way, tacking it at the top. I will here just say, that so far as I know and believe, everything in the two apartments remained in the precise position my deceased daughter had arranged them before she left her home the last time.

Ten minutes had scarcely expired after the lady medium took her seat behind the curtain, before a female opened its folds, and, after one or two preliminary essays, showed itself outside the curtain. She was, with the exception that her eyes seemed vested with a mist-like aura, as fully materialized as when in earth life, and I am sure that no one who had then intimately known my daughter could have mistaken her identity, her form, hair, complexion, general contour and every feature of her face, together



with the expression of countenance, being in exact accordance with what it was when she dwelt on earth. She was clothed in snow-white garments, falling about her feet, gracefully trimmed and ornamented with a profusion of white lace, rivalling gossamer in fineness. I sat within three feet of the curtain, and at my request she approached, and, throwing her arms about my neck as she stood by my side, tenderly kissed me on my forehead and lips several times. I returning the same.

She now turned her attention to the furniture in the room and pictures on the walls, regarding them in succession with absorbing interest. A bureau stood in the southwest corner (eighteen feet distant), that seemed now to particularly attract her attention. By signs, my daughter signified that she wanted me to bring to her one of the little caskets that stood upon the bureau. After taking respectively two in my hand without getting an affirmative response, she indicated by moving her hand up and down that the third, which I then held, was the one she wanted. She took this from me after I had removed the cover, and taking from it a small quantity of little shells, she put them into my hand, and then took them again, and carrying them within the folds of the curtain, left them with the medium. It was afterward explained by a guide of the medium that this pantomime was intended to indicate to me that I should present to the Indian guide of the medium enough of the shells to make her a necklace. My daughter now came out again and intimated to me that she wanted the top drawer of a bureau opened that stood on the east side of the room within about seven feet of the curtain. This she walked out to and after examining several things in it, took from a casket a garnet brooch, which she handed to me. She then took up with her hand several little frills, ribbons, etc., in succession, until she found a blue *hair*, or *neck ribbon*, which she placed in my hand as she had done the shells, and then took it into the cabinet and left it with the medium, meaning it no doubt as a little token of kind regard from her. As I looked at my daughter, absorbed as she seemed to be in inspecting the things in her bureau it was hard to realize that her earth life was severed, and that her real home was now in heaven. On her way to the cabinet her attention was attracted to a little tintype that hung against the wall. On her intimating a wish to have it, I took it down and gave it to her. She looked tenderly at it, and on her taking it with her within the curtain, we heard repeated kisses, no doubt bestowed on the picture, which I afterwards found was a full-form likeness of her sister, Esther, sitting in a chair and reading to two of her young companions.

My wife was the next to present herself in full form, with her dark hair curled at the temples and falling down her cheeks, as she wore it in early womanhood. Her identity was unmistakable, but space will not permit me to go into details as I have done in the case of my daughter Fanny. The chamber was that in which she



had nursed our children, and I need not intimate, to any mother at least, how deep and absorbing was the interest manifested as she surveyed all there was visible in the apartment. She too threw her arms about my neck and pressing her lips to mine, exchanged a multitude of kisses. Taking the third finger of her left hand in her right, she intimated by signs that the wedding ring I had placed thereon was for eternity. Before retiring she too clasped her hands in prayer, and raising her eyes returned in pantomime heartfelt thanks to God for the great privilege that had been granted to her.

My daughter Gertrude came next, as natural and apparently as fully materialized as when in earth life. She, like her mother and sister, was clothed in pure, snow-white garments of the finest material, but not so elaborately adorned with lace. Her dress was also much shorter in dimension than her sister's, reaching scarcely below her ankles, as she was accustomed to wear it when in earth life. Her form was very thin and slender, much more so than Fanny's, as it always was, her hair a medium auburn, whereas her sister Fanny's was very light and of a golden hue, which is a striking characteristic as presented from spirit life. Gertrude also manifested great interest in the surroundings, and pointed toward the room she used to occupy. She too embraced me tenderly, and repeatedly kissed me. A few minutes before the powers of the medium were exhausted and the seance closed, the curtain was pushed back on the further side, and I saw a face archly peeping at me after the manner of a child at play. Her dark luxuriant hair, brunette complexion and round happy face left me in no doubt of her identity. It was my daughter Anna, who with her sister Mary, had, when recently in the presence of two different mediums in Philadelphia, greatly entertained me by playing bo-peep, in one instance from two separate windows in the cabinet, and in the other from a window and doorway. It seemed that they were now about to re-enact the game, and soon I saw another form on the hither side of the curtain joining in the play. Although I well knew who they were, I told them that in order to make all sure, they must *let me see them both at the same moment, which they did, and also thrust out their four hands, all at the same time, two on each side of the curtain.* The game was continued for quite a time, and just as it concluded, they gave the curtain a hard shaking, and seemingly started to run, giggling very audibly as they went. Directly after we heard a shaking of crockery on the wash stand, which I found by actual trial after the seance, was probably made by the pitcher in the wash basin, on which it stood unsteady. \* \* \*

On Saturday evening, the 8th inst., we held another seance in the same room. My daughter Fanny came out of the temporary cabinet with increased strength. She was, as before, beautifully clothed in snow-white material of the finest kind, but enveloped throughout with a far greater superabundance of lace, which abso-



lutely surrounded her person from head to foot, like a fleecy transparent cloud of ether, so to speak. By her request, I drew out the second drawer of the nearest bureau. After standing some time, taking up one of her things after another that it contained, as naturally as she ever did when in earth life, and inspecting them repeatedly, she took by its handle a sun umbrella that lay in the drawer and slowly withdrew it thence until the end reached the edge of the drawer, when she carried it carefully up to the frame of the bureau, and as if to steady and guide her hand, pressed it against its side until it came within eight or ten inches of the floor, when it dropped with a thud. She then carried it in her hand some six feet, and stood it up in a corner—where probably it had been her wont to keep it. She then walked over to the bureau the farthest off, and examined minutely the things it contained, when after embracing and keeping one, she returned to the side of the curtain, and clasping her hands in prayer, again offered up thanks. She then retired, and called by a method well-known to spiritualists, for the alphabet. This being called letter by letter, it was rapped out, "Take care of my things. Don't let them spoil. Give them away."

My wife came next, very much as on the previous evening, succeeded by my daughter Gertrude. Space will not permit me to dwell on the beautiful phenomena that occurred in their presence, nor to give in detail a tythe of what occurred during the seances.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sunday evening, the 9th inst., was to be our last seance, the medium intending to leave the island on the next day. The sky was clear, and the atmosphere more electric and better for spirit manifestations than in either of the previous evenings, and it soon became apparent that my wife and children meant to avail themselves of the favorable opportunity, and with the help of the medium's spirit guardians, do all that was possible in the way of materializing their spirit or soul-forms.

I may here state that the spirit-father of the medium (who was a clergyman), and a Penobscot Indian squaw by the name of Molly, well-known to many persons now living in Portland, Me., profess to preside at the seances, and manage matters on the spirit-side of life.

Space will not permit any attempt on my part to explain why the North American Indian seems better qualified to assist mediums in exhibiting much of the spiritual phenomena now occurring than the Caucasian, but such, undoubtedly, is the fact, and I have seldom known a good instrument for any of its numerous phases of manifestations who was not habitually attended by one or more of these efficient and faithful guardians and guides. On this occasion the medium had been entranced and taken control of by Molly, but a few minutes before the curtain opened, a youthful form, clothed in a full suit of male attire, presented itself just outside the curtain.



He was of a dark brunette complexion, and had a full head of very dark hair, with a short moustache. He wore a frock-coat, vest and pants, all of the same dark color, and on my making some remark about his vest, he opened it in front, with both hands, and showed the white bosom of his shirt. His features were fully delineated, and the moment I looked at him I was struck with the strong resemblance he bore to a nephew of my wife, who is still in earth-life. On my querying to know if he was a son of mine, he answered in the affirmative by repeatedly bowing his head with emphasis and an expression of pleasure. Whilst he remained in full view, the curtain opened on the other side, and revealed a female form draped in white, which I learned from raps made within the closet was that of my daughter Constance, the male figure being her brother, who with the unknown daughter that appeared at the seance the night before, represented the three children who had, as we thought, been lost while in embryo; but who had nevertheless, by virtue of divine law, grown to womanhood and manhood in the spirit realms. My son now, by my request, came and embraced me and kissed my forehead, and on my closing my eyes for a moment, exchanged with me kisses on the lips. Soon after this he retired behind the curtain, and Constance walked out, her slender and inexpressibly graceful figure clothed in brilliant white. \* \* \* \* \*

She manifested great joy in meeting me, and came and stood by my side some minutes, occasionally throwing her arms about my neck and exchanging kisses, and again caressing and passing her fingers over my head and through my hair. She was, of all our children, I think the most beautiful in form and face. When Constance retired, the form of our other unnamed daughter that came on the previous evening, stepped from behind the curtain. She was better materialized than on the evening previous, and was much more beautiful in both face and person. She did not move far from the curtain, but came to me as the others had done and embraced me tenderly and kissed me more than once. \* \*

An incident occurred on this occasion that led me to think that the seemingly redundant quantity of lace that so often accompanies materialized spirits is not altogether intended for ornament, but may be utilized should occasion require. When my daughter came out of the cabinet, on this evening, her person was enveloped, as usual, with a superabundance of gossamer, like lace, which during her prolonged stay outside the curtain sensibly diminished in volume, and when she left the bureau and proceeded with faltering step back to the curtain, I observed as she passed by the lamp that the lower part of her dress seemed to be dematerializing, so that for some inches above her ankles I could plainly see her limbs through its folds, which were now transparent and seemed made of thin gauze. So I think the aura of which the lace and dress may be constituted may be, in case of necessity, used by the spirit to



replenish the elements in which it is temporarily embodied. Such manifestations as I have described are not wholly without danger to the medium, even where no violence is offered to the materialized spirit. I have heard of an instance arising in a harmonious circle where no violence was offered or contemplated by any one present, wherein the spirit had staid out of the cabinet so imprudently long that the materialization absolutely broke in pieces, as it were, and evaporated, whilst the materialized form was some feet from the cabinet, followed by a terrific shriek from the entranced medium, whose health must have greatly suffered from the loss of the portion of her vital elements that contributed to the clothing of the materialized spirit with flesh, the return of which to her system was prevented by the untoward accident. I have but little doubt that a like disastrous catastrophe might have occurred in the case of my daughter Fanny, had there been any person present who should, at the critical juncture I have described, when she was faltering in her steps, have indulged in a malignant thought or even hurtful suspicion of the highly sensitive medium who was then entranced in the cabinet. Thus there is not probably one spiritualist in an hundred who is aware of the exquisite faith and harmony that are requisite in a circle for materialization to insure satisfactory results.

My wife came next outside the curtain, looking more like herself in every respect (if possible) than she did when living in earth life. The light was strong enough to render every feature perfectly plain and as she stood within a few inches of me I involuntarily exclaimed: "Why Fanny, it is your real self come back again!" This pleased her and gave her additional strength. \* \* \*

The powers of the medium had been severely drawn upon, and my wife retired to give place to Mary, who came next clothed in garments befitting a celestial spirit, her face beaming with happiness. She too threw her arms about my neck, kissed me repeatedly and fondled my face and hair. Anna was the next to appear, her every feature as plain as when on earth. After embracing and kissing me repeatedly and fondling my face, neck and hair, she looked wistfully about the room at the pictures and furniture, and finally walked a little way beyond the first bureau to the spot where the foot of the bed stood in the southeast corner of the chamber in which she had breathed her last, Feb. 5th, 1868. She, like all the others, was clothed in sparkling white robes—her luxuriant dark hair hanging down in long tresses on each side of her face—very much after the manner in which Mary and Constance wore theirs, but of an entirely different color.

When Anna retired, Gertrude, who passed away Sept. 12, 1877, came as life-like as any of the others. Her complexion, features and hair was after the order of her sisters, Mary and Constance, though her hair was arranged in front of her bosom rather differently. As on the former occasions, her dress, though beautiful, was not so elaborately ornamented as her sister Fanny, with lace,



nor was it so long in dimensions, reaching only to her ankles. These peculiarities I noted and mentioned to M——, that both were in accordance with her habits when on earth. Soon after I had thus remarked, Gertrude retired into the cabinet, but soon returned with her dress elongated so that it lay on the floor like her sister Fanny. She then placed herself before us about equal distant from both, and commenced manipulating with the fingers of both hands, when a quantity of lace was quickly developed, with which she covered her dress very much after the manner of Fanny. This I considered tantamount to saying to us, "You see, I can have the ornamental lace, if I want it!" Many other beautiful demonstrations were made by Gertrude, her mother and sisters, that I am forced to leave unsaid in order to keep this communication within bounds. My wife and all our children that she has with her in heaven materialized at this surpassingly beautiful seance, and after Gertrude retired behind the curtain, we heard in succession seven kisses within, and after a little longer interval an eighth, which were no doubt impressed on the lips of the medium by my wife and our seven spirit children in bidding her adieu.

The medium was assisted out of the cabinet to a seat in the room while she was yet entranced by Molly, who assured me she had done her utmost to keep "her medy" strong whilst the spirits came to me. Whilst Molly was conversing, I observed that she repeatedly looked towards the door of the cabinet, and on my asking her why she did so, she said the little room was full of spirits, many of my ancestors and departed relatives, as well as those of my wife, being drawn by the ties of affection and relationship to the family gathering.

In conclusion, I would say, that I hope correspondents will not (as has been the case in some instances before) write me soliciting the address of this medium. If they knew the bitter persecution materializing mediums are now subjected to, especially at the hands of many claiming to be experienced spiritualists, readers would not wonder that an instrument of the angels so gifted, and *consequently* so sensitive, as the one in question, should desire to keep her name secluded from the public.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

---

### SO NIGH.

---

O hearts that never cease to yearn!  
 O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!  
 The dead, though they depart, return,  
 As if they had not died.

The living are the only dead:  
 The dead live, never more to die;  
 And often, when we mourn them fled,  
 They never were so nigh.



## Editor's Table.

MEDIUMSHIP.

DISCUSSION upon this subject seems to increase rather than diminish, and in this issue we devote to it a large space. We realize its importance, and yet, after a mediumistic experience of many years, and careful, earnest study, when we enter upon its consideration, realizing how little we have learned of it, its grand possibilities, and its promises for the future, we feel like heeding the words of one of old, "Take off thy shoes, for the ground upon which thou standest is holy." We believe in bringing everything to the test of reason; but, have seen and experienced so much in the various phases of mediumship, through its wonderful revelations and manifestations, that now, more than ever before, we stand in awe before its portal, knowing that we have but just entered the vestibule of its vast temple and stand amazed that so many presumptuous ones, will rush rashly in, where angels might well fear to tread. We believe in the broadest discussion of this, and every subject that pertains to human interests; but, in view of the very limited knowledge we have of spiritual laws and forces, it is certainly becoming to the most advanced among us, to seek reverently and circumspectly, as humble enquirers, not as haughty dictators; as learners, not teachers.

It will be noticed that Brother Lyman C. Howe commences this month a series of articles entitled the "Rights of Mediums." In speaking of it in another place in answer to questions propounded by us, he says: "I have commenced a series of articles which will cover all of these points and many more, with a design to sift this subject to the bottom."

Our readers may confidently anticipate many original thoughts and a broad conception of this subject from our inspirational brother; but, when he talks about "going to the bottom" we respectfully suggest that we will have to pass a life time of investigation here, and a long time in spirit life before we shall be able to fully elucidate the subject.

In view of this newly awakened interest, we wrote the following, and sent proof sheets to several correspondents:

## TESTING MEDIUMS.—WHAT DO THE SPIRITS SAY.

The present animated discussion relative to the false and the



true in mediumship, how to prevent the false, aid and protect the true, has hitherto been participated in, chiefly by normal speakers and writers. Among these, great diversity of opinion has been expressed: the majority, however, seem to favor the right of investigators to prescribe what is called test conditions for the medium. A few have dissented and expressed different opinions. One writer in the *London Spiritualist*, a close and careful investigator, says: "Our experience has proved that after using all proper precautions to prevent imposition, having satisfied ourselves of the honesty of our mediums, and the genuineness of the phenomena any tests on our part were needless, and were obstructive rather than otherwise; and we soon found that the tests supplied by the operating powers themselves were far more satisfactory and convincing than any we could suggest or apply."

This view confirms the words of Fannie A. Conant in *Banner of Light*. "Place the testing power in our hands, for by so doing we will give to you, and to others, more than they could ever ask of us." Is it not time that we called for a more general expression from the Spirit World through its media? To mediums and their controls we are indebted for the only positive evidence of a continued life, and for all we know of that life. Intercourse between the two worlds in its modern phases, was opened by the spirits, and without special solicitation on our part. Thus far, and not in vain, we have trusted to them to conduct the work, and every attempt to organize Spiritualists, however well intended has proved a failure. The why is not our purpose to discuss; but now we have an attempted effort, reaching even beyond ordinary human organizations, to control mediums by prescribing the conditions on which spirit communications and manifestations shall be accepted.

In a private letter received from that very earnest worker for Spiritualism and noble defender of mediums, Thos. R. Hazard, he uses the following significant language:

EDITOR SPIRITUAL OFFERING:—I am glad of the stand you take in the matter of mediumship. Now, when all we have to depend upon as regards our divine philosophy, or religion, (if you please) is assaulted with such savage ferocity by those in our own ranks, who, with an audacity and impudence almost exceeding belief, demand the right to rule both in Heaven and on earth; it is no time for the trumpets of our standard bearers, (the Spiritual press) to make an uncertain sound.

That the "mystery of iniquity" that Paul saw has already begun to work in our ranks, I think there can be no doubt, viz: The selfish, self-seeker's element that has ever ruled in Priestcraft and Clergycraft of all denominations and ages of the world, whose object has ever been as now to murder the prophets or divine messengers of God and array themselves in their garments. \* \* \* \* If there



are any people on earth for whom I feel contempt, it is that selfish, narrow-minded class who would aid in crushing out the mediumship of the 19th century, that they might rule.

We have had the following communications upon this subject from the other life :

"We protest earnestly and emphatically against any class or body of people declaring that party a fraud beforehand, who will not submit to their particular dictation. Spiritualism is not a man-made movement. The manifestations do not come at the dictation of any human being. No human being can justly declare under what circumstances manifestations shall take place. \* \* \* This is our world of protest, and we warn investigators, as well as Spiritualists, that the conditions for manifestations *must be controlled by the spirit-world; that if you place yourself in accord with them, ample satisfaction will undoubtedly be given.*—*Spirit of A. A. Ballou, through the mediumship of Mrs. Richmond.*

"Go on, dear friend, and strive, if possible, to place the testing power in our hands, for by so doing we will give to you, and to others, more than they could ever ask of us."—*Spirit of Fannie A. Conant, in Banner of Light.*

"I do not believe we have any right to approach mediums in an arrogant or dictatorial spirit, assuming them to be impostors. Nor do I believe that we have a right to dictate to the spirit world the terms and conditions upon which we will consent to receive its revelations, as if we were conferring upon it an infinite condescension in deigning to receive the most inestimable boon that can be vouchsafed to humanity."—*F. L. H. Willis, M. D.*

These thoughtful admonitions, we believe, came from the sources indicated, and that we may call out more from our inspirational mediums, we solicit answers for publication to the following questions.

1st. Should a medium, refusing to comply with conditions demanded, be denounced as fraudulent and unreliable?

2d. How can investigators protect themselves against fraudulent manifestations?

3d. Among the thousands who accept the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, have we any, sufficiently acquainted with the laws of spirit intercourse to prescribe rules and regulations for the government of mediums and their spirit controls?

4th. How should we treat mediums detected in producing fraudulent manifestations?

5th. What would be the probable result to mediums and what the effect upon Spiritualism should the effort to control mediumistic conditions by human organizations be successful.

In proposing these inquiries, it is not our purpose to confine those who answer to that exact line of thought but to indicate the prominent points of the discussion, and upon which we should like to hear as concisely as possible. One of our own spirit controls in August number, gave special answer to one of these questions; but we very much desire to favor our readers with inspirational answers from many of our spirit inspired co-laborers. The



great world uplifting work in which we are engaged and dearly love, was inaugurated by the angels, and in them we confide.

"Magical changes those rappings have wrought!  
Sweet hope to the hopeless their mission has brought!"

We have received replies from Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Samuel, John Wetherbee, Lyman C. Howe and others. We have room this month for only two of these responses, others will be given in next issue.

Brother Howe in his answer to question, "How should we treat mediums detected in fraudulent manifestations?" says: "With *rigid justice*, which is the highest, broadest charity."

We are not so sure of that. We turn to Webster and we find "*rigid*" to be defined "cold, stiff, not indulgent, severe, unyielding." Who are to be the judges to administer this cold, stiff, severe justice? Are we to have a central tribunal before whom these unfortunates are to be arraigned? So it would appear by recent movements.

Again, the standard of justice is quite different in different ages. A few years ago it was considered just to persecute mediums to their death. In 1858 the highest Court of "Justice" in this country decided in favor of human slavery. (Dred Scott case). In most of the states, "*rigid justice*" strangles men to death.

We confess to a slight difference of opinion with our good brother as to "*rigid justice* being the highest product of charity." Perhaps it is because we are a woman, but we earnestly wish and work for more of the merciful in our laws and institutions. We cannot better express our convictions than by the following quotations from some of our favorite poets.

"He who is only just, is cruel:—who  
Upon the earth would live, were all judged justly?"  
*Byron's Marino Faliero.*

"How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgment should  
But judge as you do? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made."

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

"The greatest attribute of heaven is mercy;  
And 'tis the crown of *justice*, and the glory,  
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity."  
*Beaumont & Fletcher's Lover's Progress.*

"In mercy and justice both,  
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel,  
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine."  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*



## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

---

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

1. Not until *proven* guilty.
2. By *invariably* demanding fraud PROOF CONDITIONS.
3. *Probably* not, nor do I know of any one who *desires* to.
4. With RIGID JUSTICE, which is the highest and broadest charity.
5. I am not aware of the existence of any such effort; but if such were to be, the result of its success would depend upon the animus that governed it and the wisdom that guided its work.

As I have commenced a series of articles upon the "Rights of Mediums," which will cover all of these points and many more, with a design to sift this subject to the bottom, and, if possible, arrive at truth and justice upon which we can all agree, I leave these answers without elaboration. I believe that mediums have no truer friends than are most of those who are at present denounced as "selfish selfseekers" conspiring to "murder the Prophets!"

---

BY MRS. OPHELIA T. SAMUEL.

1. A medium, refusing to comply with conditions demanded, should no more be denounced as fraudulent and unreliable, than should a chemist who insists upon his own chemical conditions in preparing his combinations, allowing no interference from those ignorant of chemistry. No more than an artist, who, in order to produce a perfect picture, demands the nicest conditions of light and shadow. No more than a musician, who, desiring to evoke harmony from voice or instrument, requires lofty ceilings and perfect quiet. An Æolian harp if placed where the wind sweeps freely across its strings, gives out strains of ravishing music; but turn it to the right or left, and it is silent. Even so the highly strung, sensitive nature of the medium has its own laws and conditions, and its utterances are aided or impeded by compliance or interference with those conditions.

2. Investigators can best protect themselves by studying Spiritualism as a *science*, making themselves fully acquainted with the laws which govern all manifestations. The skeptic who has not so studied and investigated is much more liable to be duped than one who understands in a measure the laws by which a medium is controlled.

3. There are none sufficiently acquainted with those laws to prescribe rules and regulations to those who have progressed that one step beyond, that they are spirits without the hindrance of the flesh, and governed by spirit laws with which those still in the flesh should not attempt to interfere. And as no two mediums are organized exactly alike, no rule or regulation could possibly apply to or govern all, and would only distress the medium and prevent the manifestations.



5. Should such an impossible thing by any means become possible, and spirits consent to be limited and hampered by the laws and prejudices of human task-masters, it would be a complete subversion of the spiritual to the material; a retrogression which would effectually stop all spiritual growth and prevent all progress. It would completely close the avenues of approach between us and those advanced spirits to whom we owe all of knowledge and progress that we now enjoy. Just imagine Jesus, Socrates or Galilio humbly waiting *our* pleasure, and craving audience with us, and *we* stipulating with them that they may be permitted to approach us, and bestow upon us treasures of light and wisdom, provided we are allowed to dictate the manner of approach, and that they shall come in obedience to our command just when, how and where we see fit to demand. And still be expected to bestow upon us beautiful thoughts, inspired teachings and wise counsel, notwithstanding we cannot trust them sufficiently to allow them to choose their own mode of approach.

---

JOHN PIERPONT.

Through the trance mediumship of Mrs. Sarah Rockwood, 14 East Springfield street, Boston, Mass., sends answer to questions. Mrs. R. is said to be an excellent medium against whom no word of reproach can be spoken.

1. On no account should they be denounced. It is the individual right of mediums to refuse the stringent measures so often adopted or resorted to, to test them.

2. By setting their own house in order before they enter a circle, knowing that like attracts like and if they enter a circle with suspicious minds they attract vicious spirits.

3. None.

4. First be assured *that they are guilty*. Examine the conditions closely. If found guilty treat them kindly, but trust them no further in that direction. If mediums willingly and wilfully lend themselves to fraud they are no longer deserving of confidence.

5. Most disastrous to mediums and destructive to Spiritualism.

---

### SPIRITUALISM NOT SECTARIAN.

---

If the church would but meet us on common ground—open its doors to discuss the differences between, us in the spirit of earnest seekers for truth, gladly would we accept. We do not mean by this to enter into debate, personal controversy; but gladly would we welcome any minister to our rostrum to speak his earnest convictions; and, we should be glad to enter their pulpits and speak to their people. Why not? Truth will never suffer in contest with error. If the teachings of Spiritualism are false, show it to our



congregations; if the dogmas of Christianity are true, we cannot harm your people. Let all sides be heard, else how shall we discern the truth.

“What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?  
How do we know that what we know is true?  
How shall we falsehood fly and truth pursue?”

We cannot better express our thoughts upon this point than by quoting from the writings of Prof. Brittan:

“We have no disposition to identify the Spiritual movement with any existing form or modification of Sectarianism. Nor is it the object of those most deeply interested in the Spiritual Philosophy to establish a *new* sect. The world has been long enough engaged in making creeds, and in wielding the weapons of a dogmatic warfare. Humanity has been rent in pieces, and the fragments are scattered and quivering in the pangs of expiring life. Be it our mission to aid in gathering them together, that these many members may be one body, harmoniously constituted, and animated by the same life.

“To avoid the tendency to Sectarianism we erect no standard of faith: we prescribe no limits to the development and the researches of the human mind. In the annunciation of our views we appeal to Nature and Reason, instead of authority and tradition. It shall be our object to illustrate, as far as we are able, the laws of Nature and the Soul, in their application to the interest of Society; to devise ‘ways and means’ to instruct, refine, and save the dangerous and perishing classes. Thus we hope to promote, in some humble manner, a comprehensive Reform, in which the *causes* of existing evils may be removed, and the interest and duty of man, so long divorced, may become one and indivisible.

We believe there are thousands in the churches who are ready to adopt a more rational, spiritual and practical religion. Let them stand up in their manhood; and though the palsied *body* of the outward church may writhe in its great anguish, Humanity will be comforted, and the fallen and enslaved millions will rejoice in the Gospel of ‘To-day.’”

---

## THE PHANTOM FORM;

Or, Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life.


---

PART SECOND.

---

CHAPTER V.

---

 WAS ashamed and humiliated by the earnest words of Thalia, and felt that she expressed the truth in regard to my condition; yet, when left alone I could not fully accept her theory and never found rest until the broader views and more spiritual expression of Gonzalo came back in all their purity and



freshness. He did not look upon love as an incident in life, but rather as the inspiration—the crowning glory of all. My unfortunate circumstances had prevented me from perceiving more than a glimpse of this central principle of life. Patience and persistent effort would at last confer upon me the boon I craved; then all that was desirable must follow. I had promised to await the return of Thalia, but oh, how slowly the hours passed! With great effort I controlled my impatience and waited, waited until the last lingering ray of twilight had disappeared and the stars had come out in the blue dome;—still she came not. At last, overcome by anxiety and unrest, I left the grove where I had remained all day, and moved through the silver moonlight to the little vine clad cottage. The doors and windows were open and I entered. The rooms were filled with sweet scented flowers and occupied by a company of gentlemen and ladies who seemed eagerly waiting for the appearance of other parties. I was about to pass on to the other rooms when Thalia, hand in hand with the Phantom Form, entered the room. They were clad in dazzling white, their faces radiant as if with a new found joy. I drew back into the shadow and watched them unobserved. Their conversation in low, earnest tones, I could not hear. Soon my attention was diverted from them by the sound of approaching footsteps; the door of an adjoining room opened and my husband with Eunice on his arm and accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen, entered the room. They advanced so close to where I was standing that I could have touched the white cheek of Eunice. A tall, pale gentleman arose and approached them and before I was aware of the significance of the scene my husband was no longer mine.

I had passed through all the stages of jealousy and anger and this unexpected scene seemed to paralyze all my senses. I could not see, hear, nor realize what it was that had so suddenly transformed me from a thinking, suffering, loving woman, into a heartless, passionless statue. How long they remained in the room, or when they left it I do not know. My first recollection after the marriage ceremony, was seeing Thalia approach, her arms were extended as though she would caress me, and in her rich, clear voice she said: “Come sister, come away. We did not intend that you should witness this scene; but, perhaps the sharp conflict may help to strike the scales from your eyes, come; we will now leave them and return again to brighter scenes, where your weary heart can find rest and strength; come, the last link that bound you is broken, why tarry longer?”

My brain and tongue seemed paralyzed; the only response I could give was a wave of the hand, signifying my desire to be left alone; but Thalia did not go; she expostulated, reasoned and plead with me, but she might as well have talked to the frozen streams. Her eloquence and sympathy were lost; I heard her words without



comprehending their significance. I do not know how long I remained in the house. Days and weeks passed and I had no power to tear myself from the magnetism of that room. Thalia was frequently with me; other spirits were there but neither approached or addressed me. At last I awoke from this trance of reason and moved out into the pure air and sunshine.

It is not my intention to weary you by particularly relating my experiences while lingering in this border land. Suffice is to say, that when fully restored, though love seemed dead, I formed a settled determination that Eunice should not enjoy the happiness of which I had been deprived, and for long years I neglected no opportunity to annoy and disturb their home happiness. Thalia often counteracted my plans by erasing written communications, by destroying my power to entrance Eunice, by projecting her positive will and her own angelic face and form when I was attempting by my presence to dishearten and discourage them. You may be surprised when I tell you that this was my highest happiness and it held me a bound slave for nearly twenty years. Yes, Eunice and her husband had left the sunny valley of youth, age had silvered the bright locks and furrowed the fair brow, and the two little ones had grown almost to womanhood before I was freed, or rather had outgrown my own selfish, distorted nature. During that time, I too, had changed; the prominence of low and selfish thoughts had marred the beauty of that spiritual form of which I was once so proud. The long sojourn in the coarse magnetism of earth without one pure breath from the sunny table-lands of spirit life, had changed the transparent whiteness of the face that once looked at me from the crystal mirror of the Arbor of Repose. Thalia and mother had from time to time visited me, but never had I looked upon the face of Gonzalo. Finally I grew weary of my self imposed task; then came shame for the narrow and contemptible life I had lead; sorrow for the years I had wasted, for the opportunities lost; and slowly I awoke to the consciousness that Thalia was right. I had had my dream of life, it was passed; and now my heart was cold and hard as flint; but there was an awakening of the intellectual powers, a thirst for knowledge and with a triumphant smile I said to Thalia: I have conquered at last, henceforth I live in the brain! I am ready to commence the great work of uplifting others from the fearful condition in which I have so long lived.

A smile of ineffable beauty illumined the face of my friend as she replied: "You are now prepared to go to school; you stand on the first round of the shining ladder of truth. Twenty years ago I occupied nearly the same position, but think not that I have remained stationary during all this time; I have entered a new world, of which you can at present have no conception. The glory of the Infinite is around me, the joy of the truly emancipated thrills my entire being. "Emily, I have much to say to you; you have



noticed a strangely familiar look in my eyes and recognized the accent of a remembered tone in my voice. You were right, you have seen the eyes and are familiar with the voice; I am Gonzalo's sister, and there was a purpose in my being sent as your guardian and to aid you. You have now, at least for a time, finished your experience on earth, and, as it is your desire; to-morrow we will go to a place of rest, where in solitude you may commune with your own soul and prepare yourself to enter the great school you once visited. There you will have opportunity for culture, and your soul will flow out through many avenues, until you become strong, bright and pure; then the light and warmth of a life of which you now know nothing, will enfold you; then, and not until then, will you know and feel the power of life."

I was overpowered by this conversation. True, I had often thought of my transient visit to the land of souls, but it had never entered my mind, that *I* should ever become an inmate of the school I had visited. I was rejoiced at the opportunities opening before me, and should have been happy, had I not realized the loss of time, the unfavorable change in my personal appearance, and the utter dearth of affection. Even the thought of seeing my mother did not awaken one thrill of love; my heart was apparently dead and its grave covered with ashes in which no bud could ever again blossom. All life, strength and ambition seemed to tend toward the intellect. These, and these only, could I live for in the future.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**THE WATKINS CONVENTION.** Too late for publication in this issue the committee have sent synopsis of its proceedings and resolutions passed. From H. L. Green, Esq., Secretary of the Association, we had received an invitation to attend and participate as one of the speakers, and deeply regretted that distance and pecuniary considerations prevented. We anticipated that it would be the largest and most important convention of Liberals ever assembled, and from the account received we find that our expectations were justified. The resolutions passed, touch the vital questions of the hour and give no uncertain sound. On woman's advancement and equal rights with men, socially and politically, this Liberal Convention, as was to be expected, was unequivocal in its expression. Equally so on the question of religious freedom and the liberty of the press. Earnest words of condemnation of the Comstock P. O. laws and the recent arrest and imprisonment of men and women by this modern Torquemada; in fact the resolutions and doings of the convention have our earnest approval.

The only unpleasant incident, so far as we know, was the arrest, by the civil authorities of Watkins, of D. M. Bennett, W. S. Bell and Miss J. Tilton, charged with the heinous offense of selling "Cupid's Yokes," the book published by E. H. Heywood, for the



sale of which he is now imprisoned. The parties arrested gave bail for their appearance and now await the action of the grand jury. It is said the orthodox sectarians of the town instigated the arrest, doubtless with the intention of counteracting the favorable impression such an imposing convention would be likely to make. Possibly their own action may have an effect not anticipated. Next month we shall give resolutions and synopsis of the proceedings.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, is publishing a very elaborate defence of the Bliss mediums, carefully and critically prepared by Thos. R. Hazard after a protracted investigation occupying several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are now in Boston, and are giving the most satisfactory evidence of wonderful mediumistic power. Mrs. Pickering too, seems emerging from the shadow, if we may judge from communications from reliable parties published in the *Banner*. Every true Spiritualist will rejoice to see all these parties fully vindicated. The *Banner of Light*, like the true soldier never shirks duty in the hour of darkness, danger, and threatened disaster. Grandly indeed has it maintained its position in defence of mediums, and in the language of our own Spirit Control of last month: it has stood, "*like a wall of fire between the great, bitter, denunciatory world and the sensitive, shrinking mediums, from whom we have received the most satisfactory evidences of immortal life.*"

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS, I make an earnest call for immediate remittance. Payment for 2nd-volume is very much needed to pay actual cost of publication. Expenses have been greatly increased by enlargement to 64 pages. All whose subscriptions are due, also those whose time expires with this or next number are notified by an X on cover.

Unaided by any individual or organization I have established and sustained a periodical approved by the best minds in the ranks of Liberalism. Receipts, as expected the first year, have been less than actual expenditures, the deficit has been paid from proceeds of lectures. Kind friends will you aid me by paying arrearages and extending the circulation of the OFFERING. It now contains 64 pages, filled with matter that will compare favorably with any publication. A great many Spiritualists and Liberalists are able to send the OFFERING to persons unable to pay. Although poor I am sending it to a great many of this class, who have made personal appeals for it. If the money was not needed to sustain the magazine, I should not make this personal appeal. NETTIE PEASE FOX.

CAMP MEETINGS. July and August are the months set apart by the Spiritualists of N. E. for Camp Meeting enjoyments. We learn all have been remarkably successful this year. New interest in sustaining them seems to have been awakened and the cause of Spiritualism advanced. We have a good letter on file from Lita



Barney Sayles, written at "Onset Bay Grove" which we shall try to make room for in this number. We hope to see the time when the West may be awakened to their advantages and Camp Meetings become as popular as in the East. Why not?

ERRATA. In the Biography of Prof. S. B. Brittan as given in the August number, page 189, last line but one, please substitute the word *benison*, instead of *cruison*. The sentence will read, "and the blessing came there and then—the sweet benison which the Hebrew poet compares to the dew of Hermon."

MATTER PASSING THROUGH MATTER. We call attention to the letter from John Wetherbee Esq., of Boston, which was received too late for the Phenomenal department. It is upon an intensely interesting subject and we will not withhold it a whole month from our readers. We think the evidence positive. A mystery it now is, but mystery is only another name for our ignorance.

#### TIMELY BREVITIES.

I REGRET to see a growing tendency to this uncivil mode of controversy among Spiritualists—an aping of the manners of political partisans and uncharitable sectarians. I wish the pages of the spiritual press might be wholly free from it. It is not promotive of harmony or unity of opinion. Hard words do not convince. He who resorts to harshness or any unfairness betrays weakness; but he who has truth on his side can afford to be just and courteous. Harmonial Philosophers, above all others, it would seem, should be both philosophical and harmonious.—*Correspondent Banner of Light.*

IN MODERN Spiritualism is found the true spirit of all worship; it is a promise, a prophecy of all truth—not a finality, but a beginning. No truth is suddenly created, but is ever self-existent—our recognition is gradual and historical. *Nellie J. T. Brigham.*

ACCORDING to my experience, (over 28 years constant investigation,) as well as observation, most persons have received the best and most satisfactory evidence and messages, when least expected, and when no test conditions were required, for so it must be, because of the less stringent conditions. *A. Underhill, M. D.*

THERE IS NOT a more sublime spectacle than that of an independent congregation supporting an unfettered ministry.

*Cephas B. Lynn.*

PROGRESSIVE, intellectual, inspirational mediumship, is all right—in its place, but when we come down to the point of what has



made us Modern Spiritualists, that evidence I believe is furnished alone, or in the main by the physical phenomena. \* \* \* \* I would not be understood as decrying either intellectual development or cultured intelligence; I admire a fine lecture or discourse, but I would have the one delivering it understand and admit, that it is the simple fact of the demonstrated return of a disembodied spirit which give to the Spiritual Philosophy any *practical value*.

*John Wetherbee.*

---

### CORRESPONDENCE.

---

#### EDITOR OFFERING:

I read some time ago a criticism of Prof. Denton on the flower mediums, believing them all frauds and asking the question, "why do they not produce the flowers in a secured box and thus establish the fact?" Well, this has now been sufficiently done to establish the fact. I was attending a seance of Mrs. Holmes' who is now in this city. Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, being present, proposed setting some time with her to see if she could not get the flowers inside of a secured box, and an arrangement was made to try the experiment on the following evening. About a dozen persons gathered on the occasion. Mr. Robert Cooper had a box made and brought it. It was made of pine, about a foot in dimension; a pane of glass was set in the cover occupying about one-half the space, the box was locked with a padlock, firm, and for the sake of being safe from any sharp practice, I sealed a piece of paper an inch wide and a few inches long on the top and side of the box, so that it could not be opened in the least without rupturing the paper, should there have been a duplicate key. Mr. Charles Haughten, a lawyer who was present, duplicated the strip on another part of the box also. Every one saw that the box was empty, and after it was locked the whole inside could be seen through the glass, and everyone did see again that it was empty. We sat, (I hardly expected any success,) for half an hour, hearing some raps and handling of the box by the spirits, and getting no satisfactory response we lighted up the gas, and looking into the box, we saw something, and when unlocked it was a paper pocket handkerchief, two or three of which had been passed round as a novelty before the seance commenced. There was no possible way of this handkerchief getting into that box but through the wood or through the glass. The spirits said the reason why there were no flowers, was there were none in the room and the spirits could not produce them and put them in the box too, upon another trial they would succeed in flowers, and of that I have no doubt, for it will be as easy to put flowers as to put what they did into the box.

It seems to me much good will grow out of this successful manifestation, it is an easy way to test a flower medium and the new comer seems to me will now always want the secured box on the table, so that no matter what amount of flowers may come, a few inside of the box will be a celestial endorsement of the source of the others. It seems to me also the fact will command the attention of intelligent scientists to investigate and find the law for this mysterious performance which the German savan has called a "fourth dimension;" the operator asks a great question of the thoughtful world, let them answer it who can.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

---

VOL. ONE, NICELY BOUND.—A few copies left. For \$3.50 will send it, also the OFFERING for present year (Vol. 2). To all who order in Sept. we will send Tracts No. 1, 2, 3 and 4, all postage paid.



## REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[The publishers of this Magazine are glad to announce to its patrons and the public that they have secured permanently the services of Mr. Coleman, of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a Bibliographer of twenty-five years experience. All books sent to his address or to this office will be carefully, thoroughly, and impartially reviewed.]

*Nora Ray, the Child Medium.* A Spiritualistic story. 170pp., Square 16mo. Gloucester, Mass., Procter Brothers. Paper, 50 cts.

A pleasing story, in which Spiritualism plays an important part; indeed, it seems to have been written simply as a medium for presenting the more familiar phases of Spiritual phenomena in an attractive guise. In this manner the beauty and utility of our philosophy and its attendant phenomena may be impressed upon many minds otherwise repelled from it and them. To unbelievers it will prove, we think, interesting and instructive; and will probably direct the attention of many skeptical minds to the investigation—and subsequent realization—of the phenomenal facts of the Modern Gospel. "Nora Ray" may, therefore, be called a missionary medium; and as such we wish her every success. Its sale will doubtless be large: its cheapness is strongly in its favor.

*Iconoclasm; or, the Astrology of the Bible.* By Anna P. Johnson. 50pp., 8vo. Bordentown, N. J. Paper, 25 cents.

This unique work claims that the Bible, instead of being a narrative of Jewish events, is a relic of the long-lost science of Astrology; that its characters are epochs, or eras of time, or that they represent the scientific facts evolved during certain periods of time; that its apparent histories are the astrological prophecies of the human race; that the time appointed has now arrived for the revelation of the Biblical mysteries; that the salvation of man from physical death is the *arcana* therein hidden; that the physical dissolution of the human body is the result of a violated law of nature, which can be remedied, and the ravages of death arrested, thereby securing to man an immortal existence in the material body; that this great secret of life is now in the possession of a few persons, who received it, like Paul, by the REVELATION of Jesus Christ; and that this work, which merely outlines the theory, is to be followed by another, "The Key of Heaven," elaborating the mighty secret.

Readers of "Woodhull's and Claflin's Weekly" will remember, that the last year or two of its publication, a theory of physical immortality, based upon a peculiar occulto-exegetical explanation of the Bible, was advocated by that paper. The present theory seems strongly analogous thereto. Mrs. Woodhull, however, never revealed the hidden secret; and if Mrs. Johnson really fulfills her promise and gives us the key to materialistic immortality in her forthcoming book, a fame far superior to that of Jesus, John, or Paul, of Newton, Shakspeare, or Edison, will indubitably be hers. All persons desirous of physical immortality will look forward with anxiety to the publication of this wonderful book,—"The Key of Heaven."

*An Epitome of the Positive Philosophy and Religion Explanatory of the Society of Humanity in the City of New York, together with the Constitution and Regulations of that Society; to which is added an important letter of Harriet Martineau in regard to her religious convictions.*, 59pp. 16mo. New York, Society of Humanity, 141 Eighth street. Paper, 25 cents.

All cultured thinkers are familiar with the Positive Philosophy and the Religion of Humanity of Auguste Comte. This little work is descriptive of the general principles of this Philosophy and Religion, as held by a congregation of its disciples in New York City. Elaborate diagrams illustrative of the fundamental principles of Positivism—including T. B. Wakeman's Classification of the Sciences—greatly enhance its value. It is well to observe that the Society of Humanity has modified in some respects Compt's specialties of thought in the field of religious



worship. His elaborate hierarchy has been ignored in America, however, much his followers in France may still cling to the letter of his utterances and system of polity; and this is a great improvement upon Comptism pure and simple. The Religion of Humanity is broad and catholic, humanitarian (as its name implies) and scientific. It plants itself only upon what is demonstrated, accepts nothing admitting of doubt or that may not be scientifically evidenced. Deeming the problems of God and a future life insoluble, it discards them in their usual signification, and practically may be considered atheistic and materialistic; though it postulates the Human Race as its God, and the influence of men's lives remaining after death as their Future Life. It is representative Agnosticism; and, in the person of Frederic Harrison in England, it opposes strongly the belief in a future life of individual identity, and speaks sneeringly of Spiritualism, as do many American Positivists. It is, however, one of the various instrumentalities practically conducive to the spread of advanced thought and Liberal ideas; and as such should be fellowshipped by all true Liberals. All cannot see alike: differences of speech and action are inevitable. Positivism is doing good in one way: Spiritualism is, we think, doing more good in a better way. So let them be friends, and not enemies,—two wings of the army of Constructive Liberalism; that Liberalism which is destined in time to overspread the world, encircling all nations and tongues with the beneficence of its teachings, the glory of its light, its life, and love.

*The Mystery Unveiled!* The alleged miraculous conception and birth of Jesus of Nazareth examined and explained upon natural principles. By A. J. Bement. 38pp., sq. 18mo. De Witt, Mich. Paper, 15 cents. (Sold by Benton Bement, St. John's, Mich.)

This book argues very ingeniously to explain the paternal parentage of Jesus and other Biblical characters as of a pseudo-angelic or priestly nature. Taking as essentially true the narratives of the Bible and the Apocryphal New Testament concerning the generation and birth of Jesus, John the Baptist, Mary the mother of Jesus, Samson, and Samuel, the author seeks to show from those narratives that in each case the father of these worthies was a Jewish priest, pretending to be a representative of God, or an angel-messenger of His will. It is claimed that a priest of the temple, in the assumed character of the Angel Gabriel, was the father of both Jesus and John the Baptist. The theory is well worked out, and the book will repay perusal.

*The Fruits of Christianity.* By Annie Besant. 10pp., sq. 16mo. New York, A. K. Butts. Paper, 10 cents.

*The True Basis of Morality.* By Annie Besant. 15pp., sq. 16mo. N. Y., A. K. Butts. Paper, 10 cents.

Taking as a test the words of Jesus, "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit," the claims of Christianity, as a divinely inspired institution, are, in the first of these ably written tracts, submitted to a rigid, logical examination. A *resume* of the immoralities, vices, and crimes, and of the horrid enormities practiced in behalf, of the so-called religion of Jesus, from Apostolic times to the present day, is vividly presented in Mrs. Besant's usual eloquent and forcible manner. The "long crusade against knowledge" which "delayed by many a long year the onward march of the human race" is also graphically sketched. We discover Primitive Christianity, Catholic Christianity, and Protestant Christianity to be alike participants in these black and damning outrages. Heaven speed the day when the last vestige of the heathenish system, in all its myriad phases, will be swept from the earth; and may success, rich and bounteous, reward the efforts of those in our day—as in case of Mrs. Besant—who are laboring with pen and voice to "crush the infamous;" it being now as well worthy of general execration as in the days of Voltaire and Diderot.



The second tract is written in the interest of Constructive Rationalism, which should ever go hand in hand with that Destructive or Iconoclastic. Mrs. Besant deems it the duty of every Freethinker, battling against churchly dogmas or leveling the enslaving superstitions of the day, "to beware how he uproots sanctions of morality which he is too weak to replace, or how, before he is prepared with better ones, he removes the barriers which do yet, however poorly, to some extent check vice and repress crime." "That which touches morality," says she, "touches the heart of society; a high and pure morality is the life-blood of humanity." Refuting the prevalent beliefs basing morality upon authority or intuition, proving both alike illusive and dangerous, our author asserts the true basis of morality to be Utilitarianism in its most comprehensive sense,—that productive of the highest welfare, of the greatest happiness, of the individual and of society. "Little worth liberty and equality," concludes Mrs. Besant, "with all their promise for mankind, little worth even wider happiness, if that happiness be selfish, if true paternity, true brotherhood, do not knit man to man, and heart to heart, in loyal service to the common need, and general self-sacrifice to the common good."

We can cordially commend these tracts to the careful perusal of all. Such valuable compends of the Gospel of Rationalism cannot be too widely circulated.

*The Champions of the Church, their Crimes and Persecutions.* By D. M. Bennett. 1119 pages, 8vo. New York, Bennett, 1878. Cloth, \$3.00; leather, red edges, \$4.00; morocco, gilt edges, \$4.50.

Great credit is due the enterprising publisher, D. M. Bennett, for the many useful Freethought works he is constantly issuing, and at such cheap prices withal. How he can afford to publish so ponderous a volume as the *Champions of the Church*—comprising over 1100 pages and four pounds in weight—for three dollars, in variety, we cannot tell. Certainly, to reimburse him therefor a large number of copies will require to be disposed of. See to it, then, that this extensive and valuable encyclopedia of Christian cruelty, criminality, and infamy finds a place in the library of every Liberal.

The larger portion of the volume is from Mr. Bennett's own pen, assisted by S. H. Preston; excellent articles, however, on "Jesus" and the "Four Evangelists" by W. S. Bell, on "Jesuitism," "Paulism," and "Peter and the Great Compromise," by T. Carn Edwards, and on divors of the early Church Fathers by Dr. A. L. Rawson, add much to the interest and utility of the work. It contains biographical sketches of eminent representative Christians of all ages and countries who either individually or collectively have been guilty of every conceivable vice and crime; in many cases being veritable monsters in iniquity, particularly sundry of the popes in the Middle Ages. Lengthened and circumstantial accounts are given of the horrible persecutions blackening the long and damning record of the Christian Church. The chapter upon "Protestant Persecutions" is especially interesting and serviceable, demonstrative as it is, that, so far as opportunity has afforded, that wing of Christianity is quite the peer of the Mother-Church in the matter of intolerance, persecution for opinion's sake, and the forcible suppression of heresy and freethought. Detailed narratives are likewise presented of the persecutions and suffering of the witches in Europe and America, and of the connection of Christianity with Slavery. A chapter on "Sinful Clergymen" furnishes us with the names and wicked deeds of several hundred corrupt and libidinous "shepherds of the fold." The concluding biography is that of the notorious Anthony Comstock, which extends to over eighty pages, and in which his vile atrocities are laid bare and his villanies held up to righteous reprobation.

Among the many lights of Christianity whose history is chronicled in this goodly volume, we may particularize Constantine, Origen, St. Anthony, Athanasius, Simeon Stylites, Charlemagne, Torquemada, Loyola, Alexander VI., Pope Joan, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Phillip II., Duke of Alva, Mary and Elizabeth of England, Matthew Hopkins, and Catherine de Medici. We regard this book as invaluable for reference, saying naught of its many interesting and instructive narratives well adapted to the general reader. It is embellished with a fine steel engraving of the author, is printed upon excellent paper, and is handsomely and tastefully bound.



# THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY  
FROM A SPIRITUALISTIC AND SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT.

---

OCTOBER, 1878.

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.  
THE EVOLUTION OF THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL, AS ESTABLISHED  
BY SCIENTIFIC EXEGESIS.\*

---

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

---

IV.—The Period of the Judges.

---

**I**F WE desire a correct conception of the religious condition of Israel during the period of the Judges, that is between Moses and Saul, we should not be guided by the opinions of the writer of the Book of Judges. That writer did not live till the sixth century B. C., and he measured the condition of his countrymen in past ages according to the standard of his own days. He was a monotheist; and he held that the good or ill fortune of his people depended on nothing save attachment to Yahweh, or neglect of his service. According to his representation, Israel had been united into one nation, and brought to pure monotheism, by Moses; but the nation had fallen away from Yahweh afterwards, and served other gods; so Yahweh had given it over to foreign oppression, or to the Canaanites themselves. Israel had thus been brought to its senses, and had turned to Yahweh again; Yahweh had raised up some valiant man, as a judge, to defeat the enemy and restore rest and peace. After the lapse of some time the circumstances had repeated themselves, and there had been the same idolatry by Israel, and the same deliverance by Yahweh. This representation is unhistorical, and psychologically impossible and unreasonable. That a nation once attaining pure monotheism should repeatedly fall back into polytheism is inconceivable. A pure monotheism is the overthrow of polytheism. In addition, we know from other sources, much older than the Book of Judges, that the people did not attain to monotheism till many centuries

---

\* *The Religion of Israel*, a manual. Translated from the Dutch of J. Knappert pastor at Leiden; by Richard A. Armstrong. 283 pp., 16mo. Boston; Roberts Bros., 1878. Cloth, \$1.00.



later. From this author we may learn, however, what people thought in his day about former times, but not what their real history was. Fortunately, however, he incorporated into his book certain passages of older, and some even of very ancient date, which give us more light; and from the sequel of Israel's history we can gather for certain what the state of affairs was in those older times, at least in the main.

Although Moses may have preached Yahweh as the God of Israel to the exclusion of all other gods, yet the people were not sufficiently advanced to understand and appreciate his point of view. The best men of the nation, the heads of the tribes, may have been led by the influence of Moses, and the course of their own fortunes, to accept the religion of Yahweh, but the people stuck by the old gods and the old customs. Upon the entrance of the tribes into Canaan they soon resumed their old wandering life, which did not lend to strengthen their mutual ties. We may discover how slight were the effects of their consciousness of a common origin and a common religion from the fact, that, even in the conquest of Canaan, the tribes did not take the field together against the enemy, but fought either one tribe at a time, or at any rate only a few together. Of a nation as yet there was no trace; there were only tribes, which pressed forward as opportunity offered and drove the feebler enemy before them. Nor was the conquest of Canaan achieved in a single year, or in a short space of time. The country was slowly occupied bit by bit; the former inhabitants were never altogether expelled, but nearly everywhere succeeded in maintaining themselves. In some cases they fell under the rule of the invaders, but in others they remained independent, or even got the upper hand. So we cannot credit Joshua, Moses' successor, with having conquered the whole of Canaan and divided it among the tribes. He was only the most distinguished of the Israelitish chiefs,—a man who, acting in the spirit of Moses, united a few tribes, and therewith conquered part of Canaan. We now see how unhistorical are the accounts of the capture and partition of Canaan found in the Book of Joshua, bearing in mind, also, that the Canaanites preserved their independence more than two centuries later, it being only under Solomon that the last of them were completely absorbed in Israel. A complete conquest of Canaan—saying nothing of the extermination of the Canaanites—never entered Joshua's head. He sought and found there a dwelling for himself and followers, but most of their enemies remained independent of them.

When we say that the Israelites were not a nation, or a united whole, but merely a number of tribes, not only independent but often hostile to one another, this holds good not alone of Joshua's time, but of much later days. From Deborah's song (*Judges v.*), which was composed in the period of the Judges,—hence one of the oldest writings in the Bible,—we see how weak were the bonds



uniting the tribes. Deborah was imbued with the spirit of Moses, a true servant of Yahweh, an enthusiastic advocate of Israel's nationality. In her time Zebulon and Naphthali were oppressed by Jabin, King of Hazor, and she encouraged the Israelites to resist him. Now, in the song referred to, she complains that the brethren did not help one another in the struggle with the common enemy (Judges v. 14—18, 23); and this shows that there was no national unity, and that the tribes were very loosely associated together. The tribes were not governed by the Judges, as is often supposed. The elders were the chiefs of the tribes, and the administration of justice was in their hands. The Judges were only the leaders who commanded one or more tribes when they had to resist some enemy.

The invasion of Canaan compelled most of the Israelites to choose settled dwelling-places. Some tribes, or sections of tribes, might prefer to keep up the old wandering life, but the majority were obliged to change their habits. The Canaanites were more advanced in civilization, and had long lived in cities and villages. If the Israelites were to maintain themselves against them, they had to build villages and cities too, and bid farewell to their wandering life. But when they took up their abode among the old inhabitants, their relations with them grew slowly more amicable here and there, and they even began to intermarry with them. The Israelites also, consequent upon their settlement in Canaan, began to apply themselves to agriculture. To say nothing of the influence this had upon their civilization, it naturally led them to turn their thoughts more towards those gods of the country who made the field to yield its fruit. The worship of these gods by the Canaanites could not but exercise a strong influence on the Israelites, and some of them joined in it readily enough. Keep in mind the Canaanites were Semites just as much as they were, and thus came of a common stock; and as their language was the same they had no difficulty in holding intercourse together. The worship of Baal and Ashera, the god and goddess who preside over the forces of life and fruitfulness, prevailed among the Canaanites; and they worshiped Baal in joyous and noisy festivals of a very sensual kind. Little wonder, then, that when the Israelites came into closer contact with the Canaanites, they fell into the worship of the gods of the country almost as a matter of course. This was the more natural, because, as we know, they were by no means monotheists. According to their ideas, the gods of other nations were just as much gods as their own tribal god, Yahweh. It is even possible that at this time they sometimes called their own god Baal, so little difference was there then between the Canaanitish god and theirs. Thus, there was no difficulty in serving both together; and the result was, that, during that period, the religion of the Israelites was a mixture of very various elements.

All the Israelites, however, did not ally themselves so closely with



the Canaanites, or pass over so readily to the worship of their gods. Many remained faithful to the old habits, and saw nothing but a lamentable falling off in the way their brethren fellowshiped with the inhabitants of the land. Such was the case most of all with those who kept to the nomadic life; with these, in all probability, the worship of Yahweh was preserved from foreign adulteration. They contrasted the nature of their god, strong and stern, but at the same time pure, and the soft and sensual Baal. They were zealous for what was ancient, national, Mosaic, as opposed to everything that could injure what was peculiar to Israel. They were in the minority at first, but by degrees they increased in influence and favor; and, at the close of the period of the Judges, there was an end to all danger that the Israelitish element would be swallowed up by the Canaanitish.

We will now notice a few minor indications, which reveal the religious features of the times as above sketched. From the song bearing Deborah's name, we see that she knew how to inspire Barak the Judge, and to fill the people with zeal for Yahweh. In her the love of the people and the love of the people's god coalesces. In Gideon's own individual name, "Jerubbaal,"—for Gideon is only a surname,—there is evidence that Baal was served in those days. There are a great many names of that age compounded from Baal; but by-and-by, when people began to find this offensive, the "baal" was often changed into "bosheth," which means "shame." (For examples, see "Ishbosheth [Ishbaal] in 2 Samuel ii. 8, and Mephi-bosheth [Meri-baal] in 2 Samuel iv. 4.)

From the story of Jephthah, who sacrificed his daughter in fulfillment of a vow to Yahweh, it appears that, in those days, human victims were offered to Yahweh, which is quite in keeping with the character assigned him. It is probable, though, that human sacrifice was already an exceptional thing, and did not often take place, so that Jephthah could regard it as likely to prove a powerful agency in securing Yahweh's favor. The story of Samson and his deeds originated in a solar myth, which was afterwards transformed into a legend or saga about a mighty hero and deliverer of Israel. (A solar myth is a myth in which the sun is the hero, and the alternations of cloud and sunshine, day and night, summer and winter, or similar phenomena, afford the basis for the adventures described.) The name, "Samson," is derived from the Hebrew word that means "sun." The hero's flowing locks were originally the rays of the sun; and other traces of the old myth have been preserved, pointing to a time when the worship of the sun found a home among the Israelites.

We know very little about the forms of worship which prevailed in the time of the Judges. Yahweh was worshiped at a great many places, in sanctuaries of larger or smaller dimensions; and we find mention made of images of Yahweh there, which were probably images of a bull. At Shiloh there was a temple of Yahweh, in



which the ark was kept. Towards the end of this period especially the ark seems to have been held in the deepest reverence; that is, if we may judge from the fact that in a certain war with the Philistines it was borne by two priests into the midst of the camp in order to make sure of victory. But the plan was unsuccessful, and the priests forfeited their lives in their efforts to defend the ark against the enemy. All this goes to show that the worship of Yahweh was rising into higher and higher estimation. At Shiloh sacrifices were offered, and there were great festivals held yearly, with choral dances in honor of Yahweh. Any one might be a priest and offer sacrifices, but the Levites were preferred for the purpose.

The political condition of Israel towards the end of this period was such that the tribes began strongly to feel the need of closer union. There were many districts in which they could with difficulty maintain their footing against their enemies. Especially was this the case in the south, where the Philistines penetrated a long way into the Israelitish territory, and succeeded in reducing more than one tribe into subjection. And now there were not a few who began to see that the national existence of Israel was in peril, and that the only safety lay in harmonious action on the part of all the tribes. And religious considerations also pointed in the same direction. In our next section these will engage our attention; and in so doing we shall make acquaintance with the famous Samuel, and come to understand the part he played in the religious history of Israel.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

AN IDEAL.

BY L. EVA HUESTED.

**P**eeping through the open shutter looks the star at me,  
 And its soft rays calmly enter at the casement free,  
 Language seems to breathe like incense from those gleams of light,  
 Each in its silv'ry pathway illumines the hue of night.

"Star of Heaven and of evening! Ope' thy volume wide,  
 And reveal the mystery seeming, by which we abide,  
 Point to me the sacred story of thy starry sphere,  
 Let me tell to yearning mortals of thy vision here."

Strange to me the words I utter seem to reach the star,  
 For I stand outside the shutter on the pliant air,  
 As I marvel at the meaning and reach into space,  
 I am borne on vapor seeming, up by gentle grace.

Far above me, in the mystic realms of light divine,  
 Roll the myriad worlds majestic, cloud-waves interline;  
 Far beneath me in the shadows of the earth below,  
 Shines no star before the hapless, hopeless child of woe.



Again I fix my vision high the heavens to scan,  
Sensations wondrous mix'd with love, ten fold o'er me fan,  
Onward, upward, still arising, gath'ring grandeur near,  
Truly there is no disguising of the glories here.

Me thinks 'tis well to here remain in heaven's blue dome,  
Must I descend to earth again, there to live as home?  
Glancing far below the cloud reefs where the stars are not,  
A pang of sorrow, though but brief, traverses my heart.

"Soul of Light and Good Eternal," sayeth I in truth,  
Let me stay where all is vernal, abounding in youth,  
List' to me ye fadeless star-beams, see ye not my soul?  
Read therefrom its trilling song strains, let me *rest* my soul."

Straightway shines a gorgeous light-wave, trailing thro' the sky,  
Spans the vaulted architrave of the heavens high,  
O what glories meet my senses, and what truth I see,  
Celestial souls in unison, beckon love to me.

Waving high their glittering fingers, litten by the stars,  
Each upturned face looks and lingers 'tween the silv'ry bars,  
Written there in golden tinting, are these words so plain,  
"Daughter, rest thee, life is flitting; turn to earth again."

"Calmly rest thee in the morning of thy earthly day,  
Noontide comes in peaceful sharing of thy earthly way,  
Sunset comes in radiant beauty to the well-spent life,  
Live and love and do thy duty, thus are pleasures rife."

From the heighth of heaven's tower, where the God-head reigns,  
Sun and moon and stars give light, and form the heav'nly chain,  
And portrays to every mortal who would look for love,  
*Follow up the smiling star-beam, to its source above.*'

"Let thy own works sacred be, and blemished not with dust,  
Say to mortals that the "Star Creed" is the creed to trust;  
Strive to live in full remembrance of thy skyward flight,  
Earth life toilings are no hindrance, sunshine after night."

Lo! a change is o'er me stealing,  
Transformation clear,  
Senses come to me revealing,  
Of my vision here.

RIDGE MILLS, N. Y., Aug. 24th, 1878.

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

## HOW FALSE AND YET HOW TRUE!

BY J. B. CONE.

**I**N THE first issue of the second volume of the OFFERING appears an article by William Emmette Coleman under the heading, "Spiritualism, Christianity and Rationalism," in which Mr C. pungently criticises Christianity.

When I began the heading of this article with "How False!" I contemplated what he says of Christianity with an eye to the true spirit of Christ, love and truth. But when I close the exclamation



with "And Yet How True!" it is in view of that which comes to us in the name of Christ, or Christianity. If we would always use terms with a clear understanding as to their true import, we should save much misapprehension, and a great deal of unpleasant feeling.

Mr. Coleman says, "Christianity declares the life and words of Jesus to be a revelation from God to man, sufficient, full, complete." If he had said the church arrogating to itself the appellation of Christian declares thus, I should not have indulged the exclamation "How False!" But assuming that Jesus was a manifestation, or representative of the Christ-spirit, or Christ principle,—which is the spirit of truth and love,—let us see how this declaration of Mr. Coleman's will tally with the words of Jesus, and see how far it is true that "Christianity," as it was represented by Jesus, "declares the life and words of Jesus to be a revelation from God to man, sufficient, full, complete."

Jesus, near the close of his earthly ministry, said to his disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now; howbeit, when he, the spirit of truth is come, he shall guide you into all truth, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you, for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak, and he will show you things to come." This does not sound very much like Mr. Coleman's assertion that "Christianity declares that the life and words of Jesus is a revelation from God to man, sufficient, full, complete." I am aware of the fact that a large proportion of the Christian world claim that the revelation contained in the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is a "revelation from God to man, sufficient, full, complete;" but this is another, and quite a different thing to the declarations of the true spirit of Christ.

Again, Mr. Coleman says, "Christianity teaches a finality in moral and religious instruction, the doctrines of Jesus." Now, if he will allow us to introduce Paul as a witness, and an exponent of Christianity, let us hear what he has to say, bearing upon this proposition of Mr. Coleman's. After rebuking his own people, the Hebrews, with their slothfulness in receiving the things pertaining to the Kingdom of Christ, and commending to them the grace of the Lord Jesus, he says: "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." Whether Paul regarded Christianity as a finality,—the thing perfect or not, he did not regard it as being found in the "doctrines" of Jesus. Jesus himself, as we have already seen, prophesied of another teacher that should supercede him, the spirit of truth, that should make a further revelation of truth, aye, "guide you into all truth." It may be that he had allusion to that which Mr. Coleman styles Spiritualism, and justly says of it, "Spiritualism avers, in thunder tones, that in the mighty arch of truth now being daily and hourly upreared on earth,—its Key-stone is the grand, the soul-uplifting, everlasting truth, the Eternal pro-



gression of Mind and Matter from everlasting to everlasting." Whether such be the case or not, whether this teacher of which Jesus speaks, is what Mr. Coleman styles Spiritualism or not, it is evident that Jesus did not regard his doctrine as "a finality," or his "life and words a revelation from God to man, sufficient, full, complete;" the claims of self-styled christianity to the contrary notwithstanding—Therefore Mr. Coleman on the one hand, and self-styled orthodox christianity on the other, will have to adjust their glasses anew before he attempts a successful "review" of the life and teachings of Jesus, or professed Christians can successfully gainsay the opinions of those who accept Christ in a manner different to the light in which they view him.

Mr. Coleman says, "Christianity is conservative, dogmatic and anti-progressive." Now while I have no disposition to bandy words with Mr. C. or any one else, merely with a view to picking flaws, I would remark that it would be well enough for us to look to it that in our judgment and condemnation of men and things, we do not employ terms that will recoil upon our own heads. "Christianity is conservative, dogmatic." Now if Christianity is "conservative" and "dogmatic" as relates to truth and righteousness, the stigma that Mr. Coleman would heap upon it, becomes an honor.

When he says, "Christianity has cursed the world, almost from its very birth, deluging it in blood and woe, fire and slaughter; Christianity is the effete relic of a dead and mouldering past, insisting on dragging through the world its loathsome corpse, a horrid, ghastly spectacle, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness,—a grizzly skeleton grinning in fiendish glee at the manifold miseries mountain high it has heaped upon helpless humanity." If he had said that which comes to us in the name and guise of Christianity does all this, I would have heartily said amen; and, with a desire to spread the mantle of charity over Mr. Coleman, I am inclined to think that he had an eye to this, and therefore apply to his strictures upon Christianity, the expression, "How True!"

All that he alleges of Christianity is true of that which is hawked in the markets as such; but when we come to speak of Christianity as it is, and was represented in the life and words of Jesus, it is quite another thing, and as to his allegation that "Christianity has cursed the world almost from its very birth, deluging in blood and woe, fire and slaughter," I assert, without any hesitancy, that Christianity,—the pure spirit of "Love,"—has done no such thing. In the first place, Christianity never had a "birth," it is without beginning of days or end of years; it is from "everlasting to everlasting," a progressive life of truth and love.

Even that degree of life and spirit manifested in the life and teachings of Jesus, was by no means calculated to lead to "deluging the world in blood and woe, fire and slaughter." His whole life, so far as we have any knowledge of it, was an exemplification of the doctrine of non-resistance to violence. Here



him rebuke his friend when he would have defended him with the sword, saying, "Put up thy sword into his place, all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Then hear him with his dying breath, cry in behalf of his own murderers: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do;" and point me to another such an example of submission. I seriously doubt its being found in the case of one single individual now living upon earth. I am not insensible to the oft repeated effort to make it appear that Jesus favored strife and bloodshed by calling attention to his language when he said: "He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one." "I came not to bring peace but a sword," etc. This, to say the least of it, is a strained and far-fetched argument, a begging of the question; for every person who has made himself familiar with the life and teachings of Jesus, must be aware of the fact that in this language he had no allusion to a literal, veritable sword—a steel blade; but to that of which Paul speaks as "the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God."

At one of the grandest Spiritual manifestations, when the angels communicated to the shepherds of Judea the angel-borne message was, "Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord; and suddenly there was with the angel a heavenly host, shouting glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to man."

I have no idea that Jesus is the only Savior that has been born to the world in the different ages thereof; nor do I believe that he was the first, or last, manifestation of Christ, love and truth; but I believe that he represented a spirit that, in its nature is so far from cursing the world, and "deluging in blood and woe, fire and slaughter," it will bless and save the world whenever it takes possession of the world; and, I believe further, that this spirit is, through what is known to-day as Spiritualism, taking possession of the world.

Leaving Mr. Coleman's article on "Spiritualism, Christianity and Rationalism," I would come to say a word concerning a portion of his review of "Our Thought." He says of the expression of Dr. Keith, "If I were a moral teacher, I would not advise anybody to use tobacco, or wine and intoxicating liquor; and I would never advise any one not to use them. I look upon this as a moral heresy," and then adds, "In contradistinction to Dr. Keith, we have always advised, and shall ever advise, all parties against the use of stimulants of every kind, being convinced they are a scourge and a curse to the world, of vast injury to humanity, bodily, mentally and morally; and, so acting true to our conscientious conviction, we shall vigorously oppose their use, cost what may." I have no issue to make with brother Coleman as to his convictions with regard to the injurious effects of tobacco, wine and intoxicating liquors; and, like him, have long advised a discontinuance of



their use. The objectionable feature of his criticism of Dr. Keith is, "*and shall ever advise.*" This comes with a bad grace from one charging Christianity with being "conservative, dogmatic, anti-progressive, etc." "Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" Thou that preachest, a man should not steal, dost thou steal?"

It is strange that any Spiritualist, who has had much observation and experience in spiritual phenomena and control, should be ready, in a spirit of conservatism and dogmatism, to say, "*and shall ever advise, etc.*" If he had said, "*so long as I continue of the opinion that I now am,* as to the injurious effects of stimulants, "being true to my conscientious convictions, we shall ever advise," etc., the sentiment would have met with a hearty response from me.

Before closing, allow me one word in relation to the editorial strictures upon "The Grand Old Book" in same issue of the OFFERING, which is, that's right! "Lay on McDuff!" The more you handle pure gold the brighter it shines, and the more intense the "refiner's fire" the more speedily and thoroughly will the dross be purged away.

I love that spirit which would subject the Bible, and not only the Bible, but every other book, word and thought, to the touch-stone of truth, the only immutable thing.

RANCHO, TEXAS, June 8th, 1878.

---

Written For the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

### WHAT IS SIN?

---

BY SAMUEL L. RUFFNER.

---

We hear a great deal about sin; the philosopher, theologian and statesmen; have often dwelt upon abstractions pertaining to it. The word is defined by Worcester and Webster as a "violation of the laws of God." This definition is vague and leaves one in a fog of doubt and uncertainty. If by the "laws of God" we are to understand that it is a written code, given to man for his guidance in this life, whose mandates he must obey in order to be sinless and escape the penalties which attend their violation, then to be sinless it becomes necessary for man to be familiar with God's laws that he may not err for want of understanding. Ignorance of statutory law is no excuse or palliation for its violation. Man comes into this world ignorant of all law, human and divine. The world teems with theories and conflicting dogmas, all of which are meaningless to the babe. Little by little ideas are imprinted on its plastic mind; it has an implicit, unquestioning faith in all that is given it to believe. The first impressions are most enduring, sink deepest into the infant soul and never wholly cease to influence the after life; they are a part of its mental being, an essential element



in the ego of the child. If sin be a violation of God's laws, and, if his laws are an embodiment of written principles, precepts and directions, appealing to the intellectual and moral faculties of the race, surely all people of all lands should make haste to avail themselves of this only safe, this only certain guide to man. Grant that such a code has been given; if, then, God is an impartial being, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, it follows that no partiality could be shown, no discrimination made in favor of one or more peoples, that the code would be given to all and be alike binding on all. To suppose that the common Father of all has given varied and conflicting codes or bibles, that he should require the forms and ceremonies of worship to differ in different lands, is at once a supposition incombustible with the assumption that he is impartial, never changing, in whom there is no variation or shadow of turning; no inharmonious laws could emanate from the Divine mind. If, then, this code of divine laws and precepts has been given, was given to all peoples, with an impartial hand? If God be impartial, Father of all, surely no discrimination could be made, no partiality shown. Let us examine the evidence, explore the records, search and find, if possible, this wondrous code, this Book of Books that we may read its mandates and sin no more. Where, oh where shall it be found? What land, what people, so supremely blessed as to have obtained it? Here! Here!! exults a mitred priest of Christian land, here is that wondrous code, here is the infallible word, the Holy Bible, the blessed Covenant, God's oracle to man. In it is all truth, in it are the testimonies, in it God's laws are written, to violate is sin; in it is explained the plan and only means of salvation. The story of the birth, the miracles, the crucifixion, the ascension of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, is here related by the pen of inspiration; to doubt this, deserves the anathema of God's appointed vicegerent and eternal damnation beyond the grave. To obey God's laws and shun sin thou hast but to follow this glorious light of Bethlehem's star.

Not so! obtrudes a Latter-day-saint; that Christian Bible is a spurious copy, a foul fraud, leading man astray from duty and from God. This Book of Mormon is the genuine code; in this the laws and prophecies are written. The observance of its precepts and ceremonies is true religion, a violation of them the most damning sin. What blasphemy! exclaims a cowed disciple of Mohamed. There is but one God, and Mohamed is his prophet. Our Holy Alcoran is the embodiment of all truth, all law, all that God has given to man. Violation of its precepts is the most heinous sin, the religion of Islam is God's only appointed means of salvation, man's only escape from sin and hope for future bliss. What ignorance! what intolerable infidelity! sighs a venerable Hindu teacher of the sacred Shaster, containing the doctrines and precepts of his religion, and the ceremonies of his worship. Here! here! deluded Christian; here, devout follower of Mohamed, are God's laws;



here are the commentaries of the Holy Veda, God's only revelation to man. "Away with the Veda, the Shaster, the Koran, the Book of Mormon, the Christian Bible," exclaims an indignant Magi of Persian clime. He points to the Zendavesta—God's code of laws to him. Read this, oh man! In this are the edicts of the great Law-giver; in this are explained the laws, maxims, doctrine, philosophy and ceremonies of the true religion. As a rule children accept the sacred book of their own land, the religion of their fathers, the creed and precepts of their teachers and guardians and go through life regarding them as absolute truths; obedience to which is compliance with God's will, the avoidance of sin.

In an obscure room a man of great thought and scientific attainment sits alone. He has been reading the history of the bibles and religions of mankind and pauses to reflect; beholding in them a medley of contradictions, seeing that no two agree, though each is claimed to have emanated from the Divine mind. He reasons thus: Conflicting laws could not come from the great Absolute. Harmony would be seen to exist throughout. Here are a dozen bibles, each purporting to be the infallible word of God or gods; some speak of the Great Absolute in the singular, some in the plural, no two of them agree or harmonize with each other; therefore, not more than one could have emanated from the Great Absolute, called by the philosopher, Nature; by the theologian, God. But which of these venerable tomes is the inspired word, the written code of God? Each makes equally specious pleas for infallibility; each is hoar with age and has about equal claims to authenticity; each is held equally sacred by its millions of devotees and has won the admiration and devotion of the great and good through centuries of the past; but, since no two agree, one only can be true, it must harmonize with the evidences of Nature, the deductions of science and enlightened reason. Step by step he advances, forgetful of the teachings and prejudices of childhood and youth, until at last, having utterly, hopelessly failed to discover a reconciliation anywhere, he bids farewell to the idols of childhood and looks only to the great Book of Nature for his guide to knowledge and virtue. He knows that a sound mind in a sound body—the greatest blessing that man can enjoy—is secured not by faith in a book, not by prayer, not by appeals to unknown and unknowable gods, but by personal purity, pure air, healthy food, temperate habits and compliance in all things with the laws of his physical and mental being. A violation of these all-important laws—call them God's or Nature's as you like—is man's greatest sin.

"Sin," says a great philosopher and thinker, "is the child of Evil; Evil is the child of Error; Error is the child of Ignorance; Ignorance is the first condition of an immortal being whose whole existence is to be eternally swayed and regulated by the tripple Laws, Association, Progression, and Development."



For the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

LINES INSCRIBED TO LILLIE.

Tell me thou crescent moon,  
 There, in the night's high noon,  
                             Serenely beaming;  
 Is she to whom love brings  
 Its grateful offerings,—  
 Brooded by angel wings,  
                             Sleeping and dreaming?

Tell me ye glimmering stars,  
 That through her lattice bars  
                             Peep in her chamber,  
 Will she still faithful be  
 When others disagree,  
 Leading and led by me  
                             Till life's December?

Tell me ye subtle airs,  
 That lurk half unawares,  
                             Among her tresses,  
 Will ye not whispering say  
 All that this heart doth pray,—  
 All my glad soul to-day  
                             Of love confesses?

Tell *her* our way shall be,  
 E'en as the summer sea,  
                             When winds are cheerly,  
 That never storm shall rise,  
 To cloud our joyful skies,  
 Or dim with tears those eyes,  
                             I love so dearly.

BERTRAM.

---

DRIFTING LEAVES.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE TRUE MEASURE OF LIFE.

**I**F WE measure life by a succession of sensorial impressions and mental emotions, rather than by the sands in the hour-glass, it will be perceived that, in this progressive age, men live faster, and, hence, perhaps longer, than ever before. And is there not quite as much truth as poetry in the idea that we live

“ ——— in thoughts, not breaths;  
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial? ”

Thus surely shall we measure *all* life in the great Life that is to come. If we can sufficiently refine our feelings and exalt our thoughts, we shall discover no impropriety in a rational application of this standard to the existence on earth. Surely, if one has only a single sensation before dinner, he *lives* but an instant in half a day; while the man who never has but one idea only begins to live when what the world calls life is over.



It is not all of life *to be*; and to inhale the vital air. The man who never goes out of sight of the old homestead—who gazes at the same scenes, reads the same books, and associates with the same people, from day to day, as long as he remains on earth, lives but a little while at longest, because his experience is small. All that he has gained by the aid of the senses, and by his limited intercourse with men and things, should have been as perfectly acquired in a few years, and the remainder of his time should have been wisely employed in adding to his experience those invaluable treasures which constitute the wealth of the soul.

Moreover, men of large experience are usually men of liberal views, while those whose observations of Art, Science, Religion, and Society, have all been limited to a narrow sphere, are liable to be correspondingly circumscribed in their ideas, and partial in the objects for which they live and labor. That man must have made a very imperfect survey of life and the world,

“ Whose travels ended at his country seat.”

---

**THE GALLOW'S MOLOCH.**—“ At a recent execution in New York, while the last prayer was being offered for the poor victim of the criminal code of Moses, the doomed man was observed to sway to and fro in such a manner as to excite the apprehension that he might possibly die without the aid of the executioner. Accordingly, Sheriff Brennan stopped the religious services and gave the signal to the hangman.”—*New York Paper.*

And so the sheriff very unceremoniously choked off the ministers of the religion of him who “ came not to destroy men’s lives ;” and then he proceeded, in hot haste, to strangle the trembling object of their prayers. What a heterogeneous association of venerable forms, priestly robes, and the offices of religion, on the one hand; and, on the other, the manacles of iron, the black cap, the fatal trap, the hangman and all the infernal implements of the law! Grim, ghastly, and horrible spectacle! What deep and shameless hypocrisy to be on our knees petitioning God to save the poor wretch we have determined to destroy! This, alas, is an incongruous and mournful exhibition—the prayer-book and the halter; this clumsy machine for breaking necks; this miserable caricature of the religion of Jesus; and that pulseless form of the divine image, obscured by sin and venous congestion—dangling up there between heaven and earth, with face of orange hue, and eyeballs starting from their sockets! Oh, this is terrible! Verily this must be the saturnalia of hell, and the drama of all deviltry with a strong cast. The inexorable ministers of the law say that justice is satisfied now, and the saints—

“ They wait to hear the priest declare,  
The sinner of last even’,  
To-day a saint, unfit for Earth,  
Is good enough for Heaven.”



**LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.**—According to the mythological tradition, when Venus arose out of the sea she appeared with a garland of Myrtle, on account of which the myrtle was consecrated to the fair goddess, and has become the emblem of Love. The Palm was the classic symbol of Victory, and was deemed to be even more appropriate and expressive than the Bay in representing any great moral achievement. While the former encircled the brows of ordinary victors, the Palm has been more especially employed to symbolize the conquests of moral heroes and the martyrs of religion. The Amaranth has for centuries been associated with the idea of supreme honors; hence, the gods of mythology were represented in ancient sculpture and poetry as having their brows adorned with its unfading flowers. According to Homer, the Thessalians appeared at the funeral of Achilles wearing crowns of Amaranth; while it forms in part the diadems of the Angels, as represented by Milton in his description of the celestial court:

With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns, inwove with Amaranth and gold;  
Immortal Amaranth, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offense  
To Heaven removed, where first it grew—there grows,  
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of Life.

**THE INWARD VISION:**—It is well known that the ordinary somnambule, and indeed, every person endowed with a faculty of prevision or a power of clairvoyance, is qualified to perceive and comprehend many things which wholly transcend the mind's capacity, while it is restricted to the sphere of its mundane relations. This truth is daily illustrated by many startling phenomena. I have known an uneducated youth who was totally ignorant of all arts and sciences, yet in ten minutes, even by the aid of a human magnetizer, he became a sage—was familiar with different languages, and at home in every department of scientific philosophy. Fools jeered at him, but wise men wondered at his wisdom. Not only did he exhibit a familiarity with the profoundest principles of Nature and the various acquisitions of human mind, but there was no apparent limit to his vision. The most solid substances were transparent as ether; immeasurable distances opposed no barrier to his observations; the forgotten Past was unveiled before him, and he had power to unlock the mysterious Future, and to read from the book of destiny.

**THE POETS AND THE SPIRITS:**—The spiritual idea is not only fundamental in the principal religious systems of the world, but it finds a place in all our best literature. The great poets of ancient and modern times recognized, not merely the essential principles of the spiritual philosophy, but also various phenomenal illustra-



tions of the subject. If the critics had the power to take all the spiritual elements out of Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton and Coleridge, they would rob these authors of their earthly immortality. Indeed there is scarcely a poet of any eminence who has not fairly sanctioned the legitimate claims of Spiritualism. And yet the world does not appear to recognize this most significant fact. In this connection we have only space for three or four illustrations from modern authors.

Campbell employs the spiritual element in his poems, of which we have an example in the interview between the Seer and the warlike chief of the Camerons. The latter is on his way to join the standard of Charles Stuart when he is met by the Seer who predicts his overthrow. Lochiel denounces him as a vile wizard, and the Seer, insisting that he cannot hide the terrible vision says:

“For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

The Seer proceeds to give a graphic description of the catastrophe. The field and the conflict are before him; and as the Pretender and his legions fly in vision from the bloody scenes of Culloden, the prophet invokes the “wild tempest,” as though the elements themselves were governed by spiritual powers—to rise and “cover his flight.”

Phillip James Bailey includes numerous Spirits and Angels in the *dramatis personæ* of his remarkable poem. Festus thus describes the manner in which the celestial visitors appear:

“Light as a leaf they step, or arrowy  
Floating of breeze upon a waveless pool;  
Sudden and soft, too, like a waft of light,  
The beautiful immortals come to me.”

Festus is interrogated respecting the general subjects of which the Angels discourse, and he thus proceeds to answer their fair questioner:

Some say most  
About the future, others of the gone,  
The dim traditions of Eternity,  
Or Time's first golden moments. One there was  
From whose sweet lips elapsed as from a well,  
Continuously, truths which made my soul  
As they sank into it, fertile with rich thoughts—  
Spake to me oft of Heaven, and our talk  
Was of Divine things alway—angels, Heaven,  
Salvation, immortality, and God;  
The different states of Spirits and the kinds  
Of being in all orbs, or physical,  
Or intellectual. I never tired  
Preferring questions, but at each response  
My soul drew back, sea-like, into its depths  
To urge another charge on him. *This Spirit*



*Came to me daily for a long, long time,  
 Whene'er I prayed his presence. Many a world  
 He knew right well which man's eye never yet  
 Hath marked, nor ever may mark while on earth;  
 Yet grew his knowledge every time he came.  
 His thoughts all great and solemn and serene,  
 Like the immensest features of an orb,  
 Whose eyes are blue seas, and whose clear broad brow,  
 Some cultured continent, came ever round  
 From truth to truth—day bringing as they came.  
 He was to me an all-explaining Spirit,  
 Teaching divine things by analogy  
 With mortal and material."*

Longfellow has breathed the spiritual conception into the rhythmic form of his verse in the following significant lines:

*All houses wherein men have lived and died  
 Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
 The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
 With feet that make no sound upon the floors.*

Authors of commanding reputation—who have made contributions to our literature that give promise of imperishable vitality—have never derided the just claims of Spiritualism. If they have not been prepared to accept it with unspeakable joy, they have, at least, been disposed to treat the whole subject with profound respect. Irving, in his *Midnight Musings*, is inclined to credit the idea that spiritual beings

*"—————walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."*

The following brief extract is a significant expression of his views of the general subject:

*"Is then this space between us and Deity filled up with innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the fathers, that there are guardian Angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime."*

This testimony from one of the most distinguished American authors should humble the pride and rebuke the ignorant self-conceit of that numerous class of inferior writers who arrogantly denounce the very idea as a wicked imposture, and its realization as utterly impossible. This difference in the judgment of men is heaven-wide, but it is scarcely wider than the abyss that separates the judges and the spheres of their intellectual and moral life.

---

I CAN think of no Christian doctrine which does not contain within it the elements of intolerance; hence the exclusiveness, self-righteousness and intolerance of Christians.—*W. S. Bell.*



## THE PERSONALITY OF GOD.

BY CHARLES HENRY.

**W**ORDS are the habitations wherein dwell ideas: and as the inmates of a house may pass away and be utterly forgotten, while the house they lived in remains standing; so the ideas that were included in words may utterly pass away, though the words yet remain. And as into empty houses, which their former owners have departed from, new ones enter in and take possession; so do we find it to be the case with words: when the former ideas which dwelt in the words denoting them have from any cause died out or been forgotten, new ideas are found to be prowling round the vacated premises, which they soon seize and occupy for themselves; and proceeding on the legal maxim that "possession is nine points of the law," men are ever apt to regard the present owners, whether it be men of houses, or ideas of words, as the true and legitimate possessors of the same, and as having the sole right to ownership. It is a very common mistake to think that, by a certain particular *word*, the same identical train of thought is called up to all people and in all times: the truth is far otherwise. The train of ideas called up in the mind of Hodge the plowman, when he hears the word "cow" mentioned, differs *toto cælo* from that which would be evoked in the mind of Agassiz the philosopher. "*Quicquid recipitur, recipitur ad modum recipientis;*" and in great measure it depends upon the previous information and degree of cultivation on the part of the *recipient* as to what he will really *receive*,—in other words, what ideas will be called up in his mind.

There is probably no case of this permanence of words and change of ideas so remarkable as is the history of the word "God," so manifold and various, not to say mutually contradictory, are the ideas that have found shelter under this one term. In fact, to write a history of the word "God" would be to write the whole history of man, a task to undertake which, it is almost needless to say, is quite hopeless here. I propose merely to consider what are the ideas contained in or expressed by the word "God," so far as I am able to grasp them, or in anywise comprehend them. It is, I think, very clear that an Englishman and a Chinaman—supposing the difficulty of their speaking different languages overcome—do not mean the same thing, are not conscious of the same ideas, though they both mention the name of God. To the one a totally different train of ideas is called up from that which the other perceives; they would have little or nothing in common to go upon. Of course, the Christian missionaries would get over the difficulty very easily by telling the Chinaman that all his ideas were



nonsense, and that if he is to get at the truth, he must throw away his own and adopt theirs. But this is not argument to a scientific mind at least: it is mere assertion. Let us try to find some common measure that is contained in both, or rather in every form of religion, of what is meant by the word "God." Even those uncultivated nations from whom we received originally the word "God," with its accompanying and varying *ideas*, could not fail to have noticed—the veriest savage that ever prowled about on the face of the earth, intent only on satisfying the cravings of his appetites, could not fail to notice—the necessary connection that exists between *cause and effect*; no matter how dimly and obscurely he saw it, he could not help seeing that every *effect*, no matter of what kind, required and presupposed an efficient and sufficient *cause*; again recognizing, as he could not fail to do, no doubt indistinctly and uncertainly,—the essential difference between *ego* and *nonego*, *subject* and *object*, he was driven to the conclusion that, besides himself and his fellows, there must be some *cause* of the various *effects* he saw produced around him, the various phenomena of nature he saw daily and hourly going on everywhere. In this process may, I think, be found that underlying idea or train of ideas that pervades all conceptions of the word "God," and that, with all kinds of superadded ideas, has ever been the groundwork upon which men have built their various conceptions of God. But men in general have not been content with resting in the possession of this abstract and impersonal idea of God: they have ever dressed it up to suit themselves; and, for my part, I do not think it has been improved at their hands. It had been well if men had been content to rest with the original idea in its native grandeur, and perhaps we may add, its native indistinctness; but men have ever desired to know, or at any rate seem to know, more about this mysterious existence: they have added this quality and that quality, and all to an indefinite degree, in hopes of more clearly realizing and comprehending that which from its very nature is incapable of realization or comprehension at our hands; they have not been content to confess their own ignorance, but have striven to hide it in a perfect storm-cloud of ideas and attributes that have for the most part pretty effectually hidden from their gaze the very objects which they were intended to adorn and illustrate. The naked athlete is of himself a goodly object to look upon; but men prefer to see him dressed up in a suit of broadcloth, with any amount of shirt-front showing, and doing the amiable in society.

The rude and uncivilized man would find it difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of a *cause* that was not a person, and hence arises that tendency so marked in primitive races of deifying the powers of nature, moral laws, and other efficient causes. The heaven above us, the firm and solid dome of sky that overhangs us, is bodily held up and sustained by Atlas; the consequences of sin are left to Nemesis to accomplish. And this process of personification,



or giving to the abstract idea, *God*, a personal habitation or form, has led men to invest these personal gods of theirs with human attributes, human desires, affections, and weaknesses: Atlas is very tired of holding up heaven, and glad of a short rest from his weary job; Nemesis is like the mule, very slow, but is sure-footed, and never fails to catch her victim, let him try his best to run away. The ideas, then, that such people entertain of God are necessarily reflexes of themselves; if they are bloody-minded, unscrupulous and selfish, these qualities will surely appear in their God. He who chose a peculiar people to himself is, to a wonderful degree, the very image of the people he so chose: he has their national characteristics strongly marked, if not absurdly caricatured; if they are avaricious and grasping, it is he that orders them to be so, for it is pleasing to him that they should be so; if they are rebellious and headstrong, it is but natural that their God should be changeful, irritable and jealous, and so we always find it to be the case. If a people are, as a whole, intellectual, pleasure-loving, fond of the arts, yet with a dash of blood-thirstiness about them, we find their gods clearly portraying these national characteristics: we find Minerva the very embodiment of all learning; Venus, the giver of all pleasures and delights to her voluptuous votaries; Apollo inspires the artist as he breathes out his soul in the harmony of delicious strains; while the stern god Mars rejoices in the din of battle and savor of newly-shed blood. So will it ever be: the great law of supply and demand, demand and supply, holds good in the case of gods as well as in the case of cotton goods or Springfield rifles. The possession of certain qualities incites men to conceive that all other men, and more especially their own gods, should possess them also, if possible more so. St. Paul, rejoicing in his new-found creed and comfort, would have all men even as he was; the fox in *Æsop*, with his tail cut off, would have all the other foxes like him in this respect. This almost universally felt desire of blending the natures of God and man into one, of investing God with some, or rather with the highest—those that are held in highest esteem—of the attributes of man, has given rise to most of the conceptions of God that we can discover as having held sway over the minds of men; and as these are full of mutual contradictions and absurdities, and evidently cannot all be true, while most likely all are more or less false in their very nature, we are forced to question the justice of the method by which they were arrived at, and seriously to doubt whether it be possible at all to arrive at true conceptions of this matter by proceeding in this way. It would be far better to confess our ignorance as to the true nature of God, our inability to frame adequate conceptions of the nature of that Being who can only be known mediately through his laws, which are the only messengers that tell us of his existence and nature. *Qui nescit ignorare, ignorat scire*; and while, by abandoning many of our notions of God, all, in fact, that are built upon the assump-



tion of his personality and those supposed qualities of his that are based on and depend upon the truth of this assumption, we shall, it is true, strip the idea of God of much that we have been accustomed to cling to fondly and have long regarded as an essential element in the conception; but, at the same time, we shall shake ourselves free of error, and it is certainly a step in advance to get rid of false conceptions; it is a necessary step in the advance of true knowledge to be no longer under the dominion of error. When we marry a wife it is necessary that she should be disengaged from all other matrimonial connections; and when we enter the service of truth it is necessary that we should be no longer wedded to error. I must admit that the popular idea of God is a fuller and warmer portrait of him than the one I would draw, but it has this fatal objection, that it is not a true portrait; and I must continue to prefer the dimmer and more indistinct one, because it is true so far as it goes, and it shows all that apparently can be shown. "*Magis quiescet animus, errabit minus, contentus eruditione parabili.*"

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

TO A COUSIN,

On Receipt of His Picture.

BY HATTIE BUSH EWELL.

H
 greet with joy your image,  
 As it smiles on me to-day,  
 For now I have the shadow  
 Should the substance fade away.  
 And those eyes so calm and gentle,  
 Are as radiant stars to me,  
 Watching when I seek my pillow,  
 If to God I bend the knee.  
  
 Yes I pray that God will bless thee,  
 And crown thy life with flowers,  
 The blessing of an honest heart,  
 The joy of well spent hours;  
 That some angel hand may guide thee,  
 Some loving spirit cheer,  
 And by her faithful ministry  
 Remove the dark and drear.  
  
 So do I ask each morn and eve,  
 That thy most secret thought,  
 May blossom into purest words,  
 With truth and beauty fraught;  
 That all the golden hours of day  
 That glide into the past,  
 May bear a record that thy heart  
 Was faithful to the last.



God grant that life and death may each,  
 A useful lesson prove,  
 To mirror forth the mighty plan,  
 Revealed by heavenly love,  
 The plan that makes us all a part  
 Of his protecting care,  
 That evil and the good alike  
 May have a portion there.

But sunshine falls most on those  
 Who choose the better part,  
 Who turn aside when others throng  
 Sin's darkly crowded mart.  
 So cousin it is thine to watch  
 Thy steps with jealous care,  
 And when the tempter whispers, "come,"  
 Lift up thy soul in prayer.

---

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

### THOUGHTS ON PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.



THE EMERSONIAN proverb says, "we must fetch the pump with dirty water if we can get no other;" the important point being to fetch the pump. Purification, which is in the highest degree essential, can be attended to in the subsequent flow and the stream made drinkable; without the first point gained, we perish with thirst.

Seems to me the world is in a thirsty condition in reference to the other world, if there be any other; that is the way it has to be stated, in the shadow and not in the light of modern Spiritualism; and the proverb above quoted is applicable to this subject and to phenomenal Spiritualism, for there is no other but phenomenal, for extinguish the phenomena, the other goes out as matter of course. While so much is said about fraud and the testing of mediums, of having genuine manifestations or none, is it not better to fetch the pump first with what "water" we can get? Of course many are satisfied with what they have had, are not now thirsty, are sure of their future and now do not want any more proofs unless they can have them under their own conditions; anything new that does not toe their line is worthless in the cause of Spiritualism, might just as well be treated as a fraud as if it was a fraud. I think all who reason in this way have got to step back a little and "see the salvation of God," so to speak, see how the thing works from the inside.

It seems to me the spirits, not mortals, have made this intelligent connection with human thoughts which we very properly call modern Spiritualism; mankind did not open the door, set the gates ajar; the business was done on the other side. I am willing to



admit that this *ism* intrinsically is not modern, not born in 1848 but is as old as man on the planet; but in the olden times it came to semi-blind eyes and was distorted into "thus saith the lords" and other unjustifiable incongruities, as did the comets of the olden times, were in their manifestations subjects of superstitious awe, while the same comets in their return in the 19th century are weighed, measured, and foretold, and what was once a presage of wonder and of woe is to-day a thing of nature and of beauty; so we may with propriety treat the subject now as a new and modern thing. The lesson learned or suggested by this retrospective connection with the modern idea should make us modest, for we may still be, if not to the same extent, in the bonds of ignorance in this matter, and not attempt to dictate conditions to the spirits. We certainly do not know the dynamical side of this subject, we are but feeling and sensing it at best. We sit on this side and in the dark or shadow; without the intelligent mystery through these manifestations we are without hope and without God in the world. There is nothing like a ray of light as to the future of man in the world except these modern manifestations. Of course this modern light adds a lustre of truth to the scripture records and makes them do duty in the domain of hope, which, in the dark, or without this later added lustre would be but fables, not effecting thoughtful or philosophic minds. Put out the modern light and the ancient goes out too, and all the hopes and intuitions of poetic, sensitive or sentimental souls, which, under our light are now coming to the front as founded in fact, all these go out with the modern extinguishment; so I say, as I have said before and many times; the modern spiritual manifestations, that have called modern Spiritualism into existence, are the greatest events in the history of this world and has come just when the earth was getting to be a spent-ball as far as religious thought is concerned and introduces us to a new heaven and a new earth.

I have great respect for the bright lights of the pen and the rostrum who feed us with their fine thoughts, made palatable and nutritious from their associations with phenomenal Spiritualism. But the important thing, and the only thing that gives these fine thoughts, an auriferous setting, is the disembodied intelligence back of these spiritualistic manifestations.

We are not in the position to dictate terms and conditions to mediums or to spirits, but we should take what comes and anyway it comes, if nauseating or unsatisfactory, pass it by and wait for the good and the true, bearing in mind that in ethics, as in dietics, what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

I have found, as Mrs. Conant says, that the spirits will give us tests at times better than we can suggest.

I am sure of two things from my own observation and experience. 1st. That every seeker after this truth will get in these various manifestations some things that will be satisfactory to him,



perhaps he may have to encounter an ocean of sac for a bit of bread, that may be as much our fault as the fault of the spirit or medium, but the item of "bread" compensates when found for it is the "bread of life" that is found in no other "diggings." 2d. Some people are so organized that they get more and easier than the average seeker does, and this, I am sure, is not owing to credulity. I am not proposing to argue the point to get at the reason, I simply state what I know to be the fact.

Therefore, I say to all dogmatic people, all who want things their own way or not at all, all who say why the spirits don't do this or to the medium, why don't she do it in the light, why is this necessary and why that. I say to all these, "we are fetching the pump," it is the cleanest water we can get; when the matter of fact becomes settled by some Copernicus, giving us the laws of spiritual motion, or popularity adds its lustre, so that the fact of survival and communication is a generally admitted truth, then the "vestal virgins" of our order can be subjected to the "civil service" plan, and the "knights also of the phenomena" be disinfected for the public good. I think, however, as they stand to-day, I mean the mediums as a whole, they are as "sound on the goose," if I may use a slang phrase, and as reliable as humanity in general, and the spirits are as good as we ought to expect, from the exportation that this world sends over to the other, therefore, my advice is, "Prove all things and hold fast to all that is good" and in the end the truth will prevail, the fittest will survive.

---

### MEDIUMSHIP.

---

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

---



THE PRESENT discussion of mediumship, in the OFFERING and other Spiritual journals, should be productive of good; and, so wishing, so thinking, I welcome its advent.

It is with great pleasure I notice that Lyman C. Howe proposes contributing a series of papers upon this illy understood and far-reaching subject to the pages of the OFFERING; and, judging from the first of these ably written papers,—the principles and conclusions of which I most heartily endorse,—many wholesome truths and pregnant suggestions will be therein embodied. If I mistake not, Bro. Howe's thoughts upon mediumship will be one of the most valuable series of papers with which the readers of the OFFERING have yet been favored. Let them, then, attentively peruse and thoughtfully ponder, from month to month, the words of wisdom, replete with sound logic and sturdy common sense, given them as the fruitage of our gifted brother's long and varied experience in things spiritual and reformatory.



In response to the five interrogatories respecting mediumship propounded by the editress of the OFFERING, I submit the following:

1. No definite rule can be laid down, in wisdom, determining in every case whether a medium refusing to comply with the conditions demanded should be denounced as fraudulent. In this, as in all else connected with mediumship, each individual case, and each individual *seance*, must stand upon its own merits. All the attendant circumstances in each special instance should be calmly and carefully considered, and in accordance therewith the verdict be rendered. In case of a medium giving manifestations under strongly suspicious and unsatisfactory circumstances, suggestive of fraud, it devolves upon the medium, if requested by those desirous of eliciting the truth and of subserving the right, to submit to "crucial test" or fraud-proof conditions; so that, if genuine, the fact may be established, to the manifest good of the cause and of the medium. In case of a refusal of test conditions under these circumstances it is strong presumptive evidence of fraud; and the mediums cannot, in justice, complain if they thereby render themselves liable to denunciation as cheats and swindlers; and it becomes the duty of all lovers of honesty and fair deal to join in placing before the world the true character of such mediums and of their "manifestations." The action of the Chicago Spiritualists in a recent case of this nature was eminently just and proper, and they are deserving of honor and praise for so nobly performing an unpleasant duty.

2d. Investigators may protect themselves against fraudulent manifestations by a thorough investigation and analysis of the laws governing mediumship, by the institution of fraud-proof conditions at all *seances* for physical phenomena, and by the rigid testing in the crucible of common sense of all mental phenomena.

3d. In all probability, no one is sufficiently acquainted with the laws of spirit-intercourse to prescribe regulations for the government of mediums; and no one, I am confident, has ever intimated a desire to be considered competent for the task. As for prescribing rules for the government of "spirit controls," the intimation heard from various quarters, that certain Spiritualists so desire is wholly unjust, unwarranted, and calumnious.

4th. As regards the detection of mediums in fraud, their treatment must be determined by the special circumstances attending each separate case. If the parties are detected in systematic, continuous fraud,—as in many instances the last few years,—they should be at once discountenanced by all honest investigators, and their villanies held up for public warning and reprobation. "Rigid justice, which is the highest and broadest charity" (as Bro. Howe truthfully asserts,) should be extended to all such evil-doers. True justice ever includes charity, else it is not justice but revenge or spite. Exact justice requires the exposure of systematized fraud and swindling; of course without malignant persecution of



the offenders, but on the other hand without the least condoning of the offences committed. A greater crime can scarcely be perpetrated than the deliberate palming off of bogus spirit-phenomena as genuine; and it merits the severest condemnation, particularly when elaborately and persistently carried out.

In cases of genuine mediums, who, under strong temptation, without any matured plans of deception but on the spur of the moment, in order to prevent a certain *seance* from being a failure, endeavor to supplement the true with the false, something may be said in extenuation of their crime; for crime it is even in such cases. All of us are fallible, liable to yield at times to temptation; and it requires great moral courage in a medium to resist at all times the temptation to "help on" the manifestations. Mediums so offending should be surrounded by the strongest moral safeguards and influences, and we should endeavor to impress upon their minds the primary importance of absolute integrity at all times, under all circumstances.

5th. No effort has ever been made, I am certain, to control mediumistic conditions by human organizations; nor is it likely any such will be made. Human organizations, however, would do well to patiently study and investigate the workings of mediumship, tabulating results, and endeavoring so far as possible to lay the foundation of a true Spiritual science. Some valuable results have been secured in this direction by the British National Association of Spiritualists, and the good work is still in progress. We need something of the kind in America, instead of the loose and shiftless mode of procedure almost universally adopted in the investigation of spirit-phenomena.

No truer sentence appears in the September OFFERING than this of Bro. Howe: "I believe that mediums have no truer friends than are most of those who are at present denounced as 'selfish selfseekers' conspiring to 'murder the prophets.'" Far truer friends to mediums are those falsely stigmatized by their superficial and short-sighted opponents as medium-persecutors and pseudo-Spiritualists, than those preferring such foolish, groundless charges. No more devoted adherent to enlightened Spiritualism walks the earth than I know myself to be, yet because I seek to point out the errors and follies of the credulous and the superstitious, and denounce in unsparing terms, as they should be denounced, knavery and villany claiming a Spiritual origin. I, in company with many other Spiritual defenders and propagandists, am villified as a pretended Spiritualist, a bigoted persecuter of helpless mediums, and a dishonest writer and man!

Let us pray for the "good time coming," when these dissensions will cease,—when through the progressive march of intellect and the steady advance of moral purity and truth, Spiritualism, both phenomenally and philosophically, will be fully understood, and all from the least to the greatest will bask in the sunlight of its life-



giving and beneficent beams, irradiating the world with beauty incomparable, with glory ineffable.

---

CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH.

FROM THE INDEX.

[Arranged from fragments of MS. found in the portmanteau of a young traveller who died suddenly at a wayside inn in Idaho, in the year 1851.]

When toward me bends the shade of death,  
And friends deplore my waning breath,  
Let woman, flushed in vernal charms,  
Support me in her tender arms,  
And kindly let her bosom swell  
For one who loved her sex too well.

And when the solemn change has come,  
Should sorrow hold my angel dumb,  
And dim her eyes with humid veil,  
And fix them on my features pale,  
My spirit, raised on wing to go,  
Will hover o'er her breast of snow,  
And on her saddened lips impress  
The seal of love's farewell caress.  
Then, if a tear-drop chance to roll  
Adown her cheek, my flying soul  
Will snatch the gem,—for earth too bright,—  
And bear it to the realms of light;  
Nor there the sparkling pledge resign,  
But hoard it as a thing divine,  
And smile to see its feeble ray  
Blend with thy beams, Eternity!

And now, dear spirit, gently press  
Those lids that claim thy tenderness,  
And hide those faded orbs of blue  
That oft in rapture rolled on you,  
And through the silent hours of night  
Cradled your image in their light.  
Now let thy loving fingers close  
Those lips above their ivory rows,  
And think, while you the task fulfil,  
How oft thine own have made them thrill;  
How oft, with youthful passion warm,  
Their kisses told my heart's alarm.  
Enough; retire, forever blest;  
Let meaner hands perform the rest.

Next, let nor clown nor knave presume  
To bear my relics to the tomb;  
Let bards and sages, men of mind,  
Convey it thence with bosoms kind,  
And think, along the solemn way,  
"We bear a brother's weight to-day."  
Let no grim priest of narrow view  
My spirit's mystic flight pursue,  
And o'er my corse his terrors sound  
To awe his trembling dupes around,



And stupidly profane the end  
Of slandered Truth's devoted friend.

Now place me in my rayless bed,  
And carve these lines above my head:

"This simple mound conceals from sight  
A brother of poetic light.  
His heart was Love's volcanic throne,  
Love, the sole king he e'er would own;  
All men of every hue of skin  
He reckoned as his nearest kin;  
He looked where'er oppression trod,  
And felt the inward flash of God,  
And prayed with an immortal hope  
For Freedom's universal scope,  
Titles and power by outrage won,  
And handed down from sire to son,  
He ever held in utter scorn,  
And honored most the lowly born.  
His follies, oh, the vast amount!—  
Forgive them e're you stop to count,  
And let oblivion's velvet pall  
In charity conceal them all.

"Inquirest thou the poet's creed?  
'Twas brief, but served his utmost need;  
'Truth is divine wherever found,  
On Christian or on Pagan ground;  
Engraven on the hearts of men  
Are God's commandments, more than ten;  
The universe his laws proclaim,  
To learn them be my constant aim;  
Goodness and mercy, holy these  
In Jesus or in Socrates;  
The glory of an earthly span  
Is service to our fellow-man.'  
'Twas thus with chastened heart he thought,  
Nor cared what theologians taught;  
And if he erred to an excess  
In not believing more, or less,  
Ye who accuse, depart in fear,  
And spare his bones your censure here.  
If your own merits far excel  
The poet's troubled life, 'tis well.  
If in a truer light you live,  
Go! learn to pity and forgive."

GEORGE MARTIN.

MONTREAL.

"No mother hates her child,  
But, crusted o'er with evil, sin-defiled,  
Cradles him in her bosom. All the world  
May curse him but it matters not to her,  
She loves him better for his agonies.  
Sweet pity tends his fevered couch by night,  
Unstinted love her boundless wealth bestows.  
Were he a crowned Seraph, dazzling pure,  
King of a race of Angels in the sky,  
Were all his thoughts beatitudes, not more  
Would that sweet love his being bathe and bless."

T. L. HARRIS.



[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

## MEDIUM'S RIGHTS—PREJUDGING.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

No. 2.



SHOULD a medium refusing to comply with the conditions demanded be denounced as fraudulent and unreliable? This question implies that such advance judgment and condemnation exists and has supporters. Is this true? Who has taken the responsibility? When? Where? The refusal of Bastian and Taylor to allow a series of experiments, under fraud proof conditions, to satisfy the doubts of skeptics and justify the endorsement of friends was considered "presumptive evidence of practices on their part that would not bear investigation." Can any one refute the logic of this inference? But is this "presumptive evidence" equivalent to "denunciation?" In view of positive testimony and alleged exposures at different times and by various parties, how can we escape the *presumption*? "Exposers" held their "Bastian and Taylor seances," and professed to show "how Bastian did it," and since these mediums refused to modify the conditions under which these alleged frauds were perpetrated, it seems to me that the "presumption" is inevitable. It is not a matter of choice. We do not create doubts at will, or allay them at pleasure. They come and go in obedience to causes and the force of evidence. The mission of mediumship—especially of the physical and phenomenal type—is to supply the evidence to settle doubts and establish immortality upon a scientific basis.

It has been the boast of believers that we do not rest our claims upon *faith*, but upon *demonstration*. Shall we abandon this position and go back to the old dream of "Salvation by faith?" If we are to take all on trust and "believe or be damned" and honest skepticism and search for evidence are of the "carnal heart" to be counted against us as sin, what have we more than the Churches? But this *cannot be* the intent and meaning of those who as *Spiritualists* oppose the effort to purify and fortify our facts. There is a manifest misunderstanding of the principles and purposes involved. Yet, to my mind, the logic of their position amounts to an abandonment of all claims to scientific demonstration, and throws us back upon faith, exhorting us to trust, believe, and wait and the "Lord" will do the rest! The demand for security against possible imposition implies no prejudgment or "denunciation" of the medium. It is based upon the acknowledgment that we are *liable* to be deceived and our trust betrayed. The business motto is: "Deal with honest men as you do with rogues." Why? Because the latter always *assume* the character of the former, and no one can be *sure* of safety who trust *alone* to appearances and profes-



sions; and whoever attempts to evade the application of detective tests is at once suspected—not “denounced”—but marked as one that “needs watching.” It is well known that thieves, pickpockets and “confidence men” are most sensitive and demonstrative in the display of “injured innocence,” whenever the applications of justice demand tests of character and imposes “conditions” to obstruct their plans. They are shocked and insulted at the reflection upon their honor. By this means they often succeed in blinding honest credulity and capturing their prize. But *honest, sensible* men are not insulted by any precautions against possible fraud. A clear conscience defies the inquisition and says; “That don’t mean me, that is for rogues!” Since doubts are involuntary, how can we satisfy them without adequate evidence? Are they not legitimate? Must we be damned for doubts we did not create and cannot conquer? And are honest efforts to satisfy these doubts proof of “selfish, narrow-minded ambition?” Does the effort to maintain *honest, reliable* mediumship and expose the FALSE, imply an attempt to “aid in crushing out the mediumship of the nineteenth century?” This is a poor compliment to the mediumship of the nineteenth century! For be it remembered that it is only the BOGUS that we seek to “crush out.” It is thought cruel and unjust to judge mediums by *appearances* and accuse them of false purposes when they refuse reasonable demands for trustworthy methods. Is it not quite as unfair to assign evil motives to those whose love of truth urges them to exact evidence of the genuineness of what they endorse? If it is wrong to “denounce as fraudulent and unreliable” those mediums who refuse all *effort* to satisfy honest doubts, and whose record bears testimony against them, is it *right* to “denounce as fraudulent” and “self-seeking” and even *murderous*, those who differ from us as to the best means of serving the cause? Knowing the tendencies of human nature we *must* anticipate danger and *prepare* for it. This necessity is manifest in every sphere of life; and experience has shown that mediumship is no exception. A medium “refusing to comply with conditions demanded” may be innocent; he may misconstrue the motives of the critic and anticipate some harmful plot, and, having had experience with loafers and Lancasters, he may feel *unsafe* in allowing any privileges, or trusting the honor of any patron, however commanding his title, or high his wordly rank. He may be inconsistent and unreasonable, and yet be *honest*. He may offer excuses too flimsy and absurd to inspire anything but suspicion or contempt, while his conscience is faithful to truth; and no amount of circumstantial evidence can justify a positive judgment and final condemnation. In mediumship there are many delicate conditions and subtle factors that may change the entire hearings of evidence, an acquaintance with which is indispensable to a just discrimination and accurate conclusions. In expressing the hope to “sift this subject to the bottom, and if possible arrive at truth and justice



upon which we can all agree" there was no intention of applying any exhaustless analysis of mediumship and its relations. Such a hope never once possessed my ambition. But it is the question of *honesty* and accuracy of our methods, that we hope to reconcile, and if possible harmonize the demands of accurate research and scientific *certainty*, with the laws and *rights* of mediumship, and rise above the partizan polemics and sectarian divisions that only serve to distract and confuse; and although even this may take "a life time of investigation here and a long time in spirit life," the work must be done, and the sooner we begin in *earnest*, with souls lit with the love of TRUTH, and the more industriously we work with unbiased judgment and honest purpose the sooner shall we reach the goal we desire. Is there no possibility of securing conditions acceptable to both medium and skeptic, without infringing the laws of control or repelling the heavenly guests? Is there no way to investigate this subject scientifically? If not, where is our boasted *knowledge*? Can there be any *certainty*—any positive demonstration—in any case where the medium's *honesty* enters as a factor and counts for evidence? In seeking evidence that shall be independent of the medium's veracity, we do not impugn his purposes or reflect upon his honor! On the contrary, that is the only way to secure them against all possible suspicion. The warning ascribed to A. A. Ballou through the mediumship of Mrs. Richmond, appears to me to be superfluous, inasmuch as no "class or body of people" have—to my knowledge—taken the responsibility of "declaring that party a fraud beforehand, who will not submit to their dictation." But, when parties seeking public patronage, demanding a fee for each sitting, irrespective of results, refuse to submit to *any* conditions—*save such as favor fraud*—and offer no valid reason for such refusal, is it not logical to apply their conduct as "presumptive evidence of practices on their part that will not bear investigation?" If not so expressed in public "resolutions," it must be the inevitable impression that such a course makes upon logical and critical minds. But because it is counted "presumptive evidence" it by no means follows that it is conclusive evidence justifying condemnation. But does not such refusal justify us in withholding our indorsement? When asked if "The form manifestations at Bastian and Taylor's seances are genuine," what less can we say than: "We do not know?" Is this equivalent to "calling that party a fraud beforehand?" What "class or body of people" have done it? The language of the *R. P. Journal* for May 25, in an editorial answer to a question sent in, fitly expresses our position, viz: "While we would ask all not to judge hastily, or condemn without positive evidence, we would not have any one so credulous as to accept all that is presented as genuine; but would say reject nothing on account of its seeming insignificance—it may sometime be found to supply the missing link of positive evidence," and I would add, accept all manifestations with caution,



criticise sharply every appearance of fraud and give no final decision upon anything that leaves a shadow of doubt as to its reliability, or truthfulness, and reject nothing as false or fraudulent which is not *proven* such. If a medium gives genuine phenomena—under test conditions, encourage him, or her, but do not take it for granted that henceforth whatever that medium may claim is infallible and needs no testing. “Prove all things and hold fast the good.” On the other hand if a medium cheat and abuse your confidence, secure yourself against a repetition of the wrong, by *demanding fraud proof conditions*, and if possible stimulate the better nature and encourage the culprit to rise above such dangerous temptations, and *give him a chance*, not to cheat, but to redeem his honor and bless you. A kind word may rebuke and restore when severe upbraiding would harden. *Love is law*, and its tender music and blissful breathings bear perpetual testimony of *Eternal Justice*—“rigid justice”—which secures the rights of all, *harms none, protects the innocent, SAVES THE GUILTY*—without the guilt—and only hurts to heal.

---

Written For the SPIRITUAL OFFERING  
SAMUEL B. BRITTAN.

---

Passages from the Record of a Busy Life.

---


BY HON. NELSON CROSS.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

---

*Progress the Common Law—Conversion of a Church Minister—The Church Experiment in Morals—Its Universal Influence—Is the World Growing Worse?—So say the Doctors of Divinity—Who then is Responsible?—Reign of the Destructive Passions—Give Place to Grace and Truth and Love—Let the Spirit Rule the World—War with Mexico—Opposition of New England—Mr. Brittan's Argument on the War—The Higher Law—Claims of Cæsar and God—Encroachments of the Civil Power—Cæsar must stay at Home and mind his Business—Assumed Right to Kill—Saving Life Unconstitutional—Mr. Webster's Argument to Prove it—“My Country when she is Right”—Graphic Picture of Battle—Phrase and Doctrine of “the Higher Law”—Unfounded Claim of Mr. Seward's Biographer—Mr. Brittan the Author—Comparison of his Discourse and the Senator's Speech—Incontrovertible Evidence.*

URING the three months immediately following Mr. Brittan's restoration to health he prepared a series of 'Twelve Philosophical and Spiritual Discourses on the more important evidence that progress is the common law of the Universe, running through all material creations and the human soul; and that the future state of man must, therefore, be greatly exalted



above the existing moral *status* and all the present conditions of his being. In other words, the object of this course of Evening Lectures was to establish the doctrine that, in obedience to this law of universal growth and improvement the whole human race must inevitably advance, and be finally purified and exalted to a state of superior knowledge, refinement and ineffable felicity in the Spirit World. The old dogma of the early Universalists, that this was to be accomplished by the crucifixion of a certain Spiritual Reformer in the first century, and the attribution of his personal excellencies to everybody else, was of course discarded, and the result made to depend on the natural and spiritual unfolding of the latent divine attributes of man in outward form and visible expression—in his real character and actual life. This conclusion he sustained by a clear and vigorous course of reasoning, drawing his arguments from many sources, and including in his exegesis, the Divine Attributes; the Natural World; Philosophy of Good and Evil; Constitution of Man; the Divine Paternity; Mission of Jesus, and the Philosophy of Punishment. These exegetical discourses were delivered in the first months of 1847, and made a profound impressions on the large audiences that listen to the preacher. At the conclusion of his course it was unanimously resolved that the whole must be published. The author's argument makes a handsome 12mo. volume of about two hundred pages. An edition of one thousand copies was immediately exhausted.\*

The introductory discourse in this volume is a bold and powerful arraignment of the church, showing that after an experiment of eighteen centuries it has not accomplished its ostensible objects; that the failure of its mission is not only manifest in the lives of its members and the institutions of society; but that the evidence is on record in the history of its opposition to science, in the shocking details of its bloody persecutions; and in the solemn confessions and mournful convictions of many men who have been ordained to the work of its ministry. In order to give the reader some adequate idea of the earnestness and force of the author's introduction to his argument, he will speak for himself in the following extracts:

"We live at a period when the mere *dicta* of arbitrary men are not to be mistaken for the oracles of God. The *ipse dixit* of the priest is no more the foundation of faith. Evidence is necessary to produce conviction, and on this alone will the independent mind rest its judgment. The dogmas of theologians must be tried by the ordeal of science and

---

\* This strong argument for the ultimate purification and happiness of the whole human family found its way abroad, and was the means of converting at least one influential minister of the established church of England, whose renunciation of his creed followed the reading of the book. We have also heard of one public man in this country, with a world-wide reputation, who offered a lady relative—member of a Calvinistic church—\$1000 if she would read the book, believing that its cogent reasonings would convince her judgment and lead her to the adoption of a more liberal faith.

This book was never republished, probably for the reason that the denomination, which might naturally be supposed to feel the greatest interest in the Author's work, soon became disaffected on account of his leaving the ministry of their church.



reason, and the light of modern inspiration be allowed to shine on the darkness of ancient traditions. There are intrepid spirits among men who will no more be driven from this field of inquiry. They will examine the doctrinal superstructure of the Church, and if it be found to consist of "wood hay and stubble," it will be given to the flames, and consumed with a multitude of human devices. What if the whole be cast into the fire? Truth has nothing to fear. Like the fine gold, it will only shine with a purer luster when separated from the commingling elements of ignorance and superstition. We regard it as a part of our business in this world to assist in removing these errors and corruptions. The truth, long buried beneath the superincumbent mass of grosser elements, must be exhumed. We should seek for it as for a hidden treasure. I am resolved to follow Truth, and will not turn back if the way be amidst clouds and flame, or through the solid earth.

Our religious teachers tell us that the world is growing worse; but we have learned to doubt their testimony. If it be true that the present tendency is downward—that the general movement is retrogressive—who is to be held accountable for the growing depravity of mankind? How can the advocates of the popular theologies escape from this responsibility? They have had every opportunity to direct the course of the world, and to remove the existing causes of evil. They have opened the channels in which the current of human affairs has been flowing from age to age; they have explained the duty of man and determined his destiny; they have set up the standard of faith, and defined the limits beyond which there is no hope for man. Around the domestic fireside, and in the schools, where the young mind receives its first and most enduring impressions; in the sphere of morals and religion; in all the relations of business; in short, in every field of thought and action, they have wielded the controlling power. For centuries they guided the Church and the State. The voice from the altar found a response in the hearts of millions, while the influence of priestly authority was felt by the remotest subject of the Empire. In such hands was lodged the power that ruled the world. Their supremacy was so extensive and so generally acknowledged, that Truth itself would only pass current when under the seal of the Church; and Virtue to practice on her own account required a license.

In this country the Church has occupied a period of two hundred years in making an experiment in morals. Its disciples have performed a conspicuous part in framing the institutions and forming the character of a great nation. They have occupied the chief seats of learning and controlled the legislation of these States. It may almost be said, they have made society what it is, molding the minds and manners of the people at pleasure. I will not admit, even by implication, that all the influential men of this country have entertained the popular opinions in theology. I remember that our national history is illuminated by such names as Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Paine—that the nation's Father; the author of the Declaration of Independence; the philosopher who rifled the armory of heaven of thunderbolts; and that apostle of freedom who dared to proclaim the supremacy of Reason over Faith—all these are honored names though they were heretics in religion. They cherished a nobler faith in God and man—a faith not so much like superstition and obstinacy, but closely allied to science and charity. Give to these men all the influence they possessed and exercised, and still it is true that the power of the Church was felt in all the departments of education, government, law and literature, and in every humbler walk of life.

With all their vast resources and opportunities, instead of performing a great work for humanity, the teachers of modern theology, if we may accept their own confessions, have accomplished nothing. If any one is disposed to question the entire correctness of this observation, let him



listen to the declarations from the pulpit, and read the popular religious journals. The great theme is the manifest declension in morals and the general apathy in religion. The clergy apprehend that the Church is in danger of falling from grace, whilst the world is presumed to be suffering from a kind of moral paralysis, alike fatal to its present happiness and the chances of future salvation. If there is really any ground for these apprehensions, I may repeat the question, on whom is this fearful responsibility to rest? If society is in a bad condition, why have they not made it better? If the standard of morals is low, why not raise it up? They have been intrusted with the power, and have had ample time and opportunity to exercise it. A period of nearly two thousand years is quite sufficient to give any system a fair trial. If their principles have been preached and practiced thus long, and still the condition of society is in no way improved, it is surely high time for the doctors of this sickly divinity to give up the patient, and for a suffering world to test the efficacy of other means.

The foregoing extract will enable the reader to judge of the lucid and logical manner in which our author treats the whole subject of this volume, which I will dismiss with a brief passage from his concluding lecture:

“We ask for an opportunity to bring our principles to the test of a practical illustration in the government of the world. Let Love, the only reforming power in the universe, have leave to rule the people. Give it the supremacy over the baser passions. Let it inspire the emotions, shape the thoughts, direct the will, and govern the actions of men. Give it a free utterance everywhere from the pulpit, the rostrum and the press; carry it into the councils of the nation, the halls of justice, and the avenues of business. Let kindness be employed to subdue the criminal. The fire of love may melt his stubborn heart and dissolve his chains at last. Give him the pure air and the sunshine. These are the proper inheritance of all—the evil and the good.’ Uncharitableness, injustice and revenge have had their turn. In the name of Jesus, humanity has borne a heavy cross along its steep and rugged way; priestly hands have put the bitter cup to its lips; the world has quaked, and through the darkness over all we have witnessed the solemn spectacle of its crucifixion. Shall not the world at last be governed by Grace and Truth and Love—a trinity of beautiful spirits.

“Each worth the mission of the son of God! O give to these a thousand tongues, and bid them speak their manifold language in every mortal ear. It is time for the insulted Spirit to come in power to rule the world. Love will secure to all their rights. It will equalize labor and the gifts of Providence; and thus do something for the poor and the oppressed, that men may be free and equal this side the grave.”

The United States had made war with Mexico on grounds which many regarded as insufficient. Those who were either seeking military distinction, or were ambitious to extend our territory from mercenary motives or in the interest of American slavery, favored the war. Actuated by no such considerations Mr. Brittan exerted his influence in an opposite direction. In fact he opposed all such methods in the settlement of international controversies. The motives of personal and national ambition have little influence on the mind of the moral philosopher. It will be remembered that the war was generally unpopular in New England. Her scholars, statesmen and philanthropists, were opposed to the belligerent



policy of the government. They saw in its issues the inevitable extension of an institution, which—in their judgment and in fact—was and is, forever irreconcilable with the fundamental principles of a true democracy. Regarding slavery as a gigantic abomination, the shadow of which veiled the form of Liberty and converted her fair inheritance into a moral desolation, it was natural that the occasion should arouse all the energies of her leading minds. Mr. Brittan occupied a prominent position among those whose views were clearly defined. Perhaps no one opposed the war policy of President Polk with a more logical method or a clearer perception of its moral and material aspects and consequences. Had Mexico been a first class power, he had no doubt the United States would have practiced greater circumspection, and that the international difficulties would have been settled by diplomacy.

In the Spring of 1847, soon after the battle of Monterey, Mr. Brittan delivered from his pulpit a very stirring discourse against the war which occasioned no little excitement in Albany. He was requested to repeat it at Troy, where it was listened to by a member of Gen. Wool's staff and other army officers who manifested intense feeling on the occasion. The public called for its publication and the discourse was printed in an elegant pamphlet of twenty pages which is now before me.\* It is worthy of remark that without any previous understanding or information of the purpose of one another, the same day that Mr. Brittan delivered his discourse against the war, Rev. Theodore Parker and Dr. E. H. Chapin, also preached to their respective congregations on the same subject, and from the same text—"Render therefore unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsars; and unto God, the things that are Gods!" The discourse by Mr. Brittan was characterized by great freedom of thought and fearlessness of speech. It was at once a bold indictment of the government and a lucid exposition of his doctrine of a "Higher Law," which, some three years after, was advocated by the late Hon. William H. Seward, in a speech before the United States Senate. The doctrine is perhaps nowhere so clearly defined as in this discourse, which was forwarded to the leading statesmen of the country including Mr. Seward. In the mind of the average politician the "Higher Law" may be something closely allied to treason; but no one ever suspected the patriotism of the man whose family has been represented in every war for human rights and Christian civilization since the discovery of the continent. The present writer has been disposed to regard this unwritten and mystical law as a dangerous political heresy; but it must be confessed that Mr. Brittan invests it with such an air of plausibility, as to justify the introduction of the following extracts from his argument:

---

\* "A Discourse on War, or the Duties and Obligations of the Individual, as Connected with the Rights of the Civil Government, delivered on Sunday Morning, April 3d, 1847, by S. B. Brittan. 'The Son of Man is not come to destroy mens' lives, but to save them.'—JESUS.



“ Man existed before the government. From the beginning there were essential principles and immutable laws, inscribed on human nature or developed in the constitution of things, which he was bound to respect. These, with the obligations and duties growing out of their existence—relate to man *in his individual capacity*. They are imposed by higher authority than we attribute to any human institution, since they depend on laws and relations established in Nature. No possible circumstances can release the individual from these pre-existing obligations. The State has no rightful authority to interfere with the subject in his recognition of these principles and the performance of these duties. Caesar may claim his own—whatever bears his superscription; but it is not his prerogative to govern the conscience. The image of Caesar is not stamped in the soul. Man was created in the Divine image; therefore render unto God that which is due to him. His universal laws are of higher authority than the acts of human legislation, and the divine administration is above all earthly sovereignties.

While I would inculcate and enforce the duty of proper submission to the constituted authorities, I still claim the right of virtuous independence. The individual may, from the force of circumstances, submit to a limitation of his reserved rights; but he cannot be compelled to use his influence to strengthen the hands of the oppressor. In the last extremity it is the sacred right of the citizen to preserve his integrity at the expense of liberty and life. I am not opposed to Caesar; I only wish to determine the extent of his jurisdiction, and to keep him in his proper place. When he attempts to go beyond his appropriate limits, we may employ all righteous measures to oppose him. When the civil power is used to further the designs of a selfish policy and an unworthy ambition, it becomes the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the Christian to withdraw and have others to bear the fearful responsibility of their own actions. Am I less guilty if I uphold the government instead of the individual in a course of violence and oppression? Are robbery and murder sanctified because many hands are crimsoned and the State profits by the plunder?

I see no reason why we should applaud the government for killing its thousands in pursuance of some selfish policy, while, at the same time we denounce and hang the miserable assassin who has slain his man. One nation may have disregarded the rights and trespassed upon the domain of another. Individuals often do the same, and yet the injured party is not allowed to take summary vengeance. He may demand a suitable recompense, but *it must be under the law*; and in seeking redress his means and methods must be rational and humane. The time has come when nations as well as individuals should learn that there is a better way to redress a wrong than to commit another of equal or greater magnitude.

On a question of right and wrong we have a better standard of judgment than the vote of the majority. There is a power superior to the government—before this we bow. The officers of the State are not the conservators of the conscience. In the wisdom of God that is left in the individual keeping of every man; and we must expect to stand accused if we violate this inward and Higher Law. This law did not originate in the artificial institutions of men, and can not be abrogated by the national authority. It existed before the first and simplest forms of government, and it will remain forever in the sublime economy of God and Nature. As a standard of truth and rule of action, when rightly interpreted, it is superior to the laws of Congress and the decisions of the Courts. What if we are authorized by the constitution and laws to destroy men's lives, and this is recommended by the Executive? Right is greater than law; the conscience is as sacred as the constitution; and the Supreme Ruler of the Universe is above the President of the United States. Here I acknowledge no authority but Nature and Deity, and I would rather live



an exile than court the favor of the civil power when it is deaf to the voice of God and the cries of humanity.

It is said that we must preserve the interests, defend the honor, and redress the wrongs of the nation. But how is the work being done by the present war? Why, to secure our interest, we waste our means; to preserve our honor, we abuse our humanity; and to redress our wrongs, we inflict upon ourselves an injury of far greater magnitude. Many millions of dollars have been appropriated already. The interest of the sum would feed, clothe and educate twenty thousand children now growing up in poverty and ignorance, preparing to graduate in crime, and destined to fill the poor houses and prisons of our country. These appropriations would be sufficient for the endowment of one hundred colleges. The interest for twelve months might save all Ireland from the horrors of famine. This sum is to be expended—not to instruct and elevate, but to degrade and brutalize man; not to furnish means of subsistence, but the implements of death!—to carry on the work of destruction—purchase gunpowder, *and hire men to blow the immortal spirits out of human bodies!*

Congress has decided that it is unconstitutional to do anything to arrest the famine in Europe. A generous sum—say *several thousand dollars*—may be appropriated to kill a Mexican! but when it is proposed to *give a shilling* to save the life of an Irishman who is ready to die of hunger, it is necessary to stop and discuss the constitution. When thousands are to be destroyed, it appears that the question is easily decided. Few of our great statesmen are disposed to doubt the right to make unlimited appropriations for this object. On the contrary, when we are required to *preserve life*, it is necessary to deliberate long and act with exemplary caution. The great expounder of the constitution must be heard; and the fate of the dying mortal be decided at last by the strict letter of the constitution.\*

Ambition has certain ends to be secured. Some one may be concerned to know who is to occupy the most important position in the army. Who is to march from the bloody fields of Mexico to the executive mansion? We have no part nor lot in these matters; but we would like to know at what point this side of Cape Horn the friends of Cæsar are disposed to draw the line of the Union. When the simple ends of justice are to be secured, Right instead of Might must achieve the victory. Mexico may have been faithless. She may still disregard her treaty stipulations and violate the international law. But in the name of reason, humanity and heaven, can it be necessary to manifest our devotion to the country in this way? Must the man possess the ferocity of the tiger who leaps from his jungle to quench his thirst for blood? Will it be said that a man is not a patriot unless he will sacrifice his integrity, dishonor his Maker and abuse humanity? Is he to be charged with treason before Cæsar because he will not sell his principles for a poor treasure such as Judas received? Those who will may wait for the answer. I am prepared to define my position *now*:—*God and humanity first—my country when she is right*. I will not sanction the ungodly sentiment of many who seek a name and a memorial in the struggle. I cannot support my country when she is *wrong*, because *I am not prepared to glory in her shame*. †

The writer had not thought of extracting so large a portion of this discourse. A third of a century has elapsed since it was

---

\*The famine was raging in Ireland, and the subject of making a national appropriation for the benefit of the sufferers, was before Congress, when Daniel Webster delivered a speech in the Senate, designed to show the unconstitutionality of the measure. The weight of the great senator's argument turned the scale and the pending bill was lost. Leaving the Irish to die in their own way, without hindrance the nation spent its money to immortalize Mexicans by a short and decisive method. S. B. B.

† The motto of the war party was, "My country right or wrong."



delivered; but war has not ceased, and hence the discussion of the author's humane principles is not out of place to-day. In the concluding part of his argumentative philippic the orator thus paints the horrors of War:

"Look at the picture of War with its deep shades and startling colors. Witness the fearful tragedy—the hot strife of the destructive passions—the black cloud, the deep thunder, fierce lightnings and the iron hail. There is humanity—bearing the disfigured image of God—prostrate in the dust!—grasping convulsively the implements of death, while the current of life is gushing from the veins. Oh! it is horrible to die thus, stained with some brother's blood! The eye dilated with passion; the soul strung, and the arm nerved for the deadly contest! The beauty of youth and the strength of manhood, perish together. Who will restore the son to the embrace of maternal affection? The mother must have her boy to lean upon or her gray hairs will go down in sorrow to the grave. Who will bring back the husband and the father? Let those who thus seek for glory and immortality remember the struggle is not for, but against humanity. Their joy will be turned to mourning. The cypress will entwine the harp that is used to celebrate their triumph. The song of the victor will mingle with the requiem for the dead, and the low wail of the broken hearted!

There is a more glorious victory to be wrought with implements of Love. I would rather die like a true follower of Jesus, and have my name embalmed in the memory of even one who loves his fellow-men. Let the warrior claim the applause of the thoughtless multitude, I envy him not. The conqueror shall wear his wreath, and rest at last in his stately mausoleum,

"Alone in his glory!"

With a view of settling the question respecting the authorship of the phrase, "the Higher Law" (which has probably occasioned more discussion than any other words ever spoken by an American statesman) and of the doctrine it represents, the writer went to the Astor Library and made the necessary investigation, examining, among other books, the volumes of the *Congressional Globe*, and the works of Mr. Seward in three volumes, edited by George E. Baker, and published by Redfield in 1853. In a Memoir of the New York Senator his biographer assumes that the idea of "The Higher Law" originated with Mr. Seward, and that he coined the phrase by which it was expressed; but all this is disproved by the facts. I copy the following from his biographer:

"To Governor Seward belongs the authorship of the phrase 'the Higher Law,' which has acquired a fame that will never die. It was used by him in his speech in the Senate, March 11, 1850, on the admission of California into the Union \* \* No enlightened ethical philosopher, no man of ordinary religious feeling and conscientiousness will deny that there is a 'Higher Law' than political constitutions and human legislation; the law which governs all law—the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity, the law of nature and of nations. Nor will it be doubted, that in case of conflict between divine and human law, we ought to obey God rather than man!"

I extract a brief passage from "The Higher Law" speech. Mr. Seward was referring to the national domain and its constitutional uses, when he thus expressed his views:

"The constitution regulates our stewardship; the constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defense, to welfare and to Liberty. *But there is a*



*'Higher Law than the constitution'* which regulates our authority over the domain and devotes it to the same noble purpose. The territory is a part, no inconsiderable part of the common heritage of mankind, bestowed upon them by the Creator of the universe."

The assumption of Mr. Seward's biographer—that the conception of "The Higher Law" and the phrase (which the historian is pleased to say has acquired a deathless fame) originated in the mind of that distinguished statesman—is at war with the facts. The printed documents furnish the evidence that must settle this question now and forever. In the discourse delivered at Albany, from which we have made copious extracts, "The Higher Law" is the phrase repeatedly used to express the author's conception of the Divine economy in Nature and Man. It was not until nearly three years after that Mr. Seward adopted the phrase originally used by Mr. Brittan, and gave to the idea the impressive weight of his sanction. Nor is this all. The discourse in question contains a clearer, more emphatic and complete exposition of the doctrine than can be found elsewhere, either in the speech of the United States Senator from New York, or in the utterance of any other public man.

---

### Phenomenal Record.

---

**WE** CLIP the following interesting article from the paper to which credit is given. We cannot vouch for the truthfulness of the account, although it seems to be well authenticated and nothing is related inconsistent with Spiritual Phenomena witnessed by persons of unimpeachable veracity.

EDITOR.

#### SUPPOSED VISIT OF A DEAD MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

A rather queer story is told and can be vouched for by over a dozen persons in Springfield. It appears about three years ago a young man living in Summit got married, and in due time his wife gave birth to a child, which was a girl. When the child was about one year old its mother died. About five months later, the young widower became lonely, and took unto himself another wife. But before doing so, he took all of his first wife's clothing, packed it in a trunk, locked it up, and allowed no one to have charge of the key besides himself. Among the clothing put away was her wedding shawl and a pillow his wife had made for her first born, and also some toys she had bought just before she died. Then he brought home wife No. 2, who, it is said, made as good a mother as the average step-mothers do. Things went on lovely till one night last week, when there was a party at the next neighbor's house. So, after putting the babe in its little bed, the father and mother No. 2, went over to spend the evening at the party. Shortly



after they left two men came along on their way to the party also. They saw a wonderful light in the house, as though it might be on fire. They also heard the cries of the babe, as though in great pain. They went to the house and as soon as they reached the door the light went out, and all was silent as the grave within. They hastened on to the house where the party was, and told the man what they had seen and heard in his house as they came by. Five or six men, including the owner of the house, started to investigate the report. When they arrived they found every door and window fast as they were when the owner left. On going inside everything was found to be in its place except the child, which, after a long search, was found up stairs under the bed on which its mother died, covered up with its mother's wedding shawl, and its little head resting on the pillow its mother had made for it, sound asleep. Alongside of it lay its little playthings. On examining the trunk it was found to be locked, and nothing missing except the above-mentioned articles. Now, how the things got out of the trunk and the key in the owner's pocket, and he half a mile from it, and how the child got up-stairs is a mystery. The above may seem a little dime-novelish, but as we said before, the facts in the case can be and are vouched for by over a dozen citizens of Springfield.—*Elizabeth (N. J.) Herald.*

[Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.]

### PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

BY G. B. CRANE.



**PERCEIVE** that some of our people are becoming distrustful and oppose "Phenomenal Spiritualism." This is to be regretted, for Mr. Wetherbee is right. The average mind is more easily convinced by appeals to the senses than to the understanding. The terse and incisive logic of Warren Chase and others of your contributors is not adapted to all capacities, while a pertinent communication from a deceased friend, emphasized by the levitation of a table, or some thundering raps which are themselves "the despair of science" convince many, that there is something in "heaven and earth not dreamed of in our philosophy." They think, very naturally as did Washington Irving of the origin of our Indians: "They came from some place or they did not come at all;" we know they did come and so do the raps.

When I see a child who never heard of spiritual manifestations, while in a profound sleep, write in penmanship and language immeasurably above his normal capacity, ideas he knows nothing about, I feel certain that there is an agency at work which is an outside, invisible, thinking entity, controlling the child. When I hear Mrs. Breed in a public circle in San Francisco declare "there is a man present" whose name she gives, though scarcely pronounceable from its oddity and knowing as positively as a negative can



be known that I am the only one in the room that ever heard of him before—when I hear her say that she sees that man's spirit mother, and asks him to address questions to that mother—the man too timid, or for some other cause remaining silent, Mrs. B. gets up, gazes round the room—points her finger and says “You are the man.” The man addressed then says “If she will tell me her age at the time of her death, I can believe it is my mother.” “I know nothing about it,” replies Mrs. Breed, “but she says she reached the incredible age of one hundred and seven years. “Well, that was the age of my mother” said the man in astonishment.

When I see Mrs. Foye from one hundred to two hundred folded ballots that have been thrown on the table by the company, pick up one and say “A voice tells me the name of Israel R. Phelps is on this paper,” hands it to a stranger who unfolds and reads the same name—see her then, while talking to those near her, without looking at the paper, write a communication spelling the words backwards, and writing the letters upside down with the rapidity of a stenographer, completely identifying the spirit who controlled her—then handles over the ballots again at the rate of two or three a second till a rap is heard, handing the last ballot she had touched to one of the circle, and with a pencil writes the name that invariably is afterwards found on opening it, and in this way either by hearing the name, or having the pencil moved to write it, from twenty to fifty invisible intelligences communicate at a single sitting, through her mediumship—I feel that such facts mean something, and if they do not amount to a demonstration of super-mundane visitations, I hold that they appear sufficiently so to justify us in assigning the *onus probandi* to those who deny that they are such, to prove their denial.

---

FEELING IN AN AMPUTATED LIMB.—Mr. J. O. Eldridge, the well-known auctioneer, of the firm of H. M. Newhall & Co., of San Francisco, writes the following note:

“A gentleman called my attention to an article in your paper regarding a lad whose arm had been amputated, and what he suffered, and the removing of the same and its results. Fifteen years ago I lost a leg, and it was closely packed in a casket, causing me constant, terrible pain. A good wife, unknown to me, sent a faithful servant to arrange the amputated limb comfortably in a new and larger casket. The moment the leg was handled I knew it, and the comfort began then and has never ceased, and I could tell the position precisely in which the missing member was placed. I am glad to know my experience is verified; but just how to account for this let the wise men tell. This is the first time any allusion was ever made to this matter by myself, and I only allude to it now to add my testimony to that of the little lad, that missing members do in some mysterious way convey to us the sense of feeling. I am well known to many in your community, and the circumstances attending my loss, if you desire, you can publish.—*Nev. Enterprise.*”



## Our Young Folks,

“The pilgrim's step in vain seek Eden's sacred ground!  
But in Home's holy joys again, an Eden may be found.”

Childhood is not long; it is very short. How very brief, indeed, it is! Some twelve years or so cover it all. While you are scarcely aware, your little babe has become a boy, and while you have only become accustomed to thinking him a child, he has passed out of childhood forever. What parent has not had it come home to him with a deep tinge of melancholy.

There is but one childhood for your little ones. Oh, then, make it for them all that you can. Make it completely good, redolently sweet in the present, radiant in the past. It is a mournful thing to give them an unhappy childhood. Sad, sad, indeed, is it for one to look back on a childhood which has little in it that he cares to think of. Fill it now with things which will be good by and by to hold in memory. Perhaps all that your children will remember of you will be connected with their childhood; perhaps ere it has gone, mother and father will be away, living only in recollection. Make that memory hallowed and sweet.

Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

## LINES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY MRS. KATE OSBORN.

**W**HO crushed the violets,  
So graceful and sweet?  
Katy, our darling,  
With her little feet:  
Who culled the lilybells,  
That bloomed in a row?  
Katy, our precious,  
She wanted them so!  
Who broke the jessamine,  
That clung to the wall?  
Katy, our treasure,  
With fingers so small.  
Who tread the roses down,  
And crushed every pink?  
Katy, our birdling,  
Who else, do you think?  
Yes, little Katy  
Is a bird in the bowers—  
One of heaven's sunbeams,  
That play 'mid the flowers:  
Swift as a fairy bright,  
That glides on the air;  
Culling fairest blossoms  
To garland her hair.  
While angels ever wreathe  
The strings of her heart;  
Close with love's violets,  
That ne'er can depart:  
There they will brightly bloom,  
In hues that ne'er fade;  
Cheering our Katy,  
Through sunlight and shade!



Written for the SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

## DEATH OF THE FAIRY.

BY MRS. E. G. PLACK.

**T**HE GORGEOUS hues of a glorious sunset were gilding the clouds in purple and gold, and the long shadows lay amongst the green trees and upon the tall grass. One by one the cloud-curtains fell around the couch of the God of Day, and twilight spread her misty veil over the fair face of nature.—The passing zephyr paused in his airy flight—the tall grass sighed plaintively—the flowers bowed their graceful heads upon their stems—and the birds sat with folded wings. The hours glided by: at length the Queen of Night swept up the clear blue sky, attended by her train of glittering stars—the sleeping earth was bathed in glory as the midnight moon held her celestial court; while ever and anon, some weary maid of honor, impatient of restraint, would make a brilliant circle through the sky, then stand demurely in her place again. But far away, upon the green earth below there was another scene of beauty. In a deep, secluded dell were gathered an elfin troop awaiting the arrival of the fairy queen.—Gracefully they reclined upon the buttercups and daisies, and watched and listened till upon the silent air there came a sound like the distant tinkling of silver bells. Then each little form sank to its knee, as surrounded by a rosy light, came the fairy queen, reclining in a tiny chariot of pearl, drawn by a pair of golden butterflies. Her crown was dew-drops strung upon a moonbeam and her spear was a ray of early morn. Her robe was made of a sunset cloud and her mantle woven from the arch of a rainbow.

As the fairy equipage touched the earth, each little courtier and maiden sprung lightly to its side and merrily caroled forth their song of welcome:

"Hail, fairy queen!  
On the velvet green,  
'Neath the silver sheen  
Of the pale moon's beam—  
By the trysting tree,  
With bended knee  
And hearts of glee,  
We wait for thee."

Like the echo of a lute among the hills came the answer of the queen,

"I come, I come  
From my Elfin home,  
To hold my court,  
'Neath the heaven's blue dome.  
Merry we'll be till the dawn of day,  
Then take to our wings and fly away!"



"On a ray of light,  
From the brow of night,  
Borne by a zephyr,  
I wing my flight—  
To hold my court and sport with glee,  
'Till morning's light, by the greenwood tree."

Upon a throne of rosebuds reposed the little queen, while on either side were ranged her court. Each lady gay had thrown back her gossamer veil, and each gallant noble had doffed his clover-leaf bonnet and snow flake plume. And now the queen bade each loyal subject stand forth and say what offering they had brought to grace the fairy court. First from the circle stepped a maiden clad in blue and gold, who gaily knelt and laid a glittering spear before the throne. She said it had cost her a deal of trouble, that she had mounted a storm-cloud at the risk of her life and plucked a feather from the lightning's wing! The queen smiled upon the merry fay and bade her claim what boon she chose.

The next who came was a pale, dreamy creature, whose robe was from the loom of a spider and spangled with dew; and her offering was a tear-drop. She said she had wandered in an Italian clime and had gathered her gift from the cheek of a maiden who mourned a lover false. The queen received the offering and kissed the romantic fairy in return.

Then came a gallant knight in doublet of crimson and silver, who bent his knee and told how he had fearlessly roamed through many lands seeking peril and adventure, how in despair he was returning homeward when he encountered a fierce dragon-fly which he had fought bravely and victoriously; and he had brought a wing from his conquered foe to prove his zeal in his lady's cause. The eyes of the brave queen sparkled as she bade the brave knight rise and receive the golden sabre which made him captain of her body-guard!

A pale youth now approached and gracefully threw round the lovely queen a fleecy scarf of snowy hue, whispering softly how he had poised upon a sunbeam and torn the fringe from a morning cloud, to grace the shoulders of the lady he loved best. The little queen blushed deeply—the youth bent lightly over her, swept the white feather of his cap across her crimson cheek and held it up—the plume was red.

Another gallant gentleman, in sea-green jacket and coral buttons, brought a string of pearls, and one came bearing a golden chain made from the dust of California's strand. Each lady, bright and courtier gay, brought an offering rare and precious—all but one. This one was a fair, sweet maiden who, shrinking back, hid her pale face in her long fair curls and wept. The brow of the fairy queen grew dark, as sternly she bade the weeping fay stand forth,



and say why she alone of all the court had forgotten her duty and allegiance? Slowly and sadly she came, her long hair glistening with her tears and sweeping to her feet like a cloud of gold; while in wondering and mournful silence stood the elfin troop gazing upon the strange scene. The offended queen seemed troubled for the culprit fay had ever been a faithful and loving subject, and her place was nearest to the throne. "Speak," cried the queen, and then, like an Æolian harp, came the voice of the fairy in sad but eloquent defence. "I have no offering," she said, "save a true and devoted heart. As I took my morning ride on the wing of a humming bird, I sought for a rare and priceless gift to offer at thy feet. In the lily's cup I lingered and among the fragrant blossoms that decked the gardens of an Eastern Sultan; but nothing seemed worthy to present to thee. Turning to resume my flight and seek in foirer lands a fairer gift, a lovely vision greeted me. Upon a soft green bank a little child lay sleeping—a baby boy, with clustering curls, and whose long lashes swept his cheek with spirit-grace and beauty. As I gazed entranced, a bee, (mistaking him for a flower,) darted its sharp bill into the soft, fair cheek, and finding no honey left a sting. With a cry of pain the boy awoke—I flew to his relief and drew out the burning sting; but in saving him I have wounded myself, and faint and weary have only been able to reach this spot in time to meet the court, bringing the sting of the wanton bee." From beneath her vest she drew the murderous shaft—upon its point there hung a drop of blood, while on her bosom there glowed a crimson stain. Awe-stricken by the greatness of their young sister's charity and love, the fairy court stood motionless, and the beautiful queen bowed her head beneath her silver wing and wept; then folding the wounded fairy in her arms and looking round upon her subjects, she spoke in trembling tones: "Not one of all this courtly throng has done a deed like this. All have brought rare and lovely gifts, but none the offering of a bleeding heart—to draw the poison from another's wound she has pierced her own bosom; and to give relief to a suffering mortal she has sacrificed her life. Behold an example of that angelic love taught by the Great Spirit, and treasure in the casket of your souls this golden lesson."

Her voice ceased, for the dying fairy, like a snow-flake melting in the sun, glided from her embrace and sank upon the grass. With tears and lamentations the fairies gathered round her; but the snowy wings drooped motionless, stained by the crimson tide that flowed from her gentle heart. She was dead! Beneath the velvet turf they laid her, embalmed by many a sigh and tear—the night wind mournfully wailed her requiem, and the murmuring gale bore the echo heavenward—the lily bowed her tall head heavy with ars of dew, and the lowly violet shrunk beneath her broad green leaves to weep—the glow-worm lighted a funeral torch, and the nightingale sung a death song.



Sadly the sorrowing fays departed, as a bright line in the east told of coming day. Silently they took their flight, leaving the loveliest of their band sleeping beneath the greenwood tree. Well would it be if the children of earth could learn a lesson of love from the death of the fairy.

---

Written For the SPIRITUAL OFFERING  
THE MORNING CONCERT.

---

BY OPHELIA T. SAMUEL.

---

**I**N THE crotch of an old apple tree which was so covered with fragrant bloom that scarce a green leaf was visible, was a bird's nest; high up near the top of the tree where swayed by every passing breeze, the little birds were rocked as by invisible hands, and could only just peep over and catch glimpses of the wonderful world beyond. There were four of them, and they had just reached the age where like babies they might be said to be "beginning to take notice," and being birds of bright and active minds, and quick perceptives, they were availing themselves of every opportunity of adding to their slender stock of information.

I do not mean that they were beginning to develop ideas as to the "origin of the species," or cogitate over the possible discovery of the "missing link," or pondering over the possible fate of that gigantic bird which has left its footprints on a rock, and left us nothing more; nor do I suppose they ever mused over the possibilities of star-dust becoming nebulous matter, and resolving finally into bright orbs, such as those that shone down upon them when their mother awakened them with her midnight song; nor do I even suppose that they never reflected on the probable origin or age of their own planet, and its successive changes, but only that finding it as it now is, it awakened an intense interest in their minds, and everything was a fresh object of curiosity to them from early dawn to the twilight hour.

The day was just beginning to dawn, and this is what they saw and heard. The east was faintly flushed with soft rosy light, not yet bright or vivid enough to touch the tops of the mountain, or kindle into radiance the waters of the little stream that flowed at its base. The tops of the trees of the orchard which bordered that stream, were still bathed in soft purple mist, which like a silvery veil prevented the little fledglings from seeing clearly all the beauties of the dawning day. But the rosy tinge began to change to orange, the orange to flame color, and where over the dim mountain tops the morning star had shone with a clear and steady radiance, the sky began to brighten and the star to lose its lustre. Then all the other little birds began to awaken in the neighboring trees; and



in a soft twitter announce their joy that a new day had begun; and all of the older ones began to try their throats, a note or two at a time, to get them ready for the grand morning concert which always heralded the approach of a coming day. The faintly flushing sky began to be illumined with gorgeous opaline hues, the purple mists to fade away, and all at once in a perfect flood of light and glory up rose the great dazzling sun, the king of day; and simultaneously from the throats of myriads of birds there burst forth such a gush of melody as has scarce been heard since "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of men shouted aloud for joy." Every bird sang its sweetest note, and from the fullness of happy hearts and an overflowing of joyousness that could not be repressed, were they singing praises to the Author of Life, because he had created, and placed them in such a beautiful world? It might have been, but I am inclined to think not,—nor do I think that He desired it to be so. They sang because they were happy; an outburst of glee from joyous hearts, such as our own little ones manifest when all their wants and needs are supplied, being happy and contented they shout and laugh and sing from sheer lightness of heart and exuberance of spirits; nor would we desire them to be continually praising us for our acts of love and care over them, but feel that we are best repaid by seeing that the object is attained, and they are happy! We should not do our Heavenly Father the injustice to suppose that he is a less unselfish and loving parent than we ourselves, and that he desires to be praised and lauded for manifesting that love. Now these four little birds had noted all these wonderful transformations in silent extacy, and with a true love of the beautiful watched the changing sky, the vanishing mists, and the paling star. Had noticed with delight how each pearly dew-drop became a rainbow beneath which each blade of grass shimmered with constellations of tiny stars; how the great sun sprang into his chariot of flame and mounted upon high as though to look down and survey the wonderful effects of his coming, and when that joyous song of greeting burst from every tiny throat, their hearts so leaped in unison that they too broke out in a soft twitter of delight. From their mother, a mocking bird, whose lovely notes charmed all who heard, they had inherited enough musical talent to enjoy with keen delight this morning concert, but like all fine musicians they must begin to criticise—and the mother bird sitting on a limb close by, overheard the following comments:

"No other bird sings so sweetly as our own dear mother," said the first little one. "The lark has as clear and sweet a note," said the second, "but not so varied, and the blue bird sings delightfully and so does the red-breast, but none like our mother." "Ah!" said the third "Did you ever hear anything like the screeching of that old jay-bird?" "No indeed," answered the fourth; "and those noisy old rooks must join in with their hoarse cawing, and the magpie with her shrill chatter, and the dove with her monoto-



nous cooing, and even the owl with his hideous 'to-whit to-whooh !' I would be ashamed if I could do no better than that, and would not sing at all!"

Now the mother bird, like all true children of genius, was very modest, and it gave her pain to hear her little ones exalting her and depreciating their neighbors, so she said to them: "Do not be so severe in your remarks, my children, because all are not gifted alike. Every creature God has made has its own peculiar mode of expression, and all are acceptable to, and understood by Him, and each fills its own place in the harmony of Nature, which has its minor as well as its major strains. Each has his allotted purpose, and as the voice of the storm and the rudest blasts are as sweet to him as the sighing of the south wind or the rippling of the waters, even so what to you seems discordant and inharmonious, is to him but the expression of power with which he has gifted them, and all seems good, as each, according to his ability fills his own place and does the master's will."

The little birds listened to this lesson in restless inattention, as all young creatures ever do to the wisdom of their elders, and their æsthetic tastes being gratified, the cravings of the minor bird began to be felt, and the bird-mother winged her way to a blackberry patch close by, where the ripe fruit hung in jetty clusters and juicy ripeness. Soon each gaping throat was filled and both the lesson and its cause forgotten.

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,  
And I smiled to think God's goodness flows around our incompleteness—'Round our restlessness, his rest.'"

---

### THE TWO GLASSES.

**H**ere sat two glasses filled to the brim,  
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;  
One was ruddy and red as blood,  
And one was clear as the crystal flood.  
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,  
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;  
I can tell of banquets and revel and mirth,  
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth  
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,  
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.  
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;  
From the height of fame I have hurled men down;  
I have blasted many an honored name,  
I have taken virtue and given shame;  
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste;  
That has made his future a barren waste.  
Far greater than a king am I,  
Or than any army beneath the sky.  
I have made the arm of the driver fail,  
And sent the train from the iron rail;  
I have made good ships go down at sea;  
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;



For they said, "Behold how great you be!  
 Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,  
 And your might and power are over all."  
 Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,  
 "Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast,  
 Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;  
 But I can tell of a heart once sad,  
 By my crystal drops made light and glad;  
 Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved:  
 Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;  
 I have leaped through the valleys, dashed down the mountain,  
 Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,  
 Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky  
 And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.  
 I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;  
 I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;  
 I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,  
 That ground out the flour and turned at my will;  
 I can tell of manhood debased by you,  
 That I have lifted and crowned anew.  
 I cheer, I help. I strengthen and aid;  
 I gladden the heart of man and maid;  
 I set the chained wine-captive free,  
 And all are better for knowing me."  
 These are the tales they told each other,  
 The glass of wine and its paler brother,  
 As they set together filled to the brim,  
 On the rich man's table, rim to rim,

---

### ALL ROADS OPEN.

---

ALL OTHER questions have been virtually decided in favor of woman; she has the *entree* to all fields of labor and professions. She is beginning to have, and will soon have all her rights. She is now teacher, preacher, artist; she has a place in the scientific world—in the literary world. She is a journalist, a maker of books, a public reader; in fact, there is no position which woman, as woman, is not entitled to hold and is freely welcome to possess. She has overcome all the prejudices relating to these positions; but there is one position alone that woman, as woman, does not occupy, and that is the position of a voter. One field alone she does not possess, and that is the political field; one work she is not permitted, even as a woman, to perform, and that is the work of making laws. This question goes down to the bottom—it touches the vital matter of woman's relations to the state. Lucretia Mott said at the very beginning of this movement, that she feared the worst enemy would be woman herself. Her love of ease, her fondness for show, her passion for extravagance, her love of pleasure, the subtle spirit of worldliness which has been forced upon woman in the course of ages, cannot easily be thrown off.—*Womans's Words.*



## Editor's Table.

## MEDIUMSHIP.

**T**HIS NUMBER of the SPIRITUAL OFFERING will be found deeply interesting, by the continued discussion of the subject of Mediumship by men and women of thought and culture, prominent in our ranks. We are pleased to call attention to the kindly spirit manifested by all who write. Differences of opinion exist, but the controversy is conducted in the *spirit* of the SPIRITUAL OFFERING. The writers manifest, probably without the least thought, but from the charity of their own souls, they breathe forth the sentiment as announced in our prospectus "Offensive personalities wholly excluded." This is in pleasing contrast with the spirit sometimes manifested. One view of the subject is ably presented by brothers Howe and Coleman, and another by the piquant pen of John Wetherbee. The questions previously published we reproduce for the benefit of new readers, and give the answers of Mrs. Osborn, C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. S. A. Horton Talbot and others. We hope to have the subject as thoroughly elucidated as may be. Thus we may be able to adopt the language of the poet:

" If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where *truth* is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre.

By this kindly discussion of the subject we may find ourselves not so far apart as at first supposed. We shall defer further expression of our views, until present writers have submitted all they have to say. We cannot, however, forbear to notice briefly the following remarks found in brother Howe's brief answer to questions as published in our last. He says in answer to No. 5: "I am not aware of the existence of any such effort." Again in this number of the OFFERING, page 317, in answer to first question he says: "This question implies that such advance judgment exists and has supporters. Is this true? When? Where?" Brother Coleman on page 314 says: "No effort has ever been made, I am certain to control mediumistic conditions by human organizations; nor is it likely any such will be made." Now, if this be true; if brothers Howe and Coleman are correct, *we* are greatly mistaken. In our final review of the subject we confidently expect to show that the movement, judging from the facts, was designed to throw



discredit upon all mediums refusing to submit to committee dictation. So it was evidently understood by the Spirit World, if not, why then this positive protest uttered the following Sunday :

"We protest earnestly and emphatically against any class or body of people declaring that party a fraud beforehand, who will not submit to their particular dictation. Spiritualism is not a man-made movement. The manifestations do not come at the dictation of any human being. No human being can justly declare under what circumstances manifestations shall take place. \* \* \* This is our world of protest, and we warn investigators, as well as Spiritualists, that the conditions for manifestations *must be controlled by the spirit-world; that if you place yourself in accord with them, ample satisfaction will undoubtedly be given.*—Spirit of A. A. Ballou, through the mediumship of Mrs. Richmond.

And also the following from spirit Fannie A. Conant, published in *Banner of Light* :

"Go on, dear friend, and strive, if possible, to place the testing power in our hands, for by so doing we will give to you, and to others, more than they could ever ask of us."—Spirit of Fannie A. Conant, in *Banner of Light*.

We have received several communications so decidedly personal, impugning the motives of certain individuals and one of our prominent journals that we are compelled under our rules to reject them. Let us have facts and arguments. Questioning the motives of an opponent adds no strength to arguments presented.

#### QUESTIONS.

1st. Should a medium, refusing to comply with conditions demanded, be denounced as fraudulent and unreliable?

2d. How can investigators protect themselves against fraudulent manifestations?

3d. Among the thousands who accept the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, have we any, sufficiently acquainted with the laws of spirit intercourse to prescribe rules and regulations for the government of mediums and their spirit controls?

4th. How should we treat mediums detected in producing fraudulent manifestations?

5th. What would be the probable result to mediums and what the effect upon Spiritualism should the effort to control mediumistic conditions by human organizations be successful.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

BY C. FANNIE ALLYN.

1. NOT NECESSARILY, yet if a medium refuses truth-detecting and just conditions, (reasonable spirits, embodied, and disembodied, to be the judges,) it proves the medium to be *unreliable*. Though not fraudulent, it justifies a suspicion of fraud.

2. As all spirit manifestations are in accordance with natural law, (spiritual, mental and physical,) investigators should be ex-



perimenters in, and observers of the daily presentation of this law. Electricity, magnetism, psychology and psychometry, in their most common forms, prove conclusively some of the laws that spirits use to communicate by raps, clairvoyance, writing etc. Investigators ought also to ascertain if jugglers can give the same manifestations *under the same conditions*, thus protecting themselves, and not make the spirits responsible for the acts of impostors.

3. Not to prescribe unalterable rules, but those who understand something of mental and physical science, culturing and unfolding both, can ascertain natural rules and regulations, that will demonstrate the truth or falsity of manifestations, and aid the angels in their laudable efforts to do the same.

4. Accept Christna's advice, "Be at war with the vice though at peace with the person" (medium.) Like any other counterfeiter, all material should be taken from them (at a seance) that would aid in producing false manifestations. Let them alone till they are willing to be genuine or nothing. Courteously, but firmly refuse to *pay for* manifestations that mediums or spirits are unwilling or unable to prove are, or likely to be genuine, or give the law that renders it possible; give the the same treatment to a false medium as a false minister.

5. It is impossible and improbable for human organizations "to control mediumistic conditions," neither does there seem a wish to do so, in the effort to discountenance fraud. Spiritualists have justly boasted that the facts of their philosophy were proven by demonstration, and faith was not required; that its religious element was equaled by its science and philosophy. It was, and is no vain boast. The truth-seeking skeptic has as much right to ask proof, as others have to believe without it. An honest doubt is a guide-board to investigation, and that is the path to progression and knowledge. Faith without proof is the guide-board to self-deception, and this is the path to error, and superstition. Let doubters and believers institute intelligent inquiry and golden harvests will be the result. There is no haste. Spiritualism has come to stay, and eternity itself can only unfold its powers. "Human organizations can aid mediumistic conditions." Mediums themselves can analyze and learn themselves, and something of the spirits around them, accepting as sacred the delicate responsibilities their organization has brought them. All are teachers and pupils in this infant spiritual class, and all should prefer *Truth* to any ism. Principles mightier than individuals will yet lead human organizations and "mediumistic conditions" to co-operation, till earth receives a glorious baptism of Truth, and dematerializes fraud and ignorance.

---

BY MRS. KATE OSBORN.

Mediums should not be denounced as fraudulent when they refuse to sit under test conditions required by those who are ignorant of



the laws controlling mediumship. For mediums know that such conditions must ever retard and many times check entirely the flow of spirit aura from the medium, ozone from the atmosphere, electric forces from the earth, and magnetic supplies from the circle, which forms a battery through which spirits commune and materialize. Pressure checks the flow of blood, and spirit aura, the highest and most important element in the spirit battery, is a million times more sensitive in its action than the blood that courses through human veins. Spirit aura is drawn from the great magnetic centre of the universe; it belongs to the spiritual nature and finds expression through the physical. Thus, conditions which throw inharmony or restraint on the spirit of the medium, must partially or entirely check the influx of this aura, while any pressure or strain on the physical prevents its expression. Only thoroughly developed mediums under the strongest and highest control, with harmonious disciplined temperaments, can hope to get the slightest manifestations under these conditions. The results of such a course can only be fraud and falsehood for the medium becomes negative to the investigator, and although the manifestations are produced by spirit power they partake too much of the positive animal magnetism and will-power of the investigator to be relied upon as spirit communications.

Do not sustain mediums in a course of deception, but raise them to a higher plane by your example of truth and purity.

It is when mediums consent to such conditions that they are guilty of fraud, for they misrepresent the angel-world, and hold it responsible for the impurities and contradictions produced by the animal magnetism and will-power of the impure and ignorant. If you would guard against fraud learn to know the faces and voices of those you love. This is necessary in the earth-life, and identity is unmistakable proof of materializing power. If you cannot distinguish the familiar faces of your home circle from tarlatan or tinsel, spirit communion is of no use to you. When a true medium is well controlled mentally, they will give some test by describing character or events in your private life, by unfolding secrets of the past or revealing coming events in the future.

There is not one of your most advanced Spiritualists or scientists that can yet understand the laws which control spirit communion and materialization, for they embrace such a wide field of knowledge it requires time and great development to reach them.

“Forgive as you would be forgiven.” There is no reason why untrue or assumed mediums should be shut out from mercy and pardon any more than other criminals. Remember, negative temperaments that make pliable instruments under the control of spirits, also yield easily to surroundings and earthly companions; until the medium's power is sufficiently developed to become positive to lower influences, it remains negative to the higher.



BY MRS. S. A. HORTON TALBOT.

Your questions are before me. My heart is pained with the frequent denunciations of mediums and inspirational speakers. Mediumship I believe to be a Heaven-born gift, controlled by angels for the benefit of mankind, and whosoever seeks to destroy the proper conditions by which they may bless and elevate humanity, are committing sacrilege against high heaven.

Mortals are yet too material, too suspicious of what they do not comprehend, to prescribe any rules for governing mediums or their spirit control; therefore as it is in the hands of a wise power let us carefully submit, trusting ourselves and work to "Him who doeth all things well."

Help us, O Father, when the world is pressing  
On our frail hearts that faint without a friend ;  
Help us, O Father, let thy constant blessing  
Strengthen our weakness till the joyful end.

BY M. L. SHERMAN.

I find there is much diversity of opinion at the present day regarding test conditions under which to place mediums for materialization and spirit manifestations. I, for one, deny the right of one man, or any set of men, either temporal or spiritual, to subject a controlled medium to any test trial whatever, unless it is the request of the controlling spirit or spirits. Those who select and control a medium for any phase of manifestation should be qualified to select those who are best adapted to answer their purpose, and should ALONE be held responsible for the manifestations through their mediums.

Well informed Spiritualists are aware that no spirit materializations can transpire, except through the peculiar sensitive organization of a medium; and the medium is needed to assist the spirit or spirits to manifest themselves through, and being sensitive, conditions should be as harmonious as possible, and the confusion and antagonism of tying, or confining the medium, should not be allowed, as it only retards the manifestations, the spirits being first obliged to remove obstructions before manifestations can take place. Test conditions so much demanded by skeptics are the very means which defeat the object designed. \* \* \* \* \*

When spirit manifestations are better understood by those who would dictate or lead in Spiritualism, I feel sure they will allow the spirit-world to manifest as they think best, and allow each one to be his or her own judge as to the truth or falsity of the manifestations. \* \* \* \* \*

The mind of such test-dictating persons, in my opinion, partakes largely of that spirit which declared that the primitive mediums in the day of Pentecost were drunk, and that Jesus was possessed of a devil; and the same unholy spirit manifested itself in Massachusetts in the days of Salem witchcraft. If this feeling of persecu-



tion is not checked, it will rekindle the fires of Smithfield and burn martyrs at the stake. *Away then with this undergrounded pretension to leadership, and let each one be his own judge as to what is true or false in the teachings and manifestations of Spiritualism.—Banner of Light.*

L. JUDD PARDEE.

“If, as some claim mediums ought to have all to say about making conditions, or what they shall be, when sitting for Spiritual manifestations of any and all kinds, how are we to know, or what evidence has the investigator, that the Medium is telling the truth?”

In answer to the above we would say that, as the Medium does not do the work, he has no more to say about what the conditions should be than the investigator. The only proper person to make the conditions for any kind of work, whether of a mechanical or scientific nature, or the more complicated chemical operation of form manifestations, is the party that does the work. What would you think, when contemplating the construction of a complicated piece of machinery—a steam engine, for instance, if an ignoramus from the rural districts, claiming no practical knowledge of the thing to be constructed, should undertake to dictate to you the conditions under which you must construct the machine?—and if you failed or refused to comply with this positive know-nothing in such matters, declares he will publish and brand you as a fraud and impostor? I say, what would you think of such an absurd and ridiculous proposition? *And yet, friend Morton, this very theory, as unreasonable and ludicrous as it may seem, is being attempted to be carried out with all the mediums in the land to-day, especially those who sit for form manifestations.—Voice of Angels.*

---

### THE PHANTOM FORM;

Or, Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.



**W**EARY; very weary of life, with no light save the hope of the attainment of knowledge, it was with a feeling of relief that I placed my hand in Thalia's and turned my face from the scenes and bitter memories of earth. No individual in possession of reason was more of an utter nonentity than I. The Summer Land with its gorgeous beauty, its rich and varied sources of enjoyment and culture, failed to awaken one thrill of joyful anticipation; nor did remorse cause regret or sadness for the selfish course I had so long pursued. I was weary and hoped



for rest; ignorant, and thought to make existence durable by the acquisition of knowledge. My beautiful friend seemed unconscious of my mental condition and silently led me on. When at last we stood upon the shining shore, I looked around and vainly tried to find some object that would recall the beautiful scene spread out before me.

"You have never been here before," said Thalia, reading my thoughts, "but this will be your home for a season."

It is a lovely place I replied. The wooded hills, beautiful valleys and distant mountains present a pleasant contrast to the city, with its showy mansions, its beautiful, quiet cottages and immense public buildings. The broad avenues lined with graceful trees, the playing fountains whose murmuring waters reach down even to the silent sea. It is beautiful! I shall rest here. What are those immense buildings formed of dark gray substance, glistening like polished marble I asked? as we moved up one of the broad avenues leading to the city.

"They were erected by a religious order and are occupied by those who when upon earth, were immersed in convents and by long and devoted monastic life are so dwarfed that they are incapable of enjoying a life entirely devoid of form and ceremony; in fact they still believe in the infallibility of their religion, changing its forms and modifying its tenets to adapt them to their new condition of life. They still worship an individualized God and pray to the saints, believing they can save from the pains of purgatory. The large light edifice on the right is a place of worship. There Protestant devotees still bow at the consecrated shrine of antiquity. In this sphere you find many narrow, dogmatic minds; unprogressive, zealous ministers and teachers."

This is strange, why can they not perceive the fallacy of their preconceived opinions?

"Simply because they have not been able to overcome inherent tendency, early impressions imparted by education, combined with egotism will not permit them to admit they have been wrong; your mother will explain this more fully. Do you see those beautiful dwellings shaded by magnificent trees?"

Yes they are built of what seems to be polished stone of many colors; I never saw anything more beautiful; the great lawns surrounding them filled with flowers, fountains and birds. Why are they so isolated?

"You will find many such, some far more beautiful; they are occupied by families who belonged to what is termed the exclusive aristocratic classes. They look upon themselves as superior, and refuse to mingle with what they call common society. They are unsocial, unprogressive and many families of this class remain here a much longer time than you remained upon earth. Intense selfishness closes the avenues through which they might advance."

It is strange, I replied, that these refined souls do not perceive



the advantages that would accrue should they advance to the higher spheres.

“When one is engrossed in the pursuit of pleasure and hedged in by the pride of birth there is little opportunity for serious thought upon any subject outside the narrow limit of their sphere.”

We had now reached the entrance to a magnificent building whose vast proportion and artistic beauty challenged my admiration. We passed up the polished steps and before I had time to express my surprise the doors were thrown open and we were received by a woman tall and dignified, who had no more expression or suavity of manner than a marble statue. We were evidently expected for she led the way through the immense building to a large and airy room which she requested me to consider at my service as long as I was content to remain; she then withdrew leaving me alone with Thalia.

Where am I, where have you brought me? I asked. For the first time since my acquaintance with me, Thalia laughed, a laugh clear and beautiful that was caught up and echoed through the long corridors of the building.

“I am glad to notice your astonishment. I feared it would be long before the dead sea of your mind could be broken. This is simply a home. Hundreds find rest and shelter here, with leisure to pursue any course of study they may deem most desirable. Here you can enjoy congenial associates, or dwell in solitude if preferred. I will now leave you for a time as I see it is almost time for your mother’s arrival. You will be visited by other friends who will introduce you to your new life. Books, pictures, music, writing material, teachers and all that your present condition demand have been supplied by your thoughtful friends.”

My friends are kind; I shall find rest for heart and brain. Scarcely had Thalia left me when my mother entered and greeted me with an affectionate embrace.

Emily, my Emily! I am rejoiced that at last you have freed yourself from an affection which at best touched only a part of your nature. My child, you have had a long bitter experience; its effects have crushed your spirit, chilled your heart and deprived you of many bright years of happiness, and yet your sufferings will ultimate in good to others. Every step in advance from ignorance to knowledge is more or less painful; had you been differently organized and conditioned the sorrow would have been less, the struggle shorter. But, that organization was not of your choice; my ignorance was the first cause of the many seeming wrongs that have followed. I did not choose your father; he sought me by psychological influence, the powerful influence of interested parties, my necessity of a home, the deep need of affection, of which my young heart had been long deprived; these and other motives placed my life in the keeping of one who had neither affection nor honor to give me; nor had he that most essential of



all, a nature that could in any way respond to the demands of my soul. By his cold, proud, exacting and selfish nature the warm tide of affection was frozen in my heart. We were married according to human law, but never according to that higher law to the obedience of which alone can come happiness. My child, I need not refer you to the wretched life I lived with the man who called me wife. When on earth I thought it was his cruelty that repulsed me; but now I understand that it would have been more possible for oil and water to blend, than for our widely sundered temperaments to come into harmonious relations. The curse of this legal union fell with terrible power upon my innocent children. Not only has many of the repulsive and degrading traits of the father been reproduced, but other singularities and defects have followed this violation of nature's law. I refer to this that you may the more readily comprehend what I have to say to you on another subject. None of my children have yet fully freed themselves from the mournful influence of this sin. Its effects followed me into spirit-life and hung like an incubus upon me for many years. Thank God I am free at last! No not free, for so long as one of my children suffer I suffer with them, but I am comparatively free, made so through my own exertions. You too, my dear children must work out your own salvation. You will understand the full meaning of my words by and by. Now, Emily, I wish to tell you something of the work I am doing. I had been in spirit life many years before the truth dawned upon me that I was entirely absorbed in seeking my own individual good; blind to the needs of others; deaf to their cries for help! Soon after I became conscious of this fact and endeavored to forget my sorrows in benefitting others, I became a teacher in the great school where you found me. I remained there five years after your return to earth. At that time Gonzalo informed me that there was to be a Congress of spirits, and urged the necessity of my presence,—a great humanitarian work was in contemplation. It was anticipated, that thousands of the most advanced minds would be present; that they were to meet in the sphere above the one in which I then resided. I accepted the invitation and with a company of ladies attended the grandest assemblage that it is possible for the mind to conceive. I will not weary you by describing the location and external surroundings, nor by naming the many prominent members whose names are written upon history's page, and on the tablets of human hearts, sages, philosophers, reformers, many martyrs whose white souls ascended from dungeon, cell and blazing faggot. These spirits, one and all were imbued with the lofty purpose of benefitting humanity. To free the world from religious bigotry, political injustice and social despotism, it was decided that there must be a systematic, orderly communication opened between the two worlds. The revolution they designed to inaugurate could be best accomplished by the most startling manifestations. To accomplish this it was essential to employ



spirits whose magnetism would the more readily blend with the existing magnetic condition of earth. Two classes of spirits were designated as possessing this power. One class, those who had been suddenly deprived of physical existence. Their power, however, was limited, seldom extending beyond the room or building which had absorbed much of their vital power. The other class was the Indians, children of nature. When in the presence of a sensitive they could readily produce manifestations that would challenge the attention of the most skeptical. Committees were formed to select from these classes, those who would be willing to work in harmony with the Congress and follow the direction of more highly unfolded minds. The next step was to appoint committees to seek upon earth for individuals whose peculiar organization was adapted to this phase of mediumship. In this search we were instructed to give no thought to intellectual or moral status, to religions or social training, nor to distinguish between poverty and wealth; but to keep ever in view the one great object to be accomplished, viz: the production of startling phenomena that should arrest the attention and compel all classes of minds to investigate. Other committees were sent forth to work in various ways and take the initiatory steps in the great movement contemplated. Many wise and good spirits went independently, working in their own way. I say went, for although thought may be projected through an immeasurable distance, time and space being in fact annihilated, or rather are inconceivable in their relation to spirit. Schools were opened and wise spirits selected to impart a knowledge of the laws of mind and the power of will over a less positive spirit. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity thus offered for improvement. The light received from my mediumship upon earth and the instruction imparted since entering spirit life had prepared me to grasp with avidity the knowledge so pleasingly imparted by advanced minds. It is not my intention to weary you with a recital of the course of instruction. I will simply say, that I was soon able to trace to their true source, crimes, diseases, and the terrible blight of insanity that had fallen like a pall upon so many brilliant minds. When you are prepared I will impart the knowledge to which I refer and show you how it decided the course of my life and absorbed all my energies in the grandest reform that the world has ever known. This great movement is yet in its infancy and I trust, dear Emily, that the time is not distant when you will work with me. My child, I have only hinted at great and important truths which require time and a receptive condition to receive and appreciate. My object in coming to you was to welcome you to your new home and speak to you of important changes that have taken place in my life, so be not surprised at the revelation I am about to make.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

STUDY all things of nature in your daily walk of life.—*Anon.*



\*TIMELY BREVITIES.

---

BUT I WILL here remark, that spirits can influence some peculiar organizations so as to induce a *somnambulic* state of mind, and then can cause the individual, thus affected, to do what he could not do in his natural condition; and, upon releasing him from that state, they can, in the twinkling of an eye, efface from his external memory all impressions of the transaction in which he was instrumental; and thus render him totally forgetful of what he has been doing.

\* \* \* Here we are reminded, that, on *all* occasions, the mediums must remain perfectly passive, as to the time and nature of the manifestations, lest, by acquiring a too positive condition, they should render the demonstrations, for the time being, impossible; and the same advice is likewise applicable to those who assemble to witness these things, or who may be living in the various localities where they are, or are likely to be developed. \* \* \* By these manifestations we are solemnly admonished to be cautious, wise, just, and dispassionate in our investigations, and particularly in our decisions, with regard to those exhibitions which we may hear of or behold; because the alphabetical and other sounds,—as well as the written communications which friendly guardian spirits can and often will make to us through the agency of some electrical individuals,—are, as I interiorly know, susceptible of an easy and almost an indistinguishable imitation,—the *real* suggesting the counterfeit. \* \* \* Let all men search out the truth,—being “wise as serpents and harmless as doves;” let them not be content with a mere FAITH in the *seeming*, but let them seek a *knowledge of what is*; and, above all, let not the *discovery* of the *counterfeit* cause them to *reject* the TRUE. \* \* \* Let us go to the earth-formed circles for spiritual communications as to angel-schools. Let us not go there with positive minds to impress our teachers, but let us attend as passive pupils that we may be impressed; and then, according to our capabilities or reception, will be imparted to us a higher or a lesser knowledge. Let us wait *patiently* the impartations of the spirits, and not anticipate too ardently. Let the very impressible person present be careful that, by an over-officiousness of his, accompanying a quick perception of what the spirit is about to do, he does not interfere to assist in accomplishing that design, by which act the spiritual manifestation would be forestalled or ignorantly and unintentionally interdicted. —A. J. Davis.

---

SOME PERSONS of little reflection and imperfect sense of justice think a medium should discount his services and never put a price on his time. They assume that as mediumship is a spiritual or divine gift, it is highly improper—if not absolutely sacrilegious—to exercise it for money. Empty-handed, the medium must take his



chance in a selfish world and trust to special providences for the necessities of life.

But we are disposed to take an entirely different view of the subject. The investigator may not pay for the spiritual gift, nor for the despatches he receives; but he should make a suitable return for the medium's time and the use of such instruments. This is demanded by the common sense of justice. *Nor should the medium be expected to promise success in the experiment.* If he did so we should set him down as an impostor. When we hire a boat for a fishing excursion we never expect the boatman to guarantee our luck. That must depend at last on the presence of the fish, the strength of their appetites, and our own skill in angling. If you hire a competent man to prospect for a gold mine you take the chances of the enterprise, and expect to pay for his services, whether you succeed or fail. In like manner the man employed to bore for petroleum receives his wages though he may never strike oil. We insist that the function of mediumship shall not be made an exception to the rational rule that governs all other transactions in which the time and the faculties of men and women are employed.—*S. B. Brittan.*

---

MEDIUMSHIP INTERPERMEATES and intertwines all phases, all attributes, all motions of being. It is universal. What nature is to spirit, what body is to soul, *phenomena* is to Spiritualism the sign and seal, the portal and initiation of this new religion. As substance precedes forms, so spirit, in the divine order, precedes these "modern manifestations." Phenomena, therefore, are necessary to discoveries of spiritual truth, as facts are to inductive science. *All objective knowledge of a future existence is obtained through the gradations of Spiritual mediumship.*—*J. M. Peebles.*

---

ANOTHER LIBERAL OFFER.—We have of Vol. 1 SPIRITUAL OFFERING all the numbers except the *first*, (May, 1877), eleven copies, containing over 500 pages of reading matter which we will send postpaid to any one sending us 75 cents. Single Copies 10 cents. Volume 1 entire, nicely bound in cloth, \$1.75. The bound volume and volume 11 entire for \$3.50. One article in last year's volume, *Spiritualism Cui Bono* (what the good) in six consecutive numbers is worth the money. We will send the volumes as above (unbound) to *new* subscribers for \$2.50. All who would avail themselves of this liberal offer should order at once for we have but a few left.

---

THE GREATEST QUIET and passivity of mind, the fewest restraints and dictatorial requirements with harmonious surroundings, are unquestionably the most favorable conditions for spirits to give reliable manifestations.—*A. Underhill, M. D.*



**THE BANNER OF LIGHT.**—We give joyous greetings to this old favorite. *No. 1, Vol. 44*, in new and beautiful type is before us. Beautiful indeed it is in its new dress, but most do we admire it for its steadfast adherence to the cause it represents, and for its valuable contents. Unswerving in its advocacy of Spiritualism, firm as a rock in its defense of mediums, those sensitive instruments through which immortality has been taken from the realm of *faith* to that of *knowledge*, the *Banner of Light* has become indispensable to all who desire to keep themselves fully informed of the growth and progress of Spiritualism; for in its columns may be found correspondence from every part of the world. Let it be circulated everywhere, so that wherever superstitions evil power is felt, mankind may find in the *Banner of Light* its antidote.

**WOMAN'S WORDS.**—Reader, do you take this excellent monthly? If not send one dollar to Mrs. Jessie Lewis, 625 Washington street, Philadelphia, Pa., and have it one year. Our word for it you will never regret the investment. You will learn more of what women are now doing for the uplifting of their sex, and humanity, than from any other publication in the world. From what they are now doing, it is not difficult to determine what they may and will do when they enter the broad avenue now opening before them in the political and social world.

**TO OUR FRIENDS IN KANSAS:**—S. C. POMEROY and J. C. INGALLS are candidates for the United States Senate from your State. Will you please remember the past action of these two gentlemen, and govern yourselves accordingly. Mrs. Spencer in *Woman's Words* says :

“ We trust the friends of woman suffrage in the State of Kansas have taken pains to inform themselves of the records of these two Republican candidates for the United States Senate upon the question of the enfranchisement of ten millions of American citizens. While Senator Ingalls has never lost an opportunity to misrepresent, sneer at and belittle the women of his State who have petitioned the Senate for protection in their right to self government, and has saved his chivalry for the Indians of his section, Senator Pomeroy never lost an opportunity to advocate the rights of women, and to advance their interests as individuals. His record on that question entitles him not only to grateful remembrance by women and friends of women, but to unflinching support. We need him in the Senate.

**CHANGE OF LOCATION.**—Our readers will be surprised by this announcement; no more so than ourself; for the change was not certainly known until the day of going to press. To a great extent we are the creatures of circumstances; sometimes wa



are almost inclined to regard many of life's incidents as *fate*; but finally, through all and above all, from intuition and experience we recognize an intelligent guiding power.

For some time past, from correspondence and otherwise, we have been impressed with the fact, that we were too far from the center of population to obtain as large a circulation and as widespread an influence as desired. The announcement of the discontinuance of the *Spiritual Scientist*, leaving the OFFERING the only Spiritual and Liberal Magazine in America decided us to make the change and move Eastward at once.

The November number of the SPIRITUAL OFFERING will be issued from the city of Rochester, N. Y. Next month we will greet our readers from that city, which, in some respects, may be considered the cradle of the New Dispensation—the Bethlehem of Modern Spiritualism.

Will our exchanges please call attention to this announcement, and all our correspondents address  
 \_\_\_\_\_ SPIRITUAL OFFERING,  
 Rochester, N. Y.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.—We owe our readers an apology for the non appearance of anything in this valuable department of the OFFERING. Several able reviews by our esteemed and erudite Literary Editor, William Emmette Coleman await publication, but in the make-up of the Magazine our foreman left so little space, it was thought best to omit it for this month, entirely.

THIS NUMBER closes the first half of second volume, and with it the time of payment of many subscribers will expire. Others are in arrears, and we are compelled to ask for payment. The cost of publishing the OFFERING since enlargement is greatly increased, cost of removal is a large item, considering our limited resources, hence we ask kindly but *earnestly* for an immediate remittance.

To those who are inclined to aid us in this enterprise and desire to increase the circulation of the OFFERING, we make this proposition: We will send *one copy three years, or three copies one year for \$5.* There are many, in our ranks, in fact we personally know some who can well afford to send the OFFERING to persons greatly desiring it, who are unable to pay.

THIS NUMBER of our Magazine is sent to several persons whose names we have been favored with in the hope that they may be so well pleased with it as to subscribe and send names of others. If you do not subscribe (as we have but few extra copies,) kind reader, after perusal will you please return it to this office.

Our circulation in New York is comparatively quite limited; we want a large increase. Will friends please send us the address of every known Liberal and Spiritualist in the State. Address SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Rochester, N. Y.



