

THE Spiritual Offering

DEVOTED TO THE ADVOCACY OF SPIRITUALISM IN ITS RELIGIOUS, SCIENTIFIC AND HUMANITARIAN ASPECTS

VOL. VII.

SPIRITUAL OFFERING OFFICE.

OTTUMWA IOWA, SATURDAY JAN. 10, 1885.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

NO. 20

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The New Year

Will there now be more kindly deeds,
Fairer blossoms and fewer weeds
In human life?

Will angry passions sink to rest,
And gentle love reign in each breast
Free from all strife?

Will poverty now disappear,
And plenty reign throughout the year
A joy to all?

Will truth and justice now hold sway
And superstition pass away
As temples fall?

Will the bright links in friendship chain,
Be welded now to part again?
Oh blissful thought!

And love be as she was before
Doubt swept her radiant being o'er
And anguish brought?

Then thrice welcome that bright New Year!
Henceforth I'll banish pain and fear,
And help thee bring

To perfect flower thy progress grand;
Till grateful hearts throughout the land
Joyously sing.

BROWN, REC.

the faint-hearted, light to those that sit in darkness, and to answer the great questions of all hearts, the whence or whither, the why and how

My subject might, perhaps, have been called it the true and the false ministry. The old or present ministry is honey-combed with hypocrisy. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The time is not distant when these blind leaders of the blind, false and living prophets will be forsaken. Its power, at the best, has entered the winter of discontent. This is partly symbolized in the fact that during the summer months the churches are nearly all closed, and the ministers daily sent on a vacation. Under the more inspiring ministrations of nature their room is found preferable to their country. The preaching of eternal pain and the singing of such hymns as

"Dark, from the woods a doleful sound"
cannot compete with air and sunshine, flowers and birds, mountain and valley, earth and sky, woods and seas. People don't care for a perfumatory baptism when they can feel the full life-giving pulse of the strong surf of the sea. Psalm singing has poor attractions compared to recline on the sweet grass of summer, or on the white sands and watch the long waves roll in, crush over and break with the unmeasurable laughter of the sea.

But, alas, the excursion trains run, the churches have been reopened and once more millions have taken up wearily with and hypocrisy for the simple water.

The principal trouble with the old ministry is, its professional character. It is a trade on from without, rather than a gift from within. But the old theology is stranded

on the barren rocks of speculation; no wave of joy kisses them; they are all black and moss-grown. Many earnest and sincere preachers, and though often ignorant of Spiritualism, bravely sermons are sending to pieces the old materialism is slowly but surely at the church, creating a new ministry of light to darkness, truth to falsehood, joy to sadness and hope to despair. As numerous as the old, the growth of the letter of ecclesiasticism. When the past and live from within, we are no longer separated by the barrier of separation will be broken. One minister will then do the work of two thin, watery sermons about the sins of the Israelites, there will be no more live topics of the denigration of a living and present world. This will leave some of that's no matter. One can be taken into a free library and another into a science hall and art gallery.

This ministry will be bound to investigate and explore nature and then lovingly bring us the fruits of their ministry by attraction, not by compulsion. The old ministry has been the grave of oratory; has become a proter; you seldom hear correct elocution from the pulpit. Preacher have been too much turned to the intellect; if it is low and sensual, intellectual and moral natures, and gruff, like the roar of lions or know that he is dominated by the sharp and penetrating, as though it had teeth alone, you may know that the intellect; if it is low and sensual, are in the presence of the moral or a high, strong voice that tins you to the physical and intellectual; strong and yet clear—deep as the rum of the ocean of the dove. This rumour music; it lingers in your memory; it seems to infuse into you new life; it understands the speaker without an effort; this is not to be acquired by any of it is always the exponent of charity, through the harmonious culture of body.

The new minister must have your attention by attraction; he must come and hear him speak as you are. To do this he must be well developed who is dyspeptic, consumptive, or short in any way physically imperfect. We are a nation of dyspeptics; the fact that we listen to so much eye go home from church, tired, listless, weight on your chest, what is the matter, nervous or consumptive; if when I

asp every throat in the audience, the next time you have ought to do with calling a minister remember these things. The New Ministry must believe in the body. Form governs functions; you cannot have a perfectly sound mind in an unsound body.

The Church of the Future will turn the prayer-meeting room into a gymnasium; the Sunday-school will aim to put grace and rhythm into the bodies of the children; you must have music in your body in order to get it into your voice. The voices of many people are like the voice of one crying in the wilderness—they are cut off at the throats; you hear a noise but have no feeling that a man or woman is speaking to you. Strike a harp, it gives out a certain sound, strike it again and set it on a column of marble, the sound is at once enriched by the vibrations of marble. So when the body is rightly educated you hear in the voice of the speaker; or singer the vibrations of every part of the body. Then it is you feel the full presence of a man or woman. The new minister must be intellectual; he must speak as one having authority, and so impress you with his own mental magnetism. This is impossible to the exponent of a creed. The orthodox minister may be intellectual, but if he strikes to hit a creed you can never know it. His office is that of a parrot.

The time was when ministers would hold a skull in their hands while preaching. To-day the death-head is on their own shoulders cramping their intellects. The moment a minister becomes interesting from an intellectual standpoint, there are rumors of heresy in the air. But the new minister will speak for himself; the universe will be his bible; all truth will be his creed; you will listen to him, not as an actor repeating the words of some dead Wesley, Luther, Paul or Jesus, but as a living, actual Christ. The God he claims is not the God of the dead but of the living. He will stand before you in the strength and authority of a God. He will make you feel that God to you is the highest and best in you. He will say with Jesus; it is written ye are Gods. He will be conscious of his relation to the infinite and eternal. He will speak that which he knows, rather than what he believes to be true. He will live in communion with the immortals. He will lead you to the Mount of Transfiguration. He will have no fear of opposition or scepticism. He will be heard gladly by the greatest infidel as by the most devoted believer. His mantle of charity will be as large as the world. He will bring forth things new and old, giving to each a message that cannot be refused. He might say; I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me. Through him you will learn to find God by becoming Gods. You will learn to be born into the kingdom of God as is rational and natural as to be born into this world.

This Ministry cannot, like the old, be injured by proving that the bible is full of lies and absurdities, or that science finds no need of a God in its explanation of nature. The bible of the Old is the truth and error of the past. The bible of the New is the self-evident truth of all time. The Old Ministry has mainly influenced the world through fear; it has driven candidates to baptism at the edge of the sword. God has been pictured as an object of fear, while his burning hell and horrible hob-goblin of a devil have played a most important part in its work.

The New Ministry will work by love; its voice will never be for war; it demands equal rights for all; it denies to all religion the right to the temporal sword. Every form of religion should be equal before the law. There should be no union of Church and State; churches should pay their taxes along with all other property. Education should never be sectarian in any sense. Neither will this Ministry teach the fear of God. Why should we fear the life and love of this wondrous universe? Because there is pain and death? Pain is but the sentinel of health, and death the door leading to a far richer and larger life. The certainty of immortality of Spiritualism destroys fear. Optimism is no longer looking through beauty into blackness, but into the perfect justification and reward of all that is darkly suffered on earth for right and truth. Love is no longer in any case cheated of its prize; those who never pluck its golden fruit on this side the river of death need not despair. Better a thousand times a virgin life here than soil it with the love of one who falls beneath your ideal of purity and truth. Better the lonely reveries of a bachelor than take into your life one who does not win your largest love. Somewhere in the beautiful fields of paradise, if not of earth, you will meet that dream of all your dreams, and hope of all your hopes. Spiritualism offers deliverance from the deepest hell and knows no devil seat you need to fear. Some of our lusts and crimes may be inspired by wicked spirits, but if you thoroughly desire only the companionship of the good and true, I am sure that you need fear no evil. Some put this faith away, for fear of seeing a ghost. But why not say with Hamlet: "Why, what should be the fear, I do not set my life at a pin's fee; and for my soul, what can it do to that, being a thing immortal as itself."

Spiritualism is the new earth and new heaven prophesied; all things are made new. We have come to the land of Babel, where the mortals and immortals meet together. Death will soon be an open door through which we shall pass and repeat at will; there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed; all things now done in the dark will soon be done in the light; it is the unexpected that always happens. Spiritualism

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

THE OLD AND THE NEW MINISTRY

A Lecture Delivered in Boston, Massachusetts, by George Chalmers.

The principle underlying the ministry is universal. In all departments of life men must be ministered unto by those of superior powers. The great musician is a minister; so is the great artist, author, poet or statesman. All greatness is founded on service. It is eternally true that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The way to be happy is to make others happy. All our joy is in proportion to the service we render humanity.

But this subject of the ministry, in its technical meaning, is limited and professional. In this country alone there are 75,000 who come under this head. They represent all grades of culture and intelligence from the whining, canting, fanatical, cross-road Methodist exhorter, to men who have attracted the thought and admiration of the civilized world. The time was when their power was much greater than it is to-day. Kings received their authority from them; while all life from the cradle to the grave paid them tribute. They not only professed to hold the keys of heavenly preferment, but actually did keep those of earthly honor. They were everywhere regarded as ambassadors and representatives of the court of heaven. But things are changing. If they are ambassadors from God, many treat them as spies and meddling meddlers, to be carefully watched. The intellectual life of the age has swept on far in advance of the pulpit. In the place of society fearing the minister, he begins to have a wholesome regard for the opinions of society. He can no longer burn the Spiritual medium as a witch, nor cause his rivals, the authors and actors, to be outcasts from good society, as of old. We no longer look to him for knowledge. Few people are credulous enough to go to church to learn anything. Great preachers once existed in every town and city. To-day Beecher and Talmage almost monopolize the notoriety of the pulpit. The city church audience is drawn together more by the influence of fashion or excellence of the music, than by the magnetism of the minister.

The ministry of orthodoxy is rotten through and through with insincerity and hypocrisy. The man who preaches what he really believes is the exception rather than the rule.

A good sermon is a bundle of pretty sentences, that don't mean anything in particular. Many people go to church to see the new buzzards, listen to the music and plan their business, or sleep through the sermon. If the minister is honest and sincere, and ventures to disturb their slumbers, or intrude upon their meditations with rational and progressive thoughts, he is politely invited to resign. Under these influences the pulpit has become the refuge of the incompetent. It is too often recruited with dandies and popinjays. What is the matter with the ministry? It is man-made instead of God-given. It is fettered by creeds instead of free as the birds of the air. It is professional rather than inspirational. It is conventional and conservative, instead of radical and progressive. It is cringing and time-serving, instead of bold and fearless. It is dominated by the letter that kills, instead of the spirit that gives life. While this is generally true, I would not have you think for a moment that there are not many exceptions to this rule. In all ages there have been true ministers. Every generation, however corrupt, is furnished on some grand and tender souls who tried to pierce the mystery of life and reveal what lies beyond the dark portals of death. Men who have dug their feet to the knees of the distressed in search, to lighten the burdens of the weary laborer to give hope in the depressing, sorrowful

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

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Will the bright links in friendship chain,
Be welded ne'er to part again?
Oh blissful thought!
And love be as she was before
Doubt swept her radiant being o'er
And anguish brought?

Then thrice welcome thou bright New Year!
Henceforth I'll banish pain and fear,
And help thee bring
To perfect flower thy promise grand;
Till grateful hearts throughout the land
Joyously sing.

BROWN BEE.

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answer the great questions of all
whither, the why and how

My subject might, perhaps, have been
had called it the true and the false
present ministry is honey-combed
and wanting. The time
is not distant when these blind leaders
and lying prophets will be forsaken.
Entered the winter of discontent. This
in the fact that during the summer
nearly all closed, and the ministers
Under the more inspiring ministrations
is found preferable to their common
eternal pain and the singing of such
"Hark, from the tombs a doleful
cannot compete with air and sun,
mountain and valley, earth and sky
don't care for a perfunctory baptism
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has become a proverb; you seldom
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preacher have been too much turned
He has so long tried to prepare men
has become sepulchral. The voice
ment of character. I look at you
point at you and you feel me. But
know me. If the voice of your min-
pend upon it there is something writ
or heart. We have three voices cor-
mal, intellectual and moral natures
and gruff, like the roar of lions or
know that he is dominated by the
sharp and penetrating, as though
and teeth alone, you may know that
the intellect; if it is low and swe-
are in the presence of the moral or
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strong and yet clear—deep as the
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fect. We are a nation of dyspeptics;
the fact that we listen to so much dys-
peptic preaching. You are nervous
go home from church tired, irritable
weight on your chest; what is the mat-
ter? your minister was tired, nervous
or consumptive; if when I

No flower blooms there;
are all black and moss-
men are leaving this min-
istry of the religion and philoso-
phy of Spiritualism, bravely seiz-
ing the hammer of the icon-
clast within and without the
that shall be to the old as
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This new ministry will not
at variety of sects are born
we outgrow the creeds of
shall find that these bar-
riers of separation will be
away by the fires of love;
of many. In the place of
Buchanan or Jonah or
one of our earnest, eloquent
preachers, charged with the
communion with the spirit
the churches empty; but
turned into a gymnasium,
singing room, and still an-
gry.

creed, to no book. They
every possible direction,
of all their labor. This
repulsion nor compul-
sion from a sense of duty.

As dull as preaching
near any natural tones or
The thoughts of the
on death and judgment,
to die that all preaching
is always the best expo-
and you think of me. I
speak to you and you
eter is disagreeable, de-
ing with his body, mind
sponding with our ani-
mation.

If one's voice is low
grunt of pigs, you may
animal; if his voice is
comes through the lips
the speaker is ruled by
it, soft and smooth, you
Sectionate nature. The
ten to, it is a combina-
The perfect voice is
of the lion, but sweet
e rests you like sweet
the words of love; it
luminates the mind; you
effort. Such a voice as
the tricks of elocution;
acter, and comes only
ly, mind and heart.

culture; he is to win
make you as glad to
now to go to the thea-
ter physically—a man
tered in his nerves, in
cannot be a true min-
much of this is due to
peptic preaching. You
nervous or with a
ter? your minister was
speak I rasp my throat

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"Little Children Love One Another."

Edited by Quina, through her medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond (Water Lily)

Written for the Spiritual Offering.

Mentor: or "Nearer to Thee"

(A tale of a large city, written by Quina, through her medium White Lily, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

The new position and duties thrust upon Rudolph by the taking away of Henry Mentz, were such as no ordinary man could expect to cope with.

When it was known among the select few that Rudolph had been appointed by the risen chief, all bowed their heads in acquiescence.

Rudolph first visited Martha and received her overwhelming thanks for his kindness to Christine, then seeing she was well stricken in years he observed with pride that she was surrounded by every comfort and he knew this came from Christine's kind and filial heart.

"You have made my child a great lady, how proud and happy I am," she said to Rudolph, and for Mentor she had only embraces and tears.

Rudolph at length hastened to his duties; even here Mentor accompanied him and remained silent or occupied himself while Rudolph was busy.

Into the sanctum of his friend he entered as though Henri Mentz were still there, and indeed he knew he was there. First he knelt reverently beside the desk where the great man had poured out his life through his brain and pen for his fellow-men, and invoked the Infinite Guidance to light him on his way.

Then unto his arisen friend he addressed these words: "Thou art here my friend, my benefactor, my inspirer; do with me as thou wilt."

And then came a warm strength, moving in and through him like the incoming tide of many waters. It surged through his heart and filled his brain with a clear penetrating fire.

Everything was as the great man had left it. All was in readiness for Rudolph to proceed.

There was no portion of the intricate meshes of the political world that were not read at a moment's notice. Rudolph was amazed, gifted, talented, wonderful as he knew his chief to have been he found here all the evidences of a genius, a very God among men!

One package was addressed to Rudolph and marked "private," not connected with business and only to be read in case of Mentor's death, or Rudolph's prospective marriage. This singular superscription startled Rudolph for he had certainly never contemplated losing Mentor and the other suggested event was simply — "Well I ought not to say impossible," he thought to himself, "but it certainly is very improbable." So he put that package away in a safe and commenced his duties in earnest.

Mentor was provided with a little office of his own, here he could pursue his studies or other occupation uninterrupted, and could always approach Rudolph when any impression or vision required to be expressed, for Rudolph well knew that messages from the spirit must not be postponed.

"At any hour of the day or night, tell me any thing you have to say." He said this to Mentor a dozen times in a month, and Mentor always obeyed the voice of his inspirers; in fact, they, not he spoke.

When therefore, the first day after Rudolph had taken possession of Henri Mentz's office, and had reverently assumed the duties incumbent upon him, there came a voice to Mentor declaring the presence of his friend. Rudolph was pleased and felt it to be a suitable installment into his new position.

"The strong man is here," said Mentor, "he is kind, he is great, he says he will guide you in matters pertaining to his work, in those things he asks your implicit obedience, he will not always speak to me, nor through me, you will know what he wants for he will be here."

"He knows something about mamma—my other mamma, and—oh! here comes my mamma in heaven, she knows him too, they speak together and look so smilingly at you, papa."

Whenever Rudolph heard Mentor speak of his "other mamma" a strange feeling, a presentiment, seized him. Was it of terror lest some day Mentor might be torn from him? Yet he had her promise, and he would believe those eyes until the end of eternity.

Mystic paths of life
Are woven—labyrinths,
That only one above
Can ever know.
(To be Continued.)

A Christmas Carol.

BY QUINA.

Children, children, everywhere; in the house, along the street, in the quaint little half-church, half-school-house; laughing, rosy, merry, boistrous, gentle, mischievous, rollicking children.

It was a great treat that was to be given in that little town, and "Squire" Morton altho' he had lived there "man and boy for well nigh sixty years had never seen nothin' like it afore."

Young Charles Seabrook had just come home from college and from "furrn parts," and being rich had decided to give all the "young uns" a treat. The young women, bright girls, with laughing eyes and peach complexions, had tendered their services, to decorate the little church, which was used for worship on Sundays and school on week days. They would

have blushed crimson suggested that Master Charles with his good looks and frank, touched, not only by his beauty and frankness but there is every heart that warms at a good and thing even if all can't like to be participants in this kind of not plan it.

So the young maid asked Mary Morton tender her services a man. He lost no time in procuring evergreens, ready, arranging the Christmas tree, and emptying the boxes things for that Christmas used in decorating and "There'll not be a child but shall have one jolly to Miss Morton as they gave them each their doted, bright eyes stole aside, and when Mr. Seabrook's mouths chatted merrily.

The room was transformed into a fairy palace, both wings and archways glittering with enchantment everywhere. Sleighs flew merrily in the air and say "the sleighs" them to and from the Christmas festival.

All the children had arrived accompanied by their parents; the children had the preference. The good parson, old man Seabrook was master of ceremonies. Comfort, had been invited to open the young maidens whispering as he was to commence, one of whispered to Mr. Seabrook: "not remembered, oh! how done till they are here. He then rushed to the door and in a not over-loud but distinct voice said:

"Dear friends, by an imbecile child Mary are not here. who will bring them in ten minutes."

Half a mile away was that her child had some how been neglected. The sleighbells! Yes the foot was at the door. May shawl the house afforded.

In less than ten minutes the lame child, pale and startled the brilliant scene, and then a loud hurrah went up from

brock proceeded as calmly as though the prayer was made, the Claus, and no hearts were he lame child.

The Modern

Written for the Offering
Modern Skeptic.

"Jo. Cose" tells of a skeptic following test conditions:

A plaster made of gutta-serena over her mouth; a bandage over her eyes, tied at the back with cotten wool, so that she were filled with flour. One of her head with fine canvas bound to her side with a tape to a block of oak wood, three thick, with a strong cotton she was then completely enveloped with forty-two yards of noiseless double back action.

After that she was put at its mouth, with the bag was then put in with six padlocks, every one secured by strips of leather, breadthwise and crosswise in a copper fastened cabinet and the cabinet deposited against a stone wall of a room that was years.

In front of the recess, glued, tacked, sealed with Faber pencil belonging to the skeptic which he knew to be he brought with him so that he all points from deception. A number were posted in various places in the medium and confederates, concealed behind an ash barrel, one sat on the top of the chimney ready and the careful investigator least indication of deception could be detected. He held on should she walk out and with the other a note, the last great exposure, unseen hand clinched as The note book took to were heard, half a dozen of him and one whom he good imitation of his head. These vanished, with his nose he could down to the floor, with

Thus all things were took a position where they be detected. He held on should she walk out and with the other a note, the last great exposure, unseen hand clinched as The note book took to were heard, half a dozen of him and one whom he good imitation of his head. These vanished, with his nose he could down to the floor, with

A broad hand he could blow on one side of his then stood him on his feet at a speed Goldsmith's perspiration poured from No. 1, mackerel in the did not convince him,

these young maidens, had any one Charles with his good looks and frank, motivated all their hearts, but they were his beauty and frankness but there is every heart that warms at a good and thing even if all can't like to be participants in this kind of not plan it.

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dium did it all, that he should prosecute her for assault and battery (with intent to kill and that she had ought to be indicted for obtaining money under false pretences. His wife wrote to a friend the day following, relating the circumstances and added "I do not think my dear kind good husband would believe even if one rose from the dead."

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT. Dec. 1884.

GEORGE SEVERANCE.

Written for the Spiritual Offering.
Another Medium.

[We are thankful to our esteemed correspondent for the following. It is gratifying to Spiritualists to learn of the development of fresh workers in the Mediumistic field. Of the facts, as recorded in this brief article, we have not the least doubt; but thinking it probable that some readers may need further confirmation, our correspondent refers to Charles R. Miller, General Graham, President of the Church of the New Dispensation, Daniel Coons, and other equally responsible parties who are frequent sitters at these circles and endorse Mrs. St. John heartily. Editors.]

Allow me to call the attention of your readers to the wonderful phenomena of physical mediumship as developed in the person of Mrs. St. John of 429 Quincy street, Brooklyn.

Though hitherto unclassified with other public mediums, having chiefly confined the manifestations of her wonderful powers to a limited circle of friends, without money or price, it has been deemed advisable to enlarge the field of her usefulness, and for the future to enroll her in the ranks of the numberless ones devoted by the higher intelligences to the advancement of the truth and reality of spirit power.

The manifestations occurring in her presence are indeed marvelous. The room occupied for the sittings contains nothing but a large dining table, the chairs around it, and a matting upon the floor.

Before the gas is extinguished all the doors of egress are locked and keys removed. The medium sitting at the table surrounded by the guests is speedily entranced, when directly materialized forms flit about the room, and the sprightly one of the beloved daughter Carrie, beautifully illuminated, robed in white, is both seen and heard by all the sitters, to whom she converses in audible tones while presenting her illuminated face close to their own. Indeed the independent voices are all of great power.

Just before the close of the seance fruit and flowers are showered in abundance over the heads of the sitters, presenting a marvellous spectacle to their amazed vision when the light is again thrown upon the scene.

Recently the ladies were each presented with a lovely Christmas Card brought in the same mysterious manner. Letters of kind greeting, from the Chief Control, General Lee, as also from E. V. Wilson and others, were addressed to each of the members of the circle, and this with neither pencil or paper in the room.

That these wonderful manifestations occur is too palpable and convincing a fact for anyone to gainsay, and all should witness who desire to be made acquainted with the most marvellous and effective phase of spirit power over seemingly impassible material obstructions.

Beautiful as is every revelation of the manifestation of spirit love for the benefit of humanity, there is not one that can be dispensed with. All have their place in the grand structure of perfect harmony, the upraising of which is the spirit errand to mortals. Like the different members of the human body, one cannot say to the other, "I have no need of thee." Each has its apparent use and mission, and the body would be defective if one were removed.

Then let us give a helping hand and word of encouragement to mediums of every phase, enshrining and protecting them as God-appointed beings to do a noble work of regeneration, overlooking all their foibles from which none of us are exempt; let us hasten the glorious millenium of Truth, when the Lion of dogmatic error shall peacefully repose in the same fold with the Lamb of purity and progression.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1884.

K. BOYD MEUBLING.

Written for the Offering.
Prof. J. S. Loveland

The above named gentleman is contributing some very cogent and sensible ideas through your columns, and no writer for the spiritual press wields an abler pen or writes more in consonance with pure reason and sound logic. Apparently he is the possessor of a backbone, and stands in no fear of giving utterance to honest thought. Sickly sentimentalism and blind faith he has no use for, and false tenets which many regard as sacred owing to their ancient origin, he hesitates not to demolish.

He represents the needs of the hour, for what the times demand is thought, instead of emotion, force instead of languor and logic in place of sentiment. The idols of the past must be broken ere mental freedom can prevail, and truth has nothing to fear from keen scrutiny and honest investigation. Truth is invulnerable; it is error alone that shrinks from the light of reason and the penetration of common sense. Modern intellect rises superior to ancient, for this is a progressive world, and consequently the discoveries of science should be accepted instead of ancient traditions, when they fail to harmonize. It is not necessary to penetrate the dark past in search of evidence to prove that a God does or does not exist, for we have just as much means of knowing as our remote ancestors ever had, and this Mr. Loveland is plainly demonstrating. Science killed the devil and destroyed the Jewish Jehovah, and in my opinion has thoroughly placed the quietus on the God of the theist, but as some yet cling to old Jehovah in spite of the evidence of his death, so does and will the sanguine theist to the work of his imagination. But while hugging his cherished delusion, he would do well to reflect on these words of Mr. Loveland: "If the universe is the production of Deity, it must be a perfect exponent of his nature." While death lurks in every footstep, while sickness instead of health is catching, while wild beasts and poisonous reptiles, shipwrecks and cyclones, lightning and earthquakes destroy life ruthlessly, it is difficult to see wherein lies the boundless love and "infinitely protecting power" ascribed to this wonderful God "without body and parts or passions," which description in delineating nothing, Ingersoll's, cannot be improved. It is time to do away with the childish notions regarding God, prayer, religion and worship that have prevailed so long, and Spiritualists should step to the front every where and keep pace with Bro. Loveland, who I sincerely hope will continue to let his light shine and keep his pen in motion.

ORANGE, CALIFORNIA.

C. SEVERANCE.

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"History, Wonders and Excellence of the Bible."

This is the title of a little book written by a Baptist clergyman, but greater than all the wonders it attempts to portray, is the wonder that intelligent men and women will accept such misstatements, such unscientific theories and such misrepresentations of the true character of the bible. So long as clergymen find it necessary to resort to such methods to sustain the waning faith of their flock, so long will those who have passed beyond the authority of church, creed and book be called upon to explain their reasons for rejecting the infallibility of the bible, and perhaps it cannot be more effectually accomplished than by answering the points the author of this little book makes.

To many minds antiquity is the test of truth, hence the author's effort to prove that the bible is the oldest book in the world. He says:

"There are five ancient books and these with another called Job, are the oldest books in the world and were written 3400, or 3500 years ago."

Perhaps the majority who read this statement are not aware that Hebrew scholars long since decided that the book of Job was not written by a Hebrew, but was probably borrowed from the Chaldeans. The modern learned scholars Ewald, Kuenen, Goldziker and Adler, regard the book as a Gentile production and as having been written at a much later period than formerly supposed, as late as the Jewish captivity. Froude, the historian, expressed the same opinion, as did also Chandler and Halstead. The book of Job is not the only one of doubtful authority, there are many reasons for thinking that Moses was not the author of the books to which his name is affixed; he does not declare himself the author, and it does not seem probable that a man would refer to himself in the following language:

"Now the man Moses was very meek above all the men that were on the face of the earth."

In Genesis we read: "Abraham pursued his enemies unto Dan."

Now there was no place named Dan until after the death of Sampson, that is more than 800 years subsequent to the days of Moses. The place called Dan in the bible was originally a town of the Gentiles called Laish, as may be learned by referring to the xviii chapter of Judges:

"And they took the things which Micah had made, and the priest which he had and came into Laish unto a people that were at quiet and secure and they smote them with the edge of the sword and burnt the city with fire, and they built a city and dwelt therein, and they called the name of the city Dan, after the name of Dan, their father, howbeit the name of the city was Laish at first"

In Genesis we read "And the Canaanites were then in the land" which we learn from the bible did not happen until after David and could not therefore have been written by Moses. Many other reasons could be given for doubting that Moses wrote the books attributed to him, but enough has been given to suggest thought and investigation.

ANTIQUITY OF THE BIBLE.

We will first give specimens of the evidence produced in this little book and then present historical and scientific facts to disprove them.

"Champollion, the decipherer of the Rosetta Stone says he has demonstrated that no Egyptian monument is older than 2200 years before Christ."

"Under the breast of the great Sphinx of Egypt was a granite slab representing Pharaoh Thutmosis IV who lived in the days of Moses and the Exodus. The inscription records his long line of ancestors, his own turbulent reign, and ends with the words 'and then, the rest was blank, his tomb was not built, he was drowned in the Red Sea, and they did not care to record this, but set up a slab near the great Sphinx and his record ends with those significant words, 'and then.' Another inscription says, 'that the successor of this Pharaoh was his second son.' Nothing is said of his first, why? because he was slain by the destroying angel on the night when the passover was instituted."

These are the evidences upon which the reverend gentleman relies to establish the antiquity of his idol, the bible, but the story of the Red Sea and the destroying angel, will not carry conviction to those who rely more upon facts than tradition. In regard to the age of the Pyramids, there is a great diversity of opinion, it is certain that the great Pyramid at Gizeh, is the largest and oldest structure ever built by man. Mariette-Bey, in his work on Egypt says, "the Pyramids are already six or seven thousand years old." Professor Denlow speaking of the Pyramids, says:

"At some very early period when Jerusalem, Athens and Rome were still lairs of wolves, and Babylon and Nineveh were jungles, when probably the black race had not retired from the south of Asia, or the Fins and Esquimaux from Central Europe there arose in Egypt a red race of wonderful persistency, despotic determination and iron-handed will, who were determined to enslave themselves and their heirs in imperishable

stone. the relics of a people whose rate of the deposits is a thousand years ago."

Antiquarians have long known the history of the Jews before the Jews were known to change. The Brahmans and Buddhists found a carefully preserved list of sixty earliest records of the Empire between Menes and Amasis, which comprises more than seven thousand years. Manethro says: "Menes reigned seven thousand years, which places him seven hundred years before Adam. Customs of Ancient Egypt show that obtain of Egypt should be obtained and instituted seven thousand years ago, since the inscriptions which bear evidence of old. Such facts settle the question better than the most elaborate argument."

A late writer says, "The existence of the Persian religion, numerous, cogent and in astronomy which so far four hundred years prior to Berossus, 'fragments' which extended back five centuries. Of the religion of the Vedas, merely allude to the history, and fifty volumes and a chronology beginning six years before the period of the Vedas is the oldest without doubt the oldest to prove that it was written Wm. Jones says: 'The Vedas is the oldest sacred book in the world, and is older than the birth of Moses.'"

A late writer makes the Jewish religions present a story of a deluge is found in a flood in each of the rainbow spoken of in each New York Tribune for translation of the Vedas article Mr. Greeley said: 'There is no doctrine of Christ in the Vedas.'

Speaking of the analogies, Mr. Graves says: 'In Egypt have disclosed an ancient Egyptian religion, which with evidence of must convince every man that religion was constructed in India.' When we compare the do-

but slight differences in their nearly all their ceremonies analogies might be indicated corresponding with Moses, prophets like the Jews, dicting future events, Herodotus says, the art of pre-Kendric in his 'Ancient Egypt' the Ark of the Covenant on the model of the Egyptian pedia says, 'the Egyptian of the cherubim of the How convenient for old religions. In times of records, says a writer according to Balley in that science extended seven hundred years before inscription of India, and Moses. The ancient monuments speak for its religion a very remote

of such facts, ministers will still as revelation from God, that the bible is the only special can hope to retain contrary to the meaning life of Christians and sustain for a brief period the

The True Method

The question 'what shall I do to be saved?' resolves itself into the larger one of 'what shall be done to save or improve the church method, is easily stated. First--That man is intrinsically bad--he is morally corrupt or depraved. Secondly--As a result of his depravity, he is utterly incapable of improving himself morally or spiritually, in the slightest degree. Thirdly--Only through the gracious help of God can there be any improvement of a drunkard must have Divine help, or reform is impossible. Fourthly--But man is neverthe less criminally responsible for being and remaining in his present condition. True, we have had nothing whatever to do with becoming depraved--a white or black skin; yet we are all under condemnation, suffering, hence, the same denunciation. Men are made, threats uttered, He hates good and loves evil. Is a rebel against God--has murdered his son, and is denounced as in league with the devil and all evil spirits. He is commanded to repent--to forsake his sins--to submit to God--believe in Jesus, and pray for pardon. Promises are made, threats uttered, He induces him to accept the proffered humiliation, submission and faith are adopted. But this is a miraculous work--all done by God

seventy feet below the level of the Nile we find no had not yet obtained metallic implements, but at of the Nile, they ought to have dwelt there twenty

expressed the opinion that the Sanscrit is the oldest that can be traced in existence; they also state that it was extant before the Jews were known as a nation, and has never been known as a nation, and has never been known as a nation. These facts establish the existence of the Brahmans and Buddhists systems of religion long prior to the Jewish nation. In the Egyptian bible we find a carefully preserved list of sixty earliest records of the Empire between Menes and Amasis, which comprises more than seven thousand years. Manethro says: "Menes reigned seven thousand years, which places him seven hundred years before Adam. Customs of Ancient Egypt show that obtain of Egypt should be obtained and instituted seven thousand years ago, since the inscriptions which bear evidence of old. Such facts settle the question better than the most elaborate argument."

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Beautiful as is every revelation of the manifestation of spirit love for the benefit of humanity, the scourge of pain has been the most potent factor in forcing man to improve. But the question urged on us to-day, is, shall we continue to tread the long road of learning by suffering, or shall we take the shorter one of wisdom? Shall we persist in acquiring all our knowledge by personal and sorrowful experience, or shall we avoid the palpable miseries in our pathway? By the past, terrible sufferings of the race, we have gained the wisdom of the present. Shall we use it? We have seen that no one can change himself merely by willing. Will represents the forces or power of the love nature--it is the sum total of the affections. Man always wills as he feels--that is, the strongest tide of feeling always gains expression and we call the expression an act of will. We have then this proposition to solve; a being, (man) with powerful proclivities toward what we term evil, to be so changed that the governing tendencies shall be toward the good. We have to make that which is relatively weak the strongest, and the strongest must be weakened. Only with an intellectual, or reasoning being would this be possible. Such is man. He sees--feels the results of certain forms of action. That they do not secure to himself, or others, happiness, but misery. He loves one, is repugnant to the other. He resolves to change his course, but the tide of his passion life drives him in that direction, and so soon as the exciting conditions concur, he is swept as a feather in the wind, or in the same old way. What shall be done? Preach to him of the wrong? Do you give him any information by so doing? Tell him to resolve on a change? That has been done, perhaps a thousand times in vain. What says wisdom? Change the conditions. Establish new relations. We have shown that every appetite, passion or faculty, in the composite entity, termed man, has an individual, life force of its own. Some are giants, others are pygmies.

for Human Improvement.

Each one of these stands in vital rapport with the same force in all other persons. Hence, the terrible passion shown by individuals, at times, is not all their own--it flows from others to those most receptive. The same law is true of all the faculties. Change of conditions is to place ourselves where other and different forces shall operate upon us, and stimulate to action other departments of our nature. The fact that the organ of every faculty must have rest, renders this possible. When the appetites and passions are in repose, then the reason and other faculties can be approached and influenced. Here, the marked difference between the old, or church method; and the new, or wisdom method is most strikingly manifest. The church assails that very department of human nature, where the real trouble exists--the sensibilities. To stir one class, is liable to rouse others. But, if, for the time, you call into play but part, the action secured is only a transient impulse, an evanescent impression that a night's sleep may efface, or a gust of passion dissipate. There is no knowledge of the real character of evil gained, or how to overcome the effects. The only resource of the poor dupe is to repeat the process by rekindling the former excitement, analogous to taking opium to quiet a pain while at the same time aggravating the cause of the pain. The devotees of this system hate reason, despise philosophy, and ridicule science and its methods as means for human redemption. Perhaps it is not strange that, being born and bred in this

himself, man having no part except yielding to the working of the Divine spirit. The grand machinery of church ordinances is the form which covers this great work. Sermons to men, and prayers to God, and Mary his mother, are perpetual. Or course, all the glory is claimed by God, as he does all the work. This is right. It would not be right for one to do all the work and another get both the praise and the pay.

However, it might strike an unregenerate mind, that, as God has placed man here, lost and depraved, it is no more than his duty to save him, and that man, instead of being under any special obligation, has the right to demand, from God, deliverance from his evil nature and conditions. Instead of meriting praise, God is deserving of the severest censure for placing man in such position.

THE TRUE METHOD.

In presenting the true method, we will submit a few propositions, as a basis for our argument. First--Man is intrinsically good. What is termed bad, or evil, is simply ungrowth, or an incident of growth. It is the green, or unripe fruit upon the tree of life. It is the animal of man's nature as judged by the spiritual. Secondly--Man has not the slightest responsibility for the nature he inherits, or for any of the special tendencies of that nature. He didn't create either himself, or his surroundings; they are the legacy of nature to him.

Thirdly--As the evil of man is that of conditions; and, as he must grow or unfold, he gradually comes to see how the conditions of growth may be controlled and modified, so as to develop manhood in the most perfect manner.

Fourthly--Man, as born, is the repository of an immense amount of undeveloped force. Every appetite, passion or faculty has a sort of individual life of its own; and, is a medium for the outworking of this force; so that the same person seems by turns, to be all appetite--all passion--all intellectual, or all angel. We are born with proclivities immensely stronger in some directions than in others--we are born out of balance, even in respect to the animal constitution. This is inevitable. Hence, no one is to blame for being born a thief any more than for inheriting a scrofulous or cancerous diathesis. Wisdom, therefore, justifies man for what he is, palliates what he does, and brings to bear the most potent forces to weaken and restrain the too strong animal, and strengthen the relative, weak intellectual and spiritual.

Fifthly--Wisdom, therefore, is the only possible savior of man; that is the knowledge, and application of those means by which the conditions and character of men are made better. A single glance will show us that the means of improvement ought to begin with the inception of being. We should be begotten gestated and born right as a foundation for future culture--born from right conditions into right conditions. From birth onward should the progress of culture proceed. But we, who read this, are already born and grown up; what shall be done for the badly born and trained.

MAN MUST PROGRESS.

He cannot change himself, by an act of will; nor, can he prevent change in himself, by willing. He can't prevent learning--it is a necessity of his being. Neither, can he destroy the innate love of happiness, and the repugnance to pain--they are as deathless as his spirit. These elements being allowed, our proposition, that man must progress, is demonstrated.

Beautiful as is every revelation of the manifestation of spirit love for the benefit of humanity, the scourge of pain has been the most potent factor in forcing man to improve. But the question urged on us to-day, is, shall we continue to tread the long road of learning by suffering, or shall we take the shorter one of wisdom? Shall we persist in acquiring all our knowledge by personal and sorrowful experience, or shall we avoid the palpable miseries in our pathway? By the past, terrible sufferings of the race, we have gained the wisdom of the present. Shall we use it? We have seen that no one can change himself merely by willing. Will represents the forces or power of the love nature--it is the sum total of the affections. Man always wills as he feels--that is, the strongest tide of feeling always gains expression and we call the expression an act of will. We have then this proposition to solve; a being, (man) with powerful proclivities toward what we term evil, to be so changed that the governing tendencies shall be toward the good. We have to make that which is relatively weak the strongest, and the strongest must be weakened. Only with an intellectual, or reasoning being would this be possible. Such is man. He sees--feels the results of certain forms of action. That they do not secure to himself, or others, happiness, but misery. He loves one, is repugnant to the other. He resolves to change his course, but the tide of his passion life drives him in that direction, and so soon as the exciting conditions concur, he is swept as a feather in the wind, or in the same old way. What shall be done? Preach to him of the wrong? Do you give him any information by so doing? Tell him to resolve on a change? That has been done, perhaps a thousand times in vain. What says wisdom? Change the conditions. Establish new relations. We have shown that every appetite, passion or faculty, in the composite entity, termed man, has an individual, life force of its own. Some are giants, others are pygmies.

Each one of these stands in vital rapport with the same force in all other persons. Hence, the terrible passion shown by individuals, at times, is not all their own--it flows from others to those most receptive. The same law is true of all the faculties. Change of conditions is to place ourselves where other and different forces shall operate upon us, and stimulate to action other departments of our nature. The fact that the organ of every faculty must have rest, renders this possible. When the appetites and passions are in repose, then the reason and other faculties can be approached and influenced. Here, the marked difference between the old, or church method; and the new, or wisdom method is most strikingly manifest. The church assails that very department of human nature, where the real trouble exists--the sensibilities. To stir one class, is liable to rouse others. But, if, for the time, you call into play but part, the action secured is only a transient impulse, an evanescent impression that a night's sleep may efface, or a gust of passion dissipate. There is no knowledge of the real character of evil gained, or how to overcome the effects. The only resource of the poor dupe is to repeat the process by rekindling the former excitement, analogous to taking opium to quiet a pain while at the same time aggravating the cause of the pain. The devotees of this system hate reason, despise philosophy, and ridicule science and its methods as means for human redemption. Perhaps it is not strange that, being born and bred in this

The Bradford Bell.

BY LEWIS OLIVER.

On the hilltops, all about this vale,
There are derricks that point to the skies;
Revealing the riches hidden below,
To eager and covetous eyes.
But of churches, seven, whose spires arise
In rivalry, here in this dell,
But one of all the number wise
In its belfry has a bell.
From the time of the earliest roseate dawn,
Till the dusky twilight fell;
There sat the sexton, all the day long,
Tolling a funeral knell.
And each one questioned, with look of awe,
As the sexton toll'd up aloft:
'Why doth he toll but one sad stroke?'
Or, 'Why doth he toll so oft?'
On 'Woman's Fast Day' this bell doth tell,
With steady, unvarying stroke,
Six minutes apart, the o'er sad tale,
(As if 'twere an angel spoke),
The sorrowful tale of a rumseller's spoil,
Of a sudden arrest of breath;
Of a life cut short by alcohol,
Of, alas, an inebriate's death.
The bright sun is hidden in clouds again
At sound of that weird bell;
And the skies weep tears in a steady rain,
Over each funeral knell.
Is that tolling heard 'yond that ominous door
With barr'd and shutter'd screen?
Hath the dramseller ears, that he heareth no more,
Our a conscience that pricks not, I ween?
Or is it petrified, hard as a stone,
And bath his hearing wax'd gross;
That he doth not hear in its monotone,
Of a home and a nation's loss,
That he doth not note the sob of a soul,
Sin-sick and tempest toss'd,
At the oft-recurring mournful toll,
The knell of an earth-life lost.
That he doth not list the widow's prayer,
Or the orphan's piteous wail;
Telling to God, in the closet there,
Out of o'er-burthen'd heart, the tale
Of want and woe, despair and death,
Of broken hearts and lives;
While behind the door he listeneth,
Hearkens! and yet survives

When the clouds of to-day have roll'd by—
The terrible work of ruin again,
Despite their despairing cry.
Now, if a God ruleth the heavens above,
Or this smaller world beneath;
And if that God be a God of love,
What is it that he saith?
That 'vengeance is mine, I will repay!'
Or, 'Whoso transgresseth my law—
That wise law of love he knoweth always—
On himself shall punishment draw.'
For He, though a just, is a merciful Lord;
His pity is that of a mother—
Who hath little for tyrants, who rule with a word,
But for the oppress'd sister, brother,
And await but the moment their rescue appears,
For our ways are not those of man;
Our times and our seasons, our days and our years,
Are one with His infinite plan.

Saturday Night.

BY M. P. ROSECRANS.

For an hour we have been sitting at our table with our
head resting on our left hand, our right grasping the pen.
We have been resting and thinking, as we always do at this
hour when not disturbed by the entrance or presence of others
not members of our dwelling.
Our wife, kind, considerate soul, sits quietly by, sewing on
some dilapidated garment trying to make it last a little longer.
All is still as death in the room where we sit, and as the
weather is cold and gloomy without, there are no passers by
on the street.
We have been thinking of the spiritual experience and
conversion of 'George Channey' as published in the OFFERING;
and as we did this, our own, spiritual investigation, came up
before the mind for review, and it seemed to us that we
ought to make these experiences the subject or basis of many
Saturday Night articles, to be written at the hour when the
angels come to us by appointment to impress us what to say
and how to say it.
And yet, these experiences are of so private a nature, and
so remarkable in character that our modesty has thus far
compelled us to remain silent and thus avoid the scoffs and
ridicule of those that through ignorance and lack of spiritu-
ality in their nature, sneer at all the real and tangible proofs
of mans continued existence after the change called death.
To-night the impression comes to us to write them up, to
let the world see and realize the fact that we are never alone
—that we are continually surrounded with living witnesses
that note all our actions, and are ever ready and willing to
bridge the chasm between this earth and the 'Ever Green

Shore"—are ever ready to
that earth life is but the
the grand class, whose tea
walk the pearly streets in
In our youth we read
the devil. But those silly
—were worthless so far as
tinued existence beyond the
We stood by her bedside
clasped her dying hand, and
stood by the grave of my
sad and sorrowful farewell. We
agonized and asked ourself
eyes were dimmed with tea
each other again? To us
even, from the loved ones
into the great dark and mys
unfathomable ocean of eter
gloomy as we bade farewell
racked our heart.
In later years we heard
festations taking place in
no stock in the tales that w
classes to produce them—a
—that it was all the work
marvelous and the credulom
fun at the expense of credi
ran on, up to November, I
heard nothing and saw noth
were cognizant of or that
About that time we were i
paper for a short time on
low price, merely nominal.
also that we might see what
to us seemed) such foolish r
As we glanced over the pa
us with great force which
correspondents of the same
rather more than ordinary
seemed to be reasonable and
logical foundations.
As we made this discovery
the 19th century was raising
est frauds of any age, or th
accounts of spiritual phenom
Under this state of mind
matter for ourself and if we
we found a fact to note it as
continued existence beyond th
The first step we took tow
relate, the result of which to
least.
In the paper we were taking
a medium for the answering
spirit friend. The name of
and his residence New York
Having lost a son who died
nessee, we concluded we wou
ing that if any spirit would
side of existence he would be
one we could call to mind; w
"DEAR CHARLES:—If you still
that fact to me through the medi
"Dear Sir:—Enclosed find a le
whom I desire an answer. My po
county, Iowa.
This letter with its conten
with no clue to our relation
than that of one friend to an
to know whether we were a fat
other; neither did the medium
woman; whether we were m
tried or single, or had a child i
de not a fiction altogether ou
In a short time this letter
seal unbroken and as clean
hands and with the following
left backwards:
"DEAR BROTHER—Your son
to the controlling spirit"
"MY DEAR FATHER—Your son
will through this channel endeavor
the cold tomb holds not the spirit of
with you, not a day passes but I go
impress each and every one with my
me as I do you! Oh, that you could
I had at this time, power to commu
inter! Dear father, I will soon fall
and communicate at length; my
cannot nor will nor doubt. Oh, fat
dispel your doubts! Father this is
Blessed revelation and fulfillment
satisfied, and the sorrows and relat
much that I want to say, but cannot
may the blessed angels of light and
you all through the varied experie
again. Ever
But we are warned by the
in our room that the hour fo
close this Saturday night arti
will call the opening chapter.
ers to answer the following in
ally aside from the spiritual id
How did the medium read
to the contents?
How was the relationship
and the spirit addressed when
same in the sealed letter?
Is it probable that the medi
right to left when not controll
object when his fee would be
But with these questions an
can verify, we close this Sat
day Night.
A good life is the readiest
See to it that each hour's
and true; then will your life
To develop in each individ
he is susceptible is the object

This letter we placed in a
very carefully, and then stamp
dial seal, so that it could
it in five places with our
knowledge; then we had our
upon it some private marks
we put it in a larger envelop
medium in these words;
"DEAR SIR—Enclosed find a le
whom I desire an answer. My po
county, Iowa.
This letter with its conten
with no clue to our relation
than that of one friend to an
to know whether we were a fat
other; neither did the medium
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Can She Come to Me?

BY MRS. F. C. L.

Hark! I hear the faint sweet echo
Of light footsteps on the shore
Of the Unseen Land o'er yonder,
Where my child has gone before.
How I strain my ear and listen,
Shall I catch the sound once more;
Sound of precious little footsteps,
Of my darling on the shore?
Gentle footsteps, echoing footsteps,
Of my child along the shore.
As she treads along the border
Of the land just "Over There,"
Can the veil be rent that's hiding
From my view her form so fair?
Tell, O, tell me, can she ever
Make her presence known to me,
Is the path by which she left me,
For return left open free?
Will bright angels pure and holy
Guide my darling back to me?
Yes, the pearly gates are open
And from out their portals wide,
Come to us our dearly loved ones,
Who have gained the Other Side.
And the misty veil no longer
Hides them from our longing eyes,
But we see their angel faces
Clasp their hands in glad surprise.
Praises to the loving Father
From our grateful hearts arise.

Plan for a Colony.

The following communication was received some time ago, accompan-
ied by a letter from John Brown, it was lost sight of by being wrongly
filed, hence the delay in publishing. The colony movement, we are told
is by no means abandoned hence we publish the suggestive thoughts. That
the day for more general co-operation is dawning there can be no doubt, and
we shall welcome articles favoring any movement in that direction.
[EDITOR.]
Purchase or contract for a domain sufficiently large for, say
a thousand members, more or less as the case may be.
Issue a thousand or more membership certificates of \$100,
\$200, \$300, or \$500, each according to the aggregate amount
needed—not only for land, but for all other colony purposes
—payable 20 per cent. down (or more as the case may be) the
balance in easy monthly installments, extending three years
(or more.)
When the domain is located and secured lay out a central
portion of it into lots of sufficient size for dwellings, flower-
gardens, etc., and in sufficient number of them for 1000 or
more families, also public buildings, stores, factories, mills,
parks, etc., etc. The balance of the domain to be worked co-
operatively as also all other industries and enterprises.
Of course the colony should obtain a charter from the state
in which it is located and the land where the title is perfect-
ed should be vested in the colony.
After paying on the land a certain per cent. of the
Beautiful as is every revelation of the manifestation of
spirit love for the benefit of humanity there is no doubt
arising from these membership certificates, a certain per cent.
should be appropriated for educational purposes, a school
technic and integral, a certain per cent. for public buildings,
and parks, etc., another per cent. for an orphanage for the
world's waifs, also for a printing and publishing house, libra-
ry etc., and a large per cent. for co-operative purposes, culti-
vating the land fruit, store, factories and such other industries
as may be entered into.
What will a member receive for the certificate?
He will receive an individual deed to one dwelling lot when
he has paid in full, a contract for a deed on first payment also
an equal interest with all the other members to the property
of the colony and to all the privileges of the institutions of
the colony.
Under this plan a member will have an individual title to
his home which he can build, ornament and beautify to his
individual taste, and elsewhere within the bounds of the col-
ony he can make his individuality useful to others, as well
as himself by uniting it with other individualities for the com-
mon good.
Let us see how this plan will work financially. First effect
an organization, get charter or incorporate, elect officers—
temporary until there shall be a membership. Second, solicit
members and sell certificates. Third, locate the domain.
Suppose the certificates are at the par value of \$200 each,
20 per cent. down—\$40.00, also suppose that 300 members
could be obtained the first year, the advance payments would
be \$12,000. The payments by installments of say \$3.00
per month (many would pay the whole amount at once,) as
the 300 members would be scattered all along through the
year, we can average them as paying only about half of the
year, so 300 would pay the first year in installments \$5,400
making \$17,400 the first year. The second year with 300
more added would be: first payment \$12,000; full year install-
ments on first 300, \$10,800; one half year installments on
last 300 \$5,400. Total second year \$28,200; third year, with
400 more added advance payments \$16,000; 600 full year
installments, \$21,600; 400 half year installments, \$7,200.
Total third year, \$44,800
There will still be installments to be paid for two more
years but I will not follow them.
Perhaps I have overrated the number of members who
would join, but I have had some experience in starting a co-
operative colony for liberals.
The party from whom we bought the land died (we had
only contracted for it) and it broke us up, but during our
existence we received bushels of letters from parties anxious
to join and most of them wished to pay all at once. I will
not bore you further with details.
I only send this as suggesting perhaps something to think
of; but I have no doubts you have a plan if not similar, equal-
ly as good and perhaps better.
I am exceedingly anxious to take an interest in and join a
colony if established upon the right principles and I have no
doubt it will be. I know of many others who would also be
glad to join. There are a great many things to be thought
of, talked over and considered, and it will require all the wis-
dom of the best minds who are now inaugurating it and
the counsel and advice of the friends on the other side.
Pardon this lengthy letter,
Respectfully,
A. C. STOWE.

(Continued from First Page.)

will give the world greater surprises than any it has yet experienced.

The preaching of the New Ministry will never grow stereotyped. With the universe for its bible, it will find sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything. Being bound by no creed, it can sing always a new song; it will find the world always young. Many imagine that the truth and beauty of life has all been found out, when we are but as children who have picked up a few pebbles on its boundless shore. On every hand is truth and beauty, to which we are blind through the conventionalities and creeds of life. Guardian angels stand by our sides and we cannot see or hear them. The Ministry of the Future must tear from our eyes the bandages of superstition and cleanse our ears from the dust of selfishness.

One night last spring I went, shortly before 11 o'clock, into our public garden in Boston; I was all alone; so far as I could judge there was not another soul in the entire garden. There was the beautiful lake, the water looking like a sea of glass shimmering with the waves of light cast from the brilliant electric lights; around me was the soft sweet grass of spring, bright as emerald beneath the electric rays, vanishing in circling waves into the darker shades of night, shining in the voice of the infinite; on the horizon a young moon peeping over a bank of clouds, causing them to blush with the pleasure of its attention, around me the silence of the night, broken only by a faint hum of the city's distant life. Ah! thought I, what a picture of life. Yonder are thousands madly, eagerly seeking for happiness in the hot flames of passion the black depths of vice and lust, the flames of alcohol and excitement of gambling, while all this true beauty and inspiration of life is left unheeded. If at any of the theatres the curtain had risen on such a scene the roof would have been shaking with the spontaneous applause of a thousand throats. The nearest approach I ever saw made to it on the stage was the last act in the "Merchant of Venice," as put on by Henry Irving, where Lorenzo says:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank, Here will we sit and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears, soft stillness and the night Become the touches of sweet harmony. Look, how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold; There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st But in his motion like an angel sings, Still giving to the young-eyed cherubims Such harmony is in immortal souls, But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

remember well how it was ardently applauded, but that was only a small part of the true fountain of life, which might Lorenzo say such harmony is in immortal souls.

"But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Now Spiritualism demonstrates that, though we cannot hear it fully, that even here on this bank and shoal of time we may catch some strains of this celestial music. Angels dip their white wings into our atmosphere and strike notes of "peace on earth and good will to all men."

But they are only seen and heard by those who have so far freed their spirits from the grossness of the body that they can strike answering chords upon their own Spiritual harp. As the shepherds of Bethlehem heard this heavenly music, so we need shepherds or ministers who will hear and report to our duller ears. The body can be refined until it becomes the perfect instrument of the soul. There are such things as clairvoyance and clairaudience. We may see here the sweet face of our own guardian angel and catch strains of sweeter music than earth can produce. But all things have their price. If you would strengthen your mental vision into clairvoyance, you must force the body from all gross appetites, and discipline the mind until the higher intellect of intuition is set free from the clamps of logic and reason.

I should weary you should I speak of all the reforms that will be brought about by this New Ministry. It will journey by our side from birth to death; it will help to celebrate the important events in every life; strew our bridal path with flowers of sentiment, and rejoice in the good we have done when we pass to the other side of the veil. It will simplify our funeral ceremonies; the present ones, too often in their elaborateness and hired sympathy, make a mockery of grief and an action of consolation. A few of our dearest friends, a few flowers, a few kind, loving words, strong and comforting with the knowledge of immortal life are quite enough.

The Spiritualist funeral should be altogether sweet and natural, no mourning garb, no awful, awe-struck whispers and solemn looks. It is only a thin veil hangs between you and the departed. It may be parted any moment and a familiar hand-grasp yours.

Thus, from the cradle to the grave this New Ministry will strew our paths with flowers, leads us into paths of wisdom, break from our minds the fetters of error, banish the clouds of gloom and sorrow from the sky of our love. Fill us with hope when round us dark the night. Standing by our sides, not as priests, but as brothers and sisters beloved.

Written for the Spiritual Offering. Celestia and the Critics.

Speaking of my series of articles on Celestia, Mr. C. H. Green in the OFFERING for December 20th, says: "After all, Col. Fox how much does it all lack of the doctor's reading and writing from his inner consciousness, turned inside out? Echo answers, how much!! I mean by this no impeachment of anybody's honesty."

In answer to the above I would say first, that Mr. Green is quite ignorant of my style of mediumship, as partly explained by the articles themselves if he supposed this whole scheme of a world to be span out of whole cloth in my "inner consciousness," for did I not inform him there that the correctness of all ideas given was assented to by my hand telegraph, which would frequently oppose my own consciousness, or rather my own impression of what would naturally be the condition of the far off world? Secondly, if I know my-

self, I am immensely above giving to the public as truth the description of a world when I did not know but it might have come from my "inner consciousness." Thirdly, my guide, who during all of these readings has never been known to deceive me or allow others to do so, constantly affirms the positions taken there, and fourthly, had such an account which has been pronounced "wonderful, remarkable," etc., was evolved from my own brain, it would go to show that I am a very large minded man. I don't believe any man on this planet could, of his own unaided skill, have put forth such a conception of a world, and I believe that if Mr. Green had studied the account of Celestia enough to have perceived the heights and depths of meaning there, he would see that its conceptions were beyond mortal mind to put forth. Let me mention some of the many points which differed from and were superior to my own conceptions:

1. I had presumed that some kind of balloons or aerial ships would constitute the vehicle for navigating the sky, although I knew that the tremendous tempests of the upper air might interfere with such a method of traveling. Instead of that their sky-travelers rode by their marvelous motor power, which any private individual can manage perfectly, is a far better thing to aim at.

2. I have always had a great passion for parks for every city, but since I learned how the Celestians lay out their towns and make enchanting parks like arenas out of every street, I saw that their plan was far better.

3. I have for some time had a conception of the heinousness and folly of our jury system, but did not so fully see the way to something better until I learned the methods suggested by the Celestian visitors.

4. I have long seen the importance of co-operative methods of life, but could never understand just how co-operation and to some extent communism could be carried out without interfering with individual freedom until this was revealed to me as a part of the history of Celestia.

5. As I have thought of the ever increasing population of our globe, I have wondered what we should do when our world was entirely peopled, but the Celestians have solved this mystery in a very scientific manner.

6. Their beautiful arrangements in their homes, their decorations, plans for cooking, sleeping, eating, etc., are quite different from what I had conceived and are better.

But a good many other points, especially their graded institutions both civil and educational, are, as I believe, beyond anything that has been explained in our world. This graded system enables the whole planet to be governed by processes of justice and wisdom instead of by the perverted methods of human government.

A few words now for my friend Professor Kiddle. I am glad we do not differ widely, as I would like to be in harmony with all those whom I regard as the good and true people of our world. I see that my "corrected" and perhaps "Revised" Mediumship

Gravitational proceeded as calmly as the most ordinary

but only the nebular theory, the doing the most ordinary

A mistake, dear Kiddle, the nebular theory

system of rings constitutes. I do not admit that La Place's altho' it may be the best of the nebular theory par excellence, bly more commonly accepted among scientists, and possibly I think it very rationed as the nebular theory. At as signifying that worlds are to use the term nebular theory nebulous matter in harmony formed by gradual processes from celestial creation from nonentity with law, rather than by a standard. But I will aim to according to the theological of spiritual science with view briefly to show that the theory to that of La Place. To say to world-forming is superior solar system once existed that the matter constituting the nebulous matter, that this is a vast spheroid very attenuated rapidly throwing off rings which revolved more and more worlds is, I think, to put forth which rings were converted into which scientists would not with an unreasonable hypothesis have done if they had understood into spheroids. 2d. Heavenly 1st. Nebulae do not generally form only bodies do not rotate with formed, it is difficult to see they should do so, and rings be verted into worlds, and I believe any such rings could be formed been so far as astronomy believe such transformations have lous masses could be by some unknown process be converted into worlds which would be abut as reasonable as it would to expect our clouds to become from the intensely cold real spherical, still, coming as they do acquired that igneous condition of space, how could they have is known to have? This in form d only by chemical sense fiery condition could be not developed by a single identity, and chemical affinity rate contrasting masses, the homogeneous mass but by separate, the other more electrical, one of which must be more thermal. Fire is produced by chemical affinity always requires contrasting spirit rational is the hypothesis of spiritual guidance, namely that dif- nebulous matter approaching each other came together with a terrific crash by electrical and which would be sufficiently an incandescent liquid mass, under the influence of gravita- sive to assume a globular form to scatter off into various smaller suns and worlds. But friend Kiddle says "this is a revival of the old explosive theory by quoting La Place, and Helmholtz and Professor Newcomb. Professor evidence is in favor of it," the have shown that attainable against it. I have shown that eral laws of nature," as Professor dicted by them. Scientists have quite superior in their depart- to do, but in all the finer and world they are immensely ig- down by any parade of their know of the innate workings of ical force? What do they know of action, spiritual potencies? What of repulsion, conduction, in action, or positive and negative tal character. In all these an- mers children and I will not "But," says friend Kiddle, "have a materialistic basis?" I basis alone is but a carriage w

are so utterly unacquainted with the correlations of spiritual and material principles which constitute force, that they have mixed in a multitude of errors with their truly valuable things. Professor Kiddle speaks of a theory as being "abandoned by scientists." So much the worse for them if they abandon truth. Twenty-four hundred years ago Pythagoras, aided by inspiration, proclaimed the true Copernican theory of the solar system, but this was denied and abandoned by scientists for two thousand years.

Swalenborg under inspiration uttered many fine truths concerning the spiritual and physical development of man, which after being abandoned for over a century are now receiving numerous advocates. Isaac Newton proclaimed the materiality of light two centuries ago, but his position has been abandoned by scientists nearly ever since until of late, under the lead of Professor Crookes, they are coming back to the truth as it is in nature. Hence I stand under heaven's high dome, with nature and spirit shining in upon me, and have determined to be a free man so far as the truth makes me free. In searching the great libraries of New York I have been surprised at the almost infinite field of knowledge of which our scientists are still ignorant, and it strikes me as being high time that they had turned their attention more to the inner universe in which are the keys of power. In this and I believe in most other of my opinions and sentiments, friend Kiddle and myself are in harmony and we shall of course work hand in hand for the upbuilding of humanity.

But my article is already too long, and I must omit the notice of further points. E. D. BASHITT.

VINELAND, N. J.

Passed to the Higher Life

ENTIRE OFFERING:

I have to announce to you the sad news of the death of my son, W. O. Taxbury. He passed from earth to spirit life on the morning of the 15th inst., aged 30 years. Consumption was the disease that cut him off from this life in early manhood. His sufferings were very great for the last six months but he bore them heroically. He firmly believed that "over the river" conditions are happier and better, and that though leaving this shore permanently, he will meet on the other side outstretched hands to kindly help him up. He very highly appreciated your generosity in sending him the OFFERING; it afforded him great comfort and consolation. I hope, by side the consciousness of adding to a fellow mortal's happiness, you will get substantial reward. Yours, etc., JNO. S. TUXBURY.

CANNOVA, MICH., Dec. 27, 1884.

Passed to spirit life, December 11, 1884, at her home in the town of Mansfield, Mary A. Black, aged 59 years, 7 months and 21 days.

The subject of the above notice has been a great sufferer for many years, not being able to walk for the last eleven years. But she bore her sufferings with remarkable patience, and with joyful anticipation of a higher life awaiting her change from earth to spirit life. The funeral address was delivered by Mrs. Clara Watson, of Jamestown, an inspirational speaker, who, in language beautiful and eloquent, answered the question, "What is death?" The subject was treated in a very able manner, according to the modern spiritual philosophy, which was full of consolation for the mourning friends.

[We are informed the departed was a niece of brother M. K. Wilson, our former highly esteemed friend and partner in business, who departed this Beautiful World on the 27th of the month.]

Elm Hall, Gratiot Co., Michigan.

Passed to spirit life on the afternoon of November 24th, from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. C. S. D. Prince, at Elm Hall, Mich. Mrs. Sarah C. Chamberlin, aged 84 years and 3 months.

After five days of suffering this loving parent was quietly released from mortal and put on the immortal form. She was the mother of eleven children, five of whom are on the other shore ready to welcome her home. For many years she was a member of the Congregational church. Twelve years ago she commenced investigating Spiritualism and during the last ten years of her life has enjoyed its beautiful teachings most completely, and in the last appeared to enjoy the presence of those gone before. Her husband, Dr. Harmon Chamberlin passed away 9 years ago, who also was a firm believer in our beautiful philosophy.

MRS. C. S. D. PRINCE.

Elm Hall, Gratiot Co., Michigan.

Passed to the spirit life at his home in Rush county, Indiana, Alverson Rigby, of typhoid fever, age 34 years, 2 months.

Mr. Rigby was a gentleman of high moral character, loved and respected by all who knew him. He had when quite young become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism and it could be truly said of him his life was a splendid example of its beautiful philosophy. Several weeks before his dissolution he had been impressed that he was soon to pass over and made all arrangements for the change in accordance with his wish he was laid away without any ceremony. He leaves a wife and one child, who have the influence of his worthy and exemplary life to cherish in their hearts. E. T. SEAWICK, M. D.

Marilla, Indiana.

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