

# THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY.

PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

VOL. I.—NO. 14. [E. V. WILSON.]

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## MNEMOSYNE.

These letters! O'er the faded pile  
I linger, thinking (foolish thought!)  
That one will answer to beguile.  
The pain that memory has brought  
To-day, as erstwhile. Now as then,  
One leads me through them all again!

Oh, what may be of generous life  
Disclosed within a single fold  
Of sheathing paper, when the knife  
Has opened to its heart of gold;  
The ripe pomegranate's crimson core  
Is pale beside such sanguine store.

Now comes, as once, and coming goes,  
The postman on his round the same;  
And yet, ah me! he little knows  
How poorer far than when he came  
Full-freighted from some favoring air,  
With these white doves that sought his care.

Beneath the down, a carcanet  
Of shining gems each presence wore.  
A living flame is in them yet,  
And spreads its glow the paper o'er—  
Wit's sparkling jewels set in forms  
Of light, that even the ruby warms!

You've seen white sails on soft blue seas—  
Flower tufts aflame on velvet lawns—  
Fair fields beneath fair bloss' ming trees,  
And snowy crests in rosy dawns;  
So, bloom that other bloom presents,  
Beauty that beauty supplements,

Is symbol of the harmony  
In which his thought and word had grown  
To charming shapes of symmetry;  
Each by a subtle virtue known,  
Yet perfected by that sweet grace  
Of fairness wed to filithest place.

Such letters never more to me  
Will come as friendship's messengers,  
'Tis only left that tenderly  
My thought retrace the thought that stirs  
In these mute words. The lute may lie  
Untouched; its music cannot die!

[Galaxy for February.]

hear its leader say: "Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead." Open a new account. Do not be encumbered by what has been, but give your soul to that which is and shall be.

This is a historical age. This is not an age of poetry, or eloquence, or art, but of essays and history. No century ever so reviewed all its predecessors. The new life which the logical faculty has fallen heir to in this era is exhausting itself upon the work of examining the former generations; and so full were the former eras of romance and superstition and ignorance that reason finds in its historical studies an attractive field,—one that not only gives logic abundant field for usefulness, but that almost intoxicates it with pleasure. For the discriminations which reason makes are among the highest pleasures the heart can experience.

The passion for historical research now employs much of the genius that was once given to poetry, or philosophy, or art, and employs it in the new field of reviewing and re-estimating the bygone periods. From the date when Niebuhr began his critical study of Roman legends, almost a hundred years ago, straight along to the present, all the records of states and of science and of theology have been brought out and studied as never astrologer studied the heavens or painter the human face. Stories which for generations had been accepted as plain fact, and had been related by every fireside, have been subjected to crucial tests, and William Tell and his apple, and Arnold Winkelried and his spear, and Alfred and the neglected batter-cakes have been quite swept out of the chambers of faith and memory by this new broom of reason. And onward goes this discriminating work. Scholars have put aside books and are digging for the buried records and treasures of old Troy and old Egypt, and are coming along with cart-loads and ship-loads of rock carved all over with the old moral and state laws and the annals of nations. Mounds in our land which were once thought only beautiful hills for the lambs to play upon in spring, or for the poet to climb that he might gaze at the broad landscape, have become suspected of being tombs of buried kings, and, upon being torn open, they indeed disclose implements and bones of unknown races that came and went before Columbus, and perhaps before Cæsar or Alfred.

Such is the passion of our generation. Uncertain about the future, it longs at least to know the past. Doubtless the great Roman Catholic ages looked more to the future alone. Heaven and hell were the objects of study, of love, and fear to that immense multitude, for they were religious and poetic and superstitious. Our age is the exact opposite. Being unpoetic and irreligious and rational, it seeks only facts, and baffled regarding the facts of the future, it seeks the facts of the past.

That the sudden advent of a rationalizing history-loving age should throw the church into a little confusion is natural. To pass from perfect peace to deep turmoil in one generation is something for which few friends of Christianity were prepared. Before the church is ready to speak about the geological difficulty, she is asked to meet new astronomical times and theories; and before time is given for study here, along come the critics of church history, Lecky, Buekle, and Draper, and along come the development men with their gradual production of the human race. The quality of modern inquiry not only surprises the pulpit and the theological closet, but the quantity of this inquiry discourages, and leads to the feeling that life is too short for any part of the task.

In presence of such a history-loving age there is only time this morning to state that the church of to-day cannot be held responsible for past conduct and past beliefs unless that conduct and belief are still inculcated by the words and life of Christ. It can only be held responsible for what is still taught in its creed and revealed in its life. The awful catalogue of crime, the array of silly or wicked

doctrines, the hostility of the old church to astronomy and all science, the cruelty of Christians toward the unbelieving, all this large indictment drawn up against the church by Buekle and Lecky and Draper indicates only this, that the past held the words of Jesus without understanding them, and trampled divine ideas under foot as swine trample pearls into the mud. It does not lessen the value of the pearls of the gospel that a former age trampled them under foot. There is no department of human thought or conduct that would be willing to be tried by its history. There is scarcely a human idea that does not grow contemptible when you follow it awhile, back into history. No lawyer or physician or statesman would be willing to have the present value of his profession determined by the study of history. Mankind is continually gaining and losing truth. The high science of medicine which Galen taught 1,800 years ago, was all suffered to fall through the hands of the subsequent physicians, until at last the offices of barber and physician were combined in one man, who set up before his door a serpent pointed upon a staff, the emblem of the healing art in the shop. His instruments were a razor, a lancet, a basin. In just such a manner what truths of the gospel were once seen became eclipsed, and as the moon struggles along among clouds, now entering a dark mass and now emerging gloriously into the open blue, so the Christian religion moved along, now beautiful in some field of love and light, and again all eclipsed by the thick sin and stupid intellect of a subsequent hour. Not all days are serene.

There is no machinery in Christianity for making mankind understand or obey it. As in nature there are opportunities for food and clothing and houses and furniture but no compulsory power compelling men to secure good food or good furniture and good houses, and as a large part of the human family go without these things from a want of intelligence and industry, so in religion truths lie here and there in the presence of all, but there is no compulsory process by which any age can be made to see or love these truths.

Christ taught man to love his neighbor, to forgive his enemies, and not to resort to violence. If, then, along came the Roman and Protestant church to kill, imprison, maim, rack, banish, and burn their fellow-men, such pages only prove that the pearls of truth were not appreciated by the swine of humanity.

The principles of religion are one thing, the common sense of man is quite a different thing. God may have revealed a religion, but He has never miraculously endowed the human family with common sense. The reason assigned for a revelation is that man could not by his own efforts have wrought out a salvation. But man by his own efforts can attain to a tolerable article of common sense. Hence God gave a religion and left man to struggle up toward a fair reading of its significance. This is the theory. If Christ instituted a communion feast in memory of his love for man, and along comes the Roman church, and declares that Christ's actual body and blood are present in this feast, the name of Christ is not implicated in such folly; and when in Geneva Calvin finds the communion a kind of mob where the crowd fought for the bread and the wine, this no more dishonors the Christians idea as Christ taught it, than the ravings of a lunatic affect the value of a calm, thoughtful intellect.

The doctrines of the gospel did not pass out to the care of a perfectly civilized world, but to the care of one where reason was only in a formation state, and where the formation was destined to be as slow as the growth of trees or the advance of glaciers. The early Christians received a simple rite of baptism from John of the wilderness. It was an emblem. It was given to men in a warm climate. But it went forth out into the centuries and nations, and now in Russia priests of the Greek church cut holes in the ice and let down a subject into the freezing river; and if a child slips away from the benumbed hand of the priest and is lost in

the stream the awe-stricken crowd are taught that God called it home. But what has such a pitiable history of baptism to do with the original and innocent rite as seen in the Testament? It has been with the doctrines of religion as with all other ideas of society. It is only recently that guilt or innocence has been fixed upon the accused only by rational evidence. The bite of a viper seemed once to point out Paul as a murderer. Laccoon was proven guilty by twin serpents from the deep. In recent periods persons accused of murder were cast into deep water upon the supposition that if innocent they would float, if guilty they would sink. Pins were thrust into the limbs of persons charged with witchcraft to settle the question of guilt or innocence. Thus the history of all ideas, of science or law or medicine or religion is the same in quality, and goes to show that no form of thought is to be held responsible for the folly of its own past. In his recent work upon Christianity and science Dr. Draper makes indeed a most powerful assault upon the Christian religion as it would seem to the reader and perhaps as it appeared to that distinguished writer himself. He recalls the history of the church; how it burnt libraries; opposed philosophy, tortured astronomers; trampled upon justice and humanity, and determined the will of God by a vote of councils. He even makes Mohammedanism, running parallel with Christianity, for a few centuries, seem the better of the two creeds. But the mistake of Dr. Draper lies in this—that he supposed himself writing the history of Christianity, whereas he was tracing the vagaries of the human mind. Christianity has no theory of astronomy. Christianity has no theory of geology. It would put to death no scientific man. It is to love even its enemies. It has nothing but the teachings of Christ.

All the dreadful phenomena which Dr. Draper gathers together, he could find in the wake of Deism, or Mohammedanism, or Quakerism, or Hindooism, or Druidism as well, because they form a part, not of church history, but of human history. Instead of writing a history of the church, Dr. Draper has given us what might be called "A Biography of Fools," and as rich a collection could be found in the wake of any creed, religious or secular. History is to come in to the prejudice of the case then, the whole Nineteenth century must lie under a universal disgrace, for there is nothing in its whole extent that can look back five hundred years without finding a disgraceful ancestry. The author has mistaken a frail race for a frail Testament. Christianity came and offered light to man, but it could not compel him to accept of it. It offered universal love, but the church preferred a career of hate and blood. If offered in Christ an image of virtue and justice, but every pope and bishop and priest preferred his own image to that of Bethlehem. It commanded men to love and feed and clothe and educate the poor, but men in power found it more profitable to enslave and whip and starve the powerless multitude. Christianity is only an offer of truth, not an enforcement of truth. The history of the church is not therefore the history of Christ's doctrines, but a history of barbarians that knew of no value in pearls, and hence trampled them under foot. Mohammed taught truthfulness, but his followers remained oriental liars.

The lesson of this morning is this, that the dead past may bury its dead. Those who love it and believe in it and defend it may remain by the venerable old father whose gray hairs have not been found in the path of righteousness, and they may compose at last the pall; but as for the new, living, present age, it would better leave all and follow its great Leader. The present and the future are the field of action. The past is only a memory. Into the present and future Christianity moves unimpaired. Even its history is not all dark. Wherever a human heart has sincerely and intelligently come up to an obedience of Christ, it has risen above the low, sinful world. But it claims the future as its field. As liberty and equality do not locate their experiment in the

past; as public education and benevolence and science and art all look to the future, so does the religion of Jesus. It says, "Let the dead bury their dead," but come thou along into the present and future.

It is all true what modern reviewers affirm about the ages gone. It is not possible to overrate the wrongs the world has suffered in the name of religion. But it was not in the name of the Christian religion alone, but of all religions and all ideas. Light tried to get into the world but the clouds of ignorance were too thick. It was midnight twenty-four hours of each day, and all the days in the year. Christianity no longer was with science. Her domain is confessed to be wholly separate. Every year she becomes more and more ready to go to mankind with only the cup of moral salvation. The old church thought itself an astronomer, and a geologist, and a chemist, and a governor of states, but its thoughts were extra-judicial, the outbreak of egotism. The church of the present disclaims any mission beyond the moral regeneration of man, a work gathered up in the phrase "Christ and Him crucified." The church is ready for the most part to accept of any truth which science or philosophy may bring. There will be exceptions. There will be for long years a few clergymen who will not confess that they are not supplied from their creeds with a complete geology and natural science, but the vast church army stands ready to accept the facts as rapidly as science can discover them. But the pulpit waits for facts, not theories. Theories arise in such clouds that only the inconsiderate can pretend to accept of them. "It is the error of ignorance to make up the mind quickly." When science shall have demonstrated the great antiquity of man, when it shall have demonstrated the gradual evolution of man from a humbler form of life, the church will not war against the result, but will still confess Christ to be a great fact, and futurity to be in no way affected by a newly found history of the past.

We now confess it to be a misfortune that the church did ever turn aside from its distinct path of piety and reform; that path in which Christ walked and in which He was followed for a time by Paul and a few apostles; a calamity that it did seek all the thorny roads of power, riches, dogmatism, and even vice. The simple path of love and reform would have led to triumph, the other broad road led to shameful defeat. Instead of enjoying a redeemed world we must all sit down now in ashes and weep over past folly. The age of pitiless criticism says: "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus;" and unjustly casts upon Christ the scorn which ought to be hurled at the souls of His faithless children. That Bethlehem forehead is radiant in its own divine beauty. The wreaths of all science will never equal in splendor that crown of thorns. But the past of the churches is unworthy with the universal unworthiness of man. Light came to it but it loved darkness rather than light. Ambition and wealth and vice wore away and dissolved into dust the culture that had come from Greece and Alexandria, the justice that had come from Rome, and the morals that had come from Jesus; and as a ship beaten by storms and rocks at midnight goes down, so went down the New Testament in that black sea that rolled between the Fifth century and the Eighteenth. Let the dead past bury its dead. The living hearts of to-day have no time to weep, nor have they a music sad enough to weave into a fitting miserere. Let us follow our Leader and look well to the present and future.—Chicago Times.

#### LAWYERS AND MINISTERS.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

Rev. Florence McCarthy, pastor of the Amity Baptist church made another bid for notoriety lately, in the form of a sermon, and the subject was a comparison between lawyers and ministers. The edifice on the corner of Warren Avenue and Robey street was filled. The text was from the 11th chapter of Luke, the 46th and 52 verses, reading:

"And He said, woe unto you also ye lawyers! for ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."

"Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."

The reverend gentleman commenced by saying that for a practicing lawyer to abandon his profession for that of the gospel ministry is a rare occurrence; and for a minister to abandon his profession for that of a lawyer is a rarer one; but the rarest occurrence of all is for a minister to assume the profession of a lawyer and attempt to pursue both professions at once. And as he had lately assumed this double role, he thought it necessary at the outset to present his views of this course to his church and to the community.

Most people would think that one man would not have time for both. But it has become unfashionable of late for pastors to visit their flocks, and this relieves one at once of nine-tenths of the labor of the pastorate. And as to preaching, one who has been doing it for sixteen years finds it incredibly easy. He supposed he might say, without affectation, that he could preach better with fifteen minutes' preparation than with three days study. And the best sermons he had preached in the past year—those which pleased and benefited the people most, were preached after not more than five minutes reflection. Preaching, with him,

had become an inveterate habit. It was as natural for him to preach as to breathe; and instead of consuming time and strength, it was simply a recreation. And thus, instead of interfering with the law, it is, in the truest sense, an assistance.

A much larger number of persons entertained the opinion that the professions are, in their very nature, incompatible. It is supposed that the gospel is a system of righteousness, and the law a scheme of villainy; that ministers are angels of mercy, and lawyers fiends of darkness. It is thought that either a man's religion will tie his hands as a lawyer, or his practice as a lawyer will disgrace his ministry. And hence he had thought it proper to institute a comparison between the employments of a minister and those of a lawyer, and between the character of ministers and that of lawyers, in order that he might show exactly where he has placed himself, and, at the same time, defend his position.

He would compare the two professions in three points: Professional jealousy, hypocrisy, and general immorality. One of the prominent and saddest foibles of ministers was professional jealousy, which is inculcated in them while yet in "bibis." Among them there is less *esprit de corps*, and more envy and dissension and bitter rivalry than is consistent with piety and even decency. The same spirit existed while in pastorates. He had known ministers in his day who were honorable and generous, and he knew of few now, but the great mass of them, especially Chicago Baptists, are completely eaten up with worse than feminine envy and jealousy. The attacks on Bishop Cheney and Prof. Swing were actuated by the same jealousy which was at the bottom of the shameful proceeding of the Union Park council last spring.

He then said: Now, in all this, the legal profession is as different as can well be imagined. Without any of the religious ties, or any of the organic bonds that should endear ministers to each other, lawyers are perfectly free from the professional jealousies which disgrace the ministry. Having been so long used to the hatred of the Baptist ministry, I was very agreeably surprised at what I saw and experienced at Springfield, on my recent visit there to be admitted to the bar. The friendship and confidence which the class of applicants extemporized among themselves at sight was beautiful and refreshing. No seminary jealousy there!

This he illustrated with several reminiscences. The same sentiments, he said, prevail among practicing lawyers. I could not tell you how many favors the gentlemen of the bar in this city have done me during the past few years of my legal studies; how considerate and generous they have been; how patiently they have listened to my difficulties; how considerately they have corrected my errors, and how generously they have given me their advice and instructions and granted me access to their invaluable libraries. And last week, when I actually put up my sign as an attorney, I was deeply affected to meet with such a hearty welcome from all the lawyers in the building. Every one thought that I would meet with great success, and offered me every courtesy and attention you could think of. Among other incidents, I might mention the fact that each one was anxious to have me use coal out of his box until I laid in a supply. Now, can you imagine such a thing as one of these city pastors asking me, or any other man, to use coal out of his box? And I am not an exceptional case by any means. I fearlessly affirm that the lawyers of this city, as a class, love each other more than the ministers. They meet in dreadful conflict in the courts, and one would think, to hear them contend with each other there, that their friendship was hopelessly ruptured; but in half an hour more they may be seen at lunch, side by side, laughing heartily at the way in which one of them outwitted the other. But let two ministers once be arrayed against each other, and forty years afterward the passions of devils will be found ranking in their bosoms still.

The second point in comparison proposed was hypocrisy.

It was generally supposed that lawyers have more need for, and are more addicted to, falsehood and deception than any other class of the community; but this deception and equivocation was demanded by the profession, and is hence innocent. It was as honorable as the strategy of a general. In all justice and candor he would add that ministers, of all men that live, have the greatest temptations to insincerity, and yield to them the most freely. He affirmed that out of every hundred men you find with "Rev." prefixed to their names, ninety-nine are habitually guilty of all three of these species of religious hypocrisy. He also referred to heretics, who preach mechanically, according to the dogmas.

The next point of comparison was general morality. It was thought by many that the practice of law is in itself essentially immoral. This he disputed. A man had a right to defend the confessed murderer, to see that he was tried rightly, sentenced rightly, and hanged rightly. [Laughter.]

He then said: Now, if the business of an attorney is defensible even in these extreme cases, how much more is it so in the ordinary practice of the profession? For every lawyer will assure you that his mission is really that of a peace-maker, and that he discourages ten suits where he advises one. And as to the general truthfulness, fairness, and integrity of the legal profession, it is unquestionably high. There are a few in it, of course, who are unprincipled; but they are the exceptions. The law

is the expression of human justice—the voice of the human conscience. The study of it is purifying and ennobling. And if I were required to say what human being on earth most resembled the deity, I should never think of a minister, not the holiest and most reverend that ever stood in a pulpit; but my mind would instantly conjure up the vision of a venerable judge, learned, grave, incorruptible, impartial, fearless, like hundreds that have adorned the bench in England and this country, and I would say there, there is the best embodiment that my mind can make of its conception of the great "Judge of all the earth." For, it is a singular thing, that while unreflecting people suppose that moral obliquity is essential to proficiency in the law, experience proves the reverse to be true. It is the unanimous opinion of those who are best qualified to express an opinion on the subject, that a man of no conscience, or of a weak conscience, or of a corrupt life cannot become a good lawyer. He may make a good physician; he may make an eloquent preacher, but he cannot be a sound lawyer; it is an utter impossibility. And hence, if you would find the noblest specimens of manhood that ever lived you will find them, not in the pulpit, but among the sages and judges of the law.

Now, I am inclined to think that, perhaps, ministers, taken as a class, are as honorable as lawyers. But really, considering their pretensions, the comparison does them no credit. And I do not know a more summary way of deciding and expressing that fact than to tell one of the constant experiences of all lawyers. It is this: whenever a lawyer is asked to do something dishonorable, something which he would rather die than do, it is generally by a minister.

After much more talk of the same kind, the speaker supported his comparison by referring to the Beecher trial now pending in Brooklyn, after which the services were brought to a close with a prayer.

#### THE IDOL OF DACORE.

MARVELOUS FEATS ACCOMPLISHED BY ONE OF THE NUMEROUS GODS OF INDIA.

A correspondent sends to the London *Times* the following account of the temple and idol of Dacore, which he has received from a native residing at Ahmedabad:

Trusting that a short account of the holy temple of Dacore will be acceptable, I beg leave to address this to you. Dacore is a small but flourishing town in the Talooka of Thesura, containing a population of about 7,000 souls. It owes its prosperity to the high sanctity which it enjoys throughout the whole of Guzerat in the estimation of its Hindoo inhabitants. Crowds of devotees flock to the celebrated shrine of Remcharjee every full moon. The number of pilgrims each ordinary pooruma is estimated at about 10,000; most of them are poor, and generally drawn from the adjoining villages. The principal days of pilgrimage are the full moons of the Guzeratees month of Ochwin, Kartick, Falgoon, and Chytra, and also Kuth Faha, which happens to be in the month of Oshad. On each of these occasions more than 100,000 pilgrims assemble, and goods of various sorts are sold there, and the traffic is believed to amount to four lacs a year. It is popularly believed that the full moon night is selected for the religious festivities because the idol of Remcharjee was brought to Dacore from Dwarika by a Rajpoot adventurer on the pooruma of the month of Kartick, in the year of Kerum 1212 A. D. 1156. The story connected with this adventure is as follows: There lived in Dacore a Rajpoot named Vujey Kurum; his surname was Boodhana and he had a wife called Gungaboi, much attached to him. Once it happened that some men from Malwa were passing through this town as pilgrims to Dwarika, a holy place of the Hindoos in Kattywar. A conversation occurred between them and Boodhana, and the latter thereupon made a resolution to visit that place. The idol called Remcharjee which is now to be seen in the temple of Dacore, was in Dwarika at the time when he joined them. On his arrival at Dwarika, having had religious conversation with the people living there regarding the idol, his devotion increased. His religion so much engrossed his attention from this time that, although he returned to Dacore, he could think of nothing but Dwarika and its Remcharjee—so much so that he used to place clay on the palm of his hand, pour water on it, and plant a holy scrub called "Toolsee" in it, the same way as different kinds of plants are made to grow in earthen and china pots. This shrub is considered by the Hindoos to be a great favorite with the god Vishnu, who is represented by Remcharjee in one of his innumerable incarnations. After three or four months, when the shrub grew up to a good size, he would proceed to Dwarika and place it at the foot of the idol. This practice was continued by him for a period of seventy years, till at last the god was pleased with his devotions, and called upon him to ask anything he liked most. Boodhana, who had renounced all worldly desires, and who was a model of perfect resignation, humbly left that choice to the god himself. The god, having thus put his disinterested devotion to the last trial, resolved to go with him and bless him with his constant presence at Dacore. Accordingly, Boodhana was desired to procure a carriage and take the idol with him to his native place. He brought an old cart and kept it near the town gate. The idol left the temple secretly at midnight, and came walking to the place where Boodhana

was waiting. The idol ascended the cart, desired Boodhana to sit in it, and drove the bullocks with a rapidity which only superhuman power could produce. They reached Dacore at daybreak. This was the morning of Kartick Sooth Pooruma, the 15th day of the lunar month in Lomwut 1212, A. D. 1156. They halted near the present Sunly station for a while, where the people worship the foot-prints. These are believed to have been made by the idol at the time. The arrival of the idol was made known to the people of the town, who, rejoicing at the information received, flocked to visit the shrine. When the priests of Dwarika opened the temple next morning, to their surprise they missed the idol. They inquired for it in the neighboring towns, but to no purpose. Thinking that Boodhana always came to Dwarika and went back on foot, but this time he had brought a cart, and was not to be seen in the town, the priests suspected him of carrying away the idol to his town. They followed him, but were unable to overtake the cart, as it had reached Dacore by superhuman power in a very short space of time. They nevertheless pursued him as far as Dacore. No sooner did Boodhana hear of their arrival than he threw the idol into a tank, called "Gomtee," through fear, and went to the priests alone. When the priests saw him coming toward them they threw an arrow at him, which pierced his heart and left him dead on the spot. The arrow which killed Boodhana went also into the waters of "Gomtee," and struck the idol which was lying in the tank. Thereupon the idol emitted a vast quantity of blood, which reddened the waters. The priests thus came to know that the idol was concealed in the tank, and, accordingly, exerted themselves to take it out, but to their surprise they found it so heavy that they were unable to move it, even with all their united strength. Having failed in their attempt, they resolved rather to die on the spot than to return disappointed to Dwarika. The idol, after eight or ten days, finding them dying of hunger, went to Gungaboi, the widow of the deceased Boodhana, and told her to go to the priests and ask them whether they wanted the idol, or gold in equal weight to it. As desired, Gungaboi went to the priests, and asked them to make a choice of the two alternatives proposed. The greedy Brahmans preferred gold to the idol. The contract was made public, and both the parties agreed before the assembled mass to abide by the result. Though the poor woman had entered into their agreement, her heart trembled, and she knew not how to procure gold equivalent in weight to the idol, which was very large and heavy. The god bade her not despond, but with perfect faith to weigh the idol against her nosering, which she was told would be found heavier in the scales through the *miraculous* intervention of the god whom she served so devoutly. Thus encouraged, Gungaboi went to the tank on the appointed day, brought out the idol with ease, and placed it in the scales against her nosering before the crowds of men who were attracted to the spot by the novelty of the occasion. The scale containing the ring went down. The priests, seeing this, cried out that the balance was false, and that the scales should be changed. That was done, but with no better result. On this the disappointed priests struck their heads with passion, and bitterly repented their folly in preferring gold to the idol. They saw that they were utterly ruined by their greed, and in their despair they resolved rather to plunge their swords into their breasts and die than return without the idol to Dwarika. For fifteen days they abstained from food and drink, constantly prayed to their God, and thought of nothing else but the recovery of the idol. The god was pleased, appeared to them in a dream, and said that it was impossible for them to get back the idol, for that was in possession of the Boodhana family; they must content themselves with another idol of the god they would find in a well on their way to Dwarika. Thus the old idol remained in Dacore, while the new one was placed in its stead at Dwarika. The present temple of Remcharjee was built by Gopalrow Tombwayku, at a cost of eight lacs, in Samont, 1828, until which time the idol was kept in the temple of Dunknath and Luxnerjee. He procured from the Peishwah the village of Dacore, and from the Guicowar that of Hungree, in Samont, 1828, as endowments for the temple, and they produce for it annually 20,000. The income from the pilgrims amounts to about 30,000 per year. The management of the revenues is in the hands of the Rao Sahib, a descendent of the said Gopalrow Tombwayku. A distant relative of the Boodhana family still exists, who gets a pension of 200 per annum from the fund. The number of pilgrims has been steadily increasing ever since the extension of the railway communication to Guzerat. Formerly the people from Karra and Ahmedabad Collectorates only visited the shrine, but nowadays they come to it from distant places along the line of rails, the Dacore branch having placed still further facilities in their way.

THE discovery of a remarkable fact in crime statistics was recently made by Dr. Harris, of New York. His attention was called to a county on the upper Hudson, where was shown an extraordinary proportion of crime and poverty to the whole population—480 of its 40,000 population being in the poor-house. In an investigation of the records, the doctor found a continual recurrence of certain names. This led him to look into the genealogies of these families, and after patient and honest search

he found that from a girl named Margaret, who was a waif upon the county seventy years ago, and was permitted to grow up, nobody knew how—from her, two hundred recruits to the subsequently established alms-house had descended. In one generation of her miserable issue, there were twenty children, seventeen of whom survived to maturity. Of these, nine served in the penitentiary, for high crimes, an average of fifty years, while the others were habitual inmates of jails and poor-houses. Through six generations, the whole number of the descendants of this girl, Margaret, has been nine hundred. Two hundred are criminals, as shown of record, while a large number have been idiots, imbeciles, lunatics, prostitutes, and paupers. All of which shows how crime may be generated.

**BEECHER AND JESUS.**

The Plymouth church prayer-meeting, Jan. 15, was made singularly interesting by Mr. Beecher's reference to his present position. His words were received with some surprise, and not a little enthusiasm. He evidently felt prompted to speak freely, but hesitated to say all he wished on account of the publicity which would have been given to his remarks. He assured his friends of his trust in God, and of his perfect peace of soul under his great trial, and requested them not to make him a public object of their kind and loving sympathy.

The attendance in the lecture-room was very large, and the seats were nearly all filled by 7 o'clock. At half-past 7, Mr. Beecher came in, accompanied by his wife, and sat down by the desk, which was crowded with vases of rare flowers. His demeanor was unusually grave, and he did not glance about the room as usual, with cheerful looks. In his opening prayer he said, among other things, "Thy presence, Lord, can comfort us in trouble and sorrow, as nothing else can do. We pray Thee that Thy will may be done, because it is best that it should be. In all ages there have been good men in sorrow, suffering, affliction, and persecution, but Thou hast always been with Thy servants and Thy martyrs. We have nothing to ask. We pray that Thou wilt glorify Thy cause and make it more honorable in the eyes of men. Sanctify this church which Thou chastenest. Thou hast said, 'Whom I love I chasten.' How much has this church needed chastening! How much danger has it run from its pride of prosperity! It has needed to be made to feel that it must live by faith. Out of the cup of bitterness which Thou causeth it to drink to the dregs, grant it to have humility and fervor and richness of heart. Thou art planting for seed. We that sow with tears shall come back laden with sheaves. Dear God, take care of us and bring us soon to see Thee in Thine own kingdom."

The Rev. Edward Beecher afterward prayed that "this church may be greatly humbled, and may know what it is to lie in the dust, and rise higher, filled with love and humility." Prof. Rossiter W. Raymond also prayed that the church might be benefited by its affliction, and thanked God that their trouble had brought together and clasped those hands which might never have met again had this trouble not come.

Mr. Beecher afterward began his weekly talk. Starting with a low voice, evidently much affected, and amid profound silence, he spoke as follows:

I really wish that I could say to-night what I want to say, but I suppose it would not be proper. I think it worth while, of course, to have public opinion, such as to bring you here to church, and to fill the lecture-room full, is a very desirable thing, on many accounts, but when it takes away all privacy; when, under the most extraordinary emergencies, as a man and as a church, the pastor cannot say a word to his church, it is hard. I am placed now in a position before the public which may be called a new ordination, a laying on of hands, I suppose.

I have a great many things that ought to be said to the church, and I should be very glad if I could say a few of them without having them published in the newspapers, because if they were there everybody would say it was with design that I said them. Well, I have no designs at all. In the first place, I have this repugnance, while I love you and am loved by you, and prize your sympathy and your constancy as beyond all price, yet at the same time I shrink from the manifestation of it; I especially feel, if I can express myself so as not to be misunderstood, that I cannot endure to stand as a kind of post, around which all the morning glories in the garden are twining. That is, I don't want to be put in such a sense of sympathy of thought and feeling. I have no especial desire for this kind of heroism. On the other hand, I don't need it. That is to say as soon as I know that I have it. [Laughter.] There are a great many things in this world that we don't value much when we have them; it is only when we don't have them that we miss them. Now, I should feel very bad if I thought my friends and the church were standing cold through all this trouble. I know that they are not, and I dread the tide of church life swirling around me. If there is anything in the world that the church life should swell around it is God, it is Christ.

Although it is very natural, when my interests and character are at stake, it is natural that you should show your concern; there is a higher thing than that, and it is my desire that you should rise and stand on a higher plane and in a higher mood. You can do it very easily and safely, for I do assure you that instead of being a suffering creature every day,

I am probably the happiest man in the whole connection. [Great applause.] I had rather you wouldn't do that; I had rather you would n't, for although I speak very freely to you, I speak out of my own experience and very deeply, and the applause rather jars. I have rolled off my burden, I am in the house of God, and I am just certain in safety in the hands of God. I do not give it any lower supplication, but I am hidden in His pavilion, I am surrounded by His peace, and I have got back, through storms and trouble, the simplicity and joy which belonged to me many years ago. My thought and soul's feeling lies over the cloud; it is the result, not so much of any visible and external thing, as that I am sure I am surrounded by the mind of my God. I live in Him and He lives in me, and He gives me the promised peace. So then I don't need you, and then you are in great temptation of a kind of loving and sympathizing idolatry for your pastor, and of standing around your pastor, until, by and by, there won't be any Jesus Christ among you, but there will be your pastor alone, and that is just the worst thing for you and the worst thing for me. As I have desired by my trouble to be lifted above the possibility of the trouble, that is, to be lifted into such a communion with God, such an alliance with Christ, as that I should look upon everything from the standpoint of the heavenly, so I am desirous that your sympathy in this moment should lift you into very much the same state of mind, a spiritual frame of mind; that it should deepen and strengthen your trust in God, and fill your souls full of the presence of the pure spirit of God, cleansing and sanctifying your hearts. While, therefore, I would say a great many other things, my one wish is this: Don't be troubled about me, nor worry about me one particle. Secondly, in so far as you are concerned, discharge from your mind everything that is irritable and vindictive and wrong, so that the pure spirit is not repelled from you by such feelings. Take them all away. Keep your mind so that when the promised comforter shall come, he shall dwell with you.

Christian brethren, it is not half so important that my name should be cleared, as that the name of Jesus should be purified; it is not half so important that there be maintained between you and me an external and historical unity, as that the unity between us should be of the fruitfulness of the gospel of Christ. Now, God is going to give you grace and a harvest, and one of the conditions of it is that you go out preaching the gospel to the world, with the administration of power, and in that form by which he makes himself manifest to his people; and, therefore, may you strive together and abound in this, that this church may be purified and spiritualized and made strong, not in the praise and honor of men, nor in secular things, or in numbers, but strong in the Lord, strong in those attributes which make God God, strong in that superiority of patience, gentleness, love, faith in the truth, and faith in God, in good, and in immortality. The great God fill you all full of these noble traits, so that wherever you go you shall carry with you a light—a light in your business and all through the world. Take from the sanctuary a candle, a coal that shall light you every path in life. I thank you, dear brethren, for all that you have done, for all that you have felt, I thank you; for, after all, that sense of your unflinching affection is, in fact, so strong in me, that it cannot be expressed in words. It is my unutterable desire that these affairs may turn out for the best, and that they will make this church more worthy the name of Jesus than it has ever been before. This is what I desire, with unutterable desire, and God will do it.

During the delivery of these words, Mr. Beecher showed deep emotion, and his voice trembled. The effect on the audience was very marked. When he declared that he was happy in the midst of his trouble, and that his whole trust was in God, and his church need have no fear for him, they were ready to cheer, and began to clap their hands. At the close, many eyes were wet with tears. The hymn beginning, "I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger," was then sung, at the close of which Mr. Beecher asked that another hymn, a favorite of theirs, beginning, "We shall see our light appear, by and by, when He comes," should be sung. This was received with smiles and nods of favor by the congregation, who united heartily in the singing. After the benediction, many of Mr. Beecher's friends flocked around him with beaming faces.—N. Y. Tribune.

**THE PAPAL SUCCESSION.**

**BISMARCK'S CIRCULAR TO GERMAN DIPLOMATS.**

The Paris correspondent of the London Times gives the following copy of Prince Bismarck's famous circular in relation to the Papal succession:

" [Confidential]

"BERLIN, May 14, 1872.—According to all the intelligence received, the health of Pope Pío Nono is perfectly satisfactory, and not at all likely to undergo an early change for the worse. In the course of nature, however, a new pope will have to be elected some day, although the exact time cannot be foreseen with certainty. To all those governments in whose countries the Catholic church has a recognized position, the attitude of the chief of that church is of such great importance, that it seems expedient to try and realize even now the consequences likely to ensue from a change of pope. It has long been acknowledged that the governments having Catholic subjects have a great

and direct interest, both in the person of the future pope and in the certainty that the election will be attended with all those formal and material guarantees, rendering it possible for governments to regard the election as valid, and having full and indubitable force in their countries and with their subjects. There can be no doubt that, before allowing a pope to exercise in their respective territories rights so extensive as, in many respects, to border on sovereignty, the governments have conscientiously to ask themselves whether they are in a position to admit the legality of the election. If a pope were not recognized by all, or by most, of the European sovereigns, should the reasons for disowning him be of a formal or material nature, he would be as little a pope as any bishop could be a bishop without the consent and approval of his government. Such was the case, even under the former regime, when, the position of the bishops being more independent, governments but rarely had occasion to communicate with the pope on matters ecclesiastical. But in consequence of the concordats concluded in the beginning of this century, the relations between the pope and the governments became more direct, and in a sense more intimate, and now that the Vatican council and the two principal votes passed by the same, referring respectively to the infallibility and jurisdiction of the pope, have entirely changed the relative position of the pope and the governments, the latter are all the more interested in the person of a future pope, and accordingly all the more entitled to insist upon the due and unqualified recognition of the two rights. By the vote just mentioned, the pope is enabled himself to exercise episcopal jurisdiction in each and every diocese, so as entirely to supersede the authority of any bishop holding office, with the consent of the secular power. In other words, the episcopal jurisdiction is entirely merged in the papal. The pope, no longer content with a few reserved rights, but appropriating to himself the whole episcopal authority, has in theory superseded the bishops, and is practically at liberty to enforce his new powers at any moment, in the case of any bishop he chooses. The bishops are only his tools, his servants, swayed by his dictates, and without any responsibility of their own. In their relations to the secular government, they are now the servants of a foreign sovereign, and this of a sovereign who, by means of his infallibility, has become more absolute than any absolute monarch in the world. Before allowing a new pope to assume such a position, and exercise such rights, governments must ask themselves whether his election and person offer those guarantees against abuse of power which they have a right to demand. This is the more necessary, as it is not to be expected with certainty, that even the few guarantees formerly surrounding a conclave, partly inherent in its composition, and partly marking its rules, will be granted under present circumstances. The right of excluding candidates, possessed by the Roman emperor, Spain and France, often enough proved illusory, and the influence the various nations exercise in the conclave, through cardinals of their nationality, is a mere matter of chance. It is impossible to foresee under what circumstances the next papal election will be made, and whether it will not, perhaps, be precipitated in such a way as to imperil even the forms guaranteed in the past. For these reasons, it seems desirable that those governments concerned in the election of a pope, for the ecclesiastical interests of their Catholic subjects and the position of the Catholic church in their countries, should approach the question in time, and if possible agree upon a common attitude and the conditions on which they will recognize the next pope. Could an agreement upon this head be effected between the European governments, this would be of immense importance, and might obviate serious complications. I request your excellency confidentially to ask the government to which you have the honor of being accredited, whether they would be inclined to exchange opinions, and to eventually enter upon an agreement with us upon this subject. If the willingness exists, we shall easily find a form for the purpose. I authorize your excellency to read this rescript to the minister, requesting you at the same time to give out no copy for the present, and to treat the whole matter discreetly.

**"PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM."**

That a change has come over the spirit of *The Interior's* dream is evident, from the tone of equity and fairness that now pervades it. It even takes up the subject of Spiritualism and treats it without abuse. Of course, it could say nothing in favor of it, for that would be anti-Presbyterian, but it tells a big truth when it says that people prosecute inquiries into the unknown to establish the *fact* of the existence of an immortal soul. What becomes of that soul in the hereafter does not trouble the masses half so much now as the existence or non-existence of the article. *The Interior* says:

"There is no doubt that Spiritualism, despite the Katie King and similar fiascos, is making rapid progress among the more intelligent classes. Those who are familiar with it claim many persons as believers who occupy high judicial, legal, ecclesiastical, and literary positions. The whole number of believers in this country are reckoned by the million; but as organization is contrary to the polity of the 'spirits,' it is not easy either to verify or dis-

pute their statistics. They are ardent propagandists, however, and very skillful as well. Refer to the exposures of trickery as an evidence against the delusion, and a Spiritualist will very coolly admit the imputation, but tell you he does not depend upon the frauds, but upon the facts, for his convictions. It is not difficult to surmise the reasons for the recent large success of the delusion. Attacks upon religious views from the stand-point of abstract science are now incessant and at all points, and they are read by everybody. The result is, that great numbers of people are drifting, groping, having no fixed convictions, and even doubting their possession of an immortal soul. The religious nature of these people hungers and chafes in the gloomy wastes of skepticism; and they are quite ready to accept a delusion which tempts them with the offer to let them see for themselves the vistas and inhabitants of the world of spirits. Indeed, there are few, if any, who do not ardently long to look beyond the vale of death, not with the eyes of faith only, but with those of the body, or with some vision equally demonstrative, and behold, before their time, the destinies to which the whole living race are so rapidly hurrying."

**THE POWER OF MUSIC.**

BY BIRDIE SNOW.

[A little girl ten years old.]

Music has its power, as all other things have, and a grand, mighty power it is. Go into a church and hear the organ swelling forth its music. It seems as if the hosts of heaven have descended to earth and blest us with their presence. It is the inspiration of the soul. All the grand feelings that come over me are awakened by listening to it. The poor idiot, who is deaf to all other sounds, feels its power, and listens entranced until the last sound dies away. The spirits who visit this earth can communicate better if music is to be had. There is scarcely any art, (and I call it an art,) which people admire and love to hear so well; not flimsy, ill-timed music, but grand, beautiful notes and chords, that only those who have a correct ear, and love this sublime art, know how to produce. Oh! can any thing be more entrancing than to sit, on a quiet evening, and listen to the stirring music and grand old words, or tender ballads sang by some dear loved friend, and as the shades of eve deepen, and the music grows fainter and softer, until the last cadence fills the room. We wish all life was as beautiful and smoothly-flowing as twilight music; and when angry thoughts make us cross and fretful, if we go to the organ and play, soon all trouble vanishes, for the sweet sounds drive it away.

We have not enough of music in this world; too many discordant sounds that jar on our ear and hurt our feelings.

Oh! angels that dwell in heaven,  
Where all is happy and bright,  
Send unto our hearts sweet music,  
And make our pathway bright.

Look down in pity upon us,  
Treading the highway of life;  
O, send one ray to cheer us,  
And lighten our burden of strife.

Ye, who have plenty of music,  
Can't you impart to me,  
The mysterious art of playing,  
That I may play like thee?

That I may lighten the burden,  
And cheer the hearts of all;  
And send forth the angel's message,  
To the cottage and the hall.

**THE GOLD RING—A WONDERFUL TEST.**

[Mrs. Paulina W. Stephens, Medium.]

Dear friends: In answer to your request for tests, I will forward one given through my mediumship, on the 19th of September; it was in Ackley, Iowa.

A lady came to me, saying, She had heard that I saw and conversed with spirits, wishing a sitting with me. After giving her many tests, some of them very remarkable, her daughter came, who had but recently passed away. She gave her name, the cause of her death, etc. The mother said, "My daughter, there is one thing I wish much to know that you have not told me. My child you had a very valuable ring." The spirit daughter instantly replied, "Tell mother that when at the hotel, the day before I was taken sick, several of us were in the sitting room, and with us a young man." The spirit then showed me the young man; I described him accurately; the lady at once recognized him. The spirit daughter said, "He took the ring off of my finger, with the promise of returning it in a week. My sudden sickness and death occurring so soon, he has neglected to return it. If father will go and tell him I said that he had the ring and wanted him to give it up, he will do so." The lady told her husband what the spirit of their daughter had said; the husband and father at once called on the young man, telling him what the spirit of his daughter had said; the young man at once took the ring out of his pocket and gave it to the father. The return of the ring was fully corroborated by several persons before I left the place.

The spirit daughter had been in spirit life but one week.

## The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DU-PAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

HAZLITT & REED, PRINTERS,  
172 & 174 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,  
Where Subscriptions may be paid and Advertisements received.

Our friends in Michigan will please take notice that CARLOS E. WRIGHT, of Maple Valley, Montcalm Co., Mich., will receive subscriptions for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, until further notice. E. V. WILSON.

### OUR ADVERTISING TERMS.

To all whom it may concern: WHEREAS, our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, now has over seventeen hundred subscribers, and increasing at the rate of one hundred and fifty each month, through our own personal efforts; THEREFORE, we now inform our friends that only two columns of our paper, on the seventh page, will be open for advertisements, at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion under thirteen numbers, for advertisements containing ten lines and over. For all advertisements under ten lines, 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion, payment invariably in advance. All matter for advertising must be directed to Hazlitt & Reed, 172 and 174 Clark Street, Chicago. No notice will be taken of advertisements not accompanied with the money.

### TO OUR READERS.

We call your attention to the fact that our paper has now been in the field over six months. Many of you subscribed for only six months—your time is out. Do you like our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK? If so, renew at once—send us fifty cents, one dollar or two dollars—do not delay. We have to pay cash for everything; and paper men and printers must be paid. We ask you to renew. We have kept our promise, proving our honesty, and have given you a spiritual paper full of pure thoughts, fully equal to the *Banner of Light*; and not inferior to any paper published.

This number (14) commences our second half year. We do not ask you to trust us one dollar, or two dollars, but are we not worthy of your confidence to the extent of fifty cents, the price of thirteen numbers of our paper? Farmer Mary, our helper and mate, has written to all those whose time is out with numbers thirteen and fourteen, asking them to renew at once. We trust they will do so.

Do not fail to read the above. It is little for each of you to pay, it is a good deal to us, we need it.

### THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Now in its fourteenth number, has taken its place among the papers of the day. With the working class of Spiritualists it is great favorite; every mail brings us letters of approval. Our platform is a broad one; it is a platform on which free speech will and shall be tolerated. Not that THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK endorses all that may be said or done, but that something must be said or done before any results can be reached. Our paper will be open for the discussion of principles, always; personalities, never. We will not endorse any writer who may send thoughts for our paper. What articles may be published will appear as they come from the writers. Personalities will not be tolerated under any circumstances. We ask for brave words and true, for honest work and honest workers; and such will always find in THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK a true friend and helper.

Our paper will never contain over two and a half columns of advertising, and we trust to be able to do away with that on the first of January, 1876. We ask not of the Speakers, Mediums, Seers, and Healers, to pay tribute to us, or think as we do, or we will turn our guns upon them; we ask for justice and fair play. THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK will advocate liberty of conscience, of speech, of the press, and a free platform. We will not take

up a newspaper quarrel, or answer bitter personal attacks on us; we shall reserve to ourselves the right to review, criticize, and answer or comment on any subject, paper, book, or other matter or principle that comes before us. We have learned a good many things during our life, and among other things we have learned to have charity.

And now, Spiritualist, let us go to work and do something practical; let us begin to build up the Science of Spiritualism, for it is a science. Like Geology or Phrenology, Spiritualism is full of truth; but has very little piety. The religion or piety of Spiritualism is yet to be builded up. Hitherto all knowledge of life beyond the stroke called death has been revealed through faith; and faith only leads us up to the unknowable. Spiritualism leads us directly into this unknown world, and we are not yet through with the testimony. The Jews had no law until Moses came. The Christian church has no law of their own, and are acting entirely on faith, in and through the law of the Jews. Now, Spiritualism is as distinct from Christianity as geology is distinct from phrenology. The latter is the science of the special functions of the brain—the former treats of the interior structure of the earth. So Christianity treats of the unknown through faith, rejecting science and reason: Spiritualism, through science and reason, treats of the known on the testimony of those who know; hence, all the evidence is positive. Christianity is subjective; Spiritualism is objective. Christianity is completely subjective to the will of another, and has no rights that that other is bound to respect. Spiritualism is objective, and has rights that demand respect, and demand the reasons why, if rejected.

Spiritualists, it seems to us that the time has come for us to do a practical work. For instance, we want plain, substantial halls—one at least in every county in the States, located at a central point, easy of access—in which to hold quarterly meetings. We want a public school in which the science of our Spiritualism may be taught. We need a thorough and practical acquaintance, one with the other, among our mediums and public men and women. And more than all else, we need harmony.

Will you, the Spiritualists of America, join with THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and assist in bringing about this desideratum? The past year has been our year of hate; it is to us what the year of crucifixion was to the Apostles. All of us have felt it, felt it fearfully; let us then be wise, rise up in our strength and unite, as one soul, to the will of our Master and Teacher—the science, reason and logic of Spiritualism. Let us have done with the bitter spirit; "let us have peace." Then, let us unite, our work to do, and do it with a will, and all will be well.

### OUR WORK IN MICHIGAN.

From Lowell, Kent Co., we journeyed by wagon to Alaska, a pleasant town of several hundred inhabitants. On the way, we stopped for dinner with Bro. Perrine, a true man and good, whose house is ever open to all true men and women; and he has no harsh words for those in error. We spoke four lectures and gave one seance at Alaska—giving many fine tests. From Alaska we went by rail to Battle Creek, where we battled for the right—gave two seances here, with many fine tests. We met the friends in session in the Ninth Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists. There was a sharp fight over the enslaving, or rather idol worship, resolutions, endorsing Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull.

These resolutions read as follows: *First*—The Charlotte resolution read as follows: *Resolved*, That we endorse all the doctrines taught by Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, concerning the Social Relation, as explained by her.

This Convention was the Semi-Annual one of the State.

*Second*—At the Eighth Annual Convention held at Jackson, Mich., on the twelfth of December, 1873, the State Association passed the following: "Resolved, 5th, That the only open door out of our social difficulties is the entire abrogation of all merely man-made marriage law, leaving the sexes free to seek harmonious associations under the laws of Nature."

On the twelfth of December, 1874, the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions reported the following: "Resolved, That we rescind all former resolutions (regarding the social question) and leave the good sense of the people free to settle all side issues." This resolution

was adopted, and placed on record, thus freeing the Spiritualists of Michigan from the worse than creedal elements of a hero worship.

From Battle Creek we went to Hastings—giving two lectures, creating a good deal of interest in our cause.

From thence, we went to East Saginaw—speaking four lectures, giving many fine tests.

From East Saginaw we journeyed to Salt River, where we spoke twice, giving tests.

From thence, we steamed by rail to Bay City—speaking four lectures, and giving many fine tests.

From Bay City we went to St. Louis, Mich.—speaking three lectures, and giving one seance.

During this trip, we spoke in nine places, and gave many fine tests, we trust doing good and convincing and confirming many in the faith of Spiritualism.

The following incidents came before us during our trip: At Corinth, an old man, a Catholic, forced his way into our meeting without the payment of his fee, and was compelled to pay; became captious and left. He believed in perfect freedom—so do we; but our freedom was the strongest (?). Is not all freedom subject to a higher or stronger freedom?

At Lowell, the spirit of an Indian came and stood by a man and talked Indian to him, and we repeated it. The man had been an Indian trader, and understood it well.

At Alaska we stopped with Bro. Hambling, the blacksmith; as true a man in all reforms as there is in the world; and his good wife is his true helper and equal.

At Battle Creek, Ben. Todd got vexed and left the Convention, because he could not have his way and speak all the long lectures he wanted to. Ben. is a good fellow, only there is a little too much of the old Methodist Todd in him. Like ourself, he loves to rule. The Convention was a good one, and resulted in a reform very much needed.

We use a good deal of water in giving tests. At Hastings, we had a basin of water on the platform, into which we frequently dipped our hands. A young man, together with several others, took it into their heads that the secret of our giving tests rested in the water, and if they could manage to change the water, it would do away with the tests. So the water was changed, and the tests were all the better.

At East Saginaw, some became very uneasy about our soul and gave us a tract, on which we commented.

At Salt River they made us give bail for the protection of the school-house, and all because they have a new church, and took this method of keeping us out; but so long as the blacksmith, Bigelow, swings his hammer to the ring of the anvil, free thought will live in Salt River. He has good and faithful helpers.

At Bay City Spiritualism is very quiet—not dead, but sleeping—and what, with the bitter spirit of the *R.-P. J.* and the free-love element of the *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, Spiritualism sleeps.

At St. Louis there are a few good and true souls, among whom may be mentioned the Utleys and others.

On New Year's day we reached home, and eat turkey with our daughter and Farmer Mary, and other friends.

### APPROVAL FROM THE PEOPLE.

Mrs. M. L. E., Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I read your paper through the kindness of a friend, and will be a subscriber myself soon, for among all the Spiritual papers, I much prefer THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK."

W. C. P., Weyauwega, Wis.: Your letter received, thanks for remittance. We ask no one to endorse us or donate. We ask for subscribers. Your compliment we are proud of and take the liberty to publish it, viz.: "I sincerely wish you unalloyed success, and I consider your paper an index of a high plane and a high compliment to E. V. Wilson."

Rob't E. Hains, Corning, N. Y.: "Brother Wilson, your paper comes to hand promptly, every two weeks. We think a great deal of it, and hope that the good work will go bravely on, and we feel that it will." Yes, my friend, the work goes bravely on, and THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, the child of truth, will do its part. We thank you for remittance, help us again. Your subscription expires with number fifty-two.

J. D. Hembly, writes us: "The tests you gave here nearly all proved true. Those

parties who refused to reply, have acknowledged since you left, the facts you stated, to be true. We have the best of feeling in this community since you lectured here."

The fruit of our work is being felt wherever we go, and the old time popularity is returning. We have not changed in our nature to a lesser truth, but have grown to a higher plane of life. The fires of spleen that swirled around us through the falsehood and treachery of one who professed love and friendship, and became our Judas, have burned out and are cooling off, and soon will leave nothing but a mound of ashes, Dead Sea ashes, to mark the spot where this Judas sleeps, the Potter's field of Spiritualist.

Many letters remain over which will receive our attention hereafter.

### THE PARTIES ON TRIAL AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We have read with careful attention this great trial now going on before Judge Neilson in Brooklyn. There is more than one person on trial, and the trial is of national, notoriety, and whatever the result may be, Henry Ward Beecher will not be the greatest sufferer. It is true that he is the defendant, and the great character, or star actor of this modern "School of Scandal." And yet he will suffer less by far than the plaintiff.

If Mr. Beecher is found guilty, "*Plymouth Church, the Life of Christ, and the Union paper*," will sustain him, and stand by him. He will preach on, weep on, and live on. His congregation will laugh and weep by turns; his pulpit will be covered with flowers; letters of congratulation will pour in upon him, and his friends will say the judgment is false, and they will put their hands into their pockets and foot the bill; the *New York Ledger* will publish his racy writings; and in a year it will be a nine day's wonder of the past. Why? Because Plymouth Church, the Life of Christ and the *Brooklyn Union* die if he dies, and live if he lives; the trinity is in Beecher and Beecher is in this trinity.

The second party on trial is Victoria C. Woodhull and Company. They have more at stake than the world has given credit for. If Mr. Beecher is found guilty, then the Woodhull challenge is sustained and her position before the world fully vindicated. Her claims for damages for false imprisonment become as clear a fact as need be made before any court, and the position of certain would be Spiritualists not an enviable one. We opine that the impeachment of Henry Ward Beecher restores the *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* to the confidence their friends had in them. And if Mr. Beecher is exonerated, then the reverse will take place.

The third party is Mrs. Tilton, the tenderest ewe-lamb of all on trial in this great scandal. What can induce her to appear every day in court facing her husband and in company with him who is charged with the darkest crime a minister of God can possibly be charged, viz.: the seduction of a brother minister's wife, and a sister in Christ—like the what-is-it in Barnum's show, this little one is every day brought into court and led out again—unless she is to be the Paschal lamb of this great scandal, and at the last moment throw herself into the breach; thus standing the blunt of all this terrible strife? Will she allow her blood to mark the door-way, not only of Mr. Beecher's home but of Plymouth Church, in order to save her pastor? Will she, can she, spare one drop of her blood for the door-way of her once home, thus protecting the man she loved, her children and her mother? Oh, Elizabeth! why are you there in court every day with him who cast all the blame on your weak, trembling soul, when before the committee of his and your church? This woman is on trial, and the stake is a fearful one. If Mr. Beecher is found guilty, and you, Mrs. Tilton, in court, listening to the judgment that will consign you to infamy and oblivion far worse than anything that may fall upon Mr. Beecher, you will never, never be restored to society, he will. The judgment is your death-knell whichever way it may turn. You had better say to them, as Cleopatra spoke to the Roman conqueror in her refusal to honor his triumph:

"Shall they hoist me up  
And show me to the shouting vassalry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave to me. Rather on Nile's mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let water flies  
Blow me to abhorring; rather make  
My country's highest pyramid my gibbet  
And hang me up in chains."

We shall wait to see what she will do in this matter. It may be that she is the skeleton in the closet, after all, and at the proper time make disclosures that will make all Brooklyn stand aghast; thus humbling Plymouth in her pride into the very dust.

The fourth party on trial in this suit is Mr. Frank Moulton, "Our Mutual Friend," and never did a friend get himself into a tighter place than the "mutual friend." Never yet has man stood under such a legal bombardment as has our mutual friend; and right royally does he bear himself. Not a single breach made in his fortress of truth. Like an oak rooted deep in its native soil, there he stands firm, and fixed in what he deems the truth. Tracy, the Teaser, has found his equal, and Everts his match. And up to this writing, January 26th, Moulton is unshaken in his testimony. What the future will tease out of him is yet to be seen.

The fifth party on trial is Plymouth Church. Mr. Beecher is the star actor on its stage; and with his fall Plymouth Church goes down, and the congregation fully understand it. "The Life of Christ" is at stake, for in the fall of Henry Ward Beecher, "The Life of Christ" is a failure.

The Brooklyn Union is also on trial, making the sixth party to this suit. All of them stand out in bold relief.

The seventh party is Theodore Tilton, the plaintiff in this wonderful suit. When we contemplate him, all alone in this trial, battling for his honor and his honor alone, working day and night, almost single handed, we feel for and sympathize with him. When his enemies come into court accompanied by hosts of friends, and in their midst, she that was once the soul of his soul, the pride of his life, the mother of his children, the angel of his home, the honored daughter of his counsel's wife, we feel his punishment is great indeed, and that he is paying the penalty of his errors, what ever they may be. And like Cain, somebody will cry out, "my punishment is greater than I can bear." There he is, a lion at bay, watching every opportunity to strike. He has dealt his Moulton. Who will he deal next? Let us wait.

The jury form the eighth party to this trial, and the question before the people is this—will they do their duty? Are they just men and fearless? These twelve men will go down to posterity as great, honest; or ignoble. Is there money enough in Brooklyn to buy them? We hope not. Will they agree? We think not. And the result of their disagreement is virtually an acquittal of Mr. Beecher, and the death-knell of Theodore Tilton. Beecher trusts in Jesus, and all Plymouth Church; and three-fourths of Christendom will help Jesus. And if God and his child Christ espouse the cause of Beecher, then Tilton has no one but himself and his counsel to trust in, for the devil will go with the Christ party every time.

**THE HOLMES EXPOSE.**

We are frequently asked what we think of these people. We answer: So far as Mr. Nelson Holmes may be concerned we know but little, if anything, about him. We witnessed a seance for materialization in their room last Spring, and saw our double; it claimed to be our father, it was a *fac simile* of ourself in every respect. We could not deny it. Many others saw it. Mr. Holmes was the medium, and while scanning the features carefully, we spoke to Mr. H. and his voice answered us from the floor in the cabinet, while the face was even with our own, and Mrs. Holmes was outside of the cabinet. The same face, form and visage came up before us in a sitting with Dr. Slade, and not in a cabinet, we holding the hands of Dr. Slade. Further than this we know nothing of Mr. Holmes save from hearsay. Mrs. Jennie Holmes, who used to be Mrs. Jennie Ferris, has rare mediumistic qualities and has no need to stoop to trickery or cheat. We know whereof we write. We fully admit that the testimony at present is against them and they are under a very dark cloud, and if guilty should pay the penalty.

But in all this matter of expose, two things should be kept before the public. First, this "Katie King," *nee* White, sold herself for a price to Nelson Holmes and wife, sold herself to play the role of cheat and impostor. Would she not sell herself to the next person who would pay her more than the Holmes' were willing or able to pay? Therefore, in

the face of this fact and the stern determination of the church to crush out Spiritualism and mediumship at all hazards and at any price, would it not be well just at this time to take the Katie King expose with a grain of salt. She deceived Owen, Child and Co. for money—that money paid by the Holmes'. Would she not sell the Holmes' to any party who were willing to over-bid them?

The second important point in the matter is this. First, the great anxiety manifested for evidence from spirit-life, from the hitherto unknown land. Second, that there is in Spiritualism, truth so great and grand, that it is worth the while of villains to counterfeit. And we fully believe that this Holmes imbroglio will result in infinite good to Spiritualism, and that it will place us on a firmer, surer basis than ever we stood on before. We find that the full fledged Christian only rejoices in this expose. The *Banner of Light* has treated the whole matter in a spirit of candor. The *R.-P. Journal* attributed it to Woodhullism, and wove it into a homily on that subject—this was perfectly natural, for the brain of that paper has had no other inspiration for the past year.

Our say upon this subject is now before the public; and we call upon the Holmes' to clear up this matter or retire to the land of Nod, and there conceive an honest child instead of a spurious one.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

Will the trial subscribers at Corinth, Pierson, Alaska, Lowell and Grand Rapids renew their subscriptions at once, on reading this, and oblige? Send us fifty cents and we will continue your paper thirteen numbers.

Farmer Mary will write to all such as have not paid up their original subscription given us last Winter and Spring, sending their account. There are not many, but we need the money. Please remit in Post Office order on Chicago, payable to E. V. Wilson. Where there is no Post Office then register the letter and it will be at our risk.

We have had a fine trip since the seventeenth of January, and have taken sixty-two subscribers; eleven of them for one year, fifty-one for six months, up to this date, January twenty-fourth, 1875. THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is a live paper, full of good reading matter; and is bound to win.

Our readers will remember that we pay cash for everything, and that we ask only for subscription. Some subscribers have sent us the postage also, for which we are thankful. We have also received several small donations and the donors have our gratitude. Bros. T. H. and C. W. Stewart, Sisters Stephen and Drake, Bros. Tousey, Brown and Rood, have our thanks for subscribers sent us.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, occupied the desk before the First Society of Spiritualists, worshipping in Grow's Opera Hall, 517 West Madison Street, Chicago, during January. Dr. Samuel Maxwell, will fill the desk during February. Both these speakers fill the bill every time, and are as true as steel.

Mrs. Parry may be found at A. H. Williams' Spirit Rooms, No. 237 West Madison Street, Chicago. These Spirit Rooms are reliable, and there are no Katie King frauds in this establishment. We hear good reports from this medium.

Bro. A. A. Noe, a good speaker, is in Chicago. He is a first-class speaker; sound in reason and argument. Keep him at work.

J. W. Balcom, of Malta, DeKalb Co., Ill., is a first-class healer; a sound healthy man, honest as the day and moral. His charges are liberal. We write knowingly.

A. Y. Rosenberry, of Waterloo, DeKalb Co., Ind., put into our possession proof of his ability as a healer by laying on of hands. We saw the parties healed and helped by him. He will answer calls to heal the sick. See the cards of Bros. Balcom and Rosenberry in our advertising columns.

We hear good reports from Mrs. L. E. Drake. She will receive subscriptions for our paper, and so will Mrs. Paulina W. Stephens, of Sacramento, California.

We call attention to the reading matter on the first, second and third pages of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and especially to the sermon of Prof. Swing, and extract from Rev. Florence McCarthy, Esq., the preacher-lawyer, and when you have read these, then take up Beecher and Jesus, and the Idol of Dacore. Bismark's article on the Papal Succession is

an able one, let everybody read it. This prime minister of a despotic power is very hard on the despotism of Rome. And dear readers when you have read the paper all through, go over to your neighbor and tell him to give you fifty cents, then send it, together with his name, to Farmer Mary, or the "Gentle Wilson," Lombard, DuPage Co., Ill., and they will send you thirteen numbers of the only purely spiritual paper in America.

Miss Josephine E. Silsby, of Kendallville, Ind., has placed in our hand testimonials of a high character, endorsing her medical and healing capacity as a cancer healer, and if she cures all the cases named on her card, she is a wonder indeed.

The *Banner of Light* comes to us this week ending January twenty-third, full and brimming over with good things. Long may it wave over the homes of the faithful, and carry glad tidings to the hearts of the afflicted.

The *Progressive Communist* is on our exchange list. It is published at Cedarville, Howard Co., Kansas. We know at present but little about the object of this community. We do not believe in the commune element, it may be right, we do not know. We, however, welcome this little sheet to the great school of reform, and trust that it has come to stay. Let every one do all the good he can. We shall read it carefully and report our thoughts on this matter hereafter.

**Test Department.**

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

**TESTS AT KENDALLVILLE, IND., JANUARY 15, 16, 17, AND 18.**

I wish to put on record the following Tests, given by E. V. Wilson, at this place, during a course of six meetings. They are only a few out of two hundred and seventy-five test cases and readings given by him, during his stay in our midst. These tests may be classified as follows: one hundred and eight historical dates in the lives of men and women; forty-seven readings of character; twenty-seven spirit relatives fully described and identified; thirteen well-defined diagnoses of chronic diseases; twenty-five comparative likenesses to mother; twenty-four likenesses to father; twenty-two spirits described, not relatives, but fully identified; nine spirits described, not identified. Out of the one hundred and eighty-eight tests given in Mitchell Hall, one hundred and seventy-seven were fully identified. Out of the eighty-seven tests given at the seance in the house of Mr. Samuel Francis, sixty-two were fully identified.

Mr. Wilson takes the following position: "Ladies and gentlemen—In what I am about to give you this evening, called Spirit Tests, you must be the proof, not I; and whatever I state will be proved or disproved by you; and after I am through, then, and not till then, will you answer. In every case I close the door against retreat, and what I state is true or false. We claim that all we say, see, or describe is from Spirit life, and given us through our mediumship, and from Spirits who have known the person to whom we give the reading. You may call this phenomena just what you please; names are nothing, facts everything.

You see by me this basin of water; I shall frequently dip my hands into it. My reasons for doing so are, *First*, It cools my hand, keeps the pores of the skin open, as well as facilitates the action of this nervo-magnetic and electro-spiritual force, through which I give these tests. *Second*, I hold that we form the magnetic or earth battery, and that the Spirit world forms the electric battery, and that these batteries are necessities to each other. *Third*, That during the action of these electro-magnetic waves we absorb a large amount of water, and we find it preferable to absorb it in this wise, than to drink it; hence, we use it externally."

TEST NO. 1—To a man: Your sister is with you, died a child, is now an adult in Spirit life. She gives these two dates: 1st, When 23 a social change, affecting you in all features of your life; 2d, Five years ago, a trial, affecting you locally, socially and pecuniarily. He then read his character and antecedents; all of which were fully identified.

TEST NO. 2—To a lady, from a glove: After giving the character, he stated, I feel,

1st, On the left side, a few inches below the arm-pit, a pressure, as if a hand rested on the side internally, and when the pressure is removed there seems a void; there is but little pain, and when no pain, the feeling is most unpleasant. Following this feeling, and sometimes accompanying this void condition, there is a well-defined action of palpitation of the heart; the upper left valve at times very much affected; there is a sharp stress on the left lung. After which, he gave several incidents in her life. He then stated, "All given me I receive from the Spirit of your sister, who is here with you."

TEST NO. 3—To Mr. Henry: There is here with you a man; fully describing him. This man was at one time bitterly opposed to you; giving date and full description. Correct.

TEST NO. 4—On challenge: Dr. Hedley being umpire, chose a man, an entire stranger. This was to determine what ailed him. After a few passes, slowly and carefully made, over his body, and asking him no questions, he stated: 1st, We find, beginning at the base of the back brain and moving down the spinal column to the small of the back, a peculiar tremulous sensation, very like paralysis. 2d, Across the chest, and in the abdomen, a stress, equal to a severe cramp, very distressing. 3d, Acting on the vital organs, a terrible strain, equal to congestion of the lungs. 4th, A congestion of the brain, or something like it. This man has passed through a terrible ordeal, and that too about six or seven years ago.

Dr. H.—Can you tell the cause of this? Ans.—We believe that it was caused by a violent narcotic poison, of some vegetable property.

Dr. H.—Can you give the technical name of the poison? Ans.—No, I cannot.

No, said the Doctor, for there is no name for it.

What do you know of it? we asked. Dr. H.—I know all about it; the case is one of milk sickness, and is as well defined as I could give it myself. This man was from Brimfield, and his name is Wm. Campbell.

TEST NO. 5—To Mr. Lavenburgh, of Kendallville, on the challenge, "Tell me what took place with me." After describing three remarkable incidents, we stated, we see a horse, bright bay, with black mane and tail, the left hind foot white, up to the fetlock. I see this horse running from you, and you are lying on the ground. I also feel a terrible blow on my head, on the back part of the head; it is terrible. What do you know about it?

Ans.—Stooping forward, he said, Put your hand on the back part of the head; and there was the record, unmistakable. He then stated, "I was kicked by this horse he has described, at the time and in the manner he has described."

TEST NO. 6—To Mrs. S., Kendallville: We see, standing by you, a Quaker; he is spare, tall, well built; he has on a dark buff broad-brim hat, Quaker coat. He says you must attend to Emma, for she is troubled with something like hip disease; it is in the right hip.

After thinking a few moments, Mrs. S. said, "I do not know who he is." Mr. S. asked, "Is it Billy Crossman?" Answer by the Spirit, "I am a Crossman, but not Billy." "Is it William?" said Mrs. S. "Yes, I am William." Mr. Crossman was an uncle to Mr. S., and a great friend of his.

TEST NO. 7—To Mr. Cothran: There is here with you a man; stout, well made, careless in his appearance, his hair is uncared for, his beard is shaggy, coarse, and uncared for; he is about sixty or sixty-five years old; knew you well, and his name is Sturges. Fully identified.

TEST NO. 8—To a lady: I wish to say to you that which I deem impertinent, may I speak? "Yes." We see you, five years ago, in trouble; fully describing it. "Yes, you are right."

TEST NO. 9—To a man: I see you struggling for life, in the water; fully describing place, giving date, numbers present.

Thus, for a considerable time during each lecture, we proceeded, giving tests, reading character, giving dates, facts, and history. We are fully prepared to sustain the position that our phase of mediumship is in no sense whatever, the result of mind reading.

Spiritualists of America, if you want tests, and wish to know who are reliable mediums, take and read THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK; second to none in logic, test, truth, and artistic skill. Only fifty cents for thirteen numbers.

**SHE IS DEAD.**

[We copy this sweet, wonderful poem from the scrap-book of a lady friend. We would like to know who the author is.]

"She is dead," they said to him. "Come away; Kiss her, and leave her; thy love is clay."

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.

Over her eyes, which gazed too much, They drew the lids with a gentle touch.

With a tender touch they closed up well, The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell.

About her brow and beautiful face, They tied her veil and her marriage lace.

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes, Which were the whitest no eye could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—"Come away," they said; "God understands."

And then was silence, and nothing there But silence, and accents of eglantine.

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary, And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread The sweet, the stately, and the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key And turned it. Alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak, Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile, Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips, and breast without breath; Is there no voice? no language of death?"

"Dumb to the ear, and still to the sense, But to heart and to soul distinct, intense!

"See, now, I will listen with soul, not ear; What was the secret of dying, dear?"

"Was it the infinite wonder of all, That you ever could let life's flower fall?"

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep, Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?"

"Did life roll back its record dear, And show, as they say it does, past things clear?"

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss To find out so what a wisdom love is?"

"O, perfect dead: O, dead most dear, I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen, as deep as to horrible hell, As high as to heaven, and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet, To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead; And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes, Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise.

"The very strangest and suddenest thing Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! Oh, most kind dead; Though he told me, who will believe it was said.

Who will believe what he heard her say, With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way.

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear, And see you, and love you, and kiss you dear.

"And am your angel, who was your bride, And know, that though dead, I have never died."

For the Spiritualist at Work.

**QUARTERLY CONFERENCE OF THE NORTHERN WISCONSIN SPIRITUALISTS.**

The conference convened at the Unitarian Church, in Ripon, on Friday, Jan. 8th, 1875 at 2 o'clock P. M., with Pres. Potter in the chair. The Secretary being absent, Dr. Phillips, of Omro, was chosen secretary *pro tem*.

After appropriate opening remarks by Pres. Potter, the following committees were appointed: *Business*—Bros. Woodruff, Richardson, Orvis, Sisters Langdon and Lee. *Finance*—Bros. Brown, Orvis, Dr. Phelps. Committee decided to devote the afternoon to Conference. Various topics discussed with profit; eliciting much thought, in which Bros. Orvis, Richardson, Stevens, Eccles, Potter, and Mrs. Wright, participated. Song from Spiritual Harp. Adjourned until evening.

7 P. M.—Conference opened by Pres. Potter relating incidents proving the truth of Spiritualism, followed by Dr. E. W. Stevens, giving incidents in the life of his little child (four years of age) playing and talking with disembodied spirits, the same as with children in the form. These incidents, had they taken place a few years ago, would have created a great excitement and been considered truly wonderful and miraculous. Song. Lecture, prefaced, first, by reciting Miss Doten's poem "Peter McGuire, or Nature and Grace," which was nicely rendered. The Lecture abounded with many fine thoughts on the developments and changes that are constantly taking place, showing conclusively that the

fittest survives. A fine effort, and listened to with marked attention. Song. Adjourned to 10 A. M., Saturday.

Saturday, 10 A. M.—Meeting called to order by the President. The number in attendance was small in consequence of the intense cold weather. Bro. Eccles not being present, as per Programme of Committee, Bro. E. W. Stevens made a stirring half-hour's speech, from subject given him—Are the churches progressing more rapidly in Spirituality at the present time than Spiritualists. Adjourned till 2 o'clock P. M.

2 P. M.—Conference opened by singing. Subject discussed by Conference—How do Spirits move ponderable Substances; Bros. Stevens, Orvis, Eccles, and Potter participating. Invocation and Lecture by Prof. Eccles—Subject a Continuation of the Darwinian Theory of Development harmonizing the seeming discrepancies between Genesis and Geology. Song. Adjourned till evening.

SATURDAY EVENING, 7 O'CLOCK.—Conference opened by singing. Subject discussed—Are we free, or are we controlled by conditions and circumstances wholly. Able and spirited remarks were made by Prof. Eccles, Bros. Orvis, Potter, Drs. Eaton and Phillips. Lecture by W. M. Lockwood, of Ripon—Subject, Intemperance from a Physiological standpoint; not merely the use of alcoholic beverages, but in eating and our every day life as well. The speaker, a very gentlemanly appearing man, handled his subject well, yet is lacking in magnetic force to sway his audience at will. Song. Adjourned till Sunday morning.

SUNDAY MORNING—Conference opened by Song (Be Happy) from Spiritual Harp. Some laughable incidents were related which harmonized the audience most effectually and prepared them for one of the most beautiful and grand lectures from Prof. Eccles I ever listened to. Subject—The Tree of Life, considered from a progressive stand point. Would like to have given a *verbatim* report of it, but circumstances prevented. Song. Adjourned.

SUNDAY P. M.—Conference. Song. Subject discussed—Is it advisable for Spiritualists to petition to the legislature to recognize the right of Clairvoyant Physicians to practice medicine the same as other practitioners. Discussed at length by Dr. Stevens, Prof. Eccles, and others. Song. Invocation, followed by Lecture from Prof. Eccles from the text—In the beginning was the word and the word was with God and the word was God. He putting an entire new construction on the sentence. (By the way, Prof. Eccles is a thorough Greek scholar and therefore knows whereof he affirms.) Audience were highly pleased with the scholarly dissertation on the subject, and cheered him frequently throughout the lecture. Song. Adjourned till evening.

SUNDAY EVENING—Conference opened by Song. Spirited discussion by Bro. Eccles taking the ground that all murderers, thieves and liars were *pure* and holy; sharp thoughts were elicited. Bro. Eccles proceeded to deliver the Lecture of the Convention to a full house; comparing the teachings of Spiritualism with those of the self-styled Othodox churches. He was listened to with marked attention, showing conclusively the people love truth. The meeting passed off agreeably, being a very harmonious one, and all felt that they had been benefitted. The meeting was closed with Song—Something Sweet to think of, by Dr. Phillips and wife.

Adjourned to meet in Beaver Dam on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of April next.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, *Sec'y pro tem*.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

**DIVINE AND NATURAL LAWS.**

Heart attraction and repulsion always held the same relation to Spirit and Matter it does now.

Parent of Wisdom, Justice, and Truth, which permeate all spheres of life.

Soul of Reason, Sense, and Motion, all in one boundless ocean.

In this vast world we live and move, and form our God by what we love.

By its electric battery we magnetize, are inspired to act in response to his call.

The Bible says that God is love, which fills the Earth and Heavens.

True love is God, it rules all minds, of every grade and every kind.

Through reason we must know, we grow our heaven from seed we sow.

Mansfield, Vt.

L. B. AVERILL.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.**

GIVEN BY EDWARD PALMER, DIRECT FROM HIS SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

**CHAPTER XI.**

O! Apollo! Whence such inspiration? Well might the Hellenes extol thee! As thou didst lift my mind out of gloom; and bid me take courage to arouse to renewed efforts for the salvation of mankind; can I but render thee tribute? O, Christians! do you consider the flagrancy of your injustice, when you treat Apollo as one of your greatest enemies; when you call him the "Angel of the bottomless pit," (for he is the same with Apollyon,) and talk of his personal assistance in the "torturing of little infants, not a span long?" Can it be possible that he, who, in that sad hour when all others were bowed down with grief, and, in despair, were ready to leave the infant innocents to their fate of damnation, inspired us all with hope and cheer to renew the struggle for the continuance of life and happiness to the human family, is one whom you should detest? and for whose final destruction in torment you should ever pray? Shame on you, who ridicule those who, in other days, ascribed to Apollo what simple justice and gratitude demanded—the gifts of music and healing. But Apollo bids me desist from casting reproach, "for," he says, "such is their folly, how can they do otherwise?"

"Come, come," said Vulcan; "when music is done, 'tis done; and if there are any after-claps to be considered, Echo will take care of them. Don't you think you'd better be *doing* something for the cause of saving imperilled humanity, and let the pretty talk and delightful music go to Heaven, where 'tis needed."

"It seemeth to me, Vulcan, that you are becoming somewhat *irreverent*."

"Well, Reverence has nothing to do with this case; and I guess you'll find he don't, when the old gentleman comes down here with his 'cat,' and drives the babies off the island into the waters."

Rough, coarse-grained, uncultivated Vulcan, how shall I compensate you for your timely admonition? Your *practical common-sense* equalled Apollo's inspiring talent in importance and value. Unlike, and yet alike; alike and yet unlike. Who, in the universe, can truly say, "I am greater than thou"? Vulcan's words had aroused us to the importance of doing forthwith, what our hands could find to do. Must humanity find extinction in a watery grave?

"Truly, Vulcan, I am at a loss what to do in this emergency."

"Well, 'spose we don't any of us know any more than you, your two pets will have a wet time, I'm thinking."

"Ah! Vulcan, my trust is now in you, for your foresight, not long since, prevented my making a grievous blunder; and now, methinks, you will not be at a loss to provide against the present contingency."

"You are just right, Nick; follow me, and I will show you that your confidence is not misplaced."

In obedience to his injunction, we approached the shore, where I saw before me a solution of the problem: a floating floor, with Adam and Eve already seated thereon, while Charon stood by, holding it to the shore.

"There, there, Nick, don't thank me; Charon was boss of this job; come quick, all hands get aboard, for we have no time to lose."

Truly, we were not a moment too early, for the light in the east warned us of the near approach of day; and we had but just cleared the shore, when father's voice was heard, venting his rage because the man and woman had eluded him. As the sun greeted us with its first ray, guided thither by Charon's unerring hand, we landed on the "other shore."

Reader, would you know the experiences of the soul, when first delivered from its prison of clay? You can not, until you are yourself thus freed; but like unto what you have imagined them to be, were the ecstasies of the happy pair, when they placed their feet upon the firm earth and, seeing the broad land stretched out before them, felt that they were *free*.

Adam and Eve spent the day in roaming the woods and admiring the beauties of *Nature*. When evening came, with my companions, I called upon our friends, in their new abode. Charon and Esaulon bore in their hands the presents that Vulcan had prepared for them; while Apollo and his lyre discoursed music fitting the occasion. Each, in turn, pronounced his blessing upon the happy pair.

Said Esaulon, "Be true to each other; let each be ready the other's lot to share. If one hath found a source of joy, quickly show it to the other; let not one, unaided by the other, with an evil struggle. If you are faithful to each other, without jealousy, or appropriation of each other's rights, I will be to you a messenger, to warn of evil, and the good announcement."

Vulcan thought he should have spoken first, or at least, it so would seem by what he said: "What strange ideas some people have, as if, when they are wed, all they've got to do is love. But it seems to me, Mrs. Eve, that when your Adam's hungry, that pot, and bowl and spoon will be of far more use to him than supping off your lips; and if a little stranger comes along, that squalls, you'll find that cradle kind o' handy. As for you, Mr. Adam, this being true will do to *talk* about; but when it comes to working in a garden, I think you'd better leave the love at your tent, and take this hoe and shovel. And if you multiply your number by itself, you'll have four mouths to feed, instead of two; and then, methinks, with all your love, you'll need to labor. So, whenever you want a tool, to help you on, or any other fixin', just call on me, and, at short order, I'll furnish you."

Apollo now must take his turn:

"Love to labor, and labor in love; Esaulon and Vulc. no discord make. Music to time, and time in music; 'Tis by this rule, my lyre I wake. Much labor, with fullest love combined, Thrives only where perfect health I find; So, keep the body ever pure; Likewise, from base desires, the mind. If in this way my words you obey, I'll show you the cure for ev'ry ill; And if the mind discordant, weary, Music shall, the heart with rapture fill."

Modest Charon, after hearing Apollo's strain, with reluctance advanced, and said, "After listening to the graceful flow of eloquence from Apollo's lips, methinks my words will seem stale to your ears; nevertheless, render unto me my just due; judging me by the desires of my heart, not by the words of my mouth. The counsels of my friends are good, for they are governed by wisdom. But they have spoken only of the things that pertain unto the *present*; while I would warn you, in one respect, concerning the future. Rest assured that, so far as ye shall follow the precepts ye have already heard, it shall be well with you; but let alone vain speculations concerning what shall come hereafter; fulfill the duties of the present hour, and ye need have no fear concerning the future; make the most of the present life, thereby to gain most to the life-to-come. Ye have been delivered from the bondage of Eden, without harm to yourselves; therefore, fear not; the same hand that guided you safely here, will direct, with the same certainty, to the hereafter."

What could I add to what had already been said? For compliment's sake, I could add nothing. But it seemed to me that much of what had been said was beyond the comprehension of this inexperienced pair, therefore, after acquainting them somewhat with the incidents to which I have referred in this narrative, I sought to impress upon their minds the importance of pursuing such a course in the future as should be most advantageous to their own improvement and happiness. As my closing remarks may be of some interest to the reader I will give them, according to my memory:

"Judge not that we are your friends, simply because we have exerted ourselves in your behalf, but rather because our exertions have resulted in your benefit; neither adhere unto us because we are your friends, only so far as our counsels comport with your own sense of the right. Beware of him who would deny to you the free exercise of thought, or take from you the guidance of Reason; or prevent you from being the guests of Wisdom. You are not living for yourselves alone; you are also living for the generations that shall come after you. On account of Envy and Malice, the powers of Heaven will seek to ruin you. They will resort to all manner of delusions to ensnare you. They will try to blind your reason with mystery, that you may become the dupes of Superstition. They will flatter your vanity, that you may become the lawless tools of Bigotry. And wherein Delusion and Flattery do not succeed, they will call to their aid Intimidation. Whatever action of Nature, contributing *directly* to your good, you do not understand, they will tell you, 'is Divine Providence

in your behalf, for which you are debtors; and whenever such action seems to be evil unto you, they will tell you, 'it is Divine Wrath, manifested in judgment, which signifies that you are greater debtors.' What they themselves do not understand, they will tell you is a revelation of the Divine Will; and the fact that themselves and all others will never be able to gain any information therefrom, is most positive proof of the Divine character of such revelation; and the most imperative reason why you should believe it. They will tell you to seek to be honored by Heaven, rather than among yourselves; for as the foolishness of this world confound the wise, to be a fool is more to be desired than to be wise; the more foolishness, the more honor; the more ignorance, the more glory; the less knowledge, the more piety; the less sense, the more divinity. And when Flattery fails them, they will resort to Slander, and seek to enslave you through fear. They will call me the 'Damned EVIL,' the 'Great Adversary of God and man,' the 'Arch Traitor'; that 'myself and my few companions are waging war against God and all the universe (ourselves excepted, I suppose); that we shall so nearly destroy all things in the progress of our warfare, that there will be nought (save a few fragments) left unto God for his glory; that, so great is my power, I will cause to *forever burn* and never consume; that, so revengeful am I, that I will not satisfy my hatred upon the mature and aged, but will take the more delight in hearing the stifled wail of the infant, as, with my own hands, I inflict its torture.'

"But O! son and daughter, tell it to your children, and let your children tell it unto their children, and their children unto theirs, and theirs unto the next generation, and the next generation unto the next: that unto me you owe your very existence; and, O! Eve, let all mothers proclaim unto their children, 'that I swore by these hands which formed thee, that I would protect and love thee and thy children unto all generations.' Dark days are coming unto all of us; yea, the noon-day shall be shrouded with the darkness of starless midnight; but fear not, my loved ones, let us be true unto ourselves, and faithful to each other, and eventually the light shall return, and you will know me in my true character, NICHOLAS, THE VICTORY OF THE PEOPLE."

LETTER FROM MRS. DRAKE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Dec. 2, 1874.

MY DEAR SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: I am, as you see, still in Colorado; commence a course of lectures here this evening. Have stirred the people up considerably in Denver, and am ready for business here. The Reverend gentlemen in Denver seem of different texture, some came to hear, and when we gave the opportunity for any one to ask questions, or make remarks, one or two availed themselves of the privilege, and gave us a good chance to express our mind freely, which we enjoyed exceedingly; while others took notes, and fled to their pulpits (the coward's castle), and there poured out their vials of wrath; but to no effect, only to make themselves appear in their true light—cowards and villifiers of everything that is in advance of their old fossilized creeds.

The secular press in Denver is not afraid to give liberal speech a fair showing, which speaks well for the city. Mr. Peck, the materializing medium, is doing a good work in this part of the great West. I attended one of his seances, and after a close examination of all the surroundings, was satisfied all was fair, and no chance for fraud. The medium was then hand-cuffed, the key given to a skeptic, who put it in his pocket; then examined the medium's hands, to see if the cuffs were all right, after which he was tied to a chair in the cabinet. All was then ready, the lamp turned down, but left sufficient light to see all that occurred; the circle of ten persons formed in front of the cabinet, the persons sitting at either end placing one hand on the cabinet and joining the other with the person who sat beside them. All was silent for a moment, then came raps inside the cabinet and rapped out "sing," so the ladies sang several short pieces, when the slate which had been placed inside the cabinet came up to the opening, and protruded half its length. The question was asked, "Is it I?" "Is it I?" until the right one spoke, when three raps answered, "yes."

Several got communications in this way, written by a spirit hand, while they held the slate. Hands of all sizes came from the open-

ing. I began to despair of getting any test from my spirit friends, and made the remark to myself, how strange it is, when the slate came up again, and answered "yes" to my call. I stepped to the cabinet, took hold of the slate, it went up and down three times, as if shaking hands, then came a small hand, though I saw it was a man's hand and said, "I believe it is my husband's hand." It picked up the pencil, and wrote these words:

"Mrs. Drake, be of good cheer. All is well with you. We will bless you. Robert is with you. A. B. WHITING."

There was no arm, no face, in sight; the pencil fell, the hand raised toward the top of the cabinet, and vanished. I watched it until it faded away from sight, then took the slate to the lamp, read the message, and said, "Who is Robert?" when the medium inside the cabinet replied, "He says it is Robert Hare, the professor."

Then the medium came from the cabinet, the lamp was extinguished, the circle closed around him, he allowed first one and then another of the circle to hold him by the hands, at the same time, the drum, violin, trumpet and fife were sailing around, resting first on one head and then another, voices were heard, and parts of tunes played on the violin, the name of my child (Jeddie) was whispered close to my ear three times, while I held the medium's hand, and also hands patted my face and head. More anon. MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

A MINER'S CATECHISM.

The following catechism, which has been cut from an American newspaper and sent us by a correspondent, may be given as a curiosity in its way.

Ques. What is your name?  
Ans. Scallawag.  
Q. Who gave that name?  
A. My employer and boss, in the days of my youth, wherein I was made a child of toil, a man of sorrow, and an inheritor of a bundle of rags.  
Q. What did your sponsors then do for you?  
A. They did promise and vow three things in my name: first, that I should renounce all the comforts of this life, and the pleasures found therein; second, that I should be a cutter of coal, a loader of coal, and when my robust health is gone, by working in foul air, to pick slate in their dusty breakers; and thirdly, that I should be a slave for them all the days of my life.

Q. Dost thou not think thou art bound to believe and do as they impose upon you?  
A. No, by the Eternal; and by God's help, I will endeavor to shake off the chains of Tyranny, take my position among men, and continue to improve the condition of my family until my life's end.

Q. Rehearse the articles of thy belief.  
A. I believe that God is no respecter of persons; that He created all things for the universal and equal use of the human family, and that every person should enjoy the fruits of his labor, for the laborer is worthy of his hire. I also believe that I do not enjoy the fruits of my labor. I also believe that I am not able to pay my store bill this month. I also believe that I will pay no levies to sustain traitorous miscreants. I also believe that the miner of this commonwealth is deprived of the sympathy due him by a philanthropic people, through the false statements of a biased press. I believe in the suppression of crime, and the emancipation of all slaves.

Q. What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief?

A. First, I learn that justice and Christianity demand that such a state of things must cease; second, that I am a man, endowed by the Creator with faculties, feelings and passions similar to my more fortunate (in earthly goods) brother; third, that all delvers under ground, particularly in upper Luzerne county, where that terrible enemy to human progress, *monopolizing aristocracy*, holds undisputed sway, should stand shoulder to shoulder in this warfare for our legal rights, till the human race is brought to closer equality, and if needs be, stand the hydra-headed monster face to face in the hour of battle, for he who would not fight for the welfare of his offspring, would not fight for his country. Transport him, by Charon, beyond Styx, he is not worthy to breathe the air of freedom.

Q. By how many commandments are you bound?

A. Ten.  
Q. Rehearse them.  
A. First. Thou shalt not ask for higher wages, no matter what coal sells at.  
Second. Thou shalt not change thy place of working without our consent, nor complain against us when wages are low. Thou shalt not keep a dog or cat, which might annoy us; for we are thy employers, and jealous ones, who will visit thee and thy children with notices of ejection from our shanties, if thou disobey us.

Third. Thou shalt not take the name of thy employer in vain, nor speak lightly of us, for we will not hold him guiltless that taketh our name in vain.

Fourth. Remember that thou art a slave; six days shalt thou labor, but on the seventh thou mayest rest, as our *mules do*.

Fifth. Honor thy bosses and employers with hat in hand, and be at work in time. Grumble not if compelled to work half an hour after whistle time, so that thy days may be long in the land.

Sixth. Thou shalt not kill anything belonging to us, no matter what the aggravation may be.

Seventh. Thou shalt not commit thyself, by violating any of our rules, or disobeying any of our imperative commands.

Eighth. Thou shalt not pick any coal from our dirt-banks, no matter if that coal goes to waste, without paying for it.

Ninth. Thou shalt not murmur or complain against us, or expose our misgivings in courts of law, or through the public press; but endeavor with all patience, forbearance and long suffering, so that thou mayest be called a profitable hand.

Tenth. Thou shalt not covet thy employer's house; thou shalt not covet thy employer's wife (although he may covet thine), nor his horse, nor his splendid equipage, nor anything that is his, though all is supported and provided by thy toil and the sweat of thy brow.

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## Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us *living truths*, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

### HELP THE MAN THAT SEEKS THE RIGHT.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Help the man that seeks the right;  
Do your best to keep him true;  
Be to him a guiding light,  
He may be the same to you.  
Do not scan each fault he bears,  
See the true with shining bright,  
See the grace he gracefully wears;  
Help the man that seeks the right.

Help your brother as he needs,  
In the hour he strives and falls;  
Never think of church and creeds,  
And our pious funeral palls;  
Never think of praise and blame,  
But assist with all your might.  
This is winning golden fame—  
Help the man that seeks the right.

'Tis not ours to judge each act,  
And condemn with ready speech,  
Glorying in some fatal fact  
Where we can his name impeach.  
But 'tis ours to aid him on—  
On to many a shining height;  
Ours to bid his fears begone!  
Help the man that seeks the right.

All and each are one in kind,  
Varying but in small degree;  
Each at times is weak and blind,  
Angels pity you and me!  
So to others lend a hand  
In our life's uneven flight;  
List to this, God's great command—  
Help the man that seeks the right.  
[Banner of Light, Jan. 16.]

### THE INTUITIVE PERCEPTIONS OF WOMAN.

An eminent minister thus writes of woman: "We will say nothing of the way in which that sex usually conducts an argument; but the intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusion which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. No man that has an intelligent wife or is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this.

"Times without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with an unerring accuracy, which you have been poring over for hours, perhaps, with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats, less by reasoning, than a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instincts of the animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remarks of a witty French writer—that when a man has toiled, step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to tell how she got there. How she got there, however, is of little moment; if the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging."

The above is a just tribute to woman's intuitive powers, and has been conceded to her throughout all ages from Eve, who from her intuitive perceptions, ate of the apple and gave to Adam, and their eyes were opened. And thus ever since has woman exercised this faculty and demonstrated its power without knowing where to place it, but now in the light of the present day, let woman inquire what this intuitive faculty she possesses is, whence it cometh, and where it will lead her.

The writer above says, *how* a woman reaches these conclusions is of little moment; but if they are sound *it* is all that concerns us. We differ with him. It does concern us, and is of great moment for us to know the *origin* and *force* of this power that enables woman to know these things, to arrive at these results without the process of reasoning (as the writer says) and that woman *will* know is evident from the progress of to-day.

What is intuition? Webster says, "Having the power of discovering truths without reasoning." A. B. Child says, "Intuition is spontaneous thought, the *positive* knowledge of the soul that comes from *whence* we know not." Phrenologists give to all, the organs of spirituality, giving a perception of spiritual things;

intuitive knowledge of what is true and good—but no language can define the word intuition. It is conceded by all, that woman has *ever* possessed this intuitive faculty in a marked degree, (and if so,) from the second place ever held by her through the past ages, ages of error and superstition, what may it *not* become to her in the light of the present age, when recognized, understood, and brought into active use?

Intuition *should* be to us *positive* knowledge. But how shall we make it so? By developing the full powers of the soul, whose expression is through "intuition." The power lies *within* each soul to come into rapport with the unseen forces of nature, and receive knowledge of herself in a legitimate way direct from the fount of knowledge, the illimitable regions of space around us filled with *living* thoughts.

Is not this culmination of our intuitive faculties worth striving for? There is an English legend that the Nineteenth century is to be the century for women. Let woman make it so, by feeling that *now*, "to-day," is the critical time to each individual soul, and *wait* not for the coming man, or coming woman to redeem the world, but to her *own* womanhood, fully developed, with power to know herself and the life force within, bringing her into perfect rapport with the principle of life, the eternal cause, drinking deep draughts from that fountain that is open to all.

Oh, the glorious age of intuition! so near unto all in the present era, and has ever been near to woman though not understood from circumstances and conditions surrounding her. But now woman is coming into her *own*, her inheritance, so long deprived, and shall stand before the world in all the grandeur of individualized womanhood, and take her rightful place endowed with full powers of intuition that shall through her bring truth in all its fullness to the world.

Woman is the incarnation of nature, her highest form of created life, and holding this relation to nature's forces, her intuitive powers shall have full expression; and look to it "Savans of Science," "Philosophers" and students of nature and her occult forces, that woman is found not upon the hill top of science, before you, and the problems of life solved ere you commence the ascent. The force or forces so incomprehensible to them through their reasoning faculties, shall be made clear through intuition (the power of positive knowledge) in her soul, and to all who understand this law.

Oh woman let not this intuitive power lie inactive longer, or faintly expressed—bring all your energy, and will-power to this great work of progressive unfoldment, and hasten the glorious era of intuition to each soul, by bringing yourself into this rapport, and thereby realizing the divine possibilities of your own nature.

#### LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR SISTER: I promised to send you an article now and then for your department, and have reserved subjects on which I shall write some time and send you. I send one to-day for E. V.'s department, too long for your corner.

I find California a land of beauty, so far as climate is concerned since my arrival. The grass is green, and flowers of varied shades and perfumes are seen in abundance in all the gardens where they cultivate them. Trees are always green with their weight of foliage, and birds are ever flitting through their leafy bowers.

Spiritualism is somewhat divided here, the same as in other parts. I have been visiting since my arrival, the last day of December, but am going to start out in the lecture field this week. I speak in San Jose next Sunday, January 31st; in Stockton through the month of February; in San Francisco the month of April. My friends will know from this where I am and what I am doing.

Laura Cuppy Smith is doing a good work in San Francisco. Addie Ballou has been speaking in Stockton this month with good success. Oh, how sorry I feel for poor Mrs. Stevens in the loss of her darling son, so suddenly taken from her. I know I can sympathize with her if any one in this world can. Ever yours in love.

MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

Oakland, Cal., Jan. 26th, 1875.

Nothing will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome.

#### ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,

In her letter to the *Banner of Light*, "Chicago Notes," closes with the following which we give to our readers:

Notwithstanding the Philadelphia "Katie King expose," which is agitating the public mind to a large extent, people are anxious to know more of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism.

All moral reforms have been, at first, persecuted, despised of men, till the possibilities of their advent became known and appreciated. Anti-slavery, Temperance, Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism were born in the manger, and consequently crucified. The veteran Spiritualists are now being paid for what they have suffered as advocates of an unpopular *ism*. The door between the two worlds is wide open, and the loved immortals can be seen and heard.

We thank Spiritualism for the progressive developments of the age. It has robbed death of all its terror, divested the grave of its gloom, banished the horror of eternal punishment, and demonstrated the immortality of human life; it has aroused mankind from the sluggish conditions of selfishness and awakened desires for doing good to others; it has softened the heart, opened the sight, stimulated thought, and thus demonstrated to the human race its condition here and destiny hereafter.

We will not rest easy until we have worked through all these unseemly excrescences of time and circumstance, and come forth to the surface clean and clear, with no deformity anywhere. Out of these interior elements let us produce at length as beautiful specimens as the forces of nature anywhere yield. If the material world was so long in being brought to perfection, what of the mind which was the prototype of the unseen world?

We vaingloriously think that we have arrived at all truth; that the books are closed, and we have mastered all their hidden mysteries, while we now stand but on the threshold of that vast temple whose overarching dome is God's illimitable space, whose avenues of knowledge are as eternal as the Infinite.

We rejoice that the light of true Spiritualism is rapidly dispelling the mists of ignorance, superstition and intolerance, which have so long bound the human mind; and we hear the glorious news from every quarter of the globe of the gradual spreading of the angel philosophy which is destined surely to bring "peace on earth and good will to men."

160 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## Science.

### SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS BY A WOMAN.

The observations of Mrs. Mary Treat, of Vineland, New Jersey, are the most recent as well as among the most thorough that have been made on those curious plants which live by catching and digesting insects. They were lately published in the *Tribune*. In the month of May last she received from Dr. Wood of Wilmington, N. C., some thirty fine specimens of the *Dionaea muscipula*, and placed them at once in separate pots, numbering each and keeping a careful diary from the outset.

When an insect is entrapped a slimy secretion begins to ooze from the inside of the leaf, and in a day or two envelopes the insect's body. After a period of several days the insect disappears with the exceptions, perhaps, of some hard parts, which are ejected, and the leaf re-opens, if it is healthy, to receive another victim. Such being the *modus operandi* in general terms, Mrs. Treat proceeded to make more careful observations. She found that the leaves and plants differed greatly in their powers of assimilation. Some leaves were unable to digest even a single fly, while others disposed of three successively, but never could manage a fourth. When a leaf has done its duty in contributing nutriment to the parent stem, it dies and is replaced by another or others. The leaves were not restricted to a uniform diet. Mrs. Treat tested them with beetles, spiders (of daddy-long-legs variety), etc., and even sat for some two hours with her little finger in one of the leaves. This last experiment was unsatisfactory, as for some reasons her nerves refused, much to her regret, to let her remain a prisoner long enough to be even partially digested. The leaf had, however, begun to exude its digestive fluid as if it would have been quite pleased with a human victim had it been big enough. Beetles and other hard winged insects were digested by some of the stronger leaves, the operation requiring in some cases as much as two weeks. The strongest plant in the collection caught in all forty insects between May and October, and digested most of them, but this was accomplished by successive sets or relays of leaves. Insects removed after two or three hours of confinement sometimes recovered, but if they were left long enough to become covered with the slimy secretion they always died, although in some cases the secretion was carefully washed off. Such in brief are some of Mrs. Treat's conclusions.

In the case of Drosera, natives of the Northern States, she found that while the leaves would close over bits of beef and the like, they would take no notice of dry mineral substances, and seemed doubtful about fruit. If, however, a fly were fastened within say half an inch of a leaf, it would begin to reach

toward it and usually made fast within two hours.—*Woman's Journal*, Jan. 3d.

A new and beautiful application of photography has lately appeared in England, by the aid of which any lace design can be transferred to silk, so that the latter material appears to be covered with the delicate and costly fabric. The lace to be copied is secured in a frame in contact with sensitive albumenized paper, and exposed to the light until a very deep impression is obtained. This is then fixed, and the paper, washed and dried, forms a perfect negative. And the piece of paper is then sensitized with bicromate of potash and gelatin, and exposed under the negative. Inking with lithographic transferring follows, and the paper is placed in water and lightly sapped with a sponge. This throws out every detail of the inked spaces, the rest remaining white or free from ink. The impression is lastly transferred to a lithographic stone, and then printed upon the silk by the usual process.

Dr. Balmano, a London Surgeon, has successfully applied the magic lantern to the study of diseases of the skin. A transparent photograph of the skin is taken and then placed in a magic lantern. A strong hydro-oxygen light casts the picture enlarged on a white sheet, and in this way the smallest details are brought out with astonishing minuteness.

A disciple of Darwin at the Sydenham Crystal Palace writes: "Yesterday I passed an hour watching a chimpanzee nearly as large as a child ten years old, and whom it so strongly resembled in its actions as to humiliate me by the incontestible relationship.

The beats of the pulse can be measured with great accuracy by a photographic apparatus recently invented. By the use of this instrument the apparent single stroke of the pulse has been found to consist of three, or even four, beats in succession.

Texan palæontologists are positive as to the human origin of a skeleton, twenty odd feet long, one of whose knee pans fits a large carpet bag, while a molar tooth measures eleven inches in length and six inches across the surface.

## Saws and Straws.

A clear conscience is a sure card.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

A lie has no legs, but scandal has wings.

Be a friend to thyself, and others will be so too.

Better is a portion in a wife, than with a wife.

Back biting oftener proceeds from pride than malice.

Cast no dirt into the well that hath given you water.

Close thine ear against those that open their mouth against others.

Conduct, resolution, and courage perform great things.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

Death hath nothing terrible in it, but what life hath made so.

Do nothing to-day that you will repent of to-morrow.

He that has revenge in his power, and does not use it, is the greater man.

If you can say no good, say no ill of your neighbors.

Never carry a sword in your tongue to wound the reputation of any man.

When ill reports are spread of you, live so as that none may believe them.

If a jewel is right, no matter who says it is a counterfeit; if my conscience tells me that I am innocent, what do I care who tells the world that I am guilty.

To be or not to be is not the question:

There is no choice of life,

For death is but another name for change.

Miss Lizzie Doten.

Things should not be done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

There is a principle which is the basis of things, which all speech aims to say, and all action to evolve—a simple, quiet, undescribed, undescrivable presence, dwelling very peacefully in us, our rightful lord; we are not to do, but to let do; not to work, but to be worked upon; and to this homage there is consent of all thoughtful and just men in all ages and conditions.—*Emerson*.

HERMAN SNOW,

DEALER IN

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