

# THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

VOL. I.—NO. 20. [E. V. WILSON,]

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## LIFE'S TRAVELERS.

Oh, Life's swift travelers, how they hurry on,  
Hurry madly on!  
Some with joy and merriment, mingling songs and jests;  
Some with aching hearts throbbing on in tired breasts;  
Some with muttered curses, some with blank despair;  
Some with resignation, murmuring a prayer—  
Life's swift travelers, how they hurry on!

Toil they ever, taking rarely rest,  
Taking rarely rest!  
Through the fresh early morn, and the noon's sultry heat,  
Through the dead waste of night, on vision's winged feet;  
Through Youth's tropic summer and Age's polar snow,  
O'er the hill-tops of Joy, down in the depths of Woe,  
Toil they ever, taking rarely rest!

What do they seek, these people? What their end?  
Whither lies the end?  
How will it be when their journey's toil is done?  
Will they rest evermore? Will peaceful rest be won?  
In that reward, so blest, will they forget  
The pain of the past race—its toil, its fret?  
What do they seek, these people?—what?

The end of all is at a dark, low Gate,  
A dark, low, narrow Gate!  
Through its mysterious portals, with faces strange and white,  
The winners in the race vanish from mortal sight!  
Pleadings go after them—no answer cometh back,  
To guide the jostling travelers o'er the beaten track,  
Who strive to pierce the mysteries of the Gate.

Beyond (says Faith) there lies the Heavenly Rest!  
The blissful Heavenly Rest!  
There the weary souls of pilgrims are eased of their pain;  
There sufferers by worldly loss count their eternal gain;  
There they who with true courage the Race of Life have run,  
Hear the Lord's angels chorus, "Well done! Well done!"  
Enter into the Heavenly Rest, oh, faithful one!"  
—The Argus.

## REPLY TO THE REV. MR. HEPWORTH.

The enclosed communication was written for the *New York Herald* in March, 1875, and in answer to "An Inquirer," and refused; or rather sent to "An Inquirer," who committed it to a state of cremation. Thanks to the editor of *The Herald* for his kindness. We have not room for the long and very illogical article of "An Inquirer," who was none other than the Rev. Mr. Hepworth of New York city.

We are willing, however, to wager a pot of corn starch or a bottle of wine for church use, that either of the three great mediums, Mansfield, Slade, and Foster, can prove the Rev. H. untruthful in his statements, as published in *The Herald*. We know that Dr. Slade drove this reverend expert to the wall, and compelled him to back water—for he has not published the seance Dr. S. gave him in the spring.—Ed.

### To the Editor of the New York Herald:

In your issue of Tuesday, Dec. 22, I read an article headed "Mediums Exposed," in which my name was coupled, and grossly vilified.

I have not often had an occasion during the nearly quarter of a century of my public life as a medium, to respond to the "they say so" of Madam Grundy; but in this instance I deem it necessary, not only as a duty to myself, but to the world as well, to explain how this attack was made, and by whom it was made, and then hope it will not be asking too much to be permitted to ventilate it through the same columns in which the attack appeared.

Nov. 30, 1874. The person who styles himself "Inquirer," called at my parlors, No. 361 Sixth ave., in quest of spirit communications. On entering my office he asked if the medium was disengaged. I replied, "You can have a

seance if you desire." He came forward to my table, and after laying off his top-coat and hat, which with a large bludgeon hickory cane, he deposited on a chair near the office door. While "Inquirer" was writing his first question I took his hat, coat, and cane from that chair and placed them on another chair, more remote from the table. This I did in order to give "Inquirer" a chair nearer the table on which he was writing his question. In removing those articles from one chair to the other, I noticed engraved the words, "Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth."

I said to myself, "Can that be Hepworth, who had so frequently sat with me the past ten years?" I looked at him again, as he says, "sharply," to satisfy myself if my caller was really the man Hepworth. For, notwithstanding he carried Geo. Hepworth's cane, I was not then satisfied my visitor was the one who I had been led to think it was, from seeing the name on the bludgeon. But after writing his first question, he turned to me, saying,

"Doctor, how long is it since you returned from California?"

I responded, "I think it is about ten years since."

His reply was, "Yes, I thought so." I recollected sitting with him about the second week after my return from California; not only that, but a message given him, purporting to come from his deceased father, with which he expressed great satisfaction.

He next remarked, "Doctor, you hold your age well." My reply was, "Yes, I believe I do."

Having become satisfied that I did not mistake my visitor, I endeavored to obtain an answer to his folded question.

After making several attempts to get a response, and feeling I would not be able to gather sufficient magnetic force to answer, I asked the individual to come forward to my table and place his hand upon the written fold. He did so, and by so doing I was enabled to get several magnetic signs; the number was seven. But at that time of the sitting I was not able to get anything like an intelligent response. I asked the individual if either name of the party called for contained seven letters—as indicated in the marks which lay before us. His response was, "Yes, yes."

Then, letter by letter, backwards, or from right to left, was the name of Harriet spelled out, and purporting to be the name of his deceased mother. I said to myself, Harriet was not the name of Mr. Hepworth's mother. Her name was, if I mistake not, Charlotte. I was partially acquainted with Mr. Hepworth's mother before she died. She was an estimable lady, and a very good medium.

I then bethought myself to ask Mr. Hepworth if he recognized the name of Harriet as his mother. He replied, "Yes, yes."

It was then I was sure that Hepworth stated what he knew to be untrue.

His question I do not know. He tells you it was asking that sainted mother, "If it would be advisable to purchase those stocks she had advised him to purchase one year ago." Showing conclusively he had consulted his mother, through some medium, within the past year, and about stocks, too.

His second question was asked in the same untruthful spirit, as you may see by referring to his article of the 22d, viz.: "Dear Mother, Have you met my wife, Adda, in the Spirit Land?" Here again, he asks of that sainted mother if she had met his then living wife in the Spirit Land, knowing that she was well at home that very moment.

The reply was in the same spirit as the question had been asked, and no doubt answered by the same unreliable or deceptive spirit he had attracted by his living presence and question.

Not satisfied by obtaining false answers to false questions, he pursues his deception by asking other questions, one of which was, viz., "Father, what is the matter of my little son, Willie?" when in fact he never had a son.

If his word is to be relied upon, not yet satisfied with what he tells you are falsehoods, he still pursues his wicked course, even by calling his mother, or the one purporting to be his mother, to tell him "if his sister Sally will get well." To that question no response was given. I told him I got nothing to that question; he wanted to know why; I told him because they would not respond. "Well," said Hepworth, "if they will not answer I suppose they will not."

He came forward to my table, with his hat, coat, and cane, handed me my usual fee, saying, "That is it, I believe." Not then willing to leave until he had told another falsehood, he said, "Doctor, I am sorry my mother did not answer my question about my sister Sally."

I looked at the man with perfect disgust. Can it be, said I to myself, that this man Hepworth, who occupies so high a position, and whom thousands flock to see and listen to, Sabbath after Sabbath, will stand there and deliberately tell me falsehoods. I looked the wicked man deliberately in the face. Said I, "Is your sister Sally very sick?"

Then, with all the sanctity and solemnity he could muster in tone and looks, he said, "Doctor, she is very sick, and I so wished mother would have told me if she would get well again." I told the man he would get no more. He replied he would call again soon. He has not as yet, and I hardly think he will at this late day.

In his concluding remarks in article, Dec. 22, he says, "Mr. Bergh would do the public a service to suppress this humbug"—"as an act of cruelty to animals." I sincerely beg the animal's pardon if I have injured him in the slightest. I only gave him what he came for, and I judge from his article he got his fill.

Now Mr. "Inquirer," when next you visit a Spiritual medium, go seeking a truth, and you will get it. For recollect that like attracts like, in this or any other world. If you seek a liar, you attract one to you. "The fool is ever answered according to his folly." And in conclusion, let me say, Mr. Hepworth, as you pretend to tell the people how to commence the new year, and live it too, be sure you go about it with clean hands and a truthful spirit.

I now leave you in the hands of the intelligent readers of this paper. I have told the truth in the matter, without comment, and leave it with them to judge between you and me.

JAS. V. MANSFIELD.

## FUNERAL OF ISAAC SEVERANCE.

Passed to Spirit life, from his home in Eagle, Wednesday morning, March 3, Isaac Severance, in the 78th year of his age. Mr. Severance was among the earliest settlers of our county, coming from Vermont with his family, to the farm near Eagle, in Waukesha county, where he has since resided, in 1837. For several years past he has been failing in physical strength until the "sands of life ran out," and quietly sitting in his chair, he breathed his last, and his spirit, like a bird uncaged, winged its way to more congenial climes. His departure was unexpected, and yet had been considered liable to take place at any time.

Ferrand Bigelow, brother of the wife of the departed, who came to this country with them and has lived near, always ready to assist them in every emergency, was with him in his last moments, true and faithful through life and in death. His sons in Milwaukee were immediately telegraphed and arrived as soon as possible to help sympathize with and sustain their aged mother, who has been confined to the house for years, and an only sister who has cared for them.

The funeral took place on Friday, a large concourse of people assembling to pay their last tribute of respect to their old friend and neighbor. Mr. Richmond, of Troy, furnished appropriate music for the occasion.

The funeral discourse was delivered by Juliet H. Severance, M.D., of Milwaukee (daughter-in-law of the deceased), who spoke as follows:

"We have met together to-day to pay our last tribute of respect to the form that now lies before us, but we meet not as a band of mourners merely, but rather to celebrate the birth of the spirit into a higher life. As a beautiful butterfly unfolds from the chrysalis that encases it, so the spirit has left the worn-out casket to unfold in better conditions in spirit life.

"Being bound together as we are by the laws of sympathy and association, although feeling to rejoice with the freed spirit, we still have feelings of sadness that we shall no more behold his venerable form among us, as we would feel saddened had he removed even to California to spend a series of years away from us.

"It is well for the aged to pass away. They have matured, ripened for the higher life, and their conditions are bettered by the change. Life is like a graded school, and earth-life is the primary department, where certain studies are to be pursued, certain lessons to be learned, which belong entirely to this department, and can be learned nowhere else. If persons pass to spirit life prematurely, it is a great misfortune to them, because they are not prepared for a higher condition, and as the child who is promoted to a higher grade in our schools before learning the lessons that belong to the lower must be sent back to learn them, so spirits who pass on without earth lessons and experiences are sent back to earth to learn the rudiments of life's great studies before they can take up the higher branches. Then instead of its being better for them, as we have been taught, to pass away in early childhood, it is a misfortune, and the result of our own ignorance to natural laws and our relations to surrounding nature. Then when you feel the clasp of the little arms that have encircled your neck, loosen; when you feel no longer the warm kisses of affection upon your cheek; when you listen in vain for the patter of little feet upon the floor, do not call it a dispensation of Providence, but rather charge it to your own ignorance in failing to supply conditions necessary to the proper maintenance of life, or in giving at birth a constitution capable of growing to maturity. Taking thus the responsibility upon yourselves, set yourselves to work to learn the laws of human life in order to save yourselves so much suffering and misery; for all sickness, all suffering, is the result of our placing ourselves in wrong relations to the laws of life, of failing to live rightly; hence as we learn how to live according to nature in its more advanced conditions, we shall avoid the

pain and suffering, the desolation of heart and home that we see everywhere around us.

"I wish now to speak of the object of life and conditions in spirit life as understood by myself and our father and friend who has passed on before us. Our object should be improvement, culture, and development. We enter spirit life just as we are when we leave this; have the same loves, the same hates, the same habits, and in fact the same qualities in every respect, else it would not be us, and our chances for progress and happiness are better or worse according to the advancement we have made here. Here we are mingled together, from business and other considerations, good, bad, and indifferent. Circumstances throw together the learned and the ignorant, the philanthropist and the miser, where there is no affinity between them. There the law of attraction controls all associations, and every person gravitates to his kind. 'Like attracts like.' The person whose aim in life is high, whose growth is far advanced, whose habits are pure, and aspirations lofty, has better conditions, because he associates alone with those of his own kind and is free from the influence of less advanced and undeveloped persons, while the low and uncultured, the person of bad habits, impure thoughts, and groveling desires, the debauchee, has worse conditions, less chance for progress, because with those of his own kind only; and they drink the dark waters of dissipation and ignorance, bringing upon themselves constantly more misery and suffering, until in their souls they cry out, enough, and long for a better life. With this aspiration for higher conditions, the spirits of the pure in higher conditions, who love to do good, are drawn to them by the chords of sympathy, to aid them in their efforts for a higher life. So my friends, you see the importance of trying to improve in every possible way while here, so as to be fit companions for the good and pure in spirit life.

"Good deeds make our riches there. Here men work day and night, deprive themselves of every chance for improvement or enjoyment in recreations, to make money, accumulate property, which, in a few short years at most, they must leave behind them, and although they may be considered of the first importance here because of their wealth, their treasures are all of the earth. The rich man here may be a pauper and a beggar there; while the man who lives for improvement, who loves his fellow man, and labors for his advancement, whose head and heart are full of wisdom and sympathy, whose life is filled with good deeds, although perhaps here poor, and despised in society, will there be rich, for his wealth is garnered there; and when he crosses the river glad hearts that he has blessed on earth will welcome him with outstretched arms to their homes, and he will find all his good deeds have been transformed into wealth there, and he is rich indeed.

"We cannot escape the consequences of our own acts. Everything we do, every thought and aspiration of our lives brings us either pleasure or pain as a natural result of the act. If we put our hand in the fire we must suffer the penalty of placing our hand and the fire in wrong relations, one to the other. This pain is not inflicted upon us as a punishment, but comes as a natural result of our own action. So in every department of life, as we sow so shall we reap.

"Our father and friend who has just left us, but whose form we now behold, has lived past his 'three score years and ten,' has lived to a ripe old age. Had he understood how to have lived rightly in every respect, he might have been saved the suffering he has been subject to for years, and his 'sands of life' run out just as quietly and peacefully as they now did. He was among the early settlers of the State, coming from his Eastern home in 1837 to this then far west, to make for himself and family a home in the wilds of Wisconsin. He came in advance to prepare that home for your reception, and met you at the river's crossing, when you arrived here, to give you welcome. So has he gone before you to Spirit life to prepare a home for you there, and when you cross the 'mystic river' he will be the first to meet you on the banks of the 'evergreen shore,' and welcome you to your new home there. The one he clung to last on earth was Uncle Ferrand, as true a friend as ever blessed mortal man, who was by his side in his last moments.

"He has not gone among strangers, but friends, who will greet him with kindly welcome; for a man living to his age must find most of the friends of his youth on the other side.

"He was a man of superior intellectual qualities, and had he been reared with our present advantages for culture, and been blessed with more self-esteem, he would have made a mark in the world.

"He was always inclined to the side of freedom and reform; was an early abolitionist, and has for over twenty years been a confirmed Spiritualist. This has been the consolation of his life in his old age, for he knew he should live after the change called death, and be able to commune with those he loved here, left behind. It is only through the proofs of spirit demonstrations that we have any certainty of an after life. We may hope or believe upon some supposed authority, but thinking minds question, and there are times when doubts arise like dark specters to haunt us with fears and unbelief. I know from experience, for I was a member of the Baptist church for years, honest in my belief as I am now, but at such trial hours as this I was not sure of the hereafter. I can now say, as our dear departed could have said, I know my friends live after they leave

the physical form. I have seen them, I have heard their voices, I have clasped their hands, and heard them tell of their homes there and the conditions of Spirit life, and I know this by the same means and just as positively as I know you stand before me. I do not believe it, I know it, as he also knew it. I have heard him (as have others), many times talk of his coming change as one would speak of taking a pleasant journey to visit absent friends, anxious to go, only waiting for the boatman to take him gently o'er the river, and I know he will come to us again, and have the same interest in our welfare, will do all in his power to aid us, and will be able to do more than he could for some time past, with his decrepit, worn-out body. I need not speak to you of his qualities as a friend and neighbor, for many of you have known him longer than I have. You will miss his form among you, with his waving white hair and beautiful flowing beard, pure as the driven snow. Emulate his virtues, throw the sweet mantle of charity over his faults, for we all have faults, and think of him as one gone up higher. His aged companion, our venerable mother, who has traveled with him life's journey for so many years, will miss him most of all, while she waits here a little longer before going to join him. And as we celebrated, two years ago this month, their golden wedding with appropriate festivities, so will the friends celebrate their reunion in the land of spirits.

"And now, kind friends, take these lessons home with you, and let us strive, you and I, to so live that we shall have reached a ripe, sweet old age, and have laid up our treasures above; have learned all our lessons here, have done all the good we could, have developed ourselves into the noblest men and women we are capable of becoming, fitted ourselves for the companionship of the good and true in Spirit realms, when the time shall come for the angel of death to unlock for us life's flower-encircled door, and shall be gladly welcomed to our spirit homes by our loved ones that have gone before us."

The choir then sang, "We shall know each other there," while there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. After taking a last look at the inanimate form before them, beautiful even in death, the long procession formed and followed it to its last resting place. Peace to his ashes.—*Cor. of The Freeman.*

#### PASSED AWAY.

On Wednesday, at 8 o'clock a. m., February 17, 1875, S. Kirk Hornbrook, eldest son of Thomas and Triphena P. Hornbrook, in the 33d year of his age.

IN MEMORY OF S. KIRK HORNBOOK.

By C. E. H.

Not dead, but passed to a higher sphere,  
The soul has burst its prison bars,  
And now is soaring and expanding  
In freedom beyond the stars.  
Why should we grieve and bow the head,  
Like those bereft of hope?  
Do we not know the immortal soul  
Hath now a wider scope?

O'er the river pass our loved ones;  
O'er the river deep and wide—  
Yet we know the frail bark's anchored  
Safely on the other side.  
Gazing on the brow of marble,  
Of the one that cross'd last night—  
Angels group'd around the bedside,  
While the spirit winged its flight.

Father, mother, sister, brother,  
Look up higher—you will see  
That the beauties, call'd celestial,  
Are unfolded unto thee.  
Lo! the one that cross'd the river,  
Has a crown upon his brow;  
Dearest friends, grieve not so deeply,  
Kirk is standing with you now.  
*Wheeling, W. Va. —Sunday News.*

COMMUNICATION FROM S. KIRK HORNBOOK,  
March 7, 1875, to D. S. P., and to his Other  
Friends.

DEAR COUSIN S.—When I parted from you in Wheeling, but a few weeks or months ago, at most, I did not think I should be the first to cross the mystic river of Death, for so it seemed to me prospectively, for I then thought you would go before me—your health seemed so frail. Although I felt that unless some great change was wrought in me, I should never accomplish much more on Earth, yet the idea of changing conditions—that is, a certainty for an uncertainty in the future—was not pleasant to me. I put it off as far distant as possible, until I was brought so near the grim messenger, that I was unable at the last to say or do what I would gladly have done then, had I the power.

But the die is cast, and the river so terrible to me in thought has been passed in safety, with a multitude of friends waiting to receive and welcome me to their homes so beautiful, in the spheres. The Heaven of the spheres is not what I expected to find it, for although I had heard so much upon the subject, yet it did not impress me with any correct idea whatever of the beauty and grandeur of Spirit life until I came here, and it burst upon my vision in all its glory, when I began to realize the insignificance of Earth and Earth scenes, compared with the glories of this sphere of which I knew so little. But I am thankful to be here; thankful to be a learner in the school of wisdom, and desire to do all I can to aid Earth's children to rise up out of darkness into the sphere of light, happiness, and love.

Please say to my mother I am much with her and try to comfort her, and that she must not grieve for me. I am far better off than I could be to remain on the Earth, and that it is best for me that I passed away when I did. Please say to father, I sorrow for him in the loss he feels, but he must think of me as better off.

I shall do more for him now than I should if I had remained with him. I shall try to lift him up, and aid him in rising higher ere he leaves the Earth sphere, and he will feel that he can say in his heart, "The Lord has given, and he has taken away, and blessed be his name." So Father, do not mourn for me any more, for I shall oft be with you, to aid and comfort you in your declining years.

And sister Dora, I love you with a brother's unselfish love, and oh! I wish you to feel that I shall be often near you to comfort and sympathize with you when you most need it, and where others fail, think of me then as most near to cheer and comfort you. And Charlie, perhaps you feel that you are left alone, but you are not. An invisible host attend your path in different ways, and your brothers, though unseen by your mortal vision, will watch over your pathway, to bless you, and if you will co-operate with them, to enable you to perform some great good for humanity before you lay down the body you now animate. Let your aspirations lead you on to something higher and nobler than your present attainments, and be not satisfied short of accomplishing some good for humanity. Let this be your aim, for it is the desire of a band of spirits that you step out of the old path into a new, in which they will lead you, and you will be blest in so doing. Eugene, be a good girl. Do all you can for father, mother, and Dora. Be a loving sister to Charlie, and you will find in him a kind brother in return. And to all my friends I would say, think of me, not as far off from you, but as one often with you, knowing your thoughts and sympathizing in all your sorrows, and that when you grieve I shall grieve also. Therefore be as happy and as cheerful as you can, which will make me happy also, and thus we can comfort and aid each other.

KIRK.

REMARKS.—We greet the friends of S. Kirk Hornbrook with a brother's love and a man's friendship. Sorrowing in their loss, with them we knew the family but to love, honor, and respect them, and while we did not know Kirk personally, yet his name, his truth, and his manhood were familiar to us. We have heard his mother praise his manly truth in all the earnestness of a mother's love; his sister Dora has often spoken of him as very dear to her, and the father's pride was in his son's truth.

But he is now an immortal, walking the royal highway of Infinite Truth. Let us unite in doing right that we may meet him in the Father's House. He has only gone before; we will soon follow, and when we meet our, your, reunion will be complete.—ED.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL  
GIVEN BY EDWARD PALMER, DIRECT FROM HIS  
SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

The next important event which I consider entitled to a place in this narrative, is what Christians are pleased to call "Christ's temptation by the Devil."

Jesus claimed to be my brother, and therefore the Messiah. As my brother, he claimed to be the first begotten son of Jehovah, nearest the beginning with my father, and to have pre-eminence with all the sons of God. He further claimed appointment by my father to reign in his stead, having been chosen to be a ruler over his brethren, and to bring all powers, whether in Heaven or Earth, into subjection unto himself. Anointed, he became vested with, and authorized to exercise, the prerogatives of Heaven's Sovereign. Thus, bound by no constitution or higher law, he could repeal all former laws, and annul all former covenants. Such were the assumptions of Jesus, the son of Mary, Michael and Zachariah.

Knowing that Jesus was perpetrating a sort of "pious fraud" in setting up these claims, (he being my nephew instead of my brother,) and thereby imperiling the welfare and happiness of the human race, I deemed it my duty to expose the deception.

For this purpose, I led him into the wilderness, and kept him there till he was well-nigh starved. Then said I, "If thou art my brother as thou claimest, command that these stones be made bread, and eat." He answered, "Bread alone is not sufficient to fulfill unto man all the requirements of life; he needeth also the unfolding power of every precept that cometh from the mouth of God."

I perceived by this answer that Jesus did not know me. But why had he answered me thus? The theologian says, "To reprove thee, O Satan; to remind thee of thy own infidelity to thy father, to whom Jesus had ever been faithful." Would you know, reader, why Jesus did not grant my request? If you do, I will tell you. Because he could not make stones into bread.

Having failed to show the power one would

naturally suppose so distinguished a Son of God possessed, I brought him out of the desert into Jerusalem, and set him on a pinnacle of the temple. Rather high for unsteady nerves, I admit. Thinking that quoting Scripture might give him more confidence, (perhaps the boy was bashful,) I said unto him, "Jesus, I did not expect that you could convert stones into bread when I requested you to do so, for already they are baked too much for bread; but if you are my brother, you can cast yourself down from here; for you know it is written concerning the Messiah, 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, to bear thee up; lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.'"

But my Scripture did not have the desired effect. The youth did not make the slightest effort to jump; but evidently to show me that he had some knowledge of Scripture, he quoted the following, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

By this answer I perceived that Jesus did not yet recognize me. He supposed that I was a brother in the family of Joseph, and wished to impress me with his divine superiority.

But why didn't he obey my request? The theologian answers, "Because you, Satan, offered your God a gross insult in making such a request of him; and it shows his great mercy in that he did not then cast you down to Hell." Now that the reader has got the Christian's reply, let me answer why he refused to cast himself from the pinnacle on which I had placed him. He did not dare to try it. Poor boy! his nerves had not been trained to maintain their equilibrium at such dizzy heights. Strange, when Heaven, his native place, was still so far above him.

Nevertheless, being determined to give the young man a fair trial before convicting him, and besides, conjecturing that, on account of his youth, his prowess and fortitude were not yet developed, I took the little fellow to the top of a high mountain (Pisgah) where he could get a glimpse of the glory of the most renowned nation of that day (Rome). Then said I unto him, "Thou hast shown thy wisdom in not acceding to my second demand; for, without any recompense, what advantage would it be to thee to cast thyself from a pinnacle of the temple? I will now make my third and last request of thee. In complying with this request you will have no fear to restrain. I ask of you an easy thing, such as any child of Earth can do, and my reward therefor shall be greater than any I have heretofore offered to any one, and greater than I shall ever offer again. 'If you will bow in worship before me, all these things which thou seest will I give thee.'"

When I had thus addressed him he knew me, as you will perceive by his reply, "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.'"

Why did he answer me thus? The Jesus worshiper says, "Interpret his answer aright, O Satan, and you will understand it thus, 'Go hence, leave the Earth, return to Heaven, and there, before your rightful Sovereign, bow in worship, and he shall grant unto thee forgiveness for thy sins, and restore thee to thy former glory. Do so, as in duty bound.'"

So the theologian may understand it, but how did I understand it, at the time it was spoken? According to Michael's plan, Jesus was to be the instrument wherewith to wrest Earth from my possession. Jesus knew this. Why then did he not, by so simple an act, accomplish the chief object of his mission? If, through my agency, the children of Earth are made and kept sinful, and subjected to all the miseries entailed by sin, and doomed to eternal torments at last, why did not Jesus consent to wound his dignity somewhat, and thus with one master-stroke accomplish the gigantic work, for which purpose professedly he was sent? Behold the misery and woe, temporary and eternal, he would have prevented thereby.

With my first request he could not comply; with my second he dared not; with my third he would not. Why would he not? Because he was bound with the fetters of vanity and prejudice, therefore, he hated me. One may fall down, but he cannot worship that which he hates. Jesus knew the import of my demand, as I stood revealed before him; he knew that I had already penetrated his designs; he knew, that to my gaze, he was stripped of every device; he knew that I knew more of him than he knew concerning himself. With terror, he cried, "Get thee hence, Satan,"

and then, as if to terrify me, exclaimed, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." How like some of his followers of to-day! When they think that I have surely come after them, they will abjure me with some passage from the Bible, and usually this very passage, or the first clause of it.

I said therefore, "he hated me." My brothers, because of hatred, refused to give me their assistance to renovate the old house. Michael, because of hatred, kicked me from the upper gate. My father, through hatred, was induced to proscribe the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and afterwards would have driven the primeval pair from Eden to certain destruction. Through hatred, he deluged the world. Divine hatred is stamped upon every page of ecclesiastical history. Whenever Jehovah has done anything for the benefit of mankind, manifesting a disposition of love, he has straightway repented of that good thing and sought to take it away. He repented that he had given to man permission to eat of every tree bearing seed (fruit). Because man, through partaking of the forbidden fruit, was enlightened and desired life and its consequent blessings, he sought to drive him unto death. When the human family became very numerous, in consequence of obeying Jehovah's command, "to multiply," etc., "he repented that he had made man, and sought to destroy him from off the face of the earth."

As a last resort, in order to save ruined, lost man, and to restore him to his primitive goodness and glory, he sends his son from his abode in glory to this earth, here to live and suffer and die as man; here to bear all your infirmities and transgressions and sins; that you, children of Earth, may be delivered out of my hands; that being divested of my power over you, all your sorrows and woes may cease; and that hatred and strife and war and bloodshed may be known no more; that all manner of oppression may cease; that workhouses, jails and prisons may be abolished; that the mother no longer part with her life-blood to sustain her starving darling in this land of plenty; that no longer the father be turned against his son, or the hand of the mother against her daughter; or the hearts of the loving away from each other.

"Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost"; unroll the scroll of time back to the hour when Jesus stood with me on Pisgah's top. As you look upon the long parchment, mark well each dark line. Oh, what a record of terrible horrors! Methinks the sensation preacher, who wishes to paralyze with fear all the kinder emotions of the human heart, or paint in bold relief a hell, or terrify the dying with the experiences of the damned, need draw no imaginary picture while the open past is before him. No human tongue can portray a tithe of the darkness that blackens the face of that scroll!

Could Jesus have performed the work he professed to have in view, no human tongue e'er sang the joys of Heaven with words that could half express the beatific condition of Earth's children.

Remember, all ye inhabitants of Earth, that on the sole condition of acknowledging the courtesy, I offered to deliver all pertaining to Earth into the hands of Jesus; yet, with all his professed love for you, and with all the power with which he was endowed from on high, he refused to accept the gift at my hands.

Now, readers, I beg to be excused awhile, to attend to my "Commentary upon the God Book." I will be with you again, ere long. Wishing Reason to guide you to the temple of Wisdom, I present you with the close of the first volume of my Autobiography.

Affectionately, NIC (HOLAS.)

**PHOTOGRAPHING COLORS.**—French photographers are not willing to abandon the idea of producing photographs in natural colors. At present much attention is directed to the process originally proposed by Ducos de Hauron. Three negatives are taken in the camera; the first through the red, the second through orange-red, the third through violet glass. From these three carbon prints are made; under the first negative he exposes a film of bichromatized gelatin having a red tint, under the second a similar film of a blue color, and under the third a yellow film. The three impressions terminated, he superposes these monochromes and obtains an image in which all the different tints of the original are found. Unfortunately, this method involves numerous delicate transfers and a good deal of difficult manipulation.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.—Franklin.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

SUGAR GROVE, April 6, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: I find in your last week's issue a notice that from henceforth all religious controversy shall be excluded from your columns. I do not know whether this was intended to include such articles as mine or not. I certainly did not intend to begin a controversy, nor did I expect to make converts to my particular religious views, for "a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still," and I know all will receive the truth as fast as they are prepared for it. But, as I thought Spiritualism was misunderstood by many, and misrepresented by others, I wished, in as small a space as possible, to present it to your readers in its proper light. This called out pretty sharp criticism from you, which is all right; I do not object to criticism; but I think you did not quite understand me in what I said in regard to ignorant bigots. A bigot, as I understand the term, does not necessarily mean a Christian, but one who is obstinately and blindly attached to some opinion, creed, or party, and illiberal toward the opinions of others. Very many of the most obstinate bigots in the world make no pretensions to Christianity, and there has been, in all ages and in every community, a certain class of people who never think for themselves, but whenever a new thought is given, either in science or religion, are loudest in their denunciation of it. To such I had reference and no other.

Far be it from me to say aught against true Christianity. There never were better or purer doctrines taught than by the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth, and did professed Christians live more in accordance with the golden rule "the world would be the better for it." I do not consider the Church responsible for anything a single member may do or say, neither do I think I am responsible for anything any one Spiritualist may say or do. And if I did look wise when I listened to E. V. Wilson's lecture, I was not conscious of it, and I think my looks must have been deceiving, for I lay no claims to more than ordinary wisdom.

Again, you say, "Poor human nature, poor bigoted souls, still try to prop up a humbug that is being exploded all over the world." "And Christianity will live to see the day when not a sensible person will desire to own that they were modern Spiritualists."

Humbug is an old outcry, that has always been found very convenient whenever there has been a new development in science or religion. And, my dear sir, do you know that the very foundation of Christianity was based upon what might be called Spiritualism? "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream," etc. Matth. i: 20. And the test of Christianity in its primitive days, consisted in Spiritual gifts, such as prophecy, visions, healing by laying on of hands, etc. All the early fathers, such as Origen, Justin, and others, were noted for these gifts; and such gifts prevailed among Christians until the reign of Constantine, who endeavored to unite Church and State, and introduced rituals and forms into the Church; and from that time these gifts were less frequent. Still, we find Spiritualism existing in some form among Christians to this day; indeed, take Spiritualism from the Church, and its life and soul are gone, and it becomes nothing but a dead letter.

Dr. Adam Clark was a sensible man, and he was not ashamed to say, "I believe that spirits may, according to the order of God and the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with the world, and become visible to mortals." And I might mention many men and women of our day, who might with propriety be called sensible, who are not ashamed to be called Spiritualists. William and Mary Howitt, for instance. Phebe and Alice Carey were well known by their friends to be Spiritualists; Prof. Crookes, F. R. S., of London, is quite a sensible man, and after a thorough investigation of many months, declared himself a believer in modern Spiritualism. "There is nothing in genuine Spiritualism that is not in accordance with the teachings and practices of Jesus; and the world's hope lies in the practical acceptance of these principles; and upon this plane can Christians and Spiritualists go hand in hand in the great work of lifting up fallen humanity." MRS. A. C. STILSON.

The Legislature isn't ready to give women the right to vote quite yet. But it is coming all the same.—Springfield Republican.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

SPIRITUALISTS AND THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 2210 Mt. Vernon st., April 15, 1875.

BRO. WILSON: If there is one thing that distinguishes you from most editors of the Spiritual papers, it is your earnestness. You remind me of the words of Mr. Garrison, when he issued the first number of the *Liberator*, in which he said, "I am in earnest, and will not excuse, and will not equivocate, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

I accord to you the high honor of projecting a grand scheme for the exhibition of Spiritualism at the Centennial Exposition, to be held in this city in 1876, and furthermore, you have nobly offered the first dollar to aid it. Good Spirits, interested in this noble work, through me say, Blessed be the name of the medium, E. V. WILSON. We need a committee of women and men, dwelling in different parts of the United States, to take hold of this good work, who shall issue a suitable call, get names to it, collect funds, and to do what shall be given them from the Spirit world, so that in the best and truest sense it shall be a Spiritual movement. 1876 will bring us to our twenty-eighth anniversary; I believe much in numbers; seven is one of the perfect numbers, more used in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures than any other. Next year we Spiritualists have four sevens in our anniversary. In Philadelphia, Spiritualists have elected a committee who will, without doubt, make a report of their deliberations.

I think your scheme is excellent, but am not clear that it can be successfully carried out on the grand scale you propose, but we may work toward it. Last November I was impressed to put forth the following programme for an International Congress, to commence its sessions in this city on the 4th of July, 1876; but with the exception of the New Jersey State Convention of Spiritualists, no organized body has taken action in reference to it. The themes proposed were these:

1. The True Functions of Government.
2. Propositions for the formation of an universal United States.
3. The present and future position of woman in government.
4. How to abolish war and to secure peace.
5. Treatment of the criminal and perishing classes.
6. The American Revolution; its causes and promoters. The defects of the present government of the United States; proposition for a new and better.
7. Emigration; its uses and disadvantages to a new government.
8. Education.
9. Labor and capital.
10. Propositions for another Congress; when and where to be held. Topics to be considered.
11. Papers on miscellaneous themes, to be accepted or rejected, as the Congress may determine.

I don't dare expect that the Spiritualists will feel able to take up and thoroughly consider all these topics. Certainly I should rejoice if they should so determine. But if they do not others may. The suffragists women of America have decided to hold a series of meetings here, to begin on the morning of July 4th, 1876, and the friends of universal peace are moving in the same general direction, and I hope that the friends and special admirers of THOMAS PAINE will also hold a series of meetings in the centennial year, in this city. But I will not trouble you farther on a matter that lies near my heart.

J. M. SPEAR.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualists held their eighth quarterly meeting in Beaver Dam, on April 9, 10, 11, 1875.

Friday, April 9, 2 o'clock, p. m. Meeting was called to order, and Bro. Woodworth of Oak Grove, appointed temporary chairman, the President and Vice-President being absent. The Secretary not being present, Dr. J. C. Phillips, of Omro, was chosen secretary *pro tem*. The following resolution was selected for this and future Conferences to discuss:

"Does modern Spiritualism furnish any better proof of future life than the Bible and Christianity."

W. F. Jamieson and Prof. R. G. Eccles,

speakers, engaged for the occasion. The foregoing resolution was ably discussed the entire session being used for conference. Bro. Jamieson introduced the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to wait on the clergy of Beaver Dam, and invite them to come and convert the entire convention.

Mrs. Gunn, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Willard, Bro. Hitchcock, and Elder Willard were appointed said committee.

Adjourned till evening.

7 o'clock, p. m. Subject of previous session further discussed. A lively participation by all present. Adjourned till morning.

Saturday a. m. Bro. Orvis chosen to preside over the session. Conference, in which many thoughts were elicited; short speeches from both speakers filled the time, forenoon.

The following were chosen a committee on finance: Mrs. Gunn, Foster, and Willard of Oakfield, Messrs. Gunn and Pease.

Adjourned till 2 o'clock, p. m.

2 p. m. Dr. Stevens chosen presiding officer of the session. Bro. Jamieson called for report of committee for waiting upon and inviting clergy to attend convention, and I assure you it was laughable in the extreme to hear the excuses of the reverends. One was not feeling well, and considered Spiritualism a humbug anyway, and said the Spiritualists hated the clergy. Another, that Saturday was his busiest day; another, that he had no character to lose, and so would keep away.

There was one in the audience who preached sometimes, was called upon to say something, or stand up for Jesus, but did not feel to say much anyway.

Bro. Jamieson then took the rostrum and said, "And this is the way we are treated by the clergy," gave them a just rebuke, when the Rev. Mr. Wilcox (who, by the way, claims to have annihilated one E. V. Wilson in debate, in Beaver Dam some time since), came forward and seemed willing to testify for Jesus. Said he was willing to speak on the resolution first introduced.

Adjourned till evening.

Saturday evening. Meeting called to order at 7½ o'clock, by Dr. Stevens. The session was devoted to discussion of the first resolution. Rev. Wilcox taking the Bible side of the question; Prof. Eccles, the Spiritualist's side. Some sharp thrusts were made, yet there was too much dodging around by Wilcox to give Eccles anything to answer.

Closed with song, entitled "The Angel's Call," by Dr. Phillips.

Sunday, April 11, 9 a. m. Meeting called to order by Vice-President, Mrs. Brown of Ripon. Conference. Many facts were related in regard to spirit communing, after which W. F. Jamieson gave a lecture on the Y. M. C. A., calling them the Protestant Jesuits of America; taking their own books to prove his assertions. In comparing them with the Catholic Jesuits of old, he considered the Y. M. C. A. not a whit better than their elder brothers.

Adjourned till 2 p. m.

Prof. Eccles was obliged to leave last night, to meet engagements in other places.

Sunday, 2 o'clock, p. m. Convention called to order. Mrs. Brown in the chair. Conference. Lecture by Bro. Jamieson on the first resolution introduced for discussion, and I need not tell you the difference seemed very perceptible when shown up by his keen, sharp criticism, listened to throughout by a large and attentive audience.

Sunday evening. Meeting called to order at the usual hour. Short conference. Lecture by W. F. Jamieson—Religious revivals, and how they are gotten up and manipulated.

Of course he had to go through a regular revival scene, which brought down the house. The hall was well filled by an appreciative audience.

A vote of thanks to Beaver Dam friends for hospitality.

Decided to have next quarterly a grove meeting, some time last of June, of which due notice will be given.

The meeting was a grand success.

MRS. BROWN, *Vice-Pres.*  
DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, *Sec.*

Widow Phila Lambert, of West Georgia, Vt., 56 years old, has for fifteen years supported eight children by laying stone wall, harvesting and other heavy farm work, and has not only made herself owner of a house and a few acres of land, but has given her children a good education.

# The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, MAY 8, 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, DUFF PAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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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.

## THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Readers, look at these words, read them, and reflect that its editor is a Spiritualist at work, with no axe to grind, that we mingle with you, working hand in hand with all reformers for the cause of human rights. We come to you in this, our twentieth number, with renewed hope, with a sacred trust in our keeping—the trust of Immortality. We love this, our organ, through which we speak with you every two weeks. We love you, our readers, all of you, as a father loveth his children. As God and the Angel world love us, so we love you, our readers. We love Spiritualism and all kindred reforms; we love our family, our home, our country, and yet this all abiding love shall not deprive us of administering reproof to those who do wrong.

Spiritualists, it will be one year next July since we issued our first number; our circulation has steadily increased, and we now number our readers by the thousands. Your hand has strengthened us; your words of encouragement have cheered us on in our arduous task; and we feel that we have won a victory, such a victory as was never won by a Spiritualist single-handed, before. The angels, too, came to our help, and but for these helpers, you of the Earth life and they of the Spirit world, we could not have succeeded. And now that the victory is ours, we must have help to hold the vantage ground. We are camping on the battle-field to-day, and will sleep in our armor to-night, that we may be ready to march to the assault of the stronghold the enemy has fallen back upon, by "the peep o' day." We need ten thousand recruits, and must have them. Come, then, to the front; send us up the munitions of war, and we will hold the battle-field against all odds.

Let every one who reads this appeal remember us, not alone with words of cheer and good intents, but put your hands deep into your pockets, and send us one dollar for 26 numbers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, each of you.

Let Vol. 2, No. 1, come to you in freedom, all expenses paid, with ten thousand subscribers. And when we offer you abuse for favors, then turn upon us the cold shoulder, and we will retire. We have been tried in fire, and came forth from the furnace without the smell of smoke on our person, and our soul free from soot.

Through the financial panic, the bitter sea of hate and spleen; through the judgment of friends, through false reports and sneers, we have passed, through the storm, and look forward in hope, looking back on justified success, without pride or egotism. We rejoice with an angel's joy. Having passed through all these things, and mastered them, we turn to you, our readers, and frankly say that without your help we fail; with it we succeed. What say you; shall we march on together for one year more, or shall we part now? We trust not. We have drawn upon our limited means for your benefit, will you, now that we have proved worthy, come to our help? We believe you will; we wait for your verdict—the good-will of our readers and the dollar.

## TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF AMERICA.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists still lives, and will hold its Fourth Annual Convention in Grow's Opera House, 517 West Madison st., Chicago, Ill., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 11th, 12th, and 13th. We invite the Spiritualists of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan to meet and unite with us, in solemn council, looking for-

ward for future action. Let us prepare for a Centennial celebration. Let us determine for Spiritual freedom; let us be free. Our enemies are active and full of bitterness; we must unite for defense or attack, as the case may require.

We wish a camp meeting of Spiritualists in the West, a grand gathering of our people under rule and order, and where there will be no gag law, but freedom in system and in harmony.

We need to take action on important and vital questions relating to Spiritualism and its future. Shall we tolerate the coercive policy of some of our would-be rulers, or shall our speakers, mediums, and writers be respected by our press—the Spiritual papers? The Spiritual press to-day is, on the whole, a misnomer, and we, as a people, have no press or organ before the public.

The subjects of reform are distinct and well defined, and may be summed up as follows: 1. Spiritualism; 2. Woman's Suffragent; 3. Dress Reform; 4. Temperance; 5. Political Reforms in every department of life.

Now, as a Spiritualist, we can approve of all these reforms; yet, when we are on the Spiritual platform, why should we drag these hobbies before our audience? Mrs. Tillotson, we are informed, stated, "We, as Dress Reformers, do not propose to discuss Spiritualism." The Woman's Suffragists peremptorily refuse to discuss the subject of Spiritualism. Why, then, should we devote our time to subjects not directly Spiritual? Or why should those subjects be ever and eternally dragged into our Conventions? Is it not time that we should draw lines, define positions, declare principles, and work out the problem of Spiritualism? Let us be liberal, but reasonable.

The Adventists at Battle Creek and in other places, wear reform dresses; Dr. Trall eats Graham bread; S. S. Jones sells hair restoratives and tobacco antidotes; Dr. Spence, positive and negative powders. All these may, with impunity, advocate there the great and cardinal principles of their lives, and lose sight of Spiritualism proper. We do not mean that the parties referred to are to blame very much for these things, for they cannot rise above their own level. But why should we stoop to their plane? Spiritualists, we ask you to come to the rescue; let us have, in June, a Convention worthy of us, of Spiritualism.

Remember, the 11th, 12th and 13th of June, 1875, at Grow's Opera House, 517 West Madison st., Chicago, Ill. Come with baskets overflowing with good things, with souls full of love, with the truth on our tongues, and souls above spleen. God and the Angel world will be with us.

## CHICAGO NOTES.

The Parrey fraud seems to be after the manner of the Philadelphia expose—no expose at all. And the *R.-P. Journal* refused to publish a statement, sworn to by several reputable witnesses. Truly may we exclaim with Jesus, "And I say unto you make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fall they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

Mr. Peebles has done a good work in Chicago this spring, and won many friends, and he is worthy. But Bro. P. look out; remember the spider and the fly; for when the *R.-P. Journal* praises you, you are in danger. If you will take the trouble to call on us some time, we will read you a letter in regard to you from S. S. J., that will set you to thinking.

It is a strange fact in the history of Spiritualism in Chicago, that those persons who are most bitter in their views on the social question, free love, affinities, and promiscuity, are such as have passed through the divorce court, or left their husbands or wives.

It is passing strange that those persons who exposed Mrs. Parrey have not been able to produce a single false face, rubber arm or other article captured by them when the fraud was discovered. We have no favorites, wear the shoulder straps of no one, yet we demand that the articles be produced in open court, and before the face of the criminal, before execution. If Williams and Parrey are guilty of fraud, let them be punished; if they are not, let them be sustained. The paper that publishes a person's faults only, and refuses to publish anything in extenuation thereof, is guilty of a heinous offense, and ought to be punished.

Mrs. Fay, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Parrey, Mrs.

Stewart, Mrs. Titus, Messrs. Streight, Hull, Taylor, Peebles, Jamieson, Chase, Wilson, in fact all and every person who does not pay tribute to the *R.-P. Journal*, have suffered at the hands of its editor; and yet, the moment these, or any one of them, offer to play into the hand of this establishment, the cry is, "You are welcome back to pure Spiritualism." Ye Gods, what purity there may be in the world, where no eye can see or ear can hear! Now let Mrs. Severance, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Addie Ballou, Mrs. Saydam, speak, and tell all they know of the *R.-P. Journal's* pure Spiritualism.

The First Society of Spiritualists, worshipping in Grow's Opera House, are progressing finely, and the Society is well sustained. We hear good reports of the Lyceum and its work. The Society and Lyceum are working in full harmony, and order is well maintained.

Spiritualism has never been as well sustained in Chicago as it has since the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists held its quarterly meetings there. In fact, the Association gave new life to Spiritualism, defined who were and who were not true Spiritualists, and will meet in June, a triumph for Radicalism.

## EDITORIAL CRITICISMS.

Words of encouragement are continually pouring in upon us, all of which please and gratifies, and we are thankful therefor. Our cotemporaries, with one exception, speak well of us and our work, and that exception may not be blamed, for what Mother Nature has not endowed a fellow being with said fellow cannot be blamed for.

*The Banner of Light*, the old reliable Spiritual standard is before us, full of good things, and long may its ample sheet unfold before us thought for soul food.

*The R.-P. Journal*, with its bitter spirit, comes to us as usual, printed on the poorest paper in the world of newspapers; cheap stuff. And yet we love this shoddy thing, well filled as it is with puff and advertisement. We see a change in it, it stoops to quote from our writings of the past, and yet fails to give us credit. Well, it is all right.

*The Woodhull & Claflin Weekly* is on our table, full of Woodhull. We wish the Tilton-Beecher people would put this lady on the witness stand, that the truth, the whole truth, might be spoken in the Brooklyn court-house. The following little incident occurred with us on the cars last week. We were reading this paper when a ministerial looking man said to us, "Do you dare to read that paper?"

"Yes, sir, and this, the *Christian at Work*, and this, the *Index*, and this, the *Banner of Light*, and this, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and this, the *Truth-Seeker*, and this, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and this, *Common Sense*, and this, the Brooklyn Scandal, and this, the *Christian Union*, and this—"

"Hold on," he cried, "what else do you read?"

"And this, fifteen yards of ministerial shortcoming," at the same time unrolling a column of names full fifteen yards long. Our gentleman looked and was silent, and we read on, and the cars sped on.

*The Truth-Seeker* is full of advanced ideas, and fearlessly prints them for the public to read. Bro. Bennett is an earnest worker.

*Common Sense*, the California part of it, that is the real common sense, is before us, chock full of sound thought and good common sense ideas. May it outlive rivalry and live down its counterfeit, and never want for sense.

*Hull's Crucible* comes to hand, full of Hull—the Moses. We read it carefully and recognize the intent of the spirit, not the act of the man; we fully believe Moses to be honest, but mistaken. Moses is no coward, and never panders to public opinion. He does not like us, and we do not like him; we never did like each other, and probably never shall, and yet there is manhood enough in each of us not to abuse the other. One thing, Moses, we fearlessly assert, and it is this, we admire the spirit in Elvira that dare tell the truth; too truthful to lie, too honest to steal, too virtuous to sell her sexual life for bread, and frank enough to say, "I am hungry, and want bread for myself and children; please give it to me, and I will pay for it in hard work." And we despise the mean spirit that taunts her in her need, or you in your hour of trial. We wish you were better off in this world's goods.

*The Kingdom of Heaven*, tart, sweet, bitter,

angular, and full of everything but Heaven. Or, if what it gives us is of Heaven, what must Hell be filled with? And yet Bro. Cook is one of the advance guard of workers in the field of thought. We welcome the Kingdom of Heaven in any form.

*The Word* (Princeton, Mass.) comes to hand, full of the word of truth; it is indeed a good word, and may it continue to speak the word of truth.

*The Spiritual Magazine*, for April, S. Watson, editor and publisher, Memphis, Tenn. Every Spiritualist should read this magazine. It is a first-class monthly, just what is needed; will suit the conservatives everywhere. We know Bro. Watson, made his acquaintance in 1864, when we wore the blue. He is a good man and true, and so is his magazine.

"Around the World," by J. M. Peebles. We advise everybody to read this trip around the world, it is so like Bro. Peebles; full of humor; full of goodness, and full of amusement. Really, Bro. P. tells a good story. By the way, we cannot find anything in Bro. Peebles' book about that wonderful capture and narrow escape from death, related by Dr. Dun, Bro. Peebles' *compagnon de voyage*.

## SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK.

There are two societies of Spiritualists in this city. The First Society hold their meetings at Harvard Rooms, corner of 42d st. and Sixth ave. The Second Society are known as the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, who hold their meetings in Republican Hall, No. 57 East 33d st.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists have a fine Lyceum, in good working order, and under an able corps of leaders and guards, and among the boys and girls are some who will make their mark in life. The Society meet morning and evening, and aim to put the best talent there is in the ranks of Spiritualism on the platform. The Society is conservative in its tendencies, and yet not restrictive. The present organization has been in working order some two years and a half, and split off from the First Society on account of the tendencies of many to glorify Victoria C. Woodhull, and other extreme views, as well as other eccentricities. The speakers employed by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, since we became acquainted with them, have been as follows: Messrs. Peebles, Branton, Howe, Stebbins, and E. V. Wilson. Mrs. Brigham has been the only lady speaker since last May. We first became acquainted with the Society last May, and have spoken three months for them since that time. Mrs. F. O. Hyser, of Baltimore, occupied the platform in April; T. Gales Foster is engaged for May; J. M. Peebles for June, and our English Bro. Morse for July, 1875.

The expenses of the Society are between \$3000 to \$4000 per annum, met by subscription and a small fee of ten cents at the door. The Society occupy a fine hall, just off Broadway, and in a very pleasant part of the city. They have a book table, on which may be found all the current literature in Spiritualism as well as books on other liberal thoughts and ideas. The conservative tendencies of this Society are not restrictive, they only require the speaker to preach the truth as it is in progressive Spiritualism, and we have found with them a spirit of toleration and kindness. We hold that the progressive Spiritualists of New York are well and ably governed. The Lyceum is a good one.

The First Society of Spiritualists, meeting in Harvard Rooms, we know but little about. Mr. P. E. Farnsworth is the leader and front of the Society, and, as far as we know, a gentleman. We spoke once for this Society, and had an audience of full 200, and that, too, in such a storm as New York has seldom seen. One great feature of this Society is its conference meetings, which meet at 2 o'clock and close at 5 o'clock, p. m., each Sunday. Their platform is a free one, and sharp ideas rule the hour, perfect order is maintained. The Atheist, Spiritualist, Christian, Adventist, and all others, are tolerated at this conference. It is really doing a great work, and we wish it God speed.

Their hall is a very pleasant one and easy of access, being on Sixth ave. opposite the Croton Water-works and Park. The speakers before this Society have been Dr. T. B. Taylor, Hume of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, and J. B. Wolf. Taylor and Hume failed to entertain or hold the audience, Wolf succeeded

very well. Mr. Wolf is a man of fine thought but eccentric. We have spoken one evening for them, and with good success. We wish both Societies every success.

The mediums of New York city have had a hard time of it the past winter, and we doubt their making expenses. One cause of this trouble is the Holmes expose, and the bitter opposition of the Church and the press.

J.V. Mansfield is as true and faithful as ever, and can be depended on every time; he is always in his place at 361 Sixth ave., and his cabinet of natural curiosities are of themselves worthy of attention, and the phenomenal phase possessed by him as a medium is grand. He truly may be styled the Ancient of Mediums, for we first met him on the 29th of July, 1858, and he had then been some time before the world as a writing medium. But we are growing old, Brother, and a few years more of time and then an eternity of life, in which to grow better and learn to do well; we shall then be nearer God.

Charles Foster we know but little about, having never seen him but once; we hear of him and his tests of spirit life, and from all reports believe him to be genuine.

We shall speak of other mediums in a future number. We closed our work in New York on Anniversary day.

#### JOHN COLLIER, FROM ENGLAND.

The Free Religious Society of Springfield, Mass., have given our English brother, John Collier, a testimonial consisting of a handsome gold watch, value, \$125, and other articles in silver and glass, in appreciation of his earnest labors during his lecturing engagement of four months this present season.

Mr. Collier says it is his wish to arrange a tour West, and he would be glad to visit the principal centers of Spiritualism on the way. Societies would do well to write Mr. Collier, who has already won his spurs in this country. The English and American press speak highly of Mr. Collier's platform work. Address care Harvey Lyman, Springfield, Mass.

### 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.

#### AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITS.

At Henry J. Newton's, 128 W. 43d st., N. Y.

It stormed last night, and the wind was brisk and piercing cold. The snow and sleet lay several inches deep in the streets, and notwithstanding all this, a goodly company of ladies and gentlemen came together for the sole purpose of listening to E. V. Wilson, the Seer.

When we entered the room, we cast our eyes about to find the wizard, expecting to see a long-haired, tall specimen of humanity; a sort of weird, shadowy something, tangible, it is true, yet pale and gaunt as one of Macbeth's witches, or Hamlet's ghost. Our eyes wandered in vain from one to the other, and we thought the storm had blown his ghostship away, and we had our tramp from the lower town for nothing. Turning to a lady, we said in a whisper,

"Is he here?"

"Who?" said the lady.

"Why, the ghost, the seer, the—I mean Wilson."

"Have you never seen Mr. Wilson?" she asked.

I confessed I had not, but wanted to very much.

"Well, do you that stout, middle-aged man in the large arm-chair, with a lady on each side of him?"

"What, that gray-haired, portly looking old man?"

"The same; that is him."

"He see spirits?"

"Yes; only wait a little."

Well, I thought, wonders will never cease, for this man looks more like an alderman than anything else, and I don't believe he can say a word that can possibly interest this intelligent coterie of people.

They seemed a jovial, merry set, each enjoying him or herself as seemed to suit the individual taste; no sadness, or glum or moody condition, and yet no boisterous, noisy one; everything evidenced refinement and culture. In fact the audience was recherché.

All at once the conversation was hushed, and

there was silence in the parlor. The Seer was speaking to a lady on his right. As we caught his words, they were as follows:

"There is here with you a Spirit, that of a woman (fully describing her). She is, I think, your mother, and died of heart difficulty, or through a complication of troubles, ending in heart disease." A moment later, he said:

"There is the spirit of a man here, who parted with you in anger, thirty years ago last fall. He refuses to give me his full name, but says, 'You may say that Asa is here, and that he well remembers the walk under the shadowing branches of the tall chestnut trees, and along the sand of the far away lake.'"

The lady, after a moment in reflection, replied, "My mother died as you state, of heart disease, and you have fully described her. Thirty years ago I had a friend who parted with me in anger, and I have not seen him since; I remember the walk referred to; it was at Cleveland, O., and on the bank of the lake, under the tall chestnut trees that at that time covered the land where the eastern portion of the city now is. What you say is true."

Then followed a buzz of voices, commenting on what had been said. The Seer then said:

"I hear a voice, just here before this picture of the Graces, saying, 'Tell John that all is well with me; that the gloom of the past is like the dark back-ground of this picture, required to bring out into full relief the graces of our Spiritual life, and as these traits blend into our angel nature, we are drawn earthward to those we love. O, the joy of the true soul in its ability to stand near those it loved in the old Earth home, can only be realized here. Your material life is the dark back-ground of our Spiritual home, and as you climb the golden stairs, leaving life's cares and sorrows behind, you will perceive the silvery lining of the future coming out in bold relief, until its golden halo fills the horizon of your soul with its mellow light; then, when you step from the golden stairs into the plain celestial, you will realize fully the simile we have made.'"

The gentleman, Dr. B., after questioning the Seer, conceded the aptness of the statement made by him. Again the hum of voices, comparing notes, with critical comments on what was said, the language used, etc.

The Seer again spoke, saying to a lady, "I see with you a man, now in spirit, he is five feet ten or eleven inches in height, weight one hundred and fifty pounds, fully five and forty or fifty years of age, his face is a remarkable one, and as changeable as anything can be, the nose is long, not Roman, the eyes hazel-blue, the mouth large and inclined to part, or lips open, cheek-bones high, the forehead large and retreating, the hair very dark but tinged with gray; his face is full of change, now dark and moody, then full of smiles; now he frowns and looks grave and stern, then his face assumes a reckless, careless expression, with a sort of devil-may-care look; and now the sweet smile of approval plays upon his countenance. This man, from Spirit life, stands near you and turns his heads occasionally over yonder towards that group of ladies and gentlemen; when in this life this Spirit man was dissipated, or exhibits the effects of dissipation; he possessed ability, was good or evil as condition warranted. He is in some way related to you, and has been friend or foe as circumstances and his own capricious nature warranted."

The lady answered, "I had a brother-in-law that fills your description to the letter, and was as you have stated."

"One moment," said the Seer; "I see a house, two-story, white; it is a New England country scene; it stands back a little from the street or road, and in a room, a sort of shed attachment to the house, I see you standing at the wash-tub, with sleeves rolled up, washing with all your might; it is your old home, and you are there on a visit. You have on a blue calico dress, and there is a little girl, some five or more years of age, running about in high glee. All this I see as distinctly as you see me."

The lady answered, "The man you have described knew nothing of this scene you have just portrayed."

"I did not say that; I only called your attention to what I saw."

"I can't reconcile it with the man you first described."

"I do not want you to; this is what is wanted on the part of the Spirit life: Do you remember a visit you made the old home, and the fact that you helped your mother in her washing? It was summer, in June, when you were

twenty-four years old, and had this girl with you that I have spoken of."

"Yes, I do; you are right."

Then turning to a gentleman, the Seer said: "I see, standing directly behind that man, the spirit of a woman, not his mother, she is a remarkable spirit, and must have been a very remarkable woman. She is tall and spare, dark hair and eyes, hair shaded with gray; her face is long and very marked in expression, she has all the elements of maternal care and solicitude in regard to you—of a mother—and yet she is not your mother; I deem her an old maid, but very much interested in you. Her face dark and long, forehead high, eyes brown, large, and very much like yours, sir, only the forehead is a little fuller on the temples than yours; the nose is large, not Roman, the cheek bones high, the eyes bright and very expressive for a woman of over fifty summers; she is very spare, hands large and bony; she has this habit, if anything displeases her, or that she did not approve, of pursing up her lips, thus or thus, at the same time lifting her eyebrows, so. Well, sir, this aunt soul or maiden spirit stands near you, and is delighted to see you this evening. What do you know of her?"

"Why do you call her an old maid?"

"Simply because she is."

"But how do you know she is?"

"I can't tell you that; there are some things I know, but how I know I can't tell."

"Well, sir, this is a remarkable statement, and it is true. This Spirit was an aunt of mine, and on my mother's death took the sole care of my child life, filling the place of a mother in every essential; her memory is very dear to me. One thing I will call attention to, it is this, the likeness of the forehead and eyebrows to mine."

"Yes," observed a lady, "I have seen a picture of the aunt you have so carefully described, and the likeness is remarkable indeed."

"I have not the slightest doubt but what it was my dear maiden motherly aunt, and my soul goes out to her this night with the old and trusting love of my boyhood days; her blessed fostering care I love, her sweet winsome ways—Well, well, what is this? I am moved as I have never been before."

The Seer then said: "There is here, with this lady, the spirit of a woman, the antithesis of yourself. She is very stout, broad of shoulders, dark hair tinged with gray, her eyes dark and full, the features are large and open; there is a rich vein of mirthfulness in her face. Now I see this woman from Spirit life here with you, she calls you pet names, and you were her favorite when a child. I believe her to be an aunt of yours, and from the mother's side of the house. What do you know of this?"

The lady answered, "Nothing; my mother's people were like myself, thin and spare, all of them; there were no stout, fleshy people among them."

Her husband replied, "She never gets any tests from this Spiritual phenomena."

"How about the father's people?" said the Seer, and I fancied the Seer was a little nettled at this failure. How about the father's family?"

"Entirely unlike what you have described."

The Seer, not willing to give it up, said: "Do you identify this woman as associated with your past, say from five years old to ten?"

"There was in our house a woman, a friend of my mother, with whom I was a pet and favorite child; we called her Aunt Lucy, and she was as one of the family, and had much to do with the children."

"Why did you not say so at first?" said the Seer.

"Because you said she was very fair, while she was really of dark complexion."

"I did not say that; I said nothing of complexion."

"O, I thought you did."

This test came out well and produced considerable feeling, the Seer winning the point. He then turned to a lady, saying:

"There is with you, the spirit of a man," fully describing him, "he is your brother, and thus he speaks to you—do not misunderstand me, he does not seem to say, but does say—'Sister mine, I greet you to-night from my home in the Spirit world. Greet you here on the shores of Time from my home divine. Sister, mine is a brother's love, pure and white, and I welcome you with the love of a brother's soul here to-night. Sister sweet, I have watched your every step. O with such anxious care, and four years ago, when error stood before you, when your soul was vexed, and care and

sorrow laid their heavy burdens on your shoulders, when all was dark, I came; it was in the night time, I stood by your side, your pillow was wet with your tears, I kissed them away and soothed your weary soul into sweet sleep; you was a child once more, once more we sported together in the rich golden joy of childhood, and when the dream or vision was over, you arose in joy, your soul was regnant in joy, we had won. And now, sister mine, I ever watch by you, your every step is guarded by a brother's loving, watchful soul care, and by and by, when you have ascended the golden stairs, when the silvery cord is separated that binds you to the world of human life, I will meet you on the portals, and will welcome you to our home among the immortals. God and the angels bless you, sister darling. I kiss you good night. Your brother gives you greetings."

This communication produced a decided effect on all who heard it, and was really a gem in its way; but more was to come.

Said the Seer: "There is with this man a Spirit, who says, 'Doctor, when you go home to Huntsville, Alabama, I want you to tell my old friend that I came here to-night; and say, I was to blame, the fault lay in me.'" Said the Seer, holding the gentleman by the hand, "This man was shot and killed, or killed some way. He says, 'Doctor, please remember me to my friends in my old home. I am Colonel Jones.'"

The Doctor replied, "I knew such a man in the Confederate service, he was killed after receiving several wounds, and our regiment compelled to retreat. He was Colonel Jones, of the 4th Alabama, was an honorable man; and I was surgeon of the regiment at the time he was killed. I knew him well."

Thus the Seer continued for two hours, giving test on test until forty-one statements had been made, thirty-six of which were fully identified. Then came the climax.

Said the Seer: "There is here to-night an influence, it is peculiar and marked with prophetic language. I see a man, he is large and well proportioned, he presents before me the future, it is this: First, confusion prevails, with discord; then comes commotion, with strife; he waves his wand, and order, peace, and prosperity takes the place of discord and her companions. He retires, and I see a woman come forward. She is clothed in a robe of pure white, her trail is long and very rich. She is radiant in health and beauty, and on her head rests a crown, not massive, heavy with gold and silver and precious stones, but a coronal wreath of rare flowers, each one significant of some one of the many traits that go to make up the true woman; in her hand is a roll of manuscripts bound or surrounded with immortelles. A throne is advanced, and she takes her place upon it, and around are gathered together the women of the world; they are waiting as if to speak or listen to her speech. She bids them be seated; the man I first saw is now with her, seated by her side. She speaks: 'Sisters, you demand your rights; they are granted; but in granting them, let me ask you, how you are going to discharge the duties that devolve upon you? Will you assume the arbitrary element of your brothers, or will you carry out the woman and share your vantage ground with your brother man? Behold our example, we are one in purpose and will; no iron rule here; He the king, I the queen, each deeming it an honor to obey the other; and you, our children, accept our example. Observe the social contract as laid down under the basic foundation of society; love the first in order, and marriage the second. The family compact under the monogamic contract, the only system under which the true policy of the State can rest; and thus ruled in all that is true and beautiful, accept your soul's desire in equality with your brothers, in all things pertaining to life, and in 1890 we will win universal suffrage for the whole human family.'"

Here the circle was broken, and the evening's entertainment came to a close. It was indeed a rich treat, and only a part of all that was said is here given. Mr. Wilson is winning his way here, and surely he deserves it.

B\*\*\*

#### OBITUARY.

Died, at the Parker House, Plymouth, Ind., Saturday, May 1st, 1875, at 10 o'clock, p. m., DR. WALTER ALPHEUS FLANDERS, aged 41 years, of disease of the heart. Dr. Flanders was a native of Vermont, but has lately resided in Chicago. For the last fifteen years he has been a Spiritualist and a healer of great power. He leaves many warm and true friends, to whom his memory will be dear. Spiritual papers please copy.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

### SONG TO THE ANGELS.

You come when the roses are blushing,  
Or snow-flakes are filling the air,  
When the stillness of evening is hushing  
The feverish pulsations of Care.

You come when the star-worlds are shining  
And silencing the bosom of night,  
And the spirit in slumber reclining  
Is bathed in your halo of light.

You come when the rose-hues of morning  
Are painting with glory the east,  
And the spirit awakes with the dawning  
To share in the rapturous feast.

You come when the Day King is wearing  
His diadem flaming with gold,  
And the spirit is wearily bearing  
Its burden of cares manifold.

You come, by your presence revealing  
Unchanging affection and worth,  
And your breath o'er the sea of pure feeling  
Inspires the glad music of Earth.

You come, and your garments of lightness,  
Toned not by the Zephyr's light breath,  
Fall about you in crystalline whiteness,  
Ah, they were the bridal of death.

You come, bringing roses and flowers,  
And sweet airs celestial we breathe,  
And we dream of the beautiful bowers,  
And brightness of lands where you live.

You come, and the sad and the weary,  
O'erburdened with sorrow and woe,  
Gather strength, and grow lightsome and cheery  
To journey in shadows below.

You come, and all hail to your mission,  
Sad dwellers in earth's desert lands  
Blend their notes with the songs of Elysian,  
And join the glad shaking of hands.

September, 1874.

We publish the following card and letter, and ask our readers, and every Christian, to read it; for every day these cards are being thrust into our faces, on the cars, in the street, and frequently the sanctity of home is invaded by these card and tract peddlers. Our prisons and jails are flooded with them, and there are men and women here in New York city, and in every other city of any considerable size, whose business it is to solicit aid and means to carry on this nefarious system of personal insult. And that it is an insult is self-evident, from the fact that these very people are indignant when offered our papers, books and tracts in return for their trash. The system, as now practised by the Christian world, of keeping before the vicious and criminal men and women these reminders of their crimes, is simply an outrage, and they ought to be prosecuted for cruelty to animals. If it is cruel and wicked to kill an ox before a herd of cattle, thus reminding them that they, too, must soon come to the slaughter, it is equally cruel to continually torture a criminal by keeping before him his crime and its material punishment, let alone the fearful spiritual one that is to overtake him in hell. These people may answer in return that these reminders of sin tend to reform them. Admitted for argument, and we reply to Mr. Bergh that familiarizing the animal with the slaughtering of its kind takes away his fear of death, and the creature comes to like it because of its frequency. And on the same conclusion, these cards and tracts keep before the mind of the criminal the errors of time and the terrors of hell, hence he or she gets to like it, and like the negro executed at Easton, in Maryland, not long ago, dance on the way to the scaffold, because "I see on de way to glory an' soon I'll sleep in de arms of Jesus."

Y. M. C. A. Gospel meeting, at the M. E. Church to-night. Some of the delegates from New Albany and Jeffersonville are still with us. A large delegation from Indianapolis will be present. Better than all, we expect the Savior to be with us. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

"Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your maker, asks you why?"

Admit bearer and friends.

COLUMBUS, IND., March 24, 1875.

FRIEND WILSON—Dear Sir: Your description of the controversy on the cars is amusing. At this time efforts are made here to bring impassible minds under the dominion of the clergy, using similar appeals you allude to, in addition to which, cards (per enclosed) are thrust into everybody's face, saying,

"Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your maker, asks you why?"

And I would not fear to bet a pot of gold against an old pewter platter, none of them can tell in what language such was originally spo-

ken. A thousand pots of gold can easily be raised in America for positive proof God ever asked such a question at all! Zealous ninnies telling people to

Come to God, sick, wounded, distressed, naked and bare,

Yes, come, ye tag, rag, and bob tail, come right along, just as you are.

For "at hell's dread mouth a thousand monsters wait,  
Grief weeps, and Vengeance bellows at the gate."

And thus a taste is had of "glad tidings of great joy, which are for all people," who say, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Especially in being tormented with a sectarian bigot, who is more relentless and implacable than a wild beast, or the devil.

The fact is (and confirmed by reason) sectarians make God a tyrant and a ferocious monster, compared with which Moloch and the devil appear as innocent. When claiming for such a God infinite truth, mercy, benevolence, and love, which (per Bible) is about as inconsistent a lie as the spirit of truth can discover. If I am in error, will your readers inform one in mental darkness, by name of

A. B. CHURCH.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

### REPLY TO MR. TODD.

BRO. WILSON—I notice in your paper of March 13th a communication from Benjamin Todd. He takes you to task for publishing the report of the December meeting of the Michigan State Spiritualist Society, as copied from the *Detroit Post*, and proceeds to correct the alleged errors in said report, and then to stigmatize as a "downright falsehood," what is said concerning himself.

My recollection of the proceedings at that meeting leads me to conclude that he has made more than "one egregious error" in his "true story" of what took place then.

A. M. Worden's resolution reads as follows, "Resolved, That we rescind all former resolutions and leave the good sense of the people free to settle all side issues." True, Mr. Worden did not place the words "social question" before "side issues," but all very well knew that was just what was intended for the people to settle, outside of the conventional action.

The first motion made (after accepting the resolution as the committee's report) was by Mr. Todd himself, and was "that the resolutions be laid upon the table, and the committee discharged." The meeting did not thus dispose of them, but on motion of E. V. Wilson, they were "spread upon the records." I then asked for action on my resolutions, and the new president, Mr. Lyon, told me "it took the same course as the other." Yet after some remarks by E. V. Wilson and myself, the president said to me, "I will put your motion," and did so, and the almost unanimous passage of my resolutions followed.

Now can Mr. Todd expect anyone there believed his opposition to the rescinding resolution came from any regard for former "eulogies concerning faithful laborers"? Not a bit of it; he did not want to "stultify himself," as he then expressed it, seeming not to realize that his resolution at Charlotte, endorsing "all the doctrines" of "social freedom," and the one at Jackson, for "the entire abrogation of all man-made marriage laws," sustained by him had already stultified him. He says, "I took no active part in the convention whatever;" can he tell us who was so very busy in peddling tickets for the new president, that Mr. Manchester several times felt called upon to remark, "Let us have no electioneering; let all vote as they feel disposed"? Can he tell who moved the appointment of a committee on the order of business, but wished not to be a member of it, as he was a speaker himself? And can he tell who moved the appointment of a committee on resolutions (thus securing to himself its chairmanship) and refused to act, for the real reason that one was on the same committee who would oppose his "social freedom" and "marriage law" vagaries? and was ready to meet him on that issue.

He says he "made one ten minute speech, on the law and order side, namely, sustain and carry out the programme of the committee." I remember that on the first evening of the meeting, one of those "who call themselves speakers," flatly refused to "carry out the programme of the committee," and would not speak the half hour allotted to him, this individual possibly may be of those "who entertain a very high opinion of their oratorical powers, feeling that they had been snubbed by the committee on the order of business."

If Mr. Todd thinks it a downright falsehood attributing to him the forcing "the Woodhull resolution upon the association at Charlotte," let his own words, "We admit that we were the author of it willingly, and expect to bear the responsibility," disabuse his mind on that point; and if he knows of one who made more motions to appoint committees than he did, or one who peddled votes, besides himself, for president, or, in short, one who seemed more "determined to run the convention," than himself, he knows what a careful observer at the meeting failed to learn. He who can "second the motion to adopt," and vote for resolutions declaring that "We, as a body, decline to approve or condemn the doctrines," etc., and yet insist that, as a body, we will not rescind the former approval of the same doctrines, is fully the compeer in sincerity of him who, in regard to a given enterprise, declares, I decline to either "approve or condemn" it, yet I insist that my former approval of the same enterprise shall not be withdrawn.

GEO. W. WINSLOW.

Kalamazoo, March 18, 1875.

### THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM.

Christian—Have you, Spiritualists, a religion?

Spiritualist—Yes; but not a creed.

C. How can that be?

S. Very easy, indeed. Creeds are one thing; religion another. For instance, creed means I believe in certain articles of faith; religion means a system of worship, pious practice. Creed is not piety; religion is.

C. Then you have a religion? And if so, why is it that you do not build up some institutions of worship; why not build churches and schools of education?

S. There are several reasons why we do not these things. The first of these may be the fact that Spiritualism, like Christ, has not yet got through with testifying; when it does, then it will begin summing up. And when our testimony is fully summed up, and judgment taken or rendered, then we will begin to think of building a place to put it in, and not before.

C. You do not wish me to understand that you place Spiritualism by the side of Christianity, and equal in its teachings to the law as it is in Christ?

S. Most certainly I do, and superior to the story of the Old Testament, as given by Moses, and repeated by Ezra.

C. Are we not wandering from the point, viz., Have you a religion?

S. No, I think not; to illustrate—your mother is in Spirit life, dead in fact. Can she see you, hear you, and have any power over your acts?

C. I think that my mother can see my every day life, knows what I am about, approves and disapproves of my actions.

S. Can she influence you for good or evil?

C. She would not influence me for evil, and I believe she cannot, or does not, control me in any sense.

S. If that be so, what is the use of her seeing you or watching over you at all? And would it not be better by far if she knew nothing of you whatever after the stroke called death; for if she loved you and saw you going down to perdition, would it not be a terrible torture for her refined soul life to witness this state of things, and not have the power to counteract it?

C. Yes, if there was not divine aid at hand to sustain her, but God, in mercy, so tempers the storm to the shorn lamb, that this sorrow you suppose, has really no effect on her, and hence causes no real sorrow; therefore, no pain, hence, our religion takes precedence of all other systems of worship.

S. Just there you are at fault; the system is at fault, and nothing about it right; for instance, the nature of the mother is love of offspring, and the language of that love is joy in approval and sorrow in the necessity for disapproval or reproof; therefore, if the divine mind so changes her nature that it becomes a pleasure for her to witness the degradation of her child, from purity to impurity, then her nature is changed, and she is no longer the mother. The sweet, white soul of the earthly woman has changed into the dark soul of forgetfulness and disregard of all that was beautiful on earth—hence faulty.

C. What would be the relation of the mother to the child in the Spiritual philosophy?

S. A natural one. The mother continued; as her soul was full of truth and love here, so

it would be hereafter, only more intensified, more beautiful, and possessed of capacity to carry out her every wish to a far greater extent than she possessed when in this earth form.

C. Can the mother control, direct and teach her child in earth life from Spirit life?

S. Most certainly, and does so in many, very many, instances. We are a people who keep the holy faith in one God, in man, and in the angel ministration between. The mother's love for her offspring is the religion of her nature; hence, any violation of that religious nature destroys the mother; therefore, any change in the divinity of her life hereafter, in this regard, must of necessity bemock the one and insult the other.

C. You are putting the case rather strong, and I think from all that I have read on this matter from your side of the subject, that you are getting into deep water; for instance, you said just now, "We keep the faith in one God." This is the first time I ever heard a Spiritualist express any belief in a God; therefore you are getting outside the Spiritualistic idea.

S. Not by any means. We hold to one God, not three. Your creed teaches a personal God; our religion teaches us to believe in a spiritual God. Your creed teaches that this personal God died in the character of his Son, for the salvation of his own handiwork; our religion teaches us that he lives in our midst, in us; that by his example we may become better men and women. Our "God is a spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being." Yours an objective idol, demanding the sacrifice of every human tie. In your system of ethics man has no right that God is bound to respect; in our ethical system man is a divine necessity, and in the economy of Nature he becomes the voice of God, the spoken word, and we know nothing of God outside of man and his capacity. Therefore, we, as a people, must accept only two great ultimates, if that be a proper term, viz., matter and spirit. And right here we ask the questions, What is matter? What is spirit? And we answer, Spirit is the law, God, or creative force; and matter the crude phenomenon of the law, and form—animated form—from the animalcule up throughout nature to the genus homo, the phenomena of spirit or law; hence there is and must be a divine necessity existing between the law and the phenomena of the law. Here our religion is progressive for all time and all eternity. I, as a Spiritualist, must grow wiser and better, in every life or world in which I live, and the longer I live in any world or life the better I must be prepared to understand it.

C. I see that you deny the atonement; robbing Jesus of his glory as a savior, in fact, the Savior of the world, of all mankind. And when you have done this we are adrift in the great sea of materialism and infidelity, and I care not to have anything to do with Spiritualism; therefore, let us part in friendship.

S. No, my friend; that will not do. We cannot part thus. If, your religion leaves no hope for me, mine does for you. If, because I cannot see things as you do, I am lost, damned, graphically speaking, then indeed you are bound by every tie, human and divine, to rescue me from this impending danger. Now let us compare notes. You believe in Jesus Christ and him crucified; I do not. Hence I am lost and you are saved. Is that your religion?

C. Yes.

S. Well then, what other requisites are necessary to the full acceptance of your religion? Is there anything for you to do, for me to do, besides this belief? If so, what is it? Come, tell me, will you?

C. Repent of all sins, be baptised, do no more that which is evil, and assist the true Church in sustaining the commandments, and believe on Jesus Christ and him crucified, and your salvation is insured.

S. Suppose I do all these things save believing that Jesus Christ and his atoning blood are requisite, then what; will I win or lose?

C. You will lose, most assuredly; your salvation must come through the atoning blood of Jesus.

S. Well, suppose we reverse the question, and I do nothing whatever, do not repent, am not baptised, do not sustain the Church, but simply believe on Jesus and in his blood as a good and sufficient atonement for my errors; will that save me?

C. You are not fair, and are now taking advantage of my statement; thus seeking to make me contradict myself, or concede that

my plan of atonement is simply a farce, which I will not do.

S. I beg your pardon. I do not hold you responsible for your belief, only for what you do. Please answer my question; it is this—Will a belief in Jesus Christ and him crucified, without works, save my soul and give me a happy eternity?

C. No, it will not; faith without works is nothing.

S. Will not my good works, my keeping the commandments, save me?

C. No, it will not. You must add the belief that Jesus is the Son of God, and gave himself as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, or you cannot be saved.

S. Very well; I will now call your attention to the statement of Jesus in his answer to the rich young man. You remember this young man came to Jesus and said, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do to inherit eternal life?" What was the answer? It was this: "But if thou wilt enter life keep the commandments." All of them. Now, sir, am I to believe you or Jesus; which?

C. Where do you find this statement?

S. In the 19th chapter of St. Matthew. Please answer. Shall I accept your statement of the case, or Jesus'? And is not the argument I have laid down the correct one, after all?

C. I cannot now give you an answer, but I will say this. I believe I am right and you are wrong, and I pity you in my soul for your unbelief, and trust the time will come when you will see the error of your life, and reform and come to Jesus, the Savior of the world.

S. Well, my friend, I shall die a sinner and go to perdition, if you are right; if I am right, then you and I are progressive beings for all time and through eternity. We throw open the pearly gates of the future and bid all the world enter on their truth, and ask God to have mercy on them there, as he has mercy on us here, and I believe he will not say to us, nay. Our religion is one of love and truth, it is a soul religion that all can have. Let us be good.

THE INDIAN GAME.

We are treated to some plain talk on this subject by the New York Times, in a recent article, entitled "Taming the Savage." It sets out with saying that there are two methods of dealing with the Indians: one is styled the manifest-destiny policy, which concedes to an Indian no rights that a white man or a white man's Government is bound to respect; never saying "turkey" to the Indian; offering him no future but that of extermination; remorselessly appropriating his hunting-grounds; wantonly killing the game on which he subsists; civilizing him enough to make him appreciate whiskey, and swindling him when drunk out of every valuable he possesses—annuities, blankets, and rations—that agents and contractors may grow rich upon the spoils; trespassing on his reservations, and when he resents it, declaring war on him; closing in upon him on every side, and leaving him no resource but that which the wild beast has, that turns at last upon the dogs which are mercilessly pursuing him. Then this Christian Government turns around and calls him "a savage," declares him incapable of civilization, and leaves him to the fate which an unfriendly and dominant race is ever ready to believe is the destiny of an inferior people.

That is one policy; the other one is that of humanity. This treats him like a human being, with rights clear and indisputable as an original inhabitant of the continent. It concedes to him a part of the territory he once wholly occupied. It admits his right to be governed by laws, and to have some share in the real civilization of this century. It would keep the stricter faith with him because he cannot enforce his own claims to justice. Realizing that he is not as he is depicted in romance, it does not forget that he is as much a "man and a brother" as he of the darker-hued race, "over whose wrongs Congress legislates, parties divide, and armies are moved by our Executive vigilant in executing the laws."

The dispossession of the Sioux of their own-ership of the Black Hills, secured to them forever by solemn treaty, is a fresh illustration of the double dealing that has marked the course of the Government for years. First fire the imaginations of adventurers with stories of rich findings of gold and silver, as the Custer expedition purposely did, and then pretend to keep back the fierce currents of immigration that are prepared to seize the coveted territory and make good their claims by the breech-loader and the knife. Such a deliberate contempt for a solemn treaty by the Government ought to be expected to rouse the suspicions and inflame the resentments of the red men. They prove that they are human by looking upon it with a dissatisfaction that it is not easy to repress. An Indian war is already prophesied, especially if the Sioux refuse to accept the proposals for the purchase of this reserved territory.

Already meetings have been held in several Atlantic cities, and inducements held out by

designing men to adventurers to form unlawful military companies and proceed at once to the Black Hills. Such a company is said to be organizing in Boston as an artillery force, but Gov. Gaston has not, as yet, had one word to say against this illegal expedition.

And still later we have news from Washington to the effect that the swindling Indian ring has its headquarters in the Interior Department, the corruption having been traced direct to the Secretary's family, papers which established the fact being already in the hands of the President.

The name of John Delano need not be longer withheld as one closely associated with the corruptions and frauds in the Indian service, says the New York Tribune. No one familiar with the circumstances believes his father innocent of either knowledge or complicity in the outrageous practices that have been going on both in the Indian service and other branches of the department. It is not at all probable that either Mr. Smith, Solicitor of the Interior Department, or Mr. Smith, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will be retained in office.

We cannot conclude this article more appropriately than by quoting a portion of the editorial remarks of the Boston Herald, of Tuesday last, upon the Black Hills movement. "Of course there's money in it," says the Herald; "the trade in miner's outfits, in horses and mules, in camp equipages and clothing, in whiskey and firearms, will be lively in Sioux City, if the present excitement can only be kept up and increased, and this is more than half the secret of the whole uproar, as a good many people will find when it is too late. And an Indian war, with this hopeful town as a base of supplies, would bring in yet more money, which the Government would be forced to expend. But Sioux City by no means has the field to itself. A Cheyenne paper comes to us with a marked article, showing how much nearer that lovely place is to the golden hills, and pointing out the difficulties of a march over the dreary alkaline wastes which travelers from Sioux City must traverse. These people must be supposed to know their own business. All we want is that it shall be understood that it is not pure benevolence which organizes a raid into the Indian country, and that those who go there this year are likely to pay for all they get."—Banner of Light, April 24.

SPIRITUALISM TRUE.

How do we know this? You enter any court of justice to take human evidence, to assemble a certain number of witnesses, three of whom shall be acknowledged as wholly unreliable, wholly untruthful; you examine these separately, and despite their unreliability, they shall each separately confirm each other's statements; and this is evidence which no court of civilization can reject—evidence which for hundreds of years has been accepted as testimony in all courts of judicature. Now enlarge upon your position: let your three witnesses be truthful; the fact that they shall confirm each other is no additional weight—none at all. It is deemed by the keenest analyst of human nature impossible that three persons, separate from each other, shall represent the same circumstances exactly, unless those circumstances have a common origin in truth, no matter whether the witnesses be reliable or not. But double the number of witnesses, treble it, multiply it by hundreds, by thousands, by millions—remove your witnesses to every part of the world, separate them by oceans and continents and spaces of time that it is possible to bridge over; and when, instead of three millions, you have three times told three millions of persons, each testifying to the same general points of faith, that is authority which we think we are justified in presenting to you, and it is upon such authority Spiritualism rests. —Emma Hardinge.

A WORD TO INQUIRERS.—Is there another state of existence beyond the present? Do those we call dead still live? These are questions which occur at some time or another to all, in every condition of life. To the educated and the ignorant, the happy and the wretched, rich and poor, high and low—the change which men call death comes and removes some one from their midst, leaving those who are thus bereft in the deepest sorrow. To many the dead are indeed dead. They neither know when or how they will meet the departed one again; nor what the state is in which they now exist, if there is even a continued existence, of which they are not sure. Which one of us has not lost some loved one—a father, mother, sister, brother, husband, or wife; and which one of us has not wished for some intelligence of the departed one? Yet many would be surprised if told that such is possible, and that the so-called dead are living in a world of their own—and still possess their individual loves and affections for those they have left behind. —Spiritual Magazine.

Brown, the mind-reader, is in Philadelphia, and has an easy job. "Here," says a man, "I'm thinking about something, now tell me what it is." And all Brown has to do is to slap his hand on that man's head, look wise for a minute, and cry out, "The Centennial," and lo! another convert is made.

"The revisers of the Bible have reached Isaiah in twenty-eight sessions." This is very slow work. Old Whaxem, schoolmaster, reached Isaiah in one session. Isaiah was in the act of placing a crooked pin on the master's seat at the time.—Brooklyn Argus.

DO IT WELL.—Whatever you do, do it well! A job slighted because it is apparently unimportant leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate insensibly into bad workmen.

"That's a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing recently; and he meant that it was a piece of work, not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects; and a good workman is in most cases a good citizen.

No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a farthing because it is not a shilling.

Take heart, all who toil; all youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstance, and those who labor unappreciated. If it be but to drive the plow, strive to do it well; if it be to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.—Boston Cultivator.

Here is something else they manage better in France: A man and a woman who had enticed a young girl from her home to lead a life of debauchery, have been sentenced in Paris to imprisonment for five and seven years respectively.

The woman suffrage cause received 150 votes in the British House of Commons a few days ago. Twenty years ago, even the prediction of such a close division would have been accepted as the extravagant prophecy of an enthusiast.

The Empress of Japan has decided on the erection of a college for young girls who wish to devote themselves to teaching, and has given a liberal sum from her private purse toward the expense of construction.

The climatic conditions in Sicily have been found to be almost identical with those of Japan, and the experiment of cultivating tea there is about to be tried.

The public debt of the world foots up some \$20,000,000,000. In other words, the world owes the world that amount. The question now arises, can a concern run in debt to itself? —Chicago Journal.

Every human being finds in spiritual life some particular dwelling-place or temporal abode until higher knowledge and loftier wisdom shall enable them to reach a higher sphere of their new-found existence.

Samuel W. Allen, of Nevada, is believed to be the greatest herdsman in the world. His ranche is eighty miles long, and he owns 225,000 head of cattle.

Sixty-four suicides occurred in Paris during January and February.

Of the 221,042 teachers in this country, 127,713 are women.

The envious lose the enjoyment of life by the discontent they feel at what others enjoy.

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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.

### WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

BY H. CLAY FREUSS.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe,  
Tis the law of our being, we reap what we sow,  
We may try to evade them, may do what we will,  
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,  
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;  
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,  
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame,  
And then when we fail the world bears the blame;  
But nine times in ten, 'tis plain to be seen,  
There's a "screw somewhere loose" in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard earthy strife?  
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?  
Remember, this great truth has often been proved,  
We must make ourselves *loveable* to be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,  
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters come back;  
This law was enacted by Heaven above,  
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone,  
In our gardens are flowers from every zone;  
But the beautiful graces that blossom within,  
Grow shriveled and die in the *Upas* of sin.

We make of ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,  
Till health becomes broken and youth becomes old;  
Ah! did we the same for beautiful love,  
Our lives might be music for angels above.

We reap what we sow—oh, wonderful truth!  
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;  
But at last it shines out as "the hand on the wall,"  
For the world has its *debit* and *credit* for all.

—Industrial Age.

### NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

The Anniversary Meeting of the National Woman Suffrage Association will be held in Union League hall, New York, Tuesday, May 11, 1875.

As but a single year intervenes before the nation's one hundredth birthday, it behooves the women of the country to take wise counsel together upon the great question of their national recognition as full citizens of the republic. The celebration of the Nation's Centennial with women unfranchised, will be the nation's disgrace. For twenty-seven years we have publicly pressed our claims, in the light of those personal rights of self-government, upon the recognition of which, as underlying principles, our nation professes to stand. Where, in the history of the world, has such able, earnest, and persistent protest gone up from any class? 'Tis justice alone we ask. Let us in convention assemble in that great commercial center from whence our words will go broadcast over the land, and again demand our recognition as self-governing citizens, and again press upon our country's attention those great principles of justice upon whose foundations alone a true and permanent republic can be built.

The speakers of the occasion will be Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Matilda Joslyn Gage, Carrie S. Burnham, and Phoebe W. Couzens. SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Ch'n Ex. Com. N. W. S. A., Rochester, N. Y.

**WOMEN AND THE CENTENNIAL.**—The Woman Suffrage Society of New York city, at its last monthly meeting passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the members of this Society do hereby pledge themselves not to aid in any way, either with their labor or their money, the proposed celebration by the men of this country of the centennial of their independence unless, before the Fourth of July, 1876, the women of the land shall be guaranteed their political freedom.

We call the attention of our readers to the above notice and resolution, both "ominous," "significant," and in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age; the revolutionary spirit of our mothers is beginning to manifest itself and we think it is time; we have had preached to us what our fathers have done long enough, now let the mothers of the past have a voice through the women of to-day, who are laboring under the same feeling of injustice, oppression, and tyranny which, being both felt and agitated, resulted in the nation's liberty and independence.

From an exchange we read, "Why should women do anything to make the Centennial Celebration a success, while those of their own sex are denied equal rights with men under the Government?" And we ask, Why, indeed? What a mockery it would be to join in these festivities and rejoicings of a nation's independence, that refuses to recognize as citizens fully one-half of her population—given no

voice in the making of the laws which govern them, taxed without representation, held as slaves in this the 19th century, hide or gild the chains you may, truth must come.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that as the rights of self government underlie all duties to the State, the Church, and the home, therefore women should make woman suffrage the first and main work until its secured, and we add, why are women themselves so indifferent (a large majority of them) to these vital questions of the day, now agitating the whole world?

We read from *Common Sense*, of San Francisco, that, "A hundred years ago the United States was a loyal part of the British Empire, and scarcely a speck on the political horizon indicated the struggle that in a few years was to lay the foundation of the greatest republic of the world. To-day not only the United States, but all the countries of Christendom, are on the verge of a religious revolution which is to destroy existing institutions and reorganize society, but scarce a breath as yet has come of the advancing storm. It is coming nevertheless." And we bide our time, feeling that, "though the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding small." What an object of pity and compassion is the woman of to-day who says, I have all the rights I want, when she does not even own herself! The hideous skeletons in every closet are soon to be exposed to all the passers-by, and all things hidden shall be revealed. The heaven is at work that shall leaven the whole, the very air we breathe is electrical, filled with the same spirit that enabled our mothers of the revolution to endure every privation, hunger, and even death; to send their husbands, sons, and fathers forth to the battle field for freedom, and when as a nation this freedom secured and their independence declared, were women any better off than before?

Is not one hundred years of patient waiting for justice to be done long enough? We agree with the few brave souls who have called the meeting of May 11th, that the celebration of the nation's centennial with women unfranchised, would be the nation's disgrace. Ex-Governor McComas, in a recent lecture in Fort Scott, Kansas, says, "The enfranchisement of women is a thing, not only right in itself, but it is demanded now by this unrepealable law of progress and development, which cannot be resisted and must therefore, sooner or later, be obeyed."

We do think it behooves the women of the country to counsel together, and especially at this time, and urge the necessity of united work and action, forgetting all things but the great object to be attained. Let the women of to-day awake from the state of apathy and indifference they have fallen into, and gather around those brave women and men, who are battling for freedom, and sustain and encourage them in their efforts. Read what Victor Hugo says, and be encouraged in the work, while we have such champions and many others of the sterner sex to assist and defend us.

"Man has been the problem of the eighteenth century, woman is the problem of the nineteenth; and to say woman is to say child, that is to say the future. The question thus put appears in all its gravity. It is in its solution that lies the supreme social appeal. Woman can do all for men—nothing for herself. The laws are imprudent to make her so feeble when she is so powerful. Let us recognize that feebleness and protect it; let us recognize that power and direct it. There lies the duty of man; there lies also his interest. I do not tire of saying the problem is put; it must be solved. Whoever bears a part of the burden ought to have a part of the privileges. Half of the human race is outside equality; it must be made to recenter. It will be one of the great glories of our great century to give the rights of the woman as a counterbalance to the rights of the man—that is to say, to put the laws in equilibrium with the customs."

That woman is the problem of the nineteenth century none can doubt, but we fully believe, also, she is the one to solve it herself, and it will remain unsolved till woman stands forth in all the grandeur of individualized womanhood, emancipated from all that enslaves; then it will be verified, that "the stone which the builders refused shall become the head stone of the corner," upon which the temple of universal liberty, justice, and equality shall be reared, and naught will have power to move from its foundations, and the morning of the New Era will dawn.

### CURIOUS FACT FROM CALIFORNIA.

Let the scientists and wise ones explain the following phenomena, the account of which was sent from California by a lady, to T. H. Stewart, who kindly forwards the same to us to publish, and which we give in the lady's own words:

"I want to tell you a curious phenomena that I saw at my sister's; we had company, two gentlemen and their wives. Sister went to get the eggs to do some cooking with; they were laid that day. As she broke one in a dish it was perfect, with this exception, there was a bunch of what appeared to be flesh, about as large as the end of my thumb, in the shape of a human face, and another smaller one that had the form of an infant's face. Of course we all examined it, and put it under the magnifying glass, and thus brought out the features very plain. The eyes, nose, and mouth were plainly seen; it was not on the yolk, but on the white, next the shell.

"Well, the question is, what produced it? It had the appearance of a human foetus of six months, but only the head; what made it? I have a theory; it was this: My sister's boy, a lad of nine years, has the care of the fowls, and he tames some of them so he can take them up when he pleases; one hen he could magnetize and put to sleep any time he chose, and would make her put her head under her wing and go to sleep. Might she not have been under the influence so much of the human as to produce this? But I can't tell.

"We all saw the strange likeness. Now, you are always learning lessons from little things, what was it? There are many little things that we can learn great lesson from. I think it a curious fact enough to give to the wise ones to solve. If you think it worth while you can send it to be published; it can be proved by six reliable persons that saw it.

"SARAH GRAVES.

"Honcut, Yuba Co., Cal., April, 1875."

### CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. S. E. Downer, Harrisonville, Mo., April 25th, writes: "I like *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* very much, and do not intend to do without it just so long as it pursues the same course it has heretofore; I am very much interested in Isa's communications, remembering the tests given through her mediumship when I was on a visit to my son's, in your vicinity. I will be glad when we can get the paper every week. I have loaned mine to several, and one man likes it so well, he says, 'Here is a dollar, send for it for me.' Enclosed find P. O. order for two dollars, one dollar to continue my paper, and one for the friend whose name and address I send with this. Yours for the truth. S. E. D."

Baltimore, Md., Wm. M. C. writes, April 24, as follows: "For the first time, I learned yesterday, of the existence of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. I have read one number, and like its tone and character. It seems judicious, and just such a paper as may be advantageously placed in the hands of inquirers after truth. Please credit me with the enclosed two dollars and send it to me for as long a time as that will justify."

Mrs. P. W. Stephens, Sacramento, Cal.: Yours of April 15th, just received, with remittance and name of new subscriber; papers will be sent at once. Accept thanks.

D. B., Aurora Station, Minn.: Your request attended to.

E. M. H., Azusa, Cal.: Have sent papers; trust you have received all up to this date, April 25th; if not, let us know.

John Cleminson, El Monte, Los Angeles Co., Cal.: Yours of April 11th received; will attend to it without fail, and write you from office in regard to your friend's paper.

D. R. Hale, Caledonia, Mich.: Yours of 24th ult. received, with one dollar for renewal. Thanks.

I. C. Price, Wellsborough, Pa.: Your kind letter of April 26th, with postal order for eight dollars, just received, and we thank the friends who, through you, have in that way shown their appreciation of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* by renewing their subscriptions; and also accept our thanks for your interest in behalf of the same; and if each subscriber would do likewise, it would encourage and sustain the editor in his work.

Many other kind letters on file, which will be attended to soon; in the meantime let us all work together and prove that we are indeed what we profess to be, Spiritualists at work.

Home office, Lombard. M. E. W.

### SPIRITUAL MATERNITY OF WOMAN.

While reading the various titles of the subjects which the Second Congress of Women was invited to consider, a thought has occurred to me, which you will permit me to communicate to you. To obtain genuine and durable reforms, what does woman need? Influence. How can she acquire and maintain this influence? I have long thought the answer to this question to be: Habituate every woman, whatever her social position, whether poor or rich, married or single, to the idea that she has here below a maternal task to accomplish.

Woman was created to be mother, in the most elevated and complete acceptance of the term. Physiological maternity—that of blood—is very far from being the only maternity to which woman has been called. Who has not seen an elder sister, a maiden aunt, who could comprehend and fulfill the maternal duty with as much tenderness, devotion, and intelligence as an actual mother? To my mind, then, woman is the faithful and vigilant guardian of the destinies of humanity. They are between her hands in virtue of a divine order, which has given to woman the instinct of devotedness, the innate love of the feeble and the poor, both in body and mind, and the necessity of consecrating herself to all who suffer. Let each woman in her social circle consider seriously this aspect of her duty.

Abandoned infancy, youth delivered up to its own guidance, young working folk and apprentices, often exposed without defense to so many immoral attacks; all of those classes who suffer from the deprivation of true maternity—that which foresees, provides, protects—extend their suppliant arms to unselfish woman. She can save them from shipwreck, and convey them smoothly with her toward a better future, an era of progress, order, industry, justice, right, and peace.

Let us not forget that all reforms are bound one to another, as all moral ideas hold compactly together. By the instruction and moral culture of the rising generation, the solution of more than one painful problem will be accomplished, irresistibly led on by a new state of things. Maternity thus recognized, will naturally give woman a voice in all the deliberations of society. Her influence, her work, her devotedness, her intelligence, her teachings, will be in every heart, in all memories, in all understandings. She will make herself loved, respected, and heeded. It will be known why she has desired power to extend the circle of her knowledge, to excel in the higher studies, and to spurn the frivolous things of life! This will have been neither from ambition, nor from the love of glory, or of political preponderance; the end had been placed higher—it was the salvage work of humanity, performed by the courage, intrepidity, the constant devotedness of woman, feeling that she is mother, and drawing up, in this sentiment, from this sacred source, the needful energy for all labors, however difficult and thankless they may seem to be.

If the principle of which I speak had everywhere its application, what multitudes of discolored, solitary, and stupid lives would find their expansion and bloom! What good would be done! How many happy beings, by reason of the blessings they would give and the blessings they would receive. This is not an Utopia, an impossible age of gold. It is the realization of a sentiment, strong and permanent because true; which has in itself all its conditions of existence—no to create, but simply put in activity with the purpose of the performance of a sacred duty to the humanity to which we belong, and which has a right to expect of us women the exercise of the faculties and gifts which God has confided to us.

The world of the future possesses the woman who will prepare it by patience, devotedness, and fidelity, who will seek to accomplish every work which belongs to its sphere, taking for base and point of departure, this maternal consciousness, to which, I believe, no one can ever appeal in vain.—*Lina Beck Bernard, in the Woman's Journal.*

An American girl won the gold medal at the recent examination at the College of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro.

### EVERGREEN COTTAGE,

Three miles south of Lombard, Home of Milo and Isa Wilson Porter, who will now give notice of Circles for Spiritual Phenomena of various Phases through Isa, which they will hold Tuesday of each week till further notice. Friends from a distance wishing to make special arrangements for sittings, can do so by addressing, Milo Porter, Lombard, DuPage Co., Ill.

Earnest seekers for truth, avail yourselves of this opportunity to investigate; and especially do we call your attention to Isa's Spiritual power of singing and speaking in different languages, and trust that those who can test this power will do so; as truth is what we are all seeking for.

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