

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

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

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WHY IS THE SPIRIT WORLD INVISIBLE.

BY THE SPIRIT GUIDE OF CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

The eye of man, fashion'd by thought divine,
Expresses in its highest form the light
That is intended for God's perfect plan.
To guide mankind upon the earth aright;
But only forms made visible by line, shape, and light
Come within range of outward human sight.
The air you breathe, the force of winds and waves,
Moved on by subtle purpose, th' breath that laves
Your being, and the touch of vibrant sound,
Alike cannot be seen; that which around,
Above, beneath most moves you, namely, thought,
Cannot by any magic power be brought
Within the range of vision: shall that world,
Finer than substances of which the air is made,
More subtle than the lightning's breath ere 'tis unfurled
With fiery power—that life that doth pervade,
That which makes pale death glorious, sublime, and free.
Be prison'd in the dull and narrow masonry
Of human vision? 'tis the realm of mind;
Its substances are of such things as thoughts are made.
With vibrant wings of thought you mount through space,
And find that you—bodily—remain apace,
Gazing after the thought, mentally blind.
There are those who from infancy have gift
Of spiritual vision; to uplift
The eye beyond the grosser sense of time and space,
And gaze awhile where angels in their place
Perform their holy deeds and live their lives.
This power of vision all things else survives;
But 'tis impalpable to outward ken.
And all the grovelling thoughts of toiling men
Would mar the glorious fabric there upreared.
There are eyes that have seen, ears that have heard
The glorious beauties of that higher day;
But they cannot be captured in the ray
Of man's material vision. Other sense
And other thought awhile the recompense
Must take, and human beings must be brought
To higher range of vision, with life fraught.
When the veil falls—the mist that you call death—
When life is but a chain of living breath,
Outwrought from earth to heaven—lo! the eyes
Now blinded shall be opened with surprise,
And shall behold the higher, brighter day;
The light obscured shall gleam with rarest ray,
Not on the outward sight; its blest control
Shall light the glorious vision of the soul.

From the Atlantic Monthly for Nov.
THE LIFE TO COME.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

It was a quarter of a century after the time when I had shocked the orthodoxy of New York by preaching secularism, and had dreamed dreams, and published them, of national industrial schools that were to dissipate poverty and to regenerate a superstitious world. I had been representative in the State legislature, member of Congress, delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Indiana; and had finally been appointed to represent my adopted country at a foreign court.

During all that period, though my thoughts had been chiefly engrossed by public affairs, they had turned, from time to time, to religion; and the theoretical opinions of earlier years had insensibly undergone some change. I had gradually reached the conclusion that our consciousness enables us to conceive of a great originating mind; that such a supreme intelligence must be benevolent, and that it would be well for man if he could obtain certain proof of a life to come. Then I began to hope that there might be such proof; though, so far, I had failed to find it in historical documents, sacred or profane.

I had been two years and a half resident in picturesque and stand-still Naples, where, except to the privileged foreigner, all spiritual studies were forbidden. I had heard of the "Rochester knocking," wondering what supreme folly would come up next; and though, in passing through London on the way to Italy, my good father, recently convinced that spiritual manifestations were a reality, had taken me to two or three sittings, I saw nothing there to change my opinion that it was all imposture or self-delusion.

Then it was—in my fifty-fifth year, at about the same age when Swedenborg turned from science to Spiritualism,—that there came to me, by what men are wont to call chance, one of those experiences, trivial at first sight, which sometimes suffice to change the whole tenor of a life.

I was spending a quiet evening at the house of the Russian minister, M. Kakoschkin. Some one spoke of automatic writing whereby one could obtain answers to questions to which the reply was unknown to the writer. It was proposed to test this; and, as the wife of the Tuscan minister, a bright and cultivated English lady, who happened to be present, had expressed incredulity, she was asked to put some question the answer to which she was certain that no one present knew. Having consulted in the anteroom with her husband, she asked, referring to the large gold-headed pins that fastened her dress in front, "Who gave me these gold pins?"

After a time the hand of one of the ladies present, one who had barely heard of Spiritualism and was much prejudiced against it, wrote, in a strange, cramped hand, the words: "The one that gives you a maid and cook"—the last two words being written backwards. [1]

Every one thought the answer quite irrelevant, till the lady whose question had called forth this strange reply, after carefully examining the paper, turned pale and confessed that it was not only relevant but strictly true. The pins had been given to her by her cousin Elizabeth, then living in Florence; and that lady, at her request, had recently sent to her, from that city, two servants: namely, a lady's maid who had been in her service ten days, and a cook who had arrived two days before.

It is a strange, soul-stirring emotion—and one which, till of late years, few persons have ever known,—the feeling which, like a lightning-flash, comes over an earnest and hopeful mind when it has the first glimpse of the possibility that there may be experimental evidence of another world. I sat for hours that evening in silent reflection; and ere I slept I had registered in my breast a vow, since religiously kept, that I would not rest or falter till I had proved this possibility to be a probability, or a certainty, or a delusion. At last, at last (that was my exultant thought) I may be approaching a phenomenal solution of the world's most momentous, most mysterious problem!

Feeling thus, it amazed me to observe with what light indifference the other assistants at this astounding experience looked upon the matter. They went away wondering, perplexed, indeed; but wonder and perplexity appeared to fade out without practical result, in a week or two. I doubt whether, after the lapse of a month, any of them adverted to the incident at all, except, perhaps, in the way of relating, to incredulous listeners of a winter evening, that very odd coincidence about three-headed pins and a maid and cook. A numerous class of men, illogical or indifferent, seem incapable of realizing the relative importance of new and unexpected things, as they come to light.

Was it a chance coincidence? As soon as I had satisfied myself, past all doubt, that everything had occurred in good faith, that query suggested itself. If the written answer had been "Elizabeth," such a solution might have been accepted; since, among a dozen of the most common female names, that of Elizabeth would probably be included; and if so, the chances against a correct answer were only twelve to one. But who or what was it that went out of its way to give such a roundabout answer to a simple question? How incredible, how difficult even to imagine, that an agency other than a thinking entity could have selected so unexpected a form of reply! And if there was an external intelligence involved, how intensely interesting the field of inquiry thus disclosed!

Excited but unconvinced, I went to work in good earnest, devoting my entire leisure to the study that had opened before me. We had, of course, no professional mediums; nor, though I found among our acquaintances three ladies and two gentlemen who had more or less of the mediumistic gift—the lady who had written at the Russian's having the most—were any of them of much force; not approaching, in power, others whom I have met since. And, all inexperienced, we had to grope our way.

However, in sixteen months, I had held two

hundred sittings, of which I kept a minute and scrupulous record extending over more than a thousand foolscap pages. These I had bound up in three volumes, labeled Personal Observations; and, at the close of each, I entered a careful digest of the evidence obtained, and the summary of apparent results.

The first volume was devoted chiefly to experiments in automatic writing in reply to mental questions. [2] The results, satisfactory in some respects, was a puzzle to me in others.

I verified the reality of the phenomena so far as this, that out of seventy-three mental questions, one-half of the answers (37) were strictly relevant; while of the remainder, one-third (12) were doubtful, and two-thirds (24) were irrelevant; irrelevant answers being most frequent on dull, wet weather.

The questions put usually referred to the phenomena themselves and their character. The replies, many of them ingenious and some philosophical, were adverse to the spiritual hypothesis, as witness these extracts:

"The phenomena of table-moving, rapping and the like, are not supernatural, not spiritual; they are electrical, and magnetic. * * * Involuntary writing is a phenomenon growing out of magnetic affinity, and similar in character to somnambulism; it exhibits the electrical action of mind on mind. * * * There is, in certain individuals, such a wonderful electric and magnetic force, and so peculiar a combination of elements, that, in their presence, inexplicable results occur. But we must not therefore suppose that we can hold communion with the spirits of the departed; for such power does not belong to man."

Soon after getting this reply, I learned through Mr. Kinney, formerly our minister to Turin, and through Powers, the sculptor, that they had verified the phenomena of unmistakable spirit-hands, musical instruments when suspended in the air played on without visible agency, communications from deceased relatives, and the like. Reciting these allegations in one of my (mental) questions, and asking an explanation, I got nothing more satisfactory than this:

"It is not possible to know whence come these phenomena. * * * But we cannot communicate with the spirit-world. To push inquiries in that direction is unavailing, and productive of confusion without utility."

The question called up by this phenomenon was: "What intelligence gave these replies?" All the more important answers were obtained through a lady of an ordinary, practical turn of mind, to whose cast of thought philosophical inquiry was absolutely foreign. Yet through her there came to me such allegations as these:

Question (mental). Is it of any consequence in what language I write out my questions, even if it be in a language which the person who answers does not understand?

Answer. Coming to a knowledge of the distinction between the positive state and that which is partial only, in the one it is probable that the language is not material; in the other, unless the magnetizer's thought be in a language known, there may be only confused results.

Q. (mental). What is the difference between the positive state and that which is partial only?

A. It is not the same influence. The concentration of magnetic force which is used for the one is not requisite for the other. The ordinary individuality is lost in one, while in the other both powers act at once.

When I conversed with the writer on such subjects as these, in her normal condition, I found that they were not only without interest, but quite unintelligible to her. But I knew it was claimed by writers on vital magnetism that, under magnetic influence, the patient often obtains clearer perceptions and higher knowledge. I had read what one of the most modest and cautious of these writers had said, namely: "The somnambule acquires new perceptions, furnished by interior organs; and the succession of these perceptions constitutes a new life, differing from that which we habit-

ually enjoy; in that new life come to light phases of knowledge other than those which our ordinary sensations convey to us." [3]

I concluded that this might be the true explanation; and that the answers I received might be due to the actions of the writer's mind in what Andrew Jackson Davis calls its "superior condition." Whether the writer's own ideas were occasionally mixed in I sought to ascertain, asking:

Question (mental). Are the opinions which you have expressed in writing in part the opinions of your ordinary individuality?

Answer. It is so to a certain extent. As the lady who wrote was an utter skeptic in the spiritual theory, I set down the opinion expressed that communion with the spirits of the departed was impossible; as due to that state of unbelief.

Thus, after sixty sittings, running through three months and a half, I had made but little progress toward the solution of the great problem. I was the rather disposed to set down what I had witnessed so far as merely a mesmeric phenomenon, because an intimate and valued friend and colleague, the Viscount de St. Amaro, then Brazilian minister at the Neapolitan court, had brought to my notice many of the wonders of what has been called animal magnetism, together with cognate subjects of study.

As these opened on me I found it expedient to enlarge my sphere of research and to consult the best professional works on physiology, especially in its connection with mental phenomena; on psychology in general, on sleep, on hallucination, on insanity, on the mental epidemics of Europe and America; together with treatises on the imponderables, including Reichenbach's curious observations, and the records of interesting researches then recently made in Prussia, in Italy, in England, and elsewhere, in connection with the influence of human electricity on the nervous system and the muscular tissues.

I collected, too, from London and Paris, the most noted works containing narratives of apparitions, haunting, second sight, presentiments, and the like, and toiled through formidable piles of chaff to reach a few gleanings of sound grain.

Gradually I reached the conclusion that what had been regarded by many as new and unexampled phenomena are but modern phases of what has always existed. And I finally became convinced that for a proper understanding of much that had perplexed the public mind under the name of spiritual manifestations, historical research should precede every other inquiry; that we ought to look throughout the past for classes of phenomena, and seek to arrange these, each in its proper niche.

Nor meanwhile did I neglect my Personal Observations. In the second volume of these I find recorded the results of fifty sittings, running through five months. These were chiefly devoted to the obtaining of communications through table-tipping, and occasionally by means of raps. And here I came upon certain manifestations, often (as at the Russian minister's) incidental and at first blush unimportant; yet, when more closely scrutinized, of startling and suggestive character.

Take this one, as example. Aug. 23, 1856, we had a sitting at the house of an English physician resident in Naples; all present being English or American, yet familiar with the Italian language. The table was boisterous and unmanageable, tilting violently from side to side. At the word of command it waltzed, beat time to the polka, went into the next room, returned, and would hardly remain still.

[1] For fac-simile of writing and other particulars, see *Debatable Land between this World and the Next*, pp. 282-286.

[2] These questions were written out, usually before the sitting began, folded up, and laid on the table, with the simple request: "Please answer this written question." To insure a pertinent reply, I had, as a general rule, to keep my mind fixed on the substance of the question, until the table began to move.

[3] *Traité du Somnambulisme*, by Bertrand, member of the faculty of medicine in Paris; Paris, 1823, pp. 469, 470.

Unable to get any communication we asked: "Is there any one in the circle who ought to go out?"

Answer. Sophia Iggulden. She left the table accordingly, and as soon as she did so the manifestations were quiet.

Question. Why did you object to Miss Iggulden?

A. She is antipatic his simat— Here I remarked that it was spelling nonsense. Soon after we suspended our sitting. Later in the evening a lady who was present for the first time at a spiritual seance, looking over my minutes said: "I understand that sentence; it means: 'She is antipaticissima'—and the t is probably the beginning of another word."

When the table was then asked to complete the sentence, it did so thus: "she is antipaticissima to-night."

It was quite accidentally that we discovered the meaning here; but, once discovered, it was unmistakable. The Italian word antipatico, of which the above is the superlative, feminine gender, is much in use, corresponding to "not sympathetic;" so that the meaning was: "She is very unsympathetic to-night."

It was evident that such an answer, thus obtained, could not be explained on the theory of the reflection of ideas, or that of expectant attention; to us all it was utterly unexpected.

Again, Oct. 19, 1856, at a sitting in my own parlor, present the medium, Mrs. Owen, and myself. The evening before an alleged spirit, purporting to be a deceased sister of the medium, named Maria, had announced herself, and had promised to return this evening. Her sister (the medium), beginning to have faith in the spiritual theory, asked, when the table began to move: "What spirit is here to-night?"

Myself—(skeptical)—Oh, don't put it in that way. Ask what force moves the table.

Medium—(persisting)—Please tell us your name.

Of course we all expected the name Maria; instead of which we got Do fo; and when we asked if that was right, it answered "Yes."

The medium was much disappointed, and I said: "That can't be right. There's no name beginning Dof; but let us see what it will say."

It went on to spell r e e s and then the word speak. It had spelt as far as s p e before any of us had the least idea what was coming. Then suddenly it flashed on me; I had said, "Ask what force moves the table." And the table replies by another question: "Do forces speak?"

I stood self-convicted; forces do not speak; I had been properly rebuked for asking an absurd question. But who, thus tersely, thus logically, was showing up its absurdity? What intelligence had undertaken thus to reason the matter with me? Reminding me that if a mere force moved the table, it was ridiculous to ask it a question or to expect an answer. I gave it up, for there was not a word to say in reply.

Yet again, Nov. 1, 1856; place and assistants the same as before; spelling steady and regular.

The name Maria announced. The medium, taking it for granted that it was by her sister, asked several questions, but got no reply. Then Mrs. Owen spoke, and obtained several answers. The medium was surprised and hurt at this apparent preference. Conjecturing that she might be misled, I asked: "Is it Maria N—?" (the sister's name).

Answer—No.

Myself—What name, then?

Answer—W—.

Myself—Was that your married name?

Answer—No; it was F—.

A lady intimately known to us, more than thirty years ago, at New Harmony, but since deceased. As a test I asked her (mentally) what was her favorite song; thinking of Fairy-like Music, which I had often heard her sing. But the reply was Long, Long Ago; and then Mrs. Owen and I both recalled the fact that that was her chief favorite. Then I put this mental question:

"But was there not another song that you used often to sing at our house?"

No reply for a time. In the interval occurred the following conversation:

Mrs. Owen—Poor Maria! How much she suffered in life!

Medium—Was she unhappily married?

Mrs. O.—Very unhappily. She was of a warm, frank, impulsive disposition; while he was cold and bitter. He treated her with great and persistent cruelty.

M.—How did she happen to marry such a man?

Mrs. O.—They had only known each other about a month, but Maria was to blame in that affair.

Then came five raps (the conventional call for the alphabet) and there was spelled out: "Feeling drives pride away."

Mrs. Owen asked whether that was a reply to my mental question or to her remark, and got for answer: "Remark."

The reply itself (very unexpected, since I was looking for the name of a song) puzzled me, till Mrs. Owen recalled, what I had partially forgotten, the circumstances of Maria's marriage, as follows:

When Mr. F. first came to New Harmony, he lodged at the house of Maria's father, seemed much pleased with the daughter, asked her in marriage and was accepted. A day or two, however, before that set for the nuptials, he wished to break off the match, alleging that he did not love Maria so much as he ought, to make her his wife. But she, doubtless much attached to him (as she proved afterwards by a

life's devotion), held him to his engagement, saying she was sure John would love her when she came to be his wife. So the marriage took place on the day appointed.

It was with reference to all this that Mrs. Owen had remarked: 'Maria was to blame in that affair.' Then how touching, at once, and appropriate the apology:

"Feeling drives pride away."

It would be difficult, in the same number of words, to reply more pertinently, or probably more truly, to the imputation in question.

I think that brief sentence converted Mrs. Owen—a woman of strong, logical mind—to the spiritual theory. It staggered my life-long skepticism. I could not but think of poor Maria as actually making to us, from her home in another world, this excuse for a natural weakness; and I recalled those tender words, spoken of a far greater sinner than she: "To her shall much be forgiven, because she loved much."

I think I should have surrendered my unbelief, as my wife did, seeing that I was wholly unable, on the apneumatic theory, to explain the sudden and startling presentation of these four words, but for the fact that, shortly before, we had received, through the table and purporting to come from three several spirits, detailed information touching the death of two friends of the medium, every word of which proved false. And in that case we had tried the (alleged) communicating spirits by seeking sundry test questions, which were correctly answered; the true answers, however, all being known to us. It had not then occurred to me that spirits from the other world might deceive, as so many men and women do here; and that while some communications, truly spiritual, might be a mere giving back to us of what had been read in our own minds, others might be strictly truthful and wholly independent of our thoughts or knowledge.

But there was something more to come, appealing to the heart as well as to the reason.

I have already, at the close of my last paper, spoken of Violet, and of my grief at her early death. When I first began to receive, through the table, communications purporting to come from the spirits of the deceased, the thought did cross my mind that if those who once took an interest in us were able still to commune with us from another world, Violet's spirit, of all others, might announce itself to me; but when month after month passed without sign, I had quite ceased to expect it, or even to dwell on such a possibility. Great was my surprise and my emotion when, at last the silence was broken.

The place and persons were the same as in the last two examples. The name of Violet was suddenly spelt out. When my astonishment had somewhat subsided, I asked mentally with what intent a name so well remembered had been announced.

A.—Gave pro—

There the spelling stopped. Invitations to proceed were unavailing. At last it occurred to me to ask: "Are the letters p r o correct?"

A.—No.

Q.—Is the word "gave" correct?

A.—Yes.

"Then," said I, "please begin the word after 'gave' over again;" whereupon it spelled out,—

"Gave a written promise to remember you even after death."

Few will be able to realize the feelings which came over me as these words slowly connected themselves. If there was one memento of my youth valued above all others, it was a letter written by Violet, in the prospect of death, and containing the very words, the promise which now, after half a life-time, came back to me from beyond the bourn. I have the letter still, but it has never been seen by any one else.

Though many results similar to this have been obtained by others, few reach the public. It needs, as prompting motive to overcome a natural reluctance, the earnest wish by such disclosure to serve truth and benefit mankind.

The circumstances were peculiar. What came was utterly unforeseen. When long-slumbering associations were called up by the sudden appearance of a name, it was in response to no thought or will or hope of mine. And if not traceable to me, it was still less so to either of the others. They knew nothing of my question, for it was mentally propounded; nor of the letter; nor even that it existed.

Let us take note of this also. When, at the first attempt to apply to my question, the unlooked-for sentence had been partly spelled out,—"Gave pro,"—it did occur to me that the unfinished word might be "promise;" and it did suggest itself that the reference might be to the pledge made to me, long years before, by Violet. Observe what happened. The letters p r o were declared to be incorrect; and I remember well my surprise and disappointment as I erased them. But how was that surprise increased when I found that the correction had been insisted on only to make way for a fuller and more definite wording. It is certain that my mind could have had nothing to do in working out this result. If a spirit-hand had visibly appeared, had erased the three letters, had inserted the word "written," and had then completed the sentence, it would have been more wonderful, certainly; but would the evidence have been more perfect that some occult will was at work to bring about all this?

The above incident impressed me deeply, yet it needed strong additional evidence, cumulative throughout after years and elsewhere recorded, [I] thoroughly to assure me that it was Violet who had given me this proof of her identity. At the close of the minutes of the

sitting, part of which I have here given, I find recorded this scruple:

"There is, however, in such results as the above, no proof of an occult intelligence which can distinguish and repeat to us things not in our minds; but further experiments may disclose a greater power than has yet shown itself." It was some years, however, before this occurred.

Leaving out a few sittings, as to which I had doubts whether the results were fairly obtained, the character of the sittings for communications through the table recorded in this volume was, as nearly as they could be classified, as follows:

Serious.	Frivolous.	False.	Boisterous.	Total.
30	3	3	2	38

One example of profanity—the only one throughout my experience of eighteen years—occurred Oct. 11, 1856; and for that I was prepared. For, two months before, the Baroness Suckow, of Bavaria, then on a visit to Naples and having brought a letter of introduction to me, related to me some of her spiritual experience; this among the rest: On one occasion, while sitting in a circle with several young ladies of rank, cultivated and refined, the table gave some answer so evidently absurd that one of them said, "That's not true!" Whereupon the table, by the alphabet, spelled out such shocking oaths that the ladies, ashamed and terrified, broke up the sitting. The character and demeanor of the baroness, stamped with German earnestness and with a touch of enthusiasm, was to me sufficient voucher for this narrative.

Our experience was similar. At our private circle a (alleged) spirit, assuming to be Mrs. Owen's mother, made several replies so irrelevant and inconsequent that Mrs. Owen said: "You have been deceiving us all the time. You are not my mother."

Whereupon there came this: "Mary lies, dam you" (thus spelled).

I may add, as to the sittings classified as "frivolous" and "boisterous," that these occurred, as a rule, when the assistants were numerous and were chiefly young people, or others, who had come together for an evening's amusement.

In summing up, at the close of this volume, I find my conclusions, so far, thus recorded:

"As to the great questions touching the alleged agency of spirits in framing communications through involuntary writing, or through the table, I regard it, after eight months' experiments, as still undecided, either in the affirmative or negative. If the proofs for are numerous and striking, the difficulties against are serious and unexplained." [2]

Of these difficulties the chief were: false intelligence given; occasional failure, by tests, to detect a spirit afterward discovered to have assumed a false name; occasional giving back of our own ideas, even when these proved afterward incorrect; promises to execute certain tests not fulfilled; but chiefly the failure to communicate anything not known to us at the time, and of which we afterward verified the truth.

But if, on the one hand, I withheld assent from the spiritual theory until further investigation; on the other, my reason rejected the speculations which were put forward, in those days, to disparage the phenomena, or to sustain the apneumatic hypothesis. Of these the most accredited were by two French authors of repute; the Marquis de Mirville [3] and the Count de Gasparin. [4] They attracted much attention, and obtained a wide circulation. Both writers admitted the reality of the phenomena, as I did; both traced them to the agency of a mysterious fluid; but at that point their conclusions diverged.

De Mirville, a Roman Catholic, admitted an ultramundane agency, but asserted that, except when under ecclesiastical sanction and within the limits of one privileged church, these "fluidic manifestations" (as he called them) were demoniac only. As I never believed in the doctrine of human depravity, so neither could my mind admit the idea that if, under cosmical law, there was influx or intervention from another world, such influence could be accorded in its nature, be controlled by a vagrant devil, seeking whom he might devour.

De Gasparin, on the contrary, rejected all intermundane agency, as cause; assenting to a theory which had previously been set forth by Mon. De Mousseaux, [5] and thus expressed:

"That spirit which you have the generosity to attribute to the table is nothing more than your own spirit replying to your own questions. The act is accomplished by the operation of a fluid which escapes from you, which moves the table unconsciously to you, and which governs it in conformity with your sentiments."

I took pains to make clear to myself the objections to this opinion; and these I recorded at the close of the manuscript volume from which I have been abstracting. As they have never been published, I here produce them:

"Let us look narrowly to this theory, and examine what it is that it takes for granted. First, a fluid escapes from our bodies and enters the table; and when we will or request the table to move, that fluid moves it.

"I do not assert that, so far, the theory is necessarily incorrect. But yet this, of itself, would be wonderful, beyond any natural phenomena with which I am acquainted. [6] What other example have we, in the whole circle of physical experiments ever made by man, of the human will passing out of the living frame of which it determines so mysteriously the movements, and acting on an inert, inani-

mate mass which it causes to obey each varying command that may be given?"

"The advocates of this theory remind us, in explanation, [7] that every day—each moment almost—we transmit motion to external inanimate matter by mechanical action; then why not in some other way? Mechanical action is not the only mode of action in the world; caloric expands bodies; the lodestone draws toward itself the distant iron.

"But the analogy does not hold good. If the fluid, passing from our bodies into the table, uniformly caused it (let us suppose) to split into pieces; or if, in every case, it acted upon it so as to produce rotary or oscillatory motion; then, indeed, we might liken its action to that of heat or mineral magnetism, as being determinate and constant. But, on the contrary, its manifestations are as various as the commands which human caprice can issue. I bid the table life the leg next to me, it lifts it, the opposite leg, it obeys. I request it to beat polka time or dance a jig; it conforms, with efforts grotesque and ludicrous, to each requirement. Did the command of any mortal creature ever cause the thermometer to rise one degree beyond the point to which the temperature pervading the surrounding atmosphere had contracted or expanded it? Could the combined will of thousands determine the action of the magnet in a direction at right angles to a straight line drawn from the iron to itself?"

"But, secondly, supposing it possible to explain these phenomena on physical principles, we have but touched the threshold of the mystery, disposing but of the first and least difficulty. Others far greater are yet to be met.

"A fluid (according to De Gasparin), passing from our bodies into inert matter, not only moves that matter at our bidding, but, from its inanimate abode, it enters into intellectual correspondence with us; it answers, with pertinence, our various questions; it joins in the conversation, and replies, assentingly or dissentingly, to incidental remarks made (as I suppose we must express it) in its hearing. Sometimes, even, it comments on these remarks. Its conversation, though at times carried with apparent hesitation, as if under the difficulty of a novel attempt, is, in a general way, reasonable and consistent; seldom exhibiting contradictions.

"Let us consider what all this involves. Do we engage in conversation with a fluid? Does one portion of ourselves talk to another portion and receive an answer from it? Is the nervous fluid (if it be a nervous fluid) endowed with intelligence? And does that portion of this intelligent fluid which has passed out of our bodies, to lodge in the table, comment upon what the portion which remains within us thinks and says?"

"And yet, even this is not the entire case. A second installment of difficulties remain to be encountered still.

"The fluid gives many indications of being an independent entity. Like any living thing, it shows personal preferences, and, still more strange! it exhibits changeful moods. Usually quiet and earnest, it is yet sometimes boisterous and rollicking; to-day frivolous or petulant, to-morrow mischievous or abusive. And these moods do not uniformly correspond to the state of mind of the assistants.

"More extraordinary yet is the fact that the replies given by this fluid, and the comments and suggestions made by it, are frequently far from being echoes of the opinions or expectations of the questioners. It makes, unexpectedly to all present, original suggestions, and these of a rational character. [8] It sometimes calls up, from the recesses where they have slumbered for half a life-time, the secret images of the past; and presents these to us in a sudden and startling manner. Occasionally, even, the answers and allegations are contrary to the expectations or belief of the individuals from whose persons the fluid is alleged to have gone out.

"It does more yet. The fluid within the table originates an argument with the fluid within us, objecting to a chance expression which the other has employed. On another occasion, instead of replying as we expected, to a question asked, it goes out of its way to defend the individual whom it impersonates against an unfavorable opinion casually expressed by one of the assistants; thus, as it were, reproving for undue severity that bodily portion of the fluid of which, but an hour before, it had been a constituent part.

"Then here is not only a duality of intelligence caused by the alleged division into two portions (the internal and the external) of the nervous fluid of the human system, but there is no even harmony between the two. Not only does the external portion, rummaging in the storehouse of the mind, drag forth unlooked-for thoughts and recollections, but it still more evidently exhibits the attributes of a distinct, reflecting existence. It takes that portion of itself from which it had recently parted by surprise. It begins a controversy with it. It conveys a reproof to it. Finally one portion of this dualized fluid occasionally tells the other portion of it what that other portion knows to be a lie!

"Where, in all human experience, within the entire range of natural science, have we hitherto encountered phenomena bearing any analogy to these?"

"It seems to me, as I copy this argument, that I had already obtained what should have sufficed to convince me of the reality of an outside thinking entity, not mundane; a conviction which virtually involves the spiritual theory. The recollection of the fact that I still held back, awaiting further evidence, has taught me charity for persistent doubters who must

have proof on proof ere they believe. I think my hesitation was chiefly produced by this, that I had not yet become reconciled to the idea that in the next phase of existence there are the same varieties of intelligence and of power as we find in this world; and that, there as here, success in a novel experiment is achieved only by practice and persevering effort.

But I had already abandoned one error; seeing clearly that, whatever else this phenomenon might be, it was not a reflex of one's own opinions.

It needs not, and might be tedious, to go through my third volume of observations. They corroborate substantially former results, with a few further proofs, toward the spiritual theory, added. Of these last one or two may be worth citing; the first touching that difficult question, identification of spirits.

Jan. 21, 1857, at a private circle, my brother William, who died in 1842, unexpectedly announced himself. He had lived with us, being a widower, during the last few years of his life, and thus Mrs. Owen was intimately acquainted with his habitual feelings. She asked: "If this is really you, William, will you spell out something to assure us of it?"

Answer—*I am cured: death cured me.*
Mrs. Owen—I do believe it is William himself.

For five or six years before his death, William was a perfect martyr to dyspepsia; he suffered cruelly, and the care of his health was his constant and absorbing thought. If spirits, when they return to earth, recur to what were their ruling passions and hopes ere they left the body, Mrs. Owen might well accept this congratulatory statement touching an escape from daily suffering to perfect health, as one of the strongest tests which her brother-in-law could have given in proof of his personal identity.

July 9, 1857, again our own circle. We had ascertained by repeated experiments, that while the table could spell out any word which I thought of, it never, in any instance, seemed able to read a word in Mrs. Owen's mind; and, if urged to persevere in the attempt, would reply: "All dark," or "No light," or employ some similar expression. On one occasion she had thought of the word "soap," and it declared, as usual, that it could see nothing. Then Mrs. Owen said: "I'll go into my bed-chamber and touch what I thought of." She did so, the room being quite dark; then returned and asked: "What did I touch?" [9]

Answer. No—
Mrs. Owen—It's going to spell "no light."
I said: "Let us make sure of it. Please go on;" and it spelled *s. e.* I urged it in vain to finish the word; I could get nothing more. "Is that all?" I asked. "Yes." "Does it mean that you cannot see?" "No." Then first it occurred to me that it had spelled the word *nose*.

When I suggested this, Mrs. Owen, after reflecting a little, burst into a hearty laugh and asked: "What did I touch it with?"

Answer. Soap.
Thereupon she explained to us that when she entered the dark room, groping about, she had laid her hands upon a cake of scented soap and smelled it; and then she distinctly recollected (but not until the table recalled the fact) that she *did* touch her nose with it. After telling us this, she relaxed into thoughtful gravity. "The Thing," she exclaimed at last, "must have followed me in the dark, and seen everything I did!"

The Rev. Mr. Godfrey, an English clergyman, experimenting in table-moving, recognized the *Thing* as we did; but he, somewhat hastily, concluded that it was Satan himself. [10] The reason he assigns for this belief is that his table remained stationary as often as he laid the Bible on it, but went on moving under any other book. The experiment may have been suggested to him by a perusal of St. Anthony's biography, in which we read that the devil appeared to him as "a spirit very tall, with a great show, who vanished at the Savior's name." As the reverend gentleman's work, then recently published, had obtained a notice from *The London Quarterly Review*, we decided to spend a few minutes in verifying or disproving his theory. Having put a volume of Tennyson's poems on the table, we asked for three tips, and got them. When we replaced this book by the Bible, the tips came just as freely. A second time we placed Tennyson on the table, and asked to have it shaken; the table obeyed. Again we replaced it by the Bible, and the table was shaken as distinctly as before.

So our table, unlike Mr. Godfrey's, exhibited no inkling of the diabolical.

I find the sittings in this volume thus classified

Serious, apparently truthful, and exhibiting good feeling.....	75
Frivolous.....	3
During which false intelligence was communicated.....	11
In which a spirit evinced revengeful sentiments.....	1

Total sittings.....90

Thus, five-sixths of our sittings were of a serious and satisfactory character; a considerable improvement on last volume.

Also, I find recorded that, out of more than two hundred mental questions (216), ninety-three per cent. (202) received strictly relevant answers: a very satisfactory proportion. These were important not only as experiments in thought-reading, but as enabling me to eliminate all expectation except my own, as influence in determining or modifying the replies.

The above may suffice as a sketch of my early studies in this field, then little explored. The point of progress which I had reached is

indicated by a document recorded at the close of my third volume, which I here reproduce.

SUGGESTED THEORY.

"A theory for which I have not yet found sufficient proof, but which harmonizes with the phenomenon, so far as observed, is the following:

"1. There is a phase of life after the death-change, in which identity is retained; the same diversity of character being exhibited among spirits as here on earth, among men.

"2. Under certain conditions the spirits of the dead have the power to communicate with the living.

"3. Spirits, when in communication with earth, have the power of moving considerable weights, and of producing certain sounds; also the power of reading in the minds of some men and women, but perhaps not of all. They experience many difficulties in communicating; and partly because of this, but, partly also for other reasons, their communications are often uncertain and unreliable.

"4. Spirits communicate more readily when the communications happen to coincide with the thoughts or expectations of the questioner; yet they do, in many instances, declare what is unthought of and unexpected by those to whom the communications are made.

"5. One of the conditions of spiritual communion is the presence of one or more of a class of persons peculiarly gifted, and who are usually called mediums.

"6. This communion occurs, not through any suspension of the laws of nature, but in accordance with certain constant laws, with the operation of which we are very imperfectly acquainted."

To this document I find appended the following:

"NOTE. Under the above theory all the chief phenomena we have observed find ready explanation. I have heard of no anti-spiritual hypothesis of which the same can be said. It remains to be seen whether further experiments will conform or disprove this theory; or whether any other theory can be suggested, involving less of marvel than the above, yet adequate to the explanation of the phenomena in question."

No further than this, and with hesitation, had I made my way after two hundred sittings, running through sixteen months! Yet I have heard certain persons—cautious and sensible in other things—unscrupulously assume, as the result of a few weeks' experience, that they had probed this matter to the bottom, and ascertained, beyond possible doubt, that it was all mere imposture or delusion!

I purpose in my next paper, briefly to set forth some general results from my spiritual experience; proposing simply to state these and to glance at their connection with civilization and cosmical progress, not to argue their truth. The arguments for and against modern Spiritualism swell to volumes, and can be found elsewhere.

[1] In *The Debatable Land*, pp. 437-450.
[2] *Personal Observations*, MS. page 293.
[3] *Des Esprits et de leurs manifestations fluidiques*, Paris, 3d ed. 1854. This work reached its fifth edition in 1859.

[4] *Des Tables tournantes, du Surnaturel en general et des Esprits*, Paris, 1855. This work was translated into English, and obtained, both from the English and French periodical press, many favorable notices.

[5] *Mœurs et Pratiques*, pp. 294, 295. But M. de Mousseaux himself dissents from this opinion.

[6] Except, perhaps, the deflection, under certain circumstances, of a delicate electrometer. But M. de Gasparin succeeded in getting a table, loaded with 152 pounds, to raise each leg successively; and at last the weight broke the table. (*Des Tables tournantes*, vol. i. p. 46.)

[7] *Des Tables tournantes*, vol. i. pp. 93, 94.

[8] As, for example, that by dipping our hands in water, we should facilitate the spelling; which, in effect, proved to be so. (*Personal Observations*, vol. ii. p. 244.) The difference was immediate and remarkable.

[9] We followed up this clue, and ascertained after repeated trials, that while the table remained unable to spell out the name of any object of which Mrs. Owen thought, yet it touched the object (either in the room in which we sat or elsewhere), or if she wrote the word and showed it (even if only under the table), or if she whispered it to me—in each and all of these cases it was spelled out at once. *Something* saw and heard.

[10] *Table-Turning, the Devil's Modern Master-piece*, by the Rev. N. S. Godfrey; London, 1854, pp. 38, 39.

Several of the old puritanic laws remain unrepealed on the Connecticut statute books, and if anybody takes a ride on Sunday, except for charity or necessity, he is liable to a fine of from \$1 to \$4, while the man who lets a team may be forced to pay a fine of \$20. "Blasphemy against God, or either of the persons of the holy trinity, or the Christian religion, or the holy scriptures," is still punishable by fine, not exceeding \$100, and imprisonment in a common jail not exceeding one year.

A photograph of the largest known mass of meteoric iron has been presented to the French Academy of Sciences by Professor Nordenskiöld. The meteorite was discovered in Greenland in the year 1870, and is to be deposited in the Royal Museum at Stockholm. It weighs more than twenty-one tons.

Among the marks of woman's advancing interests in England, is the fact that a female medical college has finally been opened in London, a crowning result of long and embarrassed labor of a few noble women and men.

The use of hydraulic machinery as a substitute for manual labor in working the heavy cannon of the future was advocated by Mr. G. W. Rendel, C. E., at a recent meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.

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

CHAPTER V.

The Devil does not approve of Ariel's plan—His father breaks his first covenant concerning man—Mankind finds a faithful friend in the person of Nick—The forbidden fruit—Nick again meets his father, and gently reproves him for not keeping his word—God excuses himself on the ground of repentance—God goes home, and the Devil soliloquizes—Esaulon returns with more news—Michael fears the consequences that may arise if the sons of God are further tempted by the woman—Gabriel thinks they have nothing to fear on that score, on account of the high standing of the sons of God; but thinks Nick will go into the devil-raising business with Eve—Zophiel wants the woman killed, lest she pollute their bachelor sanctum; and calls for a volunteer to do the job—Ariel quells the disturbance—The Devil blushes for very shame on hearing Esaulon's report of the row.

It is an accepted saying that, "Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction." The counsel of conservative Ariel had prevailed. The ignorant theologian declares that, "If what was then bound in heaven, had been kept bound on earth, mankind would have never known the accursed results of sin." With my knowledge of Ariel's character and disposition, I cannot charge him with insincerity, or with a desire to deprive humanity of its natural rights. He did not wish to inaugurate an aggressive movement, but simply to act in self-defense. "Be it far from me," he would say, "to do an unjust act." But he, who, holding in trust the right of another, refuses to place such right at the disposal of its legitimate possessor—when such possessor has become qualified to exercise such right—commits a more flagrant act of injustice than he who deprives one of a legitimate right that he is already exercising; therefore, while I condemn not Ariel, I do most emphatically denounce the course he recommended.

Only the evening before, as the last ray of the setting sun lingered on our clasped hands, further sealed with a good night kiss the compact, that the innocent pair lying before us in unconscious embrace, "should be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth." Now, on the first Sabbath in Eden, a brother brings me word that my father has entered into an agreement to break that compact, and that already his command has gone forth annulling his first covenant relating to man, the only covenant he ever made, which, if put into practical operation, would tend to elevate man, and bless the world. O my father, why hast thou, ere man has awakened to consciousness, turned against him? Why wouldst thou debar man and woman from the realization of that happiness which alone depends upon their intimate knowledge of their sexual relations to each other? It is not only the duty of the strong to protect the weak, but also to assist them (to the extent of their power if need be) to obtain whatever is wrongfully withheld from them. My path of duty is straight before me, plain and bright. I will do all that lieth in my power toward obtaining and establishing the rights of the weaker. Man and woman, though father and heaven turn against you, I will ever help you.

Another day has passed, and Esaulon has returned to heaven. I am meditating upon the situation. A conspiracy is being developed to enslave me, and utterly destroy the usefulness and happiness of mankind. For myself I care not; all the powers of heaven cannot bind me; but how shall humanity be saved from this dastardly riu?

Hark! the voice of my father: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayst freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for this day eat thou thereof and thou shalt surely die."

Until now, I had some hope that father would not undertake to put Ariel's plan into execution; but I could hope no longer. I immediately started forward to meet him in the way. I saluted him as I drew near: "All hail, my father, I am glad you are so much refreshed by the rest you have taken, as to be able to return to this garden."

"Yes, Nicholas," he replied, "I am indeed somewhat refreshed, yet my former vigor has not returned unto me. But, Nicholas, I am sore troubled because of the man and the woman which we have made."

"Indeed, father, I cannot understand why you should be troubled because of them. Why should that which you have pronounced 'good' cause you trouble?"

"It is not of myself, Nicholas; but because of your brothers, many of whom are much grieved at heart on account of them, more especially of the woman."

"Wherefore, father, should they be grieved? What is the man, that they should be mindful of him, or the woman, that they should visit her?"

"They complained of them, and of thee, Nicholas, after this wise: 'Lo, these many ages have we served thee, neither transgressed at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest unto one of us a woman, that we might make merry with her; but as soon as thy son Nicholas would desecrate this our holy habitation, and cast reproach upon thee, thou dividest with him thy possessions; and when he had forsaken thee and thy house, thou gavest unto him a woman.'"

"But, father, have they not said of their dwelling-place: 'It is good enough for us; we are content'? Shall they not abide by their own words?"

"Moreover, Nicholas, they know of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which I have planted here; and that I have said: 'Of every tree of the garden ye may freely eat,' therefore they say: 'If they eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, they will become as one of us; this thing doth not become them;' for which cause I have commanded that they eat not of it, lest they die."

"But, father, did you not say unto them: 'Behold, I have given you every herb, bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree, yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat?'"

"Yea, Nicholas, but it repenteth me that I have done this thing. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil I must reserve for myself, lest they become gods as ourselves." So said father and departed.

I was now left to the companionship of my own thoughts. For long ages had I known my father and loved and revered him; long had I looked upon him as my tower of strength, my pattern of firmness, and my highest ideal of perfect justice, goodness and love. Could it be that in all this long and familiar intercourse with my father, I had been blinded by selfish prejudice? Had he changed so much within the past few days? He had promised life-giving meat, and now he threatens those with death who accept the gift. He had promised to give man dominion over the whole earth, and now he would cut him off forever. Old associations bid me "ask no questions for conscience's sake;" but *present facts* ask me questions, and I cannot evade the answers echoed by my own convictions.

The following morning Esaulon made his appearance. I had been anxiously awaiting his return. "What news do you bring, Esaulon?" said I.

"Have you seen father?" said he.

"Yes," I replied; and I told him of my interview, as already known to the reader.

"You know, then," said he, "the most important transaction that has taken place since I left, until our father's return. On father's return, he related all that he had done concerning the tree of knowledge. At this announcement, many seemed well pleased. Father told the boys, 'he hoped he should hear no more complaints from them,' and with dejected countenance left our presence. Immediately Michael addressed us, saying: 'We have heard what our father has done; may we hope the apprehended danger has passed, that we may still remain secure in our habitation, and that no evil befall us. One thing I fear, that the sons of God will go a whoring after the woman, and thereby the earth be filled with bastards.' Gabriel now spoke: 'Michael, thou art too fearful about many things; thinkest thou that the sons of God will stoop so far below their high estate, as to go in unto the woman which Nick has made, to gratify his own lust? We have rather to fear that through her Nick will people the earth with his own offspring. Thou art right, however, in this; that the woman will bring us much sorrow.' Zophiel seemed wrought up to an unusual pitch of excitement, [Zophiel was much given to getting excited about other people's business] for he cried out with a loud voice: 'That woman must die. Michael is right. Even now it is a hard matter to restrain the larger part of our number from

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

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

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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OUR PAPER.

Spiritualists, our paper is now well established. This number (5) is an earnest of what we are doing, and we are proud of our effort. Five more numbers and our first quarter of a year will be completed. Time will be up with some of you. Will you promptly renew? Have we proved worthy of your confidence? We trust so. We now offer as an inducement to our subscribers, the following, viz.: Every subscriber who sends us two dollars, on or before the first day of January, will get the back numbers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, up to the first of January, and the paper for the full year from January first. We have ever been just and liberal with all of the Spiritual Societies of our country; we trust they will remember this, and subscribe for our paper. Come to our help! Let us have a paper free from personal abuse—one that dare tell the truth, and yet not abuse.

THE CONDITION WE ARE IN.

First, Religiously. The world is divided to-day between the radical and conservative. The one is progressive and ready to advance with the world; the other is non-progressive and not ready to advance. Yea, more; he—the conservative—is unwilling that others should go forward; hence the conflict.

The case of Drs. Patton and Swing is a fair illustration of these two great features in life. Dr. Patton clings to old ideas—the past. Prof. Swing is fully up to the wants of the age, sees them, and aims directly at the mark. Here, then, we have before us two intellectual men, leaders in their churches; moral, upright and religious; no taint of shame on their fair names. The one, Dr. Swing, is expelled and his name erased from the church roll of honor, and from all future honorable mention. Why? Not because he has stooped to infamy and crime, but because he has thought beyond the time and age, or the mental calibre of his church. The other, Dr. Patton, has been retained with honorable mention. Wherefore? Because he has not thought as fast and deep as his brother; hence Prof. Swing is expelled. Moral: Ministers should never think, or reason, or rise above the level of the mass of brain in the church they belong to.

In the churches to-day exist discord and in-harmony. In Europe, Bismark is fighting the church party with all the ability and vigor peculiar to this great man. How the battle will terminate the future must determine. Prince Bismark is at present ahead, however, and we trust he will succeed. In the church of England ritualism is the skeleton that stares the multitude in the face. The rejection of Dr. Seymour, and the fight over Dr. Cheney, are but examples of the breach, as it now is, in this church. In the Presbyterian church there has been division on division, and this church has placed itself on record in the case of Prof. Swing. The Methodist church has proposed to close its doors against the press, by shutting out the reporters. If the Methodist people undertake this, it will be an elephant on their hands, and one they will not know what to do with.

In the political field to-day there is neither party principle or platform. There never was a time when our country was so thoroughly broken up as to-day, in its political aspect.

In Spiritualism the spirit of strife is hard at work. Sharp lines are already drawn. Division is in our midst. We may class them as follows:

1. The conservative party, represented by the *Banner of Light*, the oldest Spiritual paper in the world, and true as steel to the purposes it has in view.
2. The selfish or mercenary, sometimes radical and sometimes conservative—anything and

everything that represents self—having in view one object only, and that is gain. This condition is fully represented by the *R.-P. Journal*.

3. The middle course; that policy that stands for the right, preferring the truth in home-spun garments, rather than sophistry in broadcloth, velvet and fine linen. Earnest, honest workers for the cause: men and women who demand their rights, love freedom, and will brook no pope or other temporal authority, save the truth; who have a respect for the law and are willing to obey the law, when equitable and just. We humbly trust to make our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, the representative of this humble but great class of Spiritualists.

4. The extreme radical party are represented by the *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, and *Hull's Crucible*. Both these organs are pulverizers, fearless and outspoken—are revolutionary and mean it. They recognize no power or authority outside of themselves. They are iconoclasts, doing their work, and have not the fear of the Y. M. C. A., Plymouth church, or the devil before them.

5. Those who are Spiritualists, when with Spiritualists, and anything else that they happen to be with. A class of nobodys—a dead weight indeed, who sponge their Spiritualism and pay for their religion.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

When the spirit world informed us that the time had come for us to start a Spiritual paper, we demurred, pleading our inability; besides, there were before us so many failures—promises made that had never been fulfilled—and then we felt our want of ability to carry out the plan laid down for us to pursue.

In the midst of our doubts came John, the leader of the band of spirit workers, who have been with us for some time, and made the following statement:

"Brother—You and your family, as well as others, are the chosen agents of a large company of spirits, who are experimenting with the human family. We are divided in our opinions in regard to the best course to be pursued in advancing humanity. The band of wise and good men and women associated with the 'dear old *Banner of Light*,' are doing a noble work, and we are fully in sympathy with them. But we differ from them in some points. For instance, we feel that the *Banner* people are too conservative, and yet they have a great work on hand. The *Religio-Philosophical* Publishing House, in its original plan or design, is a great failure, and the original band of spirits are exceedingly chagrined at this failure. The departure from first principles, laid down (by Mr. Jones, the human leader of that house,) in number two, volume one, of their organ, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, is so worded that we cannot refrain from calling your attention to it, and advise you to publish it in number eight of your paper. The leader referred to is entitled, 'The Force of Spiritualism'—in it 'pure Spiritualism' is ignored, and the writer enters up judgment, and that judgment has been executed, and an organization with \$40,000 paid up capital went into bankruptcy inside of fifteen months.

"The judgment referred to we will quote: First, the writer says, 'The great question which now agitates the minds and divides the ranks of Spiritualists, is, shall we have a *pure* Spiritualism, uncontaminated by contact with the world, or shall we have a Spiritualism ordering the actions of our lives in all our relations, individual and social. * * * If we are to have a *pure* Spiritualism, it is difficult to perceive the *good* we are to receive from it. It is no better than the '*pure religion*' we have already. * * * Let us not drive stakes on either side of them, nor erect a Chinese wall beyond them. Be assured we fail if we do.' To-day the judgment is apparent. Spiritualism knows no side issues—considers all things, weighs all things, and recognizes no limits, no boundaries, no specialty. It is truth simplified, humanity's renovating fire, and recognizes the 'fallen woman' as well as the fallen man. It enters into the cess-pools of society, and is eminently calculated to do its work, viz.: to purge and purify. Other papers and organizations have their specialty, and are doing their work, and doing it well; your work will be marked out from time to time. Thus far you have been true and faithful in the discharge of your duty. Once you came near, very near a failure; but did not. It was in regard to a free platform, at Elgin. Had you yielded to the pressure then brought to bear upon you, you

would have been stricken from the roll of honored servants of this great band of spirit workers. The hour of danger is past, you are free and untrammelled; and the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists is but the nucleus of a power that shall sweep the would be pope and oppressors away.

"Our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, must be true to its principles; it must know no 'pure Spiritualism,' for it, like 'pure religion,' is an incubus, a hideous nightmare, dragging reformers down to error. On the other hand we present you free Spiritualism, true and faithful, full of charity for all, and more especially for those who need a Savior. Spiritualism demands free speech, free platform, free press, perfect freedom. That freedom which educates the soul to do right. The perfect man, woman or spirit needs no teacher. The imperfect do; hence, Spiritualism as a reform must steer clear of purity and perfection, for there is nothing to reform there. And hence it must, of necessity, enter into all the haunts of evil. The murderer, liar, thief, adulterer, fornicator, and that other deeper, darker, villain who stabs his victim in the dark, and refuses him the right of defense, need our helping hand. To these we come in charity—not to the pure and perfect. And yet the pure and true of your world and ours, look on our progress in joy and bid us speed the work.

"And now, brother, let your voice be for freedom in all that is true and good. Maintain free speech on your platform. Let the columns of our paper be ever open to the wants of humanity. 'The sick [alone need the physician,' and the sin-sick souls of time and eternity need the helping hand of all good men and women of earth, and all the angel host of souls that are true and pure."

Dr. Robert, our spirit guide for tests, then said: "My dear charge—We have listened to the excellent counsel of John, the leader of the band of spirit workers, and fully approve of all that he has said, and now say to you, believe his counsel and you will succeed. We shall gather around you a band of human workers who will be a tower of strength for you; but you must be true and faithful. Beware of Pharisean and all manner of hypocrisy, pay no attention to personalities—never deal in them. Deal with principles only, and all will be well. You will require backbone to work out all these grand problems involved in free Spiritualism, for Spiritualism must and shall be free as the air you breathe, and in this freedom justice shall be done, wrongs shall be righted, and rights made strong. Only let every son and daughter of time know the truth, 'and the truth shall make them free.' Already THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is making itself felt, and many are watching, waiting to see whether it will be a helper indeed, the friend of the masses, or their enemy. Let your motto be, 'Hear all things, prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.' And now, brother, we will close our morning lesson; be wise and stand for the right, for free speech, a free platform, and a free press, and all will be well."

NOTICE FROM L. E. DRAKE.

We are somewhat anxious to see a criticism on our lecture, found in a late issue of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, from the pen of some "*pure Spiritualists*" who have ignored, condemned, and scorned the terms "Social Freedom" and "Free Love." Some one who feel themselves worthy of our steel, for we have much more to say on the same subject sometime in the future, and if called out by a fair criticism may find an opportunity sooner than if left to seek our own time. Perhaps the writer "Smith," who so basely misrepresented our short speech at Kendallville, Ind., given under very unfavorable conditions, and limited time, (said misrepresentation found in the *R.-P. Journal* of a late date.) will see fit to attack us where we can have a fair chance to reply. If so, we will be happy to answer all criticisms which deal with principles, and in a chaste, logical, concise way. We are now enroute for California; expect to reach Denver city this week; but we shall still be ever ready for work, and, faithful to the cause we represent. Leaving Michigan and her faithful workers for a time, we bid a kindly good-bye to old, tried and true friends, to try the unbeaten paths of a new field of labor, hoping to be ever true to the cause of progress and the best good of humanity everywhere.

Respectfully, MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

OUR VISIT TO MICHIGAN.

Friday night, November 6th, found us in the sleeping-car "Columbus," bound for Grand Rapids, Mich., over the Michigan Lake Shore Railroad. The "Columbus" is a palace indeed, well officered, and cleanly. The road is well ballasted, and in good running order, and increasing in popular favor, and doing a good business. We left Chicago at 9 p. m., arriving at Grand Rapids Saturday at 6:40 a. m., sleeping as soundly through the night as if in bed at home.

What a contrast, this night's ride, and one we took in 1843, in a coach from Jackson to Chicago—both times in November. Then we suffered from cold, wind, and a crowded coach. Now, in a palace car in a clean berth, or bed, with the safety and comfort of home.

We spoke four lectures in Grand Rapids, to small and appreciative audiences. Receipts, \$46.75. We took twelve subscriptions to our paper, besides establishing an agency for the sale of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, at the news-stand of Geo. A. Hall, in the arcade, where all the weekly and daily papers may be found for sale.

We gave many fine tests, most of which were identified—some of which appear in the Test Department.

Some of the Spiritualists turned up their noses at a fee at the door, and would not come, saying "Hitherto our lecturers have been paid; we have always contributed our share, and we are not going to pay a fee at the door." True, my friends, you have contributed your mite when the hat came around; you put in your dime, and when the lecturer had to be paid two or three brethren and sisters (and we know who they were) had to put their hands into their pockets and put in a V. each to make up for your want of liberality. We do not believe in a subscription never paid. We do believe in the dime paid at the door. This equalizes the burden, and is a just method of meeting the expenses. You may ask, What of the poor? We answer, Let the honest poor in free, always. We never turned a man, woman or child away from our meetings.

Grand Rapids is a great place—the liveliest city outside of Chicago, of real *vim*—*go-aheadativeness*—a town of 20,000 inhabitants, situated at the head of navigation on Grand river. We were informed by reliable parties that there were 700 buildings put up in this city the present summer; and we have seen no better blocks of stores and other buildings in the West, than here in Grand Rapids. There are many fine churches, splendid school-houses, opera house, hotels, banks, halls, manufacturing establishments, three or four daily papers, as many weeklies, and other features of improvement, beside "Cap & Doc." The stub-tooth puller and his basin-holder live here and write for the *Eagle*, and the place that cannot thrive under their "infatus" has no business to be situated in Michigan. Dr. E. Woodruff, a Spiritualist, outspoken and fearless, has a large practice, and the finest collection of herbs, barks, and roots in the State. Dr. W. is a worker, and generous in the use of his means. Sister Barnes is a tower of strength, and her house is open to all true Spiritualists. There are other workers, who are doing nobly for our cause. We heard pleasant remarks and kind inquiries after Bros. Linn and Jamieson. Our readers will remember that these brothers were prohibited speaking in the park by the city authority, through the influence of the churches, a year ago.

Monday, November 9th, we left for Pierson, a lumbering town of some 600 population, twenty-seven miles north of Grand Rapids, situated on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad. Five or six years ago the town plat was known as the Pierson farm. There are here five mills for manufacturing lumber, shingles and staves; also a planing-mill. The country is well timbered with both pine and hard wood, and adapted to fruit and all farming purposes. We spoke four lectures here, and gave two seances, with marked success, giving many fine tests. We had crowded houses, and our lectures gave eminent satisfaction, and some were added to our cause.

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst., we had quite a scene enacted. It occurred in this wise: The school-house, in which we held our meetings, has been used for religious meetings, and on Thursday evenings; there has ten or twelve persons met each week for prayer. Bro. McConnell, a mill owner, and one of the largest tax-payers of the town, went to the Trust-

ees and Directors and asked for the school-house for the evenings of the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th insts., and obtained it. On the 9th and 10th the house was literally crowded, and we had to put in extra seats. On the 11th word came to us that we were to be ousted on Thursday evening, and that the prayer meeting was to come off, and we were to be left out in the cold. Bro. McConnell called on the Trustees, who informed him that the church had no preference, and to go on with the meetings. On Thursday evening, the 12th, the house was full before 7 o'clock; at a quarter to 7 we were in our chair. The people were talking in a pleasant mood. Suddenly we heard, "I wish to inquire, sir, why this unusually numerous audience is here to-night, and by what authority we are dispossessed of this house this evening, sir."

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" we inquired. "Yes, sir. We have for a long time occupied this house for religious worship, sir, and I now want to know why we are so uncourtously intruded upon, sir."

"I have nothing to do with it, sir; I refer you to Mr. McConnell and others, who engaged us."

Mr. McConnell stated: "When it was known that Mr. Wilson could come here, I went to the Trustees and Directors of the school-house and school, who said to me, 'You can have the school-house for the evenings required.' This is my authority, sir."

"Your authority is 'undoubted, sir, and you have the right to dispossess us; but, sir, you should have come to us and courteously requested us to give up the house for this evening, sir," said the Rev. H.

"I had authority from the officers of the house, and consider that quite sufficient; beside, I had nothing to do with you in regard to the matter," said Mr. McC.

"Well, sir, your authority is unquestioned, sir, and we are dispossessed, and our religious worship uncourtously broken up, sir, and I shall leave you." Then turned to a pleasant-looking little woman, snapped his finger at her as he would to his dog, bidding her come, and she obeyed, as the dog would.

We were on our feet instanter, saying, "If you please, do not go away angry. Hold on a moment."

"Oh, no, sir, I am not angry, sir."

"Well, then, sir, why not remain?"

"Because, sir, I feel aggrieved, and feel that we have been very uncourtously deprived of our worship this evening, sir."

"But," said we, "whose rights are to be most respected, 'this unusually numerous audience,' or the few who meet here to worship? Is this audience of one hundred and fifty or two hundred persons who have come here to enjoy an evening's entertainment, and who own this house, to give place to the few who could in courtesy adjourn their meeting over one night?"

"I am not here to discuss proprieties" (in the mean time he had shut his wife out doors, but bethought himself, opened the door, and said, with authority, "Here, come in, don't stand out there in the cold;" and the wife-servant meekly came in). "Sir, your authority is good, sir, and I will not disturb you, sir;" and he left, and his wife left with him. And as they went out—the only two that did leave—the unusually numerous audience clapped their hands, and stamped their feet, and cheered with might. And Minister Hallowell left with a Spiritual flea in his ear.

We called the audience to order, and for a few moments improved upon the occasion, showing up the absurdity of metaphysical authority, impressing upon the people the necessity of guarding well their liberties, and of keeping God, His Christ and their minister out of the Constitution of our form of government.

We spoke an hour and a half on the teachings of Spiritualism, and closed our meetings with the full approval of a large majority of the people present.

On Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th, we spoke a second course of lectures to fine audiences, in Luce's Hall, Grand Rapids, and returned home on Monday, the 16th inst.

We are in receipt of "The Heathens of the Heath," by Wm. McDonnell, Esq., author of "Exeter Hall." Published by D. M. Bennett, 335 Broadway, New York. Price, in paper, \$1; in cloth, \$1.50. The book, so far as we had time to examine it, is full of interest, and fully up to "Exeter Hall" in plot and style. Buy it—read it. We will tell you more about it hereafter.

OUR MEDIUMS.

Who shall care for them in the sear of life? for those who first came to us with "glad tidings of great joy"—immortality demonstrated; they that gave us the first actual proof that man is an eternal, sensate being? Where shall their weary souls and worn bodies find rest? Who is willing to feed and care for them, when no longer able to care for themselves? Christians have a place for their superannuated mediums, or ministers; we have not. Is it not time we turned our attention to this matter?

We are older than Spiritualism in its present or modern phase, and yet many of our brothers and sisters have gone on to the so-called summer land, from the homes of strangers. L. Judd Pardee, a good soul, who spoke living truth; who served us faithfully for many a year; would have passed on from the portals of the poor house, but for the charity of our ascended Bro. Sharp, who kindly ministered to him in his last hours of life.

Bro. John Swain, who left the form last summer, in Buffalo, N. Y., needed the helping hand. His widow, now in the sear of life, poor, and, so far as we know, homeless; and yet for twenty years her house was a home for all who came; and never in America has there been a medium who has done more true missionary work than Sister Marcia Swain. She is old, poor and alone. Do we need a home for such as these?

We call your attention to Bro. John Spear's letter in this number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and when you read it, please remember the work his brave old soul has done for Spiritualism.

Mary Amphlet, another overworked medium—one who, fifteen or twenty years ago, was a leader in our midst. O, how we loved to listen to her burning words of eloquence, and wondrous mediumship. Sometimes speaking for nothing, giving tests night and day, receiving only her meals, and sometimes grudgingly given at that.

And now, Spiritualists, the way is open to reform these our mistakes and errors. Let us build up a home for these superannuated mediums, seers and speakers. Let us build a comfortable home for them, where the closing up of life on earth may be the opening morn of immortality. Let us give a public seance once a month for this purpose; and then let every medium, seer and speaker give annually a certain sum for the support of the home, and we will soon have a pleasant retreat for our workers, in which to rest in their old age.

There are to-day five thousand seers, healers, speakers and other mediums in America. Suppose these gave of their earnings \$10 each, yearly, and with what outside help we can get, and we will soon have funds to begin our work in earnest. Who will join us in this matter? Let all speak; let all work; let us have a home for our workers, in which to rest in their old age.

CHICAGO NOTES.

The march of improvement is visible everywhere and in everything. The Spiritualists are hard at work, and intend giving the public the best talent in the land. Mrs. Amelia Colby lectured before the First Society of Spiritualists, at Grow's Opera Hall, on the 25th ult., to a large and appreciative audience, morning and evening. So well was she liked that the society re-engaged her for the 8th, 15th, 22d, and 29th of November. Mrs. Smith will sing for the Society during Mrs. Colby's engagement. Cephas B. Linn speaks for the society during December.

On inquiry we find that all our mediums are hard at work. The cause never looked brighter in Chicago than to-day. This is as it should be. Now let the Spiritualists of Chicago understand that there is a Spiritual paper in the city, ready and willing to do them justice.

There are two lyceums in the city, and yet the fact is not known outside the lyceums.

Williams' Spirit Rooms, 237 West Madison street, are calculated to do a great amount of good. Let them be well patronized.

Mrs. Dr. Cleveland will furnish a good dinner, or other meals, to any who may require, at 237 West Madison street.

Mrs. Helen Rogers will furnish board, at 233 West Washington street, for Spiritualists or others. Dr. Rogers will heal the sick at the same place.

Mrs. Lydia A. Crocker, 644 Fulton street, is one of the best test mediums in the city.

Mrs. Blair, the Flower Medium and Spirit Artist, may be found at No. 707 West Madison street, at Mrs. Lee's.

Mrs. Parry continues to give good physical tests at 237 West Madison street.

Dr. Maxwell continues to heal the sick at 409 West Randolph street.

The Bangs family are giving fine tests. And the R.-P. Journal can be found at the corner of Fifth avenue and Adams street, in the top of the house.

We this week present our readers with an editorial from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, number two, volume one, Oct. 7, 1865, on page seven. We ask you to read it carefully, and then compare tone and spirit of this editorial with the spirit manifested in the same paper since September, 1873. Soon we will publish the platform as understood by the same paper in 1865 and 1873-4. The article referred to is entitled "The Force of Spiritualism."

In the same paper we find the following: "Our good brother, E. V. Wilson, is working faithfully for the circulation of the *Journal*. A few more such agents would give us the hoped-for forty thousand subscribers."

Again, we find in the same paper the following, from the pen of our good brother, J. M. Peebles: "I did not say *love was a divine soul-motion imprisoned*, etc., but a 'divine soul-motion in the God principle.' The whole gist of the article was against the selfish, 'imprisoned' propensity, miscalled love in the world. Love is the highest ideal of God—knows nothing of sex, and flows as free to all as heaven's dews descend upon fens, fields and forests." True, Mr. Peebles, true as gospel; and we endorse every word you wrote in your article on "Love," in number one, volume one, of the *R.-P. Journal*, and have half a notion to reproduce the article in the columns of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

One more quotation from number two, volume one, of the *R.-P. Journal*, and we have done for the present: "The National Executive Committee of Spiritualists. The unmanly and untruthful attacks upon the above named committee, recently published in the *Banner of Light*, were replied to by the chairman of that committee, also by Hon. Warren Chase, and M. F. Shuey, Esq., and perhaps by other members of the committee. These replies were forwarded to the same paper for publication, but the conductors of that journal, true to the unjust course adopted by them, in making the onslaught upon the committee generally, and the chairman and secretary personally, refused to publish these replies.

"The committee have come to the same conclusion that Dr. H. T. Child did in reply, *i. e.*, the attack of Uriah Clark, as correspondent, and as the writer of the editorial articles, savored of 'sour grapes.' They request us to say to the public that they fully agree with the expression of a multitude of Spiritualists who have written them upon the subject, that 'such treatment is unworthy of the *Banner*, and an insult to the great mass of Spiritualists over the country.'" "Chickens come home to roost," and sometimes plucked of their feathers. If there was ever a righteous judgment put on record, S. S. Jones, Esq., entered up one against himself as chairman of the National Executive Committee of Spiritualists, and we mercifully apply it to him in his course toward the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, during the past year.

NEWSBOYS' HOME.

It seems to me if it were once well understood that we needed the small amount of \$2,500 to finish our new building on Quincy street, that we should not be without the amount so much needed very long. Because, after our year's experience in running the temporary home on La Salle street, we can say with confidence that Chicago can better afford to do without many other things she is paying so lavishly to support, than to see her institution for saving, by making good men of them, the poor and homeless boys and young men she has so many of, always on her streets. Will you please say a good word for us?

W. B. BILLINGS, Gen. Supt.

We cheerfully call the attention of all true Spiritualists to the above note. Brother and sister Billings are true, good and faithful workers. The newsboys and bootblacks of Chicago have no more faithful friends in the city than in Brother and Sister Billings. Spiritualist, whenever you come to Chicago and hear one of these gamin's shrill call, "T-i-m-e-s, T-r-i-b-u-n-e a-n-d I-n-t-e-r-O-c-c-e-a-n," or "Have a shine, black your boots," please remember that but for the efforts of W. B. Billings and wife, these boys would this night sleep in a box or hogshead, or on the ground. Now they have a comfortable home, papers and books to read, a gymnasium, and many of the comforts of life. Besides, it would do your soul good to hear the boys in their new home, exclaim, "It's just bully!" "That's so, Jim!" or, as one little fellow said, "Mother laughed up there in heaven, last night, when she saw how good Mr. Billings was to all of us; and when I went to sleep, I dreamed mother came and said, 'Jake, you must be good, now you have a nice place to sleep in!' and I said I would. Arn't it bully, Mister?"

We thought it was; and believe our readers will remember the Newsboys' Home and their worthy friends and helpers, Mr. and Mrs. Billings.

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.

When in New York, last September, we gave several seances for tests, at Germania Hall, 200 Third avenue.

We said to a gentleman who sat before us, We wish to tell you what we see with you.

"Very well, sir, go on. What do you see?"

First, we see a home (fully and carefully describing it), it is far from here, and it seems to us to be in a foreign country. We see an old man and four boys, his sons. This is your grandfather, and one of these boys is your father. Second, we see your boyhood's home. You are before it, in boyish sport. We then took up his life, reading in detail his wanderings, traits of character, and incidents. We then stated there is here with you, first, a woman from spirit life. Her name is Polly. She says, "I am Aunt Polly, and had the care of you in your childhood. I belonged to your father's family, and was a relative of your mother." Second, there is here a man who was murdered in Georgia twenty-two years ago next January. He is your father's brother, and left home in the spring preceding his death. We then fully described the man, giving his name. Will you state what you know of this matter.

Answer. I know nothing of it whatever. I had no such relation as Aunt Polly, and no such person as you have described her to be ever had care of me in my childhood. My father never had a brother of the name and description you gave, nor has there one been murdered within my memory. I wish, however, to do Mr. Wilson full justice. He has given some dates in my life that are correct, and has described my childhood home very accurately indeed; also given well defined outlines of the topography of the country in which my home is located, but it is in North Carolina, and Mr. W. has located it in a foreign country; hence, the whole statement is a failure.

The audience cheered, as they always do when there is the slightest failure in our statements, but seldom cheer when we succeed.

We turned to them, saying: What are you laughing and cheering about? here is a full failure, and you shout an approval; and yet there has been a score of splendid tests given preceding this reading, and not a mistake. Be consistent. Turning to the gentleman, we said: You say your home is in North Carolina? "Yes sir." There is time then for you to write to your father and obtain an answer to your letter. "Yes, sir." Well, now observe: I affirm this statement to be true, and ask you to write home, ascertain facts, and report at our next Sunday evening meeting in the New Opera House. Will you do it? "I will."

On Sunday night, Sept. 27, at the New Opera House, Broadway, New York, in the presence of over six hundred people, this man made the following statement, and on Monday gave it me in writing:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 28, 1874.

To E. V. WILSON—Sir: This is to certify that the statement made by you, and denied by me on Monday night (the 21st inst.), from having no remembrance of anything stated to have occurred in my childhood, have since proved to have been in every instance correct, as far as could be learned from those that knew at home, in North Carolina. The names of grandfather and his four boys were given, and the name of an Aunt Polly, forgotten entirely by me, as also the family home described, and the death of a brother of my father.

"Most respectfully, LUCIUS ALSTON,"
We have many such approvals of that which seems at first to be a failure, and their approvals are all the more valuable for being disproved at first, and approved of subsequently.

We call the attention of our readers to the spiritual experience of Enos Gillis, who had been in spirit life seventeen years in 1872. It is a curious statement, and will no doubt set some to thinking. It was written through the hand of our only sister, Pauline W. Stephens, of California.

We shall publish, by and by, a statement made by a spirit in regard to her mediumship, and the plan adopted by the spirit world in developing each of us. Also many other fine tests from the spirit world, through her mediumship.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.

Continued from page 83.

going to earth and ravishing the woman. Yea, more, they will bring her here in our very midst, that we may behold their fornications with her. Where is he that will go to earth and slay her? Nearly all had now joined in a general uproar. At this moment, Ariel's commanding figure towered above the rest; his countenance betrayed no unusual emotion; his calm, dignified manner, and firm bearing, awed them into silence. Then was heard his deep, clear voice ringing out those peals, that commanded the attention of every one: 'What meaneth this uproar? is this becoming of the sons of God? High heaven, by its own inmates, converted into pandemonium. Why need ye trouble yourselves about the woman? Ye have said: 'Earth is far preferable to heaven for an abiding place.' Think ye the woman will leave the beautiful realities of her earth home, for the uncertain vagaries of heaven? Think ye, Nicholas is so blind to his own interests, that he will leave earth unguarded to look after affairs here? Would some of you seek the woman because of her charms? He that seeketh her, when he has found her, is bound unto her; how, therefore, shall he escape that he may return hither? Must the woman die, lest the sons of God be betrayed by their own desires? Why interfere with Nicholas? He hath kept his pledge; he departed in peace; he hath offered us no violence, neither hath he molested us. It behoveth us rather to look well to ourselves. Are not Envy and Jealousy the principal actors in this disgraceful proceeding? Let them hide their faces for shame. Consider for a moment the wisdom of our father. If the woman bear offspring, she hath already tasted of the forbidden fruit; she hath come to a knowledge of her sexhood, and in that day she must die; while she is without this knowledge she is innocent. If she partakes of the forbidden fruit, will ye become participators with her in her sin? Beware, lest ye yourselves fall into the pit.' When Ariel had finished speaking, as the tumult had subsided, I took my departure, that I might tell you these things; but I must soon return, for there be some who will not long remain quiet."

events as perfectly as when mingling with them on the material plane of life.

About this time my attention was drawn to an individual, who, of late, I had observed among us, apparently a stranger. He drew me into conversation by remarking upon the general disappointment that was manifested by most of those in our sphere, but added that the law of growth which seemed so slow to human comprehension, was nevertheless very sure, and that all these obstacles would yet be removed, and that the admission of advanced minds from earth life into the spirit world, would break the hard crust of conservatism that holds the masses in its folds, through their return.

He then said: "I am one of a great number who fill the place of missionaries, from the spheres of life above you—having, like you, passed from the earth life through the sphere you are now in. I perceive by your surroundings that you comprehend life from a new standpoint, I would therefore suggest a change in your occupation. By this you will perceive the principle, that as long as one is satisfied with that which he has, he is not prepared for anything higher. You now understand that we have ministering spirits in all the lower walks of life."

His earnest manner and evident sincerity commanded my attention, and I listened with pleasure to his glowing history of a new life. I was soon ready to attend to his directions. This was, in fact, the second birth to me; far more so than the breaking away from the physical had been. Though I had left earth bodily, I had not left it mentally.

I will here philosophize a moment by saying, that millions carry the bondage of earth life with them to this side, by their strong attachment to the sphere they have left. Some remain there in bondage for ages. A breaking away from these old time ties, does not necessarily hinder you from coming to those to whom your nature belongs; besides this freedom never fails to enable its possessor to return with more practical views than when acting in the sphere with those they have left.

Under the guidance of this my new and, as I have found, true friend, I immediately determined to work out my own salvation. I never before fully understood the perfect plan of life, and that man never possessed an item in the great plan of progression, only as he earns it himself, for in the real wealth of life there is no inheritance.

I spent the next five years mostly in the study of the cosmogony of the earth, thereby learning the mighty law of evolution; for it seemed to me that the cradle of my existence was worth looking into, even to the very source of its creation. I do not wish you to understand that I have ever lost my interest in you—not so, for often during those years would I leave my earnest employment and lie me away to my own, and look in upon those still holding ties upon me. All this time, one by one, my former friends have been coming to this life. Some I have stood by and welcomed them on their arrival; others, I have met after they had been here some time. Thus far it seems to have required about this length of time to acquire the requisite information necessary to a proper understanding of each new department in this world of spirits.

The next half of a decade I devoted to an understanding of the human race, their origin and descent. I could, my children, give you true and valuable information in regard to humanity, and thus clear up some of the dark and obscure theories on this subject that man has fearfully mystified, but must hasten on in order to give you an outline of the whole. This portion of my experience is in a new field of operation, in which I have but just enlisted. I have not acquired full knowledge in regard to these subjects I mentioned—no! no! but expect to again and again take them up in the destiny that lies before me—perhaps in the study of the origin of other worlds and races, or again delve into the minute history of earth. I will also state that in all these different spheres of operation, I have not moved alone, but in the company of multitudes. In many cases I have found dear and strong ties, that will link me to them for ages; for man is a social being, and these properties of his nature are modified and purified by every onward step he takes in the different grades of life.

I will now endeavor to concentrate all the force possible upon this organism, and render this portion of my narrative concise and distinct. About two years ago I received an invitation

to attend a party of explorers, who designed to make a tour of observation through the planet Saturn. The company consisted of several thousand, as all manifestations of mind are always on a larger scale with us than is possible in the sphere in which you dwell. We commenced our journey at an appointed time, and took for our route one of those great magnetic currents, or terrestrial highways, which are constantly moving throughout the vast plains of terrestrial creation. I will liken them unto your ocean currents, which are faint resemblances of these terrestrial highways. They drift always with great force toward distant objects. We moved with ease and great rapidity out into the immeasurable space—rapidly passing planets, and their satellites; asteroids, and their orbits.

My soul was wraped in amazement and awe as it never had been before, at the majesty and grandeur of creation. But onward and onward we sped until we entered the sphere of this great and beautiful world. Her wondrous surroundings of satellites and rings have been the admiration of astronomical gazers, not only of this world of ours, but from those on other planets and worlds belonging to this solar system.

The atmosphere of Saturn extends over two thousand miles from its surface; her satellites have distinct atmospheres of their own; her outer satellite revolves in its orbit at about one million of miles from Saturn; the inner one at about the distance that our moon is from the earth. The immediate density of this system, for it is truly a little system of itself, is about one to nine of the density of mother earth. The primary of all terrestrial bodies are always more dense than the secondary, thereby creating the great law of attraction, which holds all parts in their proper sphere. The largest of these satellites is a little world of itself, in comparison to our lunar orb. We loitered for some time in the vicinity of these wonders of creation, but as we universally felt an interest in the particular object which had drawn our attention here, viz.: the formation of the inner ring, hence we passed on.

We found, on examining these rings, that they are composed of material far less dense than the secondaries. They are composed of the more refined elimination from the primary, and that these elements held together by electric and magnetic forces, largely mingled with gasses. We found the disturbance of the centrifugal forces of the ring and its consequent dissolution and determinate attraction to its primary was not an unexpected event to the inhabitants thereof.

The constituent or elementary formation of those rings are not adapted to life in any form, physically; therefore there was no death to occur there by its destruction. The inhabitants of the primary, as I said before, are too far advanced in the plane of spiritual growth to not know when so important an event was to occur, for astronomical observation and knowledge of the magnetic laws had warned them in the past that this event was coming. Their senses being quickened by the spiritual relations of life, through the aid of those in spiritual spheres, had enabled them to know the exact location on the primary, where its material substance would find its resting place.

There are continents and oceans on this planet that far surpass in size those of the earth, Saturn being over one thousand times larger than the earth. The existence of this planet has continued for infinite ages longer than your earth, and ages, or periods, bring growth to all things; therefore the surface in Saturn is far more matured than on your earth; hence, through the laws of growth the inhabitants were sufficiently unfolded to know of this coming event, and prepared for the same. In some portions of Saturn the inhabitants retired to places of safety during this event, but the more progressed minds were waiting and watching for its consummation, and when it did occur—which was somewhat longer ago than the savons of earth apprehend—it was no catastrophe to the lookers on, but a grand and wonderful event, assisting in the finishing up of their grand old world. There was an incident of this nature—the forming of a ring anterior to this one—about sixty thousand years ago, according to the reckoning of time in the planet Saturn, counting one of their years equal to thirty years of your time and we have almost an eternity to comprehend.

The proportion of land to water in Saturn is much larger than on the earth, although this falling mass from the broken ring filled up some

portions of ocean's bed, thereby causing an overflow of water; yet this was, in a measure, accounted for.

The absorption of so large an amount of gasses into the atmosphere of the planet, through the disintegration of the ring, has had, as was expected, a very bad effect upon the health of some portions of Saturn, but this influence working upon the atmosphere will eventually outwork a benificent influence upon the climate, and tend to ameliorate the cold of the frigid regions; for the more powerful of these gassious influences naturally flow out toward the polar regions of Saturn. The accumulations and gathering together of the finer material elements and gasses, which are concentrated in their rings, as a natural result of the centrifugal forces operating upon the evaporation of the planet, and has in the infinite past produced their results.

There is a similar result with Jupiter in the formation of his belts, and other similar conditions will be discovered around the other large planets, when this solar system becomes more perfected. In the smaller terrestrial bodies like Mars, Venus, Earth and Mercury, these particles of evaporation scarcely ever pass out of their close relation to the bodies they escape from, hence they immediately return through strong winds, rains, etc. The atmosphere of all larger planetary bodies is far less dense than that of smaller ones, or those nearer the sun in their mighty journey homeward. The great law of correlation that causes the elements of each world to correspond, thus holding each one its infinite embrace.

On our return from Saturn, we paused a while at the outer, as well as the oldest and larger of the satellites, and found it to be a little world of itself, with all the machinery of life and production upon it. It is inhabited by a race of beings well advanced in intellectual and moral growth.

Thus I have endeavored to give you a distinct and correct account of the events that have taken place with me these years that are past and gone. I have left much unsaid, but you can form a general idea of my past. I have no doubt but information will be given to different parties on earth by some of the individuals who helped to make up this company of observers. I will further add that these great electro-magnetic highways are constantly traversed by spiritual entities, who are sent forth from the spheres of the spirit world.

And now, my children, you will feel the full recompense of your life labors, when you stand in the spheres of growth I now occupy.

Yours in the bonds of eternal love,
Your affectionate father,
ENOS GILLIS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.,
Oct. 22, 1874.

BRO. WILSON: All the numbers of your valuable paper have come to hand. I like your independence and admire your earnestness, and trust that by your untiring labors you will succeed in the great work you have undertaken. Inclosed you will find pay for six months. If you feel just like it, please give my advertisement a place, and I shall hope with means that may by it come to me to do more to aid you than I can now. I have just reached my seventieth year, and am in good health, clear mind, and as full of hope as ever. The small sums that come to me by my delineations of character, help to give me daily bread.

I see that an institution will be needed for aged mediums. I am, in a quiet way, doing something toward founding such an institution. I am sure it will have your hearty approval.

Yours truly,
J. M. SPRUE.
BRO. SPRUE—Dear Old Friend: You are down as a life member on the list of subscribers to the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Your advertisement shall go in free. The battle is almost over with you, brother. Already you can hear the angels singing, and the shining ones are in view, and the angels are waiting to welcome you, Bro. John. And if you get there before we do, remember us in your kingdom.—Ed.

ONE DRED OF GOOD.

If I might do one deed of good,
One little deed before I die,
Or think one noble thought that should
Remember and long-for me,
I would not murmur, though I must
Be lost in death's unnumbered host.
The tiny wing that wafts the soul
Upon the western wind to earth,
Of its own life has only need
To find the green its place for with,
For one swift moment of delight
It whirrs, then whirrs out of sight.

ENOS GILLIS;

Or, Seventeen Years in Spirit Life.

The following communication was written through my hand, on the first day of January, 1872, and addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gillis, of Sacramento City, Cal. The family corroborate all the spirit says in regard to his earth life, and their knowledge of him. Mr. Gillis is a brother-in-law of Congressman McCree, of Iowa. Mrs. P. W. STEPHENS.

DEAR CHARLES AND EMILY: In answer to the earnest wish, so often expressed by you in regard to the occupation I have followed in the long years I have been separated from you, through the condition known as death, I will now endeavor, through this organization, to give you a brief account thereof. I hardly expect to be able to fully define in this manner as perfectly as in the deep magnetic sleep.

For some five years, after my entrance into spirit life, I was occupied mostly in that which had interested me on earth, for habits once established are hard to break over, and it seemed almost impossible for me to move out of the old routine of life.

About five years after the change called death, I began to feel a restlessness, which seemed to arise in consequence of the want of success in reaching my friends, or in controlling business matters that had been mine when in earth life. Many times when I made the greatest effort it resulted in the smallest success, but as I found myself associated with a great multitude, who, with varying success, were following the same occupation, my hope had been buoyed up thus far. But in consequence of these failures, the mantle of restlessness was enveloping me in its folds, prophetic of a change. If I had been as successful as some of my spirit companions, I might have continued thus employed even until to-day. I had all this time remained in such close rapport with the sphere of my old associations that it had enabled me to keep the date of

THE FORCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

The great question which now agitates the minds, and divides the ranks of Spiritualists, is, Shall we have a *pure* Spiritualism, uncontaminated by contact with the world, or shall we have a Spiritualism ordering the action of our lives in all our relations, individual and social?

This discussion may seem of little consequence, but in reality it is fraught with results upon which depend the ultimate success of the whole system. If we are to have a *pure* Spiritualism, it is difficult to perceive the *good* we are to receive from it. It is no better than the "pure religion" we have already. The preacher abstains from thrusting religion into the affairs of the week. It is out of place in the counting-room, the factory, or the shop; out of place in our politics, out of place in our individual and social relations. It is for Sunday. A thing to die, not to live by. The church would be deeply slandered if religion entered into affairs of State—that would be contamination. Such is the blight of sects, and such will be the blight of Spiritualism if confined to what is considered by many to be its limits: *the simple belief in spirit-communion*. There is nothing new about that. It is older than the sphynx or the pyramids. What good can grow out of it that has not already?

This view robs it of all its splendor, all its attraction and power, leaving it a helpless babe—a thing to be *sought*, but impotent in its influences over us. This pure Spiritualism is an abstraction so refined that it leaves all the great minds of the past in helplessness, and denies them any influence in the affairs of this life.

But what is the truth? What do these same minds teach in their communications to us? What is their definition of this mighty philosophy, which is destined to overturn all existing systems, and on their wreck rear its blue dome to heaven?

You may take the sacred books of all nations: the SHASTER of the Hindoo, the ZEND-AVESTA of the fire-worshipping Persians, the KORAN of the Mohammedans, the legends of the TALMUD, and on them all place our own sacred TESTAMENTS, the OLD and the NEW. You have brought together in one mass the spiritual history, emotions, ideas and superstitions of the early ages of man, but you have not Spiritualism—you have but a past.

You may take the sciences collectively, the terrestrial, connected with and treating of the organization and constitution of the globe, and the cosmical, treating of the infinite nomenclature of the stars—you have not Spiritualism, you have but a past.

What is it, then?

It is the complete understanding of man, and of spirit—of the universe. This understanding involves all science, all theology, all morals, all philosophy. It underlies and absorbs everything. It reaches back to the beginning of earth, when the first living being was created, for even then was man, the immortal, foreseen, and the forces of nature worked only in *one* direction—that of his evolution. It reaches into the mists of the future, and loses itself by the throne of Infinite Mind. Would you confine it to the tipping of tables, half audible raps, the trances of mediums? You might as well represent the vast Atlantic by a drop of water, the glorious sun by a spark of fire, as Spiritualism by these external phenomena. I do not in the least disparage them. They are necessary. They are the logic of positivism, and in their place invaluable. But let us not worship them. Let us not drive stakes on either side of them, nor erect a Chinese wall beyond them. Be assured we fail if we do.

These phenomena teach us of Spirit existence and identify that existence. Having done this their mission is fulfilled. The grand minds of the Spirit realm are brought before us, and we are prepared to bow to their sublime teachings. We learn that the departed have lost none of their faculties or emotions. They love us as fervently, they are drawn toward us as firmly, and have the same interest in our welfare, as when with us in earthly life.

Solon and Lycurgus have not forgotten their laws, Homer his lyre, Napoleon his France, Webster and Clay their State. All as they pass into the Beyond, love the path which led them upward to the gateway of immortal life, and in thought still linger in the scenes of their mortal existence. Would you say to the spirit of Webster: You must not speak of politics; you must not interfere in affairs of state? His noble spirit vibrated while here to every throbbing of the nation's heart; shall it less, when its sensitiveness is a thousand fold increased by its freedom from the physical body?

Would you say to Clay, You can speak of anything but politics? Why that is of all things what we most desire he should teach; and could we summon from the shadow of the Beyond the spirits of departed greatness—the sages and the statesmen of ages—we should first ask them to direct the ship of state, with hands already learned by failure, with arms nerved with the firmness of successful trial. Would you say to Toussaint, You must not speak of slavery. You may come with the untold millions who have festered in the cesspool of vassalage, who have died by the canker of its chains, and the sting of its venom, but you must not speak of slavery. And should any of these great minds ask what is wanted of them, that they are called from the Elysian fields of the Summer Land, you will answer in littleness of soul: *To move a table, to give a rap, that a skeptic may be convinced!*

And then will the noble spirits cry out, "For shame," and tell you they come to mingle in

the affairs of men, and that their power is more potent than when mortals.

We can have a state without religion, we can have religion without Spiritualism, but we can have no state, no morality, no intellectual greatness, without Spiritualism. Through all our being extends the influence of the departed, and we can no more escape from it than from the iron clutch of fate.

Do you believe that man exists individualized beyond the grave? That he retains his faculties and emotions? Then is it evident, from the logic of necessity, that spiritual influence extends into our lives, and what is their aggregation, the lives of nations.

It is said that if this be received, a bad use will be made of it by designing men; that the issues of the day will be decided by Spiritualists. It may be so; but who is to lead in such issues? Not men. Spiritualism has arisen from a single rap to numbering its advocates by millions, and yet it never has had a leader. Many have made the attempt, and organizations have been adroitly framed to direct, or be waived by this movement, but they only struggled for a moment to disappear forever.

Leaderless, and, to mortal vision, without aim, in fifteen years, it has made a deeper impress on the moral and intellectual history of the world than the sword of Mahomet, or the precepts of Christ accomplished in five centuries. Its leaders are not mortal, but belong to spirit life. They are all united there and working together, the history of human life becomes the record of waves upborne by their restless breath.

We may content ourselves with the idea that we can prevent what have been expressively called "side issues" from disturbing the happy harmony of Spiritualism, and thereby make it more acceptable, but we shall find, in the end, that it has no side issues, simply because it is so universal it embraces all. While we seek to keep it from our social life, it will have educated all minds to a proper understanding of the laws of social harmony; while we are walling it out of the State, we shall find that it has already brought issues, on which our very national life depends, and thrown its irresistible power on the side of right.

We cannot direct this power, which, as the resistless force of gravitation underlies the realm of matter, underlies the domain of mind. All we can do is to feel the first breath of its desires, and run to do its work. Let us not go wavering, but strong in the assurance that the myriad hosts of the angel land work through us, and if we are carrying out their desires, no earthly power can resist us.

We go not blindly. We have drawn what may be considered an ideal definition of Spiritualism. The definition here given of a Spiritualist may be considered still more so. Is he one who believes in future existence, and that he can converse with the departed by means of tips and raps? Oh no! He may begin here, but his knowledge must extend and deepen over the universe. His harmonious being must be sensitive to the thoughts of angels, and his foot swift to do their bidding.

There are no two worlds, a spiritual and a mortal. There is no gulf between. There is only one world and one life, and whether spirit in the body, or freed from it, the same influences extend through all, and as those who are free from the mortal frame ascend, those who remain must likewise be elevated. All are bound together by a chain of adamant, and the thoughts of each affect all.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Oct. 7, 1865.

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PROGRESS.

Immortal force—servant of Deity—
Works forward, never backward, from the plane
Of nature's pyramidal base it moves,
Upward in transmutations glorious,
Tracing the thought of God. Inward fires
That flame at Nature's heart, the strength and power
Of all material method, the ascent,
The terrible abyss, the tempest wrath,
The beauty of the blossom and the leaf,
The glory of the rainbow and the cloud,
The music of the bird, and bee, and stream,
The harmony of things, the restless toss,
And mystery of the changing, opal sea—
All are refined, transmuted, and conserved,
And wrought into the fatal angel—man.
The human organism perishes,
To aid the wondrous alchemy of life;
And Force, sublimed to phosphorescent mind,
Mounts upon pinions of celestial flame,
Sphering the germ-spark of a seraph's fire,
And burning upward to the Infinite
AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

Close, close above our heads,
The potent plain of demons spreads;
Stands to each human soul his own,
For watch, and ward, and furtherance.
Sometimes the airy synod bends,
And the mighty choir descends,
And the brains of men thenceforth
Teem with unaccustomed thoughts.

—Emerson.

"Agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." This is the age of thought; also the stand-alone age. Each must learn to think for themselves. Who are we, that dare take the responsibility of thinking for others before we can stand alone ourselves? The vast ocean of thought from the spirit world that is now in mighty waves sweeping over us, causing the agitation that is in our midst, and touching every heart whose aspiration reaches out for higher truths, will soon bring about the new era. Women are beginning to think for themselves, and from this will commence in earnest the great work of life. Individualized selfhood, let us fearlessly stand for the right.

Why this indifference on the part of women to the great question that so vitally concerns her emancipation from all that enslaves? Why do we coolly stand still and look on while the few brave men and women lift their voice and proclaim the truth as they understand it, and call upon us to assist? But they appeal in vain; seems as though even a voice from the dead could not arouse us from the state of lethargy we have fallen into. Great God! If nothing else will arouse, let the voice of our sister's blood from the grave, awaken us to a realizing sense of the great work before us. Who among us has not seen a *darling sister*, mother or friend crushed like a broken flower out of existence by the wrongs of life? If we cannot work for ourselves, let us for them. The battle is ours. Let us gird on our armor and boldly proclaim the truth as revealed to us, and by our voice and example encourage the weak and timid ones who are hedged in by circumstances and conditions they know not how to control, which way to turn, or where to go, and their hearts sink within them, seeing the light, and knowing not how to grasp it. When we look around and see how many of our dearest friends are thus situated, we deeply feel the magnitude of the work before us, and though at times discouraged, still we hope on, believing our angel guides, who say to us, the *Leaven* is working in all hearts; have courage still. Let each soul stand firm at the helm of their own bark, and we will guide it over all the breakers.

SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET.

Is there a house without one or more of these social monsters? If so, show it unto us and we will admit the kingdom of heaven is very near unto it. In this progressive age there should be none with us, and it is by our own conformity to the custom and habits of days gone by that these skeletons are allowed to exist, hugged close to our bosom, cherished that none may see the hideous monsters. And thus we pass along the journey of life, with a

smiling face, our laugh as gay as any one, thinking no one sees the guest that remains with us. Why? Because we allow it, being such moral cowards we dare not bring them forth, hypocrites that we are. How long, how long, indeed, shall such a state of things exist? Let us say to ourselves, no longer with us; the world shall know us as we are; no skeleton shall remain a guest in our house, though cherished for years. We will live true to ourselves though we stand alone amid the ruins casting them forth will bring about us, but from which we shall arise in new strength and power for the work before us. As we cannot expect to benefit others by our teachings till we commence the work of reform within ourselves, let us cultivate the *dare-to-do-right* principle that is lacking in so many of us. What is aught else to us compared to our Spiritual growth? Those who dare to think, and who now recognize the soul's need, are as the chrysalis emerged from past conditions to a new life, and must make around them conditions suitable to this new birth. *Who* can go back to past conditions after this baptism of spiritual light? Let us begin to live real, genuine lives; encourage nothing about us that is not genuine. Begin this new life by bringing out to view all these skeletons that we have hidden from our friends, and cast them from us. Be brave and true enough ourselves to do it. Let us have confidence in each other, sharing alike our joys and sorrows, daring to do right though the heavens fall.

ELLEN CHADWICK.

My Friend, you ask for living truths and life experiences. I come to give mine from spirit life, and will move others in earth life to also unbosom their souls, and secure help to bear their burdens.

My name is Ellen Chadwick; I was born and brought up in Buffalo, N. Y. My parents were in comfortable circumstances, though not wealthy. My childhood days were spent most happily, and I knew nothing of the sorrows of life.

At seventeen I gave my heart and hand to one seemingly every way worthy, and we commenced our new life with the most happy surroundings. But from the first I was disappointed, and felt a want not satisfied; felt that we were in some way not realizing the ideal of married life. To me there had always been a sacredness, a holy something—I knew not what—associated with the marriage relation, and I began to think—to study into the laws of life. And from the education I received from my father (who was a physician) I soon realized the truth. That which was a source of gratification on his part, satisfying him on the physical plane of life (his soul, or inner life, not recognizing anything higher), was death to me. I could not bring him to me, nor could I descend to him.

From the light I had received, what was I to do? I done what thousands of others do, and have done—lived on. And from the healthy, active, laughing girl, I became the puny, sickly woman, wife, and mother—for I became the mother of two darling ones, who were, in their tender years, laid away from us—the result of violated law of life. I soon followed them. And I come to you to-day, sister, as a worker with you; and will, through whomsoever I can influence, aid in this mighty revolution that shall soon overcome all obstacles; and women shall better understand themselves and the laws of life.

The spirit world is at work also. You brave men and women of earth stand not alone in this great work of life.

Think not that my husband was unkind. We lived together some seven years, and to all our friends ours was a happy home. But we each knew and felt the gulf between us. And I passed gently away with no disease the physicians could discover. But I knew and felt the want of true magnetic soul relation, and could no longer remain in the casket.

I will come again; this is only a part of much I have to say.

I was twenty-four when I left the earth form, and have been here fifteen years.

ELLEN CHADWICK.

November 3, 1874.

PETER McSHAY.

I died of small-pox, in St. Louis, on the 3d day of last month (October). I had no settled home in this country, only where night overtook me. My disposition was to rove, and it has followed me here. All my thoughts were

while sick, my dear old mother would not know where her rover boy was—whether living or dead. And I want her to know, that she may not worry any more for her roving boy, who, with all his faults, loved his good old mother well.

Uncle Donald McGregor met me, and taught me the way to send this to you. And, dear mother, this is the same law, uncle says, that teaches you so many things. And you told aunt Jenette the morning I died, "Oh, I know I shall hear sad news of my boy." I can come to you, mother, and will soon.

Tell brother not to follow my example in leaving you, but stay, oh, stay and care for you till you join me here.

Dear mother, I was well cared for in my last hours. This will comfort you to know. There was a Scotch nurse in the Home who done his best to save me.

To my mother, Mistress H. McShay, Glasgow, Scotland.

Science.

The greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

All the difference—the ancients used to urn their dead; the moderns earn their living.

As a result of investigations, Prof. Saac proposes as a test for the dilution of milk, mixing it with its volume of alcohol of 70° Tr., when, with pure milk, the coagulum formed will equal the milk in volume and invariable rise to the top.

Fulgurites, or sand-tubes, usually regarded as formed of silica, fused by electrical discharges, according to analysis by Scholz, consist essentially of carbonates of the alkaline earths, about 85 per cent. being carbonate of lime and 11 per cent. carbonate of strontia.

It has frequently been maintained that wetting coal increases the amount of heat given out in combustion, but a carefully inquiry has shown, first, there is no increase of heat; second, that a loss of heat always follows addition of water; third, both the amount of heat and the temperature of the fire are considerably diminished.

According to experiments by Kirkaldy the diminution of the strength of iron plates by punching and boring for riveting is not entirely accounted for by the loss of the metal removed. The breaking weight, for a unit of surface of the metal remaining was found to be, on an average, 34 per cent. less for the punched ones, and 23 per cent. less for the bored ones than for the unperforated plates.

ANIMAL POISON.—A New York physician has been making some very interesting experiments with the poison of reptiles, especially that of the cobra, moccasin, and rattle-snake. Of the cobra's he had about a drachm, which he received from the East Indies. It came in the form of dry yellow scales, and had been preserved about five years in a closed bottle. Taking about one and a half grains of this poison, he dissolved it in forty drops of distilled water. The solution had the appearance of mucus, and adhered to the spatula used in the manipulations. The whole of it was injected under the skin of a cat, on the right side. The operation was not painful to puss, who seemed not to experience any inconvenience until about fifteen minutes after the injection, when it began to lose its power of locomotion. Its legs lost their power, and were speedily unable to support the weight of its body. Soon it died. The body was instantly opened and the lungs inflated by a catheter. The heart continued to beat for a short time, but the blood engorging the organ, it ceased entirely its pulsations. Into the stomach of another cat which had been fasting for twenty-four hours, a similar dose was introduced through a tube, but no bad results seemed to follow. This experiment was taken as confirmatory of the opinion that while cobra poison is very venomous when introduced into the system through the circulatory apparatus, it has no effect upon the mucous membrane, which refuses to absorb it. The poison of the moccasin was in powder. One grain dissolved in twenty drops of water made a clear solution, though the powder was of a reddish-brown color. A common-sized rabbit was injected hypodermically with one grain in solution. Within five minutes the body of the poisoned animal was shaken with convulsions; presently it turned upon its back and its legs were violently shaken; swelling commenced, gasping followed, and then death. Upon opening the chest it was discovered that the heart had ceased to beat. In this case the action of the poison seemed to be entirely upon the medulla oblongata. Rattle-snake poison was given to another rabbit, hypodermically; the symptoms being manifested in about fifteen minutes. Swelling and fever followed, and in an hour the animal died. Dissection showed that all the parts were engorged, and evidences of an irritative blood poison were everywhere apparent. Both the poisons last named were administered by the mouth, but without effect. The object of the experiments is, of course, to find, if possible, the infallible antidote to these virulent poisons.

Saws and Straws.

It is difficult to grow old gracefully.—*Mad. am de Stael*.

A good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

Those who blow the coals of others' strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

Talking and eloquence are not the same thing; to speak and to speak well are two things.—*Ben Johnson*.

The aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others.

Have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.—*Sidney Smith*.

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own leaves; and yet, of all flowers, yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

Do daily and hourly your nearest duty. Never mind whether it be known or acknowledged; in the blithesome "sometime" it will have its reward.

There are some conditions of the mind in which physic should be thrown to the dogs. Sympathy and love will make the pulse beat lower and the heart throb rightly.

The truth-haters of every future generation will call the truth-haters of the preceding ages by their true names, for even these the stream of time carries onward.—*Coleridge*.

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk, and to make our words and actions all of a color.

Of permanent griefs there are none, for they are but clouds. The swifter they move through the sky the more follow after them; and even the immovable ones are absorbed by the other and become smaller till they vanish.—*Richter*.

GEORGE ELIOT ON DEEDS.—Our deeds are like children that are born to us: they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never: they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with moral improvements; we wrestle with a vicious habit, or with a slanderous report, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.

The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists will hold their Ninth Annual Convention at Stuart's Hall, Battle Creek, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, December 11, 12 and 13, 1874, commencing on Friday at 5 o'clock P. M. Good speakers will be in attendance. Let us have a general rally of all Spiritualists throughout the State. All speakers and mediums generally, are cordially invited to be present.

MRS. L. E. BAILEY, Secretary.
E. C. MANCHESTER, President.
Battle Creek, Nov. 11, 1874.

E. J. WITHEFORD, Trance and Physical Medium, 409 W. Madison st. Public seance Sunday and Thursday evenings. Private sittings by arrangement.

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