THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

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

C.L. COX. SC. N.Y.

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THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

The following poem, which was written some years ago by one of the most gifted of the coterie of literateur who established "Bohemianism" in New York, and which appears in the collection of his poems made by his friend, William Winter, will, we know, be read with interest by every member of the Portfolio circle.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy here below;
The living should live though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
"Learn when you're young," he often said,
"There's much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living and rest for the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boy he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school—
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Beside, it was painful, he sometimes said.
"We must make life pleasant here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorne lane,
With the roses and woodvine over the door;
His room was quiet and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I'm dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old school grace;
Chuckled and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles;
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said;
"I have lingered a long time here below;
But my heart is fresh if my youth is dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,
"'Tis a glorious old world down here below,
Why wait for happiness till we are dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright;
While the odorous night-wind whispered rest,
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A TALE OF LIFE:

OR,

THE BROKER AND HIS VICTIMS.

"Each word we speak, each thought we write,
Through future ages wings its way;
For weal or woe, it takes its flight,
Enwraps with gloom or sheds its ray."

"I speak not this to condemn you, for I have said before that ye are in our hearts, to die and live with you."

CHAPTER V.

"I started to behold her, for delight
And exultation, and a joyance free,
Solemn, serene, and lofty, filled the light
Of the calm smile with which she looked on me."

I am conscious that, in describing the following experiences, my scribe will be assailed with ridicule and abuse, denunciation of vindictiveness, pride, and malice will be hurled against him, with no measured consideration, simply because he will pen with a truthful accuracy a solemn warning to those whose lives are stained by error to man and irreverence to God; but all this ignorance will be in vain. The venom of man's anger can never taint the truth, or his arrows of satire arrest its influence; the shaft will fall in fragments, with its barbed point deadened in the contact, and the future will accept what the present may despise.

In opening for the consideration of the human race scenes unknown to man, picturing the effects of influences, unrecognized, disputed, and assailed, may be regarded as a foolish undertaking, and a sign of true ignorance; but such human views are ignored by me, in the performance of a high duty. Man's opinion I count not, his displeasure, to me, is now valueless; my hopes are higher, my aspirations purer, but my desire to benefit my race is stronger, and I may, with all sincerity repeat the petition of Dives, to save my fellow men from coming into this place of torment; for, figuratively speaking, an awakened condition may be fitly compared to a place of torture. But I must not anticipate; but before proceeding with my experience of what I found Equity to be, as administered in the spheres of heaven, I must direct your reflections upon those events that have distinguished the past twenty-eight years, as issues and tokens of a change in the religious sentiments of this and future ages of the world.

It is unnecessary for me to recount to those for whom *this Tale is penned* what these events referred to are, in the phenomena of Spiritualism, and its phases of a gradual system of progressive exhibits, you have the signs of the introduction of a power at *variance* with man, firmly and persistently determined to conquer his (man's) prejudices, and to instruct him to aim higher in life, that he may reach a brighter destiny and a purer condition than his peculiarities, passions, habits, and pursuits of *this period* will grant to him. No one can view the daily and hourly indications of the increase of inquirers into the science or phenomena of Spiritualism without being conscious that there must be a cause for the inquiry, far beyond that of a vain curiosity, or a love of ridicule; fond as the human mind is for amusements, and strong as the tendency may be for the pursuit of curiosity, there exists in every mind a desire to pry into futurity, and to acquire information touching an hereafter, its status and connections, that "theologians" have *failed* to explain. Men of this age and generation are not disposed to accept blindly the assertions of anyone, either for commercial intercourse, domestic training, or scientific knowledge, without a *proof*. The day appears to have passed away for either children or adults to be content with simple declarations; the age *demands authority* for deeds, and calls in question the truth, equity, and right of authoritative assumptions. What has been accepted in the past centuries is questioned in this, and many human characters that, for hundreds of years have been recorded with the stigma of man's condemnation, find in this period questioners, who are disposed to *investigate the judgments of the past*, by critical investigation, and correct, if they cannot completely remove, the stain set upon the memories.

As we said before, this closing feature of the nineteenth century is most peculiar in every avenue of human action and thought. The past is questioned with a critical desire for truth; truth substantiated, not alone declared, a blind adherence is always an indication of weakness, that meets not with, and merits no, support; consequently, there is truly no cause for fear that Spiritualism will either weaken, fail, or disappear, but it will daily *increase* and silently but firmly gain possession of every home, gradually leading the wayward into the pathway of reflection, and supporting and blessing those who have accepted and believe therein.

Why, in the words of Paul, should it seem incredible that God should raise the dead, in accordance to his own views and laws of creation, and not in compliance with the conjectural ideas of his creatures? Why are the human race to be tortured by a *delay in judgment* until the race has terminated its number, and creation ceased to produce? He who tries, even in thought, to place a limit to God's work or a boundary to his beneficence, is the most ignorant of men, and it appears to me very reprehensible that any one person, let alone a large community, would venture to assert that the Great Creative Power will finally divide into *two portions* his own works, approving one and disapproving the other, when both are equally dependent upon him for their daily existence and strength. Such an assertion is lamentable, and entitled to the fearful name of *blasphemy*. View the career of man, his feeble infancy, impulsive and ignorant youth, the short period of adult manhood, devoted to earning his daily bread by labor, and then the feebleness of old age, and tell me, how can he acquire such a knowledge of creation as to presume to pronounce its limitation and final condition? Am I to accept your declaration of reference to your Bible as an indisputable authority? What is this mystic record? A few stray leaves of a Jewish history, recording partiality, injustice, and crime, a futile code to instigate a class of men to war upon and destroy another, and then to proclaim that they were only hirelings, appointed by the Creator to destroy his workmanship, and thus act as hypocrites to him as evidences of your gratitude. Disrobe your book from the tinsel of man's ingenuity, and what have you? A sad record of frailty, craftiness, and every kind of injustice, that an ignorant and selfish people could devise.

The description given of "The Jehovah" is anything but flattering; anger, jealousy, and revenge, are the attributes, and not equity, love and truth, that belong to and are the distinguishing features of "The Universal Father." It is time that this book worship should end, or compel its expounders to *prove* that the Creator of this universe ever authorized the record, ever approved of it, ever ordered its adoption, or has accepted one of the *creeds*, isms, or declarations of man connected with it. Are not those who accept the theories built thereon exemplifying the saying, "the blind leading the blind," etc.? Has the world one priest or theologian who can produce a proof of God's acceptance of his or their views, or an authorization for their office?

This daily assertion by man of God's wrath upon his brother man, because he declines to follow *their ideas* and worship according to their views, is at variance with equity and truth. No being has any right to enforce a creed, or proclaim any service as wiser and juster than any other; it is an assumption of authority that no mortal can rightly exercise, for where no two are alike, how can *one* judge with justice the *other?* There can be no such platform. Jesus saw this, and carefully abstained from praying with his disciples or followers; but instructed them how to pray, in secret, to their Father in Heaven, giving them a form of petition which is so comprehensive that nothing of earthly requirement is omitted, while the contract with God for his judgments upon them is beautifully introduced and limited by equity, "forgive me as I forgive." Beyond this binding contract how can any man hope for favoritism through the acceptance of a pulpit theory of the efficacy of faith in Jesus as an atoning sacrifice for *your* human frailty, before you *were* born?

When men endeavor for selfish ends to delude their fellow subjects, their ingenuity is very closely woven so as to appeal to that tendency in man that is ever looking for a self-preservation. This promise of a future life of happiness is very enticing, and there are few, if any, who would disregard the hope held out. The majority are always ready to contribute to that church and its ministers who advocate this enticing doctrine, and carelessly heed whether the head official of the church extends equity to the subordinates of it or not. As long as the laity are content with the hope or belief asserted, they don't trouble themselves whether the priest exemplifies by practice the equity he preaches to his congregation or not. There appears rather an avoidance than the exercise of that duty; there seems to exist this business idea, that the clergy, by educational training, *ought* to be better judges than the laity are of the truth of their theory, and if men contribute to the clergy support, and erect edifices for their worship, it is all that can be expected of us. If they (the priests) err in their declaration they alone are answerable, not the laity. This sophism is highly pernicious, as basing men's duty to God upon the views of a self-constituted hireling, and not as is by nature required, based entirely upon individual duty to the Creator. It is highly reprehensible to act toward the Creator as you deal with your fellow men in commerce, endeavoring to make a bargain, and I much regret to-day that the aspect presented by religion of this day tends to establish this view. How can a frail mortal worship the Cause of his existence by a deputy? How can he feel satisfied within himself that his requirements are correctly regarded by the deputy? Can he be so blind as to assert a belief in the representations of this deputy, and decline to examine into *his right of office?* Is not such a contentment a humiliation of that individuality that is stamped upon all *differently;* that this fact may warn you that the Creator alone is Judge, and he only can rightly approve and disapprove. The day has dawned upon the earth in which this theory of worship by sacrificial offerings is to pass away; the rites of the Jews are abandon-

ed; the Roman no longer sacrifices animals upon altars; but they have *not abandoned the effigy or image worship*, only substituted one representation for another, and the idolatry of man remains. The immolation by Druidical ideas is extinct in Europe, but this crude faith in other lands continues.

Pure and undefiled religion does *not exist* upon the earth, it is only whispered of; it has not even dawned. Every form or ceremony of worship is tinged with human fear and terrorism, seeking a method of propitiation by the degradation of the mind, under the profession of humiliation, *not* humility. There is no confiding faith in the love of God manifested; almost every prayer in your book forms exhibits *fear*, and a desire to avoid an imaginary punishment; an unknown terror of an undefinable decree is dreaded, so that the faith is not healthful, it does not inspire the confidence of a child for its parent, feeling that the love of that parent would shield it from evil, and correct the errors by instruction. This necessary feature of a true faith is undiscernible, so that apathetic carelessness is more traceable than a reliance upon God. In almost every land upon the globe there are different forms of faith "in an unknown God." The home you dwell in bears upon its surface the scarified tokens of a crude barbarity for the propitiation of this idea in a vast variety of forms, from human immolation, animal sacrifice, and image worship, clothed in ignorance, and the garments of modern fanaticism. If I ask of you to reflectively compare your church of this day, built upon a foundation gathered in part from the Jew tabernacle, invented in part by the advocates of a system that is virtually perverted Judaism, having its robed officers and solemn fast-days, a slavish subjugation entirely void of reflection, outward obedience to form, at variance with equity, justice and truth. Compare this, I say, with the simplicity of the savage Indian. Can you prove that your faith is purer, and your rites more acceptable than the poor aborigine's, whom you rob, delude, and defraud; they, who see "God in clouds, and hear him in the wind?" Will you for a moment assert that your beautiful edifices of decorated art have at their periodic assemblies more contrite worshipers than the wilderness tabernacle of the Indian? View an assembly in your cathedrals; how many in a congregation of one thousand persons, dressed in fashion's robes, bending the knee in the routine of order, and observance of priestly rule, will you find sincere in attention, or devoutly fervent in spirit, "serving the Lord"? Will you find the small number mentioned as acceptable in the petition of Lot, for the preservation of the cities of the plain? I fear not, from the robed official to the penniless devotee, a classified selfish peculiarity is observable, enforced with defiant authority, and at variance with the church's acknowledgment and declaration, that *all are equal before* the Creator whom they are professing to worship.

I have indulged in this, to you, objectionable strain, in order to rouse a spirit of *defiance* with my readers, before I enter upon the descriptions I have promised, and it is yet necessary for me to solicit your attention to the following evidences of mundane error before I draw the picture as viewed from the spheres of Spirit life. Having declared that truth shall guide the pen, I must present to you the home views before I disclose the retributive administration, so that you may comprehend my motives and admit the charity I feel. It is a false doctrine that would call disease, health, or decrepid feebleness, athletic strength; error must be exhibited in its defects before we can alter and amend; hence, this chapter may be called malignantly cruel and ignorantly vain and abusive, for it does and will speak of fraud as fraud, truth as truth, and equity as justice in the bright robes of its purifying office.

My duty is, to admonish you of error committed, and to assure you that the error has to be rectified and atoned for; that it is contrary to justice ever to obliterate a record, even when that record is purified. The atonement overshadows the crime, and both remain as beacons of destruction. Hitherto I have lightly touched upon human faults, have only pointed out a few; now permit me to include your social errors, those of individual pride, as displayed in your home circles, your communities, the distinctions of position as you base them, by fashion's forms, as claiming the right of social power through the title of *wealth*, and asserting that the laws of custom, forms, and ostentation are to rank higher in action and effect than the community law, or the greater law of God, "all are equal before him." Under the term sociol error, I will embrace violations of equity that man exercises and enforces upon his fellow, so as to briefly impress upon all that in this day your deeds as merchants, traders, traffickers, inventors, scientists, religionists, etc., are stained with crime in every department of business and domestic contact. There is no transaction in dealing that is not guided by avarice, and frequently conducted by fraud and crime; to overreach by bargaining with an oily tongue, a deluding persuasiveness is depicted in every avenue of intercourse, equity as a mutual law is derided, smartness is substituted, and a future accountability entirely lost sight of. In all your transactions of commerce, so also in your domestic relation, no equity is traceable between master and man, mistress and maid; pride, egotism, arrogance, on one side; a hypocritical obedience on the other, stained with dishonesty and a selfish study, that have filled your jails, penitentiaries, and asylums, with every class of the human race, and made your cities, towns, and villages, habitations of discontent and vice. Is there one city, port, or village, the records of which are so pure that you would like them to be perpetuated in Heaven; would you desire to see your political rings, municipal officers, and police deeds, extended from earth to heaven? Can you point out one single year of historic record of the cities named London, Liverpool, or New York, that can entitle them to the approbation of eternity, or the admiration of futurity? These seaports are parallel to those ancient cities, according to the peculiarities of the different periods of the world's progress and the pursuits of the active nations. So you will find evidences of a past degradation in existence in each, the improvement is very, very trifling; avarice, luxury, and vice are the distinguishing features of each period; the usurer and sensualist are traceable in all, and the cry of their victims are the same. Each city is marked by their decorations as denoting the extent of their commerce and the pride and wealth of their merchants.

God's justice has desolated Tyre, and Venice is no longer the pride of her isles; change, retributive change, has fallen upon both, and these modern emporiums will also be weighed in the balance of his justice, for the cry of the distressed cometh up and equity is decreed equally to all.

In selecting these three sea-ports of this period's renown I have done it in order to unveil the sad picture of two different periods, and demonstrate that, as the practices are the same, the retributive visitation must be of equal ratio in justice, there being no variableness or shadow of turning in the judgment of the Infinite. A swift and sure destruction fell upon Tyre, and the Queen of the Adriatic has ceased her control. Through all ancient history you find the evidences of retribution, and according to your records, so-called, these visitations were preceded by admonition; prophets and seers were instructed to warn, but in no instance was the *fate averted or the decree withdrawn*, truce being a *mundane rule* of computation, it is unrecognizable in nature.

When you view the geographical and geological position of your city of New York, there exists no reason for you to boast of security or a long reign of existence as a city. You are more liable to perish as Tyre than to fade like Venice; as the waves of the Mediterranean wash the ruins of Tyre, "laying bare the foundations thereof, making of her a place for the spreading of nets," so with your modern city, a "tidal wave" of the Atlantic may bury it in *an hour*, and leave a crumbling desolation to mark the site of this queen of the West. The same peculiarity is observable in the positions of both Liverpool and London; a convulsion of the earth may visit each at an unexpected moment and render them as mementos only.

These remarks will occasion a smile of ridicule in the day of prosperity, but reflection points her finger to the revolutions of the past and the volcanic movements of the present; the crust of the earth is rending in many places, and in many unexpected portions of the globe will violent commotions be experienced. Purification of the material must be equal with the spiritual, one cannot progress in advance of the other; hence, you will find that with the convulsives throes of the earth you have great disturbances among the views and opinions of men. The natural link that unites the mental with the physical is so intimate that almost every material commotion will disarrange the intellectual by introducing new views, ideas, and pursuits, as levers of progress among you.

Cursory views are ever regarded by the thinking mind as impolitic, but it is an impossibility for me to classify every human error, or to catalogue them for reference, and hence, very briefly stated a few of the leading features as are most apparent in the daily pursuits, habits, and domestic economy of the populace, leaving to my readers the duty of extending the list in accordance to their individual experience. The errors I more immediately suffered from were comercial, social, and domestic, and these avenues embrace the largest area for comment, as the majority of the human race are walking therein, and are, alas! also sufferers from similar defects.

I will now proceed with my delineation of the aspect these errors and crimes present to those who have gone before you into Spirit life and are reading the history of their own lives on earth, from the unerring register of the Infinite. I shall at first give you a sketch of my experience of Death, and its wonderful effect upon me, closing this chapter of my Tale with the account of my introduction into the school of instruction, wherein the life on earth is enregistered, and all mundane thoughts and words recorded. In the subsequent chapters, the teachings of Spirit life will be opened to your views, with the humble and sincere wish that the readers and advocates of a Spiritual life beyond the tomb may be influenced to investigate into the truth I announce by seeking for its authentication in properly *selected* channels, whose waters are pure and bright with sustaining knowledge, and not those that are turgid by arrogance or high-flown views, or tinged even with sectarian prejudice or dogmatic ignorance, it being an absurdity to attempt to analyse the Spirit life by the laws guiding the material. The frame of man on earth is sustained by laws so crude in action to the refined laws sustaining, guiding, and ultimating the spirits' existence, as it is possible for you to imagine. Regard as an exemplification the great change produced upon any crude substance by the purification of fire; it leaves for your inspection two emblems — the purified portion, and the dross and ashes as rejected parts. So, with the higher or Spiritual laws, they separate the crude dross, or corporeal body, from the refined emblem, leaving with you the rejected, visible portion, while the refined is separted from you for a *purer duty*, but the link of connection is historically traceable in the dross of one and the corpse of the other. Your tablets, "In memory of," point to the receptacle where you deposit one rejection, and your ash-pits and the winds of heaven the allotment you have decreed to the other; but neither are wasted by nature in her duty to her Creator, as future revealments from Spirit life to man will establish to your edification, application, and reverence.

With these remarks, permit me to repeat my selected quotation from the gifted poet, Shelley, as a faithful picture of my experience at the close of a disappointed life on earth. I had scarcely ceased to breathe as a mortal when, opening my eyes, I found myself standing by the table and gazing upon the recording sheets of paper. I felt a hand placed upon my shoulder, and turning to inquire who had intruded into my room, I beheld my sainted, loving mother standing by my side, whom I had laid in the tomb at Greenwood, years ago.

"I started to behold her, for delight
And exultation, and a joyance free,
Solemn, serene, and lofty, filled the light
Of the calm smile with which she looked on me."

The singing hearts are ever a blessing unto themselves. A song is joy-giving. He who can sing sweetly in the undertone of his inner nature carries a rare pleasure with him always. Hard things appear to him easy; heavy burdens seem light; sorrow knocks often, it may be, but often goes away, seldom enters. And when it does enter, when the clouds come and the sunlight is hidden, when the soul walks down into the night and sees never a star; what then? Ah, then trebly blessed is the singing heart. If it can sing psalms at such a time the stars will shine. Dawn will quicker come, the sunlight the sooner reappear.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon does; show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at once, and let what you show be calm, cool and polished.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

OUR CENTENNIAL YEAR.

BY T. H. STEWART.

It is immaterial whether Spiritualists meet in Philadelphia during the year 1876, especially on the 4th of July, as a religious denomination, sect, or party, to give seances or not. Be it remembered that with the ushering in of 1876, and during the year, the immortal great and good, the Fathers and Mothers of the Revolution will show themselves to their descendants, as never before during the one hundred years gone by. Columbia is the home of the free and the land of the brave, the late mother of Spiritualism, a quarter of a century ago, to be continued ever onward with renewed vigor, especially during our centennial year.

A question has been propounded, Will Spiritualism engross the churches and their faith practices, or religion?

We answer, Yes, most assuredly. What has been called God, Jesus, and Holy Ghost power was simply Spiritualism, now gone, but not lost to the churches. It will return under its true name. Mankind, accompanied with intelligences from other spheres or worlds, who come to greet us; mankind, angels, or Spiritual beings, may not be the proper appellations to give those hosts of eternal entities, who have lived, do live, and will ever continue to live. Not kept by the power of God unto salvation, for none of the hosts of eternal entities were ever lost nor can ever go astray.

Whatever sphere or place they inhabit is their true home; whatever condition surrounds them is their true state, and the life they now live is but one eternal life, in all past, present, and future. But they come, they come, to greet us, and cheer and lead us on our way; not to a narrow, contracted heaven, prepared for the *elect*, or for some especial sect or party of religionists, but for the millions of earth's inhabitants for the past 200,000 years, and the 1,400,000,000 now dwelling on the earth, with the untold millions yet to come and go on.

Japan has celebrated her 2,035th anniversary, and the Celestial Empire of China her 4,000 years of life as a nation, while we will greet our hundred years of liberty and immortal greatness. But the greatest of all events during that ever to be remembered period was the advent of the tiny rap, followed by the hundreds of phenomena already made manifest in America, Europe, and the whole world, proving immortality. The superstitious fogy, the skeptic who rejects facts demonstrated to his senses, the bigoted saint who wants sinners damned because they will not accept the dogmas of priestcraft, and our poor Materialists who believe in extinction, will all be convinced in the great day of God Almighty, for the time draweth near when everyone shall walk right along, not with lamentation and great wailing, but with joy and gladness of never-ending life.

A Bro. Ward, Barnes, and Singer, with their millions of gold, will find truer riches; a Lincoln and a Wilson will be greater than Presidents, not seeking to be kings or priests unto God, for kings and priests are done away. We shall begin a new era when we pass on to that bright shore of Immortality. There will be no courts of litigation, no slanderous tongue to calumniate those who go forth bearing precious truths. No class of earth's children have had to suffer more than mediums, not for Christ's sake, but for Truth's sake, and the special work committed to their keeping here.

Many who are in the form of an earthly body will be in the more celestial form on that great day, the 4th of July, 1876, and but few will be found of Britain's sons or American patriots, who in 1776 heard the proclamation of liberty without a king. But the new dispensation of 1848 knows no king, religiously or Spiritually, but like Mother Nature is not a kingdom in mineralogy, botany, or zoology. Kingdom is but a superfluous term; the multitude of divisions of nature show but one great whole, correlated and interblended together. The whole family in heaven and earth, in this and all other worlds, that have been and may continue to be, are eternal entities.

Destruction and construction, integration and disintegration, pulling down and building up, but one great microcosm, ever continued; each epitome, each microcosm, is an absolute part, a living *entity* of a living whole.

Spiritualism as a science, philosophy, and religion, fills the measure of true humanitarianism. During 1876 our friends will walk and talk with us, and we shall see them face to face.

The red man of the former leafy home, as he roamed prairie and forest, will come to greet us, not as a savage foe, seeking for bloody scalps, but like a Logan chief, the friend of the white man. There will be none to destroy or harm in all God's and eternal beings' great Elysium.

Then cheer up, Columbia's heroes of one hundred years ago,
Who come to visit mortals that dwell on earth below,
In sweet centennial union we'll clasp each other's hand
And sing in concert, truly a joyful, happy band.

'Tis Immortality, freed from bondage, death and care,
In sweetest liberty our society we will share.
No king to make us tremble, or priest to rule or sway,
All honor to our meeting on that eternal day.

Kendallville, Ind.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

WHAT I LIKE; WHAT I DON'T LIKE.

BY AUSTIN KENT.

BRO. WILSON—The best and wisest of men differ widely, are at antipodes on important ideas and principles. That is the case on the subject of "the rich and the poor," and on the "currency." I have thought much, and have settled opinions on these and other matters; but I am so timid and "modest," (I hope not cowardly,) that I dare not express them, lest I should step on some good brother's corns, and perhaps get "criticised"! If my old friend, Sherman, should criticise me as he did Mrs. Woodhull it would hurt. (Bro. S., let me privately tell you I thought that criticism a good fit for Mrs. W., but a *better* fit for the author of the Hollow Globe! Now don't be offended, I could not help saying it.)

Well, I like THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. It is among the very best of its kind; I like its criticisms of principles and ideas, and even *persons*, so far as all this is done in a good and friendly spirit, and in a just and respectful manner. Unjust, unkind, and captious criticisms are disgusting; but these, in the end, injure the criticiser more than the criticised. If the writer has ever indulged in bad criticisms—bad in manner or in spirit—he damaged himself most. For the past forty years he has earnestly sought fair and candid criticisms upon his ideas, principles, and person. He has generally ignored clearly unjust criticisms. As a rule, he criticises his *best friends* first and most. He hates too much sameness. If the gods are willing, he would choose a heaven where discussion keeps the mind alive and active. Brothers, who of you loves the man best who is the most faithful to tell you your faults? Who? And who would have all reviews and criticisms left out of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK? Who?

I do not like—let me say it without offence—I am disgusted, with spirits who claim to be on and from some high and exalted sphere, and sign some great name, while giving us nonsense. I am sorry for the hundreds of mediums who are duped by such. I see this to be true of some of my best friends. These persons would be disgusted with anyone in the body who should do the same. Truly great and superior men and women let their instructions show the wisdom of the plane from which they come. Low and undeveloped men and spirits make the largest claims, and make the most of great names. Honest men seldom need to affirm their honesty. These spirits on the plainest matters of fact contradict each other. Then each, to strengthen his testimony, claims to come from a higher plane than the others. Spirits which have exhibited the most wisdom have said the least about their exalted position. I knew an *insane man* who insited that he was in daily communication with "spirits from the *fourteenth* sphere." He was very pious, "and going to Jupiter to preach Jesus." We have had many mediums for *Jesus*. It is time *he* had reached the fiftieth or perhaps the hundredth sphere. Brothers, you know Christians are most all mediums for Jesus!

Nine in ten of the communications said to come from such men as Horace Greeley, Chas. Sumner, and Thomas Paine, were never, I am sure, given by them. The second spirit, "Thomas Paine" denies that the first spirit, "Thomas Paine," was the Paine it claimed to be. Such contradictions are not uncommon. It is said that the imperfections of mediums spoil the evidence of identity of these great men; that is not true of all mediums. I know and have often sat with an exception in my own house. The smartest man I ever met was disembodied, and came through a woman of ordinary talents. He and I conversed with the most perfect ease and naturalness.

Friendly reader, I have no idea that I can see my own folly and fanaticism as clearly as I can see yours. *I here present myself and invite your criticism.* Give us no long yarns, but tell the subscriber in as few words as possible, where he is blind, and does not see himself as others see him.

Now, since I have *received* my punishment for that review, and in part criticism, of my old friend's lecture, I will state one fact concerning it. The first page of that article, as first written, was only satire, and contained the *best* and *richest* part of the article. It was *truth, forcibly put.* I kept it and prayed over it ten days, before I could bring my mind to *erase it.* But I did that. After hearing from "Hopedale," a place where men used to allow and enjoy discussion, reviews, and criticisms freely, I was grateful to the gods for their protection. Had I printed that satire I might have been "flayed alive"! Brothers, forgive Mrs. Woodhull for delaying to tell the whole truth as she sees it. And pray for the writer that he may have more courage (!) or *be excused from giving even one-half the truth that presses in him for utterance.* The gods have mercy on us all!

It is true that Austin Kent has not done a great amount of Spiritual labor; he has *lain on his bed* while some of his younger brothers have been writing, lecturing, or traveling in other lands. But he has been *forty-four years* in the battle with old Conservatism. He is past sixty-six, and feels like one eighty or eighty-five in mind and in body. *He is tired of war.* Criticise thoroughly, but in a spirit of justice, love, and peace. God bless everybody.

Stockholm, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

TO ELLA.

BY EDWARD PALMER.

I use the name Ella partly in a representative sense. We are all seeking individual happiness. The efforts of the many in this direction seem to meet with disappointment. To this class I address myself.

Ella seems to think that her disappointment results from her injudicious selection of a conjugal companion; that, in accordance with an angel call, she desires another field of labor; that if her husband was of a literary turn she should find more congeniality in him, and thus be better enabled to gratify her soul's yearning. A few years ago the uncultured nature of her mate did not debar her from happiness. If she made a mistake *then*, she may be mistaken *now* in wishing for the change that she does, for, should she be enabled to make the desired change, she may, a few years hence, be deploring her condition because she made that change.

It is a mystery to me why so many, calling themselves Spiritualists, act as though they think this earth condition is all there is of life. It seems to me that *Ella* lacks development to her conditions to allow them to cause her so much misery. To my mind, development does not consist in writing prose or composing poetry, or in "jumping out of the frying pan into"——, or in cowardly shrinking of responsibility, or in allowing unpleasant surroundings to make one miserable; but it consists in bravely assuming responsibility and heroically fulfilling duty, in compelling inharmonious conditions to yield and minister to one's happiness.

Let Ella be cut off from the companionship of her husband and children by labor in the field of literature, and in a short time, methinks, she will sigh for the renewal of the associations of husband and children. Instead of making herself miserable because her conditions are so unfavorable, let her improve to their utmost capacity her present opportunities.

In addressing you, Sister Ella, let me give you an outline of my own experience, that you may judge whether I am too arbitrary in my assertions. *Poverty* has been *my* bane. Angels called me to work in the field of Reform; I obeyed as a lecturer. People said, "Palmer's controls are smart, they wade in deep, and are masters of the situation; but he does not dress well enough; dress adds very much to a person's attractive appearance, especially in public." Poverty prevented me from procuring a new suit, and my spirit friends added healing to my work. But this did not increase my ability to dress better, for the wife of my youth became the victim of pulmonary consumption and for a period of two years I averaged eighteen hours' labor per day. Then I *wept;* not because my wife's sickness increased my labor and was a "stumbling block" to my success in the field of Spiritual Reform, but because I was *too poor to supply* everything that would tend to alleviate her suffering; neither did I rejoice when her inanimate form was laid in its pine coffin, because a burden was removed, although she did not sympathize with me in my efforts to obey my angel calls.

To-day, my soul's home is in the field of Reform, yet for the past six years I have labored with my hands, with but six weeks' vacation—one week per year is all I could afford. I am but a day laborer; for the time referred to I have labored as a stove repairer, as an assistant in a blacksmith's shop, as a house and carriage painter, as a clock and watch repairer, as a peddler, and am now engaged as a clerk in a country store. The store is three and one-half miles from my home, and although I have a spinal disability, caused by a severe injury, received some years since, I usually walk to the store Monday morning and walk home Saturday night.

Still I find time and opportunity to obey angel calls. The last winter that I drove a peddler cart the temperature for January and February averaged 10° below zero. I usually arrived home during those months every Saturday eve at about 7½ p. m.; no one to take care of my horse but myself; again starting on the following Monday morning. Yet during these very months I wrote and copied for the press a weekly average of ten thousand words. Still I am poor, and yet I am happy, and find opportunity to obey angel calls.

Sister Ella, learn to do cheerfully whatsoever your hands find to do, and you will be happy, though you remain in your present position.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

BY MRS. S. D. ALEXANDER.

ELM HALL, MICH., Nov. 26, 1875.

MR. WILSON—This being new business to me I hardly know how to commence or what to say. As my education is limited, please excuse mistakes and blunders, and I will do the best I can in copying the communication that has been given me through impressions, from a band of spirits who are trying to develope me for something, I hardly know myself yet.

But after vomiting, for eight months, every morsel of food I ate, something said to me one day, while alone in my room, "If you will give up and heed your impressions you will get better." I told my husband of this, and he said, "Give up to anything, it matters not what, for you can't live much longer in this condition." Medical prescriptions had done me no good whatever for more than five years.

Well, I gave up, and said to the spirits that if they were the cause of my suffering, and they wished me for an instrument through which they might speak or act in any way it pleased them, to take me, then and there, and do with me just as they saw proper. I gave up every earthly object then, and I felt so much better; all freed from pains, rested good that night, and the next day I felt so well and strong that I got up, dressed myself, made my bed, swept my room, and then it seemed to me that something led me to the table where my husband had been writing. I took up the pen and wrote as I never wrote before, without any thought or effort of my own. I never once dreamed of having such a control, and knew not what I had written until I got through and saw a name signed, that of a friend who passed out of the form twelve years ago, and after reading it over I said to myself, My God, can this be possible! Is it true?

And every day my hands would be cold and a cold hand laid upon my head; then I would go alone and write, and I still keep it up. I have written over a hundred pages, and my friends are urging me to send them for publication; and now I will send you some of them and if you will make them as readable as you talked at the Camp-meeting at Saranac, you are at liberty to publish them.

Feb. 16, 1875.

While contemplating the great and glorious works of creation, their causes and effects, and seeing and knowing how little they are studied into, my soul expands to think and know there is some one whom I can speak through. Now your mind is trying to drink deep, and you have already drank the cup of sorrow to its dregs, and in doing this you are prepared to comprehend in part the great ocean of eternity, and peer through the dark clouds that hang so heavily over the earth at the present moment. And when all life is robed in a garb of deep mourning, and is struggling to rid itself, or shake off the great oppression that is now weighing down all of God's universe, there is a mighty struggle between spirit and matter, and it is only a foretaste of what is coming.

When millions of the inhabitants of Earth are struggling to maintain and support their families and are plodding along through difficulties which at times seem like mountains to ascend, and they are almost ready to give up in despair, it is then the Angel world is near at hand, aiding and helping us and all whom they can use as instruments for the benefit of humanity.

[This is my first composition.]

Feb. 15, 1875.

There is no one mind that is capable of comprehending one-eighth part of the wisdom of the great Infinite. He that ushered all minds and matter into existence, governs and rules the same; there is no one brain that is so highly developed or refined, as to be capable of understanding for one moment, or comprehending in earth life, one-half of the beauty, glory, and loveliness of the First Great Cause. And while beings are struggling in this earthly form, and are trying to peer through the dark mists that envelop them, is it any wonder that they sometimes get confounded, and that there is such diversity of opinions, no one knowing for a certainty what or how the result may be? Oh, you poor earthly mortals, you little know or can realize the struggle going on here for your highest good. The time is coming and it is not far off, when you poor suffering mortals will see why you are made to suffer. Bear it patiently a little while longer, and you will be capable of comprehending truths you little dream of. And as fast as strength returns you can do more. Be careful, be resigned, and give up to the influence, and I will come again.

GEORGE F. WOODARD.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

HAVE WE A GOD?

There are those who ask whether there is a spirit that we call God, many believing that Spiritualists do not recognize God the Father. The following communication will, perhaps, give some light upon the subject.

"We answer that we claim to be subservient to a high and holy spirit, both in intellect and influence. We are liable to err in judgment and power to control and give communications through proper channels correctly; we cannot control conditions, we are dependent upon certain chemical forces or magnetism, which must surround those we wish to communicate with. Yes, we have a high and holy spirit we call God the Father, to whom we go in prayer and supplication, to instruct us in the right way. This spirit is omnipresent, but we are not; we do not know what spirits are doing unless we are near them; we move from place to place and have our interests, and duties, and pleasures. You do not know what your friends are doing in distant cities or towns, unless you get it by letter or a telegraphic despatch; we are governed by similar laws, we are etherial, so to speak, and can travel much faster and take in at a glance conditions, thoughts, and surrounding circumstances, and return while you, with a cumbersome body, slow of action and thought, would be thinking about the journey.

"We have no regrets, no griefs, we have anxieties for our friends that cannot see as we do, and we are always glad to approach them, and by our presence and influence try to reconcile them to the circumstances that surround them. If we can even in this succeed we are happier."

M. P.

Lemont, Ill.

TRUTH.—The knowledge of the truth is a man's highest attainment, and the object that is most worthy of man's researches. Those who seek this knowledge are termed philosophers; and philosophy consists in the love of truth. What can those prefer or esteem who despise this acquirement, and who are opposed to its pursuit? To investigate and prove the truth seems to be the province of man. Are we relieved from indispensable attentions to business, and freed from anxious cares, it is then we are excited by the desire of perceiving, understanding, and penetrating the subjects of which hitherto we had been unmindful; we then find it necessary to our happiness that we should become acquainted with the natural conditions of existence.—*Cicero.*

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 1, 1876.

"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, DUPAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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OUR NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Dear Readers, we greet you, this the first day of January, 1876. It is the new year. A year of jubilee to our nation. One hundred years ago this mighty empire was a howling wilderness, only inhabited by savages and wild beasts, and about three million people of the European race. Now it is an empire of civilized life. Where the Indian wigwam stood, now stand great and mighty cities; where he chased the wild deer, we hear the clang of the engine's bell, and where the trail of the red man marked the way, we now find the iron rail, and where his shout was heard in savage fray is now heard the wild shriek of the iron horse, as he dashes on from ocean to ocean.

One hundred years, mighty period of time! Thou century of great events, in which nations have fallen, never more to rise; nations have come forth from thy womb of Time, whose might makes the earth tremble and whose voice the gods heed. Principles have budded, blossomed, and ripened into full maturity, such as God's revelation never gave to the past. Men move with the speed of the wind, and think with the swift lightning. Oh, how long it has been since "ye came out from the olden time," and yet how short the past has been.

The future before us lies; its womb is closed; who shall dare to lift the vail and give its hidden mysteries to the world? That it is big with events we know, but who will fall before them, or who will survive, is untold. And yet we greet the coming year with a joyous welcome, for our country is of age, and ripe with wisdom. Let us hail this glorious New Year, 1876, the centennial year of our nationality. The Loyal Family of thirteen States hath increased to thirty-eight, and ere our second centennial natal day we will number seventy-six. Then let us shout for humanity's progress and 1876–1976.

Once more we hold out the olive branch of peace, extend a brother's hand and ask you, all of you, to be at peace, one with the other. Will you accept or reject the offer? Let us unite on this New Year's day, January 1, 1876, and let us live the true life of Spiritual growth. We have too little time to waste in a war of words or of blows; we have too much at stake to waste the precious hours in fostering the bitter spirit. Come then, let us be Spiritualists in deed as well as in belief; let us unite in working out the grand problem of our eternal life; let us come together this the centennial year of our nation; let us make it a year of Spiritual growth to our cause.

Brothers, Sisters, we greet you this day in Spiritual freedom, a freedom that opens the way of life and bids you enter, and yet grants no license to err or do wrong. Will you join with us in this our cause, your cause, the cause of humanity; the cause through which we may ascend the Golden Stairway of Life, and progress forever. Come, let us reason together, for in unity there is strength, in division there is weakness. Then let us unite for a common purpose, viz., the advancement of our cause, the cause of humanity, progression, here and hereafter.

Spiritualists, for twenty-three years we have walked down the aisles of Time, hand in hand with you. In all things we have been fearless, honest, frank, and bold, in the defense of our cause, upbraiding the evil-doer and appraising the faithful. And now that we have reached our majority are able to stand alone, let us unite in one solid phalanx against the common foe. And may we not ask, who are the foes of Spiritualism? Who are our enemies? We answer, Everyone who believes our cause true and supports our opponents with Spiritual and material help; everyone who believes in a true and virtuous life and lives a life of immorality. Everyone who knows the right and does it not, everyone who visits our seers, mediums, and prophets in private and derides them in public, everyone who converses with their departed friends through the angel ministrants, and pay their money to the churches, supporting that which they do not believe, and thus crippling the efforts of those in whom they do believe. Hence, in this, our second New Year's greetings, we ask you to unite as one soul in pushing forward our cause.

We do not ask to be pope or cardinal. We ask to be supported as a worker in the practical field of Spiritual truth; hence, our appeal to you in the interests of Spiritualism. We need your help for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and lay our claim before you in this, the 37th number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. For eighteen months we have visited you promptly every two weeks; we now ask you to unite with us in carrying on the work in unity, harmony, and peace. Will you come up to our help by subscribing for our paper, as well as all other Spiritual papers published. We ask you to keep our seers, speakers, healers, and writers fully employed. Let there be no idleness in our ranks, let there be no cause for complaint, let us not rest, but up and to the front, for there is work to do.

Readers, will you heed our call in this, our second annual greeting? We believe you will. Then let our subscribers renew, every one of you sending us one dollar and ten cents, and our paper is guaranteed for one year to come, and if each of our subscribers will add to our list one new name, sending up $1.10, the amount asked for our paper, we will publish it weekly, for then we would be able to put a man or woman into the editorial chair, to take charge of the work that now falls upon us to do.

Come, then, Brothers, Sisters, let us unite; let us have one Spiritual paper free from slang, the bitter spirit, advertisements, and spleen; let us work for the elevation of our cause; let us have free speech, a free platform, and a free religion.

We ask you to come and help us, and we close by wishing you joy, happiness, and prosperity, with many, many joyous and happy New Years. May God, the God of Spirituality, truth, and harmony, send his angel of progress to work with us for all time. Wishing you, dear reader, a Happy New Year, will you reciprocate the compliment by wishing us a Happy New Year, backed with $1.10, which to us will be a Happy New Year indeed.

THE LAW AND THE TESTIMONY.

The law says to the debtor, "Pay that thou owest," and we are striving with all our might to keep the commandment. But we here testify before our readers that it is hard work for us to do so, not because we have not property enough to pay all our debts, and a good deal more, but because there is due to us from our readers some $1200 in unpaid subscriptions. This does not include our free list, exchanges and pensioners, but those who have taken our paper for three months, six months, and one year.

We now call on you, each and every one, to renew for one year from No. 37, Vol. 2, and to pay up arrearages. It is right, it is just, it is a duty you owe to yourselves, to society, to us. Come, then, to our help, we need it. We are behindhand and are overworked. What with speaking, giving tests, editing our paper, running our farm, and watching patiently for the sick to get well, we have our hands full. We have never placed you on the black list, never published your names to the world as delinquents. We have dealt with you justly and kindly, and ask you to do with us as you wish us to do with you. We ask every subscriber who reads this notice to remember us, and send us $1.10, and we will acknowledge the same by mail, placing your account on the square. Come to our help, and be a Spiritualist at work in deed, as well as in profession. Let every one who reads this notice subscribe at once; give us subscribers as hire for our services. Spiritualists, we ask it for humanity's sake.

Terms for membership to the band of Spiritualists at work, $1.10 a year, for which you receive 26 eight-page certificates, full of thought divine and good. Come, let us help each other.

Subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, the best Spiritual paper in the world, of its size. Come, help sustain it.

1776 — 1876 — 1976.

Two hundred years apart, 1776–1976. The present is ours, the past was ours, the future will soon come round; and yet, how long it appears to us. Fifty years are as fresh in our memory as fifty days. And now let us contemplate results.

Our fathers reaped with the sickle, a crooked knife, or reaper's hook, propelled with will power applied to muscle; we reap with a sickle, but it is a many-pointed, straight knife, propelled by horse-power. Our fathers reaped according to the order of God; we reap according to Kirby or McCormick. Which of us is right?

Father threshed with two clubs tied together with an eel skin, called a flail; we thresh with a ten-horse power machine. He threshed ten bushels in a day, we, ten hundred bushels. Father fanned or winnowed his grain with a willow basket, something like a clam-shell in shape; we winnow it as we thresh it, and by the same power.

Father rode on horseback or in a wagon; we ride by steam. He averaged four miles an hour, we, thirty, and are anxious to make it sixty.

Father believed in election, the damnation of the wicked, the loss of infants; we believe in salvation of all the race. He prayed to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for his church, himself, and family; we pray to Science, Nature, and Spirit, for all humanity. His religion was in the God of Moses, on the narrow gauge track laid down by creeds; our religion is in Nature, and on the broad gauge track of Progression.

Father was born under a king, rebelled against his authority, and won liberty, and yet he worshiped a king, and died expecting to become the subject of a king; we were born under a republican form of government, have always supported a republic, and look forward to a heavenly republic, in which there are no kings, popes, cardinals, or priests, but a representative form of government, under which every intelligent being will have the exact relation and representation his or her intelligence warrants, and no more.

Thus we stand between two ages, ripe in years, remembering when there were few steamboats, no railroads, telegraphs, reapers, threshers, steam saw-mills, fanning mills, cook stoves, swing bridges, and a thousand other wonders, far too many to mention in this article. And now, when we look forward into the dim future we behold ships flying in the air, men standing on air, railroads superseded by will propulsion, the immortal and the mortal walking arm in arm along the highways of time. The Ethiopian shall mentally telegraph to the Caucasian, from the wilds of the attic of the world. Life shall take the place of death, reform and education the place of the hangman's halter, and cold water the place of sour mash. Woman, God's noblest work and man's truest friend and helper, shall own herself as man now owns himself, and stand his equal in all things, and yet not lose her gentle, womanly way. Then will we love her for her innate purity, moral worth, and self, in purity, in truth, virtue, and honor.

1776–1876–1976. In the first, thirteen States reaching from the sea to the lakes; in the second, thirty-eight States and eight Territories, presenting an unbroken chain reaching from ocean to ocean. The third era will present the world an empire, reaching from Darien north to Maine, west to Alaska, south to the Gulf of Mexico, and then the whole continent of North America will be one republic, with 200,000,000 of inhabitants, every soul free. Then shall the priest be a man, the church a school-house, and creed will be swallowed up in reason, and faith be lost in knowledge.

Let us watch and work in love and truth, until the good time comes, and we will rejoice in the truth. Let us make this, the hundredth natal day of our republic, a year of jubilee in Spiritualism. Let us shake hands over the bitter spirit of the past, and live in the sweet communion of holiness through all the future.

We call attention to the Michigan State Convention of Spiritualists, which will come off on the 14th, 15th, and 16th inst., at Battle Creek, Mich. Let there be a full attendance; vote down all error, vote in all truth, stand by living ideas, maintain a free platform, free speech, free manhood and womanhood, and all will be well. We wish we could be there, but cannot as our convention comes off at the same time.

READERS OF THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK,

We call your attention to our work. It is onerous, and taxes our ability to the fullest extent of our capacity. We need your help, and ask you to help us; and you can do so and not inconvenience yourselves.

Will you listen to us, and then help us in our cause? READ, REFLECT, AND RESPOND, and that at once.

FIRST. To that class of readers who subscribed for our paper during the winter of 1874 and up to July 1st: There are seven hundred and fifty of you who signed an obligation to take our paper; six hundred of you have read it, and have never paid us one cent. Is this right? We have kept our word; will you keep yours? You six hundred persons owe us nine hundred dollars. Please pay it, for this is the last call.

SECOND. To that class who subscribed for our paper, and paid for it, for six months or one year: Your time is out, or nearly so. You number six hundred persons. Renew at once, and it will put six hundred and sixty dollars into our hands with which to continue our paper. Come, help us.

THIRD. To those faithful, earnest men and women who have stood by us in our fight for free speech and a free platform, who have kept paid up in advance — and you number fourteen hundred souls; We thank you, as well as the six hundred in the second case, for the help and cheer you have afforded us. With this number we have appeared before you thirty-seven times. These thirty-seven visits have cost us heavily, leaving us some hundreds of dollars out of pocket; and yet our success has been fully up to our expectations.

FOURTH. We now ask every reader of our paper to renew at once, and to order our book, price $2; subscription $1.10 for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Do not fail to heed this call, for only those who have paid up will receive No. 38. We notified you some time ago that we must cut off every non-paying subscriber on the first of January, 1876. We close by wishing you a Happy New Year, and many of them. Please make us happy by renewing for our paper, and ordering our book.

"Will your book be for sale in the bookstore of the *Banner of Light*, and *R.-P. Journal* office?" We answer, Yes, if these houses choose to order them; not otherwise.

So far as the *R.-P. Journal* publishing house may be concerned, we say: We have no deal with the house, and never shall have again. We wish them no harm, nor will we do ought to misrepresent them. Mr. Jones invited us to appear before Judge Gary and settle our account. We did so, promptly, and found nothing due him. Now we have invited him to come before the same umpire and pay up, and he does not deny that he has lied about and abused us as no man ever before abused us, but pleads the Baby Act, and cries over our effort "to get our little property from him." Bah! we do not belong to the genus Jones, or class-skunks. We expect to sell our book ourself, and know we have 2,000 to 3,000 friends who will take one each. So send up your orders, to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Dupage county, Illinois. We have already many volumes ordered.

WE HAVE A RIGHT,

And so has every other human being. What is this right? To be heard before we are condemned. That right we have battled for with our whole soul, and we have won the victory, and we rejoice in it. And we grant to all others every right we wish to enjoy.

The First Society of Spiritualists, of Chicago, demanded the right to select the speaker that was to entertain them. By a vote of the society it was refused them, hence the split. The virtuous, pious wing refusing to go to Grow's Opera House, because Mrs. Woodhull held a meeting in it, and Brother G. B. Stebbings positively refused to speak in the G. O. H. Well, Brother, do not go to McCormick's Hall, the Palmer House, or ride on the Michigan Central railroad; and we are surprised that your virtue will allow you to visit Chicago.

The just man fears no evil, but always trembles for the evil doer. The unjust man always trembles before the just.

We speak in Chicago the Sundays in January, 2d, 9th, 23d, and 30th. We will give tests at each evening lecture. See advertisement in daily papers.

THE ERROR OF SPIRITUALISTS.

We see, by the Sunday Chicago *Times*, Dec. 19, 1875, that there is a split in the First Society of Spiritualists, and that there are now two Societies instead of one. Under the head of Pulpit Announcements, we read, "Spiritualists. Hon. (?) G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, will lecture before the Progressive Spiritualists, at the hall, corner of Washington and Green sts., morning and evening." "First Society of Spiritualists. Dr. Samuel Maxwell will lecture while entranced, in Grow's Opera Hall, at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., from subjects chosen by the audience."

This says that our old friend Dr. Avery has deserted the First Society of Spiritualists, and we venture the assertion that he has thrown up the office of President of the First Society, and why? Because a few persons have got purity on the brain, at a very late date in life. We venture the comment that they can all be counted on the eight fingers of the hands of Dr. Avery, and that six out of the eight have not paid fifty cents each to the support of the cause for a twelve month past, except it may be the fee of admission at the door, and we believe that four of them attended Mrs. Tappan's course of lectures on a free pass.

Dr. Avery is an earnest worker, and has been ever since he came to Chicago to live, but we believe the Doctor is unfortunately under the influence of those who are too pure to go into Grow's Opera House, but just pure enough to sit in Snow's Dancing Hall, with this difference: Thirty dollars a month for Grow's Opera Hall, well warmed, comfortable, with two waiting rooms, in every sense a better place; and fifty dollars a month for Snow's Dancing Hall, cold, full of echo, a constant roar, and no attendance or advantages outside of the hours of the lecture. And why all this? Because of the hypocritical cry of Pure Spiritualism by one or more, who do not know the practical meaning of the word, and, 2d, because Mrs. Woodhull held her great convention in Grow's Opera House in 1873. If her presence in Grow's Opera House blasted its reputation, then McCormick's Hall and the Palmer House are gone up, and all that is required to kill both of these places of public resort is to notify the world that Mrs. Woodhull has held forth in the one and dined at the other.

For our part, we seek a higher plane than the pure Spiritualists of the West and their organ has yet presented the world, and beg to be excused from the close communion of this hardshell standard, preferring to stand with Jesus, the woman at the well, who had lived with five husbands, and was living with one outside of marriage, than to herd with posthumous purity, or after divorcement, rascality, and social bankruptcy, then cry purity. For our part, we cast our lot with the First Society of Spiritualists, and will speak in Grow's Opera House on Sunday, the 2d and 9th of January, 1876. Come and hear a Spiritualist speak Spiritualism on a free platform. Seance at night. Mrs. Foster will preside at the organ and sing Spiritual songs.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will hold their fourteenth quarterly meeting at Rockford, Ill., on the 14th, 15th, and 16th inst., in Metropolitan Hall. Let every reader of this, and all other Spiritual papers attend, for we shall have a grand good time.

The New York Spiritualists will hold an annual and quarterly meeting at Lockport, N. Y., on the 8th and 9th inst. We know that they will have a grand gathering of true good men and women.

We cannot say but little of our exchanges for December, for the reason, we have been absent from our home all the month; hence, have not seen the *R.-P. Journal*, the *Crucible*, the *Christian Spiritualist*, or *Investigator*. The *Banner of Light*, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and the *Woodhull & Claflin Weekly* we find in every place we visit, and in each of these we find a decided improvement. And we know that we shall enjoy a feast of good things when we reach home, in the columns of those we do not find where we have been. There may be a little pure Spiritual dirt in the feast, but then it is natural to pure Spiritualism, and besides, we have all of us to eat our peck of dirt during our normal life, so let us take it in good part.

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.

THE TEST.

At Cairo, Sunday, Dec. 5th, 1875. The influence was not as clear and beautiful last night and to-day as usual in these readings, and yet we gave several fine tests.

No. 1. To a young lady, Miss S. We saw by her a boy of fifteen years, who stood out in fine relief. We fully described him, and he gave us the name of Henry. The girl first asked,

"What relation was he to me?"

"Not any, but an acquaintance."

"Is he a spirit?"

"Yes, and has been one not very long."

"I do not identify him."

After a little, the mother of the young lady said, "There was a lad who was much with my daughter, and went away from here, sickened, and died; his name was Henry, and you have described him carefully."

No. 2. To a man, Dr. W. There is with you a woman, carefully describing her, and now please observe, this woman is not a sister, wife or mother of yours; but one who in early life, when nineteen, you twenty or twenty-two, loved you, respected, and commanded your respect and attention; this acquaintance was broken up through untoward events, you separated and went apart. Subsequently she married and her married life proved a failure, and she became a wreck. What do you know of this?

For some little time there was no answer. We called the second time for an answer, and then the doctor replied:

"It is not far out of the way, *only I do not know where she died.*" [The italics may not be the exact words of the doctor, but they are the meaning.]

No. 3. To a lady. There is with you a girl child, describing her. She calls you mamma. "I have lost such a child," she replied.

At Morrison, Ill., Dec. 6–9, we gave many remarkable tests, of which the following are facts in addition to what we wrote in No. 36.

To a young man. We see with you the following spirits: 1. A man, carefully describing him, who gives us the name of Cox; says he was the clerk of the city or county where you were raised. What do you know of him?

"Was there any deformity about him? If so, describe it."

"He first appeared perfect in form; he now appears minus a leg, the right one."

"That is true; I knew him well."

2. There is with you a stout, well built man, who shows me a public square in a city that stands on the banks of a river; he used to keep a hotel near the southeast corner of this square, he was fond of fast horses, and says his name is David Webb.

"Describe him, will you?"

We did so, and very minutely.

"I knew him, sir, very well. Any more?"

"Yes; there is with you a tall, spare man, very dark indeed, as dark as an Indian; he is a professional man, a lawyer, (and we described his home,) and he gives us the name of Patton; there is some business transaction connected with you and your father's estate, in which you are likely to lose largely. What do you know of this?"

"I do not fully remember the man Patton, and yet there was such a lawyer in my native city. The account given of the affair of my father's estate is correct; there is a large amount yet unsettled; but whether this man Patton had anything to do with it I do not know, but can ascertain. Any other spirit here?"

"Yes; there is a girl here with you who gives the name of Sally or Sarah, uncertain which; but she puts an impertinent question to you, and which I must have your permission to give before I speak it."

"Will you describe her?"

We did so.

"What does she say?"

"Shall we tell it?"

"Yes, do so."

"She stands on your left, looking at you over her right shoulder and facing toward us; pointing her right hand toward you, saying, 'What do you think of yourself? Look at me and ask yourself what do you think of yourself? Remember the past.'"

"But what do you think of yourself," said the young man.

"*I am justified*," replied the spirit; "*how is it with you?*"

The young man blushed, observing, "I knew her very well; we will let the matter stop."

To a man. There is with you a woman, fully describing her; she is your wife. This was a good test, and created a world of feeling.

We gave at Morrison one hundred and eighty-seven tests, seventeen of them were not identified, the balance were. From Morrison, we returned to Cairo, and spoke the evenings of the 11th and 12th of Dec., during which we gave the following tests and readings:

No. 1. Mr. M., of St. Louis, Mo., chosen by Mr. Woodward, who is a Materialist and an unbeliever in Spiritualism. We took up this man's life from a boy to date, giving many fine incidents, dates, and spirit influences, as well as character and habits of life. To which he replied:

"I have had several phrenological readings, and you excel them all in matter of fact, reading my life as I understand myself. The dates are correct in the main; there are one or two minor incidents that are not clear to me, but they are unimportant."

No. 2. To a man, Col. McB. We see with you a woman; she appears to us, first, at 18 years old; second, at 25 or 28, but not to exceed that age. We then went into a careful description of this spirit woman, who gave us several dates in his life. When through, we asked:

"What are the facts in relation to these things?"

He answered, "I frankly confess it is all a riddle to me. I know nothing about it; it is a riddle."

"Well, sir, we will see if we can't solve it for you. First, Have you buried a wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; how old was she when you married her?"

"Eighteen, in her nineteenth year."

"And how long did you live with her?"

"A little over three years."

"Then she was not over twenty-four years of age at the time of her death?"

"No, sir."

"How long has she been dead?"

"About a year and a half."

"Very well; we will ask you if you remember the descripton we gave you of your wife?"

"Yes; but her hair was not brown, but black."

"Well, go on."

"Otherwise your description was good."

"True; then 'the riddle' is solved, and very clearly, sir. That will do; thank you."

No. 3. To a man whom we never saw before, and who was from Metropolis. To this man we gave many very fine tests in date, character, habits, etc., all of which were true, and fully identified.

Dec. 13, 14, 15, we spent in Cobden, Ill., the home of Warren Chase. We do not like the topographical feature of the country, it is too hilly, uneven, and rough, and we think that the same amount of money expended in Michigan north of the M. C. R. R., would give better returns than here in Cobden. One thing is in favor of Cobden, the climate at this writing is delightful, fair, warm, and no frost in the ground. Cobden is noted for its fruit fields, from the strawberry up to the apple. While in Cobden we gave many fine tests, most of which were identified. We like the people; they are generous, many of them radical and earnest in the work they have on hand to do; their specialty for money getting is fruit; last year the frosts of April killed the fruit, hence they are poor so far as money is concerned, but rich in hospitality and progress.

The Bakers own a good hall, which is open to all true reformers, and none other need put in an appearance at Cobden, for their standard is of the caliber of Denton, Chase, Jamieson, etc. We gave four lectures in Cobden, giving many fine tests; the following we deem worthy of a place in the Test Department of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

The Tests at G. H. Baker's. While sitting at the breakfast table, on the morning of the 15th of December, 1875, we felt a peculiar influence; on looking up, we saw standing directly behind Mr. Baker a stalwart colored man. He was near six feet in height, well built, weight 180 to 200 pounds, good looking, with frank, open countenance, with a broad grin. He said to us, I am John Smith, please mention my name to friend Baker, for we were old friends long ago.

Mr. Baker looked up and said, "Where and when? I don't recollect any such man."

We then saw the place and time. It was forty years ago, and on a river in Michigan, at Allegan.

Mr. Baker observed, "Can he give me a scene or incident that occurred at that time, and who was with me?"

Smith seemed to be a little puzzled at first, and somewhat uneasy, as though trying to remember the circumstance, and yet failed to get at it. Finally Mr. Baker prompted him by suggesting a raft on the river. Instantly his countenance changed into one of approval, and he pointed out a man under the raft and a mill dam, the topography of the country, and the effort of Baker and himself to rescue the man. Mr. Baker manifested considerable astonishment, asking, "Who was with us on the raft when it went over the dam?"

Smith instantly replied, "Billy Jennings, the Englishman."

"Can he describe him?" asked Baker.

There was a broad laugh on Smith's face as he pointed over his shoulders, and there we saw a stout, fleshy, heavy Englishman, whom we carefully described, which proved to be the man with them on the raft. Thus, for some minutes Smith reproduced the past, opening up in detail, incidents, facts, and names belonging to the years 1831–3.

Among others calling on Baker with Smith, was a man by the name of Abbott, who spoke familiarly with Mr. Baker. For a moment Mr. B. reflected, and then observed, "Can Abbott point out where he lived?"

Instantly we saw a bow in the river, making a bend of some three miles or over, the course being east to the curve, then north in the curve, then west. We then saw a large area of timber, say seventy or eighty acres, pointing out the locality. Mr. Abbott then referred to an incident that occurred; it was the caving in of a well, and that Mr. Baker was mainly instrumental in saving the man who was caught in the well.

On Wednesday, the 15th, at a seance in the hall, there came up the following circumstance. A spirit stood by the side of Mr. Baker, who gave his name as Sampson, said he had been a raftsman on the river at Allegan. We fully described him. Mr. B. could not recall him. Sampson said, "Do you remember Capt. Noble?"

"Yes, I do," said Baker,

"Very well, I was with him."

"I do not remember you," said Baker.

Sampson looked somewhat puzzled, and then observed to us, "I was with him and helped him arrest two Irishmen when he [Baker] was sheriff of Allegan county."

"Can Sampson give the names of the Irishmen?" asked B.

Instantly the face of Sampson brightened, and he said, "Yes; Patrick Maguire and Mike Sullivan."

Mr. Baker observed, "I was sheriff of Allegan Co. many years ago, and arrested Sullivan for stealing Eley's cattle. I knew Noble and others referred to, but I can't call to mind this man Sampson. Every other statement made by Mr. Wilson is true."

We gave this man and his good lady many fine tests, incidents, and readings, marvelous and wonderful. If they were all written they would fill THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

We have on hand, for sale, THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH, 520 pages, 120 illustrations, neatly bound in cloth, price, $2.50, postage, 35 ts.; paper, $1.25, postage, 25 cts.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE GOLDEN LADDER.

BY ELLICE HOPKINS.

When torn with passion's insecure delights,
By love's sweet torments, ceaseless changes, worn,
As my swift sphere full twenty days and nights
Did make ere one slow morn and eve were born;

I passed within the dim sweet world of flowers,
Where only harmless lights, not hearts, are broken,
And weep but the sweet-watered summer showers—
World of white joys, cool dews, and peace unspoken.

I started even there among the flowers,
To find the tokens mute of what I fled,
Passions, and forces, and resistless powers,
That have uptorn the world, and stirred the dead.

In secret bowers of amethyst and rose,
Close wrapped in fragrant golden curtains laid,
Where silver lattices to morn unclose,
The fairy lover clasps his flower-maid.

Patient she yields to his caresses' strength,
And in her simple bosom 'neath fair skies
Love's sweetness bears, till, giving birth at length,
She shuts her tender lids, and sweetly dies.

Ye blessed children of the jocund day!
What mean these mysteries of love and birth?
Caught up like solemn words by babes at play,
Who know not what they babble in their mirth.

Or of one stuff has some Hand made us all,
Baptized us all in one great sequent plan,
Where deep to ever vaster deep may call,
And all their large expression find in man?

Flowers climb to birds, and beasts to man,
And man to God, by some strong instinct driven.
And so the golden ladder upward ran,
Its foot among the flowers, its top in heaven.

All lives man lives; of matter first, then tends
To plants, an animal next unconscious, dim,
A man, a spirit last, the cycle ends,
That all creation weds with God in him.

And if he fall, a world in him doth fall,
All things decline to lower uses; while
The golden chain that bound the each to all,
Falls broken in the dust a linkless pile.

And love's fair sacraments and mystic rite
In nature, that their consummation find
In wedded hearts, and union infinite
With the divine, of married mind with mind,

Foul symbols of an idle temple grow,
And sun-white love is blackened into lust,
And man's impure doth into flower cups flow,
And the fair cosmos mourneth in the dust.

O Thou, out topping all we know or think,
Far off, yet nigh, outreaching all we see,
Hold thou my hand, that so the topmost link
Of the great chain may hold, from us to Thee;

And from my heaven-touched life may downward flow
Prophetic promise of a grace to be;
And flower and bird and beast may upward grow,
And find their highest linked to God in me.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A TIMELY WARNIG TO UNCLE SAMUEL (U. S. A.)

RESPECTED RELATIVE: We hope you will take no offense at the suggestions of a little admonitory criticism, inasmuch as, being all members of the same family, our interests mutual, requires at our hands a careful supervision. Concieved in the womb of troublesome times, born and reared in the cradle of a bloody revolution, your physical proportions were necessarily faultless, and your mental status clearly defined in the patriotic firmness of a Washington; your statesmanlike ability, in the sagacity of a Jefferson; your providence, economy, and unaffected modesty, in the wisdom of a Franklin; your positive negation of all theological abstractions in the sagacity and prophetic foresight of a Paine.

Under these benign influences, for over half a century you made unprecedented strides in the onward march of empire, wringing merited applause even from discomfitted oppression, and shone as a brilliant star in the constellation of nations. But alas! despite the warning voice of the Father of his Country, a sectional question was most acrimoniously agitated, ultimately in the most stupenduous, disgraceful, and bloody fratricidal family quarrel on record. Victory eventually crowned your efforts, and military success (as usual) has nearly, and may eventually prove your utter ruin by drawing you into the vortex of a set of bondholding, pseudo-philanthropic sycophants, who, like Joseph (the ancient corn speculator of Egypt, which see), own all the people's lands and money (except the priests'), and now, through an onorous, unequal, and unjust system of taxation, are striving to reduce them to serfdom, and transfer them to that selfish, besotted apology of the ancient Pharaoh, and render permanent his already despotic sway. But above all, we expressly warn you against the Delilah-like blandishments of a very popular and influential female of more than doubtful virtue, a legitimate daughter of the Catholic Mother Church, disguised in male attire, and ostensibly known as the Y. M. C. A.

This friendly warning is freely tendered, lest through greed and the delusive glare of station you violate your obligation to the constitution, which peremptorily forbids such an alliance, and, Sampsonlike, you get your head shorn, your strength paralyzed, and your bare skeleton exhibited in the Capitol as a menento of your folly in yielding to the sanctimoneous pretentions of this bloodthirsty Jesuitical vampire. WATCHMAN.

Fremont, Ind.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

REPLY TO CRITICISM.

"I speak of that which I *know*, and if her ship is not foundering upon a rock which has weakened many another, I am quite at fault."

How very charitable Rena L. Miner is. Her words remind me so very forcibly of orthodox Christianity that I shrink from them with painful surprise. "I asked for bread, and ye gave me a stone." I do not know that I fully comprehend her thought, but I do know that one of the greatest stumbling-blocks for woman's advancement is "that women are against women."

I lay here on my bed (not claiming to be of much consequence) with flushed cheeks and burning hands, nearing the golden gates step by step, through the first stages of consumption. I have not inherited the disease. With care and kindness I may live many years; otherwise I may not live six months. This is not the verdict of the angels, but of experienced physicians. This being the case, I feel that we should be kind to each other, and that one of our mottoes should be, "love ye one another."

It was not my intention to weigh myself in the balance against my husband, or any one else. Heaven forbid! I only meant to show the difference at a time when my soul yearned for sympathy. If what Rena says be true, then it is a pity that we were not all formed hard-headed, hard-fisted, practical materialists. I have never said that the angel-call bade me to break up my home; neither have I asked any person to condemn my husband. I may condemn his faults, as I do my own, without condemning the individual. Is it not a man's duty to care for his family, both spiritually and physically? I have always tried to do my duty to the best of my ability. If I have failed, God alone may judge.

If all that I have felt and learned through spirit teaching be imagination, then we may as well fold up our tents and forsake Spitualism, for then all is imagination.

Whoever I love, I love better than myself. I would not intentially cause them one moment's pain or sorrow; therefore all my loved ones are safe. I trust them to God. Having always lived in my books and my children, away from the world, I know but little of its pleasures or its vices.

My greatest desire, since hope is dead, is that I may forget all the bitter disappointment and remember all the good that has been given.

Rena, I have not been in your place, neither have you been in mine; we may not judge each other. I could write more, but let this suffice. I pray that we my all live more harmoneously, and that our grand ship of Spiritualism be not wrecked on the rock of dissension. My sister, be not afraid; I have reached a place where I can say that I am thankful for all my trials, for all my sorrows. My poor little ship will yet anchor safely by the beautiful shore, in the land of the free. ELLA.

REMARKS.—We commend Ella's letter and criticism of Rena's reply to her former article in this paper. It is true, the bitter spirit in our ranks is the relic of old superstition. We wish it were not, yet it is, and we can only get rid of it by growth, improvement, and culture. Ella's letter is womanly, and is the utterance of a heart wull of sorrow, yet bravely bearing up under trials.

Work on, brave soul! be true, and the crown will be yours in the sweet by and by.

—ED.

WHEELING, W. VA., Dec. 12, 1875.

E. V. WILSON, ESQ. — *Dear Sir and Friend:* I am at a loss to know what to say, as I am, at a late day, just going to mail you a printed "call" for a State Temperance Convention at this place, to meet on the 15th and 16th of this month, and what will be the results, I am at a loss to know. But I am in the ring to aid in fighting against king alcohol as a beverage, and in with your (friends, the Reverends) opposers of your work. But we must be liberal, to allow them to earn bread by the sweat of their brows. Why not? So it goes. The only hope I have of doing good in this cause is to bring the *women* more to the front, and let them educate and impress the dear little angelic beings (or spirits) to abhor the cursed intoxicating bowl, from the knee to the cradle. I have some glimmering hope here, and but little encouragement from the old topers, as they are called sometimes. But what of our young men? Oh, may a *higher power* come in to save them from the wretchedness and disgrace they are bringing on themselves. Many of them are bringing themselves to the level with the so-called "tramps" of the country.

I often think of you. I am still spending the winter in my office, where you have seen me before, where I read, write, talk, and work, where some of my friends say, "Hornbrook, I do not know what we should do without you." So the world moves on, and will, even when we have passed over to the other side. Yours truly,

THOS. HORNBROOK.

REMARKS.— God speed you, Brother Hornbrook, in your work for the redemption of man from the vice of intemperance. We give you the right hand of fellowship, dear, brave old soul. Work on, with whomever you can. Temperance is a principle independent of creed or political issues; it is a religion and principle in itself. Temperance is the widow's fund, the orphan's helper, and the drunkard's savior. Let whisky rings be smashed, let drunkenness be blotted out of the land, let the honest day laborer come up to the complete reform now in progress, and the wife and children will bless him forever. We envy you, Brother H., in your field of usefulness, with means at your disposal, and a will to do, and time to do; we only wish we could be with you, and all the brave souls who come up to your mass meeting, working for humanity.

Again we bid you God speed in your work of love.—ED.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ENTERPRISE IN TEXAS.

EDITOR SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: The reading of your excellent paper is nearly all the spiritual food we have had until Mrs. Amelia Colby, trance speaker (of whom much is known in the North and East), came among us, hoping this genial climate would improve her health. The citizens of our town being anxious to hear her lecture, procured the only public building we have, which is used for meetings, schools, concerts, etc., and on last Sunday evening she spoke to a large and intelligent audience. I need not say that all were pleased, for whether one accepts her ideas or not, they can but enjoy listening to the eloquent strains of inspired thoughts as they rush through her brain with a force equivalent to the investigations of to-day. The lecture was logical, scientific, and interesting, and she held her audience spell-bound for nearly two hours. They then voted for a continuation of the subject the next evening, but was refused the use of the house, though it was built by the people for public use, yet under the direct control of a sectarian element. The Liberalists and Spiritualists rallied at once and said, We'll build a hall instead of of a church, where we can hear the truth regardless of priest or pope. The day following a subscription was started, and already the lumber, money, and lot are ready for the building of a liberal hall. Liberalists of Texas, "go and do likewise!" and instead of useless church steeples and dead creeds, let us have the live issues of to-day. Let us build good, plain, substantial halls in every town in our grand old State, where we can meet, discuss, and solve the great problems of life.

We sincerely hope the Liberalists and Spiritualists of the South and West will not fail to secure the services of Mrs. Colby for at least a course of lectures. She is accompanied by Mrs. Olive Smith, a fine singer and guitarist. Keep them busy. Their address is Terrill, Kaufman county, Texas.

MRS. JULIA MACE.

MAQUOKETA, Nov. 28, 1875.

BROTHER E. V. WILSON: I have long since stopped my patronage of the *R.-P. Jonrnal*, on account of its abuse of those who saw the necessity of a reform beyond mere phenomenal Spiritualism, a reform indispensable to the development and general application of "pure Spiritualism." I allude to those whom it contemptuously designates as "Moses Woodhullites." I said to Brother Jones, "Until you can conform nearer to the requirements of the philosophy you are attempting to teach, by the exhibition of more justice and charity toward those who differ with you on the social question, to stop my paper;" and it stopped. Not long after that my subscription to the *Banner of Light* expired, and partly from want of time to read, and want of money, and partly from its conservative character, I did not renew.

Since then I have been somewhat interested in watching the status of the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and for some time it seemed to me that you were trying to "carry water on both shoulders." But discerning, as I think I do, progress in the right direction, I have concluded to try the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK for six months, and so enclose one dollar and ten cents, as Lombard is not a Money Order office.

You will probably remember being at my house, while lecturing at Ecgate. If any part of the above is deemed of sufficient interest to occupy space in your paper, use it.

Yours for truth and progress,

M. D. BRAWAY.

REMARKS.— We publish brother Braway's letter for two reasons: 1st, I have stopped the *R. P. J.* for its abusive language. 2d, To correct an error that he, as well as many others have fallen into, viz.: that we were trying to carry water on both shoulders. This is not true. We told Mr. Jones flatly to his face that we would not join him in his crusade against Mrs. Woodhull, for the reason that he was living in a glass house. We peremptorily refused to join the believers in Mrs. Woodhull's peculiar views. We opposed them at every place where they were brought up — at Omro, Wis., at Atkinson, Ill., at the convention in Chicago, telling the pure Spiritualists that they were cowards when they sat listlessly by and let a faction of free-lovers vote down the resolution on marriage. We, however, thought it well and proper to stand by the ship, and outride the storm than to beach her and then desert her under the cry of purity and "pure Spiritualism." And we have succeeded not only in saving the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, but we expect to be able to redeem the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago from wreck and ruin through the false cry of the *R. P. J.*, and certain barnacles that clog the work that this society are able to do. That the Spiritualists of the United States are throwing up the *R. P. J.*, is a self-evident fact that every public speaker and medium can testify to if they dare speak the truth. This, however, is all wrong. The *R. P. J* should be sustained, if for nothing else, to show the world that a paper directed by angels, with a $40,000 paid up capital, cannot fail.—ED.

BALTIMORE, MD., NOV. 13, 1875.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE GOLDEN LADDER.

BY ELLICE HOPKINS.

When torn with passion's insecure delights,
By love's sweet torments, ceaseless changes, worn,
As my swift sphere full twenty days and nights
Did make ere one slow morn and eve were born;

I passed within the dim sweet world of flowers,
Where only harmless lights, not hearts, are broken,
And weep but the sweet-watered summer showers—
World of white joys, cool dews, and peace unspoken.

I started even there among the flowers,
To find the tokens mute of what I fled,
Passions, and forces, and resistless powers,
That have uptorn the world, and stirred the dead.

In secret bowers of amethyst and rose,
Close wrapped in fragrant golden curtains laid,
Where silver lattices to morn unclose,
The fairy lover clasps his flower-maid.

Patient she yields to his caresses' strength,
And in her simple bosom 'neath fair skies
Love's sweetness bears, till, giving birth at length,
She shuts her tender lids, and sweetly dies.

Ye blessed children of the jocund day!
What mean these mysteries of love and birth?
Caught up like solemn words by babes at play,
Who know not what they babble in their mirth.

Or of one stuff has some Hand made us all,
Baptized us all in one great sequent plan,
Where deep to ever vaster deep may call,
And all their large expression find in man?

Flowers climb to birds, and beasts to man,
And man to God, by some strong instinct driven.
And so the golden ladder upward ran,
Its foot among the flowers, its top in heaven.

All lives man lives; of matter first, then tends
To plants, an animal next unconscious, dim,
A man, a spirit last, the cycle ends,
That all creation weds with God in him.

And if he fall, a world in him doth fall,
All things decline to lower uses; while
The golden chain that bound the each to all,
Falls broken in the dust a linkless pile.

And love's fair sacraments and mystic rite
In nature, that their consummation find
In wedded hearts, and union infinite
With the divine, of married mind with mind,

Foul symbols of an idle temple grow,
And sun-white love is blackened into lust,
And man's impure doth into flower cups flow,
And the fair cosmos mourneth in the dust.

O Thou, out topping all we know or think,
Far off, yet nigh, outreaching all we see,
Hold thou my hand, that so the topmost link
Of the great chain may hold, from us to Thee;

And from my heaven-touched life may downward flow
Prophetic promise of a grace to be;
And flower and bird and beast may upward grow,
And find their highest linked to God in me.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A TIMELY WARNIG TO UNCLE SAMUEL (U. S. A.)

RESPECTED RELATIVE: We hope you will take no offense at the suggestions of a little admonitory criticism, inasmuch as, being all members of the same family, our interests mutual, requires at our hands a careful supervision. Concieved in the womb of troublesome times, born and reared in the cradle of a bloody revolution, your physical proportions were necessarily faultless, and your mental status clearly defined in the patriotic firmness of a Washington; your statesmanlike ability, in the sagacity of a Jefferson; your providence, economy, and unaffected modesty, in the wisdom of a Franklin; your positive negation of all theological abstractions in the sagacity and prophetic foresight of a Paine.

Under these benign influences, for over half a century you made unprecedented strides in the onward march of empire, wringing merited applause even from discomfitted oppression, and shone as a brilliant star in the constellation of nations. But alas! despite the warning voice of the Father of his Country, a sectional question was most acrimoniously agitated, ultimately in the most stupenduous, disgraceful, and bloody fratricidal family quarrel on record. Victory eventually crowned your efforts, and military success (as usual) has nearly, and may eventually prove your utter ruin by drawing you into the vortex of a set of bondholding, pseudo-philanthropic sycophants, who, like Joseph (the ancient corn speculator of Egypt, which see), own all the people's lands and money (except the priests'), and now, through an onorous, unequal, and unjust system of taxation, are striving to reduce them to serfdom, and transfer them to that selfish, besotted apology of the ancient Pharaoh, and render permanent his already despotic sway. But above all, we expressly warn you against the Delilah-like blandishments of a very popular and influential female of more than doubtful virtue, a legitimate daughter of the Catholic Mother Church, disguised in male attire, and ostensibly known as the Y. M. C. A.

This friendly warning is freely tendered, lest through greed and the delusive glare of station you violate your obligation to the constitution, which peremptorily forbids such an alliance, and, Sampsonlike, you get your head shorn, your strength paralyzed, and your bare skeleton exhibited in the Capitol as a menento of your folly in yielding to the sanctimoneous pretentions of this bloodthirsty Jesuitical vampire. WATCHMAN.

Fremont, Ind.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

REPLY TO CRITICISM.

"I speak of that which I *know*, and if her ship is not foundering upon a rock which has weakened many another, I am quite at fault."

How very charitable Rena L. Miner is. Her words remind me so very forcibly of orthodox Christianity that I shrink from them with painful surprise. "I asked for bread, and ye gave me a stone." I do not know that I fully comprehend her thought, but I do know that one of the greatest stumbling-blocks for woman's advancement is "that women are against women."

I lay here on my bed (not claiming to be of much consequence) with flushed cheeks and burning hands, nearing the golden gates step by step, through the first stages of consumption. I have not inherited the disease. With care and kindness I may live many years; otherwise I may not live six months. This is not the verdict of the angels, but of experienced physicians. This being the case, I feel that we should be kind to each other, and that one of our mottoes should be, "love ye one another."

It was not my intention to weigh myself in the balance against my husband, or any one else. Heaven forbid! I only meant to show the difference at a time when my soul yearned for sympathy. If what Rena says be true, then it is a pity that we were not all formed hard-headed, hard-fisted, practical materialists. I have never said that the angel-call bade me to break up my home; neither have I asked any person to condemn my husband. I may condemn his faults, as I do my own, without condemning the individual. Is it not a man's duty to care for his family, both spiritually and physically? I have always tried to do my duty to the best of my ability. If I have failed, God alone may judge.

If all that I have felt and learned through spirit teaching be imagination, then we may as well fold up our tents and forsake Spitualism, for then all is imagination.

Whoever I love, I love better than myself. I would not intentially cause them one moment's pain or sorrow; therefore all my loved ones are safe. I trust them to God. Having always lived in my books and my children, away from the world, I know but little of its pleasures or its vices.

My greatest desire, since hope is dead, is that I may forget all the bitter disappointment and remember all the good that has been given.

Rena, I have not been in your place, neither have you been in mine; we may not judge each other. I could write more, but let this suffice. I pray that we my all live more harmoneously, and that our grand ship of Spiritualism be not wrecked on the rock of dissension. My sister, be not afraid; I have reached a place where I can say that I am thankful for all my trials, for all my sorrows. My poor little ship will yet anchor safely by the beautiful shore, in the land of the free. ELLA.

REMARKS.— We commend Ella's letter and criticism of Rena's reply to her former article in this paper. It is true, the bitter spirit in our ranks is the relic of old superstition. We wish it were not, yet it is, and we can only get rid of it by growth, improvement, and culture. Ella's letter is womanly, and is the utterance of a heart wull of sorrow, yet bravely bearing up under trials.

Work on, brave soul! be true, and the crown will be yours in the sweet by and by.

—ED.

WHEELING, W. VA., Dec. 12, 1875.

E. V. WILSON, ESQ. — *Dear Sir and Friend:* I am at a loss to know what to say, as I am, at a late day, just going to mail you a printed "call" for a State Temperance Convention at this place, to meet on the 15th and 16th of this month, and what will be the results, I am at a loss to know. But I am in the ring to aid in fighting against king alcohol as a beverage, and in with your (friends, the Reverends) opposers of your work. But we must be liberal, to allow them to earn bread by the sweat of their brows. Why not? So it goes. The only hope I have of doing good in this cause is to bring the *women* more to the front, and let them educate and impress the dear little angelic beings (or spirits) to abhor the cursed intoxicating bowl, from the knee to the cradle. I have some glimmering hope here, and but little encouragement from the old topers, as they are called sometimes. But what of our young men? Oh, may a *higher power* come in to save them from the wretchedness and disgrace they are bringing on themselves. Many of them are bringing themselves to the level with the so-called "tramps" of the country.

I often think of you. I am still spending the winter in my office, where you have seen me before, where I read, write, talk, and work, where some of my friends say, "Hornbrook, I do not know what we should do without you." So the world moves on, and will, even when we have passed over to the other side. Yours truly,

THOS. HORNBROOK.

REMARKS.— God speed you, Brother Hornbrook, in your work for the redemption of man from the vice of intemperance. We give you the right hand of fellowship, dear, brave old soul. Work on, with whomever you can. Temperance is a principle independent of creed or political issues; it is a religion and principle in itself. Temperance is the widow's fund, the orphan's helper, and the drunkard's savior. Let whisky rings be smashed, let drunkenness be blotted out of the land, let the honest day laborer come up to the complete reform now in progress, and the wife and children will bless him forever. We envy you, Brother H., in your field of usefulness, with means at your disposal, and a will to do, and time to do; we only wish we could be with you, and all the brave souls who come up to your mass meeting, working for humanity.

Again we bid you God speed in your work of love.—ED.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ENTERPRISE IN TEXAS.

EDITOR SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: The reading of your excellent paper is nearly all the spiritual food we have had until Mrs. Amelia Colby, trance speaker (of whom much is known in the North and East), came among us, hoping this genial climate would improve her health. The citizens of our town being anxious to hear her lecture, procured the only public building we have, which is used for meetings, schools, concerts, etc., and on last Sunday evening she spoke to a large and intelligent audience. I need not say that all were pleased, for whether one accepts her ideas or not, they can but enjoy listening to the eloquent strains of inspired thoughts as they rush through her brain with a force equivalent to the investigations of to-day. The lecture was logical, scientific, and interesting, and she held her audience spell-bound for nearly two hours. They then voted for a continuation of the subject the next evening, but was refused the use of the house, though it was built by the people for public use, yet under the direct control of a sectarian element. The Liberalists and Spiritualists rallied at once and said, We'll build a hall instead of of a church, where we can hear the truth regardless of priest or pope. The day following a subscription was started, and already the lumber, money, and lot are ready for the building of a liberal hall. Liberalists of Texas, "go and do likewise!" and instead of useless church steeples and dead creeds, let us have the live issues of to-day. Let us build good, plain, substantial halls in every town in our grand old State, where we can meet, discuss, and solve the great problems of life.

We sincerely hope the Liberalists and Spiritualists of the South and West will not fail to secure the services of Mrs. Colby for at least a course of lectures. She is accompanied by Mrs. Olive Smith, a fine singer and guitarist. Keep them busy. Their address is Terrill, Kaufman county, Texas.

MRS. JULIA MACE.

MAQUOKETA, Nov. 28, 1875.

BROTHER E. V. WILSON: I have long since stopped my patronage of the *R.-P. Jonrnal*, on account of its abuse of those who saw the necessity of a reform beyond mere phenomenal Spiritualism, a reform indispensable to the development and general application of "pure Spiritualism." I allude to those whom it contemptuously designates as "Moses Woodhullites." I said to Brother Jones, "Until you can conform nearer to the requirements of the philosophy you are attempting to teach, by the exhibition of more justice and charity toward those who differ with you on the social question, to stop my paper;" and it stopped. Not long after that my subscription to the *Banner of Light* expired, and partly from want of time to read, and want of money, and partly from its conservative character, I did not renew.

Since then I have been somewhat interested in watching the status of the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and for some time it seemed to me that you were trying to "carry water on both shoulders." But discerning, as I think I do, progress in the right direction, I have concluded to try the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK for six months, and so enclose one dollar and ten cents, as Lombard is not a Money Order office.

You will probably remember being at my house, while lecturing at Ecgate. If any part of the above is deemed of sufficient interest to occupy space in your paper, use it.

Yours for truth and progress,

M. D. BRAWAY.

REMARKS.— We publish brother Braway's letter for two reasons: 1st, I have stopped the *R. P. J.* for its abusive language. 2d, To correct an error that he, as well as many others have fallen into, viz.: that we were trying to carry water on both shoulders. This is not true. We told Mr. Jones flatly to his face that we would not join him in his crusade against Mrs. Woodhull, for the reason that he was living in a glass house. We peremptorily refused to join the believers in Mrs. Woodhull's peculiar views. We opposed them at every place where they were brought up — at Omro, Wis., at Atkinson, Ill., at the convention in Chicago, telling the pure Spiritualists that they were cowards when they sat listlessly by and let a faction of free-lovers vote down the resolution on marriage. We, however, thought it well and proper to stand by the ship, and outride the storm than to beach her and then desert her under the cry of purity and "pure Spiritualism." And we have succeeded not only in saving the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, but we expect to be able to redeem the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago from wreck and ruin through the false cry of the *R. P. J.*, and certain barnacles that clog the work that this society are able to do. That the Spiritualists of the United States are throwing up the *R. P. J.*, is a self-evident fact that every public speaker and medium can testify to if they dare speak the truth. This, however, is all wrong. The *R. P. J* should be sustained, if for nothing else, to show the world that a paper directed by angels, with a $40,000 paid up capital, cannot fail.—ED.

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IMPORTANT.

Let every subscriber read this letter:

349 Cumberland St., BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 23d, 1875.

E. V. WILSON, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I have been receiving your paper for some time, and have only paid you fifty cents. I know I am indebted to you, but how much I cannot say. Please send in your bill. I know of others who are just like me. You are too modest, friend Wilson. Send in your bills; no person will refuse to pay for the noble truths you proclaim. You were the first person who showed me how to live, and what I am. Your paper serves to strengthen me day by day; let it come! I read every word of it and then scatter broadcast amongst my friends. I have sent some of them as far even as the Island of Newfoundland. Shall we see you again this way? We need just a man like you amongst us, now more especially to finish the work that Moody and Sankey has failed to do. I can quote from the latter's songs and say,

"We need thee! we need thee!"

Moody has not taken the land yet, as Talmage predicted, for I found last Sunday that there was room still left for our little band of faithful friends at the Brooklyn Institute to listen to the soul stirring words of truth and eloquence of Mrs. Britton. Why did you stop our friend Dr. Pratt's paper? she is willing to pay you all you ask for it. Don't be so modest, friend Wilson, I again repeat. Stir us up and make us pay. I want to see your paper succeed, and it will.

Yours truly, GEO. T. GADEN.

REMARKS.—We commend this letter to the attention of all our subscribers, and ask them to manifest a kindred spirit. We know that THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK has no superior in any thing, and its golden words of truth are winning for it a place in the hearts of the people. Let every reader of our paper send in $1.10 before the 1st of Feb., 1876, and we will send it to you weekly. Come to our help every one; take a half day and work for the only paper that is free of advertising columns and slang.

November 24, 1874.

E. V. WILSON: Trusting you would like to hear from all your friends, I write you concerning matters pertaining to Spiritualism in this place. We have many anxious to know more of the harmonial philosophy. With a view of becoming better informed upon the subject, a few of us are endeavoring to bring about this desired condition by having circles, hoping by this means to develop mediums in our midst, and by so doing to obtain satisfaction, without the expensive plan of employing professional mediums. While there is much expense attending them, the interest is destroyed or rather deters investigation. We hope, however, to employ one occasionally; in fact, have already held one of this kind, on the 17th inst., Mrs. Roberts, of Philadelphia, medium. It is of this I wish to say a few words.

There was about twenty-one or twenty-two persons present. After the circle was formed, we sat in silence a few minutes, when the medium became entranced. To a gentleman she described a spirit, giving name of Joe, saying brother. Recognized. To a lady, a communication from her mother. This being prophetic, time alone can determine. A lady received a written communication. Although no name was signed, she says she knows it was from her grandmother, from the nature of the communication and expression used. A written communication also to me. It being prophetic, I cannot verify. Her control stated there was three persons in the room that were mediumistic, I being one of the number, all of us being partially controlled. When you were with us you made the same statement concerning all three. She stated there was three spirits with me, manipulating my right arm to control me to write. I would also be impressed and likewise clairvoyant. I, however, am unable to verify these statements at present. Should the invisibles desire to use me in the interest of a just cause, I shall endeavor to give no hindrance. The other two persons claim to be conscious of the influence; one by impression, the other by communication by tipping of stand.

We hope the coming week to organize a circle, to meet twice a week, for the purpose of developing. If anything transpires that would be likely to interest the readers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, I will endeavor to inform you of them. I do not wish to occupy your time longer at present, knowing you must have your hands full to carry out successfully the undertaking you are engaged in. May success attend you while battling for the truth.

M. B. CHAMBERS.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Nov. 15, 1875.

E. V. WILSON—*Dear Sir:* If I will send to you by letter a lock of the hair of my wife, will you by means of *it* give a written description of her mother (deceased) so she can identify her? and also a communication to my wife, concerning which no one knows of save the mother and daughter? also give some incident in the mother's earth life that is connected with *her* husband, that is *only* known to *herself* and *husband*, and that he can testify to? I will cheerfully pay whatever you may ask for this or these tests. May I hear from you as soon as convenient?

Respectfully Yours, G. W. R.

REMARKS.—We present our readers the above letter, with the following answer: 1st, We do not answer letters requiring spirit communications by lock of hair or hand sight. This phase is not ours; we wish it was. 2d, It is far-fetched indeed to ask a written description of one person through the hair of another, and yet it is done. Dr. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, Wis., or J. V. Mansfield, 361 Sixth ave., New York, are mediums for this phase of spirit life. 3d, Conditions are overlooked entirely: 1st, can the mother come at will or at the call of a stranger? 2d, what was the peculiar belief, religiously, of the mother? 3d, the ability of the mother to control the medium. All these are to be considered. 4th, We do not control the spirit world, but sometimes we are controlled by the spirits or a spirit of or from that world. Our feature of mediumship is peculiar, and belongs to the rostrum and for the public only, and not to letter reading or psychology of a lock of hair or letter. What we have we freely give, and before an audience where there can be no chance for doubt. All and every test we give will be before the many; they will prove or disprove them, and on this kind of testimony we stand or fall. We admire the spirit of inquiry in the letter; it speaks volumes, but we cannot answer all that inquire of us. We shall write an article on this subject ere long.—ED.

FIVE CORNERS, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1875.

E. V. WILSON—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed find one dollar and ten cents, which you will apply to *continue* my subscription to THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Spiritualism is progressing finely in this part of the country. Our summer campaign has been more successful than any previous one. Our grove meetings, under the inspiration and eloquence of Amelia Colby, were attended by thousands of people, interested, and earnest to know the truth. Our platform has been free. Our speakers utter their most radical and free thoughts on all subjects, and the listeners seem hungry for more.

JOHN CORWIN.

REMARKS.—Good for Western and Central New York. Let the battle cry of freedom—free speech and a free platform—make the hills of old Cayuga echo, stirring the deep waters of human nature until they become pure, clear, and swift as the truths of a living God. "Give me liberty, or give me death," was the war cry of Patrick Henry. It is ours, brother Corwin, and let us maintain it. Let us go into the ditches, by-ways, and highways of life, fishing out all things corrupt, and purify them by baptising them in the waters of life. All are invited to our feast of good things, for there is more at our table and to spare. Come, let us reason together; let us be wise.—ED.

OWATONNA, MINN., Dec. 8, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER WILSON: The *Journal* says so many hard things about you that I dare not venture much; but having had the pleasure of reading one number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, I enclose sixty cents for your paper six months. If it satisfies the demand for food, will send again. We would be glad to see you in this creed-bound, church-ridden city, and see the fur fly.

Yours for liberty, E. C. C.

REMARKS.—One hundred such letters as this and the Braway letter will, and must satisfy any candid mind of the folly of the extreme and bitter course of the *R.-P. J.* and its editor. We regret this, for it is hard to see a paper for which we worked as never agent and editor worked before, sink so deep in its own filth that it is deserted by its friends on the right hand and on the left. We say to you, dear readers, hold on, "don't give up the ship;" try it once more, for it is hard to lose sight of $40,000 paid up capital, and you know "that the vilest sinner may return." So don't give up the ship.—ED.

NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their Fourteenth Quarterly meeting in Metropolitan Hall, Rockford, Ill., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Jan. 14, 15, and 16, 1876.

E. V. Wilson, seer and test medium, will be present and give two seances for tests. He has no equal. Dr. Samuel Maxwell will attend and answer questions, under control of Dr. Gordon. In this phase, Dr. Maxwell has no superior.

Mrs. J. H. Severance, M.D., will lecture on Health and How to Live. Mrs. Morse, of Joliet, will be present and speak in a trance. This lady has few equals as a speaker and reasoner. Dr. T. H. Stewart, of Kendallville, Ind., will be present, uttering words of wisdom. He is one of our noble workers, and always reliable. Other speakers, seers, mediums, and healers will be present.

We are making arrangements to introduce singing of a high order into our convention, and it is expected that Prof. Hudson, of Indianapolis, will add to the interest of our meetings with his wonderful musical gifts. He will be assisted by a lady who has few superiors as a singer of songs. We expect to "Hold the Fort" with "Ninety and Nine" songs, tests, speeches, and improvisations, such as has never before moved the people to work for humanity.

There will be a lunch table furnished, where meals can be had at cost. Donations are respectfully solicited. Let the Spiritualists of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Indiana attend. The Rockford Spiritualists have invited us to hold this convention in their beautiful city, let us come up in truth, in strength, in wisdom, and true brotherhood and womanhood. Let the beginning of the new year, the one hundredth of our country's nationality, 1876, be a year of jubilee in Spiritualism. Let us bury the bitter spirit that has existed in our midst; let us lay the foundation of a Spiritual organization that shall bless for all time, whose bed-rock shall be social, religious, and political freedom. Let the Spiritualists of the great Northwest heed this call, come up to Rockford with provisions, money, blankets, comforts, and robes, for physical comfort, and with white souls, full of truth, sustained by the spirits at work for the redemption of all the families of mankind, through progression here and hereafter.

The Convention will be called to order at 10 o'clock, a. m., on Friday, the 14th of January, 1876, and hold over Sunday, the 16th. The sessions will be governed by strict parliamentary usages.

Spiritualists of Illinois, do not fail to attend this Convention. There is work to do, and work of great importance to our cause. Remember, Rockford, Ill., Jan. 14, 15, and 16, 1876.

DR. O. J. HOWARD, *Pres.*
E. V. WILSON, *Sec.*
Lombard, Ill., Dec. 9, 1875.

From The Banner of Light.

APOTHEOSIS.

At our home in Cobden, Ill., my wife, Mary P. Chase, aged sixty years, a native of Newport, N. H., and daughter of Enoch White, formerly of that place, left us and her body for a brighter and better home among the wingless angels of a glorified spirit-life. It was neither new nor strange to her, for she had often seen it and them in her many years of suffering. For over forty years she has been afflicted with a terrible cough and ulceration of the lungs, which had often strangled and almost separated soul and body, and on the night of Nov. 27th it effected the separation, to her great joy, as she assures me, for three times before her body was buried she had controlled a medium and talked with me, the second and third times quite calmly, and as familiarly as usual in her lifetime. As the telegram reached me Saturday evening, it was impossible for me to reach home in time for the funeral, and as she requested through Mrs. Sisson, the medium at Anito, Iowa, I went on with my lectures, fully assured it was with her approval. She became an early believer in Spiritualism, and has enjoyed the intercourse of the spirit-world largely through her own mediumship for over twenty years, and ever most cordially and heartily aided, assisted and sympathized with me in my views and labors in all the departments of life, social, religious and political, and has been a most faithful wife and mother, gaining the esteem of all who knew her, and the love and protection of hundreds of spirits who have now welcomed her to a brighter and better world where she has long desired to go, because her feeble body and sufferings here prevented her from being and doing what her ambition prompted. She assures me that now she can and will go with me and help to urge on the work, as she has often desired to do when her health would not permit. WARREN CHASE.

Dec. 1, 1875.

A PEOPLE'S CONVENTION

Of the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Michigan, will convene at Stuart's Hall, in the city of Battle Creek, commencing Friday afternoon, January 14, 1876. A cordial invitation is extended to friends throughout the State. "Come, let us reason together, in the spirit of charity, searching for truth."

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L. W. GLEASON, *R. Sec.* D. S. CRITCHLY, *Pres.*

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Living Department.

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

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

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

CENTENNIAL BELLS.

BY MRS. M. F. BARNES.

Centennial bells, ring out!
That all the world may know;
That just one hundred years ago,
Our Fathers made us free
By fighting in the van.

Centennial bells, ring out,
For children want to know,
Who was made free—and who the foe;
Parents answer: you, and I, are free:
By blood of man for man.

Centennial bells, ring out,
For every man of work or play,
Will freely give, to make the day,
The people's day—when freedom
Jewel crowned, shall rule the land.

Centennial bells ring out,
And tell the truth, with voices loud;
Say unto all the wondering crowd,
That half God's children are not free;
That half are ruled by man.

Centennial bells, ring out,
And wake man, from his night profound,
To break the chains by which are bound
The waiting, throbbing, mother hearts
All o'er the land.

Centennial bells, ring out,
The old, old law, of might,
When mothers, black and white,
Could not their children own,
For laws, then framed by man.

Centennial bells, ring out,
That all the world may know,
That man, as woman's foe
From this Centennial ends;
And lifts from her the ban.

And bells ring out once more;
Let all the earth rejoice,
That woman's power and voice,
Shall equal be with man's,
In carrying out God's plans.

And bells, once more we ask,
If Angels heard thy tones
As oft they've heard the moans
Of woman's pleading voice
For justice from her own child, man.

South English, Iowa, Sept. 1875.

NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

DEAR MRS. WILSON: I have been unable to pick up many items in regard to Spiritualism since my return. Mrs. Maud E. Lord, the physical and test medium is now in Chicago, holding circles at Lawyer Gardners, 247 W. Madison street, and I *sincerely* hope that ALL persons who are *skeptical*, and desire proof of the power of spirits to return and communicate to mortals, will attend Mrs. Lord's seances.

I hear very good reports from Mrs. Kate Blade and Dr. Witherford, but personally, know nothing of their powers, but *judge* them to be honest and truthful mediums. My sister, Jennie L. Webb, has gone to Boston, for a time, so I cannot report anything from her circles.

Dr. Cyrus Lord, is still located at 420 W. Madison street, where he continues to hold developing circles, and *really* he is doing quite a work in that direction. Call upon him friends. He is *always* glad to meet Spiritualists and *investigators.*

The First Society of Spiritualists have returned to Grow's Hall, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet as heretofore, at 12½ o'clock, immediately after the morning service. I hope the Spiritualists of this city will soon work together—"united we stand" but *divided* we *will not* fall. We ought to work in harmony, for Spiritualism should make us harmonious. It leads to the elevation and purification of man; we are in *reality* and *essence* spiritual bodies, the body of flesh, being only a passing phenomenon, and in the life hereafter, this body, the spiritual man, progresses by the same process by which he strives to progress here—by the cultivation of his spiritual being—and under better circumstances than here. Spiritualists should constantly have in their thoughts, that they are spirits walking the earth—having communion with those who have left the material covering of this sphere. Spiritualists, *one* and *all*, enter the abode of Spiritual Love, where *hatred, malice* and UNCHARITABLENESS *cannot live.* The air is too light and pure; you will not find *any sensuality*, any groveling meanness there. Within each of us, must such a house be made, and will be, if we are constantly conscious that progress is our destiny—we shall live in spiritual love, because the loves of the earthly body, and of the material world, are sure to vanish with that body, though some portion will cling, under certain circumstances, to the spiritual. What your spirit *is, that you are—no more nor less.*

The law of progress has been in action from all past eternity. Spirits are ever progressing in this world and in the spirit world proper. Although they may seem to stand still, yet the wheels of progression are ever revolving and *revolve* in the experience of every soul.

With the compliments of the season to every one, I am fraternally yours,

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 24, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

DRESS.

If women only gave as much time to the decoration of mind, as they do to body, what a wonderful improvement it would be to the world. The suffragists, or "strong-minded" of the sex, are giving some useful hints in regard to this matter. Through their influence thin cloth shoes for winter, are becoming exceedingly scarce (and in consequence, sore throats, bad colds and toothache are diminshed) and heavy, warm, sensible shoes are the *stylish* ones. The exceedingly *womanly* tortures, corsets, are in a measure, discarded. When we see beautifully formed women, torturing their bodies into a compass scarcely half their natural size, denying themselves circulation, respiration and comfort, we regret the slow movements of reform. Looking upon these extremely small-waisted women, we cannot help thinking how sorry we would be for them, had they been *born* so misshapen, and what a strange "freak of nature," we would have thought them. They are, happily, becoming the exception in society, and as soon as they are called "dowdyish" (which time is coming) they will disappear altogether.

MRS. JACOB MARTIN.

From the Woman's Journal.

WOMAN AND EVOLUTION.

Dr. Holmes, as "poet at the breakfast table," who, as Charles Dudley Warner says, "appears to have an uncontrollable penchant for saying the things you would like to say yourself,"—makes some passing remarks on the subject of Darwinism, suggesting that, if we receive the theory, Woman can no longer be taunted with having brought on humanity the traditional curse.

Is not the idea fraught with the possible promise of a new day for womankind?

Prejudice bars the door of advance in every great thought-movement, and is an enemy which must be constantly considered, if progress takes any firm steps forward. Science has fought royal battles in the "struggle for existence;" and not until prejudice and bigotry on every hand were met and warred with, did it win the "right of way" it holds to-day. Similarly with any interest recognized as a growing power, and hence similarly with that prominent phase of late sociological development called (for short) the "woman movement."

Not until the time-worn views concerning Woman's connection with the fall of Man, and hence with all of human suffering and sin shall cease to be entertained; not until the great mass of the clergy shall cease to inculcate the idea that women are not to stand equal with men; not until the sneers relative to Woman's attempts to establish herself in new places in the practical world shall be less universal and disheartening,—will feminine mind yield its possible fruit to the vintage of thought, or will feminine labor bring to weary workers the richest harvest of benefit and happiness.

Womanly hands have always lifted a due share of the burdens of life; but not yet has the daughter of the ages worn the crown the future holds for her, though many beautiful make-beliefs have replaced each other on her brow. By this I mean that, though as ideal of the poet, as fair lady, as social tyrant, as queen of romance, she may have reason to be satisfied with her recognition, (perhaps!) yet as Woman and worker she has not the honor she must gain from the future, if "evolution," super-organic, show its next secret to the world.

If the struggle for happiness continue to act as the motive-force of human activity; if the utilitarian idea of the greatest good to the greatest number constitute the key-stone of the ethics of the future; if in the something with which to replace the crumbling structures of superstition we approximate toward the ideal of a perfect morality—then the coming generations must see womanhood in a truer light. I do not mean politically merely, but intellectually, socially and practically.

The advancement of the welfare of mankind is a most intricate problem, as Mr. Darwin says, and we realize its importance as well as its intricacy. In the study of "ways and means" for that advancement, is it not to be regretted that modern scientists pay so comparatively little attention to the development of the interests of women? Seeing as we do, the almost unlimited influence of women on the social status, and knowing as we do the lamentable short-comings in the noblest use of that influence, would it not seem that a more earnest, philosophic attention in this direction would work a greater benefit than the indifference with which scientific men seem to regard the subject, and permit to remain, as would-be monarchs of the field, the few physiologists whose one ideaism adds no nurture to these sociological growths?

The heroic zeal of John Stuart Mill, with all its train of good results, is of course not undervalued. But that he has not the coworkers that the subject merits is certainly a justifiable opinion.

This article has for its object neither an exposition of the evolution theory, nor a defense of what in a general sense is called Woman's Rights. But merely a suggestion of a connection between the two. Super-organic evolution, using Spencer's expression, deals with the highest order of phenomena, and embraces limitless material for generalizations. In studying human societies, their formation, relations, inter-relations and effects, it is a legitimate philosophy which prompts to dissection and analysis and inductions therefrom. Though nothing is so difficult as the study of influences and counter influences active in sociological phenomena and determining sciological law,—neither is there anything so interesting and profitable. As in studying any special division of a subject we must proceed in accordance with its general laws—so in pursuing a special branch of sociology our course must be in harmony with the general truths of that science.

Herbert Spencer says "the behavior of an inanimate object depends on the co-operation between its own forces and the forces to which it is exposed. Similarly with aggregates of men; every society displaying phenomena that are ascribable to the characteristics of its units and to the conditions under which they exist, extrinsic and intrinsic co-operating causes being the most general factors of social phenomena."

As this very comprehensive analysis may bear a light on all our studies of classes, sexes, or races, our inference then is on the subject in point, that the woman-nature and the influences and conditions to which it has been exposed are together responsible for results as at present seen. Not, on the one hand, as some assert, that Woman's essential nature above and apart from any consideration of the character of the environment—extrinsic conditions—has placed womankind in its present position and determines its future destiny. Nor, on the other hand, as we often hear it expounded, that external forces—extrinsic conditions to which Woman has been exposed, are solely accountable for results as they now appear.

So to analyze sociological phenomena critically enough to be able to methodically present the elements of feminine character as influencing the various phases of civilization, would require a depth of study and an extent of observation not easily attained; while, on the other hand, to pass through the labyrinths of history endeavoring to trace the action and counter action of various civilizations, successive influences, new forces in religion, physical surroundings, education, government, etc., on the development of Woman, would require information such as we have little access to. But we know that progress starts with blind force in the growth of human societies as in individuals. And because Woman's physical strength, intrinsically, is not of the order of Man's, the inference is that her actual, relative importance in the evolution of society could not be recognized until progress reached the era calling for her highest potential power.

We can realize that the childhood of civilization, with its demand for mere physical force, the savageism which estimates blind strength above all power, would not make that call. But a further advancement with intellectual and moral forces coming into play reveals the worth of the finer organizations, originates new developments and shows the utility of different orders of power.

Our own age affords us an insight into this correlation of forces. We see that the feminine factor of humanity gradually works into truer correspondence with extrinsic conditions. This is demonstrated in the social status, in educational and literary products, in practical positions, and in the spirit of the masses generally. The stand-aside-I-am-holier-than-thou sentiment is not so often flung in the face of feminine aspirants by the assertion of masculine prerogatives as hitherto.

These considerations give us a right to look to the future with splendid prophecy for Woman's further estate. A prophecy that shows the glory of active life. A prophecy that paints the promise of a new liberty. A prophecy without the shadows of inefficiency and emptiness of life which wait on the footsteps of most of us of to-day.

Not that we want "masculine women." Nothing but masculine vanity could ever so construe feminine ambition. But there is a vague dread lest the Woman of the future shall fold away the purple and fine linen of grace and beauty and poetry, and choose only the coarse robe of everyday toil and worldly wearing. And so human life would lose much of its charm, and hence labor much of its incentive. Nay! but there need be no fear she will make so costly a sacrifice or could find it possible if she would. Real culture, actual womanhood, poetry, purity and true ladyhood—they are a hundred times more likely to be found in the character of her whose life is complete, full, strong and earnest, than in that of the exotic, whose precarious vitality, mental and moral, may suggest romance, but certainly demonstrates an inability for any stronger, braver, truer life than that of the hot-house.

But the social evolution which is to give us a broader heritage of opinions, higher thought-levels, is no institution of miracles which in a day can grow full blossoms of attainment. And with these considerations concerning the enlargement of Woman's life-circle, as with many others, not only have we to pave the way with modern advantages, such as educational institutions, practical knowledge, opportunities for culture—but we have also to war with our forefathers in their representatives of to-day. Heredity ranges its forces against all processes of reform, and it will be long before the new can conquer the old. "Every man is a quotation from all his ancestors," wrote Plato of old. And we cannot avoid an occasional reflection that some very miserable quotations are presented; when, for example, a pet idea comes in direct antagonism with "organized intelligence" of the worst form, and more "organized" than it is "intelligence," and where seems to breathe the heroic motto:

"This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

But with a sublime faith in the future, that one Utopia of human dreams, we lay aside our doubts and fears and perplexities, and rest in the shadow of that rock of reason—the "survival of the fittest." CLAIRE.

Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

REAL AND APPARENT WASTE.—All is not waste that seems such. The time spent in the pastimes of childhood and youth is funded in health and strength, and a whole exchequer of delightful memories, on which the man or woman can draw at will. The time spent in school and for cultivation, is a splendid investment for all after years. The time taken out of business for needful rest and recreation is not wasted, but saved. The danger is not that we shall rust out, but that we shall wear out and break down before our time. The men who live on the jump, in a perpetual rush and whirl, as though an instant were an eternity and their fate depended on its own use, are guilty of more waste of time than those who move to a slower measure and in more leisurely ways. The man who bolts his dinner as though he had a set of mill-stones in his stomach to grind the food he does not stop to chew, may save five minutes in a day; but he may lose hours of sleep and months in debility, and carry a shattered constitution to a premature grave. A distinguished physician has said it would be a wise economy for every business man to spend one hour in ten in travel, or comparative leisure; for what he would lose in that way would be more than added, with interest, to the length of life. Every literary man knows that the half days wasted on the beach or woods, in lounging about the shops, or out in the golden sunlight that covers the hills, often prove the most profitable periods of his life. The bankrupt millionaire touched a great truth when he said "what he had was swept away, and what he saved was lost; but what he had given away was saved." The days wisely wasted in recreation and beautiful fellowship and helpful charities, are most grandly kept.—*Herald of Health.*

EVERY MIND HAS ITS SPECIAL CAPACITY.—I am of the opinion that every mind that comes into the world has its own speciality—is different from every other mind; that each of you brings into the world a certain bias, a disposition to attempt something of its own, something *your* own—an aim a little different from that of any of your companions; and that every young man and every young woman is a failure so long as each does not find what is his or her own bias; that just so long as you are influenced by those around you, so long as you are attempting to do those things which you see others do well instead of doing that thing which you can do well, you are so far wrong, so far failing of your own right mark. Everybody sees the difference in children. They very early discover their tastes. One has a taste for going abroad, another for staying at home; one for books, another for games; one wishes to hear stories, another wants to see things done; one is fond of drawing, the other cannot draw at all, but he can make a machine. This difference, as you advance, becomes more pronounced. You are more distinct in your conception of what you can do—more decided in avoiding things which you cannot and do not wish to do. Now, I conceive that success is in finding what it is that you yourself really want, and pursuing it; freeing yourself from all importunities of your friends to do something which they like, and insisting upon that thing which you like and can do.—*Emerson.*

Who purposely cheats his friend would cheat his God.—*Lavater.*

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