

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

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

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For the Spiritualist at Work.

ADVICE TO MY SOUL.

BY MRS. MARY J. BILLINGS.

O my soul, cease thy dreaming,
In life's battles bear a part;
Boldly take up sword and gauntlet,
Hold them with a cheerful heart.
Knowest thou that life is combat?
And if victory you would win,
You must marshal well your forces,
Keep your weapons free from sin.

Let the angels tell the record,
And the heavenly hosts approve,
Of thy actions done, not doubting;
All in time will work for good.
Hast thou not some trusty weapon,
Resting erst within thy breast?
Take them up and boldly use them,
Of their strength give but a test.

Up and waken to thy duty,
To a knowledge, strong and deep,
Thou hast dreamed not of eretime,
In thy long inglorious sleep.
Dream you not how stupendous
Is the secret that you bare,
Neither guessed you half the power
That within you lays ensnared.

A great, deep, mysterious secret,
Of a life to be wrought out,
Into warm, heroic action,
Weakened not by fear or doubt.
Canst thou buckle on thy armor,
And stand boldly for the right?
God will aid you in the struggle,
He will help you win the fight.

Let not olden days of dalliance
Ever wanton with thy fate;
Trifle not with the knowledge,
Use it ere it is too late.
Can you find in old romances,
Sense of pleasure half so rife,
As at times comes on you, stirring,
Standing in the place of strife.

O, my soul, look not behind thee,
If work thou find to do at last,
Holy angels grasp thy labor
To overarch the crumbling past.
And at last, before God's altar,
Some little token you may find,
That will cheer you ere you falter,
In your labor for mankind.

Don't go preaching of the Master,
In empty words, loud and long,
But get up and do His bidding,
In kindly deeds unto the throng.

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 VII.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
What mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

"Forgive me my trespasses as I forgive them that trespass against me."

Among all the writings of ancient and modern poets; among all theological teachers, there is not to be found one sentence or one declaration that can ignore the beauty and truthfulness of the above extracts. He who, in his day, is reported to have spoken as nev-

er man spake before, gave unto his inquirers one commandment, "That ye love one another," and also embodied the principle of that statute in the prayer previously referred to, as containing every requirement of man, united with a solemn contract with the Creator. The poet who penned the lines heading this chapter felt this truth, and wove it into a poetic petition, and it proclaims an eternal equity that shall ultimately destroy and efface the dogma of an atonement.

Had Jesus' three years of ascribed labor only have produced "His Prayer," for the use of the human family, his labor would have been equally as efficacious as the record of recollections announce him to be. The principle of Divine Equity is manifested in the inspired prayer so distinctly and comprehensively that to deny it would be a sin, and to veil it from notice by the ingenuity of assumption is a crime.

From the first dawn of Spiritualism the declaration of this atonement theory of the church has been assailed, denied, and protested against, as an infringement upon Divine Equity, and an absurdity, at variance with love, justice, and truth, and mundane men cannot too earnestly condemn it as a snare, and proclaim it as untruthful.

I am thus explicit, in order to demonstrate the united purpose of every spirit that returns to earth, to war against this delusion, until the idea is rejected by the human race. The effect of the delusion upon the awaking spirit is most lamentable; the first question that a Christian puts to the attendant angel is, "Where is my Saviour, Jesus Christ?" and when he is informed that there is no personal Saviour, and that Jesus Christ is his divine brother only, he is horrified and inclined to regard the angel as a demon, deceiving the very elect. The task of convincing the neophyte of this error is at times very difficult, for the faith in this peculiar safety tale has become so strong that it needs the anguish and suffering of the hells to induce them to comprehend its crime.

I have, in part only, pictured to you my intense surprise at my mother's declaration, so that when she vanished from my view, and I found myself alone in this dense wood, that to my senses seemed to shut out every ray of light, I was most dejected. I looked around me, hoping to find a pathway that would lead me from the place, and with this resolution I arose determined to try and find an outlet; but alas, I had forgotten my first lesson—I could not walk. Earthly rule had ended, and the Spirit's law was hidden from me. In this fearful loneliness and despondency I resealed myself, and began to examine my frame. I found myself clothed in a dark mantle, different to the clothing of earth; my feet and hands and arms were bare, and I was conscious that I must present a revolting appearance; my flesh was also hued and seemingly freckled, as if I was suffering from some eruptive fever, my mind having been so engrossed by my mother that I had not perceived my individual condition, so that, now, when it became evident to me, I was awestruck and frightened. I threw myself upon the bank and wept in agony of spirit.

How long this sad condition lasted I cannot imagine; I was roused from my sorrow by

finding a hand placed firmly upon me, and the words of command given, "Arise and stand upon thy feet." I sprang with alacrity from the seat, and turning to behold who had spoken, I fell to the earth in terror, for before me stood a being of such transcendent beauty I was awestruck, and wished to flee away. The majesty of authority beamed from his eye and riveted my attention so exclusively that I was incapable of seeing beyond its stern gaze. I felt as a bird must feel when magnetized by the serpent, completely enervated and void of resistance. Prostrate I lay, gazing at that eye that read every thought of my life, and was annihilating me with its power. I trembled in every limb, and felt myself sinking, as it were, into the earth. Suddenly my vision darkened so that the figure appeared to fade away, or rather became dimmed or veiled to view; but I felt conscious of the presence, and the wonderful influence did not abate.

A gentle voice at my side whispered, "Be not afraid; the spirit before you is your guardian angel, come to teach you and conduct you from this spot into a brighter home."

I looked for the person speaking, when I beheld the outline of my mother's form, and I became quiet and contented. She then whispered to me, "Did I not say to thee, my child, that I would always be near thee, but invisible, until through rectification thou wert able to come where I dwell? Now, my child, behold thou canst not bear the appearance of thy guardian, and were I to unvail myself thou wouldst flee from me into the outward darkness, for such is the effect of thy life on earth, no record of salvation has come with thee into Spirit life. Now, my child, obey with confidence thy guide and fear not; pray to Our Father for aid and the fear will vanish away." The loved form faded away, and my guide reappearing, I endeavored to ask for aid, but could not. My guardian then advanced quickly to me, and lifting me as a child, bathed me in the stream, by the bank, and compelled me to drink of the stream; he then placed me on the bank again, and I went into a delicious sleep.

When I awoke I saw my guardian seated by my side, and believing myself unperceived, I took a good look at him. He seemed an old man of a venerable appearance, clothed in a white raiment, having a dark waist-band, and a staff of ebony lay at his feet. He quickly turned his head, and smiling, with an affectionate greeting, he laid his hand on mine, and whispered, "My son must not forget his mother's lesson; kneel with me, my child." We knelt side by side, and he repeated a prayer for my restoration to health and strength. At its close he again bathed me in the stream, which seemed to invigorate my body so wonderfully that I felt like a child.

Looking then at myself I found that I was as a child in form, but a man in feeling; my stature was less than my mortal body at death, and I only seemed to be a little boy, of a beautiful symmetry, and far surpassing in appearance my natural body. My guardian having seated himself by my side, placed his arm round my waist, and thus addressed me:

"My dear son, for in the capacity of a guardian I am empowered to so address you, and

in all my intercourse to regard you as my own child; and I claim from you the same confidence and respect that you would have extended to your earthly parent, only coercive authority is never assumed in our duties. We appeal to the intellectual faculties of our pupils, and thus win their confidence and love, so that we can become companions when you feel trust in and receive for investigation our teachings; we do not say to you that you are to accept what we impart, with an *obedient faith*, but, as all our lessons are based in experience, you are invited to examine them carefully for your acceptance, receiving *what you understand*, and *retaining* for a future consideration what exceeds your *present* comprehension; only bear ever in mind that Our Father never appoints a teacher or guardian to one neophyte who would deceive or delude. Those thus authorized have gained, through experience, the knowledge of Truth, necessarily superior to the pupil, and generally linked with his, so that the errors and deficiency of the mundane life can be clearly understood, defined, and corrected; a guardian to each mortal is appointed at birth, to guide and guard the frail human in life's pathways as far as they are able, so that the physical organization can be cultivated in ratio with the mental, both equally, for the progress law in nature. Consequently, my child, you can listen to me with confidence, while I lay before you a portion of your life on earth, sufficient to prepare you, from your present condition, to enter the 'Home of the Weary.'

"At this time you are only on the confines of the sphere immediately connected with the earth, where your Spiritual condition is examined into, so as to enable you to comprehend the laws of life and its responsibilities, and to learn the rule of motion and obedience to laws unknown to the earth sphere. Few, very few mortals, who have enjoyed on earth the many material advantages that you have had, enter the Spiritual life so ignorant and worldly-minded; you bring with you no record of a Spiritual knowledge worthy of consideration. What ideas of a future state of existence you possess to which your earth life is a prelude, are those based in an educational training of error and superstition, seemingly sincere in its outward appearance, but internally vain, selfish, and bigotted. You were a blind adherent and professor of a faith you did not understand, and a supporter of a creed you had never investigated, nor were disposed to inquire into; your life was that of an automaton only, moving obediently to the wishes of another, in aiding and supporting a scheme that pleased the imagination and the selfishness of mundane pride; the formulas of an outward obedience is observable, void of a personal examination, or even an enquiry into the formation of its institution, or a knowledge of its authority. Your observances were the type of apathy, and the slavish contentment of an indolent carelessness; you present a sad picture to Spirit life, that of one of our Creator's children, who had been blessed with good health, strength, and comparative comfort, free from manual toil, and surrounded with daily blessings on earth, having faculties far above mediocrity, that would have benefited your race and ennobled

yourself; but you surrendered all your mental power to a low, debasing employment, that of a money gambler, a speculator in stocks and bonds, denoting accumulations that enrich a few by starving the majority of God's family. The employment of your time on earth did not call for much assistance from others; the poor clerks or recorders of your dealings were estimated at the lowest price of your avarice, and not by the law of maintenance — maintenance as prescribed by the law of your God. Of all human occupations, that of the miserly, avaricious trafficker is the most despicable. Self is his idol; he never for one moment imagines that there is an after responsibility; that metes unto every man according as his life has been. Your views of consideration were most economical for your neighbor, most generous for yourself; your home indicated abundance, administered with ostentation, while the wants of your hirelings were limited by your estimate of their dependence; crumbs from your table (comparatively speaking) were good enough for your fellow brothers and sisters, equal before God with you.

"And what has been the result? Your abundance was swept away in a moment by the retributive power of the Almighty's laws, and you cursed the instrument, and that, too, in the name of your Maker. The fiat then went forth that you *should die*, in order that, as a spirit, you might be reclaimed and made to glorify your Saviour, in obedience to his laws; your own hand was the instrument used, while the curse hovered on your lips, your appeal to the Infinite to curse '*his own work*' in order to appease you, is a crime of no little magnitude, and is enregistered for judgment hereafter, when your brother man is a spirit; then you *both* will be judged by the Equity you have so fearfully invoked. The wail of agony that proceeded from your spirit mother reverberated through the heavens, and His mercy permitted your parents of Earth to aid me in my duty, for I had lost *my control*; but we hope yet to turn your curse into a blessing for you both, by compelling you to that obedience in Spirit life that will overshadow the evil by the good. Think not, my child, that the ways of man are unheeded; the cause that led you into error is enregistered against *its author*. In the midnight hour he is reminded of it; in his daily thoughts and acts it is in memory. The hand of death stayed the rectification on earth, and he knows and feels that he cannot obliterate the crime.

"The human mind, by indulgence, becomes callous for a time, and in the hour of occupation he may stay the small whisper, the voice of the soul is never silent, it ever reminds men of their deviations, and admonishes of a future reward; no earthly ostentation that you can invent can conceal the impress, no outward smile of malignant ire, though masked by hypocritical delusion, can go undetected. Society's rule may excuse, by *its practice*, the fault, but the cry of the widow and the tears of the orphan are had in *remembrance*. Men of the same habits and pursuits may endeavor to exonerate the deed, but the justice of God will vindicate the right, and close, by retribution, the career of men who deceive.

"Would, my child, you had selected any other pathway of earthly occupation than that of the trafficker in stocks; my control would have been stronger, and my voice regarded; but a foolish ambition led you on, step by step, until I saw that your lesson of life was linked with degradation of the mind through ostentation of the person, and I prayed for permission to receive your spirit after your fall; my wish has been granted, and you are now in Spirit life. *A few hours only have passed*, in mundane law, since your hand administered the dose, but to you it has been *an age* in experience. The folly and profitless tenor of your life is felt by you in spirit, and your head is bowed in contrition. My duty to you is a sacred office, and with His mercy I will reclaim you; but not, my child, by the way you imagine. I cannot ask Jesus to befriend us; if *there were truth in the theory you trusted in*, his doctrine is 'reverence to God and good will to man.' Your dying hope was a curse, and an insult to the Omnipotent. Jesus ordered all to honor the Father; but you dishonored him through your works. How then can you hope for salvation through any intercession? Where would you place justice if crime can be covered up, without rectification; a profession of faith in another's goodness, to obliterate your curse, and a misapplied life?

Such would be an absurdity, and an insult to the Equity of Purity.

"It is in vain, my child; no atoning idea, apart from a personal rectification, can overshadow your crime; not all the incense of the Jewish rites or Roman foible can dim the record you have made. When man violates a Spiritual law and appeals to a Spiritual power, the law he invokes must judge, and that Spiritual law is too pure for an evil application; hence, your mother's prayer, that her child's curse might become a blessing, through his rectification, and that prayer being based in good and guided by reverence, will prevail. As a spirit clothed in the dark mantle of repentance, you stand in the presence of angels; a mother's love shrouds you in affection, and my ebony staff shall guide you on your way. God's love, my dear child, is purer than anger, and his mercy bends the hearts of his children. You are as dear to him as the being you cursed, and he is equal with you in title; neither can mingle with angels until you are reconciled, and this period is in the future; his career is *not* ended, but when his hour draws nigh *you will be summoned* to receive him, and his spirit eye shall see at the same time his victim, accuser, and, I hope, *his brother*, with a smile of forgiveness and a hand to aid him in *his duty* of rectifying the errors of his earth life.

"And now, my child, I have little more at this time to say unto you. My first lesson has been confined to your *last deed*, in order to show you the nature of your offense. I have now to guide you from this wood into the home where the weary ones dwell; there your physical frame will be strengthened, and lessons of love will teach you the duties of your office, as a laborer on earth, unseen by men, visiting every haunt of your life, and every avenue impressed by your *influence*, where you strove to build up through error, you will labor to pull down; you aided the traffickers in gold and silver, stocks and bonds, paper records of deluding wares, that reduce to poverty your fellow beings, and to misery the widow and the orphan, against these your curse is enregistered, and your duty is, the application of that curse upon these traffickers, that their souls may be rescued by it. Your hand from henceforth is against these men forever on the earth, their offices and homes will be visited by you, in obedience to the law of retributive rectification, to arrest and frustrate the evil you suffered from, and of which you complained, will be your duty, bearing ever in mind that those fluctuations that give to you prosperity produced disappointment and injury on others. Thus your duty in repentance is two-fold, and becomes an arduous labor. You did not personally plan and inaugurate, by deception and delusion, the fluctuations, but you aided by your countenance, and for a period reaped the reward, and the time came for *you to feel* the force of deception; you forgot your previous profits, and cursed the lesson ordained.

"Such has been your conduct, and the atonement is proportionate; unseen, unfelt, and unimpeded, will you visit the brokers' offices, listen to their plans, hopes, desires, and fears, and wherever you perceive intrigue, deception, and artifice, your duty will be to save, to the uttermost, the victims, by influencing the mental power to avoid the snares and shun the allurements; this task will be arduous in consequence of the diversity of organizations you have to study and the desire of the minds. In others you will behold a type of yourself, in action as a dealer, your exultation in prosperity, and your despondency and crime in adversity, or rather the dawn of adversity; but you will behold, in the anxieties, distress, and labor of your poverty-stricken family, what was spared you as a mortal, by your death, in order that you [shall learn it from your Spirit life, and the suffering will be equally acute, it being the mental power that feels, and not the frame that decays. The human being is a representative type of the Spiritual. All these things will be taught you by degrees in the home I shall take you to, so that you may perceive and understand that there is no such thing as life, free from labor, or an existence, disconnected from duty to man; perpetual activity is the law of creation, as the promoter of that knowledge that leads to the adoration of our Creator. It is a foolish and a pitiable idea for the human race to imagine that reverence to God is to be displayed in temples of wood and stone, through a form, or forms, of wordy pleadings, periodically resorted to, with a sluggish indifference or an ignorant assumption.

This material temple worship is no religion; it is simply idolatry. Men assemble together at arranged periods, in gala costume, classified by the influences of wealth, in tiers of pews, to hear the singing of the hirelings and the music of the artist, relieved by the oral pleadings of a priest to the God of the Hebrews, whom you know not, do not comprehend, but whom you have united with a speciality, whose example you avoid, and whose principles you deride with indifference, preferring the outward display of public worship, so-called, to his recommendation of the private closet, and the deeds of charity, to manifest the light that is to shine before men, as a proof of sincerity, and a beacon of truth. This temple worship you erected by contribution and sustained by adoption, and what is its value? Did it arrest your curse, or make you think in the hour of your disappointment that you were doing wrong? Its tenets professed this power, but its example has not purified the mind, because it is sectarian in view and avaricious in feeling; distinctions of position and remuneration are the basis of its management, inaugurating pride, malice, and worldly conceits, in active contest against the declaration of good will to all, and that all are equal before God; consequently, as a religion, it is divided against itself, and must be brought to desolation, or else the teachings of Jesus are a fraud, and Truth, Justice, and Equity do not distinguish the government of God. Against such an absurdity all Nature revolts, and Nature will fight against the follies and theories of men until they are rooted out, and the children of man will unite with Nature's law alone in worshipping the Founder of Nature; then will man walk with God in spirit, owning his love and power, as manifested in all his works, from the granite to the rose, and from the almost invisible insect to man, unity in love, reverence, and duty to him alone.

"I will say nothing more to you, my son, at this time; conscious fear and terror are depicted upon your countenance, and my duty is to bear you hence, having roused into action the slumbering mind, so that you begin to view your acts from a truer standpoint, and discern the follies of your life. An infant in feebleness you have become, through the effects of the Spiritual atmosphere, which purifies the frame from the grossness of material error, and thus enables the neophyte to advance."

I had listened in bewildered amazement to this lecture of my guardian; as each truth was uttered my frame quivered beneath the shaft; the Spiritual view of my earthly life was so widely different to my preconceived thoughts that I felt I had no hope remaining. Life had imparted to me no abiding strength, my soul shrunk from me in terror, and my spirit was dumb before my accuser. I gazed upon him in an agony indescribable, and I wished the mountains to cover me from the face of my guide; his arm held me fast, or I should have fallen helpless before him, for there was no strength remaining, only the consciousness of guilt. To my pleading look he whispered, "Hope, and trust solely in His love, and as your faith is so will it be unto you."

My mother's influence dawned, and she called to my mind the faith of the despised Jew, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." The sentiment found an application and an adoption in my heart, and I bowed my head in reverence. My mother's arm closed round me, also, and thus supported, I stood between my rescuers. They united in prayer, and we advanced from the bank. My pathway was through the stream, and strength came from its influence, so that when we had crossed to the other side I saw in my pathway many flowers that, on earth, I had loved; they bloomed in freshness before me, the rose, the violet, and heliotrope, and I gazed with rapture upon the scene opening before me. The wood here was less dense in foliage, so that I beheld in the distance fields of rich cereals in different stages of growth. We were passing along an avenue of stately trees, trimmed to a nicety, and I thought we were approaching some nobleman's mansion. Earthly ideas crowded upon me, and I looked with an anxious curiosity for the termination of this avenue.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

JUDGE WARD NOT A LIAR.

MR. EDITOR: A correspondent of your paper, writing from the Chicago Public Library, controverts my article entitled, "Judge Ward and the Witches," which appeared Nov. 6th,

and presents his bill of exceptions thereto. I am willing to meet him in controversy, but I must insist on fair and honest conduct in what we do in the premises.

He does not state my *case* properly and truly — the documents, out of which the case arises, and upon which it mainly rests, are suppressed and garbled by him. He withholds my letter to Judge —, and quotes only a part of his letter to me in answer; taking especial care to clip off an important part thereof, and leaving out the figures necessary for the reader's reckoning of time. I am not accustomed to deal in such way in order to carry a point. *The suppression of a truth is the expression of a falsehood*, is an ancient maxim of much value. That the reader may understand the case, or matters in question, I claim the right; therefore beg leave to introduce here, our correspondence:

"Will Judge —, the reputed owner of the walking-stick, or rather bludgeon, now kept in these parlors as a curiosity by my friend Mansfield, please to inform me whether the stick is the veritable one with which he used to walk in his earth life? Also please to state whether the facts and circumstances of his day, denominated then and now, DELUSIONS, by the clergy and churches (which allow me to call the successors of the old Scribes and Pharisees), *were such indeed*, or were they realities, and deserving our credence as Spiritualists? And to make any other statements which he may deem advisable in this behalf.

"HORACE DRESSER."

The above was answered as follows:

"MY STRANGER FRIEND: Have you thought to invoke my spirit to earth again, after more than one hundred and seventy-five years a dweller of the land of souls? The object of which, I see, is to verify records, or footprints of the past. Yes, that is the identical oak sapling I cut with my own hand, on or near the place where several *innocent* people were hanged for that which they could not help any more than they could help breathing. I sat in judgment over them, but verily thought I was doing God service when I condemned them to die. Mather and others influenced me no doubt, much, to do as I did. Yes, that is the identical cane used by me as a walking-stick.

"I am JOSHUA WARD.

"To Horace Dresser.

"28th December, 1868."

I accept the letter of Judge Ward as genuine and truthful, and will now proceed to exonerate him from the gentle impeachment of your polemic neighbor of the Public Library, viz., "The spirit of Joshua Ward must be near the head of his class — of *tall liars*; that is, if his letter, copied above, be genuine."

Well, let me see whether he be a liar, as branded by my critic.

Judge Ward has not responded to the figures 1680, nor is he responsible for that date, though found on the label of the cane; that he himself placed such a label upon it, dated 1680, is too violent a presumption for belief; but it is presumable, and very likely to have been the act of a descendant of him, and if there be an anachronism in respect to the year of the trials of the witches, arising out of an error of the record made by a descendant, of what importance is it in this inquiry? It does not make the Judge a *liar*. I made no reference to the year 1680 in my letter to Judge Ward; his attention was not called to the date of the label, only to the cane itself, nor does he in his letter to me attempt to tell when he was judge and condemned the witches. What he does say is, that he has been in the land of souls more than one hundred and seventy-five years; this my learned historical critic may see, by working out a little problem in arithmetic, carries his demise back only to 1693, before which year the Judge was in earth life, and able to try causes in court. Our critic says the witch-cases were tried in 1692; now, for aught that appears, Judge Ward could have tried them, he lived till after this, till the next year, 1693. He nowhere says, as is alleged in the criticism in question, that he tried them in 1680, twelve years before. There is no foundation for controversy here. I consulted Judge W. about the ownership of the cane; to this he honestly replies, and adds that it was cut from an oak sapling — the stick is oak, as anyone can see.

But our critic says, "There was no Judge Ward, or Joshua Ward, living in Mass. or in New England at that date" (1680). Here I take issue with him, and if he himself is a truthful witness his statement is strong presumptive evidence that such a man did live in Salem, Mass., in 1680 (only in this particular do I accept our critic's testimony; his statements are mostly irrelevant to the question). He says he has handled a real flesh and blood Judge Ward! These are his words:

"Joshua H. Ward, an eminent judge in the

courts of Massachusetts, now deceased, was living in Salem about twenty-five years ago, and when a boy I have taken his hand a hundred times." Further on, the critic adds, still in trouble about the cane, "Perhaps it is his cane, with an erroneous inscription."

Very well, and now let me place here *perhaps*: That this late Judge Ward, bearing the name *Joshua*, was a lineal descendant of the Joshua Ward whose existence is so positively denied by our critic. How natural it is to family pride and affection, to preserve the names of ancestors through the descending generations! Here we have a man by the name of WARD, whose name was *Joshua*, whose home was in Salem, the same old Salem of witchcraft memory and renown, who was an eminent judge, etc. Presumption favors the idea that my spirit correspondent, JOSHUA WARD, though silent as to where was his residence here, in this life, was a resident of this same historic Salem,

Where the great elms shut out the summer heats —
Where quiet reigns and breathes through brain and breast
The benediction of unbroken rest."

I think if our critic will examine the genealogies and obituaries of the lately deceased Judge Joshua H. Ward, whom he mentions, he will find evidence that he is mistaken in saying there was no *Joshua Ward* living in New England in 1680.

Again, not content with his denials and negative testimony in respect to 1680, the critic, limiting himself to the Salem sort of witches, which were hung in 1692, saying no Judge Ward was on the bench during the witch trials of 1692, and giving the names of the judges who were on the bench, in conclusion says: "There was no Judge Ward or Joshua Ward living at that period." (1692.) No such man on the bench not only, but no such man *living anywhere!* His negations concerning 1680 were, that no such judge or person, at that time, was *living in Mass. or in New England!* Is not Judge Ward now well banished from being?

I answer, the man of straw, whom the critic has set up and warred against, is not now, nor ever was, *living*, on earth, in history, or in heaven. Neither have I claimed, nor has Judge Ward stated, that he sat in judgment upon the *Salem witches in 1692*; his letter does not fix time when or place where, nor does it particularize more than to tell about when he died, by telling how long he had been in the Spirit Realm. It is plain that he *lived* in earth life, *somewhere*, and tried witches at *some time*. If he lived to the usual age of man, his life certainly covered all the period of witchcraft, whensoever and wheresoever, in New England. Because he is not numbered or found among the judges mentioned by my critic, and who tried witches in 1692, it does not follow that he never lived, nor tried them at some other time and other place, than in 1692, in Salem. There were other witch trials by other judges than those named in the criticism.

In opposition to the notions advanced to prove Judge Ward to be a liar, I quote the report of a case tried by Judge JOSEPH DUDLEY, a judge not named or seen in the list furnished by our critic:

"They had also an *ocular demonstration* in one, who a little before had been executed for *witchcraft*, when *Joseph Dudley, Esq.*, was the chief-judge."—*Mather's Magnalia*, Vol. I., p. 188, with its italics.

"There were no witches hung in Salem, or elsewhere in New England, in 1680," quoth our historical critic of the Pub. Lib. When this case was tried does not appear. It may have been in 1680, for aught that appears. Dudley's name as judge dates as far back as 1676, on a roll of judges, running from 1629 to 1686 (*vide Magnalia*, vol. I., p. 129). The method adopted to prove Judge Ward of Spirit Land a liar, and never to have *lived* in New England, as readily and as logically shows Judge Dudley never lived in Mass., nor tried a witchcraft case there.

Once more, the critic says, "Cotton Mather in 1680, when it is alleged that he influenced Judge Ward to hang the witches, was seventeen years of age." Who has alleged that Mather influenced, etc., in 1680? I have not. I did not mention his name in my letter to Judge W., nor does he in his answer say that Mather influenced him only, in 1680. Whether he was only seventeen years old in that year, we have only the critic's voucher. I confess I am unable to ascertain how old he was in 1680. It is enough for my purpose to learn that at that

youthful period of his life he had genius, station, and *influence*, and that at some time in his life he influenced Judge Ward. I quote:

"His learning and godliness, and *ministerial abilities*, were so conspicuous that at the age of *seventeen years* he was called to be a public preacher in *Boston*, the *metropolis* of the whole English *America*; and within a while after that he was ordained *pastor* of the same church, whereof his own *father* was the *teacher*, and this at the unanimous desire of the people, and with the approbation of the *magistrates*, *ministers* and *churches* in the vicinity of *Boston*."—*vide* Attestation to the Church History of New England. By John Higginson. Dated Salem, 1697; in *Mather's Magnalia*, vol. II., p. 9, with its italics.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I owe you an apology for my delay in defense of my article in your paper. I have been sick and confined to the house since Nov. 1st; I have not consulted Mr. Mansfield concerning the matter in controversy. Your correspondent seems to feel happy in his estimate of his criticism. Long live his happiness.

HORACE DRESSER.

Dec. 20, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ALL ABOUT THAT HOLLOW GLOBE AGAIN.

BY PROF. P. VAN HYATT.

It is presumed that the friends of the Hollow Globe theory have had their "say," and are quietly awaiting the shot from the other side. The Hollow Globe was not assailed because the theory was *new*, but because the theory is false in *fact*. It does not follow that, because any theory is new it must necessarily be true, from the fact that all innovations have been disputed inch by inch. A book that assumes such bold opposition to the accepted teachings of Science, as does the Hollow Globe, will hardly escape the gauntlet of carping criticism. The fact that it purports to come from the other side of the "Mystic River," will not suffice. The blind veneration which in ages past has overshadowed the reasoning faculties of man, is vanishing as a scroll, and all mandates and revelations, claiming superior illumination, must pass the same ordeal as a proposition from Euclid.

Some points connected with the subject are worthy of further consideration. To refute the Hollow theory, allusion was made to the principles which govern solids, in their formation from fluids. These have not been assailed, but complain that I borrowed them from Science; suppose this be true, what then? Herein lies the contest, and these proofs must be accepted. There are but few things belonging to the present era which are not borrowed from the past. The Hollow Globe theory is at least one hundred years old. The reindeer in Siberia disappeared on the approach of winter, and returned in good condition the following spring. They were supposed to pass inside the earth, where they found pasture and shelter. One, John C. Symmes, a captain in the regular army of the United States, espoused the Hollow theory. In 1819 he first made known his ideas on this subject by circulars. He resigned his position in the army, and devoted his life to his pet theory; he wrote a book known as "Symmes' Prophecy." He was anxious to sail in search of the Great Hole that opened into the interior. Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, presented his project to Congress, asking for aid to enable him to get inside the earth. The scheme was tabled. Symmes was discouraged because a majority in Congress could not see with him. His fame reached Russia, and Count Romansoff offered to furnish the necessary vessels and means, provided the expedition was prosecuted under the flag of the Russian government. This offer Mr. Symmes declined. The theory of Messrs. Lyon and Sherman is the same as that of Captain Symmes.

I alluded to comets as furnishing analogous proofs of the Igneous Theory. To offset this, my friends wish to know what orbits the comets will take when grown to worldhood. This difficulty is not serious; worlds are adjusted in accordance with the laws of attraction and gravitation. My friends doubt the correctness of the estimated length of comets' tails, also their supposed heated condition. To them, it is all guess-work, yet they are bold to assert that the spots on the sun are produced by the military evolutions of spirits. The swallowing of a comet, with tail and nucleus, is nothing to this.

Next comes hot springs and artesian wells. Suppose the St. Louis Prodigal says the earth

is locked in a frozen embrace, what is the testimony of the "ninety and nine" that have not gone astray?

My friends insist that volcanoes are the result of local causes; that extinct volcanoes have had the local cause "put out" by some subterranean passage of water. Prof. Denton is made to corroborate their theory on this point. This chain of reasoning is broken by the eruption of Mt. Aetna in 1755, when vast volumes of hot water were ejected from the crater, but failed to extinguish the cause; Aetna is still a volcano. Some of the volcanoes in Central America cast up mud and water as a business. There is no proof to show that water ever extinguished a single volcano.

Earthquakes were introduced in their order of date and locality, to show that they could not originate from local causes. The bounding and rebounding of this internal force from continent to continent, and from hemisphere to hemisphere, precludes all possibility of local causes, sufficient to produce such varied and extended phenomena.

My friends insist that I prove the interior of the earth a molten mass. This is like proving that Sunday comes on the first day of every week. Nothing can be plainer than the fact itself. When such volumes of melted material is ejected from the earth as was in the great eruption of Iceland in 1770, the following facts are apparent:

1st. The lava comes from the interior of the earth.

2d. The ejecting force is beneath the mass thrown to the surface.

3d. Both force and matter exist in the earth before the action takes place.

These facts are universal wherever and whenever eruptions occur. The frequency and general diffusion of these outbursts prove the interior of the earth to be a molten mass.

Friend Lyon sees an *if* in my way, and fails to find the same in his path, when, from the evidence gleaned from the artesian well at St. Louis, he assumes the earth to be a frozen, hollow mass. *If* the temperature increases so and so, then the interior of the earth is a molten mass; but *if* the temperature decreases so and so, then the earth is hollow and the shell is a frozen mass. Eliminate the *ifs* and see which assertion is backed by the most abundant proofs.

The little, one-horse explosion of melted iron running into a pool of water at Pittsburg is given to disprove the well authenticated occurrence at the Sandwich Islands in 1840. The lava from Stromboli frequently finds an underground passage and flows into the sea, thus opening up a chimney for all my friend's imaginary troubles with no disastrous consequences.

The tone of my friend Sherman's reply bears unmistakable evidence of coming from a mind that has been soundly "*skadged*," and has felt it to perfection. "Come, sweet spirit, hear me swear," would express his feelings. The fates have decreed that he be "*sparjazzled*" yet again. He ignores all the geological crack-brain theories of the past, and sets up shop on his own hook. It is to be feared he has been deceived, and has built upon the sands, and when the waves of reason beat against it great will be the fall. Let us examine his stock in store.

1st. His dodge as to solids is not artful. Bodies are designated as solid, liquid, and gaseous, in proportion to their density. The scientific world understands the nature of each, but cannot, from the fact that each atom is surrounded by an atmosphere of its own, concede the atom to be hollow. A porous body and a hollow body are not synonymous terms. I have read the Hollow Globe very attentively, and failed to find the panacea of which he speaks. It is as easy to measure the tail of a comet as to see a spirit on the surface of the sun. *Borrowed criticism* to dissect a *borrowed theory* is admissible. His ideas are not reasonable to me; further, deponent saith not. Have read his chapters on earthquakes and volcanoes, and was not set forward any. He proposes a question to me, and then answers it himself. Perhaps he is pleased with his own answer.

Now, friend Sherman, you seem to be as one having eyes, but see not. When you say that a body in cooling off cools at the center first, the veriest Rip Van Winkle in Christendom knows better. You cannot dodge the formation of the earth's crust by any such subterfuge. The fires in all these vast worlds have had their burn, and are going out as fast as possi-

ble. No fuel is needed. Water is nothing but ashes left after the "burn." Friend Sherman, your questions are answered upon my own authority.

Friend Tinney's question is somewhat ambiguous. The earth is eliminating its heat, slowly but surely. It is analogous to a brick-kiln with the arches closed and left to cool. The heat passes into space. The center is the last to impart its heat. All brick-makers know this to be true. Animals and vegetables are not dependent on the earth for their construction. Earth is only a condition, while the growth of a plant is dependent upon the elements that surround it. There is as much of nervous system in a boot-jack as there is in the earth. Your logic is bad because your premises are false. The Chinese lily grows, blossoms, and is very fragrant, yet not a particle of soil is essential to its growth. Take a cubic yard of earth, dry it, and put it in a box, noting the exact weight of the soil. Now plant a few seeds of the Hubbard squash, and add the requisite warmth and moisture for the germination of the seeds. When grown to maturity weigh the vine and the squashes, dry and again weigh the soil. The soil weighs the same in both instances; but whence came the one hundred and fifty pounds of vegetable matter? Evidently from the elements that surround it.

[To be continued.]

For the Spiritualist at Work.

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Nov. 16, '75.

'BRO. WILSON: The Progressive Lyceums have been a comparative failure. No one attributes it to a faultiness of A. J. Davis' system. It is to be regretted that so beautiful a system has not kept on growing in success and favor. As there is said to be a reason for all things, doubtless there is one for this, and the only question will be to find it. "Seek and ye shall find," perhaps is all that is necessary. The Lyceum Manual is an extraordinary production of an extraordinary intelligence. Possibly it is so very extraordinary that we are not yet prepared to fully adopt it. Shakespeare's plays are sometimes cut down to suit the convenience of the players. It may be expedient and wise to cut down the Lyceum Manual for a while, to suit the convenience of existing conditions, and cease trying to adopt it entire till we shall have grown up to it. Adapt it, but not adopt it. Leave off some of the form and ceremony, the "pomp and circumstance," and simplify it to begin with. The Manual once reduced to practice in a simple manner, it could afterwards be carried out to fullness.

E. W. BALDWIN.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A VERITABLE ALLEGORY.

BY WATCHMAN.

Suggested on reading Moody and Sankey's popular revival song, "The Ninety and Nine."

A certain shepherd, noted for his kindness and care in tending his flock of one hundred sheep, but being too poor to build a fold, was therefore necessitated to keep watch and supervision over them. Near the close of a sultry day, according to his usual custom, on counting his flock he found only "ninety and nine," one having got lost and gone astray in the wilderness. Notwithstanding the lateness in the day, and the dangers of the undertaking, the good shepherd, leaving the "ninety and nine" in fancied security, fearlessly went forth in search of the lost sheep, with successful result, and joyfully returned in due time, with the redeemed one.

But, alas! what was his mortification and chagrin on finding the "ninety and nine" in a sadly demoralized condition, many entirely gone, whilst the remainder were closely shorn of their entire fleeces, looking more like a flock of goats than the original sheep. During his absence a number of wool and sheep merchants had banded together, secured the services of two notorious psychological sheep tamers, who proved so successful in their incantations as to entirely fleece the "ninety and nine," and entice many to be willingly and securely locked up in their divers sheep-folds, leaving to the poor shepherd barely the one lamb's fleece for future clothing, and a year's hard labor and care to recuperate the remainder of his flock.

Fremont, Ind.

They that govern make least noise.—*Selden*.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1876.

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

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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

Terms—\$1.10 for Twenty-six numbers.
Single copies 5 cents.

After striking off every delinquent subscriber (and we found a large list of them) we have a goodly number left who, by letter, approve of us and our course, many of whom have heard us and know our truth, and know that all through this bitter war for a free platform and free speech, we have never spoken one bitter word against our enemies, or urged one of our friends to throw up this, that, or the other paper. We never stoop to these things. There are readers enough to support all, and every paper in the land, and we trust that they will be supported. We do, however, ask for our full share of support, and the reason why we ask is this: We have been true to our cause, to free speech and a free platform, and have refused to throw dirt at anyone.

With this record, we feel that we are entitled to the good will and confidence of our patrons, and ask them to come to our help; we need it. We have in our possession hundreds of letters from honest friends, who endorse our paper and speak well of it, and urge us on to publish THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK every week. Now, friends, we thank you all, but what we need most is the dollar, the almighty dollar. With it, we can publish a good paper; without it, we publish nothing. We, therefore, ask you to help us; let our sixteen hundred subscribers send us one dollar each, and our paper will be on your table every two weeks, full of loving words of cheer, of truth and good will toward all men.

We ask every subscriber to come to our help; do not let THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK fail for want of material aid. Let every subscriber send us \$1.10, and THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is guaranteed for one year, once in two weeks.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

In closing up our delinquent subscription list, and balancing our account with THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, we were compelled to change the date of publication from once in two weeks to once a month. We shall continue to publish it on the first day of each month until Farmer Mary is able to take her place as secretary of the establishment.

We have dropped many subscribers and have a goodly number left, but not enough to warrant our publishing this paper oftener than once a month. We shall continue to send THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK to our subscribers, 26 numbers for \$1.10. So come to our help, friends, for we need it. Every paper in the land is calling on its subscribers for help. May we not call upon ours to come to the front and renew at once. Hence we ask you to help us. Do not let our paper die for want of encouragement. We have risked two thousand dollars in the enterprise; can't our subscribers risk as much? Therefore, renew. If every subscriber will, on reading this article, send us one dollar, this paper will be issued to them once in two weeks for one year. Come, who will be first? We will publish the amount each issue.

NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their Fifteenth Quarterly Meeting in Chicago, Ill., on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of March, 1876. The Convention will be called to order on Friday, the 10th, in Grow's Opera House, 517 West Madison street. Eminent speakers are already engaged, and others written to. It is already known that Susie M. Johnson, Capt. H. H. Brown, Dr. Samuel Maxwell, and Dr. Juliet H. Severance will be present.

N. B. We wish it distinctly understood that we expect to pay the traveling expenses

of those speakers we invite by letter. We ask every Spiritualist who reads this to attend. We shall place upon the platform the best talent in music, song, tests, and speaking that can be found in the ranks of Spiritualism.

Remember, that our platform is free, and that all subjects germane to humanity may be discussed thereon. Let all come, full of the spirit, full of truth, and good work. Every effort will be made to entertain all from abroad, meals will be furnished in the hall at cost.

By order of the Executive Committee.

J. O. HOWARD, M. D., Pres.

E. V. WILSON, Sec.

"LOOK AT HIM IN HIS OWN MIRROR."

"E. V. Wilson, in the January number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, * * in speaking of the editor of the *Journal*, says, 'He does not deny that he has lied about us, but pleads the Baby Act, and cries over our effort to get our little property from us.' * * He sued us for libel, claiming \$25,000 damaged character. * * We have not pleaded any Baby Act to the old Germane's declarations, but we have filed a plea of *justification*, which is nothing less than the assumption that all we have said is true."

We quote the above from the *R.-P. Journal* of Feb. 26, Vol. XIX, No. 24. We now produce an extract from his plea in defense. Let the reader judge who pleads the Baby Act. Look at him in his own mirror.

"And now for a further plea in this behalf, the defendant says the plaintiff ought not to have his aforesaid action against him, the defendant; because, he says, that the several supposed causes of action, in the said declaration mentioned, did not, nor did either of them, accrue to the said plaintiff at any time within one year next before the commencement of this suit, in manner and form as the plaintiff has above complained against him, the defendant—and this the defendant is ready to verify: *Wherefore*, he prays judgment if the plaintiff ought to have the aforesaid action against him."

THE SIXTEEN CRUCIFED SAVIORS.

This book is one of the wonders of the age, and should be in the hands of every reformer. The following quotations speak for themselves and are worthy. Christna tells us,

1. "Those who do not control their passions cannot act properly toward others."
2. "The evils we inflict upon others follow us as our shadows follow our bodies."

Sakia, a Hindoo god, 600 B. C., leaves five commands:

1. Thou shalt not kill.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not commit adultery, or any impurity.
4. Thou shalt not lie.
5. Thou shalt not intoxicate thyself.

Thammerz, of Syria, crucified 1160 B. C., of whom Godwin quotes this saying, "Trust ye in God, for out of his loins salvation is come unto us."

Julius Firmicus speaks of this God, "Rising from the dead for the salvation of the world."

The crucifixion of Wittoba, of the Telingonese, 552 B. C., Mr. Higgins tells us, is represented in his history with nail holes in his hands and the soles of his feet.

Iao, of Nepal, crucified 622 B. C., on a tree in Nepal, and his name occurs frequently in the holy bibles and other sacred books of other countries. Some suppose that Iao (often spelt Jao) is the root of the name of the Jewish God—Jehovah.

We shall quote more soul thoughts from this work, for they are all of them the words of Gods who were born men. And in connection with these Gods from Mr. Graves' book we would not overlook the Gods of the New Gospel of Health, by Dr. Stone.

We have these books for sale, the New Gospel of Health, \$2.50 in cloth; postage 35 cts. The Sixteen Crucified Saviors, \$2; postage 17 cts. We will send the two to one order for \$4.50, postage paid.

We will have for sale about the 10th of March, The Truths of Spiritualism. By E. V. Wilson, the Seer. 400 pages, 12mo, price, \$2, postage 20 cts. We ask every reader of our paper to send for this book; it is the wonder of the age, full of startling facts, fully authenticated.

Readers, we need your help; we do not want your money for nothing, but for value received. Every one sending us \$3 will receive

one copy of The Truths of Spiritualism, and twenty-six numbers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK for one year, free of postage. Come, help us, we need it.

REMARKS.

Prof. Spinney, who was elected President of the Michigan State Spiritual Association at its last session, is a most eloquent and earnest speaker; as a worker, untiring, fearless, and brave; his position, therefore, as a presiding officer in connection with our Association, is truly gratifying and satisfactory to all.

To Spiritualists generally, and all lovers of art particularly, who may chance from time to time to visit Battle Creek, we would suggest that they call at the rooms of Dr. Geo. Newcomer, Main st., and see a most striking and beautiful representation of the different phases of progress and spheres, both in Spirit and in Earth life, which he has quite recently and most aptly portrayed, by an oil painting, the design of which is wonderful, and calls forth the admiration of all beholders.

Many present at the Convention gave him a call which resulted to their own pleasure and benefit. We regret that it was not placed on exhibition at the hall, that all present might behold and hear the Doctor explain its chief characteristics.

L. E. B.

THE VOICE OF THE ANGELS.

DEAR BRO. E. V. WILSON: From the enclosed you will learn the object of this note. In explanation will say that, for five years, I have persistently refused the importunities of Mr. Pardee and other prominent spirits of starting such a novel enterprise, until some three weeks since, when having become satisfied that my friends in Spirit life desired such a paper for their own use and control, I determined to give it a trial, and I take the liberty of asking you to give it an insertion in your *live* paper, and your criticism on it. The *Banner* folks will have it in their next week's issue and Mr. Rich thought you would do the same. Hoping you may consider it favorably, I remain with high consideration,

Fraternally, D. C. DENSMORE.

P. S. I used to be acquainted with you, but not having seen you but once in twelve or fifteen years, I presume that you may not remember me. I will say that, with not a single exception, this move is unqualifiedly condemned by everybody as the silliest of all silly things, and dare say you may think so too. So you see what fearful odds I have to work against. I asked the editor of the *Scientific* to give it an insertion; refused on the ground that his paper was of a higher order, and people that patronized his paper would not look at mine. So much for science! You will understand that I have no more to do with it, only as amanuensis and publisher, than the man in the moon, and hence the responsibility of success or failure rests entirely with others, although I shall have to bear all the ignominy of its failure.

D. C. D.

REMARKS.—We have received one copy of *The Voice of the Angels*, read it carefully, and find it full of good things. We knew L. Judd Pardee, and knew him to be faithful, true and free. We remember Bro. Densmore very well and recommend the Spiritualists of our country to sustain his efforts in publishing *The Voice of the Angels*. We cannot have too many blessings from our departed friends and loved ones. It is published at No. 5 Dwight st., Boston, Mass.; spirit of L. Judd Pardee, editor in chief; spirit D. K. Miner, business manager; D. C. Densmore, amanuensis and publisher. Price, yearly, \$1, payable in advance; single copy, 10 cts.

CALVINISM, FATALISM, AND OPTIMISM.

The Calvinism of Theology, the Fatalism of Sciences, and the Philosophy of Optimism, all go to prove that whatever is, is of necessity.

I do not believe in a free love at all, but a forced love.

Knowledge is intuitive and tuitive, innate and acquired.

Love is a principle of growth. There was a time when we did not love at all, and our innate or inherent love, if we have any, is not connected with innate love that can distinguish the foster mother from the natural mother.

There is no law but natural law. There are no fungoid or abnormal growths on nature.

Nature is one great stupendous whole, made of diversity on unity.

The arts and sciences conventionally are but parts of nature.

Hence, as an optimist, we make all allowance for everybody.

The hybrid or hermaphrodite—the mongrel—are as positively a part of the great variety of entities of living, moving beings in the great universe.

The above remarks were made by T. H. Stewart, of Kendallville, Ind. They are the thoughts of an earnest man, and spoken in words that cannot be misunderstood. We hold that he is qualified to speak on this subject understandingly, for he was a Calvinist, and is now a believer in Optimism and Spiritualism.

We, however, believe in monogamy, or marriage, but hold that marriage grants no rights to one contracting party not shared by the other. The husband has no right whatever to coerce sexual relations with his wife, under the marriage contract. The relation between husband and wife must be governed by love, not lust, and whenever a woman holds sexual relations with her husband against her wish, will or desire, she is guilty of adultery, and whenever a man consociates with his wife against her will, or coerces her into sexual relations, he is a rapist, and should be tried for rape by the laws of the land.

The true marriage, the true family compact, must rest on the law of love. Children begotten outside of this law are unnatural results, and in violation of law. This, we hold, conflicts with Bro. Stewart's ideas as an Optimist, Scientist, and Calvinist. We make these remarks in earnest, and court a reply from Bro. S.

Our motto, one woman and one man, under contract to live sacredly for each other. All of their acts governed by and through love, and any condition outside of this is irregular and offensive to good society, to law, love, and order. Men and women, under these conditions, will not have a wife in one place, a mistress in another, and affinities in every town they may happen to be. Let us have a true marriage under law, founded on love, and then there will be no need of divorce courts.

A JUST CRITICISM.

We clip from the *Galveston Civilian*, of Jan. 31, the following just and righteous criticism, from one who knows not either of the parties referred. The editor of the *R.-P. Journal* builds a cabinet, and says to mediums, "Come here and give seances, and I will advertise you and take half the receipts. And so long as you work for my interest it is all right, and when you cease it is all wrong." And because mediums refuse to do so, then they are cheats and humbugs.

We hold that the medium is the mountain, and the *R.-P. Journal* the mouse; therefore, let the mouse go to the mountain, and not the mountain to the mouse, for tests.

TESTING MEDIUMS.—Two weeks since, we copied from a Michigan paper a narrative of seances by Mrs. Parry, a physical medium entirely unknown to us. To-day, we give from another journal an "Exposé of Mrs. Parry," with remarks by the *R.-P. Journal*. In the first narrative "Eye Witness" states he has been present at fifteen seances, and particularizes the last, where five forms were materialized at the window of the cabinet.

In the "Exposé," the failures at one seance are given. These are, 1. The control declines to use a barrel held brought by the sitters; 2. That flour placed in the hands of the unconscious medium was strewn over her hair, face, and dress; 3. That stitches in the sleeves had been ripped, but the threads not pulled out; 4. Paint, secretly placed on the hand-cuffs, was found on the medium's hand; and finally, a money-payment is offered if certain things will be done.

These statements are copied by the *R.-P. Journal*, without comment on their unsatisfactory character, and with "Remarks," which indicate a previous state of feeling between the parties. Of this we know nothing. But our experience in the study of these phenomena has shown us that the business relations which so often exist between publishers on one side, and writers and mediums on the other, do not always render the testimony of the first named the most reliable as to the value of books or the integrity of mediums.

The tests given in the "Exposé" are neither just in design nor conclusive in result. In fact they are remarkably inefficient and weak, and the conclusions drawn from them are not warranted by the facts. It is to us a matter of surprise that a journal so well informed as the *R.-P. Journal*, in all that relates to experiments with the highly sensitive conditions known as mediumship, should have given its apparent sanction to such illogical proceedings.

We desire to see all mediums thoroughly tested. But we do not believe that profession-

