

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

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

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[E. V. WILSON.]

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For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE RISING SUN.

BY MRS. L. E. BAILEY.

The rising sun dispels the gloom
Which Night has thrown around us
As o'er the hill-tops quickly flee
The shadows which had bound us.

The rising sun, with rosy beams,
Sheds beauty o'er the earth;
And wakes again with magic power
Each form of Nature's birth.

The merry warblers chant anew
Their gushing, thrilling lays,
And all the air is redolent
With sweetest melodies.

Only at night, when silence reigns,
Are deeds of darkness done;
But ere the rising sun appears
Departs each murderous one;

Well knowing that the light of morn
Would sure disclose to view
Their wicked purposes—impure—
And motives all untrue.

So may the "rising sun" of thought
Dispel all mental doubt,
Which ignorance has cast around
And error brought about.

For when the shadows thickly fall
Upon our mental way,
And midnight darkness like a pall
Shuts out the light of day,

We blindly grope our way alone,
And stumbling, sometimes fall,
Or make mistakes o'er which we grieve,
But cannot once recall.

So dark the gloom, our soul's oppressed;
We hear no cheerful song—
For hope, the siren bird, has fled,
And faith and trust are gone.

Yet when we rally to our aid
The forces deep within,
And rouse the slumbering latent powers
To conquer and to win,

Then will the "rising sun" appear,
The light of knowledge shed,
Her burnished rays to guide us through
Life's tangled misty web.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

DR. SLADE AND PROF. TYNDALL.

D. M. BENNETT—*Dear Sir:* You say, "One world at a time." I would ask how long at a time? It is well established by statistics that at every tick of the clock a child is brought into this world, and in the same time a person is passed to the other world. At least these are comparatively the facts. Now, when you say "one world at a time," Bro. Bennett, please tell us how long shall we contemplate one at a time? While the unseen world of life and motion is eternally appearing on the stage, and the material things are just as steadily disappearing at every breath, how long shall we stop to take stock in this world, without counting our chances of falling into the next? No! it does seem that the visible and invisible worlds are so inseparably interblended that it is impossible to separate them distinctly.

I have penned these few thoughts by way of introduction to the relation of a sitting I and my wife had with the justly celebrated medium, Dr. Henry Slade, of N. Y. Although many accounts of his seances have been published, I hope you will continue to publish them to the circle of the earth, until mankind, and espe-

cially such of them as Tyndall, shall learn to exercise more decency and moral respect than to use such billingsgate against TRUTH, yes, against FACTS; as he used in his recent little intellectual tilt with Martineau, in the Dec. (1875) number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in the course of which he goes entirely out of his way to gather a handful of meaningless intellectual dirt to cast upon Spiritualism.

If Tyndall had been discussing Spiritualism in that article he could with some show of cause have exhibited his spleen and cast his senseless slur at a downcast and bleeding cause, whose teachings and principles are founded on the very truth he is trying to discover. But he exhibited his anger, for anger is plainly manifest; so manifest that it dethroned his reason for the time. I thought, of all men, certainly Tyndall could not permit himself to throw his reason overboard, even when he was accidentally led to think of that terrible fact—Spiritualism. A fact that he and his brother scientists will have to reconsider before they can settle it by such senseless blackguardism as calling it "Intellectual whoredom." Now mark, Tyndall had scarcely if at all mentioned spirit or spiritism in his whole article, until at the close. I suppose some spirit impressed the word upon his mind when he was struck by an intellectual earthquake, and the wild lava ran from his pen after the following style: "The world will have religion of some kind, even though it should fly for it to the intellectual whoredom of Spiritualism." I have consulted Webster's Unabridged for some ground upon which the learned gentleman has rested his mighty projectile to frighten all who put any faith in spiritual things, but all I find is that Mr. Tyndall has been obliged to go to a spiritual book, the Bible, to get his remarkable idea of a mixture of intellect and whoredom. It seems to refer to the Bible account of somebody who was supposed to have "deserted the worship of the true God for the worship of idols." So poor Prof. John Tyndall, the giant of scientific wisdom, had to resort to a spiritual book to get an idea to frame a sentence of his "intellectual whoredom" to hurl against the spirituality of that book, and against all other spirituality. I feel sorry for our scientists that they are obliged to go over to the theologians and give up their sheet anchor, their reason, when they talk about Spiritualism.

While Dr. Slade was in Philadelphia, recently, my wife and I had a sitting in his presence, in open daylight, around a very plain, unvarnished and unpainted table. We had sat but a few moments when raps were heard on the table and chairs, made by an invisible power. We asked if any of our spirit friends were present, and if so could they communicate with us. The raps answered yes. The Dr. held his slate under the table with one hand, while the other rested on the top of the table; and it was written on the slate by an unseen power (for mark, the Dr. does not touch the pencil), "Many are present, and will try."

The Dr. then took up our slate and held it partially in sight, under the table, for two or three minutes, but nothing was written on it; he then laid it on the top of the table, and took up his slate again and held it as before,

and several communications were written, the pencil being heard writing and yet there was no physical contact with it. Then the Dr. laid his slate down, and the three of us (all there were present) laid our six hands on the top of the table near the centre, while our double-hinged and closed slate, with a piece of pencil the size of a grain of wheat inside of it, lay near the end of the table, and while all was very quiet we heard writing on the inside of our slates. We opened them and found the following: "I am so glad you came; I am not able to do much now. S. M." We asked if the spirit would please write its name in full while communicating on the Doctor's slate, and it did so previously to the above being written on our slate.

The above are the initials of a brother, who passed to spirit life in 1860.

It will be but fair to all concerned, at this point, to say that the only names given by us was the name of the brother above, and the name of the Doctor's spirit wife before she, as a mortal, married him. The Doctor requested me to write the name of a spirit relative, as he said, in order that the spirits could call our spirit friends to communicate. But while I wrote my brother's name I also wrote the following question to the Doctor's wife: "Mrs. Wilhelm, do you remember me?" the Doctor not knowing anything that was written, and directly I received the following reply:

"Yes, I remember you and yours, and often come to see you, and always shall.

"A. W."

The Doctor read it, and, evidently, did not understand it, as he recognized two letters of his spirit wife's familiar signature, and he asked if I had addressed her. For, said he, she signs her name Slade. I explained by informing him that I was acquainted with her before he married her, when her name was Wilhelm. I did it to get a test from her; and I got a good one. What answer will Materialists make to that? I asked one since what he would do with such evidence, and he replied by a long homily, to show that we could not trust our own senses. Then said I, what are our senses for if not to govern us?

Next, the name of a nephew was written, and he said his brother Charlie was there. We remarked that we were glad to hear from them, and asked, Will Charlie write? To that question the following was written while the slate lay as described above:

"Dear Uncle, Charlie cannot control. It is hard work for me. I am

"EDWIN S. MARSHALL."

Now these communications were written inside of the closed slates, while no visible power touched them. They are intelligent communications, signed with the names of those who we know to be in the spirit world, because we had long ago followed their bodies to the grave.

Can you believe your senses when you see your brothers buried in the earth? If so, then do not be so foolish as to say we cannot believe our senses when we see as plain facts in regard to these phenomena. We

both saw hands, which appeared and disappeared; we heard raps all around us; chairs and tables were moved without physical contact.

Now will Mr. Tyndall and his dupes (for I care not how great a man is, if he lead others astray they are his dupes) say this is "intellectual whoredom?" I hope not. Do not deceive yourselves and lead thousands into darkness, but come up, like men, and use your powerful minds and riddle this great question, and show your fellow creatures that your science is equal to the occasion, for this *ghost will not down*. It is not worthy of your steel to stand behind your forts, like the preachers, and cry "Devil! foolishness! 'intellectual' nonsense!" for there are hundreds of perfectly credible witnesses to prove these things as related, and facts are stubborn things even to you. I am ashamed of the position of our scientific men to-day. Shame! shame! to treat facts in the manner you have, and thus bolster up fraud and superstition. Many facts about the science of spirits are just as certain as the revolution of the earth, and yet your only reply to them is to degrade yourselves by calling these facts shamefully hard names. Oh! mighty men, how you belittle yourselves.

The above, Edwin S. Marshall, was a brother's son, he passed to spirit life several years since. He returned, and wrote his name inside of the closed slate, which contained a bit of pencil the size of a grain of wheat. Fact! Science please rise and explain.

His brother Charlie, of whom he wrote, was younger than Edwin, and was accidentally killed on the cars, where he was employed, between Trenton and New York, in 1871. Neither of us thought of either of them that morning, or while sitting at the table. Mind readers and clairvoyants, please rise and explain. Oh! scientists, lend a listening ear, and give us a flow of reason. S. M.

Wilmington, Del., April, 1876.

MR. MOODY'S TOUGHEST JOB.

TRYING TO PERSUADE A JEW TO EMBRACE CHRISTIANITY.

"Are you a Christian?" said Mr. Moody, pressing the hand of a well-dressed young man, who passed with the crowd down one of the aisles at the close of the services at the Hippodrome, the other night. The young man whispered something to the preacher. "Well, come into my private room," said Mr. Moody, "I shall be there in a few minutes." He turned to speak to an anxious-looking young man, and after a short conversation with him, took him aside. They talked in a low voice for some minutes, the preacher now and then laying his broad hand on the other's shoulder, as if in earnest admonition. The lights in the hall were being turned out, and soon the place, which was deserted by all but the three, was pitch dark. Mr. Moody and his convert seemed to be too much engrossed with the subject of their talk to notice it. "Let us kneel down and pray together," said the preacher, after a while. After a short and fervent supplication which, echoing through the great hall in the midst of the darkness, had almost a dramatic effect,

they rose from their knees and led the way into one of the inquiry rooms, whither the young man followed them. A hundred persons or more had gathered there, and about a hundred "working Christians" were exhorting them to "come to Jesus" when Mr. Moody entered. After a short address, delivered in his characteristic sledge-hammer style, the meeting dispersed, and he passed through a hall door into his private room. The young man to whom he had spoken in the large hall followed him there a few moments later, and found him sitting before a cheerful fire, talking to another man in the same persuasive, almost affectionate, manner that he had shown toward the person with whom he had prayed in the dark just before. After a while they both knelt in prayer, and the stranger left, making room for a tall, handsome man, with a luxuriant, sweeping moustache—a sergeant of police, formerly of the Prince street station. The policeman, who was in civilian dress, seemed very earnest, and as he went out Mr. Moody turned to the young man who had been patiently waiting and pointed to the sergeant, as one of his most promising converts. "The work is going on well," he said. "Did you see Thurlow Weed rise, to-night to pronounce himself a Christian?" A dissipated-looking youth here rushed into the room and caught hold of Mr. Moody by the hand. "Well," said the evangelist, "are you a Christian?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "How long have you been one?" said Mr. Moody, sharply. "Since last Sunday, sir." The preacher brought his hand down upon the table in a way that made the little pile of hymn books and testaments on it jump into the air. "You're not a Christian!" he shouted. "Pleas-s-e, sir—" stammered the youth. "No, you're not; don't deny it. You've been drinking; I smell it on your breath." "I've only had two drinks." "Two drinks too much," said the preacher, and dismissed him, handing him a little book with the parting words: "Until you give up drinking liquor you can never be a Christian."

"Now," said he cheerfully to the patient visitor, drawing up two seats before the fire, "you told me that you were not a Christian; I think that I can induce you to become one. Now, let's see: the Bible tells you everywhere that your only hope is through Jesus Christ." "I don't think it does," said the young man. "The Old Testament says nothing about him, and I don't believe in the New Testament." "Ah!" said Mr. Moody, eyeing him closely. "You're a Jew." "I am, sir," replied the other. "But the Old Testament does constantly refer to the coming of Christ." "It does in the headlines of the King James version," said the young man, "but they are over the chapters without any warrant by the text." "Does not Jacob say: 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet until Shiloh come?'" "Who is Shiloh? Jesus was never called Shiloh. How can the passage possibly refer to him? Besides, the translation is wrong. It should read: 'Until you come to Shiloh.' The passage has a purely political reference." "What say you about the prophecies of Isaiah?" asked Mr. Moody. "Which one? That of the seventh chapter, which in the King James version reads: 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and she shall call his name Immanuel.'" "That is one of them that prophecies the coming of Jesus." "I think not," said the young man. "In the first place, the translation is incorrect. The Hebrew word *hargnolmah* means 'the young woman,' and not 'a virgin.' The passage should read: 'Behold, the young woman is with child, and about to bring forth a son.' The words were uttered by Isaiah to the wicked Ahaz, King of Judah, who was alarmed at the approach of the armies of Israel and Syria, which were about to attack Jerusalem. God sent the prophet to him to quiet his fears, without success. 'Ask God for a sign, then,' said Isaiah. Ahaz refused, saying: 'I will not tempt God.' 'Well, then,' said the prophet, 'God will give thee a sign, thou impious man. Behold, the young woman is with child, and about to bring forth a son, and she shall call his name Immanuel, and before the boy shall know how to call father and mother, the riches of Damascus and the spoils of Samaria shall be taken away before the King of Assyria.' The next chapter tells how the woman spoken of was the prophet's own wife, and that the child was first called 'Immanuel,' (God with us,) and afterward Mahershalahashbaz. The fulfillment of the prophecy is given in the second book of Kings, which describes the overthrow of the hostile armies under the Kings Pekah and Rezin. Do you blame me for believing this interpretation of the prophecy in preference to yours, that God, to convince an impious man like Ahaz, promised him as a sign that more than five hundred years after his death Jesus should come on earth?" "How do you get over the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah? That plainly speaks of Christ," said Mr. Moody. "The best Biblical scholars have failed to explain the meaning of that chapter," replied the other, "but it is impossible to make out of it a prophecy of the advent of Jesus." "Does it not say, 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was

bruised for our iniquities?'" urged the preacher. "It evidently refers to Jesus." "That phrase may fit, but you cannot take the whole chapter and make it apply to him," was the answer. "You have no right to wrench a verse here and there from its context to suit a special purpose. Christianity ought not to be dependent upon such artifices. An Atheist might as well take the words of David: 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God,' and, omitting the first clause, use the latter as a Biblical argument in favor of Atheism." During the conversation Mr. Moody was interrupted two or three times by some of his deacons, who wished to speak to him, but each time he waived them away, and, motioning toward his companion, said: "Not now; not now; don't disturb us; I am very busy; this is very important."

"The religion of Christ," he resumed, "has stood the test of nearly two thousand years—" "And that of Moses twice as long," said the other. Mr. Moody paused, and, looking at his visitor with an air of curiosity mingled with pity, said: "It is strange that you Jews should reject Jesus, who was himself a Jew." "Is it stranger," said the other, "than that the Christians should have persecuted the Jews for centuries only on account of their belief, after thinking a Jew, who was not even a perfect man, good enough to be their God?" "Not even a perfect man! How can you say that?" "Did he not curse the Pharisees, the most learned sect of his day, to which he himself belonged, and call them 'a generation of vipers'—a most unjust and sweeping condemnation of a whole political party. To his own mother he said, 'Woman, who are thou?' " "He did not curse the Pharisees," said Mr. Moody. "He called them vipers, as I might call persons vipers, but calmly and without any anger." "Such language might be pardonable in an ordinary man, but not in one who is held up as a God. Besides, the Jews could not be blamed for not recognizing Jesus, whom they knew only as the son of Mary and Joseph, the carpenter, as the Messiah, the royal descendant of David. They were longing for the Messiah, and would have willingly believed in the claims of Jesus if they could. At first they questioned him with manifest sincerity, but he answered them only with reproofs and mysterious words, which could give no satisfaction." "So they crucified him?" said Mr. Moody. "The Romans crucified him," replied the young man. "It is true the Jews demanded his death, but not until he attacked the fundamental and most sacred principle of Judaism—the absolute unity and indivisibility of God. But how can you blame them, when you believe that Jesus preordained it should be so? If the Romans and Jews had not put him to death, you would have no Savior, for you tell me that it is only through his blood that one can be saved. Besides, did not Jesus himself say: 'Forgive them; they know not what they do?'" "I do not blame the Jews, and I have never spoken against them," said Mr. Moody. "The statement in a Philadelphia newspaper that I did is untrue. I never see a Jew but I feel like taking off my hat to him. In my opinion, your people are destined to be the great missionaries to convert the world to Christ. What better agency could there be? You are scattered throughout the earth, and speak all languages. I believe you will all go back to Jerusalem one day, and be restored to your old kingdom, don't you?" "No, I do not," was the reply. "You never could induce intelligent Jews to settle in such a miserable, sterile little patch of land as Palestine, when they can sit in luxury in their homes in London, Paris, and Frankfurt, and there control the commerce of nations and the destinies of empires. Why should they go back to Palestine? In all their ancient glory—which was not very great after all—they were never as prosperous and powerful as they are now." "You will all go back to Jerusalem, and you will all be brought to Christ at last," said Mr. Moody. "I tell you it's bound to come." "I have given you some reasons for not believing in Christianity, and I could give many more," said the young man. "I am open to conviction, but I cannot believe what my reason rejects. Prove to me that Christianity is purer than Judaism, and I will become a Christian." "It is not a matter of reason. Conversion must come from the heart, and not from the head," replied the preacher. "But it will come at last. You will all be brought to Christ." "By a miracle, I presume. Do you believe in modern miracles, Mr. Moody?" "Well, I don't know. Every conversion is a miracle, I suppose. But when I was in England a Mr. Midwood assured me that a female relative of his had, by means of his prayers, been cured of a disease of long standing. You can write to him, if you like, and he'll tell you all about it. Address him 'care Young Men's Christian Association, Manchester.' Surely, that was a miracle. Now if I should convert you, I should call it a miracle." "So should I," rejoined the young man. "Have you made any Jewish converts?" he asked, as he rose to leave. "Well, several have stood up and professed Christ. But," said Mr. Moody, as he took the visitor's proffered hand, "I cannot say that I put much faith in converted Jews."

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF SCIENCE.

The wonderful advance in scientific knowledge during the past few years has struck even investigators themselves with an amazement which is not lessened by the abundant promise of future revelations, which are even now casting "their shadows before."

It is but a brief space of time since the theory of the nebulous origin of our solar system was regarded with distrust by all, except a very few leading minds. It was so far reaching in its consequences, that men's minds could scarce grasp the conception, and not until improved means of observation had demonstrated the existence at the present time of nebulous masses, that appear to be now undergoing important changes, was the theory of Laplace accepted by the scientific world. Grand as the idea was recognized to be, few, if any, understood its real importance, and the civilized world was almost startled out of its propriety, when but little more than a decade and a half ago Darwin, following the same course of reasoning, announced it as his belief "that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on the earth have descended from some one primordial form," and that he viewed "all beings, not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited." This furnished the second chapter to the theory of Evolution, and gave to man a history of the genesis, not only of our system of worlds, but of organic life, both vegetable and animal, upon this planet, and traced matter from an attenuated gas through its various changes and combinations until organized in the delicate structure of the human form.

The publication of the Origin of Species, in 1859, was the signal for a fresh outbreak upon the part of the Christian Church, and a renewal of the relentless warfare, that it has almost continuously waged against science. The clergy was furious, and denounced and damned, while the press ridiculed and reviled Darwin and his doctrines. He was accused of "infidelity," and his teachings branded as "bestial." But all their malignant abuse could not suppress the truth nor fetter the free thought of the nineteenth century. The conflict was short, sharp, and most decisive; the advocates of the doctrine of a special creation were routed at every point, and, with the exception of a few fool-hardy belligerents, they have given up the contest, and are now quietly revising their theology and adapting it to the increased intelligence of the present age. But the task is no easy one, for the march of scientific progress has not paused for them, and, as ever before, they are still in the rear.

Spencer's philosophy has advanced a step further than Darwin's researches had gone. Leaving the material world, he has entered the domain of mind, and coupling it with life, has traced it through an ascending scale, from the ascidian through the articulates to the vertebrates, from the fishes, reptiles, and birds, to the mammals, and up to man himself; he has marked the different stages of progress, and shown their connection, from the simple reflex nervous action of the lower orders to instinct, and from instinct to an intelligence that has culminated in man's ability to weigh the planets and read the characters of light, that nature has traced upon far distant systems of suns.

At first thought, it might seem that this last supplement to our ascertained knowledge, concerning the process of development, had brought us to the point where further investigation is barred, that the human mind cannot go back of matter, nor reach to aught higher than it itself, and that the Beyond must still be excluded from the domain of science and left to that of blind and unreasoning faith. But in the light of the past, who will dare mark the point in any direction where it may be said to the investigating mind, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?" The possibilities of science are beyond conjecture, and even now a new era of grand discoveries seems to be dawning upon us. Prof. Tyndall has just ascertained that the air, deprived of its floating dust, will neither

generate life nor transmit the rays of sun light, while a co-laborer has shown that the sun's light has a direct mechanical force, which he is able to apply and approximately measure. What fountains of knowledge may be opened, what seals of thought broken, by these discoveries, we can scarce surmise; but their great importance must be apparent to all.

But there is another field of observation that is just beginning to receive its merited attention, that is full of significant promise, one where science will yet win its fairest laurels, and will indeed crown itself with immortality. Laplace, Darwin, Spencer, and their associates, have traced evolution through matter and mind, and it now remains for some specially gifted follower to cross the boundary and add a genesis of spirit. To most this will seem a rash idea, nor is this to be wondered at. The recent developments in spiritual manifestations have been of such an unusual and startling character that it is not in the least surprising that the careful students of nature have for the most part looked upon them with suspicion, and have not dared to deal with them as reliable phenomena. But these manifestations are now being verified as facts, as well as presenting new and interesting phases. Enough has been observed to indicate that they are governed by natural laws which may be studied, as those of matter and mind, and the field is open for the investigator to step in, trace them out, and unlock the mighty mystery. As a general thing, investigation has thus far been conducted in a loose manner and without system. The truths we have gathered have come to us so mixed with error that we have often been unable to distinguish the one from the other. The time has now arrived for the application of the crucial tests of scientific method. Facts must be carefully verified and generalized, and their hidden meaning deduced by strictly logical process. When the trained students of natural science have once been enlisted in the cause, and have commenced their critical observations, we may expect soon to see an important advance toward a knowledge of the next important step in the orderly series of developments. A careful and well-informed writer has said: "For scientific proof of this after life, and future development, the whole world is looking, nor is there anything unreasonable in the expectation." This concentration of mind, in looking for and seeking after this proof, must eventuate in its discovery. When thinking minds have once conceived that a hidden truth may be revealed by patient investigation, it cannot long remain a secret. If it should be urged that our faculties do not fit us to prosecute our inquiries in the spirit world, it may be answered that the fundamental law of evolution is the development of new organs, or new powers, as they become necessary, and there is nothing inconsistent nor incredible in the idea of an advance in the development of our present senses, or of the beginning of an internal and still higher sense, which shall take cognizance of that which is beyond the grasp of those we now possess, and lead us to that which is at present unattainable. I think we have even now abundant evidence of a development of this character, in clairvoyance and clairaudience. These new senses are at present possessed by but few, but through the laws of heredity and adaptation, they may in time become general, and reach a perfection that will enable us to stand face to face with the hereafter, and to deal with spirits as we now do with mind and matter. The grandeur of the thought is almost bewildering, but that the onward march of progress will eventually reach far beyond even this, I have not the slightest doubt. D.

Houston, Texas.

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For the Spiritualist at Work.

CATCHING THE DEVIL.

BY DR. C. D. GRIMES.

It is said that our greatest victories are obtained, and our greatest advancement made, when we learn to unlearn what we have learned amiss.

If we have learned to think that it is all "God" on the side of "I," and all "Devil" on the side of "you," thus becoming exclusive, dogmatic, and overbearing, we make a great advance when we unlearn and discard it.

This is why I counsel moderation, in catching and caging the Devil, before we found whether he was good or bad; before we knew whether he is for us or against us.

Then, again, if the Devil is a necessary link in the "vast chain of being, which from God began"; if he is one of those links without which the universe would be incomplete, as well as one which was pronounced not only to be "good," but "very good"; if it be a fact that he did not create himself, and was in no sense responsible for what he was, perhaps it will be better not to spring the trap on him at present, for there seems to be no doubt that he is here without his knowledge or consent; and if he fell from a high estate, it must have been from some imperfection in his being, or in some inability of his Maker to keep thus; for all of which, it seems to me, it would be wrong to think he was to blame for.

When Job was asked by his wife to "curse God and die," he seems to have recognized him as having been shipped "over the line," in due form, and labeled as "good," and "very good." And God not only said that He created both the evil and the good, but actually sent him on some important missions.

But then, good people entertain such conflicting opinions about His Satanic Majesty that it is enough to make many wonder which is right, after all. Prof. Swing quotes Jean Paul as saying that "a scholar cannot be miserable," to prove that the Devil has nothing to do with him—that he starves out, and dies out, where there is scholarship, culture, and civilization, while the Rev. J. Atkinson, of the La Salle street Methodist Episcopal Church, in the same city, and on the same day (March 27, 1876,) tells us that these are his "best hold."

Now let us see if we interpret him right: "Many think cultivation will remove the sinful nature. You will increase it by cultivation. Civilization has never made our natures better. The Romans never improved by their cultivation. They were more capable of evil by it."

We think we have an advanced state of civilization, and boast of our science and culture, arts and manufactures, as well as our world-renowned free educational system; but when this reverend gentleman tells us that "the Devil is running this country," we involuntarily shout Hurrah for the Devil—hoofs, horns and all! Down with the man who makes a cage and offers a reward for his capture!

But the Rev. John Williamson, of the Wabash Avenue Methodist Church, Chicago, who, although very properly doubting that God would be allowed his own way in cleansing government officials and regulating the government kitchen at Washington, did, nevertheless, on the same day, have faith enough left to unfold to his audience his plan, which turns out to be the new gospel plan according to his good Brother Moody. Not satisfied with the crucifixion of Babcock and Belknap, or with any plan which statesmen might suggest, he is anxious to go in for the gospel according to Moody; *i. e.*, that it would be "capital statesmanship to turn Congress into a protracted meeting and invite Moody to conduct it," telling us at the same time that—"I know of no other plan so feasible, because it is so accordant with God's method to save our imperiled republic."

But strange as it may seem, on the same day, and in the same city, the Rev. Dr. Powell had his soul stirred a little on the subject of such kinds of gospels as the Moody plan, gently hinting, as I thought, that they were engineered by the "opposite party"; *i. e.*, that it consisted of certain

magnetic "love potions," calculated to effect emotional natures; and although taking effect rather disproportionately, so far as sex is concerned, hitting a little over two women to one man, it was, nevertheless, in its nature much like a June frost—soon over with.

Who, then, shall decide when doctors disagree? And what prudent man will dare spring the trap until he knows which is to be taken, God or the Devil?

"Let us convert Congress to our faith," saith the "initiated," put God in the Constitution, Brother Moody in Congress, turn out the Babcocks and Belknaps, bring the Government back to puritanical purity, avoiding the clash of arms and the "blood letting," by letting God reign in righteousness, in love, in peace and quietness; but "Not painlessly doth God recast and mould anew a nation," said Whittier.

The stake and faggot of early Christians; the saws, harrows, and axes of iron, that David caused the people to pass under; as well as the sword that Jesus brought and Mahomet wielded, must all have been in the programme; and were the necessary refiner's fire that sat upon David and the ancient people to lead them, "by a way they knew not of."

And here it is again, the clergy are telling us it is the Devil that is working all this mischief of commotion and friction, of war and famine, filling the land with groans, and widows, and orphans, and tears; but Chandler says a little "blood letting," and Whittier says "Not painlessly" is God working to bring the nation to a higher standpoint. How dare we spring the trap until we know which we are to catch, God or the Devil. Shall we catch the Christian Devil, or Whittier's God, if we spring it now?

But suppose Moody is invited into Congress, and by one grand *coup d'etat* Congress is gobbled up in his gospel net, will not they be a "tail" to Brother Moody's "kite," in the new dispensation of gospel and order, peace and quietude? Will Brother Moody call some of the high dignitaries about him in the new order. Will Congress be treated to an essay occasionally from Brother Jonathan Edwards, D. D., proving that "Jesus, and Atheists, and Deists, have as good right to live as any other good lunatics"?

Will there be an occasional essay on Baxter's golden discovery, that "unlimited liberty and toleration is to be abhorred?" Will they use Cotton Mather's ingenious plan, a replenishing the treasury of the Lord with the avails of Quakers sold into slavery? Will they copy and use the puritanical order of Massachusetts, that "no person shall be admitted to the rights of a citizen unless they were a member of a puritanical church?"—*i. e.*, no Catholic, Universalist, Anabaptist, or Quaker, would answer. Will they give such lunatics as Holmes thirty stripes, lacerating them so that they cannot lie down, or sit down, when they refuse to take off their hats in the presence of the "Lord's chosen?" Would they fine the master of a vessel £100 for bringing a Quaker into the country? Would they give us a re-lash of the Connecticut blue laws, and allow no mother to kiss her child on Sundays, or fast days? Will this be the way they will catch the Devil, in the "new dispensation"—the good time coming?

If they do, there will be "war in heaven" again, and some of the new converts will fall overboard before they are half fledged, for there is an antagonizing unrest and motion at the bottom of all being. It constitutes the essential condition of every atom and molecule in the universe. Motion is the law and rest the exception. The soul is a force, expressing itself in motion. It is known to us by its effects upon matter. It moulds matter to its liking, like the clay in the hands of the potter. It has no power to stop its motion; but an inexorable necessity compels it to move on. Like the eagle in the air, it is compelled to keep its wings flapping, and move onward and upward. It cannot fold its wings and lay idle. The soul is not an article that is to be polished up, and laid away to keep it bright, but it must have, yea, will have, a little motion and friction, a little collision and antagonism every day. The eagle must flap

its wings, bear its breast to the storm, cut the wind, and soar away onward and upward, above the storm cloud, up where all is calm and serenity. But this serenity cannot be reached without buffeting the storm. Without antagonism and disintegration, there could be no integration and progression. The superior and corroding forces of the atmosphere must disintegrate the rock before the forces conserved, or laid up, there can be liberated, and be free to be caught in a higher form. It is this dying and living, living and dying, in which we could not live and enjoy unless we suffered and died, that carries us forward in the grand scale of being.

Reasoning from the standpoint of the material—the body—these evils, or devils, are all wrong; and it is not only our duty, but we cannot avoid the effort, the struggle, yea, the antagonism, to set them right; and in the trial, in the antagonism, we obtain the advancement—the good that is in the to-morrow to be

Struggling forever, as 'tis understood
In the to-morrow of life there is greater good;
Reaching forever o'er life's fitful sea,
For the good just ahead, the to-morrow to be.

Reasoning from the standpoint of the spiritual—the soul—these are all "good," yes, "very good," because they expand and develop the soul, carrying it a little nearer the Great Infinite Soul, toward which all being is tending.

To unfold the Deific powers that lay entombed in the human soul, is the end for which every motion and effort in universal nature transpires. With one voice from her countless millions of avenues she calls upon us to venture on its Divine possibilities.

Whoever met the Devil in stern encounter and obtained a victory without feeling better prepared to meet him the second time? Our trials snap the cords that binds us to a material plane; and whoever snapped one of these cords without feeling he had made an advance toward Deity? Whoever overcame a material condition without bringing the soul "out of the woods" and nearer the realm of spirit? Who is it that sees the most lions in their path, and Devils by the wayside, but those who are always looking through the bloody vapors and clouds they have drawn around their own souls? Who is it that is ever seeing evil in others, and fixing up a hell for their punishment, but those who who have the most evil in their natures? Those who are constantly looking for faults to feast upon, find nothing but faults, and are like the buzzard, who prefers carrion when there is plenty of sweet meat, while those who are looking for good find it in God's dominions everywhere.

Sturgis, April 2, 1876.

[To be continued.]

For the Spiritualist at Work.

TRUTH ONLY DESIRED.

FRIEND TINNEY:—"When two differ one must be wrong," I think illogical, because each may be in error. Ask how large the moon appears of some one, and the reply will be, "About the size of your hat, or a peck measure," when another will say, "About as large as a cart wheel, or a big drum," each being indefinite, whether the whole, or the surface of *end only*, were intended. This refers to *visible* objects; but when *invisible* are alluded to, vastly greater difference of opinion will appear, with no means of proof for the truth desired.

"A position against all Christendom; about flat worlds; Catholics; Protestants; infallibility; the Pope—his power; and Spiritualists doubting vicarious atonement," are views similar to my own; but for "spirit and matter to be one and the same thing, with interchanging relations," is where we differ, the reasons for which I gave in my last. You make no reply, or even an allusion, "whether this is complimentary to any belief," or the *cause* for my faith is reasonable or consistent. You are as silent as the dead, hence submit the matter to our readers; also, that "no covert sneers" in the stubborn facts appealed to are thought of.

Ours may be "the best Government this world has ever produced," but your proof is not conclusive, as I read the history of ancient Greece and Rome, previous to the

battle of Phillippi (B. C., 42), resulting in the overthrow and death of a government similar, if not equal, to our own, which the minds of Demosthenes, Cicero, and others, endeavored to preserve. And—the same necessity exists to-day, to guard against corrupt men obtaining power—whether minds existing to-day are superior, equal, or inferior, to Plato, the immortal Cæsar, or those competent to calculate the results of government, or an eclipse of the sun or moon to a moment, is as foreign to the topic on which we disagreed and commenced our correspondence as the theory you now offer, that "the universe is a republic—its government republican."

I am no politician, and have no desire for intrigue, etc. You ask me to "listen to your teachings, and to accept them;" also, that "cause and effect are inseparable and convertible, the powers that govern, in all cases, being derived from the governed," etc., etc. If you think the Government of Mexico, of Cuba, or Spain, to say nothing of others, are "derived from the governed," or that of the universe from its people, some illustration might enlighten my dull, or perhaps dark, mind in your estimation; therefore, I conclude you will not be interested in anything I might offer in the future, and have about decided it as useless to make any attempt.

Respectfully, for all truth,

A. B. CHURCH.

P. S.—As you branch off to the government of the universe, and contend for "reciprocal relations," allow me to ask how you illustrate, and apply human government to the government of the universe, for it is said to be "a poor rule that will not work both ways," and, of course, can not be acceptable to you with "reciprocal relations" left out in the cold? Please inform what progress you have made, say for the last twenty years, in determining which has the greater executive abilities, yourself, or the Cause of all worlds and things?

Columbus, Ind., April 12, 1876.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

FRIEND WILSON: Please allow me a few words in reply to Prof. Van Hyatt. I was not aware that there was anything ambiguous in asking for the evidence that the internal fires of the earth were extinguished. I cannot see the analogy between a brick kiln, with the arches closed, and the earth with numerous volcanoes in full blast, which seems like evidence that the fires are still burning. Perhaps Prof. V. can produce Hubbard Squashes by planting the seed on a boot-jack. I must admit I have not faith enough in the experiment to try it. I suppose the soil bears the same corresponding relation to the vegetable that the female does to the animal. If Prof. V. is correct the seed of the animal would germinate just as well planted in the defunct remains of some female as in the living animal. From your statement you seem to be as firm in the conviction that this opaque surface is the external of our planet, as Sherman and Lyon are that its center is inhabited or uninhabitable. I doubt the correctness of either, as the interchange between the seen and unseen would seem sufficient evidence of an external surrounding, to us invisible; a different condition of the same thing. If, as you say, my premises are false, my deductions must be; as false premises invariably lead to wrong conclusions. That you may not mistake my premises, allow me state them in brief: The double condition represented in the seen and unseen, call them spirit and matter or what you please, are interchanging relations, consequently the powers that govern are derived from what they govern, and every effort of the Moodys and Sankys of orthodoxy or Spiritualism to sustain the supremacy of the unseen over the seen is a blow aimed at the principles upon which not only our republic but all existence is based. Withdraw the support of the subjects of the most absolute despotism on the face of the earth, and its power is gone. Apply the same law upon which our republic is founded to the government of the universe and you have my premises whether false or true. Yours placed in juxtaposition would show their relative merits.

Yours truly,

J. TINNEY.

Westfield, N. Y., March 20, 1876.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, JUNE 1, 1876.

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E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Marlin, twenty miles from Waco, is a thriving little town of about 1,000 inhabitants, an active growth, founded on enterprise. We spoke five lectures here, giving good satisfaction, and making many friends.

Navasota, a town of 2,000 people, very conservative, and not now what it was in 1865-8. Then there were full 4,000 people. The yellow fever devastated this city in 1867, and it never has recovered from the blow that God in his merciful Providence afflicted it with. We gave three lectures here to good sized audiences, giving many tests.

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In our visit to Texas we have been disappointed in more ways than one, and always agreeably. We met with kindness everywhere, and good will in every town which we visited. In Galveston, Dr. E. Stone, R. Talbot, W. H. Pasco, and their good ladies, Col. Thrasher, and Dr. Randall, afforded us every assistance in their power, and we are under many obligations to them for kind word and help. At Houston, Col. Paul

Bremond, Mrs. Lawler, L. W. Daily, Jno. D. Richardson, H. Harrold, Mrs. Griffith, placed us under many obligations for the generous support, good will and kind words. Bros. Painter, Dwyer, Sawyer, Bristol, and their ladies were with us in good will and earnest work.

At Columbia, on the Brazos, we were made welcome by Capt. Payne, of the Payne Hotel. Dr. Porter, and others, vied with each other in making our stay pleasant. We wish that they were as firm in the faith and knowledge of Spiritualism as we are, but they need the evidence. Col. Wm. L. Booth, Charles Booth, and their families, are the representative Spiritualists of Hempstead. They are also lawyers of no mean ability, and men that can be trusted fully, and their good ladies are queens in their houses. Col. Rankin and Dr. Spencer gave us the hand of friendship, and bid us welcome to Hempstead. These gentlemen are Methodists; differing from us in their views, and yet they are men in every sense of the word, and believe in trying the Spirits.

At Navasota we were entertained by Bro. and Sister Walden, who did all in their power to forward our cause, and the Miller Bros., merchants, furnished us a hall free of charge, in which to speak, and our good friend, McNair, the cotton factor, sent us the finest bouquet we ever saw, for our table during the State Convention. May the truth of his life be as beautiful as this grand Texas bouquet.

At Brenham, J. S. Norton, Capt. Bush, and their ladies, made our stay pleasant. We met Miss Martin, a good circle medium, giving many fine tests.

At Bryan we met Col. Mitchell and the Moor Brothers, good men and true, but fearfully demoralized by that common fraud, Prof. S. S. Baldwin. Here we met the only man in all Texas who gave us an unpleasant word, and he, a Baptist Christian, was anxious to treat us to a coat of tar. This was expressed at the supper table of the Buena Vista House, before many ladies and gentlemen, he not knowing that we were at the table, but soon learned the fact to his own shame and the great amusement of all present.

Marlin, a live town, where we made friends by the score, among whom honest Sam. M. Dutton stood first and foremost, sustained by Hart, Watkins, Williams, Frank, Norton, and others. Marlin is a live town and chuck full of Spiritualists. May it become the capital of Texas.

At Waco lives honest Geo. B. Dutton, the faithful and true Spiritualist of Texas, together with his good wife, assisted by many others, made our stay very pleasant indeed.

Corsicana. What can we say of the good will and full houses we met in this fair western city, and what would Corsicana be without earnest Bros. Geo. W. Shelton, J. H. Howell, and many others? Thus the work goes bravely on, and all is well.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have just returned from a successful lecturing tour in Texas. Visiting Galveston, Houston, Columbia, Hempstead, Brenham, Navasota, Bryan, Marlin, Waco, Corsicana, Sherman and Denison. In all of these places we found warm-hearted and true Spiritualists, who took us by the hand and made us welcome. We have done as well as we expected to, in fact better; we like Texas, it is a great State in all that that word means. The climate is equal to that of Italy; the soil is rich, and full of those chemical properties that produce cotton, tobacco, hemp (and there will be a great deal of this last article required for special purposes, in the next few years, if justice be done to all that deserve, both south and north), sugar cane; corn, wheat, barley, oats and grasses; apples, figs, oranges, lemons, dates, pomegranates, bananas, plums, grapes, blackberries and strawberries, together with all vegetables required for family use. All that Texas requires is development, industry and the use of the hoe and the plow instead of the revolver and bowie knife. Texas needs railroad and slack water navigation. The system of common schools, outside of the large cities, needs the attention of all concerned; we feel that under the new constitution the

common schools of Texas will receive an incentive that will make them just what they are intended to be, a benefit and blessing; provided the legislature carries out the intent of the new constitution.

The labor question is an important one in Texas; now that the old system of slavery has passed away forever, a new and practical one must take its place. Who shall be the laborers of Texas? is the all absorbing question of the day. We have interviewed the white and black races, the old master and the freedman, and we are fully persuaded that the black race is the best adapted to the purpose of tilling the soil. They understand the raising of cotton and sugar cane, while the northern and European laborers do not; besides, the black race is acclimated, hardy and adopted to the customs of the country. The color line is strong in its influence, and marked in its effect; the old time planter will never tolerate social familiarity with the black race. Said a very intelligent freedman to us at Columbia: "Our race need taking by the hand and lifting up out of the effects of slavery. Over four millions of men, women and children were turned loose in a day, ignorant of every duty of life; every one of us adulterers, fornicators and out casts. No home, no place to lay our heads; our women and children like cows and calves, our men like bullocks were turned out upon society, not knowing what the first rudiments of society were; not one in one thousand who knew A from Z, let alone reading and writing; besides all this, we were naked, homeless and hungry, without a cent in our hands to help ourselves with. In this pitiable condition we were expected to whirl into the ranks of civilization and become orderly citizens. We were plundered by those who professed to be our teachers; robbed by the carpet-baggers; killed like wild beasts by the southern skallawag; mistreated by our former masters; refused admission into good society by those who brought us our freedom, and you, sir, with all you boasted spiritual truth, founded on progression here and hereafter, would bar my soul in its advance step, and send me to hell, before you would allow me to become as you are through blending my race with yours under the marriage contract; and you dare not deny it. Now, what can you expect of us, look yonder on the depot platform, see that herd of men, women and children, all wrangling to sell that man a bucket of dewberries, and the chances are that he will cheat them in end; and I saw you but a few minutes ago beat that woman down from seventy-five to sixty-five cents for her pail and berries, and yet you ask us to be Christians, Spiritualists, to be honest and work for our old masters, or new ones, and yet remain the 'damned nigger.'"

"You are bitter, very, and have drawn a picture, as dark as your own skin, of your present and past condition. This does not help you; fault finding never made any one better, or improved the condition of any human being. The color line I know is strong and cannot be ruled out. In your reference 'to become as you are through the marriage law,' we hold can not be; if you were as well posted in the physiological laws of life as you seem to be with the condition of your own race, you would not for a moment think of such a thing, for the hybrid is not prolific or long lived; for our observation proves that, as a rule, the mixed bloods are short lived beings, whether with the black or red races, and we hold that your only hope is to maintain the color line in all its distinctiveness and elevate it by culture and industry; to blot it out is just what your enemies want. You referred to those men and women on the platform; there are twenty-one of them all told, they have eleven buckets of dewberries for which they will get \$5.50, provided they can sell them; now what are these people worth on a plantation? Please tell me."

"They are worth from \$10 to \$15 per day."

"Very well, you see at a glance that in a pecuniary point of view this is not their place, for they are the losers by \$7.50 at the very least. Now you are a leader, go to these people and tell them wherein they are wrong and wherein they are right."

"All aboard," and we left "our colored brethren" and sisters with their berries unsold.

Now, we hold that there is fault on both sides. First, the white race expect too much from these colored people. Second, the black race do not know what to do with their liberty. In this dilemma moderation must take the place of coercion. To throw the black race out of Texas to-day would be destructive to her growth; cripple her revenues, and destroy her resources; hence, cannot be thought of for one moment. What, then, can be done? We answer suggestively: First, drop the "damn nigger" phrase, and in its place use the words "the colored man and woman," or man and woman. Second, pay the laborer for what he does, and do not let him get in debt to you. Third, build school houses, furnish good teachers and educate your laborers; treat them with respect, yet maintain a dignified distinction between the employer and the employed. Fourth, make the plantation the most attractive place to be found on every day on the week, and your help will remain on it, and soon you will find that more men and women will come to your help than you will require. This will give you the right of choice in your help. Fifth, and finally, lead your men to victory, and do not drive them, and thus establish good labor, reliable help, and honest citizenship, and pleasant neighbors.

Test Department.

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

TESTS.

We present our readers in this number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK a chapter of tests, which have never been equaled for sharp points in the history of Spiritualism. We have the names of all the parties referred to, and can prove them to be as they are here related:

No. 1. To a young man in Waco, Texas. On taking his hand, we were *en rapport* with his past, and there stood before us a colored man, who said he had something to say to him, but did not wish to say it before the people. We said to the man there is with you, here, a colored man, who has something to say to you, and if you will wait a little after meeting we will tell it to you. He replied: "I will do so." After meeting he came to us, saying: "What did the nigger wish to say?" Instantly, we felt his presence, then saw him; he was a fine, powerful fellow, and he said: "This man knows who killed me." "Did he do it?" we asked. "No; but he knows who did the killing." He then showed us the place. We saw his shanty, or hut, and the two men that did the killing. We saw them shoot him. The negro said: "This man can put his hand on the parties who killed me." Mr. ——— was very much surprised, and said: "It is a fact. I knew such a case, long years ago, but I had nothing to do with the killing. This is how it was: This nigger insulted some young men, one day, and they determined to kill him, and came for me to help them kill the fellow, but I would have nothing to do with it, advising them not to do it; but one night the negro was taken out of his house and shot. Subsequently these young men placed me under obligations not to tell what I knew. It is far from here, and I can put my hand on the men who killed the nigger."

While he was reflecting on what had been said, there came before us a sweet, beautiful being, full of life and sunshine—a young girl just budding into womanhood. She said to us: "Tell Cousin ——— that I am Jennie, and I want him to carry my love to his sister Ida. Tell her that I often see her and him, and that I love them as of old. And do not fail to tell Ida how I came." And then, turning to us, she said: "God bless dear Cousin Ida," and then left for her home in the Summer Land.

Mr. ——— observed: "There is no use in talking; this is a fact. My Cousin Jennie was just such a girl as he has described,

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At Brenham, J. S. Norton, Capt. Bush, and their ladies, made our stay pleasant. We met Miss Martin, a good circle medium, giving many fine tests.

At Bryan we met Col. Mitchell and the Moor Brothers, good men and true, but fearfully demoralized by that common fraud, Prof. S. S. Baldwin. Here we met the only man in all Texas who gave us an unpleasant word, and he, a Baptist Christian, was anxious to treat us to a coat of tar. This was expressed at the supper table of the Buena Vista House, before many ladies and gentlemen, he not knowing that we were at the table, but soon learned the fact to his own shame and the great amusement of all present.

Marlin, a live town, where we made friends by the score, among whom honest Sam. M. Dutton stood first and foremost, sustained by Hart, Watkins, Williams, Frank, Norton, and others. Marlin is a live town and chuck full of Spiritualists. May it become the capital of Texas.

At Waco lives honest Geo. B. Dutton, the faithful and true Spiritualist of Texas, together with his good wife, assisted by many others, made our stay very pleasant indeed.

Corsicana. What can we say of the good will and full houses we met in this fair western city, and what would Corsicana be without earnest Bros. Geo. W. Shelton, J. H. Howell, and many others? Thus the work goes bravely on, and all is well.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have just returned from a successful lecturing tour in Texas. Visiting Galveston, Houston, Columbia, Hempstead, Brenham, Navasota, Bryan, Marlin, Waco, Corsicana, Sherman and Denison. In all of these places we found warm-hearted and true Spiritualists, who took us by the hand and made us welcome. We have done as well as we expected to, in fact better; we like Texas, it is a great State in all that that word means. The climate is equal to that of Italy; the soil is rich, and full of those chemical properties that produce cotton, tobacco, hemp (and there will be a great deal of this last article required for special purposes, in the next few years, if justice be done to all that deserve, both south and north), sugar cane; corn, wheat, barley, oats and grasses; apples, figs, oranges, lemons, dates, pomegranates, bananas, plums, grapes, blackberries and strawberries, together with all vegetables required for family use. All that Texas requires is development, industry and the use of the hoe and the plow instead of the revolver and bowie knife. Texas needs railroad and slack water navigation. The system of common schools, outside of the large cities, needs the attention of all concerned; we feel that under the new constitution the

common schools of Texas will receive an incentive that will make them just what they are intended to be, a benefit and blessing; provided the legislature carries out the intent of the new constitution.

The labor question is an important one in Texas; now that the old system of slavery has passed away forever, a new and practical one must take its place. Who shall be the laborers of Texas? is the all absorbing question of the day. We have interviewed the white and black races, the old master and the freedman, and we are fully persuaded that the black race is the best adapted to the purpose of tilling the soil. They understand the raising of cotton and sugar cane, while the northern and European laborers do not; besides, the black race is acclimated, hardy and adopted to the customs of the country. The color line is strong in its influence, and marked in its effect; the old time planter will never tolerate social familiarity with the black race. Said a very intelligent freedman to us at Columbia: "Our race need taking by the hand and lifting up out of the effects of slavery. Over four millions of men, women and children were turned loose in a day, ignorant of every duty of life; every one of us adulterers, fornicators and out casts. No home, no place to lay our heads; our women and children like cows and calves, our men like bullocks were turned out upon society, not knowing what the first rudiments of society were; not one in one thousand who knew A from Z, let alone reading and writing; besides all this, we were naked, houseless and hungry, without a cent in our hands to help ourselves with. In this pitiable condition we were expected to whirl into the ranks of civilization and become orderly citizens. We were plundered by those who professed to be our teachers; robbed by the carpet-baggers; killed like wild beasts by the southern skallahawg; mistreated by our former masters; refused admission into good society by those who brought us our freedom, and you, sir, with all you boasted spiritual truth, founded on progression here and hereafter, would bar my soul in its advance step, and send me to hell, before you would allow me to become as you are through blending my race with yours under the marriage contract; and you dare not deny it. Now, what can you expect of us, look yonder on the depot platform, see that herd of men, women and children, all wrangling to sell that man a bucket of dewberries, and the chances are that he will cheat them in end; and I saw you but a few minutes ago beat that woman down from seventy-five to sixty-five cents for her pail and berries, and yet you ask us to be Christians, Spiritualists, to be honest and work for our old masters, or new ones, and yet remain the 'damned nigger.'"

"You are bitter, very, and have drawn a picture, as dark as your own skin, of your present and past condition. This does not help you; fault finding never made any one better, or improved the condition of any human being. The color line I know is strong and cannot be ruled out. In your reference 'to become as you are through the marriage law,' we hold can not be; if you were as well posted in the physiological laws of life as you seem to be with the condition of your own race, you would not for a moment think of such a thing, for the hybrid is not prolific or long lived; for our observation proves that, as a rule, the mixed bloods are short lived beings, whether with the black or red races, and we hold that your only hope is to maintain the color line in all its distinctiveness and elevate it by culture and industry; to blot it out is just what your enemies want. You referred to those men and women on the platform; there are twenty-one of them all told, they have eleven buckets of dewberries for which they will get \$5.50, provided they can sell them; now what are these people worth on a plantation? Please tell me."

"They are worth from \$10 to \$15 per day."

"Very well, you see at a glance that in a pecuniary point of view this is not their place, for they are the loosers by \$7.50 at the very least. Now you are a leader, go to these people and tell them wherein they are wrong and wherein they are right."

"All aboard," and we left "our colored brethren" and sisters with their berries unsold.

Now, we hold that there is fault on both sides. First, the white race expect too much from these colored people. Second, the black race do not know what to do with their liberty. In this dilemma moderation must take the place of coercion. To throw the black race out of Texas to-day would be destructive to her growth; cripple her revenues, and destroy her resources; hence, cannot be thought of for one moment. What, then, can be done? We answer suggestively: First, drop the "damn nigger" phrase, and in its place use the words "the colored man and woman," or man and woman. Second, pay the laborer for what he does, and do not let him get in debt to you. Third, build school houses, furnish good teachers and educate your laborers; treat them with respect, yet maintain a dignified distinction between the employer and the employed. Fourth, make the plantation the most attractive place to be found on every day on the week, and your help will remain on it, and soon you will find that more men and women will come to your help than you will require. This will give you the right of choice in your help. Fifth, and finally, lead your men to victory, and do not drive them, and thus establish good labor, reliable help, and honest citizenship, and pleasant neighbors.

Test Department.

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

TESTS.

We present our readers in this number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK a chapter of tests, which have never been equalled for sharp points in the history of Spiritualism. We have the names of all the parties referred to, and can prove them to be as they are here related:

No. 1. To a young man in Waco, Texas. On taking his hand, we were *en rapport* with his past, and there stood before us a colored man, who said he had something to say to him, but did not wish to say it before the people. We said to the man there is with you, here, a colored man, who has something to say to you, and if you will wait a little after meeting we will tell it to you. He replied: "I will do so." After meeting he came to us, saying: "What did the nigger wish to say?" Instantly, we felt his presence, then saw him; he was a fine, powerful fellow, and he said: "This man knows who killed me." "Did he do it?" we asked. "No; but he knows who did the killing." He then showed us the place. We saw his shanty, or hut, and the two men that did the killing. We saw them shoot him. The negro said: "This man can put his hand on the parties who killed me." Mr. — was very much surprised, and said: "It is a fact. I knew such a case, long years ago, but I had nothing to do with the killing. This is how it was: This nigger insulted some young men, one day, and they determined to kill him, and came for me to help them kill the fellow, but I would have nothing to do with it, advising them not to do it; but one night the negro was taken out of his house and shot. Subsequently these young men placed me under obligations not to tell what I knew. It is far from here, and I can put my hand on the men who killed the nigger."

While he was reflecting on what had been said, there came before us a sweet, beautiful being, full of life and sunshine—a young girl just budding into womanhood. She said to us: "Tell Cousin — that I am Jennie, and I want him to carry my love to his sister Ida. Tell her that I often see her and him, and that I love them as of old. And do not fail to tell Ida how I came." And then, turning to us, she said: "God bless dear Cousin Ida," and then left for her home in the Summer Land.

Mr. — observed: "There is no use in talking; this is a fact. My Cousin Jennie was just such a girl as he has described,

and, next to my sister Ida, was my especial favorite. I yield the point."

No. 2. In Waco, Texas, April, 1876, after lecturing for forty-five minutes, we felt the divine inflatus. After which, we said: "Please nominate some one for test reading."

A voice—"Read the man on your left, sitting on front seat, next the wall."

We went to him saying, "Please lay your hand on ours—the right hand—thus; do not touch us with the thumb." "Can't you read me from my hat?" "Yes! Give us your hat." He handed us a good-looking felt hat. We took it on our fingers, the hand being inside, and walked away from the man. "We had not gone five feet from him before we felt a reverse wave, which stated in so many words: "You are deceived; be cautious." We turned to the man, who had a very honest, straight-forward look, and asked: "Is this your hat, sir?" "Yes, sir." We again turned to the hat, and our guide said: "Be guarded; this is not his hat." In an instant the whole truth was before us. We threw the hat to him, saying: "This will not do; it is not your hat; we are not to be fooled thus." There was a great laugh, and then the concession that it was a put-up job to test us, and that they had failed. This incident gave us position and character before the people of Waco.

No. 3. To a boy not over seventeen years old there came his father, who spoke words of encouragement to him. The words made a great impression our mind at the time; they were as follows, as near as we can repeat them:

"My son, I come to you with a father's blessing, and greet you with a father's love, from the great world of spirits. We are with you—your brothers, aunty and I—and I am proud of my noble boy and his brothers in the manly course you and they have taken in caring for your good and noble mother. Work on, my brave boy; be prudent and temperate in all things; be steadfast in principle; have an objective point in view, and you will win the victory over want, temptation, trials and adversity. Do not surrender your interests in the old home by the river, in Alabama; it will be valuable to you by and by. And now, son, go to your mother, and tell her to be of good cheer, and"—turning to the spirit father said, "You will let them in without pay (the four), will you not?" "Yes; we will." "Thank you!"—"tell her to come with your brothers, and I will give her words of cheer."

The boy turned to us with fine eyes filled with tears, and thanked us, saying: "My father is dead, and our home is in Alabama. After the war we came to Texas, and father died leaving mother and us three brothers very poor, and we are all working together for a little home. I will tell mother all that you have said, but I don't know how we can all come to-morrow night, for we are very poor."

"Here, my lad, are the tickets for you all. Come!"

The next night they were present, but the mother sat by herself, and came in when we were not present. Late in the evening the father came, and stood by his sons, and laid his hands on their young heads and blessed them, and thus he said, or reflected on our soul:

"Father of Heaven and Earth, send Thy angel ministrants to watch over my noble boys. Keep them in the royal highway of truth and progress, and make them sons of Thine in very truth. I ask it for their mother's sake."

He then glided to the side of the mother and wife, gazed long and earnestly into her face. Stooping gently to her, he kissed her on her forehead, then held himself up in a manly way and soliloquized: "Thou art changed, love of mine. Your face is pale and wan. Care hath wrought its work; and yet thy love is as of old—warm and true." Then, stooping, he kissed her gently on her lips. For a moment her cheeks were tinged a faint blush, as if she felt the sacred imprint of his lips on hers. He then turned to me and spake sweet words of comfort and cheer, referring to old-time days of love, happiness and prosperity. He then informed me of the impression made on her mind on Thursday night preceding the

time we write of, and other things which we have not room to relate, and bid us good night, and he left. The wife corroborated all that he said, affirming that it was true.

Many other tests were given in Waco, which we have not room to publish. We made many warm and true friends in Waco, whose memory we shall carry with us to the Spirit Land.

From Waco to Marlin, county seat of Falls county. We gave here four lectures, with tests each evening—April 10-13. This is an active little town, full of progressive life and energy, and there are many liberal-souled Spiritualists. Of the many wonderful tests given here, we feel that the following will interest our readers, for they are true:

No. 4. The case of Mr. S., of whom we wrote in No. 41. We are, for the first time, going to repeat a test. It will pay to read it, or so much of it as was not fully explained in our last. After giving incidents in his life reported to us by his charming spirit sister, whom we fully described, we said to Mr. S.: "You have an important lawsuit on hand, and you are going to lose it. There will be too many witnesses for you, and you will find the whole Bar pitted against you." "I reckon not," he replied. "Well, if ever we see each other again, you will tell me that I am right. This lady here with you is interested in a large estate, far from here, and if it is not now on hand, it will be before three months roll on." The lady knew nothing of it whatever. "We see a man"—fully describing him—"he stands on a portico before a one story box house, and has with him a letter of great importance to you, and we believe it involves a life, if not two of them. You are greatly interested in this letter, and if it is not now on the tapis it will be inside of sixty days; but we fully believe it is now a fact, and the man a living one." "Well, Mr. Wilson, you have told me many wonderful things that I fully recognize, but this man with the letter, and its results, is a failure, and I know nothing of it whatever." We replied: "It is a fact; and when we see each other again you will so concede it to us." "Well, it may be; but there is nothing now on hand that warrants your statement."

When we gave this statement to Mr. S. it was raining as only it can rain in Texas, and the wind blowing a gale. It was Sunday morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock, March 19, 1876. At two o'clock in the afternoon Mr. S. and the lady left us, fully impressed that through the failure of these positive statements we had failed in, that all was a failure. Time rolled on, and we heard no more from Mr. S., or his case, or the paper.

On the 11th of April, 1876, we found ourself at Marlin, Fall county, Texas, to give four lectures. This is the home of Mr. S. We mentioned to Mr. D., our correspondent, that we had met Mr. S., of Marlin, at Houston some time before. "Yes," said Mr. D., "and he wants to see you very much. There is a letter on hand that you referred to, that he and others wish you to see." Later in the day we saw Mr. S., and had a long talk with him, when the following statement was put into our hands:

Said Mr. S.: "You remember our conversation at Houston, on the 19th of March. Well, we went on to Huntsville and had our trial, and I lost my case. When I got there, I found the Bar of Huntsville pitted against me, and they had too many witnesses. You also remember the statement made to the lady with me, in regard to a property claim, as shown to you by the spirit form of an old man? Well, sir, that matter is on hand, and has been brought up lately by the heirs of a large estate in N. C., and the lady with me is one of the heirs; and this matter was not known to her at the time she was with me in H. And now I come to the most wonderful part of all that you told me. You remember that you saw a man standing with a letter in his hand, or with him, affecting me and involving a life? Well, on reaching home on the 28th of March, my wife put this letter into my hands. It is a notice from some unknown enemy warning me to leave the country, or die. Well, sir, on the 19th of March, and at the time you were telling

me of this letter, the man you saw and described stood before my wife, on the porch of my house, inquiring if I was at home, and when I would be at home, and was answered properly by Mrs. S., and her description of the man tallies with yours. After getting all the information he could, he left, Mrs. S. thinking nothing of the matter, as it was a frequent occurrence in my absence. The next day, however, this letter came to my address, and Mrs. S. opened it, and you see what it reads. But this is not all: Two other citizens of this place have each received a letter of this sort. And what is more important, the threat, or warning, has been carried out, in the shooting of one of the parties, Mr. Parker, who now lies at the point of death in this city."

Mr. S. then went into a detailed account of all referring to the matter, proving it to be one of those remarkable test cases of spirit testimony occurring all over our country, proving Spiritualism to be true. And this case is one that will go down to posterity as a base on which to rest the law of spirit control. We need not affirm that Mr. S. takes stock in Spiritualism.

No. 5. To Mr. Nickerson, of the Nickerson House, a thorough skeptic, came into our room at Marlin, on the 13th of April, and seated himself in a chair facing us. We were at the time talking with a Mr. Johnson, of Ragan, Texas. Said Mr. N.: "Mr. Wilson, how did my brother die? When and where?" "I can't tell you, unless I am told by the brother." "You cannot?" "No! Wait a moment. We see a hill country, and woods. There is a man walking in the woods, and he is shadowed by a man." We then carefully described the two men. "The first falls, dies, is dead; the other man hurries away. The dead man is your brother, and was killed, and yet he does not show us any phase of violence. The other man is dead also." We gave the date. "There is here a spirit man, a brother of yours, who reflects upon us a terrible chill, as if dying in cold water, or fearfully froze; indeed, we feel the effect of water and of freezing." We then described the spirit man, saying, "He calls you brother. There is here one other—a spirit who died in 1863. He was a Confederate soldier, and was killed in the late war. These men are brothers of yours, and are all the brothers you have in spirit life." There we sat, facing each other, Mr. N. looking steadily at us, not a smile on his fair face. "What do you know of these statements?" asked Mr. Johnson. Said Mr. Nickerson: "It is true, in regard to the first statement. My eldest brother left my house at the time mentioned, in good health. He had to pass through the woods described by Mr. W., and was never seen alive after he left my house. He had a difficulty with a man—the one Mr. W. saw shadowing brother—and he had threatened brother. Well, my brother was found dead in those woods. When the news reached me, I made up my mind that this man had killed my brother, so took my revolver and went to my brother's house, intent on killing the man I supposed the murderer of my brother; but on reaching the house of brother I found no evidence of violence, and came to the conclusion that my brother was not murdered. The man is dead. My second brother was out in a fearful storm, and was frozen to death, as has been told. My third brother died as Mr. Wilson says, and at the time and in the manner he tells us. It is true—wonderfully true."

We sat there looking at each other—we were three—fully realizing the logic of immortality; the solemn importance of the great truths underlying life, and that beyond the stroke called death there is life, no vulgar comment uttered by either. We separated, feeling that we had been in the presence of those we deemed dead; and one more soul was added to the grand army of those who know the law and dare to do it.

Many other tests equally important were given at Marlin, which we have not time or room to put on record.

No. 6. At Navasota, Texas, on the 24th of April, we gave to the Rev. Mr. Archer, of Anderson, the following test: "There is with you a woman, not your sister or mother, but your aunt," carefully describing her. "She is now a spirit. She gives us the following scene. It was when you

were twenty-two or twenty-three. There stands in the background a stout, well-built man. He was your enemy, and was and is a clergyman, a Methodist minister, and is opposed to you and your interests, and that of another. There is a lady in the matter. You, however, maintain your right and gain your case, but this man opposes you and is living to-day. What do you know of it?" Rev. Mr. A. replied: "You have read me correctly. There is just such a case as you refer to, and the man is living to-day, and is a Methodist minister. I proposed to marry his daughter, and did, and he was opposed to it, and done all that he could to break up the match, but failed; and while we are now on a friendly footing, I know that he does not fully approve of the match. I had an aunt such as you have described, only she was not fair in complexion. But it is mind reading."

We gave many other wonderful tests in Navasota, fully identified, among which was the reading of the Rev. Baxter, who had said, the day before, "I am always ready to face a lion or tiger, but shun a skunk always." And yet on the evening of the 25th of April testifying to those truths of Spiritualism that he had denominated as belonging to the family of skunks. So the world goes.

No. 7. At Hempstead, Texas, April 27 and 28. Sitting in the office of Wm. L. Booth & Sons, on the 27th, there came in one of those talking men, who know it all. This man took no stock in Spiritualism. "It was all damn humbug when spirits came and rapped on tables; it was, and I don't believe it, for there is nothing in it; and there can't be anything told me by the spirits, there can't; no there can't." There were several present in the room, listening to this tirade, when we turned to the man, saying: "You know nothing about Spiritualism, hence are not qualified to judge of it in any way or manner. Now to show you how absurdly foolish you are, we are going to give you a lesson. There is here a spirit of your sister," fully describing her, and giving name, age and time of death, "and she points to your fifteenth year, when you came near losing your life in the water. And then tells me of how you came near losing your life at nineteen years old; but over all these things, she points to the fearful trial that took place with you when twenty-two or twenty-three years old; of the dark, bitter hours you passed through, and the breaking up of every social relation, leaving nothing but chaos and wreck. And then one other dark scene she portrays to me, that occurred eight years later in your life. These statements are positively true in regard to you, sir, and we know them to be so, for your sister tells us those things, and she never told a lie; and she is now here with us rapping out these statements, through a law that you are now ridiculing." There sat the man with blanched face, open mouth, and eyes staring at us. His name was Ware. "Is this true?" said Judge Booth. "I must think. It is my sister. You have described her as well as I could have done it. Yes, it is true." "It may be that she has lied," said one present. "No. She never told a lie. It is all true. And that was a fearful time when I was twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and the date later in life. Gentlemen, I shall not ridicule Spiritualism any more." And the man manifested marked respect for the spiritual law of our being.

Our book, THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM, will be ready to deliver to subscribers early in June. We expect to have copies with us for sale at the camp meeting at Rockford.

BROTHER JONATHAN commenced business in 1776, with thirteen States and 815,615 square miles of territory, which was occupied by about 3,000,000 of civilized human beings. He has now a family of 43,000,000, who occupy thirty-seven States and nine territories, which embrace over 3,000,000 of square miles. He has 65,000 miles of railroads, more than sufficient to reach twice and a half times around the globe. The value of his annual agricultural productions is 2,500,000,000, and his gold mines are capable of producing \$70,000,000 a year. He has now more than 1,000 cotton factories, 530 daily newspapers, 4,800 weekly, and 625 monthly publications. He has also many other things too numerous and too notorious to mention.—*Omro Weekly Journal*.

HER PERFECT WORK.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

"Faith, Hope and Patience!"—trusted toilers ye—
The master comes. Wrought be the web, O, Three!
Firm is the warp, and fair the woof to see!

Long have I tarried? Ah, sad, gentle Voice,
Hast he who walks with fate another choice?
At last I bring release. Rejoice! rejoice!

"Too late for Hope?" Sad Voice! Is fair Hope dead?

"Aye. Yester morn she drooped her shining head.
Yet, ere she died, I caught the glowing thread

That through her fingers slipped. They wed doth
grow.
I weave he thread with mine. 'Tis better so.
Hope hath but pined since Faith died long ago."

"Is Faith, too, dead? Alack! For how then doth
The web still grow?" Then lo! the sweet Voice
quoth:

"Patience endured, and wrought the work of both."

MAMMA, IS DEAD.

BY ELLA SANTRY FLOYD.

Death makes sad havoc in our homes.
Alice, unlace your sister's shoes.
Willie has hurt himself. Come here;
Let papa kiss the bruise.

Death makes sad havoc in our homes.
Last week my gentle, blue-eyed wife
Sat here, with baby on her knee,
And we thanked God for life.

To-night the grave mold hides her face.
I call, but, oh! she never comes.
How strange it seems—how strange, ah me!
Death makes sad havoc in our homes.

The children miss her so, and cry
For mamma—"Papa, where is she?"
I tell them she has gone to dwell
With God, beyond the sea.

I hold my babies on my knee,
And hear them lisp their prayers at night;
While she who should have guided them
Sleeps, silent, cold and white.

Oh, empty home! Oh, bare, bare hearth!
God pity those who mourn their dead,
Night after night, by baby cribs,
With aching heart and head.

—Galveston News.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

EDITOR SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: So long as mediums are held and controlled by the conventionalities of man-made laws, in contradistinction to the higher spiritual laws, what else can we expect than abortions and malformations of every name and nature? Then the question is, can those who are in authority as rulers to-day lay the blame of failure wholly at the door of mediums, who are subjects of and controlled more or less by the things around and about them, which are false because based upon a false system of education which has and does control most of the affairs of men?

Then why is there such a complaint made about the untruthfulness of mediums, and their deceptions? Are they not the effect of causes lying back of them? In other words do they not mirror forth their surroundings? and if so, would it not be a better and wiser way to investigate the causes and seek to remove them, instead of stoning the medium to death for what he or she may be powerless to help?

As a general thing mediums are made to succumb to what man in his earthly wisdom thinks is right. They are not free to carry out their higher spiritual impressions if so be these conflict with the former (man's wisdom).

And, now, with these facts in view, what else can we expect of mediums than to be the recipients of horrible conditions? And, if so, are they to blame? No! No!! No!!!

Make the conditions what they should be and in nine cases out of ten the mediums will be all right. Mediums occupy a very important place, and yet a critical one. Sometimes they are forced to serve the "mammon of unrighteousness;" and, then, again, called upon to be loyal to higher spiritual things. In other words made to bridge the chasm between the two worlds, which is truly a trying position to fill.

And, in the light of these truths, what is the duty of a Spiritualist toward such? Is it to crush them, or is it to help and encourage them, so that they may yet become the exponents of grander spiritual manifestations than have ever yet been shadowed forth to mortals? If so, let us be up and doing, for the work is sadly needed. Thousands are pining and dying for proper encouragement at the hands of Spiritualists. Many who might become bright instruments in the hands of spirits for good are neglected, forsaken and cast off. Then we would say to Spiritualists everywhere, that inasmuch as you would have the help of the angels of light to aid you passing through a darker and more trying ordeal

than we as a people have ever yet been called to pass through, protect and encourage the mediums who must be used as agents in the hands of angels. For with such utter neglect on the part of many as has been in the past, what better can we expect of mediumship than all manner of inconsistencies? Furthermore, I would say, as this is the hour in which woman is called, and must come forth to the rescue of her enslaved race, encourage her by helping her to remove the obstacles that lie in her pathway. For as she is the natural exponent of the spiritual laws which must be understood and obeyed in order that salvation can come to the people, should she not above all things be encouraged and lifted up? For just so long as she is content to wallow in the filth and mire of false conditions, serving man in his selfishness, and thereby proving disloyal to her own soul, which says, "Come up higher and become possessor of all things spiritual (instead of things sensual and carnal), which will prove the doorway to eternal life for woman, man and child." Then how essential it is that we understand and obey spiritual laws, so that we may rise higher as a people, and thereby prove ourselves worthy of the name of Spiritualists!

Furthermore, I would say, if any law is to be ignored and set aside, let it be the laws that man in his ignorance and blindness has made to enslave millions of human beings. Then Spiritualism proper will take a higher and nobler stand, and thereby prove itself the beacon light of the world.

Respectfully,

SARAH W. GOODALE.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEAR BRO. WILSON: In this day the exposure of so-called mediums, and the so-called exposure of mediums, are so common that we are having a general distrust of the claims of mediumship, and that too among members of the household of the Faithful. We admit the existence of good ground for distrust so far as mediums are concerned, but as to the existence of genuine mediumship, it is a demonstrated fact. Your own accurate description of deceased persons, accompanied with names, dates and circumstances special, as observed by myself personally at different times and under different circumstances, placed the simple fact of mediumship, with me, beyond cavil; but on coming to this city and making the acquaintance of Mr. Hartman, the celebrated spirit photographer, I have encountered still further proofs of the genuineness of mediumship, as the individuality of man after death. Mr. Hartman has given test demonstrations here of the most convincing character, and that, too, when the manipulation of the entire process was exclusively in the hands of five skeptical and skilled knights of the camera obscura. Mr. H. has submitted to scores of scathing investigations, and to-day stands confirmed in the phenomenal phase of his art, beyond question. He has not only submitted to scores of test investigations in the past, but is before the world at this time with a challenge to skeptics, whether friends or foes. The phenomenal results do not appear at every sitting, but Mr. H. guarantees such results to all who favor him with their patronage, and in case such guarantee is not made good, he asks no compensation for his services. We were favored with the privilege of a sitting, and on first trial three shadowy faces were imaged on the glass plate, and on the second trial the result was highly satisfactory. We had framed a theory to account for these phantom faces, believing that the spirits at time of sitting became sufficiently materialized to make an impression on the sensitive collodionized glass; but other results connected with these phenomenal photos convince us that our theory is incorrect. For instance, a chair on which a subject was sitting shows plainly all its parts, as distinctly as if no person had occupied it at the time. In addition to this the spirit pictures ignore the focal results of the camera so necessary to a sharp outline in the corporeal subject. Mr. H. himself has no theory of explanation—the result is, and there the fact, so far as human comprehension is concerned,

ends. Sometimes fine results are obtained from a lock of hair, ring or some other memento or keepsake.

Bro. Wilson, what you see and so accurately describe, Bro. H. fastens on the plate, in and a measure objectifies, and yet a priest-ridden world cries "delusion, humbug;" but the mighty stream onward flows, and souls disenthralled from the galling fetter of superstition, rejoice in the knowledge that they live and progress in the wondrous realms of the beyond.

We would say that Bro. H. is associated with Bro. Teeple, No. 100 West Fourth Street, in this city, and this firm deserves the sympathy and support of all liberal minds for the sacrifices it is making in behalf of our philosophy. W. S.

THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND THE CAMPMEETING.

To the Spiritualists of the Western States, Greetings: We call your attention for the last time to our Grand Centennial Campmeeting, to come off at Rockford, Illinois, on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of June, 1876. In 1872 we called the Spiritualists of DuPage Co. to meet us in council at Wheaton, Illinois. The results were so much better than we expected that we resolved to change the name from the DuPage County Association of Spiritualists to the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, and to hold our second quarterly meeting at St. Charles, on the 16th August, 1872. This meeting excelled our expectations, and instead of being a small affair, was simply grand; many hundred being present. We next came together at Belvidere, Boone Co., Ill., on the 13th of December, 1872. This meeting proved a grand one, and gave such universal satisfaction that the people looked forward to our annual meeting with joyous expectation.

On the 13th of June, 1873, we held our annual meeting at Rockford, Ill., when there came together full 1,000 people to hear the words of truth spoken. At this meeting Dr. Kainer, our first president was succeeded by O. J. Howard, M. D., of McHenry Co., as president, and Milo Porter, Esq., of DuPage Co., was succeeded by Dr. J. H. Severance, of Milwaukee, as vice-president, E. V. Wilson retaining the secretary's office, as well as chairman of the finance committee. The convention closed its labors at Rockford on the 15th of June with the full endorsement of every one that attended. Many were added to our ranks, and the cause of Spiritualism received an impetus through the work of these quarterly meetings that will not be forgotten very soon in Illinois.

Our fifth quarterly meeting came off in McHenry, on the 12th, 13th and 14th of September, 1873. Full six hundred people came together, discussing every principle belonging to the welfare of man. Indeed, the convention was considered one of the most profitable ever held in the Western States, or in the United States. At the close of our fifth quarterly meeting the Spiritualists of Elgin, Ill., came forward, through their committee, and invited us to hold our sixth convention at the city of Elgin, on the 12th, 13th and 14th of December, in DuBois Opera House, which was accepted subsequently. The Spiritualists of Elgin went back on their invitation through certain pernicious and unwarranted influence, and left us in an unpleasant condition; but through the prompt action of the president and secretary the Opera House was retained and our sixth convention was held at Elgin on the 12th, 13th and 14th of December, 1873, and with the exception of a slight difficulty produced by the opponents of free speech and free platforms, the convention was a harmonious and successful one, and yet our numbers were reduced by the bitter and unprincipled demand of certain parties who had never taken any active interest in our association, or any other organization, except to kill them.

Our seventh quarterly meeting convened in Grows' Opera House, in Chicago, on the 13th of March, 1874, and continued in session over the 15th. This was one of those important gatherings on which the fate of societies and organizations depend. The convention was divided into three parties,

all under able leadership; they may be classified as, the corrupt conservative, who wished to exclude from the platform everything in the form of agitation that did not swear by their rule. They believed in "Pure Spiritualism," that is, put the star of your principles forward and keep it bright, pointing to it as the leading idea of their souls, and do whatever they pleased behind the curtain of profession. The second party claimed the right to discuss any principle they pleased; demanded a free platform, without limits in the expression of thought or the use of language. They also held it to be their right to pull the curtain aside and let the world view the corruption in the circle of "Pure Spiritualists;" pointing to the false lives they were living, and to the libel they published to the world in condemning in others what they practiced at home.

The third, and ultimately the controlling party, believed in a free platform, free speech and the right of the minority to be heard. With steady hand they held the ship's bow to the storm and finally weathered the gale; the press taking sides with the "Pure Spiritualists," and yet the convention proved a grand success, and many were added to our cause. The 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th were held in Chicago, with varying success; but in the great results prospering rather than going behind; but all through 1874-5 we had the unprincipled and cowardly course of the *R.P. Journal* to contend with, which culminated in a bold effort to smash our convention at Belvidere, Boone Co., Ill., in 1875, and failed.

Our thirteenth quarterly meeting came off in Belvidere, on the 15th, 16th and 17th October, 1875, with small attendance and heavy expense, and yet our meeting closed well, commanding the respect and esteem of all who were present. This was the first convention that fell short of the expenses financially; indeed it was the culmination of the bitter spirit we had been fighting for full two years.

Our fourteenth quarterly meeting came off in Rockford, Ill., on the 14th, 15th and 16th of January, 1876. This was the triumphant expression of the people approving the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists; our large hall was packed full day and night, and many converts were added to our numbers. The third and controlling class had won the victory, and sustained a free platform and free speech, and we beheld the results of principles that we had labored long to establish, and for three days and nights our work went bravely on, closing on Sunday evening with music, song and speaking, with an invitation to come to Rockford again.

The fifteenth quarterly meeting was held in Chicago, at Grows' Opera Hall, on the 9th, 10th and 11th of March, 1876, was well attended and proved a success in everything, closing with the approval of all present.

And, now, we come before you in our sixteenth quarterly and fourth annual meeting, culminating in a grand centennial camp meeting of Spiritualists, to be held on the Winnebago County Fair Grounds, at Rockford, Ill., and we ask every Spiritualist reading this, our record, to throw overboard all prejudice and come to our camp meeting on the 7th and remain over Sunday the 11th of June, 1876. There will be an election of officers for the ensuing year: 1st, a president; 2d, vice-president; 3d, secretary, and commissioners for future work. We have run these meetings for four years, and are willing that others should try their hand at running the quarterly meetings for four years to come, and we assure the Spiritualists that we will not play dog in the manger, but will cooperate with you in all good work that will or may advance our cause. Come, then, to this, the first real camp meeting held in the West; come with tents, bedding, provisions and willing souls; come up to Rockford intent on working out the problem of life from a Spiritual stand point, intent on establishing the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists on a sure basis, looking forward to a State organization, seated on the rights of mankind, knowing no sex or creed or cast or color, knowing only humanity, maintaining free speech and a free platform; but granting no license to do

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.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

I OFTEN LAUGH TO SAVE A CRY.

BY MRS. M. J. BILLINGS.

You say I am merry, I'll tell you why,
I often laugh to save a cry.
My heart its bitterness hath known,
But why make others feel how lone
My woman's heart can be at times?

I often laugh to save a cry,
And if I laugh I'll tell you why,
To hide the cup of misery drained
From other's eyes to save them pain
They could not help me if they would.

I often laugh to save a cry,
When in neglect I see passed by
Some worthy object in distress,
By rich, and proud with haughtiness,
Whom they could help and save from death.

I often laugh to save a cry,
Thinking of the days passed by,
When summer friends around me flocked,
In adversity they knew me not;
Why should I mourn for them?

I often laugh to save a cry,
When dark clouds obscure my sky,
And if the rain in torrents fall,
I have one comfort over all;
Death comes, it cannot always last.

I often laugh to save a cry,
When little children go shivering by,
Clothed in rags, and pinched with want,
And see the rich man sit in pomp,
And wonder why his gold aint mine!

And now I laugh with all my might,
To think how soon it would take flight
If I but tried to stop every hole
Made by poverty with his gold;
It would not last me until night.

Then let me laugh, it keeps despair
Out of my heart, while many cares
Absorb my brains, and body too,
And laughing still, I think of you
Who would cry with half the cause.

And always laughing, will I pray
For just such sinners while I may,
Who curse the world with sobs and moans,
And with their sanctimonious groans,
Be kept far away from me.

WHAT IS ORGANIC LIFE?

BY WARREN CHASE.

Science is steadily encroaching upon the domain of theology, and settling in her infallible way questions of the most vital importance to us. Recently she has been tracing organic life to its germs or starting points, and not finding God there creating beings, she is half inclined to leave him out and not recognize his participation in the creation of man or beast, since she finds the same law that produces the plant, the insect and the beast, produces in the same way human beings. She has followed each order and division to the cell, to the nucleus, to the protoplasm, if not to the final germs, and the further she traces them the nearer they approach each other in condition and resemblance, and the nearer they resemble a single simple substance, if they have not already, in the mind of the scientist, resolved themselves into it. When that point is gained, as we have no doubt it will be, and that simple element is found to be the force or energy of the materialist, the spirit or mind of the Spiritualist, and the god of the theologian, which, or who, creates all forms of existence, animate and inanimate, then one more point remains to be established, and the work is done, and theology may retire and science take the field as conqueror, and as having established immortality, or eternal life for all beings, each in its order and form with new garments or covering, but not in a new form or order of organic existence. This one more point is to establish the fact (if fact it be,) that this ultimate essence, or spirit force, energy, mind, or whatever it be, is PARTICLED in an infinite variety of forms, and in ultimating or robbing itself forever follows its germinal shape and remains in its order or division of creation, plant, animal, animal, and man, man, forever and on whatever world it may appear, and in whatever matter it may be robed, whether in the coarser or finer material of earth or sky—a sensual and degraded mortal, or a pure and holy angel, an anadid or a butterfly. We are aware that the thousand arguments of theology will be arrayed against this theory

with the same force and authority that they were from the same source against the solar system, the spherical form and diurnal motion of our earth, and the existence of antipodes, but they will give way when science settles her points and demonstrates her problems. It will be argued that many species, as well as all past generations, have departed for good, and disappeared from our earth, and return no more forever; but as the universe and great unbounded whole is the same yesterday, to-day and hereafter, and the quantity of matter, space and mind is not increased nor decreased by creation or annihilation, there is surely as much room as there ever was, and as much material, and as much energy or force, as much God and nature, law and order, and why not as much life and as many forms, even though they may change places, garments and even worlds? May not those ever adapted to this planet, and not now adapted to it, be on one that they are adapted to, and it to them? and may not our ancestors be wanting still in being more or less advanced than they were here, according to the surroundings and the quality of the material of which their bodily garments are made? Why not? Is infinity inadequate, or not good enough for such a magnificent career of eternal life to fall to our lot and the lot of all beings? or is not Nature and her resources sufficient to furnish the supplies and the variety in eternal time and infinite space? We think both are sufficient, and in time all will be realized as scientific truth, and the theories of Christianity will be swept away with the dark ages to which they belong. Let science demonstrate immortality, and the world will clasp science to its heart and cling to it as its Savior, and more tenaciously than it ever has to any of its idol gods, who could at best only save a small part of even our race, and leave all others to perish.—*Banner of Light, May 13.*

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A VOICE FROM MICHIGAN.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

The world is full of slaves. Why? Because freedom is not to be found as society exists at the present day. Enter the church; does freedom exist there? Not at all. Creeds, blind faith and priestly intolerance forbid questioning upon points vital to soul growth, freedom and progression; consequently stultification and slavery are the results. Shall we find freedom in the marital relation? Under the present system of marriage laws, men and women own each other, and it is, you shall and you shan't, you may and you must, or the bolts and bars of authority will confine you to seeming obedience and marital slavery. Said a dainty, fashionable Miss to a slave-toiling dressmaker the other day, how shall I have my silk dress made so it will look well for church as well as the street? As I listened to the elaborate trimmings which would be necessary to make the dress presentable, I thought what extravagance, nonsense and abominable slavery! Why will women wear their lives out inch by inch, catering to the foolish fancies of the tyrant fashion and her countless dupes. Why will the dressmaker stitch, flounce and ruffle at the expense of health, strength and patience? Because she is a slave and led captive in society's galling chains. Society calls women good and bad without considering circumstances of birth, education and surroundings. To the good she grants the freedom of association, to the bad she points the finger of scorn, and brands them with iniquity and shame. Does society realize that the women she terms bad are what she makes them in a great measure, and that these women, in their Gethsemane of suffering, are gaining an experience which will compensate them when the soul has served its time and been released from slavery in the body to custom, circumstances, and tyranny? The whole world is aiming for happiness in its multiform shape and ways. When the desire is attained which in prospective seemed so real, they find it unsatisfactory, vain, and delusive, as far as the real is concerned. How can the world be rid of slavery? By each individual understanding the correct needs of the soul, as well as of the body. The simple wants of the body are few if in a healthy condition, and the nearer one lives to nature, the nearer he is to God, freedom and happiness. If we would rid ourselves of slavery, we should bow to no shrine except common sense; wear that which becomes our position in life, decorating the spirit instead of the frail casket; eat to sustain life, strength and vitality; grow thoughts which will give us companion-

ship wherever we may roam, whether in this sphere of life, or over there. If we would rid ourselves of slavery, we must study ourselves; doing so, we shall have no time to waste upon our neighbor, no fault to find, no censure or condemnation for any one. Society would then right itself, and justice would regulate the scales; and in the palace home of the soul happiness and freedom would reign in blissful understanding and unity.

Adrian, May 2, 1876.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Scotts, Mich., Mrs. Adeline Cooke writes—Inclosed please find two dollars to pay for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. I am interested in the work, and believing you truthful and persecuted, willingly hold out the widow's mite to help battle for the truth. I am seventy-three years of age, but am keenly alive to the good work you and Farmer Mary are engaged in. I hope you will be able to continue your paper till every wrong shall be righted, is the wish of an old pioneer in the cause.

Petersburg, Mich., Mrs. Jennie Kellogg writes—I wish you to consider me a life subscriber. I ought to have written before, but am dependent upon myself, and have earned the money I now inclose (\$1.10). My husband has passed over the river. May you prosper in your work.

Jamestown, N. Y., Mrs. C. E. Brown writes—Inclosed please find \$1.10, to apply on my subscription to THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Go on, brother, and may richest blessings rest on you and your companion. I deeply sympathize with you, and hope ere long to hear of sister Wilson's recovery. Long may she live to sustain and strengthen you in your labor of love. From your co-worker in the field of progression.

Otisco, Mrs. E. Weter writes—Inclosed is \$2.50, renewal for myself and friend, Mrs. L. M. Moon. We want you should consider us life subscribers as long as your paper continues to be what it is and has been. We anxiously look forward from one issue to another, for it is laden with good cheer and loving words of truth. We say, go on, brother, you shall have our best wishes and support; and may the angels help you to bear your burdens.

Summertown, Mich., from E. O. Johnson.—\$1.10 to continue subscription to No. 52. If from delay my name is off your book please send me back numbers, as I wish all the story of The Broker and his Victims. I think it is about the best thing out.

Plymouth, Ind., Mrs. H. W. Smith.—Inclosed you will find post office order, \$1.10, for renewal of subscription. We love THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, for it comes to us laden with the spirit of kindness and love to all, an element so much needed to soothe the aching hearts that are almost crushed with cruel censure. May your little "Pet" live long, and find its way into the homes of thousands to teach them to understand and appreciate our beautiful philosophy. I hope the time is not far distant that we will receive a weekly, instead of a monthly, as at present. May success be yours.

Wm. Knowles, Battle Creek, Mich.—In this you will find 55 cts., to pay the balance due on your paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, as I don't propose to cheat any one, and want to keep square with the world, as near as may be, and as I happened to get a little change, thought I would send it forth.

New Hartford, Butler County, Iowa, C. Chapman says—Friend Wilson: Hearing from some of my friends you were publishing a paper, and knowing from the acquaintance I had with you it would be a live paper, and one it would do to take, my son sent through friend Sherman, of Algonquin, the dollar, and we received the paper in due time, and I have been well pleased with its tone and bold plain truths. Let it hit who and where it may, and herein find another dollar and twenty cents to pay past postage, and wish, with all my heart, you could make it a weekly. Yours, for the truth and a free political car.

Eliza, Mercer Co., Ill., Mrs. Geo. Glancy—sends \$1.10 to renew her subscription, with kind wishes for its success.

Philadelphia, from Thomas Fewkes.—Inclosed is \$1.10 on account of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Final settlement to be made on this or the other side of Jordan.

Burnside, Penn., Mary A. Irwin writes—I wish to renew my subscription to THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. I can hardly spare the \$1.00, but will do without some other things sooner than do without your paper. I like it. Spiritualists are scarce here. I long for some good medium to come this way that we might have some communications from our loved ones gone before. Angels guide you in truth and righteousness.

Many letters remain on file, which could not be attended to on account of my long illness. I hope you will all be patient and bear with the delay, and trust with returning health and strength soon to be able to resume the duties pertaining to this department.

M. EMERSON WILSON.

Do it Now.—Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and cleanly, and then to the next thing, *without letting any moments drop out between*. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make out of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing against you that you hardly know how to begin, let us tell you a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it in line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word *now*.—*Boston Investigator*.

HALF WAY UP.—With the light I now have, I cannot assent to the truth of all that Spiritualists contend for. Just as when I read Pye Smith on geology and the Bible, I feel that I know and believe quite sufficient to give me no little anxious thought and labor in re-arranging my ideas of Scripture truth, and adapting them to the light I have received. This will be work enough for the present. With regard to those points on which I feel considerable doubt and difficulty, I venture to say that, not only may there be a side other than that which I now see, but one or more aspects of the truth which Spiritualists themselves have not discovered. There are three states of mind in which a man may be in relation to truth—denial, conviction, and the suspension of judgment. I deny none of the facts, nor the reasonable inferences Spiritualists draw from them. I am convinced of the truth of very many of them, and as for the rest, my relation for the present must be a suspension of judgment.—*Rev. Wickham Tozer*.

Alfred Domett, the poet, describes several species of that very curious insect the phasmid, or "walking-stick," met with in New Zealand, and so called from its singular likeness to withered twigs or sticks. One species has wings like delicate leaves, and another resembles a brilliant green shoot of a plant covered with thorns. They are from three to seven inches long, with slender bodies, and legs which they lift high off the ground in walking, as if on stilts. Their movements are slow, and they will remain for a long time motionless in any position in which they are placed, on their backs, and even upright on their two hind legs and tail. Mr. Domett kept a number of these phasmids under a tumbler a fortnight or more, when he found the smallest specimen dead and partially devoured by its companions, and thereupon he killed the rest by placing them in spirits of wine.

Recollect ever that the purity of the thoughts and the motives are now building the spiritual home of each one, are now fashioning the spiritual body of the future life, which will be beautiful or the reverse in exact accordance, not with the seeming life, as it has appeared in this world, but with the hidden life within.—*London Spiritualist*.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.

SOUL READING.

Or Psychometrical delineations of character. Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN would respectfully announce to the public that she will, upon reception of a letter containing photograph (to be returned), month of birth, age, married or single, animal and flower preferred, give an accurate description of the leading traits of character, with marked changes in past and future life. Terms, \$1 and two postage stamps. Address, Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN, Box 1205, Adrian, Mich.