

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

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

VOL. II.—No. 8. [E. V. WILSON.] ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 20, 1875. [LOMBARD, ILL.] WHOLE No. 34.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and, when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray;
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat:
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"That is the false, and this the true;"—
"Or, 'I'm in the old way, and you in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true.'"

But the brethren only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
"Oh, let the women keep silence all?"

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down:
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And, concerning the road, they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way and I'm in the new;
That is the false, and this the true;"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
"Oh, let the women keep silence all?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met:
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side,—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Savior died
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.
—Selected.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A TALE OF LIFE;

OR,

THE BROKER AND HIS VICTIMS.

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

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

CHAPTER II.

Among the vain pursuits of life that of acquiring material wealth as the basis of mundane influence and power is the most lamentable, the most laborious and dishonest. It is the one most sought after by men, and alas, the most disastrous to the human race, both on earth and beyond. I am quite aware that no human being, inexperienced in the pathways of earthly prosperity, will accept this declaration, while others, whom disappointment may have checked, will fancy and whisper, I don't quite believe that, for to possess the means of acquiring what you wish, and doing what you choose, is an alluring temptation, a power I have striven for, but not obtained, and I for one, whom ambition influences, would question the assertion, and decline to accept the allegation, consequently there are but few who will coincide with me, and those few probably would also reject my conclusions, were their position different. I must, therefore, speak as one having no supporters, and issue my tale to the crowd, to be accepted or rejected, according to the feelings of its readers; probably this will prove the most profitable position I can occupy, for I scorn to beg a favor, even in thought. You may accept or reject, according as the spirit within you moves, but as that power is subjective to the soul, I appeal to your celestial guides to witness my record as a truth, experienced on Earth and enregistered in Heaven.

In the performance of my duty as a spirit, mundane views are of trifling import, as opinions of the world; but as warnings, viewed, accepted, disregarded, or rejected, my work is of importance, both to the children of Earth and the laborers in Spirit life.

Very few years have passed since I was a daily frequenter of Wall and Broad streets, in your city, those hot-beds of vice and alluring caves of dissipation and crime. I was well known to the brokers as a young man of promise, wealthy and ambitious; I was a bird worth plucking, and there were many ready for the sacrifice. My career was not a short one, it run many years, marked with unusual fluctuations. I was rich and poor by turns, influential and lightly esteemed, a dead duck at one time, a mine of wealth at another. I

was a devil in shrewdness and a fool in discretion according to the features of the hour and the feelings of the dealers. All these distinguishing "honors have been thrust upon me," and I lived to know their value, experience their folly, and finally to perceive their truthfulness. The worldly page is before me, not as recorded by man, but as registered for God's judgment in obedience to his equity.

As intimated, my early career commenced with bright prospects. As a young man, I was energetic, strong, and vigorous, in stature about five feet ten inches, of a light ruddy complexion, sandy hair and auburn whiskers, sanguine temperament and ambitious, naturally of a cheerful disposition and friendly disposed towards all men. I was ever reluctant to believe evil, and this laid me open to various temptations and designs. I had inherited several thousand dollars from an uncle, and my pseudo friends had no difficulty in enticing me into the stock market, hoping as many thousands have done before, that I might prove one of fortune's favorites, and by a few strokes gain an envied position. My companions were longing for a golden harvest, and had no hard work in heating my imagination with their fancy sketches of alluring success. To one or two men whom nature had gifted with fluent tongues and an artful, intriguing mind, I listened with confidence and credulity, and under the influence of their peculiar, seductive, non-committal stories, I was led to invest the major part of my means.

A few profits at first urged me on until, one day, having apparently accidentally discovered a seeming anxiety on the part of my adviser to stake heavily under his guidance, I became doubtful, and hesitating I refrained from risking every cent, and postponed a reply to his urgent entreaty for a large margin. This saved me for a time, the market having taken a turn, every stock declined, and I found myself nearly ruined. Had I followed my friends' suggestions I should have been entirely so.

This severe blow opened my eyes, as I partly overheard him styling me a dead duck, a local vulgarism for a plucked fool. A few inquiries convinced me that my knowing friend was extremely anxious to invest me with a large portion of his own speculation, which during the period of decline had proved the weakest stock. This circumstance greatly annoyed me, for having proved my trust in him to a considerable extent, it worried me to perceive that he wanted all I had, and also to involve me further.

After paying my losses I changed my accounts from his firm, and when he asked me why, I pointed to the sheet of losing investments, and curtly said, "The duck may be wounded, but your advice-gun has not brought him down." He tried to laugh his expression away, and I let him fancy he had done so. We parted, seemingly friendly, but with an innate consciousness of distrust; he felt I had discovered his true character, and that for a time all efforts would be in vain. He was right; my nature had revolted from him and I henceforth believed his fancy pictures no more.

Upon examination of my balance I found that by acting solely for myself I might recover a portion of my losses, and therefore I went

cautiously to work, in a private manner, and purchased in the depressed market a certain interest in those stocks that had fallen most, and by watching carefully, selling and re-investing quickly, I did recover in a few months nearly every cent I had lost. This encouraged me to act for myself, and avoid taking counsel of brokers, for fear of self-interest alone guiding their suggestions. For years I followed this rule with a substantial success, and again became allured by the flattery of seeming friends.

I was now a rich and influential man, which introduced me into a higher circle of speculators. I was happily married and had a young family growing up; my success with them had produced an expensive carelessness, so that extra labor was imposed upon me to meet my domestic requirements, and maintain my commercial standing. When prosperity dawns upon man he is very apt to be easily misled, and conceitedly to imagine that a change is an impossibility. Of all delusions upon Earth that of self-importance is the most alluring and destructive; it appears as if Nature herself was an enticing knave, that she had produced you with no other purpose than that of mocking you with a career of false hopes, teasing fluctuations, to terminate in agony and suicide.

My old friend had, during these changes, become what he aimed to make me, so that, in my change he envied, fawned, and flattered. I kept from his influence for years, and treated him with a cold civility, manifesting that the past was not forgotten, though never referred to. Our temporal positions had altered, and he sought me, not I him.

I continued for some time in this apparently happy state; my business as a stock speculator was, in general, successful, my associates influential, and all my surroundings indicated security and contentment; but no matter how considerate and reflective man may be, there are inexplicable moments in his life-time, that the most careful are to be thoughtless, the most prudent neglectful; a strange period of forgetfulness appears to present itself, when errors are impulsively committed, and a life experience wasted in an hour. Why these changes come mortals cannot see; why a momentary weakness impels you to depart from the prudence of years you know not. In every person's existence do these alterations come, and the majority succumb to them; those who can arrest the cause and bridge over the gulf, are fortunate; but these are few in number, for the weakness is difficult to resist, being one of the reactionary phases attending earthly life, that the future alone can develop.

After years of a cautionary and prudent policy this strange test of prudence came to me, and I forgot the past record, and thoughtlessly trusted again where experience had admonished me to beware. My old broker had been admitted a partner in the firm I had done most of my business with, and he took the management of the line I generally trafficked in. For a time my orders were carefully followed and I had no occasion to complain; but by degrees departures took place which were annoying to adjust, but as in the end my assertions ruled, I was content to continue in-

stead of closing up as I did before. An unexpected commercial failure occasioned one of those sudden falls in prices that inaugurated a fearful panic, and every stock gave way, so that in a few hours, from being a rich, influential man I became involved. At this period this broker introduced a fraudulent claim that in a moment swept me of every cent. He had at last succeeded in arranging and practising upon me a transfer of stock that *belonged not to me*, and his position as a broker enabled him to carry out the fraud to a successful issue. My previous disputations were urged in his favor, and my rejection ignored. I was sold out, and having no means for a long legal contest, I had to bow my head to the blast.

I had left my family in hope and joy; I returned to them in despair and agony. The events of the day had preceded me, so that my home was a perpetuation of the office trials. My fond and foolish indulgence had not prepared my family for the trials of poverty, and their agonizing looks only increased the fire within me. Where I had a right to look for a sympathetic support, I met with inquiries for the future, based only in selfishness and the fear of Madam Grundy.

I was bankrupted and penniless, ruined in a few hours by an artful knave and soulless broker, who, to save himself and a partner in his scheme, had vanquished, and hurled defiance at me. You who from experience know how like a pack of hungry wolves this class of dealers demand margins upon every pretext, are well aware that you might as well appeal to a hungry shark for mercy, as a stock broker in the eager battle of a panic, and their confederates had planned, inaugurated, and launched against their fellow men. To such characters there is no punishment severe enough; for such venomous hypocrites there is no earthly torture equivalent; it is not man alone they ruin, the helpless wife and children are pauperized without mercy or a pitying look. Of all human curses upon industry and domestic ties, the New York stock broker is the worst; as a class, they ignore every principle of upright openness in commercial dealings, shrewd craftiness is with them far more attractive than an honest reputation; to obtain depositing clients whom they can allure by plausibility and artful smiles has become, through daily practice, a science among them, so that a stranger, unacquainted with the hollowness within, would consider these men as open, candid, kind-hearted beings, considerate of your interest, honest and *high-toned*, and this studied courtesy of demeanor is skillfully kept up, as long as you give daily orders for sale or purchase, and keep your margins up; so that their commission account pays them for the daily study of polish; but when they have woven a web around you, and find you don't resist alarmingly while they bleed, you are a good fellow, well spoken of, and hospitably caressed, but all the while their web is spinning, until your true strength is known, and then you will find it as difficult to escape the snare as ever the foolish fly did that had accepted the spider's invitation. You are lucky if you escape with vitality.

The New York stock broker is a special character, peculiar to these times. It is an impossibility to sketch with a minute accuracy the various points that artful practice, studied *finesse* has made him. The man in his counting-room, and the stock exchange, are as dissimilar as imagination can picture, and I believe that no artist can sketch with fidelity the likeness. You cannot believe the evidences of your own vision that, in the shouting, tearing, romping, blustering specimen of the human race exhibiting in the room of that pandemonium, you have the polite, civil, gentle-spoken broker of the counting-house, who receives your orders with a smile, and your marginal deposits with a Chesterfield graciousness. It is only in the closet, after a decline, when you seek a private conference, that you behold, in the stern No, and feel in the frigid demeanor, the true character of the man; that the mask has fallen, and your misfortune in his eyes is your crime, and no fault in him. It would need the pencil of a Hogarth and the pen of a Dickens to picture the characteristic appearances of these revolving satellites around the orb of Mammon, these high priests of cupid's altar, whose duty is a perpetual call for votaries and victims whom they can put to a cruel torture and an inhuman sacrifice.

I am reluctant to pen such phrases, but as I said, duty and truth shall guide the pen, and the pictures drawn will be recognized by those

whom experience has taught. My case is but one of a million, and wherever it may be questioned by the brokers thousands are ready to support its accuracy; but as no names will be given, the declaration will act as the barbed arrow to those whose consciences are about to be pierced by the judgments of God, through the avenue of death.

Any who wish to speculate upon the artistic power that the Infinite bestows upon some of his children to paint a picture or sketch a tale, can trace in the effigies delineated by Dickens in his three personages, Sir John Chester, Fagan, and Quilp, the manners and principles of these votaries of avarice, pride, and inhumanity. It is vain to shudder at this singular selection, but it is an undeniable fact that when selfish avarice alone directs the business pursuits and intercourse of men, not all the elegance of etiquette and observance can hide the vulgar degeneracy of the mind; hence in these extremes you have a faint outline of the inner and outer man, trafficking as a dealer and vendor in fancy stocks.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

HOLLOW GLOBE THEORY WEIGHED IN A BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING, BY PROF. P. VAN HYATT.

BY M. L. SHERMAN, M. D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: I trust you will not censure me for using somewhat harsh language in my reply to the above learned, professed historical critic. Were I allowed, sir, to range through the English vocabulary, I could not find words to form a sentence that would appear any more ungentlemanly and senseless in their meaning than those used by this self-constituted critic. It appears strange to me, Mr. Editor, that you, schooled as you are in the honorable tactics of gentlemanly criticism, as demonstrated by you in your reply to the sermon preached against Spiritualism by the Rev. Talmage of Brooklyn—in criticising that sermon, you quoted that gentleman's arguments verbatim; you brought to bear quotations from his own Bible together with your own deductions and systematic reasoning, until you annihilated every vestige of his pretended arguments—it seems strange that you endorse this unkind and evasive onslaught upon the authors of the Hollow Globe theory, by calling it an "able historical, scientific criticism." I think, sir, you gave more credit to his professorship than you did to his arguments.

His protracted and tedious historical quotations from other authors, with regard to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions being caused by the Igneous theory, that inside our earth there is an intensely heated fire, of over seven thousand nine hundred miles in diameter, is all empty talk, without the least shadow of proof whatever. In the first place, it is incumbent upon him to *prove* that that amount of fire exists inside the crust of our earth, and the next place to prove that it is the *only* cause that produces earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Had the professor proved that the fire exists where they have placed it, and that *one* eruption was caused by this amount of fire inside the crust of our earth, he would have gained his point and established the Igneous theory; for the *proof* of that one fact ten thousand quotations from authors would not prove it.

The Hollow Globe theory shows conclusively that all the causes of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions can be produced *inside* of the concave and convex surface of the shell of our earth; if it is forty miles in thickness, as the Igneous theory admits, or even twenty miles in thickness, there is ample room for all causes yet made manifest by volcanic eruptions. Read the arguments in the chapters on earthquakes and volcanoes in the Hollow Globe.

A child ten years of age can read historical events from books as well as our learned critical professor. In his zeal to sustain the Igneous theory, for the want of argument, he has resorted to misquotations from the Hollow Globe, with evasive and shameless quibblings to pervert the authors' meaning, with epithets, keen satire, and profound wit thrown in extra. For the edification of your readers I will note some of the gentleman's sharp cunning. "Fogy," "fanatical fools," "madcaps," "hollow things," "imps," "experts," "Baker's water mill," "rather windy," "fertile brain of the authors," "visionary assertions," "stakes his case upon it, throws up his hat, and swears the earth is a frozen hollow," "like a patient," "the author turns Calvinist," "he kicks all his

wise world-making into kingdom come," "all his silly twaddle," "sillyism and hairbrain theory," "one of the untimely figs," "compared to the Arabian nights enchanted horse," "gone to heaven in a basket," "lighting and warming the inside," "the authors are pinned to the wall," "the author says it is lighted by the Aurora Borealis at the North Pole," "they are hooks and eyes for fools' breeches." How eloquent! "High-heeled boots for dwarfish thinkers," "the whole book is a bogus," "a Spiritual apothecary shop," "a loping stand for heavy believers," "they are in the foggy morass of an autumn night," "it is to be regretted that the book was cast adrift upon an unthinking public," "true as regards the believers in the Igneous theory."

If the above slang phrases are what our learned professor calls scientific arguments which would cause the Hollow Globe theory to crumble like a chain of sand, when viewed from this standpoint of common sense and reason, we must think the foundation upon which it stands a very weak one, and might as well "fall into a chain of sand" now as ever.

Again, our wise critic, from his inexhaustible storehouse of historical research, informs us that there is *no diversity of opinion among scientists, who accept the Igneous theory*. There is a lack of truth in this statement. Professor Denton says, "Many volcanoes have become extinct from the fact that the waters of the ocean have communicated with the crater and extinguished the flames." We know nothing of extinct volcanoes, says our critic. Prof. Winchell says, "Our sun is fed by comets and planets falling into the sun as fuel." Prof. Dick supports the same idea. Our critic says, "Those internal fires are not fed." He represents the earth as a brick kiln that has had its burn and is now cooling off at its leisure.

Who ever heard of a brick kiln setting itself on fire by the law of condensation, and then cooling off at its leisure, when the same law exists which cooled it that did when it set itself on fire? The earth is more condensed *now*, with its crust of forty miles in thickness, than it was when it melted; then it became intensely heated by the same law that now cools it off, yet the same law that governs shot he says governs worlds. Wonderful sagacity! Why did not the same law form a crust around the outside of the sun? In the sun's case the Igneous theory has got the fire outside its crust, and if there is any fire inside the sun's crust that crust must have cooled off between these two intensely heated fires. One would think that the sun's crust was made from salamander's wool, if it could endure this heated fire on *both* sides of its surface.

This sagacious professor informs us that this earth at first was destitute of atmosphere. It seems to me very strange that a heated ball, eight thousand miles in diameter, had no atmosphere when the heat could radiate thousands of miles each way from its surface. What *is* heat but an atmosphere? The earth had also the sun's atmosphere of heat and light, according to the Igneous theory, in which to revolve. "It is said by these same advocates that darkness surrounded the earth at that time." Is not darkness an atmosphere? If the sun is a body of light, as they say, all space was filled with its light, as far as its rays extended, thousands of years before the earth was peeled off from its surface; therefore there was as much light then for the earth to revolve in as there has been since.

Finally, there is no way in which the Igneous theory can be presented but what it shows to a candid investigator a lack of common sense, and I hesitate not to say that it is one of the greatest humbugs ever given to the world by any class of people calling themselves sane.

Will the readers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK compare the historical criticism of Prof. Van Hyatt with the arguments found in the Hollow Globe, and judge, each for themselves, which is the most reasonable and scientific? If you have not a Hollow Globe, send to our address and procure one, for the sum of two dollars. With due respect, I wait a reply.

Adrian, Mich., Oct. 29th.

Mutability is the lodge of infirmity. It is seldom that a man continues to wish and design the same thing two days alike. Now he is for marrying; and now a mistress is preferred to a wife. Now he is ambitious and aspiring; presently the meanest servant is not more humble than he. This hour he squanders his money away; the next he turns miser. Sometimes he is frugal and serious; at other times profuse, airy and gay.—*Charron*.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE CALL.

LYCEUM HALL, SPIRIT FRATERNITY OF ORDER OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION.

FRIEND, BROTHER, AND CO-LABORER:—

Some two months ago, we presented to thee the suggestion to propose to the mediums of our order to meet on the first month of the ensuing year, for the purpose of comparing views and conditions, and to fix upon some plan for mutual co-operation.

Being aware of the numerous dissensions that existed among our members, and desiring a conference of the dissenting parties, for the purpose of effecting that union of these discordant elements that would make them mutually beneficial to all, we made that suggestion; but finding so little response from those to whom the call was given, we concluded to interview various minds.

We found as a result of such investigation a lack of due appreciation of the opinions and persons of dissenters, which amounted in many cases to positive antipathy. In accordance therewith, we reported, which raised the inquiry, what is the cause of this antagonism? After due deliberation, we

Resolved, That God and the Devil cause all dissensions of whatever name or character, in that one is not willing to extend to the other the same rights and privileges that he assumes for himself.

This resolution met with hearty response from a majority of our fraternity, while the minority who opposed the resolution were divided, some holding that the Devil caused the whole trouble, while others were as earnest in making God wholly responsible. The discussion of this resolution threw very light upon the subject, although it raised the two queries, Who is God? and Who is the Devil? which elicited the following answer: God is accepted authority and the Devil is its critic.

Having arrived at these definite solutions we unanimously adopted the following

Resolved, That we recognize the first subject to the limitation of the last, and we welcome both as mutual friends to our common humanity, as equal promoters of our progression, and alike conducive to our Spiritual freedom.

Our President, *pro tem.*, then addressed us as follows:

Fraternal Spirits—Would that I could express to you my approbation of the result of the deliberations of the hour. We long have sought for the means whereby to unite the progressive minds of this realm in that manner that should not detract from the individual liberty of each. When we were in Earth life we deplored the inharmonious condition of humanity, nevertheless we looked for rest in the arms of death.

How strangely now sounds to our ears the word *death*, when, by its transit we found life itself intensified. Though in the past the former things were shrouded in oblivion, yet have we sought to penetrate the gloom, but until this hour, our every effort has seemed to mock us. Look at our former home, although relieved of a former curse, still bound with the shackles of a darker bondage, that of bigoted prejudice. Again, we have sought its emancipation, but have failed to obtain, and why? Because our watchword, "Charity for all and malice toward none," has not been with us an indwelling principle. We have not ourselves been free from this same prejudice.

But now, Charity has clothed naked Malice with her mantle, and how transformed does she appear, while she who has done the gracious deed seems endowed with the greater sweetness. Our doors are now thrown open wide for all who wish to enter here, and what was light an hour ago is darkness compared with the profusion now. Let us, then, henceforth, to every phase of life, and act and thought, accord its own inherent right, not to condemn, but let each on its own merit stand or fall, as is our common lot. And I recommend for your consideration the appointment of a delegation of spirits, who shall confer with minds in Earth life, to the end that our designs may harmonize with theirs to extend the sway of universal justice, and that they may become partakers with us in the enjoyment of the light of this home.

In accordance with this suggestion, a committee was chosen, who desire to meet in convention at some convenient point all those who wish to practice principles of universal justice. Such convention to be universal in its character, with the object in view to organize

the means whereby to disseminate its principles.

Therefore, dear friend, if thou findest it agreeable to thy views wilt thou not lay before thy readers and hearers such thoughts and counsels as shall lead them to take some definite action in this matter? Let those will agree to meet on the first month of the ensuing year at some central point, give thee their names, that thou mayest publish the same in list in thy paper. If thou shalt thus induce many to commit themselves to this movement, methinks thou wilt see a most glorious unfolding of a new era of Spiritual truth.

Ever thy friend,

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

North Castine, Me., 10th mo., 17, 28.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

WHAT GOOD HAS SPIRITUALISM DONE?

What good has Spiritualism done, is doing, and destined to accomplish? is the oft-repeated and pertinent question of those who have neglected to give this all important subject due investigation. In answer to which, a brief enumeration of a few of the substantial benefits conferred upon humanity, as well as the demonstrative evidences of the resurrection, a future state of existence and its conditions.

It has accomplished more in a brief decade of some twenty-five years than all the beliefs and abstractions of all heathendom, Mahomedanism, and Christianity combined have done during the preceding centuries.

It has given us a knowledge of, and the use of Mesmerism, the talismanic *sesame* by which Jesus Christ performed so many cures of disease, enabling him to unloose the seven seals from that wonderful book, the science of the soul, developing many of its hitherto latent faculties, as clairvoyance, clairaudience, clair-sensitiveness, etc., demonstrating the philosophy of Spiritual gifts (the Holy Ghost), thus revealing, finishing the hitherto hidden mystery of God (revelation).

It has given a Spiritual interpretation to the allegorical language of the Bible, which has hitherto been most effectually killed by a strict theological adherence to the letter.

It has established the important fact that the brain is the culminating point or link connecting spirit with matter, where only the tree of knowledge (the intellectual lobe) and the tree of life (the cerebellum, arbor vitae) are to be found, establishing the fact of its being the fabulous garden, located "east in Eden," into which Adam (the individual man) was placed, to take special charge of and cultivate.

It proves that the Tower of Babel represents Christian theology, endeavoring to escape punishment.

It proves that "the man of sin, the son of perdition," represents the priest in the pulpit, "setting himself up as God, and above God," in using God (the word of God) simply as witness to prove his own preconceived opinions (creeds) to be true.

It proves that the chief priests and elders who crucified Christ as a Devil, in ancient times, are doing the like at the present, to the full extent of their ability, in opposing the manifestations of Spiritual gifts (the Holy Ghost).

In brief, it demonstrates the Bible to be simply the Spiritual literature of the Jews, its truths, both plain and (so-called) miraculous, to rest upon immutable law. It ably sustains the prophetic testimony of John the revelator, on the isle of Patmos, in his oft-repeated warnings to the churches to their final expulsion, or "spewing out," at the Laodicean or lukewarm period, effectually abrogating church organizationalism. In his lucid description of the method of Spiritual communication, as coming from God, through the mediumship of Jesus Christ, to the angel (spirit), to John, and through John's mediumship to us. In ushering in of the Spiritual dispensation by means of knocks (raps) at the door. In predicting that angels (spirits) would fly through the midst of heaven, preaching the everlasting gospel. In warning the whore of Babylon (the Catholic Mother Church) of her awful downfall, together with her numerous progeny of harlots and abominations of the earth (the Protestant Churches). In there being no temple (church or local place of worship) found in the New Jerusalem.

In affirming that the tree of life, when partaken of (discovered), would eventually shed its leaves (magnetic influences) "for the healing of the nations."

And finally, Spiritualism, in proving the continuity of life, death being simply the change from the natural (material) to the Spiritual body, the individual still retaining all his original faculties intact, with power to hold intelligent communication with those still in the material body, has most emphatically robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. It sustains each and every of the oft-repeated declarations of Jesus of Nazareth, respecting the signs which should follow as evidences of belief, and more especially his clear and positive declaration:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in me, the works which I do shall he do also, and greater works shall he do, because I go unto my Father."

Comment is unnecessary. Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind and judge ye for yourselves what is right.

WATCHMAN.

Fremont, Ind.

SO-CALLED CHRISTIANITY DRIVEN FROM THE ARENA OF DEBATE.

OSKALOOSA, IOWA, Oct. 9, 1875.

W. F. JAMIESON, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I received yours of the 14th ult. asking for a debate on Bible Christianity and modern Spiritualism as I was just on the eve of starting to Eldora to attend the State Convention of the Church of Christ in Iowa, hence the delayed answer.

1. Permit me to say that I do not favor debate, nor do any of the brethren, only when it may conduce to the advancement of truth. Beyond our desire for truth we have no interest in debate.

2. I am not assured that any considerable number of people in this community ask for such discussion, or that they would attend it if held.

3. I shall have more important business than debating on that subject as I now see it.

4. You have once held a debate in this city with Bro. G. T. Carpenter, and the opinion of my brethren seems to be that a debate will not sufficiently interest the people of the community to pay for the time and expenses of the debate.

5. I will not debate so indefinite a question as "modern Spiritualism." I would have to know what is meant by it. I understand that you refuse to abide the definitions of others, and even those given by yourself, except your recent utterances. Hence I must know what you mean by the term.

Yours with respect, D. R. DUNGAN.

EDDYVILLE, IOWA, Oct. 9, 1875.

REV. D. R. DUNGAN—*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 9th inst. is received. A public religious teacher who asks the people to lend their ears to what he has to say, only stultifies himself when he says he is not in favor of debate.

How are you to determine beforehand whether a confident opinion will "conduce to the advancement of truth"? If you think debate will injure truth, it proves you have far less confidence in the power of truth than I have. Quite likely there are many instances in which your Disciple theories suffer by debate.

You say you are not assured that any considerable number of people ask for debate, or would attend. Do you not perceive how puerile that objection is? Do you never give the "gospel" to people unless they ask for it? Has not Discipleism been preached in some places for years to a mere handful, and the mass of the people have declared they did not ask for such a compound?

Yes, I debated with Prof. Carpenter, but he was so green at the business that he damaged his cause more than I hurt it. I do not wonder your brethren want no more debating. He promised to meet and answer my infidel objections to Christianity, but failed to turn one of them.

I had a large audience in the city hall Sunday evening. Usually I am blessed with good audiences wherever I go, and was in hopes that the Christian people of your place would favor a discussion, conducted on the one side by yourself, as a gentleman of more ability than Mr. Carpenter—so reported to me.

You will not debate, you say, so indefinite a question as "modern Spiritualism," from which I perceive you are not familiar with the debating code. I merely signified to you in general terms the topics; specific terms afterwards to be agreed upon. The first point was to ascertain if you would be willing to debate. But "modern Spiritualism" is proved to be no

more indefinite than Christianity, either ancient or modern.

You say I refuse to "abide the definitions of others." Don't you about Christianity? You object to the numerous definitions of others as to what is Christianity. I have known some of the members of your own denomination, who had been Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., who would be governed only by their recent utterances. That principle is perfectly legitimate, is it not?

If you had found by experience that debate would obtain souls for the Christian fold, we Free-thinkers would not witness this halting on your part about engaging in it. Christianity has virtually abandoned the debating arena, and herein it confesses its impotence. Its last refuge is "revivalism" (which disgusts even the thinking among Christians), and that is failing, while Infidels are multiplying.

Yours respectfully,

W. F. JAMIESON.

Respectfully submitted to the reading and thinking public, to whom I will say that I have been credibly informed that numerous Christians (so-called), including one or more clergymen, have said in substance that W. F. Jamieson, or anyone of his sentiments, ought not to be allowed to speak or utter them in public. Thus virtually advising the gag and hissing on the rabble. How does this look in the way of proving all things, and especially how does it look or speak for intelligence, to say nothing of so-called Christianity, in a free republic, with its constitutional guarantee of free speech, free press, and the toleration of free religious sentiment?

If Church bigots would do this in the *green tree* what would they not do in the dry? If they thus try to excite mobocracy against free speech and free religion, in opposition to a "Godless constitution" (as some of the clergy call it), what would they not do had they the law and "God in the Constitution" as they want it? Freemen, lovers of liberty, awake to a sense of danger overshadowing the free institutions of the Government, if not the Government itself. Nothing will preserve us a free nation and a free people but the entire secularization of our public schools and of the government from all church bias and church influence, farther than to equally protect all in the right of personal belief, and the free expression of that belief—even in the right of the clergy to represent or misrepresent the faith of others from their "coward's castle," while they in open field shrink and cower from discussion upon what they assert to be truth, with which weapon they would do well to meet error squarely and manly, but do not, and it appears dare not. And now comes the query, What are they afraid of? Can it be that they are afraid of, or have lost confidence in Truth, which can only make them with all men free?

JOHN WILCOX.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

LETTER FROM HENRY CLAY.

MR. EDITOR: Notwithstanding my lack of health and the physical inertia consequent, I crept out and attended for a part of the day the anniversary meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association, of which Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *et al.*, are members and officers, held in May last, in the Masonic Temple, corner of 23d st. and Sixth ave., in the city of New York.

I desired to see and to speak to Miss A., the victim of illegal and unfounded decisions, orders, and judgments of U. S. judges, in the matter of her exercise of a constitutional political right at the last Presidential election, to-wit, depositing her ballot for President of the United States; a personage and lady now become historic for having been subjected to malicious prosecution, fine, and false imprisonment at the instance of the Government of the United States. I saw Miss A. and spoke to her, but for a few moments only, long enough however to introduce myself, to thank her for the book she sent me containing the history of her trial, to suggest that these meetings were only *moral suasion* forces, for which the politicians cared not a fig, and to say that, in my opinion, the question of *woman suffrage* must be settled by direct *political* force.

She replied that they intended to resort to such action. I am not in acquaintance with the noble ladies of this Suffrage Society, and hence cannot know their plans of action. I

was glad to hear Mrs. Stanton say in the meeting that the party which should inscribe Woman Suffrage on its banner would elect the next President of the U. S. What a fool must Grant be not to proclaim at once to all the States woman's *political* right of suffrage, woman's freedom at the ballot box. Might he not again make his "calling and election sure," for a third term, in spite of hostile politicians and *resolving* State Conventions of Republicans!

At the recess of the meeting I went over the way, to the parlors of J. V. Mansfield, the renowned writing medium, 361 Sixth ave. We had a pleasant chat; I related the transactions of the morning in the ladies' meeting, and stated that I had suggested to Miss Anthony that nothing short of *political* action would insure woman suffrage. We spoke of the old Anti-Slavery times; of the fall of the great Whig party because of its embrace of slavery, of the part I took in the formation of the Liberty party, and in the engineering of its forces for seven years, *quorum pars magna fui, etc., etc.*

As I was about to return to the meeting, and had risen to depart, I thought I would ask Mr. M. to indulge any spirit who might be present and would write me a few words. He said he was willing to write if any spirit desired him to do so. We sat down, and his pencil produced the following letter from Mr. Clay:

MY DEAR DRESSER: I have listened to all you have uttered; I know your thoughts, and acknowledge your pen did take the wind out of my sails. I have not a word of censure; I always did admire a truthful, conscientious man, even though he disagreed with me, religiously or politically. You I ever considered working for the interest of your country; but, as before said, your views were not mine.

But now you have it within your power to turn the tide of public opinion, if you will work with that earnestness you did against my doings. Your ideas of a way of procedure are correct, in my humble opinion. You have but to say you will do it, and it is done. You know what I mean by that.

The suggestion you made to the lady to-day was fraught with deep meaning. If that advice were taken, then you would elect any one you choose to elect. As to those with whom you should correspond, you shall be rightly impressed. We have more to say to you after a little. Yours sincerely,

H. CLAY.

Let every lady of the land distrust the man who will hinder, by word even, her pathway to the polls. I feel that none but a man saturated with selfishness, a mean fellow, will refuse to accompany his wife, daughter, sister, mother, in their joint exercise of a political right, in their mutual discharge of a common duty to their government. What a matchless wrong is inflicted on the female population of these United States, in number totalizing more than 20,000,000! Let woman protest not only, but act; let her rally every political force within the domestic relations; let her make daily undying Declaration of War for her rights!

HORACE DRESSER.

HOW TO EDUCATE A WIFE.—A Detroit of liberal education has been greatly annoyed because his wife and other women are not better posted on history and other matters connected with the growth or welfare of the country. The other day he carried home a big history and handed it to his spouse with the remark:

"There, Mary, I want you to commence at page one, and see if you can't learn something."

She agreed to become his pupil, and when he came home to supper he found her reading away, hair down, slippers on, all the fires out but one, and no sign of supper.

"Why, how is this?" he enquired; "are you sick?"

"Sick! No."

"Well, where's my supper?"

"I don't know anything about your supper," she replied as she settled back in her chair, "but I can tell you all about the first discovery of Florida, as straight as a string!"

That history hasn't been opened since that evening.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BRAINS WANTED FOR TWO.—The other day when a resident of First street went home to dinner, his wife asked him why he sent a stranger to the house after his Sunday suit.

"I didn't," he bluntly replied.

"But a young man called and said so, and I gave him the clothes," she said.

There was a painful pause, and she continued:

"You can't blame me."

"No, I can't," he replied, "but I wish you and I knew enough to last us over night."

She didn't eat any dinner of course.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

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

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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

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

We are in want of a thousand subscribers per month for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Hurry up before the list is full; be sure and send us \$1.10 a year.

We want it distinctly understood that after this number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK our correspondents must confine their contributions to the limits of 1200 words, or 150 lines of eight words each, or we shall be obliged to cut them down or reject them. Long articles are seldom read.

We speak in Cairo, Ill., the Sundays of December. Will speak in Morrison, Ill., on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of December, 1875; will speak in Cobden, Vienna, Paducah, and Greenville as may be required. Will speak in Grow's Opera House, Chicago, on Sunday, Nov. 28th, at 10:30 a. m. Seance at 8 o'clock, p. m. Admission, 25 cts.

One year and a half ago we sent forth No. 1 of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, a neat, tidy, sixteen-page paper. This was too heavy a load for us to carry, and we cut it down to eight pages. Since then it has promptly appeared every two weeks until this, the 34th number, lies before you. Do you like our effort? Is this paper worthy of your patronage? If so, please renew, and get your neighbor to subscribe also. We need the help, you need the paper. Come, let us work together for the good of all concerned. THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is true to the principles declared, viz., the best interests of humanity.

Terms, \$1.10 a year, or for 26 numbers. Subscribe at once.

HARD TIMES.

Dear Friend, do you know the meaning of these words? If you do not, publish a Spiritual paper in the face of powerful opposition from all sides; foes before you, foes behind you, foes on the right, foes on the left, foes that lie about you at every breath, whose souls know the truth and speak a lie. Then you will understand the full meaning of these two words.

Human gas is cheap, but printer's ink and type cost greenbacks, and have to be paid for. If some genius would take the waste basket of an editor and weave the letters, communications, and advice how to publish a paper, into a romance or drama, it would be a fortune for the author.

"I like your paper, but got no money," or, "will pay you soon," or, "when I sell my pork," or, "after harvest I will pay you"; with the alternate, "Why don't you give the Church Texas?" "Why don't you publish my article?" or, "Ain't you going a little fast?" or, "Are you going to put up with G.'s abuse?" "If you would say something about the finance I would like your paper better."

We are not surprised at the bald heads of editors, or that they swear some, and can't live with their wives, or that they want an office, or cry aloud for help, or for delinquent subscribers to pay up or get out. And yet, in the midst of all these trials and opposition, we live. THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK lives, and our subscription list increases, and we hold our own, and yet it is hard times.

And now, readers, when you smoke a cigar, or drink sour mash, or go to a theater or circus, or contribute to a church collection, or subscribe for political slavery, remember THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Renew at once, and be sure you send a copy to a friend for six months at least. Do all these things if you will, only do not forget THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

THE CAUSE.

Everywhere we find progress. Men, women, children, are better; religion is becoming more practical, real, and scientific; science daily becomes more and more religious, but it is the religion of growth, of development, and has its cause within the domain of knowledge, hence it is rational and progressive.

To-day Spiritualism is the cardinal idea, the prospecting for the gold of Paradise is complete. We know that death means change, not sleep eternal, or coma. It is unnatural, unreal, and not of God. We know through our senses that the morrow of our soul life is a fixed fact. On the other hand, the faith doctrine, like the violet, is very beautiful in the spring-time of life, but like the violet, withers and fades away before the stern realities of natural life. On this atoning pabulum we have been fed for ages. At the grave of the dead we have wept, in the morning of life. At noon, our sadness makes life weary, and at night we lay down and die. And they that are left tread the selfsame track, weeping in sorrow and sadness, to leave at night, perchance in the morn, for "the bourne from whence no traveler returns."

Spiritualism, with buoyant step, ascends the Golden Stairs of life, and with joy enters the Pearly Gate, knowing that there is within a Redeemer who knows no failure, no death, no resurrection; but, one life, and that life eternal. O soul, Son of God, one with the Father, all holy, from change birth to change death, through death into life, there, from sphere to sphere, upward, onward, forever one with Godliness through Progression.

PURE SPIRITUALISM.

The reaction is at hand. Purity is purged of its would-be pure. Everywhere we hear the cry, Smash the Ring; let there be no pope in Spiritualism! Men and women can be and are honest without carrying the badge on their hats, "This person is honest."

The Minnesota State Convention and Potter, its missionary, are failures, miserable failures. The Dubuque and Nashua Camp-meetings were failures. To call a three days' meeting of a few men and women a camp-meeting is a fraud. Dr. Sanford states in a late article in regard to the Dubuque Camp-meeting, "We held our camp-meeting, and none of the speakers had more than one wife." We ask Dr. S. how many wives he has divorced? We ask Sanford, Bailey, Barnes, Wilcox, and all the itinerate who howl in the columns of certain papers, wherein lies the difference, morally, socially, and in truth, between marrying women, begetting from two to five children each, then divorce them and marry again, leaving their victims for honest tax-payers to support, or a burden on the hands of relatives. We will publish in our next the statement of Bro. Pitts and others, in regard to the Nashua Camp-meeting. And we wish to state that there is as much truth in the statement of Dr. S. in regard to the appointment of Sr. Severance as a delegate to the Centennial as there is in anything he writes. The committee he appointed was, not to attend the Centennial, but to call a convention in the West for the purpose of co-operating with Spiritualists elsewhere in regard to holding a centennial celebration.

We have the written invitation of the management to be at the Dubuque Camp-meeting, and in the name of the management, through its secretary, Mr. Chandler. In regard to the Fourth of July oration, we offered to give way for Judge H., and at the time we were walking between Dr. Sanford and Mr. Chandler, and both of these men refused to release us, as did the Committee on Speakers and Business. We at once called on Judge H. and stated the fact. The Judge said to us, "Did Sanford say that?" We said, He did.

Mrs. Dr. Severance was there on invitation by the Secretary of the Camp-meeting, and that, too, without our knowledge. Now, we are prepared to prove the statements of "A Camper" true in every respect. It is true that when we paid Dr. Sanford for our meals, he said, "No, you had not ought to pay." We replied, We always pay our way, and never deadhead it anywhere. He said no more, but took the money and continued to take it until the end of the meeting.

We now say that Sanford, without the *d*, did refuse to put Holbrook in our place on the 5th of July, and did say to us, "You are the choice of the management," and we can prove it.

We did give Sanford (without the *d*) the cold shoulder, but not until we proved him false-hearted to us; for we found this man in a small hotel in Iowa City, Sept. 30, and Oct. 1 and 2, 1872, and took him to the State Convention, the 4th, 5th, and 6th of Oct., paying his expenses, and getting him the place of State missionary. And from the day we paid his expenses to Des Moines and back to his house, he has been good to our face and our enemy behind our back.

We write this with a spirit of just resentment, to justify our position, and are prepared to sustain what we have written, and now we advise Sanford, without a *d*, to marry again, tend stable for a while, and then either be turned out of doors or get a divorce and go back to the Church where he belongs.

SAVED AGAIN FROM FIRE.

DEAR BROTHER: Ere this you have heard of the burning of Virginia City, where I have been living the past summer. And I consider that our spirit friends not only saved me from the effects of the fire, but made many efforts to save others. I herewith send you an account thereof.

In September, our city was visited by Mrs. A. Peck, of Kansas, who by the way is a good materializing and independent slate writing medium. On one occasion, there was written upon the slate these ominous words: "The heart of Virginia will be burned out ere long." This was less than two months before the fire occurred. There were several other mediums in the place who were so earnestly impressed with the terror of the approaching calamity, speaking of it so frequently, that the secular papers published notices of these prophecies or premonitions about it; but generally in a tone of ridicule and derision.

In the early part of October I received letters from my son in Oregon and my father-in-law in Ohio, that they intended to visit me in October. About the middle of October the spirits commenced saying to me, "The fire is soon coming." I lived at the time in the thickly-settled portion of the town. Sometimes, when I opened my front door, they would say to me, "This will soon all be ashes." Again, the word would be, "This will soon be smoking ruins."

After this, the influence bid me leave the place; indeed, it grew so strong that I packed my goods and took them to the depot on Thursday, giving up possession of the house several days before the month was up for which I had paid rent, notwithstanding the fact that I was expecting my visitors every day. The spirits urged me to leave so strongly that I took my trunk to the depot on Saturday and checked it to Reno. On Sunday, my father-in-law came. As soon as I met him I was forced to say, "We must leave here at once."

He was very much surprised that I had no home in which to entertain him, and that I would insist on his leaving the city at once. Finally, he consenting, we left the doomed city on Sunday evening, the very day he came, arriving in Reno on Monday, at six o'clock. On Tuesday morning, not only the place where I had lived but two thirds of the city was indeed smoking ruins.

Brother, this is the second time I have been saved from a disastrous fire by heeding Spiritual advice. You remember how I wrote you last spring, how our dear mother warned me out of a house in Sacramento City?

I am, Brother, yours for the truth,
P. W. STEPHENS.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

We call attention to the following editorial notes. Be sure to read them.

Don't fail to read A Tale of Life; it is a capital story or statement of a spirit's earth experience. Remember, we shall publish it in book form.

Bros. Sherman and Lyon are after Prof. Van Hyatt with sharp sticks. Only keep cool, gentlemen, there is nothing like it. What if the earth is hollow, and the hollow is filled with molten matter? Is it a hollow globe or a solid one? We think that it is of little import to us, for when this surface falls in, or the great fire from within blows us up, we are ready to go; but don't fail to buy the Hollow Globe, price \$2, and to subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, price \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

The Iowa State Association of Spiritualists was well attended by the citizens in Iowa Falls, but few came from abroad. Why?

Mrs. Amelia Colby and Olive Smith, speaker and singer, leave for Texas this month. We bespeak for them a pleasant trip and a profitable one, with a hearty welcome from the Spiritualists of the Lone Star State.

We do not wish to be accused of plagiarism by any one who reads the article on our sixth page headed "Materialization in Michigan," because the same article appeared in the *Banner of Light* of Nov. 13. We published the article from the original manuscript, not knowing a copy of it had been sent to another paper for publication.

Our exchanges come to us this week full to overflowing with good things. The *Crucible* fairly sparkles with wit, logic, fun, and fight. Mose and Dan are two bricks, clinker-burnt, and full of love.

The *Spiritual Scientist* is well-filled with good reading matter. Col. Olcott is fully up to his mission, and yet, after carefully reading all he has written in New York papers and the *Spiritual press*, we opine that he is in deep water and far from the real in Spiritualism.

The *Woodhull & Claflin Weekly* is calling for more help, and that, too, for an eight-page paper at \$3 a year. We know of a firm that will furnish the proprietors 2500 copies of that paper weekly for \$100 a week, or \$5200 a year. That number of papers at \$3 a year will be \$7500 a year. Why does the *Weekly* want help with its large advertising list? And yet it is worth the reading, and full of rich, ripe, soul thought.

The *Christian Spiritualist* is always a welcome visitor. We value it highly. Bro. Watson is an earnest, honest worker, and his magazine fills a niche in our *Spiritual cause* that none others could. But we fear Bro. Watson has not the fear of our would-be northern pope or he would not publish an article from the pen of Lois Waisbrooker, the second best Free-lover in the land; and, by the way, this new book of hers, "Nothing Like It," ought to be read by every Spiritualist in the land, it is full of good thought.

The *Truth-Seeker*, we welcome it, it is so loyal and full of truth. Long may it live, and many subscribers may it have, for it is worthy. May the shadow of Bro. Bennett never be less.

And our staunch and loyal friend, the *Investigator*, full of solids, no spirit, the one thing lacking, makes its regular weekly appearance. It grinds fine, but when the water runs out it will grind no more. Why? Because it is dead, and the dead know not anything. Repent, Brothers, follow the example of Bro. Bennett, and grind on forever.

The *Word*, a spicy monthly, makes its usual visit, full of fresh Free-love thoughts. It is a live sheet and we hope it will live.

The *Sun*, Launt's paper, the spiciest sheet published in America. When it is not on a Train it is in a tight place. We admire the pluck of its editor and wish him success.

The *Banner of Light*, the old stand-by. We rejoice in its neat appearance, and its solid reading matter. It is worthy, for it is clean, and never has a foul breath. We have read it from the first time it appeared and expect to read it while we live. Long may it wave on the breeze of progress. God bless the *Banner of Light*.

The *R.-P. Journal*. Well, we take it and still live—in hopes of a reform in its reading matter before the Judgment day, that is all.

CLARK HOUSE, corner of Fourth st. and Hennepin ave., Minneapolis, Minn. F. W. Hanscom, proprietor. Price, two dollars per day. This splendid new hotel is now open, and is the only first-class \$2.00 per day house in the city. The office, dining-room, billiard-hall, and barber-shop is on the ground floor, and the guests' rooms are large, airy, convenient, and mostly *en suite*. It is situated within two blocks of the Academy of Music, post-office, and other public buildings, and central between the two public depots. The tables will always be supplied with the best the market affords, and no pains will be spared to make your stay at the Clark House pleasant and agreeable.

We know F. W. Hanscom and his good wife, and commend all who visit Minneapolis to give the Clark House a call. You will be sure to get a good square meal and a good bed. You can eat the one and sleep in peace in the other; it is a bad place for sneaks, dead-beats and old spongers. Let every true man and woman call on the Clark House; it will pay.

BELVIDERE, ILL., Oct. 25, 1875.
 MR. E. V. WILSON—Dear Sir: I have looked your paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, through, and like the tone of it very well. I enclose one dollar and ten cents, the subscription price for 26 copies, which you will please mail to my address. Very truly yours,
 W. I. FOX.

REMARKS.—We thank the Brother and others who subscribed for our paper. We trust to always be worthy of your patronage, and continue our paper in the exalted tone of truth you find it now filled with, for we assure our readers that we publish a live paper, and will continue to do so while we live, or while we publish THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Price, \$1.10 for 26 numbers. Address, E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill.

From the Minneapolis Tribune, 13th inst.
THE MINNEAPOLIS MASS MEETING
 —A GRAND SUCCESS.

A large audience assembled at Harrison Hall on the afternoon of the 12th inst., at 2 o'clock, in pursuance to a call made for a mass meeting of Liberalists. The meeting was called to order by E. V. Wilson, President *pro tem.*, and officers chosen for the mass meeting, as follows:

President—Mrs. J. H. Severance, M. D., of Milwaukee.

Vice-President—J. S. Wales, of Minneapolis.

Secretary—Mrs. C. Marston, of St. Paul.
 Business Committee—Mrs. F. W. Hanscom, E. T. Lovering, Minneapolis; Warren Smith, Graham Lakes.

The afternoon session was devoted to conference—ten minute speeches. Conference opened by Warren Smith, in a few spirited and well-timed remarks on free speech, which were well received. He took the ground that free speech and a free platform were not and could not be confined to any one ism. Mr. Smith was followed by Mrs. Colborne, on general topics, all tending to harmonize the diverse elements in the Liberal ranks. The next one that came to the front was E. V. Wilson, who is well known to be a whole host in himself, and his short speech this afternoon was E. V. Wilson's own; he is one of the Liberal evangelists. Major Whittle must look well to his laurels while the Gentle Wilson holds forth in these parts. Wilson must be heard to be understood. Col. G. W. Sweet made a few pertinent remarks right to the point, as good lawyers generally use. E. V. Wilson was invited by the audience to describe the spirits that he saw standing beside the speakers and others. Mr. Morey made some remarks on the liberalizing tendency of the evangelical churches of to-day, compared with a few years past. He said he was not a Spiritualist, but was in entire sympathy with the Liberal element. Geo. P. Harris came forward and spoke with good effect. Mr. Harris is an ex-Methodist preacher, he has a fine voice, and seems to have the Bible at his tongue's end; with his fine memory, he ought to wield influence in the ranks of any movement. At this point the Convention was favored with music from the volunteer singers, accompanied by the sweet toned organ that is such an addition to the hall. Mrs. J. H. Severance spoke of the truth and benefit of Spiritualism to humanity. Mrs. Severance is one of the most liberal speakers, and will be one of the prominent speakers of the Convention. She is a most talented woman, and her language is pure, chaste, and well chosen. After some remarks by E. V. Wilson, and several most truthful descriptions of spirits, that were fully recognized, music followed, when the Convention adjourned with a good prospect of a three days meeting.

The programme for this evening is, music by the choir, lecture by Mrs. J. H. Severance, E. V. Wilson will describe spirits. The evening sessions will open at 7 o'clock sharp. The morning sessions will open at 9 o'clock, with music, one hour's conference, when every one can have their say, to this mass meeting. All are invited to come, if they have a truth to tell come and tell it; if you have no truth to tell then come and listen to truth, that you may find the truth indeed. This Convention is a new movement, pledged to no ism, no creed. Its object is to compare notes, accept the truth and reject all that seems to be error. Come one, come all, for our platform is broad enough for all to stand upon.

The hall in the evening was well filled, every seat being occupied and sixty-five standing, and that, too, in the face of the fact that Messrs. Whittle and Bliss are holding a revival meeting, and the Catholics mustering all their forces, and they are legions, at the Church of Immaculate Conception. The speech of Dr. Severance on Self Culture, or How to Live, was a grand effort and commanded the close attention of all present.

E. V. Wilson excelled himself and added converts to the cause. His tests were simply grand. The State at large was well represented, thus rebuking the attempt to enforce gag-law upon the Spiritualists of Minnesota. It is a well authenticated fact that Harrison Hall was not large enough to hold the people, and that over a hundred ladies and gentlemen left for want of seats, and if the interest continues there is not a hall large enough in the city to hold the people. WARREN SMITH.

Test Department.

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

THE TEST.

On Sunday, the 7th inst., we spoke to a large and deeply interested audience in Grow's Opera House, Chicago. In the morning we gave the following tests:

No. 1. There sat on our right two ladies, strangers to us. While speaking, there appeared a pale, phosphorescent light about them. It was peculiar in shape and appearance, restless and constantly in motion. Soon we saw a man, fully describing him, then we saw the woman. It was nine and thirteen ago, we saw the woman excited as if in anger and doubt; then we saw the man in a buggy with a dark bay horse before it, he took up the lines and drove rapidly away, leaving the lady standing alone and much excited. The light came again and rested on her person, seeming to be much attracted to her. We turned to the lady and carefully related what we saw.

The lady said, "Do you mean to say that the man you describe is in Spirit life?"

"We mean this, that which we have described we see, and with you, and it belongs to your history, and to us it is true."

"Well, I perfectly understand it, know just what it is, and what it means. Every feature of it is correct, even to the horse and buggy; only the man is living, or was not long ago, and is my husband."

We saw this phenomena repeated a second time.

Question—Are we approaching a feature in our nature in which our double can present itself when and where it will, and without the knowledge of the original? And is this a part of the Olcott theory of the human spirit?

Truly we are living in a marvelous age. What shall we call this age? Are we ripening up for the eternal? Speak, God, our Father, and let us know!

No. 2. In front of us and to our left, sat a well-dressed woman, some five and forty years of age. We noticed an earnest and attentive listener. All of a sudden we saw her standing in the center of a large and well-furnished room; on her right there was a door, partly open, but in the act of swinging to; but we did not see who or what closed the door. After this, we saw the woman with clasped hands and agonized look, saw her lips move, but heard no sound. Then she seemed to, or did wilt, like a plant stricken with frost, and there she lay, all limp and silent before our vision. We never saw a sadder looking sight. We then heard a voice, saying,

"Again am I compelled to present to the clairvoyant mind of the human family my error, the wrong I have done this woman; thus am I compelled by the law of justice in the Infinite to pay the penalty. 'Cain, where is Abel thy brother?' is as much a fact in the teachings of Spiritualism to-day, as it was four thousand years before the time of Jesus. The law of compensation is eternal. 'Pay the penalty due from thy soul to thy neighbor, and work out thy salvation,' is my sentence, and I am serving it out. And three times three am I compelled to expose myself ere the penalty is paid and I am free."

The woman was very much affected and wept. A wondrous stillness pervaded the house. After a little, the woman said, in a sad voice, "It is true, too true. All this took place; it is true."

Thus are we daily working out the stern problem of life results. When will men and women learn the fact that there is no such thing as forgiveness in the strict sense of the term?

In the evening we spoke before a large and intelligent audience, to whom we gave the following tests:

No. 3. To a man. We said, There is with you a woman, carefully describing her in every feature of the face; she seems to us, if living in the form, forty-five years of age. We hold this woman to be your sister.

No answer.

No. 4. To Mr. B. There is with you a man, fully sixty-five years of age, six feet two inches in height, large face, iron gray hair, side whiskers, clean shaven face, weight full two hundred and twenty pounds. This man had much to do with you in forming the character of the

man now before me. He is not a relative, but we believe him to be a teacher, and that he was associated with you from 18 to 20 or 21 years of age. What do you know about him?

"Really, Mr. W., I do not identify the man and have no recollection of him."

"Will you describe the man under whom you were educated, say from 17 to 20 years of age?"

"Well, he was a large man, and very much such a man as you have described; indeed, your description is a good one; but I think he is not dead, at least was not when last I heard from him."

Here is a second case of the living standing before us in phantom. Who can measure the capacities of the human soul? The most wondrous phenomenon of the human family or of creative laws. O Soul of Infinity, make us wise, crown us with knowledge, give us truth, and our freedom is assured. We ask it for humanity's sake.

No. 5. To a lady. We see you sitting in a room, describing the place. You are looking very sad, a door opens and there comes in a man, he is excited and seemingly in a passion. As he enters the room you tremble, you fear, yet you are resolved. He brings his hand down with force upon your shoulder; he then in angry mood shakes you, he then lifts his hand up, holding it out thus, the palm towards us, it is covered with blood, blood drips from his fingers. In the palm of his hand we see the figure 9 and "ago," which we interpret to mean nine years ago. Please observe, we hear no words nor feel any influence whatever. We see this as we see you or any other person or thing before us. What do you know about it?

"It is true in every particular, in fact, date, and incident."

This answer was given in a subdued, sad voice, and the woman was visibly affected. After meeting she called on me, inquiring why these terrible scenes were ever with her.

"Because, madam, they are facts and incidents in your life or they would not be with you."

"True, but am I always to be haunted in this manner? Is there no such thing as relief or repose?"

"Not until the debt is paid in full. The law is a relentless Shylock, ever demanding its pound of flesh."

"True but the law requires not the blood."

"And yet the fiat stands unrepealed, 'An eye for an eye,' and 'whoso sheddeth man's blood,' you know the rest."

"Yes, yes; but how long?"

"The voice says, madam, until three times more am I sentenced to this stern duty."

"It is well; I am content. Good night."

No. 6. Some one laid on the table a plain linen handkerchief. While speaking, we touched it, and instantly we felt a thrust in our left thigh as if a blunt-pointed instrument had been thrust into it. We turned to the audience saying, There is a spirit here who was once a man, and he was killed by having something thrust through his thigh, and he died at once, very likely bled to death. Who owns this handkerchief?

A lady answered, "It is strictly true. I own the handkerchief and the man was killed in the manner you have stated; he was my husband."

No. 7. To a man sitting in the gallery, we said, There is a woman by you who is in Spirit life. We then carefully described her. We believe this woman to be your wife. What do you know about her?

"I have lost a wife, and you have described her exceedingly well. How old should you judge her to be?"

"About thirty years old."

"That is correct."

No. 8. To a man who sat on the front row of seats. We said, We feel great excitement acting upon us. It is as if a whirlwind swept in force upon us, we are seemingly standing still, and are taken up, swept to the left, and are out of danger. This was thirty years ago. We hold that your life was in great danger, and that you barely escaped with your life. What do you know about it?

He answered, "Nothing very positive. I do not really identify the circumstance. There was an attempt made to shoot me by a man, at that time, which created a sharp excitement; indeed, things were lively for a little while. That is all."

No. 9. There lay upon the table a silk handkerchief with a brown border. We touched it, and as we did so we heard the voice of a

child, very indistinct, saying, Papa and Mamma; then came a clear strong influence, that of an adult spirit, saying, There is here two spirits, one a child, the other a man. There is here to-night two persons, relatives of these spirits, or both of them, to one of them, and the child also. There was no reply.

After a while a gentleman asked, "Please repeat what you said in regard to the silk handkerchief."

We did so.

He then said, "The handkerchief belongs to a lady and gentleman present here to-night. The child died one month ago, and the parties referred to are the father and mother of the child. I frankly confess that I came here a skeptic, having no faith whatever in Spiritualism. I hardly know what to think now; what I have heard this evening surprises me. I do not know what to think of it."

No. 10. To a lady. There is here a spirit who says to you, Be firm, give not away. You have received a letter; it is important, heed it not. You have put on the harness of individuality, now wear it. This spirit is your sister.

The lady answered, "I have received such a letter, it is important, affecting my whole life. I have rejected the letter."

No. 11. and at the close of the meeting. We saw with a lady and gentleman, in the gallery, four spirits, one, a man, came to the woman and stood by her. We believed this spirit to be her husband. The others are relatives.

After the meeting closed, the gentleman came to us and said, "At a private circle this p. m. these spirits promised to come here with us and manifest themselves to you. We waited patiently for them to keep their promise, and when you sat down we felt that the promise had not been kept. Now it is complete, and we are assured of these things."

Thus, dear reader, the work went on, until fifty-three tests were given, five were denied, nine were not replied to, six were doubtful, and thirty were fully approved.

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

OBITUARY.

Died on Monday morning, Oct. 25, MRS. ELIZABETH WESTON, wife of Mr. C. F. Weston, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, aged 44 years.

Mrs. Weston had been a member of that community for many years, and has proved herself a true and noble woman in every relation of life—daughter, wife, mother, sister, friend. She needs no monumental marble to perpetuate the memory of her charities, for they are engraven in imperishable characters upon the hearts of those to whom she has been a ministering angel. Truly can it be said, "none knew her but to love her."

In her home she was the idol of a devoted husband, son, and daughter, who gave to her during her long and painful illness all that tender hands and loving hearts could give of care and sympathy. She was bidden to "Come up higher," and she was prepared for her promotion. "Earth has one angel less, Heaven one more." We will cherish the memory of her virtues and "strive, by deeds of love, to write our names one hundred, on the merit roll above."

Mrs. Weston had been for many years a firm believer in the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, and she wished it distinctly announced that she died as she had lived, a Spiritualist. She made all the arrangements for her funeral, even to the minutest details, as calmly and cheerfully as if arranging for a pleasant journey. In her last moments she saw and spoke the names of friends who were there to meet her at the gate of the hereafter.

Verily, verily, death hath lost its sting and the grave its victory. Indeed,

"There is no death! What seems so is transition,
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of life elysian
 Whose portal we call death."

Funeral services were held at the house on Wednesday morning, Mrs. A. H. Colby, of Chicago, speaker, where a large number of friends assembled to pay their tribute of respect to one who, by a life of uniform kindness, had won the esteem of all. The following beautiful address to the mourners was given at the close of Mrs. Colby's remarks:

"The great frost of time, called the messenger Death,
 Has swept o'er this land with its withering breath,
 A flower hath drooped and passed away,
 Not dead, but transported to endless day.

"Think not, my dear friends, that forever it's gone,
 That the essence of life forever has flown;
 Though the form of that flower has withered away,
 Yet in Paradise's garden 'tis blooming to-day.

"Dispel all your sorrow—disperse all your gloom;
 The grave has no terror—nor anguish the tomb;
 There the form of the loved one must meekly repose,
 But the spirit, triumphant, from the dead form arose.

"Then neighbors and kindred, drive away all your fears,
 For this lonely companion—banish all tears,
 These tender offspring she's nursed with such love,
 You'll all be united in the bright realms above."

—Communicated.

THE LOAF-GIVER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"Is there a lady yet
Under the sun?
Dames of Olympus
Called down, one by one.

"If a true lady
He left of earth's race,
Seats of the goddesses
Offer her place."

Answer came slowly
From hemispheres two:
Dead seemed the Old World,
And heedless the New.

"I am a lady, then!
See! for I wear
Latest of bonnets,
Last twist of hair;
French gloves and laces—
What more can I need?"
Laughed mighty Juno,
"A lady indeed!"

"I am a lady born!
I have a name!
An unbroken ancestry
Settles my claim."
"Weak!" said Minerva;
"Irrelevant, too!
Substitute ladyhood
Never will do."

"I am a lady!
No token of toil
Is on my fine fingers—
Vulgarity's soil!
I mix with no workfolk!"
"Ah!" Venus exclaimed;
"I wedded a blacksmith,
And was not ashamed."

"What face, bright as Hebe's,
Illumines yon street?
That beautiful maiden
Gives beggars their meat;
Her graceful hand leads them
To honor and peace,
My sigh for lost ladies,"
Said Venus, "I cease."

"I, too," called Minerva;
And pointed to where
In a dreary log schoolhouse,
A girl, young and fair,
Spent life, strength, and beauty—
"She scatters live seed!
She works in wild thought-fields,
The starved soul to feed."

Cried Juno, "Yon farm-wife,
With white arms like mine,
Round, snowy loaves shading,
To me seems divine.
She, moulded a goddess,
Who yet can prefer
To be useful and helpful—
What lady like her?"

Nodded the sky-women,
Glad, one by one.
"Still there are ladies left
Under the sun."

"Counterfeit creatures
May borrow the name;
But the deep-seeing heavens
Accept not their claim."

"Lady is loaf-giver!"
Echoed the three.
"Who stays the world's hunger,
True lady is she!"

For the Spiritualist at Work.

MATERIALIZATIONS IN MICHIGAN.

Mrs. E. Parrey has just closed six very successful seances in this city; in the most of these the flour test was used, while the iron ring and handcuffs were used at the choice of the controlling intelligences. The record of faces seen and recognized stands thus:

Eve'g of Oct. 14, 8 faces seen, 4 recognized.

"	"	15, 10	"	6	"
"	"	16, 11	"	6	"
"	"	17, 12	"	10	"
"	"	18, 7	"	5	"
"	"	19, 7	"	6	"

Total, 6 ev'gs, 55 " 37 "

The estimate of Mrs. Parrey's success is also made up from the fact that the writer, who has had good average opportunity, has heard of but two cases of dissatisfaction. In both of these instances the fault was in what was seen, while the eyesight of the parties who saw was some impaired by age, both using optical appliances to obtain the best vision.

The law which governs all materializations many seem to be unacquainted with, that, as all manifestations of intelligence are colored by the individuality of the medium, mentally considered, so all materializations are colored by the physical looks of the medium. Why should not this be so, when the atoms that compose the materialized structure are furnished from the medium's physical organization. Certainly very many of the faces here resembled Mrs. Parrey, yet when the materializations were best, both in regard to being plainly seen and in the amount of time remaining before dispersion, the individuality of the spirit's face was the most strongly marked and the resemblance to Mrs. Parrey's the least. Hence it follows that if you wish the spirit faces to look less like the medium give to them better conditions. Now the principal of these last is harmony, and the greatest of all obstacles is inharmony.

In view of these incontrovertible facts, proven alike with all mediums, how unwise, to say nothing of its cruelty and injustice, to meet our suffering, sensitive, and persecuted mediums with suspicion and want of confidence.

Treat any one as though he were a low criminal, talk to him to his face of fraud, dishonesty, and double dealing, would you expect else than combativeness in return, and disturbance of the whole mental and spiritual being?

Now, manifestations are impossible, except the medium be in a passive or negative condition, and in so doing you surely defeat the object in view. You get nothing, and then perhaps abuse the medium for that which you only are to blame. Please never forget your medium's business is not to meet your or your neighbor's tests, but to produce materializations, and that in one such face, plainly seen, and whose individuality is unmistakable, there is more proof of the genuineness of the phenomena than in all the so-called "tests" ever devised; the real test being in the character of what is seen.

I call particular attention to this on account of Mrs. Parrey's recent failure at Saranac, on the occasion of the camp-meeting. In a condition of inharmony, produced by those who should have understood the laws governing our manifestations better, there was failure, followed by blame of Mrs. Parrey, who all the while was deserving only their pity and love.

Pardon me if I also digress a little farther. Twelve years ago, in the neighboring town of Lowell, one of the finest flower mediums in the world was, like a bright light, rudely snuffed out of existence by the same bad conditions as ruled at Saranac. Had the love and harmony ruled that should, we would have had, ten years ago, our present materialized faces and forms, through the mediumship of Miss Ella VanWie. Lost to usefulness in the Spiritual field then and there, she sank into the lap of the world's respectability, never more to be heard from. Her fate was a sad one, and needs no other mention here, save that the hearts of those who love truth bleed when they think of her, a poor, deserted, crushed, and abused victim of injustice.

To return to Mrs. Parrey; at one seance was shown a face entirely African. At another, a lady was recognized, with her babe in her arms. Beards, both long and short, were plainly seen and felt. The controlling intelligence substantially materialized a short, stubby growth, with which he so touched a lady's cheek as to leave smarting sensation for two hours after. Several persons were kissed by materialized forms, as were also many caressed on the head. A few words were spoken on two separate occasions by the materializations.

We had two dark circles. Without going into any details, I will sum these up by saying they were intensely satisfactory in every respect, and seemed to remove all lingering possible doubts of the genuineness of what had preceded them at the seances.

John King stated that the magnetic conditions were the best they had ever met with, while the arrangements and locality left nothing of this kind to be desired, with the single exception of good violin music.

Spiritualists, sustain your mediums. When we see how our Christian neighbors can sustain their clergy through their greatest trials, how freely the purse is opened for their support, and then look at our action, what do we see? Alas, it will hardly do to tell. Sensitive, suffering, and highly strung spirits, equally as well organized to suffer as to give demonstrations of the immortal life, unless you can be in their places you cannot know how much they need your love and the substantial proofs of it. The exercise of their gift unfits them for other uses in this coarse, rugged world, while their physical wants are all the same. Do not abuse them by accusing them of money making. There is no class or profession in the world poorer than they. Not being machines, their periods of rest of necessity must take a large portion of their time, while their expenses go on.

Mrs. Parrey's charges are as low as she can make them and keep in the field, she has never made any money above her actual necessary expenses, but on the contrary has given her all to the cause. She has proved by experiment how little she can charge and sustain herself, and this appears to be the smallest fee known for materializations in the United States.

Be just to all, especially to those to whom we owe so much, and let the divine magic of love temper all things we touch as students of the grand problem of immortality.

H. W. BOOZER.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

REMARKS.—We wish it distinctly under-

stood that we publish all authentic accounts of Spiritual phenomena as they are given us, not vouching for anything save what we see and hear and understand through our senses. Our views are fixed in regard to spirit materialization. We know it to be a fact, as well as we know anything, and yet this phenomenon may be counterfeited. Why not? It is worth the while to counterfeit immortality, when we consider the hypothetical proof we have of a future existence, so far as the Churches are concerned.—Ed.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOODHULL, Aug. 28, 1875.

BRO. E. V. WILSON: Your last number, Aug. 15, is a welcome visitor. Your remarks in reply to R. Walker are most excellent. You say, in substance, you want a correct understanding with your subscribers. This is just as it should be, and every subscriber I think will be satisfied. I am for one (though overlooked).

You say if your early subscribers send \$2.10, your subsequent send \$1.10. For my life of me I cannot tell to which class I belong, therefore ask when will my time be out, or how will my account stand on July 1, 1876, provided I pay no more till then? There are a few numbers not received, through overlooking me. I am the last man that will read a paper and not pay the printer.

I sent you sometime since two tracts or pamphlets expressly for your criticism, but have heard nothing from them. Excuse me (though you may be busy) for calling your attention to them, as I wish some critic to pass upon them. Do not disappoint me.

I will also say I have on hand some twenty pieces, written on different subjects, all well seasoned with Spiritualism. I will name a few: Freedom of Thought, what is it and what is it destined to do? Man as an Individual, why, and what makes him so; Man in Embryo, in which state or process each character has its foundation, not only as citizens of the community, but where man gets his first outfit as an emigrant to the Spirit World, the responsibility resting upon the male and female; Man as a Moral, Intellectual, and Spiritual Being, his sphere in this life and his exit; Mediumship, modern and ancient; Total Depravity, a lie; Man a Free Moral Agent, its inconsistency as held; The Fall of Man, reviewed and shown to be false; Standard of Right, all written standards treated with respect found wanting and insufficient; Resurrection of the Dead, reviewed; Variety, showing its necessity and beauty; Divine Authority, its tyranny over man, and discarded in proportion as civilization and common sense advances; The Five Periods of a Man's Life—1. Conception, or Embryo; 2. Infancy; 3. Childhood; 4. Youth; 5. Manhood, or Twenty-one; representing man's religious condition through the past periods or ages, now becoming twenty-one, no more a child, or of giving head to youthful follies, but does his own thinking and stands upon his own responsibility (its a good one); The Fire in Chicago, God indicted by the priests for arson, a motion for a discharge, the audience impaneled as jurors. Here are fourteen, all written in the same style not to give offense to any.

In your paper you said if any one wished to write and send to you, if suitable you would publish it. What I want is that all my articles may be printed, in pieces and portions as convenient in time and space, in your paper; then struck off in page form for a book, including the two I sent you. I wish to leave something behind me when I step off this stage to show the respect I have for theology. I trust you will not think I wish to intrude upon your time to gratify a selfish motive. If a book can be made out of my manuscripts that will be useful to man, now priest-ridden, why not?

You may say, why not continue with D. M. Bennett? I have two reasons: I do not feel at home in his hands as in yours. Second, the omissions and changes made in some of my pieces published in the *Truthseeker*, have not been so favorable for Spiritualism as I would wish, though Mr. Bennett has done me justice, and I make no complaint. But you could, under your belief, add and thereby make it more interesting to the reader. Besides he has referred me to you, claiming he is already burthened with communications for his paper.

Yours truly, ISAAC PADEN.

REMARKS.—Bro. Paden will please remember that our paper is published once in two

weeks and only eight pages. That we have many, very many, correspondents, all or nearly all good, and some very good, writers; that we have no help but Farmer Mary, and that she is prostrated with sickness and has been since the 26th of July, full 116 days that she has not been able to be up or off her bed, and all because of the bitter spirit manifested toward us by our once friend, now enemy, the man for whom we have done more than for any other live man.

The tracts are received and marked for criticism, and will in good time receive our attention. One thing our Brother can rely on, and that is, that whatever he writes is always good.

Your time will be out with No. 52. Our terms are, and always have been, \$2.20 for 52 numbers; \$1.10 for 26 numbers, and 60 cents for 13 numbers. And now we wish it distinctly understood that we will not be responsible for the return of rejected matter, unless accompanied with envelope, fully directed, with postage stamps sufficient to cover expenses of mail.

We will publish your articles whenever sent us, always have. We prefer written articles, that have not appeared in tract form or in the *Truthseeker*, or other paper.

Our readers will please take notice that, after the issue of Nos. 33 and 34, we will cut all articles down to one and a half or two columns in length, save serials. Let all be governed accordingly.—Ed.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A TEST CASE.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 11, 1875.

BRO. WILSON: Enclosed find two dollars for the past and present year's subscription. I like your paper first rate, and call it a success, artistically, intellectually, and editorially, and hope it may also prove a success financially—as I think it will. And may you be spared long to disseminate God's truths, fearlessly and faithfully, as you understand them. Lay aside all vituperation and bad feeling, ask that the angels may open the eyes and soften the hearts of those who think harshly of us, and cause them to see us as we are and not what we seem. I know it is hard to bear, but think of the reaction which somewhere, in the great hereafter, will overtake us, if not here, and try at least to govern ourselves accordingly. Remember, no man can throw mud without his own hands becoming dirty in the undertaking.

As a worker in the Spiritualistic field, I can well attest to the manifold vicissitudes that meet us on every hand, and I am sorry to say that frequently is this the case in our own ranks, without even giving us so much as a hearing. "Save us from our friends" is an adaptation I think well suited to Spiritualists. As I said previously, I am a worker (Magnetic Healer), and in the little while I have been in the field have made some wonderful cures, one of which I send you an account of.

It was on the person of a young girl, about fifteen years of age, who was paralyzed to such an extent as to be unable to sit, stand, walk, or even hold her head up, and was almost blind. The doctors who attended her (a list of which I send you) all came to the same conclusion, namely, that she would never sit up, let alone walk, again. She was in this condition over three years when I called to see her, which was gratuitously, and in nine treatments she walked, and to-day is as well as ever.

She is the niece of John Ellsler, the well-known Western theatrical manager, of Cleveland, O., who will vouch as to the truthfulness of this statement. Her name is Euphemia Williams, No. 1318 Heath st., Philadelphia.

If this does not prove too wearisome I shall write you again. With kind wishes for the success of yourself and paper, I subscribe myself,

Your friend,

W. H. YOUNG.

REMARKS.—We willingly give place to this test case, for the reason that it is well backed up. We would like "more of the same sort," well attested.—Ed.

Under the influence of music we are all deluded in some way. We imagine that the performers must dwell in the regions to which they lift their hearers. We are reluctant to admit that a man may blow the most soul animating strains from his trumpet and yet be a coward; or melt an audience to tears with his violin, and yet be a heartless profligate.—*Hilliard*.

Debt is to man what the serpent is to the bird; its eye fascinates, its breath poisons, its coil crushes sinew and bone, its jaw is the pitiless grave.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
TO MABEL.
BY EMPRESS.

[We give place to the following lines from little "Empress," a sweet little girl, not yet in her teens. There is promise in the poem of future worth; of course there is error, but it is for want of experience. As "Empress" ripens up in years and experience she will improve. Try again, little one. Climb high the Mount Parnassus, and when you reach the top remember us.—ED.]

I wish I was a lovely flower,
Climbing 'round a lonely bower
Wherein thy graceful form reclineth,
At the holy twilight hour.
When I see you softly weeping,
And the stars their watch are keeping,
Every now and then are peeping,
Ever seeking, thee to find.

Then I'd ring my flower-bell,
And softly my story tell,
Bidding thee the chorus swell,
Of the night-birds in their mirth:
I would scatter my perfume,
Scenting sweetly all the room,
I would kiss thee in the gloom,
Fairest flower on all the earth.

Every tear I'd wipe away,
Make thine eyes as clear as day.
Every bird should sing a lay,
To cheer thee in the right.
Faintly sighing, you will go,
And your garments, white as snow,
Ever trailing, ever flow,
O'er the grass to-night.

Then I'd send a carrier dove,
In its eyes the light of love,
With pinions white as the clouds above,
Just floating through the sky.
Shyly nestling, it would coo,
Impassioned words of love to you,
Stealing sly your heart so true,
And with it to your lover fly.

Could I see you only once,
In the lovely bower ensconced,
Softly laughing as of yore,
Then I'd set my flower-bell ringing,
Music rival with the tinging,
Of the night-birds homeward winging,
After their sweet *encore*.
Then each snowy petal folding,
Close within rare perfume holding,
To Heaven a prayer sigh, o'er and o'er,
May you be happy "evermore."

MOTHER, WAIT FOR ME.

"Mother, wait for me," cried little Jennie Williams, in her sleep, last night. Her mother spoke to her, saying:

"What is the matter, Jennie, darling?"

The child, a sweet little girl of five summers, was by this time fully awake and weeping.

"Mamma, I thought you were gone; I saw you flying away with four beautiful women. Oh, mamma, they were very beautiful; one was dressed in white, one in black, one was crowned with yellow and white flowers, just as sister Mary was when she stood up with Charlie to be married, and the other looked just as if she was dressed in snow flakes, and she sang a song so sweetly, and these are the words she sang:

"When the snow flakes are falling,
When the snow birds are flying,
When the ground is white with the snow,
We will call for thee, Annie,
And bear thee away."

And mamma, you won't go, will you?"

"No, darling, mamma is not going away." And Jennie wept herself to sleep.

"I do wish you would whip that child, Mrs. Williams," said Mr. W.

"No, Henry, I cannot whip her. And do you know, Henry, that I have four sisters, all in the Father's kingdom, and that the eldest was in her bridal robes and died at the altar, of heart disease; the second married and died in her widowhood; and Mary was crowned May Queen, took cold and died in the winter following? And, Henry, do you remember the snow-storm that snowed up my youngest sister in the mountains in 1853?"

"O nonsense, wife, you are always finding some danger or omen in every sob or yell that the child makes. Do go to sleep; you will outlive the whole family, I'll warrant."

And in a few moments Mr. W. was snoring in a sound sleep. Not so with Mrs. W. She was troubled; her child was very dear to her, and the dream was an extraordinary one. She remembered the fate of her four sisters.

The morning came, and with it sunshine. The breakfast was ready, and as the family gathered around it, Mr. Williams said:

"Well, Annie, have you got over your fright about Jennie's dream?"

"I was not frightened, Henry; but the

dream was a very strange one, and the blending of all the incidents connected with the death of my sisters, is somewhat remarkable, to say the least."

"Nonsense," said Mr. W., "you have been talking it over before the child, hence the dream. There is always a cause for dreams."

"I have not spoken of my sisters for years, and do not now remember of ever mentioning the circumstances of their death before Jennie. Besides she is too young to remember the cause and weave it into rhythm, as was done last night."

"I see that it has produced an effect on you, and I do not like it; you are too morbid on these things altogether, Annie."

Mrs. W. started at the mention of her name, saying, "Never mind, Henry; we will eat our morning meal, and let the matter drop, for I see that it disturbs you."

"Not a bit of it," surlily replied Mr. W. "It is you who are disturbed."

The subject was dropped; Mr. W. went to his work, Mrs. W. plodded on in her usual round of household work. The days came and went until they grew into weeks and months, and as the snow came Annie Williams took to her bed.

One day when the snow was falling thick and fast, Mrs. Williams called little Jennie to her, asking: "Jennie, can you remember what the four beautiful women said in the dream you had last summer?"

"No, mamma; why do you ask?"

"Because they came to me last night, and sang again the very words you heard:

"When the snow flakes are falling,
When the snow birds are flying,
When the ground is white with the snow,
We will call for thee, Annie,
And bear thee away."

And see, child, the dream is accomplished, the ground is white with snow and how fast the snow flakes are falling; and, see, the snow birds have come."

And the mother held the child to her heart, and wept.

That evening Mr. Williams sat by the bedside of his invalid wife, reading a favorite book, After a little he turned to her, laying down the book, and asked, for the first time that evening, "How are you to-night, Mrs. Williams?"

"Not well, Henry, not well. Come nearer to me, husband; put your hand in mine, there. Now kiss me, and call me Annie, as you used to do in the long, long ago."

"Why, Annie, what ails you to-night? Are you worse, darling?"

The wife started. It had been a long time since she had heard him speak to her in this tender way. She pressed his hand as it lay in hers, and wept. When her tears had ceased to flow she said:

"Henry, have you noticed how thick the snow birds have been, about the house and in the garden to-day?"

"Yes, Annie; but that is nothing unusual, they are with us every fall and winter."

"I know, darling, they are; but the snow is on the ground, deep and white, and the snow flakes are falling fast to-night, and the birds were flying all around the house to-day." Then with a sudden start, in a clear soprano voice, she sang these words:

"When the snow flakes are falling,
When the snow birds are flying,
When the ground is white with the snow,
We will call for thee, Annie,
And bear thee away."

At this moment little Jennie, who was sleeping in her crib near the mother's bed, cried out, "Mother, wait for me."

"Come, come quick, my darling, for my sisters have come." And the mother, wife, and sister went away. Annie Williams was dead. Four months later little Jennie also died.

Was this dream in June, this double death in December and April, a spirit warning, and are the angels with us, ever watching and warning us of joy, sorrow, and danger? Who shall gainsay it? *

It is opinion, that tormentor of the wise and ignorant, that has exalted the appearance of virtue above virtue itself. Hence the esteem of men becomes not only useful but necessary to every one; to prevent him sinking below the common level. The ambitious man grasps at it, as being necessary to his designs; the vain man sues for it, as a testimony of his merit; the honest man demands it, as his due; and most men consider it as necessary to their existence.—*Beccaria*.

Dishonesty is forsaking permanent for temporary advantages.—*Boece*.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
A CRITICISM.

LIMA, IND., Oct. 21, 1875.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: I feel like saying a few words in reference to your paper and some other matters, and therefore take the liberty of writing. I feel an utter disgust for the wishy washy puffings which some editors publish as coming from their subscribers; a paper ought to be its own advertisement and recommend, through the matter it lays before its readers. However, as it is selfish and churlish to withhold honestly-earned commendation as it is idiotic and despicable to fawn upon a patent nostrum advertiser for the sake of seeing one's name in print, I shall not neglect to say, that the moving principles of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK are operating upon the same platform with my own feelings and convictions. All honor to brave work everywhere, and to the brave work in this field in particular. I am now a subscriber to your paper, and shall be so long as I like it as well as at present.

Ella's letter in your last issue attracted my attention pretty closely, and your remarks upon it were what I think right, the whole right, and nothing but the right. It seems to me that she is taking quite a warped view of the practical things of life. If a man is sober, honest, and industrious, it bespeaks a manhood in him capable of being acted upon for good, and growth to a higher state of development, and she, if she is gifted mentally and spiritually as she says, and is his wife from her own choice, is the one to act. God's laws work through means to accomplish ends. If they are not wealthy, the earning of food for their family, of a roof to shelter them from the pitiless beating of the storms of life, of clothing to make them comfortable and presentable, is no mean portion for a man to perform, and if these acquirements, the ability and willingness for honest, manly toil, were to be weighed in the balance with the aptitude for verse and prose writing, one who is at all versed in the practical things of this physical life would not be long in deciding which would kick the beam, and the whole family would join in thanks that both heads of the house were not verse and prose writers. I would not be understood as speaking sneeringly of an inclination or ability to write, only am I endeavoring to show that the real things of this world take the precedence over those imaginary.

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

As to the angels calling her into broader fields of labor, what broader field can there be for a mother of little children (whether they are welcome or unwelcome does not lessen her obligation) than caring carefully for their bodily and spiritual needs? The voice of God speaks in the soul of every true woman this everlasting command, "Be faithful over the small things" (the plain and every-day duties of life) "and thereby thou shalt become ruler over many." Now I must say that I believe the call is an imaginary one, and not an angel call, that would bid Ella break up the home, the only natural home her little ones have, and separate them. If you have suffered, sister woman, from the coarseness and the uncultured nature of one man, see to it that, through the error of your choice, and your faithlessness to your trust, two other women do not suffer likewise through your sons. A boorish, uncultured father is not qualified to be the guardian of your boys, if you wish them to shun the pitfalls and snares of life, which will be open to them at every turn.

My advice to you, as to a true woman, would be, stand steadily by the ship which you have engaged to pilot, and I believe in the end you will come to see clearly that this was your field for labor, that for the time and the circumstances as they were apportioned to you, that you could have done no nobler work. If our measure of life seems scant, let us be sure to fill it to the very brim before we clamor for more space; when it actually runs over, be sure the world, heedless and heartless as it seems, will not long allow the waste.

As to the domestic outrages of which you speak, that requires a remedy, *sui generis*, and when the demand grows strong enough the remedy is sure to follow. Let all speak.

RENA L. MINER.

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the value of the greater.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

"THE SEAL BROKEN."

Some one who has "The Seal Broken" pretty bad, sent us this circular. Well, we suppose it is all right, we accept it, and advise the party who sent it to send for Moody and Sankey; they will close up the seal and give to the Lord his own. One thing is sure, if we should send Christians the circulars, tracts, cards, and other printed nonsense, such as we are daily receiving, we should incur the indignation of every Christian soul in the land, and have Comstock & Co. down upon us in short time; but not being a follower of Jesus, but of God, we can endure it. So we put up with this sort of stuff, and bide our time, when justice shall be done. Spiritualism is the only truth that is worthy the living for. Will the reader subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK?—ED.

THE PROCLAMATION of the Lord God Almighty, to the Nations of the Earth.—Come out, my people, from the whore, the harlot, the abomination of the earth, that I may render unto her double as she has rendered unto you, even her recompense and her reward according to her works.

Behold, I come, saith the Lord God Almighty and my reward is with me. Even so, Amen
The Seal Broken.

THE SEAL BROKEN, of the Lamb's Book of Life, which is the divine truth, born in the heart, for of such are those that have part in the first resurrection, and blessed are they.

For thus saith THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

Howsoever varied the courses of our life, whatsoever the phases of pleasure and ambition through which it has swept along, still, when in memory we would revive the times when we were comparatively happiest, those times will be found to have been the calmest.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

Man supposes that he directs his life and governs his actions, when his existence is irrevocably under the control of destiny.—*Goethe*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

The First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cleveland meets at Temperance Hall, No. 184 Superior street, every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.
L. W. GLEASON, R. Sec. D. S. CRITCHLY, Pres.

MRS. J. A. PROSCH,

33 Lafayette Place, New York. Instruction given in Poetic and Dramatic Reading, Stage business, etc. Terms moderate.

"PROF. P. VAN HYATT,

Of California, will remain East until the first of December. He is prepared to give a course of lectures on the "Lost Arts." Other subjects are

1. "Inner Law of Life."
2. The World in Search of a God.
3. The Hollow Globe Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting.
4. Three Years on the Pacific Coast.

Address No. 143 West Washington st., Chicago, Ill.

DR. HARRY SLADE,

The reliable and wonderful Test Medium, for several phases of Physical Phenomena; among which are the following, viz., Writing without contact. Playing on Musical Instruments, Moving of Ponderable Matter, Materialization of Spirit forms. No. 18 East 21st street, New York city.

G. W. BALCOM,

Claïrvoyant and Magnetic Physician. Will answer calls at a distance. Terms \$2 per treatment. Malta, Illinois.

MRS. L. A. CROCKER,

Business and Test Medium, 383 W. Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. Office hours from 9 to 12, and 1 to 5 P. M.

MRS. DEWOLF,

Business, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 415 West Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill.

J. V. MANSFIELD,

Test Medium, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$5 and 4 three-cent postage stamps. Register your letters.

MRS. REBECCA MESSENGER,

104 Spring street, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill., (box 1071), Clairvoyant. Diagnosis of Disease, \$1; with prescription, \$1.50; Reading Destiny, 1 hour \$1; by letter, \$1.50. Send age, sex, and money, to insure notice.

DR. C. D. GRIMES, STURGIS, MICH.,

Holds himself in readiness to speak to public assemblies of Spiritualists and Progressives, within reasonable distance. With each Lecture will be delivered an Original Poem.

Terms moderate. Address, DR. C. D. GRIMES, Box 452, Sturgis, Michigan.

PSYCHOMETRY.

Power has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons and sometimes to indicate their future, and their best locations for health, harmony and business. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state age and sex, and enclose \$2.
JOHN M. SPEAR,
2210 Mt. Vernon st., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOUL READING

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, OF OMKRO, WIS.

The distinguished Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, examines by lock of hair, autograph or photograph; gives advice in regard to business. Those contemplating marriage, and the inharmonious, will do well to consult the Dr., giving age and sex. Brief delineations, \$2; full delineations, with prescription, \$3. Medicine sent by express, if desired.

"I find no greater pleasure than recommending to the public a modest, honest healer. J. O. BARRETT."
"Dr. J. C. Phillips, as a Magnetic Physician, is meeting with good success. E. V. WILSON."
"The best Delineator of Character and Descriptor of Disease I ever knew. W. F. JAMESON."
DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Omro, Wis.

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.

MY GIRL AND MY BOY.

BY MRS. L. E. BAILLY.

A lady has written a beautiful lay,
In defense of "Only a Girl;"
And ended by asking man to beware,
Lest he cast aside a fair "pearl,"
When he looked with disdain on her frail form,
Yet clasped with fatherly joy,
Another dear image to his heart
Because forsooth 'twas a boy!

Now Ethel shouts a loud huzzah!
Hurrah, for the forthcoming man!
When nature gave being unto a boy
'Twas her highest, noblest plan.
May he conquer the ocean and sea,
Ride fearless over the earth,
And march unrestricted to victory,
Thanking God for freedom and birth.

No fault have we to find with you,
Dear sisters good and pure;
The praises you bestowed on both,
Are merited I'm sure.
But I've a thought I fain would tell,
It thrills my soul with joy,
For, life to me were incomplete
Without both girl and boy!

My wealth consists not in broad lands,
Of honor, gold or fame,
All these are naught to me compared
With those who bear my name;
Each to my heart alike are dear,
No transient fleeting joy,
But prized above rich diamonds are,
My peerless girl and boy.

Battle Creek, Mich., Nov. 1st.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

SOMEBODY IS DEAD.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

A few days ago somebody died in the little cottage over the way. The cold, black hearse stood before the door waiting for its dead freight. Carriages waited their living freight. The yard was filled with men whose heads were uncovered, while within the little home were weeping friends and the performance of the funeral rites.

"Who is dead over there?" said a passer-by. I heard the answer and knew a father had been called for by the death angel, leaving loved ones to mourn his absence, support and strength. The bearers of the dead come forth, deposit the casket in the "carriage of dignity," and it moves slowly on. The carriages fill with friends and follow on to the quiet city of the dead. Curiosity was satisfied; those who did not repair to the cemetery considered the funeral a respectable one every way. The casket containing the remains of the father and citizen was in good taste, the flowers and crosses were in keeping with his age and position in society. The crape upon the door was in exact accordance with the rule and custom laid down by Mrs. Grundy, and all seemed satisfied that respectability had not been shamed.

As I sat at my window and looked at the little home made desolate, I thought death or change is everywhere. Loved ones are continually casting off their old and time-dusty garments, leaving them to be cared for and deposited in the faithful bosom of mother earth. This death which to the uneducated seems so dreadful, so solemn and so unwelcome, is only in the *seeming*. 'Tis but a journey to a land of glorious realities, a meeting with loved ones, an exchange of thoughts and a marching on to higher conditions of unfoldment.

Who would wish to live always in a fleshy tabernacle? No one! The prisoned soul would burst its prison bars and find its own place, which in the form it seldom does. Why? Because the spirit is too often cramped in a body wholly unfitted for the manifestation of the restless spirit therein encased. Death holds the keys and at the word of command he unlocks the door and forth goes the spirit to new scenes. If life has been studied and the spirit has acquainted himself with himself, the release will be joyful; if not, it will be sad, and the scenes will be strange.

All over the land, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters are passing the death change, and the saying is, "somebody is dead." The narrowing road is constantly shutting out some one from the rank and file of life; it behooves us to give kind words to the family, friend and citizen, not withholding the merited word of commendation or shutting the soul doors against trusting hearts. Kind deeds and loving words live long after eulogies upon tombstones crumble into dust.

EVIL INFLUENCES AGAINST A SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Spiritualists recognize the fact that the influences surrounding and acting upon us from the unseen world are those of men and women who once lived upon this earth. They also believe that the change called death has little or no immediate effect upon the moral status of the individual experiencing this change. These two propositions warrant an inference that we are in direct relations with evil and undeveloped spirits, as well as those who come under the opposite category of good spirits; and this is generally accepted as a conclusion. But what attempts are we making to distinguish between the efforts of these two forces, which, we might say, are radically opposed to each other? What formulæ have we given whereby an investigator can determine which force is manifesting upon any occasion?

But what attempts are we making to distinguish between the efforts of these two forces, which, we might say, are radically opposed to each other? What formulæ have we given whereby an investigator can determine which force is manifesting upon any occasion? It may be said that this matter will remedy itself in time, without any special effort on the part of those in the earth plane. Perhaps this may be true; but we should examine the situation critically, and determine OUR DUTY in the premises. The question should arise, "Can we contribute any effort which will improve the existing spiritual condition of the world?" and, if so, our course should be no longer undetermined. Each and every Spiritualist owes it to himself and the cause, that he shall diffuse the truth to the extent of his ability; he can do no higher service than this in an earth-life.

The opponents to Spiritualism in the spirit-world are as numerous as in this, the material plane. There are those who seek to advance our knowledge, and there are those who, magnetized by their life work, continue to persecute reformers by every available method; some strive to give us light, by disseminating truthful communications, others find satisfaction in casting the shadow of error upon these efforts. This alone should teach us, that, through some channels, we are subject to the vindictiveness of the disembodied enemies of Spiritualism.

But where is the medium, in the city of Boston for example, who will admit that THEIR influences or communications come from an evil source. We have yet to find one seeking for relief. The very admission would create in them an aspiration for the better order, and this aspiration would commence a reformation. We notice through our English exchanges, not only that many Spiritualists recognize the existence of evil spirits and their power to control mediums, but also that there are powers, vested in some individuals, to develop the medium out of these heavily degrading encumbrances; we might say they effect a cure. Have we persons in this country possessing similar powers? Undoubtedly. But they seldom have an opportunity to operate because the afflicted medium, pampered by friends and psychologized by an evil or undeveloped control, nurses the belief that his or her controlling guides are always correct in their department, exalting in their discourses, and ennobling in their teachings.

This matter should be a subject for serious thought and immediate action. The atmosphere is permeated with these influences, and the moral status and social habits of many mediums are not calculated to purify their surroundings. We neglect our duty if we leave the better spirits to fight their battles, alone and unaided, through this thick cloud of darkness. The alarm bell must be sounded, and these unconscious sleepers, who hold the entrance gates for these unseen forces, must be awakened to the danger, and warned that they are false to their trust, if they permit any spirit to guide or control them against the dictates of their *commander*, the highest authority, the GOOD PRINCIPLE, their CONSCIENCE—the inner voice that sits in judgment on all actions of the individual and never fails to reward with happiness or sting with remorse.

Now we would ask if this principle in our philosophy has received, or is receiving, the attention it merits and demands? We think not; but we must have a more thorough examination of these unseen forces. It will produce as important results in the future as it has in the past. Let gold be heated ever so long in the crucible and still it remains; but dross goes off in smoke; so it will be with truth and falsehood in the crucible of free investigation. The present tendency is to pass over the subject lightly, by preaching harmony and charity; albeit those who preach, know that harmony will not prevail, and charity cannot exercise its healing influence, because of certain existing elements. It is preaching without the practice. If a Spiritualist does not act up to his impressions and convictions, if he does not brave the criticism of public opinion, he is not true to himself nor his religion.

Let us try to understand ourselves; let us endeavor to live a spiritual life—HOW? By

obeying the SPIRIT-VOICE WITHIN US. Never an individual yet who has not failed to live up to his or her ideal of a good life. For this ideal is a benevolent *ignis fatuus* which constantly mounts higher and higher as we approach it, constantly draws us upward and onward, upward to that highest fount from which is—the divine principle within us. And when we sink, how with a sorrowing love does it hover about our descent, never leading, but ever keeping, above just within our reach, to kindly chide, but beckon and draw us back to the path of happiness. And thus may we all improve, thus may we all increase our earthly happiness, without a single exception, all progress, by trying to live up to our ideal of a "good life," and thus live A SPIRITUAL LIFE.—*Spiritual Scientist*.

A CERTAIN DUTY OF GIRLS.

Since the terrible murder of a school-girl in New Hampshire, the other day, there has been a general and melancholy acceptance, among the papers, of the conclusion that the traditional freedom of women in New England has passed away forever. This is spoken of as merely an interesting incident of our social experience, but, if it is true, it is a calamity of vast magnitude, and the deepest reproach to our civilization. It means, in short, that we have come to a dead halt in the process of civilization and taken up the line of retreat. The safety of Woman on the highways and by-ways, the boast of New England for two centuries, is the first point to be surrendered to the advancing host of crime and rapine. If this is true, it is a tremendous admission, and, for our part, we should rather it would be said that the bank vaults of New England were all open to the robber than that the safety of women is generally and seriously imperiled.

We must admit, however, the greater prevalence of crime against the sex, and we strongly suspect that they must themselves bear some of the responsibility, not so much, in this class of cases, by any tempting forwardness of manner, as by their neglect to properly denounce and expose the first improper solicitation. It is a matter of common notoriety, that, where a clergyman or teacher has betrayed the girls entrusted to him, it has been through gradual approaches and through solemn injunctions of secrecy imposed upon one victim after another. Many a mother has been made the confidant, years after, of attempts upon her daughter's honor which should have been exposed and rebuked at the moment, and nearly every person open to the confidence of the sex is familiar with such instances; the woman not infrequently having preserved at once her chastity and her silence at the expense of untold anxiety and distress, even to the point of heroism. The motive to silence is the dread of scandal, of being misunderstood or not believed, and of occasioning some violent revenge upon the offender, from which the tender heart of Woman shrinks. It is now apparent that the Langmaid girl had concealed from her parents previous solicitations from the man to whose lust she finally fell a victim,—concealed proposals, which, if revealed, would have saved her life, but which now only serve as circumstantial evidence against her murderer. Another motive to concealment is the threats of the offending party. But any subjection to such threats only places the victim still more completely in his power. Exposure alone renders him impotent and powerless to injure, concealment but increases his audacity and his opportunity, by increasing the chances of final escape.

We must remind women and girls that, although they have no votes, they have strong social and moral duties to perform, and one of the most imperative of these is the exposure of crime against themselves. Every improper solicitation passed by, leaves a breach in their own defenses, to which the unrebuked assailant will return, with the added assurance that he may now operate with impunity. Every insult to a girl, unavenged, imperils some other girl, who may be less strong, or to whom circumstances may be less favorable. The young woman who passes by such an affront in silence, conspires against the safety of her own sex. She should lose no time before putting the case in the hands of her next best friend, who, we grieve to have to assure her, is not the young woman who sits next to her in the class and with whom she is most "intimate," but the parent, guardian, teacher or kinsman, who has the judgment and sense in matters of the world.

Men in fact have contributed to this state of things by their senseless "codes" and extravagant vengeance. A young woman of sensibility who has been affronted, perhaps by a neighbor or a "nice young man," doesn't care to hear that he has been murdered in consequence, or even cowhided. Simple exposure of the fact, and the placing of all proper people on their guard against such, as outside the pale of society and not to be trusted with his kind, are amply sufficient, but so much is imperative on both sexes. Parents also are to blame when they permit their sons and daughters to grow up in such ignorance that their first suspicion of sin is derived from its temptations. This is the innocence of ignorance, not of virtue.—*Springfield Republican*.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are left on a long lease.

WHICH IS THE STRONGER?

What is strength—the brute force of iron or the more delicate strength of steel? Which is the stronger—the physical frame that can strike the harder blow, or that which can endure the greater strain and yet last longer? "Man can lift a heavier weight," says a writer on physiology, "but Woman can watch more enduringly at the bedside of her sick child." The strain upon the system of all women who have borne and reared children is as great in its way as that upon the system of the carpenter or the wood-chopper; and the power to endure it is as properly to be called strength, as is the power to perform.

Again, which is the stronger in the domain of energy? The man who carries his points by will and command, or the woman who carries hers by patience and persuasion? The man in the household who leads and decides, —or the woman who foresees, guards, manages? The mother of the family, who puts the commas and semicolons in her children's lives, as Jean Paul Richter says, or the father who puts in the colons and periods? Absolutely I don't know which type of strength is the more to be admired, but I know that they are both genuine types.

Again, which is the stronger in the domain of intellect? The place of Woman in science is as yet scarcely taken, though Buckle wrote an essay to show how much she had indirectly contributed to it, by encouraging the intuitive action of mind, which make the discovery. But when we come to literature, it is certain that no recent English fiction can be placed for pure strength above that contributed by Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot, and that whatever else may be said of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, she was unsurpassed for strength among her contemporaries. Among our American poets of the most recent school—that which includes Howells and Piatt and Fawcett and Rich and their compeers—there are but two who give a positive sense of strength and firmness of texture—Bret Harte and "H. H." And how fitful and spasmodic seem the few strong verses of Harte, compared with the positive fiber one feels in such poems as "The Funeral March," or that concentrated in such brief sonnets as that on "Freedom," or "Thought," or "Triumph," or "Dropped Dead."

One grows tired of hearing young men who can do nothing but row or swing dumb-bells and are thrown wholly "off their training" by the loss of a night's sleep speak contemptuously of the physical strength of a woman who can watch with a sick person half a dozen nights together,—of hearing a man who is prostrated by a single reverse in business speak of being "incumbered" with a wife who instantly alters the habits of a lifetime more easily than he can abandon his half dollar cigars,—of reading the criticisms of languid and graceful masculine essayists on the want of vigorous intellect in the sex that wrote "Aurora Leigh," and "Middlemarch," and "Jane Eyre."

It may be that a man's strength is not a woman's, nor a woman's strength that of a man. I am arguing for equivalence, not identity. The greater part played in the phenomena of Woman's strength by sensitiveness and impulse and variation and tears—this does not affect the matter. What I have never been able to see was that Woman as such was, in the long run and tried by all the tests, a weaker being than Man. And I should think that any man, in proportion as he lives longer and sees more of life would have the conceit taken out of him by actual contact with some woman—be she mother, sister, wife, daughter or friend—who is not only as strong as himself in all substantial regards, but, it may be, on the whole a little stronger.—*Woman's Journal*.

RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

We do not know as the School Boards allow any such interference with their government of those whose education is entrusted to them, but we respectfully suggest that parents should have some voice as to the amount of mental application demanded of their children. To expect that Mary, who is delicate, can endure as much mental pressure as Jane, who is robust, will do no great damage to the one, but is pretty sure to kill off the other. To appoint a curriculum of study by vote of a "Board," and impose it upon our schools with no margin of liberty in its application to the several scholars of a class, is our modern method of making half our scholarship superficial at the start, and multiplying failures. If half of the girls in Boston between the ages of ten and seventeen were taken out of school, and forbidden to touch a piano, and were educated in the arts of skating, walking, and horseback riding for six months, the aggregate gain in health, strength and happiness to them would be incalculable. But what is life to a Boston girl compared with an honorable graduation from the "Normal!"—*Golden Rule*.

Mean spirits under disappointment, like small beer in a thunder-storm, always turn sour.—*Randolph*.

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 preferences, 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.