

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

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

VOL. II.—No. 9. [E. V. WILSON.] ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 4, 1875. [LOMBARD, ILL.] WHOLE No. 35.

For the Spiritualist at Work. THE REV. PURITY'S CHURCH.

BY MRS. MARY J. BILLINGS.

The Rev. Purity's church, over the way,
A place for saving souls, they say.
To give an account of the people who go
To this church, to worship and make a fine show,
Is the business of my muse just now.
To tell you about them—when, where, and how,
These people, in silks, broadcloth, and laces,
Deal in Christianity, with long-drawn faces.

This elegant church is a crowded mart,
Millinery and dry goods have become a fine art,
With its members, who, on Sunday display
The costliest of raiment, in purple and gray.
Moneybags, with his chin on his gold-headed cane,
Casts a sly look at the Widow Goldchain;
Hardcash, with his daughter, in the front pew,
Look over with envy at Dame Money-screw.

Purity, the parson, in broadcloth and fine linen,
Gets up and tells us how we have been sinning.
"Easier it is for a camel to go through the eye of a
needle,

Than a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven,"
Is his text, and he goes on to say, that
Straight is the path, and narrow the way
That leads to glory, where a golden crown
Awaits the head of the lowly cast down.

Look around upon that assembly so vast,
And see if one head in that mould is cast!
Should Jesus of Nazareth, born in a manger,
Walk into that church, He would be looked on a
stranger;

His fishermen followers, the sexton would scan,
Not a pew would he open for that holy clan
Of whom Purity preaches, and tells us to wait
With patience, and follow in at the right gate.

Will the Piety's of that church, with long faces,
Enter in at the right gate, in their silks and laces?
If not! what will recommend them to Jesus, the
Master,

Whom on Sunday they try so hard to follow after?
Do they remember this text; now listen and see,
"As you do to the least of these, ye do unto me?"
The poor ragged boy standing at the church door,
Gets a frown and a push, but he gets nothing more.

The story I am telling is all of it true,
I saw the poor beggar boy turn unto you;
The answer you gave as he stood on the cold stone,
Made him weep bitter tears, and they dropped, one
by one,
And he said, "It is not for meself I'd be begging,
I'm sure,

But for me sick mother, who lays on the floor;
She has a fever, your honor, the doctor says so.
I am afraid she will die, and away from me go."

Mrs. Piety, done up in silks and fine laces,
Did you ever set foot into any such places?
Visit the poor, like the Master you are serving?
I tell you, fine lady, there are many deserving.
Follow the poor ragged boy till you reach his door,
You will find an angel has been there before,
Released the sufferer from hunger and cold,
While you sat in church, clothed in purple and
gold.

Your washerwoman, you say, and it can't be ex-
pected,
That you would go there, when she has been re-
jected

On the church charity books, and even Mr. Purity,
As good a man as you will find in futurity,
Says she comes not under his church charity roll,
And he could not be expected to take in the whole
Of the poor, who happen to live in his parish,
And least of all, that old Mrs. Harris.

My story is told, and I am nearly done.
Is there Christian charity under the sun?
Not in Purity's church will you find it.
To the poor man's house, if you don't mind it,
Where they have to scrimp to fill one mouth more,
I saw the poor beggar boy sit on the floor;
And I said to myself, the poor do the work
That ought to be done in rich Purity's church.

Again I said to myself, who would change places
With old Dame Piety, for her gold and laces?
I would rather be poor,—care for the boy of Mrs.
Harris,

Than wear all the silks that ever came from Paris
And this do I ask from the Giver of all good,
Let me walk in the way that I should,
Keep malice and envy away from my heart,
And in life's rugged battles let me bear my part.
Chicago, Sept. 1, 1875.

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 III.

There are few experiences in the Earth life
so pregnant with anguish and despair, as the
lessons of sudden poverty and unexpected fail-
ure; man in his individual capacity can bear
up with a stern resolution against the torture
of the hour, but when he sees those he loves
torn with agony and fear, his own stoicism is
apt to give way, and it requires more than an
ordinary strength to restrain his passions from
conquering his self-control.

It would be idle in me to deny the full weight
of the reaction that set in when I was fully
convinced of the artifice practiced upon me,
and found myself powerless to arrest the effect.
I suffered with bitterness the author of my ruin,
and had he appeared at that moment in my
presence, the result might have been fatal. I
retired to my private room to see if I could
calm my agitated mind, and devise some plan
to provide for the morrow. I knew that it was
only a question of a few hours, our continuing
in our home, for the instant my name was given
to the world as a penniless man, every being
my family owed a cent to would be down
upon me, and I might be incarcerated for debt,
as the conscience of creditors is apt to be very
convenient, if they fancy that a squeeze can
prove effective, the sacredness of an oath is
seldom regarded in such an hour as a crime, if
it can produce a profit; a falsehood is not more
dangerous with an oath than it is as a conver-
sational utterance, the crime is the same, and
eternal justice can make no distinction be-
tween them, the principle is the same, a devia-
tion from truth and purity, and purification by
personal atonement must ensue. It is criminally
foolish to suppose that a Jesus' purity
could obliterate, or an angel's tear efface a re-
cord of deviation from rectitude; such an idea
would tarnish justice and be an everlasting
proof that equity did not distinguish the Cre-
ator. Let the human race sternly reject ev-
ery sophistic theory that proclaims obliteration
as forgiveness, or mercy as an infringer of
rectitude. There can be no deviation
that can escape the penalty of accountability,
or any forgiveness that can excuse a crime, or
conceal it from punishment. Theologians may
preach, throughout their mundane career, all
that ingenuity can devise, to smooth the life
issues of man, and persuade him that there is
a mantle to hide his errors and a sacrifice to

atone for his crimes, but they cannot prove
either declaration; their assertion is only a
constructive inference upon words that are un-
substantiated as proclamations, and are void
of that purity that demonstrates the dealings
of the Infinite with man.

Of all earthly crimes that men can commit
against each other, the greatest is that of slan-
der upon God's laws, by proclaiming as an ev-
erlasting truth a declaration of atonement
through another's righteousness; there exists
no authority in nature for such an idea, and
nature, through the mysterious workings of her
law, is unfolding creation aright. She never
swerves in her pathway, or permits man to de-
viate without admonishing him, through pain,
of his error; for he is Nature's child, and never
can rise above her, consequently, for man to
imagine, much less proclaim, a special path-
way as a hiding-place, by constructive argu-
mentations, is a libel against his Creator, far
more revolting and dangerous to the priest
than any deviation that man exercises towards
his fellow. Therefore, I say to you in all so-
lemnity, reject every theory that places mercy
and special consideration as a refuge for crime.
God's justice is too pure for man to describe,
his equity too bright to be obliterated or con-
cealed by a special favoritism.

The time is drawing nigh when revolutions
and convulsions will arise among you again,
based in religious fanaticism, men striving
against nature, and secretly endeavoring to
subvert her laws, by observances of forms and
ceremonial rites, having personal aggrandise-
ments alone in view; the disputations of the
past will be re-opened, and much acrimony
will be displayed. Under the assertion of serv-
ing God, men do and will serve themselves by
trampling upon their fellows, and proclaiming
their injustice to each other, obedience to God's
laws, thus reviving the blind hypocrisy of the
past, and deluging the land with crime, argu-
mentation, delusion, and bigoted ignorance.
The phenomena of Spiritualism will increase,
and infants in age will astound those fanatics,
by remarkable eloquence and knowledge, so
that the white-haired priest, who for years had
bowed to his church's theories, will tremble at
the declarations and exposures. Age will be
confounded by youth, and denounced by child-
ren, so that the present cry of combined trick-
ery and delusion, as proclaimed against Spirit-
ualism, will be rejected forever; the gray-head-
ed hypocrite will own his faults when his infant
child shall expose the secret actions of years,
and lay before him the record of his life.

It is vain for man to strive with his Maker,
he has been formed for obedience to the laws
of God, as established by nature, and obedient
he has to become through suffering. It is a
monstrous idea to suppose that you can live a
life of selfish indulgence on earth and then pass
into heaven by the acceptance of a priest's the-
ory of belief, man's description of God's mercy,
forgiving the disobedience of his laws and the
violation of equity.

I have introduced these cursory remarks as
a prelude to my disclosure of what I have
found justice to be, as delineating the equity of
right and manifesting the love of the Creator
for his children—a love so supreme, pure and
holy, that no mortal on earth has yet been able

to comprehend, or ancient writer to picture;
the past ages of the world, with all their
glimpses of beauty, all their types of ceremon-
ial rites, are dark and dismal before the light
of this hour, and the brightness of this period
of true revelation is only a shadow of the
dawning future.

You have your combinations on earth for
worldly aims, plans, snares, and devices, by
which you strive to trample down your fellow
beings, by robbery, chicanery, and delusion,
and you verify the saying of old, "All the lab-
or of man is for his mouth, and yet the appet-
ite is not filled." Think ye that the grave
confines the spirit of man, with his record of
experience, that when he ceases to walk visibly
among you his duty on earth is ended, and his
life scroll folded up for an unknown period;
that he can be felt no more by man, and his
day has ended among you; that as an intelli-
gence his limit was your stock market or office
and your intercourse his boundary of commu-
nication; that when the vault door closes you
will feel his presence no more, and his wealth
is yours in safety? Have you not read the
handwriting of old, "Tekel—thou art weighed
in the balance and found wanting," or the
caution conveyed, "Behold, I will raise them
out of the place whither you have sold them,
and will return your recompense upon your
own head"?

The Book you profess to acknowledge is full
of admonitory warnings, and history records
in the condition of Israel their truthfulness.
You accept as your religion the Jew's God, and
expect to escape the conditions connected with
the acceptance; can such things be? Is man's
contract with man to be more sacred and pow-
erful than man's contract with God? Both are
declarations, one visible, the other invisible, but
both effective, and cannot be violated with im-
punity. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall
he also reap." "Behold, I come quickly, and
my reward is with me, to give every man ac-
cording as his work shall be."

I select these phrases as forming a portion
of the covenant between those who profess
Christianity and accept the Hebraic account as
the foundation bond of their accountability,
and I trust that these extracts will be borne in
mind as I proceed in my communication, in
order that you may understand the nature of
the laws that must and will judge you, at the
close of your earthly life, for it is in vain for
any one to profess a principle and decline to
be judged by that principle; man may de-
ceive his neighbor by professions, but not his
God and Creator. He cannot live on earth a
life of ease or selfish accumulation, marked by
inconsiderateness and vanity, and look for the
obliteration of the record through the efficacy
of an unproductive faith; inconsistency and
absurdity are earthly deviations, distinguishing
actions in opposition to the "still, small voice
within," the check of the golden cord that
binds you to the Omnipotent is disregarded for
a temporary pleasure, and the disobedience
snaps the "silver thread of life," in order that
the dross may be extracted by the furnace of
repentance.

I will now proceed with my confession, and
lay before you in a concise manner the closing
record of my mundane career. When I

reached my home, the dire events of that day of humiliation had been revealed to its inmates, and produced anguish and distress; the foibles of a fashionable life of abundance had created a sensitiveness, or a morbid ignorance, so that I found the terror of Mrs. Grundy's disapprobation and coldness stronger than sympathy, or a consideration for my condition. Fear seemed to haunt my wife and children, so that I had to retire to my private room and lock myself in.

I felt my loneliness beyond words to describe, my mind was torn by contending emotions, so that my nervous temperament was stronger than my will power. After striving in vain to allay the visitation, I had to send for a physician, who, pitying my condition, left with me an opiate, to be taken with careful consideration, but he did not wait and see his patient composed under its properly applied proportions; but relied upon my own intelligence to guide me. This fatal mistake proved my ruin, for not comprehending accurately the time required in the administration of the drug and feeling a temporary relief from its first effects, I over-dosed myself, and passed from death to life everlasting.

When the morning dawned, my servants found my body cold and inanimate, sitting in a chair, before a pile of papers. I had been busily occupied in calculations and details of my speculations when the lethargy of the death sleep came upon me, and I ceased to exist as mortal forever. My death was announced as that of a suicide, and is so believed to this day. A coroner's inquest failed to reveal the truth, so that a verdict of "Found dead, from the effects of poison supposed to have been taken by mistake," was returned; but the world preferred the condemnatory idea of a wilful action of self-destruction to the jury's supposition, so I am branded by man as a suicide. Those whom I favored, smile in derision; they whom I lightly esteemed, laugh in secret, that they may be openly rewarded, as you will perceive in the teachings of your Church, "Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep."

It is an easy matter to deride the dead; it seems safe, when the visible lips are closed and the eye is lusterless; men are valiant when in ignorance of danger, and they repose in quietness, not foreseeing the hour of retribution, or imagining that the dead never liveth again. Oh, how vain is man in the ignorance of life's issues; how foolishly pompous in prosperity! An existence after death is to most men a question of derision; an accountability for deeds done in the body in its first estate, by a resurrected or a reconstructed frame, is an enigma that remains unsolved, a priestly assertion, pointing to an indefinable period, that men query by a mental quizzing, even when they are contributing means for the support of the declarer, are quietly inquiring when will this mystical day of judgment dawn when my body is to be re-formed for an everlasting duration, and how can equity judge the peculiarities of foibles committed in a structure of periodic changes and irregularities, through a body of reformation? Are the seven periods of existence as a mortal to be re-enacted, that Justice shall judge with righteousness, so as to establish an eternal doom of suffering, or a beatitude, equitably right and consistent?

If your clergy would consider and be wise, they would abstain from illogical assertions and declarations, that they cannot prove. The period is passing, while ignorance is the distinguishing feature in the human race, the day is closing when the blind are the leaders of the blind, and the ditch of self-delusion and artifice the receptacle of both. "Light is breaking" upon all, and the rising generation are anxious to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, feeling for themselves "that whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge," and "he that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul," and they will sternly reject the instruction "that causeth to err," for God has given to them wisdom to perceive and judgment to examine; they will investigate for themselves, and despise the teachings that are unsupported by evidence. A blind credulity shall not mislead, or an unproductive faith trammel their minds. He that asserts must prove, and the teacher, philosopher, or scientist must establish their truthfulness to be heard as instructors.

A controversy is opening between youth and age, strength and weakness, ignorance and knowledge. The Law of Life, and the Evidence of Death, the cause and requirements of

existence, and the causes and necessity of a reformation, a reconstruction, or a perpetuation, as declared by men from "Biblical records," or mental and physical phenomena as are argumentatively introduced this day.

Those who ponder and reflect upon the aspects of the hour must be impressively conscious that the peculiarities that are manifested in commercial intercourse and domestic life, do not possess a principle worthy of an eternal perpetuation, the vilest of the vile does not desire that eternity should perpetuate his shortcomings, or that his present method of living should have no end. The merchant and broker sigh daily over the fluctuations of their intercourse, and speculate upon schemes for its discontinuance. The scientist is laboring for more wisdom, and wishing for the knowledge that giveth material riches; so, also, with the inventor, with his accumulated throne of "unity of forces," to make him the envy of men; the theologian, for eloquence to distinguish and place him high over his brethren in their sacerdotal calling; one end and aim, for a material enjoyment is the rage of the hour, and none of the votaries wish it for an eternity. There is a secret whispering with all, that makes the strongest shudder at the possibility of such follies continuing, and yet none have the courage to reject the influence and crush the delusion, so that the stain may be eradicated from among you.

Seeing then, that with all this false glitter, the mental power in man is disturbed, the question naturally arises, what change is to be inaugurated to effect a total revolution in modern life, so as to cleanse the sick, and restore health and strength to the feeble? and the answer cometh to one and all alike. There is no difference in the decree, there is no changeableness in the declaration, "Learn to know thyself." Study carefully your physical organization by the law sustaining material life. Reflect what constitutes the mental power by deciding for yourselves whether it be generated by the material Triune, or is above and independent of material existence. When you have chosen for yourself, the decision, follow out the rule of development. Material life, by the laws visibly exhibited in the structural forms, as distinguishing progressive existence in matter, as the ultimate definition of "Life," terminating in death, as an end, or accepting the declaration of modern revelation, Life perpetual, intelligence above matter, life eternal as the great creating power of "light and matter," known to man under the name of Father, the Creator and sustainer of all things, visible and invisible. The "Being whom we call God and know no more."

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE BLISS AND WHITTLE SENSATION.

BRO. WILSON: On last evening we attended the ministrations of Messrs. Bliss, Whittle & Co., and were surprised to find them occupying a position contradictory to the intelligence and integrity of this age; and why the masses, enjoying all the facilities of scientific investigation, will continue to give audience and encouragement to these blatant fanatics, is to us a perplexing mystery.

The services were opened by prayer, in which God was thanked for the Bible as a complete and perfect revelation; that Christ came down and obtained a victory over his enemies, after a hard struggle; that he protected the believer in Christ, who was no better by nature nor by practice than the sinner, who was exposed to eternal woe; that the Savior was standing, making intercession continually, before the throne. After the offering up of this stale plate of theological hash, Mr. Whittle stepped forward and indulged in a brief exhortation. He is a tall, spare-made man, with bilious temperament predominant, dark eyes and hair, a brain of only medium size, and a physiognomy indicative of strong impulse and small caliber of mentality.

He stated that a brother Christian was in the street the day previous and a beam fell upon him; that God prompted him to lean forward just as the beam fell, but for which his brain would have been crushed, yet as it was, he received terrible injuries, and it would be well with him, whether he died or not. (Query, Why did not God push his head a little farther out of the way, so he could have escaped injury entirely?) He informed his hearers that an open grave was just before them all, and if they continued to reject Christ the fearful conse-

quences would be upon their own heads. This exhortation was followed by sensational singing by Mr. Bliss, and but for this part of the gospel show Whittle's holy comedy would be a miserable failure.

The sermon of the evening was preached by Mr. Whittle, and consisted of a revolting conglomeration of superstitious nonsense and religious twaddle, that was an outrage on grammar, logic, common sense, and common decency. His discourse was founded on the basis that Jesus bore the sins of the believer, whilst the sinner had to bear his own. He waded through Jewish history, described the sickening scenes of the murder of the first born by the Lord, in Egypt, representing the blood on the doors as typical of Christ's blood; waded through the slaughter and sacrifice of bullocks; told the story of God laying the sins of the people on the head of the scape-goat, and sending it in the mountains; also of Moses being "filled with grace and love," and interceding with God at Sinai for the people, and that he (Moses) was typical of Christ.

When we heard this fanatic extolling the character of Moses, we wondered why some of the twelve ministers, occupying the platform, did not rebuke him. Did they not know that the first act of note recorded of Moses was a cold-blooded murder? "For he looked this way and that way, and when he saw there was no man, he slew his victim and buried him in the sand." At Sinai, when "filled with grace and love," this "type of Christ," gave to the gentle Levites the following command: "Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother and every man his neighbor and every man his bosom companion." And they did so. At a later day, when his murderous host had returned from the conquest and plunder of the Midianites, he addressed the captains in the following significant language: "What, have you saved all the women alive! Kill every male among the little ones and every woman who has known man by lying with him; but the women children who have not known man by lying with him, save alive for yourselves." And in the face of these facts this heartless old tyrant and murderer is held up in this enlightened land as a type of Christ, "filled with grace and love."

The speaker represented salvation as a free gift, denounced the righteousness of man, and declared that God would not impute sin to those who laid their sins on Christ, who was willing to bear them. The entire sermon was God-defaming, man-degrading, and an outrage to the intelligence of a Hottentot. Human merit was of no avail, and the merit of Christ was alone redemptive. The doctrine of the entire discourse tended to discourage man in his efforts to do good, and was nothing short of a premium offered on sin.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Verily the Church, under such ministrations, is becoming a reproach to the intelligence and virtue of the nineteenth century.

WARREN SMITH.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

LETTER FROM MINNEAPOLIS.

BRO. WILSON: The success of our recent convention is unprecedented. The Angel world is auxiliary to our movement, and the hosts of superstition and conservatism are undergoing the spasmodic efforts that precedes the death that knows no resurrection. On the last evening of our session the representation of the faithful at the meeting of Bliss, Whittle & Co. was discouragingly small, and bereft of all enthusiasm. *Mene, Mene, Tekel*, is written on the walls of the Church, and their dominion over the human mind is about forever at an end, and when buried will experience no resurrection morn. The masses are growing tired of a religion that furnishes no satisfactory supply for the demands of the human soul. They reach out and ask for something more in harmony with the spirit and progress of this age. The teachings of our philosophy, as advocated from the platform during the convention, have aroused an interest so intense and universal that the Church is confounded, and the Liberals all aglow with enthusiasm. Not only are we making inroads on the popular faith of the Church, but Materialism, with its bulwark of philosophy, is giving way before our transcendent truths, and the indisputable evidences of immortality, given by yourself and other mediums.

There has been no greater success in the history of the Spiritual movement than has characterized the mass convention just closed here, on Sunday. Men and women who have manifested no interest in our movement, are now anxious to learn more about our soul-inspiring truths. The Materialists are extending to us the right hand of fellowship, and before the close of the year 1876, the Liberals of the great Northwest will be a unit in purpose, if not in faith and conviction. We need continuous work. The masses must learn that liberty is redemptive, and that it means something higher than license, and that there is a wondrous truth in the aphorism, "To the pure in mind all things are pure."

The more rigid the investigation into the nature of our philosophy the more free will be its acceptance with the intelligent masses. We invite investigation, and the more scathing the better the results. The stale and worn-out charge of "Free love" is dying away, and with its last strains comes the conviction that previous impressions must have been false, and that the conservative originators of this sensational cry have been wanting in an understanding of the meaning of words, or have simply been crying "stop thief," to save themselves from accusation. But, on the principle that the quality of human action conforms to the necessity of mental conditions, we cherish no spirit of animosity toward those who are unable to safely enjoy the boon of Spiritual liberty. But progress is the watchword, and all will be yet translated from the sordid dominion of lust to the glorious liberty of love, and will then pity the unfortunate victims of perverted passion, instead of sitting in unsparring judgment against them.

The opposition extended to the radicals results in the misrepresentation so freely indulged in by the blinded conservatives, who oppose a free platform because their own contracted views do not require it for expression.

Our speakers have done a noble work. Mrs. Dr. Severance has silenced the masked batteries that have been so long throwing poisoned missiles into the Liberal ranks, whilst your own irresistible arguments, and tests of Spirit life, have removed the prejudice of hundreds, and Sister Colburn's chaste and refined lecture produced a lasting sensation on those who heard it. Under the fine executive ability of Sister Hanscom the results of the Convention has simply been a complete success, and we close by saying, All hail to the noble spirit who so ably supported the movement by her untiring and disinterested effort.

WARREN SMITH.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE TRUE REPORT,

Of the Investigating Committee appointed by Eighth Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists, held in St. Paul, Sept. 17, 18, 19, 1875.

TO THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE MINNESOTA STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS:

The Eighth Annual Convention of said Association, held at St. Paul, Sept. 17, 1875, having constituted the undersigned a committee to investigate and report upon the charges against J. L. Potter, the State Agent of the Association, with instructions to make such report to your Board, we beg leave to report as follows:

Mr. Potter is charged with the theft of a pair of boots from the store of J. M. Morford, in Owatonna, in this State, on the 29th day of July, 1875.

Mr. Potter was called on by this committee soon after being appointed, for a statement in relation to the charge, and he refused to make any statement, farther than to say that he had been once exonerated by the former Executive Board, and he therefore refused to be further investigated, and he thereupon tendered his resignation to the Association.

The committee have procured the sworn statement of all persons that could be found by them, having any personal knowledge of the affair. The affidavit of W. H. Hill, of Owatonna, the detective, who first saw Potter not more than fifty feet from the door of Mr. Morford's store, trying to secrete the boots under his coat. Hill followed Potter to the depot, and ascertained where Potter bought his ticket for, and after ascertaining that the boots had been stolen sent the telegram to have Potter arrested.

We have also the affidavit of deputy sheriff Riddle, of Mantorville, who arrested Potter,

and to whom Potter admitted the theft, in the following language:

"I did steal the boots, and it must be settled; I don't know why I did it, as I had plenty of money at the time."

Also the affidavit of J. F. Wright, proprietor of the Hubbell House at Mantorville, where Potter boarded and lodged while in custody, to whom Potter stated in these words:

"I do not deny but that I stole the boots."

The committee have also the letter of Potter written the day after his release from custody, to one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association, in which there is much penitence and promises of amendment expressed, but not a single avowal of his innocence; nor does he say that he is the victim of a conspiracy, as has been alleged by a correspondent of the *Pioneer-Press* (of St. Paul), signing himself "Committee."

The proof in the hands of this committee is so conclusive, that we are forced to believe Mr. Potter guilty of the theft, and without any palliating circumstances or plea of necessity, as he had at the time money sufficient to settle up the affair—about \$37—besides a large roll of bills left after settling up.

Mr. Potter has also, in this affair, been guilty of uttering the most glaring falsehoods, and especially in stating that he acted under the advice and counsel of the county attorney at Mantorville, in settling up for the offense.

This committee has the sworn statement of the county attorney that there was never any conversation between him and Potter about that matter, or about any other matter whatever.

We would therefore recommend that Mr. J. L. Potter be dishonorably dismissed from the Association.

Before closing this report, we feel it a duty we owe to the Spiritualists of this State to say that the hasty and inconsiderate action of a portion of the former Executive Board, in arrogating to themselves the functions of an investigating committee, and making a report, exonerating Mr. Potter, without first procuring such proof as might easily be procured, is much to be regretted, as it has cast a stain upon the fair name of the Spiritualists of this State.

JESSE H. SOULE,
E. P. EVANS,
GEO. W. SWEET,
Investigating Committee.

October 13, 1875.

REMARKS.—We regret exceedingly the fall of Bro. Potter, as well as the course pursued by the Eighth Annual Convention of Spiritualists, held in September, in St. Paul; but it is justice, and believing as we do in no such thing as forgiveness, we hold it is right that the Spiritualists of America should know the exact standard of truth there is in these men and women, who are chiming in with the *R.-P. Journal*, in shouting "Pure Spiritualism." We further state that, in a moral point of law and life, all who have tried to whitewash Bro. Potter should be censured in no unequivocal manner. Let the truth and the whole truth come out. There are other causes of complaint against this man Potter, concerning the financial accounts of the State Association. There are nearly one thousand members who pay their dollar each per annum, besides collections at each session, and yet the Association is in debt and unable to meet its obligations.

This is bad indeed for an Association that claims to be so pure that they cannot and will not tolerate anything but "pure Spiritualism." Now let the Spiritualists of America appoint a committee to investigate the antecedents of the organ of "pure Spiritualism," and report.—ED.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

JUDGE WARD AND THE WITCHES.

E. V. WILSON, Esq.: My attention has been called to the article "Judge Ward and the Witches," and signed "Horace Dresser," which appeared in your issue of November 6th. Mr. Dresser had seen in a newspaper the statement that "Allen Putnam, of Boston, had written a book on Witchcraft, in which he exculpates Cotton Mather and others from complicity in putting to death the so-called witches at Salem." Mr. Longfellow, also, seven years ago, in his poems entitled "New England Tragedies," defended Mr. Mather from the charges laid upon him by Mr. Bancroft and other historians. Mr. Dresser, in reply to Mr. Putnam, now reproduces an arti-

cle he had published soon after Mr. Longfellow's poems appeared. This article, which he says "will perhaps correct Mr. Putnam in his extenuation of Mather and his clerical brethren," is a curiosity in historical investigation.

The substance of Mr. Dresser's statement is that he has seen in the collection of curiosities belonging to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, who is a medium, a cane labelled with this description: "This cane belonged to Judge Ward, who condemned and hanged the so-called witches, in Salem, Mass., A. D. 1680." In order to ascertain whether the cane was what it purported to be, Mr. Dresser wrote, in the presence of Mr. Mansfield, a letter to Judge Ward in the spirit land, and without Mr. Mansfield's reading the letter or knowing the contents, a reply was received of which the following is the substance. "Yes, that is the identical oak sapling I cut with my own hand, on or near the place when several innocent people were hanged for that which they could not help any more than they could help breathing. I sat in judgment over them, but verily thought I was doing God's service when I condemned them to die. Mather and others influenced me, no doubt, much to do as I did. Yes, that is the identical cane used by me as a walking stick. I am — JOSHUA WARD.

To Horace Dresser, 28th Dec., 1868."

If the above were a genuine communication from the spirit land, there are some tall lies in that locality, and the spirit of Joshua Ward must be near the head of his class. Mr. Dresser has been sadly befooled. That he should have been taken in by a statement so shallow that a school-boy's knowledge of American history would instantly have shown its falsity, was bad enough; but that he would have written it out for publication, kept it seven years, and then reprinted it as historical evidence, is marvelous. Cotton Mather, in 1680, when it is alleged that he influenced Judge Ward to hang the witches, was seventeen years of age. There were no witches hung in Salem or elsewhere in New England, in 1680. There was no Judge Ward, or Joshua Ward living in Massachusetts, or in New England, at that date. The alleged witches at Salem, as every body knows, were hung in 1692—none before or after that date. There was no Judge Ward sitting on the bench during the witch trials of 1692. The names of the judges were Stoughton, Sewell, Winthrop, Sergeant, Richards, Hathorne, Corwin and Gedney. Saltonstall was a member of court, but did not sit at the trials. Hathorne (the ancestor of Nathaniel Hawthorne), Corwin and Gedney were the local magistrates who made the preliminary and atrocious examinations. There was no Judge Ward, or Joshua Ward living at that period. Joshua H. Ward, an eminent judge in the courts of Massachusetts, now deceased, was living in Salem about twenty-five years ago, and when a boy, I have taken his hand a hundred times. Perhaps it is his cane, with an erroneous inscription, which adorns the collection of curiosities in Mr. Mansfield's room. The communication quoted by Mr. Dresser could not have been his, for in life he was the embodiment of honor and truthfulness.

WILLIAM F. POOLE.

Chicago Public Library, Nov. 9, 1875.

REMARKS.—We thank Mr. Poole for his review of Mr. Dresser's article, and trust that whenever any one, friend or foe of our Spiritual views find any thing to correct in our correspondents they will do so. While we occupy the editorial chair, we shall do that which is right. We hold Br. Dresser a true man, and honest, as we do Allen Putnam, but the historical facts quoted by William F. Poole are hard on the cane and Judge Ward, to say nothing of Br. Mansfield, in whom we are well pleased. Will Brs. Dresser, Mansfield and Putnam look to this statement of Joshua Ward—for there is a deceiving spirit some where.—ED.

Be not too anxious for the few things that life requires; youth is flying rapidly past, and beauty is vanishing, while withered age puts to flight amorous play and gentle sleep. The flowers of spring do not retain their bloom, nor does the ruddy moon always shine with the same luster; why then, O man, dost thou disquiet thyself forever with schemes that are far beyond thy power.—*Horace.*

We are come too late, by several thousand years, to say anything new in morality. The finest and most beautiful thoughts concerning manners have been carried away before our times, and nothing is left for us but to glean after the ancients and the most ingenious of the moderns.—*Brucere.*

A DISH OF HASH.

Composed of the Devil, Christians, and Witches.

BY DR. D. ARTER.

And Satan came also.—*Job* 1: 6.

This imaginary personage is also known by various other names, such as Prince of Darkness, Father of Lies, Serpent, Beelzebub, etc., etc. Various are the acts ascribed to him. No matter what crime, or by whom committed, this familiar old chap is made the scape-goat; and the guilty party taking refuge behind their authority, which sends the old gentleman off, howling from the tips of his horns to the extreme end of his caudal appendage. In fact, he is looked upon with awe and contempt, especially by the orthodox Christians; most of whom fancy themselves carrying a chain, by which they hope to capture this Phantom Devil, and vanquish him into utter oblivion; believing him to be the author of all mischief and evil committed on the earth.

But, as justice is the highest attribute of the gods, even the devil is entitled to its benefits, and that he may be fairly represented, let us inquire into his historical antecedents.

We first find him an "angel of light" in heaven, which proves, notwithstanding his fall, that he was possessed of a high, aspiring, and independent mind; and, unlike our driveling, hypocritical professors, he staked his all on one decisive stroke, which has accredited him as an honorable though fallen foe, as appears from his intimate associations with honor and virtue.

He was the only familiar visitor and advisor of the virtuous first queen of earth, and who, though recently out of the hands of her Creator, was so ignorant that she was unaware of the state of nudity in which she habitually promenade her garden. Had this Phantom Devil not advised her of this impropriety, no doubt our ladies of the present generation would require neither silks, laces, nor any other fabric, even to an apron. But mother Eve's knowledge of fashion conferred upon her descendants the incalculable blessing of satins, bows, ribbons, and "Dolly Vardens," most of which have been the pride of the dear old lady's daughters for past centuries, and promise a perpetual endurance. We find the Devil spoken of by the writer of the book of 1 Chron. xxii, which falsely accuses him of putting it into David's heart to number the people, thereby provoking the anger of the Lord, who slew seventy thousand men. But the writer of 2 Samuel, xxiv, corrects this slander, and states that it was the Lord himself who instigated David to this act.

He is next found visiting with the *Sons of God*, on sundry occasions, and on quite intimate and familiar terms with the Lord, who tauntingly urged him into an experiment of power, whereby old Job came out rather loser. Job, i, ii.

He is next found the chaperone or companion of the incarnate Son of God, with whom he performed various rather perilous journeys, endeavoring to negotiate with him on certain affairs of state, in which, although failing, it does not appear that he attempted any unfair or dishonorable means, but retired like a gentleman, without threat or insult. It cannot be found that he is guilty of one of the millions of ecclesiastical murders committed by and under authority of the orthodox inspired revelation, which has desolated the earth by crime, and deluged it with blood within the last nineteen centuries.

Let me refer you to a few facts of this kind. The controversy about transubstantiation cost not less than four hundred thousand human lives. The persecution of the Manicheans cost at least one hundred thousand lives in Greece alone. Thirty thousand Abegenses were murdered in one day by Catholics. At Bizzer's, sixty thousand were put to death.

In the expatriation of the Moorish nation from Spain, about one million human beings were hunted down like wild beasts and murdered. The loss of human life by the Crusade was not less than five millions, when the earth was reddened with blood and strewn with human skulls. How many thousand Jews were murdered by Christians can never be told or known. They have been robbed, plundered, hanged head downwards, and torn to pieces by dogs. They have been impaled and burned by thousands; hundreds of thousands were expelled by Queen Isabella, and tens of thousands perished from hunger, while tens of thousands were murdered. Many made their escape into Portugal, having their children under fourteen years of age taken from them to be educated in the Christian faith. The schism of Huss cost one hundred and fifty thousand lives. Queen Mary, of England, burned two hundred and eighty persons at the stake, because of their religious views.

In the Netherlands, in the time of King Charles V, it is estimated that one hundred thousand were put to death for their faith, and thousands more during the reign of his heartless son. The ferocity of the Church may be inferred from the fact that a sentence of holy office was passed, dated February, 16, 1568, condemning all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics. A proclamation of the king confirmed the decree, and ordered their execution, under which three hundred thousand people were sentenced to the scaffold.

In Spain alone, thirty-one thousand were burned and two hundred and ninety thousand condemned to other kinds of punishment.

How many have been destroyed for the supposed crime of witchcraft can never be com-

puted; seven thousand were burned in Treves by one bishop alone. Nine thousand were burned in Wartsburg, one thousand in the province of Como, in Italy. One bishop alone condemned eight thousand to be executed as witches. In New England, our own country, thirteen women and six men were hanged as witches, by those holy, lantern-jawed, fanatical, bigoted ignoramuses, calling themselves Christians; whilst others perished by different methods. An old man of eighty years was crushed to death under a board loaded with stone. Multitudes were thrown into prison, and puritanical teachings encouraged superstition. In condemning two women as witches to be hung, Sir Matthew Hale said there was no doubt as to the reality of witchcraft, for the Scriptures affirmed it. John Wesley was very sorry that there was so little belief in witchcraft; giving up witchcraft was like giving up the Bible. Poor ignorance! he ought to have had his ears split and his nose run through them.

The history of witchcraft in Scotland is terrible. The clergy had almost absolute control, which they used to convict men and women for imaginary crime, because their Bible commanded "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Nine women were burned at one time at Leith, in 1664, condemned as witches by those God-fearing fanatics. It is estimated that seventy millions of lives have been lost in religious wars during the Christian era. Add to this the number who perished in prisons. Professor James Parton gives his estimate at not less than one hundred millions that were instigated to murder, not by this Christian Bible Devil, but by and under the authority of the Christians of the inspired Word of God, and enforced by their ordained deacons, priests, elders, bishops, cardinals, and popes. They are the party that claim that Christianity has civilized the world, developed science, morality, and peace, and insert their hellish dogma into our constitution, that they may renew their fiendish reign of stakes, scaffold, and blood.

Is it not astonishing that men and women of good reasoning powers can bind themselves to a dogma so dark and damnable? One that has entailed more misery, bloodshed, horror, pain, and crime on earth than all other causes combined. It is time they awake to reason, and when they do, humanity will be wiser, better, happier.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

A Remarkable Opening up of Soul Light.

[From our journal, 1871. This article appeared in the *R.-P. Journal* in 1871.—ED.]

On the evening of Thursday, Oct. 12, 1871, we lectured in Egate School-house, Jackson Co., Iowa. It is a way-side school-house, in the edge of the woods. Before leaving the comfortable farm-house of my friends, the Bradways, we observed that we had a strange and peculiar feeling, such as we never before passed through. During the lecture we felt our usual speaking influence. Our discourse was earnest, and we entered with zeal into our text. The text was as follows: "Ante-natal and post-natal laws, and their influence on mankind."

There were a hundred and twelve earnest men and women present. After the lecture we gave several fine readings of character, and dismissed the audience.

Now, it was very dark out door; not a star to be seen, for it was cloudy overhead and within two days of the new of the moon. As we came toward the door we heard such remarks as these: "How dark it is!" "Oh, how dark; how shall we get home?" "I do believe it will rain before we get home!"

On stepping out of the house into the open air everything was in a golden, mellow light—not daylight or moonlight; it was light. We looked up and down the road for the cause; there was no apparent cause. We turned to a friend, and said:

"Can you see, Charley? Is it very dark?" He replied, "I can see nothing. Why do you ask?"

"Because everything is perfectly clear to me. I can see the buttons on that lady's coat, the curls in that lady's hair. I can see the color of your hair."

And this light accompanied me to the door of the Bradways, full a half mile from the school-house. I called the attention of the Bradways, the Stevens, and others to the phenomena. I heard no voice, or any spirits.

On the 16th of October I met my friend, Dr. Pratt, of Wheaton, Ill., at Turner Junction—called his attention to the fact. On reaching my house, Mrs. W. informed me of the burning to death of her sister, Matilda, and her two children, Lincoln and the baby—and instantly I heard a voice, speaking out of the air, "Remember the light, and send for my husband and children."

And we answered from the very depths of our soul, "We will."

And now, to my brothers and sisters, we never so fully realized the words of Jesus, as then, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And we never felt so full of joy as we did when we turned to our little partner in life, saying,

"Dear Mate, send for Mr. Eames, and Matilda's children—no—not you; we will send for them."

Men would not live long in society were they not the mutual dupes of each other.—*Rochefoucauld.*

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 4, 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, DUPAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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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.

The readers of this paper will bear in mind that on the 1st day of January, 1876, we will drop from our list every name in arrears. We will, in the meantime, send to each subscriber a notice of the time his subscription expires. Our paper has become a living fact, and is the cheapest Spiritualist paper in the United States, and one of the best, for the reason that it is thoroughly independent, and free from abuse or quack advertisements, giving the reader just what he subscribes for, viz., eight pages of good reading matter.

Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers, or one year.
Please renew at once.

The reading matter in this number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is very fine indeed. Read A Tale of Life; each chapter is worth the price of the year's subscription. We shall publish it in pamphlet form, price 25 cents.

We call attention to the reports concerning the Minnesota Mass Meeting, as published in this number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN closes her engagement in this city on Sunday, the 5th inst. Her lectures have been well received and command good sized audiences. The receipts at the door on Sunday, the 14th ult., were \$132, on the 21st, \$104.75, on the 28th, \$156. Total, \$393, round numbers. The house has never been full, or half full, and its capacity is 1400. She has given five lectures, averaging 300 in the morning and 550 in the evening. Admission, 10 cents morning and 25 cents evening.

We give these figures for two reasons: 1st, The *Times* reports an audience of 1500, and the *R.-P. Journal* that the house could not hold the people. Let us have the truth always, Messrs. Editors, and we will be the better for it.

The hall in which Mrs. Tappan speaks is not a good one to hear in, but a good one to dance in; the order and management good, the lectures first rate, and Mrs. Tappan has scores of friends in Chicago. She is a good talker, speaking clear and distinct every word, but is not an orator. She has improved very much in appearance, looking healthier than when we last saw her, in Washington some three years ago. We rejoice in her success. May God, the Spirit, and Angels, guide her in all truth, and may her journey to the Pacific Slope be successful in all things. And may the First Society of Spiritualists ever succeed.

We herewith present our readers with a complete copy of a Certificate from the Religio-Philosophical Society, granted Sister J. H. Stillman, M. D., now the notorious J. H. Severance, M. D., whom the *R.-P. Journal* delights to misrepresent and denounce as a Free-lover, and one to be spurned by all pure Spiritualists.

CERTIFICATE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—

Know ye that the Religio-Philosophical Society, reposing special confidence in our Sister J. H. Stillman, M. D., as a public lecturer, do hereby grant this Certificate of Fellowship and recognize her as a Regular Minister of the Gospel, and as such authorize her to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

Given under our hands, at St. Charles, Illinois, the 4th day of July, A. D. 1865.

S. S. JONES, Pres.,
S. H. TODD, V. Pres.,
A. V. SILL, Clerk.

Executive Board of the Religio-Philosophical Society.

We now ask why this license is not revoked by the Pure President, who seems to be elected for life?

FINANCE.

We are frequently asked, "What have the spirits to say about money matters?" or, "Why don't the spirits dictate a system of finance that will meet the wants of the day?" or, "What do the spirits think about inflating the currency?" or, "Are the spirits in favor of a gold basis?" etc., etc.

Well, dear readers, we will give you two answers: 1st, We never ask a spirit or spirits to do what we can do ourself; hence, we must be in straightened circumstances when we ask angels, spirits, or God, to do for us. 2d, When we do ask we expect sound advice and good counsel; hence, we intend to obey it when given. We have been able to meet our engagements thus far through our own endeavor and trust to continue so doing.

But to the question, 1st, The spirits have had much to say to us on all affairs of life, and among these the financial matter has not been overlooked. The first conclusion arrived at is this, the world of human life must have money; second, what is money; third, what shall the circulating medium consist of; fourth, who shall utter or make this money.

The conclusions reached are as follows; you may call them mine, or from spirits, as you like. Having arrived at the conclusion, we must have money, we next consider the question, What is money? Money is a coin for current use in trade, or as a substitute for it. It shall consist of any desirable substance, readily carried, and occupying but small space. It should be manufactured by the Government, and in one place only. For a standard of money, gold alone should be accepted, and this should be held always by the Government in sufficient quantities to meet foreign demands. The greenback circulating medium is the best you have ever had, and should be continued. Gold should never supercede it as a circulating medium. The right to utter and manufacture the circulating medium should belong to the Government alone, who should issue the full volume of currency required for all purposes of commerce.

We therefore hold the following plan feasible and practical, to-wit: 1. Do away with all National Bank currency forever; 2. To utter in its place eight hundred millions of dollars in greenbacks of the following denominations, one-quarter in script, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cent bills, three-quarters in 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 500, and 1000 dollar bills; these bills to bear no interest, to be redeemed as follows, 1st, In gold or silver, as might be required by the holder, at sight, in sums not to exceed \$1000; all sums over \$1000, thirty days notice. 2d, In bonds at ten, twenty, thirty, and fifty years, at 4 per cent., payable semi-annually. 3d, The Government to have the right to loan greenbacks to the people on real estate, at one-third of its appraised value, provided it is improved real estate and in possession of the actual owner, he living on the land, at 5 per cent.; that is to say, A. B., owns a house and lot worth \$3000; the Government may loan him \$1000 at 5 per cent. interest, the interest payable in gold. That this currency should be received as legal tender for all save duties.

This plan strikes us as feasible and capable of being carried into effect. This is but a rough outline of what we have in view; let us hear it criticised, pro and con. What shall be the circulating medium of our country, and who shall make it?

The benefits to be derived from this system are, 1. The stoppage of interest on \$800,000,000 of money, now paid by the people; 2. The direct income to the Government of many millions in interest for the use of this money; 3. A large item in the wear and tear of this money, which would take place annually. The holders of the money would be directly responsible for the money to each other.

Let us have a greenback circulating currency; let it be the people's money, under just and legal restraint.

N. B.—Critics must confine themselves to 800 words or under, in answering or criticising this problem.

We call attention to the reduced rates offered by J. V. Mansfield for answering sealed letters through Spirit control. We have known Bro. Mansfield for many years and can vouch for his mediumship. Send him \$3, and receive the worth of your money in good news from those once your friends in Earth life, now your Spirit friends in the Summer-Land. He can be found at 361 Sixth avenue, New York.

We once believed in Spiritualism, we now know it to be true, and that the Physical and Spiritual World are one. That the ripe fruit of the material is spirit; that the bud, blossom, and green fruit of this world is only the developing of the spirit and the Spiritual, hence every bud that is crushed, every blossom that is frosted unto death, every green fruit ruthlessly torn from the stem of the parent tree, must of necessity enter Spirit life at a disadvantage. Then let us ripen up into true manhood, womanhood, and the more perfect we are here the greater perfection we will reach out to and arrive at in the Spiritual. The good man or woman here, the perfected man and woman hereafter.

Let our endeavor, then, be to improve the soul and the temple, that we may fully understand the God within us. O soul, be true to thyself, work, work, for salvation, for work is prayer, and the honest toil of the true soul will win the blessing. Let us be a band of loving Spiritualists at work, working out our salvation, which is this, to be ourself on earth, in heaven, or wherever the soul may find itself. God is love, and his love is free to every longing, sorrowing soul. Let us love God with all our soul.

THE COWARD.

All are cowards who know the truth and dare not speak it. He or she, who sits in the light and bars others from receiving the light, is a coward, and wanting in moral worth and common truth.

The man who sits in his chair as an editor, and robs his neighbor of his character, is both a thief and a coward, and needs to be exposed.

The man or woman who writes up purity and cries down evil, and lives in all his private walk the life of a sensualist, is a liar, knave and coward.

It is a coward's deed to publish a charge of offense against any one, and refuse him the right to be heard.

It is cowardly to stand behind the pulpit and condemn your neighbor, and then protect yourself under the plea of "I am a minister."

Be a brave man and woman, reform your errors, subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and be a reformer in all which that word means.

It is cowardly to pay your money into the coffers of the Church and sponge your Spiritual food of mediums, who are helpers of God.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Spiritual Magazine*, S. Watson, editor and proprietor, is before us, full of Christian truth and good Spiritual food, as well as sound reasons. The editor writes,

"The success of the *Spiritual Magazine*, in every respect, has far exceeded our expectations." This is well and as it should be, and speaks well of Bro. Watson's effort. We trust that Vol. 2 will close its twelfth number under better conditions. Terms, \$2 per annum for Vol. 2.

On our return from Minnesota we found the *Investigator*, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, Vol. 1, on our table. We like this live little sheet, for it is outspoken in all things. Published by the Investigator Association, at 33 Park Row, room 33, New York. Terms, \$1 per annum. Welcome, child of the East. There is room for all in the Father's house. May you live and flourish, and not starve and die of neglect.

Will all of our exchanges please send to our address at Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill.

We shall publish a volume of Tests given by us, in the course of a few weeks, under the title of *Life Experiences During Twenty Years' Investigation*. The book will contain some 350 pages of approved tests of Spirit life. Price, \$2. Persons wishing a copy can order at any time in advance, and we will send them one as soon as published, and we trust to give it to our readers and friends by the 1st of March, if not before.

We have for sale a few copies of the "New Gospel of Health," price \$2.50. This book should be in the hands of every Spiritualist in the land, and especially the young. Dr. Stone bequeathed to the world a blessing when he published the "New Gospel of Health."

We have read Lois Waisbrooker's new book, "There is Nothing Like It," and we believe the title represents the book, and is appropriate, for we have found nothing like it.

SOME LIGHT ON THE SUCCESSFUL NASHUA CAMP-MEETING.

We are in receipt of the following letter, which speaks for itself:

NASHUA, IOWA, Oct. 31, 1875.

E. V. WILSON—Dear Sir: I have just finished reading Dr. Sanford's "He shows up the Dubuque Camp-meeting in his own true light." I was not at the Dubuque meeting, but I am the person to whom the Doctor wrote and with whom he done all his correspondence about the "said second Camp-meeting" at Nashua, and I must say that the Doctor deserves no credit whatever for there "not being no close communion among us." He could not come here with his close communion; his narrow, contracted, miserable platform was more than can ever be submitted to again at this place, and the Doctor knows it.

We wanted Jamieson at the Nashua meeting, and should have had him, but for that platform and the pharisaical self-righteousness of its leader. The Doctor should not be so chafed over "A Camper's power" to injure his reputation; but a little more careful lest he himself injure it, as he certainly has done with his best friends here.

He appeared to be very indignant with the "Free-lovers," for their interfering with his arrangements at the Dubuque meeting, and it seemed to be his desire to get away up here, and then throw dirt, or abuse "Severance, Wilson, and Woodhull"; but this privilege was denied him or any other of the speakers, for it was one of the conditions under which they came here, that no reference or abuse, or slurs whatever should be made about or thrown at "Free-love," as they understood it (we mean Dr. S. and his followers or helpers), as most of the very best Spiritualists of this place are either out-and-out avowed Woodhullites, as we understand her, and are less in sympathy with the views of Dr. Sanford and his narrow platform. And these *Spiritualists*, to whom I refer, are persons who are irreproachable in their lives, as well as characters, pure Spiritualists, that S. S. Jones might endorse.

Well, it is really amusing to the Radicals here, and I doubt not all that attended the meeting, to see how self-satisfied the Doctor is over the results of the *Nashua* meeting, and better satisfied that no "Camper" was here to report to Wilson, for there certainly were no crumbs of comfort for the Conservatives, save that the Doctor's abuse was turned from the Free-lovers to the churches, in which he outraged the better feelings of his friends, as well as strangers. Radicals were more than once pleased and gratified with his thrusts at Conservatism. In fact, the whole ground of Radicalism was considered, every point worthy of thought was advanced by speakers present, as well as by Dr. Sanford. It was, however, done under cover, but the fact, the principle, was fully illustrated, the intent to the contrary notwithstanding.

Now, it is too thin for the Doctor to claim that the Woodhull nastiness was not there to disturb the meeting, or that other speakers did not understand it to be so. But the fact was patent that S. S. Jones had not pronounced his bull against the meeting, hence the speakers could cover their thoughts with better language, thus announcing the principle without going into detail. We have, however, reached the conclusion that the Doctor derives great satisfaction in the opportunity afforded him to parade his name before the readers of the *R.-P. Journal* "as the great getter-up and manager of the Iowa State Camp-meeting," with one tent and seven occupants, with eighty outsiders, before whom he could vent his spleen against "Severance, Wilson, and Camper."

Well, the Doctor has run his race; let us not crucify him, but when next you meet him in want help him into notoriety, by paying his expenses to a convention. But really, Bro. Wilson, the great object the Doctor has in view is to become the editor of "A Frontier Department" in the *R.-P. Journal*; but in order to do so he must succeed better in the future than he did at Nashua or Iowa Falls, as a Test medium, or he may be given the cold shoulder again, as it was given him by the Odd Fellows at Fort Dodge not long ago.

Please put me down for your paper.

Truly yours, A CAMPER.

Warren Smith is again in the field as a Lecturer. See notice of him in another column. He is worthy, keep him at work. He will receive subscriptions for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

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 the route to Minneapolis, we saw by a man (who had with him a little girl, some six years old) the spirit of a woman. After a little, she came to us, saying, "There is my husband and daughter. I ask you to tell them of my presence; he does not believe in this law, and yet he feels that I am in the hands of God and happy. Will you oblige me by giving this communication to him? I have been in Spirit life three years and four months; I was twenty-six years old when I passed over the river."

We hesitated a little, and then spoke to the man, giving him what the Spirit wife had told us. He replied:

"My wife has been dead three years and four months, and was twenty-six years old when she left me. Can you describe her?"

"Yes." And did so.

"That is very good, indeed. Where did she die?"

"In Kentucky."

"Correct again. And now, sir, do you want me to tell you just what I think of all this?"

"Yes, if you please, do so."

"Well, sir, I do not believe one word of what you told me. It is true, and yet it is not true. 1st. There is no such thing as the spirit of one who died a natural death returning to this world; 2d. I would not have this darling wife, who loved me with a true love, who died in Christ, and is now an angel with angels before the throne of God, return to this world; she has something better to do; and, 3d. If it is true it is all the work of the devil, and I want nothing to do with diabolism."

"Well, my friend, you have made quite a speech. Now, if you please, listen to me a few moments. 1st. How do you know it is the work of the devil? and what would be the first act of this loving wife, supposing she had been absent in Europe three years and four months?"

"Sir, it would be an impulsive outpouring of the soul in loving caresses of her child and her husband."

"Just so; and this is her act, her wish in this case. She is yet a woman, full of intensified love, and comes to her mate and child as in the olden time; failing in making an impression on your orthodox soul, she turns to the stranger and asks for help, and you charge her with being a devil."

"No, no, not that; I did not say that she was a devil, this is what I said, 'If this is true it is all the work of the devil.'"

"Exactly. Now, sir, you have corroborated all we told you, then stated, 'It is not true; there is no such thing as the spirit of one who died a natural death returning, and if they did it was all of the devil.' Now, sir, here is corroboration, admission, denial, and accusation, and when you say that it is the devil, you indirectly say that this loving wife is, 1, in the hands of the devil, or, 2, that the devil has a familiar acquaintance with you and your affairs. Now we ask you to prove by argument and law that this is true."

"I can't do it; I believe it, have been taught it, and the idea that it is the work of the devil is being proclaimed from every pulpit in the land."

"All that is true, sir, and yet it proves nothing. This wife of yours is a living contradiction of all you have said; she returns, and is, in soul, the same loving wife she was when she left you."

"You say so; I do not see her."

"True; but you testify that that which we see is seen correctly. Here the corroborative testimony is stronger than the statement; for you knew her and we did not."

"And yet, sir, I cannot understand how you can see and describe that which I cannot see. I wish I could see her."

"You can if you will prepare for it."

"How can I prepare for this thing?"

"By living correctly."

"I do, sir. My life is an example, a Christian example, of truth and manhood."

"Very glad to hear it, sir; but let us see how far you are correct in this statement. We saw you buy a cigar and smoke it to-day. You offered to treat that man just now and he de-

clined to drink. Which of you set the best example?"

"Do you call chewing and smoking tobacco and drinking wine a sin?"

"Yes, sir; and a very bad example indeed, for a Christian to set before the world."

"You are very rigid in your views, sir. Suppose I quote Paul, who advised Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, would you object?"

"Certainly. But suppose we quote John, the Revelator: 'And he which is filthy, let him be filthy still.' Would it warrant us in continuing any filthy habit we may be heir to or possessed of?"

"Certainly not; but how do you get rid of the command, 'There shall not be found among you * * one a consulter with familiar spirits, * * for all these things are an abomination unto the Lord.'"

"We answer you by quoting from John, the Divine, 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits'; or we will quote you Paul, 'If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by let the first hold his peace. And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets.' Moses or Paul is wrong, which?"

"I understand you, sir; you admit both statements, and accept the latter as qualifying the former and placing the matter in a better light."

"Just so; and we accept the teachings of these angel mothers, wives, fathers, children, and friends, who come to us in truth, asking us to progress under the law of our nature, as far more acceptable than the old Hebraic idea of an angry personal God, and his arch enemy the Devil, and when we go hence we ask the All Father to let the angels who loved us in the earth form be present and ascend the Golden Stairs with us."

"It is very, very beautiful. I wish I knew it to be true. I would give—"

"Milwaukee, twenty-five minutes for dinner!" shouted the brakeman.

"All I possess. When can I meet you again, I stop here?"

"There is our address, sir. Call when you can, and 'such as I have will I give unto you.'"

We shook hands and parted, to meet in the great hereafter.

THE TEST — PROOF POSITIVE — WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The test means simply a standard whereby to try things. For instance, we tell a man that we saw his brother in New York. The test in proof is our ability to describe him; the name is not sufficient for identity, but a careful description of form, face, hair, eyes, and marks covers the whole ground, and leaves no room to doubt. Hence the clairvoyant must, of necessity, be an important witness, if not the most important, in producing proof of man's immortality. Therefore, we hold that the clairvoyant medium must be to Spiritualism a test standard of proof. We further hold that we are in harmony with a law that acts upon us for good and evil, and that we are acted on, pro and con, hence, we should teach, demonstrate as well as illustrate this law in all our circles and meetings. With us this law is all important and is first in the test standard of proof.

The following test evidences of life beyond the stroke called death occurred with us, and was given publicly to, in the presence of many witnesses, during our late visit to Minneapolis, Minn., and vicinity.

No. 1. There sat on our right, on Saturday evening, Nov. 14, at the Minneapolis mass-meeting, two ladies; they were unlike in every particular. The young lady was tall and spare, with long oval features, complexion fair, with light brown hair, apparently yet in her teens. The other lady was short in form, fair features, angular, forehead fair and large, head covered with a full growth of dark brown hair, age apparently forty-five. While talking, we felt an influence something like a galvanic current coming on us, directly this was followed by sharp, well-defined electric concussions or shocks, not unpleasant but clearly and well-defined. This continued for a few moments, and then we heard a voice speaking out of the air, saying,

"This is my beloved daughter, in whom I am well pleased."

We turned in the direction of the voice to see who spake unto us, and there, behind the young lady, stood one like unto a man, clothed with fine cloth goods down to the foot. It was the spirit of a man, spare, tall, fair com-

plexion, features oval, a little long, hair brown. He bent his head in love to her fair face, tenderly, gently kissing her, then looking up to us, with all a father's love in his face, said, in tones that thrilled us, "God bless my darling daughter. My child, I am thy guardian angel, watching faithfully over your every step."

Looking up to us we saw his soul thoughts; they were as follows: "Thy father kisses thee in love to-night, child of mine; thy father greets thee, darling, on the strands of time, ever watching with thee, will guard and protect thee along the stream of life." Then turning to the elder one of the two, poured forth a strain of soul thought, grand and truthful, in thanksgiving at the opportunity afforded, of conversing with the loved ones of earth life.

We carefully and fully described this spirit man to these ladies, repeating a part of what we saw to them. The spirit was fully identified as the father of the young lady.

The scene reminded us of the vision of St. John on the isle of Patmos. Are the blessed days of Revelation returning, in all of their glorified phenomena? We hold they are, and that the man Jesus, with his legions of angels, once men, are now striving to open the Gate Beautiful, and thus re-establish communication direct with the primary and after life.

Spiritualists, do you realize the full importance of this glorious gift — clairvoyance? It is Heaven's holy gift, and God's truest soul spark, vouchsafed unto man. Let us reverence it.

No. 2. On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, during conference, we saw with a lady, Mrs. L., Anoka, Minn., the following phenomena:— There appeared a pale phosphoric light about her head; soon it brightened and enlarged; then there stepped out of it a pale, spare lad, of some fourteen summers. A sweet, fair face, with ambition written on his brow. He, so frail, weak in form, yet pure and white-souled, stood gazing at the sad, pale-faced woman before us. Then, with a wild cry of delight, he sprang forward, clasping his arms around her neck, nestled his sweet face in her bosom, thus hiding his face from us for a few moments. Then looking up into the sad face of the woman, he said:

"Mother, darling, I am not dead; only yesterday, seemingly, you laid the frail casket of your son in the grave, but I am not there."

Then, laying his fair young face close to the side of hers, he seemed to whisper words into her soul which we could not hear. It was not for us to hear, for they were too precious for our crude ears or man's coarse nature. Then looking up to us, he said, "Tell my mother all you see, hear, and feel." And throwing his arms around her neck he covered her face with kisses, pure as the wreathed snow, but warm as love's impassioned kiss.

The power formed for this exhibit of wondrous spirit power was waning; turning to us, he said, "Tell her all that you have seen and heard." Then paling into a thin vapory light, he ascended the Golden Stairs, once seen by Jacob, and entered the Pearly Gate.

We turned to the mother and stated what we saw and heard. And the mother wept, as did many men and women, as we related the thrilling vision passing before us. The lady answered, "It is my son, whose body we laid away in the grave this week."

No. 3. To a young man, sitting near us, we said, There is here a man who was killed by the fall of a tree, as we understand the signal, seven years ago. We then entered into a careful delineation of the character, habits, form, and face of the young spirit man we saw standing before us, stating that we believed it to be his brother.

The man replied, "I have a brother who was killed in the woods, by the fall of a tree, answering to your description in everything, save one, and in that you are mistaken; it is seventeen years since my brother was killed, and not seven, as you stated."

No. 4. To a lady. We see with you a man, fully describing him; he is your husband, and has been in Spirit life eleven years, as we understand it.

"You are right in all things, save one, and that is, it is nine years since he died, instead of eleven."

No. 5. To a lady. There is here with you a spirit, that of a man; the influence on me is peculiar. It is as if I was riding rapidly, there is a sudden halt, I am thrown with great force on the ground. It seems that I am helpless and paralyzed, and that the accident costs me my life. This spirit is with you, madam, and

belongs to your past, and must have been well known to you.

The lady answered, "It is my husband, and the statement is a fact." The statement was also corroborated by several witnesses who were cognizant of the affair.

No. 6. Given at River Falls. Judge P., of Ellsworth. Turning to a fine looking stranger of some fifty years or more, we said, There is with this gentleman two spirits, one of them is a man full six feet one inch in height, weight 180 pounds, if not more, age sixty-five. He stands erect and is well preserved, his features are open, candid, and positive in appearance, his face fair, the eyes are hazel blue, forehead full, high, and fair, hair light gray, nose large, has a finely formed mouth, expressing both kindness and firmness. The eyes of this man have a keen, bright, magnetic look. He was, in temperament, a nervous, bilious, sanguine man, of culture, influence, and great force of character. He stands a little behind you, on your right. This man belongs to your past, and had much to do in forming the man by whom he stands.

There is with him a woman in the full prime of life, she is of full medium height, weight 130 pounds, form slight but well built, complexion fair, rather tending to the blonde, eyes full, expressive, large, and dark blue, with long thin eye-lashes. There is a fine curve over the eye, forming the brow, the nose is a little large when compared with the rest of the face, the mouth not large, well formed, the under lip full, the upper lip resting on it lightly, her face in its general form is oval, with forehead something like Byron's. She looks at you with great earnestness, then turns her face up to the old man beside her, looking radiant in satisfaction and delight at this meeting. This spirit man and woman are father and daughter, and we hold she is your sister.

"Is there any peculiar mark on her face that you see?" asked Judge P.

At that moment she turned her face toward us, giving us a view of the left temple, on which we saw a mark, which we described as between a wart and a mole, minutely describing it.

The Judge replied, "That is my sister and father that you have seen and described, and it is marvelously correct."

Thus the work goes on, line upon line, test upon test, and fact after fact, and these are but six out of over two hundred test given in our Northwestern visit of fifteen days.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

To the Spiritualists and Free-thinkers of Wis.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will hold its next quarterly meeting at Ripon, Wis., on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of Dec., 1875. Mrs. Dr. Severance, of Milwaukee, is already engaged for the occasion; other prominent speakers will be in attendance.

Let all come up to the work, and not leave the burthen to be borne by the few. The meeting will be called to order at 2 o'clock, p. m., Friday, the 17th.

ISAAC ORVIS, Pres.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec.
Omro, Wis., Nov. 24, 1875.

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POEM BY WHITTIER.

(Sung at the Dedication of the Haverhill, (Mass.) Library, November 11th, 1875.)

"Let there be light!" God spake of old,
And over Chaos, dark and cold,
And through the dead and formless frame
Of Nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone
On giant fern and mastodon,
On half-formed plant and beast of prey
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'erran
The earth, uplifting brute and man;
And mind, at length, in symbols dark,
Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll,
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,
Man wrote his thought; the ages passed,
And lo! the press was found at last!

Then dead souls woke; the thoughts of men
Whose bones were dust, revived again;
The cloister's silence found a tongue,
Old prophets spoke, old poets sung.

And here, to-day, the dead look down,
And kings of mind again we crown,
We hear the sage's word; we trace
The footprints of our human race.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves;
And Shakespeare treads again the stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,
Life thrills around the alcoved hall,
The lords of thought await our call!

For the Spiritualist at Work.

I LIKE TO SEE A WOMAN IN HER PLACE.

"I like to see a woman in her place."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, where is her place?"

"In the house. She was made for the house and belongs there, and has no business anywhere else. Them's my opinions."

"And mine, too," chimed in Dick Scudder, Bill Hunt, and half a dozen others of that class of men, one cold, wet day in December, 1847.

This conversation took place in a country tavern, not fifty miles from Boston. The parties commencing the conversation were respectable looking men — one, a well-to-do farmer, Deacon F., the pillar of the Baptist church; the other, a fine looking, middle-aged man, with clear blue eyes, gray hair, whiskers brown tinged with gray, and as I looked at him I thought I had never seen a finer specimen of manhood. He stood for a moment, looking at the Deacon, and then turned to the group of men standing around the stove, who had expressed their opinions in approval of the Deacon's idea.

"And you like to see a woman in her place," speaking in a clear, determined voice.

"Yes, we does," answered Dick Scudder; "and my wife knows her place, don't she, Bill?"

Now, Bill Bunce was the boon companion of Dick, and they were well mated.

The stranger stepped to the window, stood for a few moments looking out into the storm suddenly turning to the group of men who had just liquored at the expense of Dick Scudder, and were wiping their mouths with their coat-sleeves, he said sharply,

"Come here, quick, all of you. See there!"

The Deacon, Bill Hunt, Dick, Bill Bunce John, and the rest of them, including the landlord, and one other whose name we have not mentioned, made a rush for the windows facing the street, exclaiming,

"What is it? What is the matter? What do you see?" shouted Dick.

"See there, there in the street; in the storm, in the mud and cold! See that woman! Who is she and why is she there in the storm, with her arms full of wood?" sternly exclaimed our friend with the gray hair and blue eyes.

"That—that woman is Dick Scudder's wife, once beautiful, well educated, the belle of our neighborhood. I loved her many years ago she loved me; we should have been man and wife. Dick had money, I had only honesty, life, and health. Her parents favored rich Dick and rejected poor Harry, and compelled Nelly to marry a bad rich man. My fate was then and there determined for all the future. Alone, all alone, I've lived these twenty odd years, and now I am a wreck, Dick is a wreck, shipwrecked on the rock of intemperance, and Nelly, poor Nelly, she, too, is a wreck. God pity poor Nelly." Thus spake crazy Hal.

As he finished Dick Scudder stepped toward him, saying, "Look here, Hal, you have told that are story quite often enough in this town, and if yer don't stop it I'll stop yer speech for yer."

"If her brother Ralph had returned from sea, as we expected him to, you would never have married Nelly Green," said crazy Hal.

"You lie!" shouted Dick, at the same time planting a well directed blow in poor Hal's face, that sent him staggering across the room. Instantly all was confusion, and for some time nothing was heard but oaths and curses.

Our friend of the gray hair had left the room, crossed the street, and stood by the wife of Dick Scudder, offering to take the wood home for her. The offer was declined by Mrs. Scudder, and our hero returned to the bar-room, where peace once more held sway. As he entered the room I saw the fire of manhood ablaze in his soul.

"Where is crazy Hal?" he demanded, in a stern, hard voice.

"Here I am," said Hal, as he wiped the blood from his face.

"What is all this? What is the matter?" exclaimed the stranger, for he was a stranger in the place.

"Dick struck me," said Hal.

"What for?" the stranger demanded.

"Because I told you how he robbed me of Nellie Green."

"And who are you?" he asked.

"I am crazy Hal. Once on a time I was Harry Brown; but that was long ago. Then I was the friend of Ralph Green, the brother of Nelly. Ralph went away, sailed in the ship Hector, of New Bedford, for a three years' voyage, and has never been heard from. The ship was lost, and all on board perished, but Ralph, he is alive; I know it, for I've seen him, in my dreams, on an island, and last night Mother came from her home in Heaven, and kissed me as I slept, and said, 'Harry, darling, all will yet be well, and Ralph will come home to-morrow.' And I have waited here all day for him. Hark! I hear the signal gun. See, there is a ship in the offing. It's the Hector; Ralph is on board, and when he gets here I'll tell him how you used Nelly, poor Nelly, Dick. You had better leave, better go away; not on my account, for the blow just now given me is nothing. It is the blow given poor Nelly. See, Ralph has landed, and is on his way here. Here! no, no, not here; for this is not our old home on the rock-bound coast of New England, where Ralph, Nelly, and I used to play in the long ago. That was before you came to Gloucester, Dick, with your cursed city habits; with your braggart nature, Dick. Dick, ha-ha-ha, you won her, I lost her; but, Dick, I have watched you and know you. I followed you from place to place, I have seen you beat poor Nelly, again and again. I saw you try to kill her, and was ready to kill you; but Mother spake out of Heaven, and said, 'Harry, don't you do it, for Ralph is coming home, and will then take care of Nelly.' And now, Dick, when Ralph gets here I will tell him all, and he will punish you. Dick Scudder, you are a murderer. You murdered little Ralph. You murdered Betsy Mills, your first wife; I saw you do it, I saw you with my soul. They say I am mad, but I am not. Hark! I hear little Ralph cry; it is the cry of death — the death-cry of your child. Little Ralph died by your hand, Dick Scudder, and now that Ralph has come he will care for me and Nellie, and together we will weep over the past. Won't we, Ralph?"

"Yes, we will. I swear it by my soul, for I am Ralph Green!" exclaimed the stranger.

Swift as lightning Dick Scudder hurled a four-pound weight at crazy Hal's head, hitting him full in the temple, crushing in the skull, laying him at the feet of the stranger, who was none other than Ralph Green, the long-lost brother of Nelly, the wife of Dick Scudder. In a moment Dick was seized and bound. Poor Hal lay bleeding on the floor. Ralph and the Deacon lifted the lifeless form of Harry and gently laid it on a bed. Then turning toward Dick, Ralph sternly asked why he hurled the weight at Harry Brown.

"Because he blabbed."

"Hence you would murder him; have already done so."

At this moment the door of the bar-room was thrown open, and Nelly Scudder rushed into the room, the image of despair.

"Where is Dick?" she asked.

"Here."

"Where is Hal?"

"There, on the bed in that room."

"Who killed him?"

"I did."

"What for?"

"Because he blabbed."
"Betsy, Ralph, and now poor Hal! All killed by your hand, Dick."

"Nelly! Nelly!" called a voice. It was Harry.

Turning to the room where he lay, she saw, standing by the bed, the stranger.

"It was Ralph, Nelly, darling; come here; he has come, Ralph, and now we will be happy. Come, let's kneel at Mother's feet and receive her blessing."

At this moment his eye met the eyes of Ralph Green. One look, and then he sprang forward, and Harry Brown threw his arms around Ralph's neck, exclaiming,

"It is Ralph; it is Ralph! Mother told me he would come to bless us. Come, Nelly, we are waiting, waiting for the—the—t—h—e blessing."

And Harry Brown was dead. Died in the arms of his friend, with the love of his youth standing by his side. For five and twenty years he had been considered crazy, because he had believed in the return of Ralph Green, "for Mother told me so."

Dick Scudder paid the penalty of his crimes on the scaffold. Nelly wept at the grave of Harry Brown. Ralph and Nelly left for a home in the far West, and are at this time living in a quiet home out on the plains.

The Deacon has learned that woman has a place in the world, better adapted to her wants and aim than carrying wood in the storm while her husband is drinking up the day's earnings in the tap-room of the rumseller.

And we all have learned that woman's place is just where her duty requires her to be. God speed the day when woman shall be free.

VIOLET.

Neenah, Wis.

Now, Mr. Editor, will you publish this? It is a statement of facts that occurred in New England long ago, my father being an eyewitness to the most of what I have written, and many is the time he has told us children the story of Harry Brown and Nelly Green. Don't you think that you were a little hard on me in your remarks on my last?

For the Spiritualist at Work.

FINANCIAL.

FREMONT, IND., Sept. 16, '75.

E. V. WILSON, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I notice that you publish an article occasionally from different persons, which may merit greater attention than any I can write; but I would be glad to have you throw one bombshell into the financial camp. If cost of an article gives it value, the greater the cost the greater the value follows of course.

Prof. Bonamy Price taught that the "labor of the miner gives value to coin." Then, the labor of the farmer gives value to farm products. If all coin advocates believe that cost gives value to the article, let them come and purchase my stock upon these terms, and if I do not convince them of their error they will, on their own theory, make a big thing of it. If a coin dollar pays the nation to purchase it by the sale of low bonds at forty cents on the dollar, which is on interest for fifty years, and may be one hundred, that dollar will cost from ten to twenty dollars. And there is only one dollar, and stands but about ten cents above a paper dollar, which costs the nation but one cent to make it, a dead loss of from ten to nineteen dollars on each gold dollar, and a net gain of near ninety cents on each paper dollar. And yet coin advocates hold that the nation better bear this loss than make the gain on paper.

As a plow turns the surface of the ground, so many measure values. Now, if a mint of money possess greater value because it cost more, why will not this rule hold good on the plow? If some coin man desires to make us believe he is in earnest, and is honest, and coin, because it cost the nation from five hundred to one thousand times as much more than a paper dollar did, is worth more than the paper dollar, let him purchase an old "bull's-eye watch," and pay for the same one hundred dollars, or five hundred dollars if he wishes to make it still more valuable by piling up the cost of it, and see if he too does not come to his senses.

Value! what is it? Does it enlarge the size of the article possessing it? And again, when the value is out, has the size of the article contracted? Does it occupy space? If not, how much nearer to nothing can he get? If said coin man will be so kind as to tell us what is the source of value he may make us see, if he himself sees his point. Does he know that value cannot be found where there

is no demand? If money be the creation of the law of a nation, as all affirm, why do coin men insist that the nation ought to make it of bullion only, when they know each coin dollar will cost so much more than a paper one, and that, too, on account of the fact that bullion is too scarce to supply the world's demand for money, which enables the holders of coin to sell it to these coin advocates at figures equal to, if indeed not far beyond the ability of any one generation to pay?

To be honest, is it not the truth that this difference in the cost of coin over that of paper money that induces them to insist that the nation should adopt "specie payments"?

Let your readers estimate the cost of a gold dollar and compare it with the cost of a paper dollar, and then see if there be greater profit to the nation to pay for coin what is demanded, rather than have the profits above cost on paper. Respectfully yours,

W. HOPKINS.

From the Minneapolis Tribune, Nov. 16th.

LIBERALISM.

The Preamble and Resolutions adopted by the Convention recently adjourned—Communications from the Spirit World—Interesting Tests by E. V. Wilson—A Synopsis of the Sunday Evening Meeting.

The Spiritual and Liberal Mass Convention which has been held in this city, and which terminated in a very interesting meeting Sunday evening last has proven at least two things: First, that the Liberal and Spiritual element in Minneapolis is in excess of what has heretofore commonly been believed; and, secondly, that Spiritualism or Liberalism—the terms are synonymous—is fast attracting the attention of what may be termed the thinking and progressive minds of the age. However beneficial the series of meetings may have been to those who took an active part in the proceedings, or to those who by means of tests had their belief strengthened, certain it was that there was scarcely a less degree of interest manifested by those who were non-believers, or were simply interested in knowing in what manner the professed truths would be presented. From the opening session, on Friday, until the closing, on Sunday, the attendance and interest increased, and it was manifest from the first that the hall engaged had not capacity enough for those who wished to listen to the exercises. As many as four hundred were present Sunday evening, and in view of the fact that the revivals, Messrs. Whittle and Bliss, and the Paulist Fathers, both drew immense audiences on the same evening, the statement seems more remarkable. To a great extent the financial and general success of the meetings was due to the Committee of Arrangements, who were untiring in their efforts to have everything pass off harmoniously and pleasantly. During the several days proceedings, a number of able and entertaining lectures were delivered, and the essays on "Progression," the "Social Question," and the "Philosophy of Disease," will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of listening to them, and while they were worthy of publication in full, we regret that we are enabled but to simply refer to them as above.

Previous to the final adjournment of the Convention the following preamble and resolutions were presented and adopted, not, however, until the resolution relative to the sexual relations had undergone a spirited discussion:

WHEREAS, The Spiritual element of our State having recently presented conditions of inharmony and conflict, and

WHEREAS, We deem these conditions to be the outgrowth of underlying causes antagonistic to the teachings of Spiritualism, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we accept the harmonious philosophy as embodying all truth, and as truth is infinite in extent and variety, Spiritualism, as its representative, cannot be embodied in a creed or confession of faith.

Resolved, That the right to investigate and criticize all subjects, political, religious and social, is sacred, and we pledge our best efforts to preserve this right inviolate.

Resolved, That human organization is of infinite diversity and gives an infinite variety of human character, and hence we freely accord to the individual all liberty of thought, word and action, compatible with the rights of others.

Resolved, That the relation of the sexes finds its highest expression in monogamic unions founded upon love, and that motherhood is the highest and noblest office incident to human life.

Resolved, That it is our duty to disseminate that knowledge of the laws of generation that will enable parents to transmit to posterity better physical conditions, and a higher order of intellectual and moral endowment.

Resolved, That withholding from woman the right of suffrage is a stigma on the wisdom and justice of the age in which we live.

Resolved, That by precept and example we should do all in our power to secure the early eradication of intemperance from our midst.

Resolved, That our public schools should be strictly secular in character, and the introduction of sectarian teachings therein is an outrage and insult to the intelligence of the age in which we live.

Resolved. That the exemption of \$100,000,000 worth of church property from taxation is gross injustice to the tax-payers of our nation, and calls loudly for reform.

Resolved. That we invite the co-operation of all men and women, regardless of caste and opinion, in applying the principles of practical reform to the elevation of the race.

Resolved. That the unjust and miserably partial laws recently enacted by our State authorities relative to the dower of woman should be annulled, and to secure this end we should petition our coming Legislature at an early day after its organization.

The Sunday evening, or closing meeting of the general session, was attended by a perfect throng, many being unable to gain admission to the hall. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Lovering, after which the exercises were opened with singing by a select quartette. Col. Sweet then offered the following resolutions:

Resolved. That the thanks of this convention are hereby tendered to Mrs. M. A. Hanscom, Mrs. M. Shepard, and Mrs. E. T. Lovering, committee of arrangements, for their untiring efforts to make the convention a success; and also to Mrs. Lovering, Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. D. O. Sweet, for the sweet music furnished during the sittings of the convention.

Resolved. That the thanks of this convention be extended to Prof. Ludwig, who has so generously furnished the organ for this occasion free of charge.

Resolved. That the convention commends Bro. Warren Smith to the confidence of the Spiritualists and Liberals of the State, as an able and worthy lecturer in the field of advanced thought.

Resolved. That when this convention adjourns, it adjourn to meet some time in June next, said time to be fixed by the committee of arrangements.

The above resolutions being unanimously adopted, Mrs. Lovering recited in clear, forcible and unflinching manner a poem appropriate to the occasion.

E. V. Wilson, the great test medium, was next introduced, and for an hour and a quarter he commanded the closest attention of the audience, by reason of his concise and logical reasoning, positive statements, and incontrovertible proof of his assertions. Every utterance was a forcible one, his conclusions were well drawn, and his manner of delivery was easy and pleasing. Having made an assertion he dare maintain it with all the sincerity that was manifest in every utterance. He began by asking the question, "What is truth?" and afterwards defining it. Much he said depended upon the success of the meeting then in session. We have the truth and the truth makes us free. Being asked to-day if I feared God, I replied that I did once, but simply respect him now. I do not believe in the answering of prayer. If the prayers of the Catholic or Protestant churches were answered to-day this world would be in a fearful condition. When I see the budding fruit, the waving grain, the falling snow, I bow my head and worship God—one who is so little understood. I never met any one who knew more about God than I do, and I know positively nothing of him. With one hand pointing to time and the other to eternity we ask for continued blessings. Let the soul loose from the trammels of time, and who shall bound its possibilities? I come before you to-night as a medium, which signifies something between two. Whittle and Bliss are mediums between God and members of the audience which they address. Conversion takes place through them. A great many have been converted to Spiritualism since these meetings have commenced, yet they have been saved without a hell. No sulphurous baths for them.

After speaking for some time in the above strain, and having given a brief synopsis of Spiritualism, Mr. Wilson suddenly paused, and pointing to an unknown lady and young girl on his right, made the assertion that while he had been speaking, he had seen standing beside those persons in question, a spirit form. The spirit had stooped over and kissed the brow of the girl, and said to him, "She is my daughter. I have been watching her for years, directing her every step and guarding all her ways." Mr. Wilson then began to describe minutely the features and form of the spirit, and in conclusion was assured by the lady that it was the father of the child, and the spirit of her husband, who had been dead a number of years.

Mr. Wilson then proceeded to draw a comparison between the teachings of Christianity and Spiritualism, and supposing that both were a hypothesis, he held that in Spiritualism there was more of the moral, of the elevating and the progressive. Spiritualism leads to the path of virtue. While walking along Fourteenth street, in New York city, at one time, Mr. Wilson stated that he saw sitting on a low door-step, an old man, who, by reason of dissolute habits, had become a wreck both in body and mind. Beside him he saw the spirit form of his mother, who requested him to speak to her son. Stretching forth his hand he extended to him a cordial greeting, and related to him the fact that his mother was beside him and watching him. The man was deeply moved by the information and burst into tears, at the same time lamenting the fact that he had refused her love, and had not listened to her words of warning. In the expression of these sentiments, Mr. Wilson was sure that he had found a spirit which he should meet in glory. We have all heard of the story of Lazarus and the rich man. World-

ly wealth does not save souls; it is only the wealth of truth that is able to do it.

Mr. Wilson at this point closed his general remarks, and entered directly into his spiritual tests, in which he is so eminently successful. Turning his back to the audience, he requested some gentleman in the audience to rise, and remain standing a sufficient length of time only to be seen by the audience. This being done, and the man having resumed his seat, Mr. Wilson stretched forth his arm in order to catch the magnetism. He then proceeded, and in a rapid manner related all the characteristics of the gentleman in question, going into detail even enough to locate pains in his body, and to give the exact dates at which certain important events in his life had transpired. The description was very minute, and when it was concluded an appeal was made to any one in the audience acquainted with the gentleman, and to the gentleman in particular, to refute or substantiate the principle involved. He sought no favoritism, wished no hoodwinking, but only asked that his statements be verified only as far as they were strictly and absolutely true. The correctness of the statements, as a whole, being testified to, Mr. Wilson proceeded to describe the spirit which gave him the information. It was, he said, the spirit of a girl, with oval features, blonde hair, blue eyes, and other peculiarities also minutely described. The spirit had announced itself as the sister of the gentleman referred to, and stated that it entered the spirit world at the age of seven years, or eleven years ago. The facts relative to the last assertion were also authenticated, after which a variety of tests followed, equally wonderful, and too marvellous for description. A great many spiritual communications were received from as many spirits who were present, and who were described by Mr. Wilson. All of the statements made by the spirits through the medium of Mr. Wilson were positive ones, and were either to be flatly denied or to be received as truth.

After the conclusion of the tests, the song "Over the river they beckon to me," was sung by the audience, when Mrs. Dr. Severance delivered a lecture in conclusion, and of which the following is a brief synopsis:

The law of progress is universal, it comes from action. The speaker then spoke of the natural law of evolution, saying that when humanity first appeared upon the earth, it was more nearly allied to animal life than now. Matter arose to the highest form of advancement when humanity began. Mankind is said to be an epitome of the universe. There is nothing in the universe but matter, either in a crude or refined condition. When death takes place, it is the elimination of the spiritual from the physical. The quality of the material which composes our spiritual body corresponds with that which composes our physical bodies.

Whatever habits we imbibe in earth-life, we shall have with us in spirit life. If we would have a perfect spirit life, we should lead a perfect physical life. The conflicting elements will be with us in the spirit world. Persons who do wrong, do so because they are compelled so to do by the material physical laws of their life. There is in theory no personal responsibility. In the spirit land, the tobacco users and whisky drinkers will associate together, and those who on this earth seek to have an elevating influence, will exert a corresponding influence in the spirit land.

Man demands a reason for the faith that is in him, in accordance as he progresses in knowledge. We can know nothing positively except what we receive through the medium of our senses.

I believe in Spiritualism because I have seen, felt and heard spirits. If I disbelieve Spiritualism, I disbelieve all my senses.

In spirit life there are low, ignorant and undeveloped persons. Spirits tell falsehoods as do people here. If we don't want lying spirits we must not send liars to the spirit world.

Men make organizations, not organizations men. Let us advance in progression; it is the grand idea of Spiritualism. The churches have their work and do their part for progression. I would not, if I had my own way, crush out of existence a single church. There are spirits in heaven looking for the great white throne, enjoying revivals and seeking for God with the same blind faith as they do in this world. There are spirits in the spirit land who do not believe that they can hold inter-communication with people on the earth. People can live in ignorance on earth, so can they in heaven. We should guard against influences that come from the spirit world; I have a right to question a communication even from the Angel Gabriel; I don't believe in being led by the nose in Spiritualism any more than by Christianity; we must preserve our individuality. We should receive spiritual communications and get all the good we can from them. The time is coming just as certainly when spirits will materialize themselves and sit with us in our parlors or address us from the rostrum; grand ideas, noble truths, good deeds are what will benefit us in the after life. Spiritualism is but the higher form of life.

The condition of many people will be reversed in the spirit world. As we lay up treasures on this earth we are apt to deprive ourselves of treasures in the life to come; the aspirations we have here we will have in spirit life; the conditions of this world affect the conditions of the spirit world; it is better to be a beggar here, if we have noble aspirations and are working for the life to come, than to

be wealthy, worldly, and covered with honor, provided we have no future aspirations.

Spiritualism teaches us to love truth because it is truth, and not because we expect to receive a reward hereafter. The whole human family is a brotherhood. The ennobling and elevating of one person has little effect upon another. Let us live in accordance with the laws of nature. Let us live for and build up a perfect manhood and womanhood.

Since I have been in Minneapolis, I have met an audience of thinkers, and I have enjoyed my sojourn in your pleasant city. In conclusion I will only say:

Like the white feet of the waters falling gently on the shore,
May the blessings of the angels rest upon you evermore.

We willingly publish the following notice, and shall welcome the *Pacific Liberal* as a member of the great army of workers. We will be brothers and work together for the redemption of the world; but the Plains of Progress are strewn with wrecked efforts of men and women, who have endeavored to save the race. Since our memory, we can count hundreds that have budded, blossomed, and have blighted. May the Angel world help sustain the *Pacific Liberal*, but when we remember the fate of *Common Sense*, and others of the same ilk, all good, true, and faithful, we fear for the young child, and yet, let us hope and work on, and it may be our prayer will be heard. Let every reader remember THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and every other true and faithful worker in the field.

THE PACIFIC LIBERAL, an independent journal, published at San Francisco, California. Terms, twelve numbers, one dollar; single copies, ten cents. The *Pacific Liberal* is a radical independent journal, devoted to the discussion of the most advanced thought of the times upon questions relating to Science, Religion, Morals, Government, Education, Labor, etc. But especially will its columns be devoted to the defense of the civil and secular institutions of the country, established by the Fathers of the Republic, one hundred years ago, and which, it is conceived, are to-day seriously threatened on the one hand by political knaves and corruptionists, and on the other by an ecclesiastical hierarchy, more dangerous than were the British soldiery a century ago. And this hundredth anniversary is a most propitious time for the re-assertion of the principles of the Declaration, and the consecration anew of "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors" to the maintenance of the free institutions of America. Liberals labor "for the more complete and consistent secularization of the political and educational institutions of the United States," and to aid in securing this object on this Coast, this journal is established.

Those who are in sympathy with the objects of this journal are respectfully solicited to aid it in any way they may elect, and to write freely and liberally for its columns. The widest range of expression will be accorded to contributors. Let us reason together. There can be no harm in honest, candid controversy. The editor, however, at all times reserves the right either to accept or reject whatever is written for this journal. Each issue of the *Liberal* will contain a valuable leading paper or essay upon some important question of the day, written or spoken by some prominent and able speaker or writer, on the Coast or elsewhere.

The first number of the *Liberal* will be issued on the first of November next, or as soon thereafter as possible. Let us hear from you. Address all communications to

A. J. BOYER,
Ed. & Prop. *Pacific Liberal*,
No. 555½ Minna st., San Francisco, Cal.

THE DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

MY OWN DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:
With joy I greet you from my Spirit home. I am not now the little form you wept over, but a maiden, fair and pure as angels are. And, Mother, darling, when you come to this my home in the beautiful hereafter, then you will know thy daughter. Grandmother says that in features I resemble my mother.

O Mother, Father, if you could only see my home. It is beautiful, filled with flowers, books, birds, and all that makes home loveable. We, I mean the band I belong to, all the loved ones of your early life, take pride in making a beautiful home for darling mother and father, and all with you who are pure in life, to dwell in. Be patient, Mother, mine, yet a little longer, and the Golden Stairs you will climb with my father, who with you will win the Golden Chimes of the merry marriage bells. Yet a little longer, and fifty years have flown away since you and father kissed each other before the bridal altar. Be patient, Mother, mine, for you and father shall live to embrace each other in the union of the Golden Circle of wedded life. Until then, do all you can to help on the work of life; never fear to strike a blow for the right and in defense of the truth.

Ever remember, Mother, Father, that thy darling and thy mother and father, and all of

our own dear earth home, are around you, keeping guard over every step you take, that you falter not by the way. Let there be no fear of the downward path of life, all will be well. We will meet on the border land, and lead you to our home. Joy be with you and all we love forever. Farewell for a little while, then we will meet to part no more, and now with love we press on thy cheek a mother's and daughter's kiss, an angel kiss. By-by.

HARRIET ISADORE LAWSON.

MR. WARREN SMITH'S lectures, delivered at Turner Hall last Saturday and Sunday, drew choice and attentive audiences, and seem to have been greatly appreciated by people of different religious opinions. Our conception of journalistic duties admits no epitome or critic of religious lectures, no matter of what denomination, into the columns of the *Herald*, hence we abstain from commenting on Mr. Smith's theories. We are glad that the gentleman in question obtained a fair hearing, and was liberally dealt with in a pecuniary sense, and are proud to state that the citizens of New Ulm were imbued with sufficient liberality to flock to his lectures. We would like to see any gentleman advocating views diametrically opposite to Mr. Smith's treated as well, believing discussions to be the mother of truth, and truth the highest good within human reach.—*New Ulm Herald*.

Thus speaks a secular paper of one who is second to none as a thinker, reasoner, and true man. Contrast it with the course taken by some of our would-be Spiritual organs, and draw your own conclusions. Bro. Smith speaks for free speech, free platform, and a free press, and was one of the able advocates of Progress at the Minneapolis mass-meeting, the greatest triumph of the season in the form of a Spiritual meeting.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAND OPPORTUNITY FOR KNOWLEDGE.

We will send one copy of Dr. Stone's great work, *The New Gospel of Health*, a book of 510 pages, neatly bound in cloth, containing over 120 illustrations, and one copy of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, for one year, to any new subscriber, for \$3.50, free of postage.

We will send Kersey Graves' great work, *The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors*, 12mo., cloth, 380 pages, price, \$2, and one copy of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, for one year, postage paid, to any new subscriber, for \$3.

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This is a rare opportunity for valuable investments. We call on our patrons to come to our help. We need it and you need these books and our paper. Come, help us.

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.

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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.

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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.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life—
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like, you have questioned me,
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall be always hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be as true as God's stars,
And as pure as His heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a much greater thing—
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and shirts;
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that his maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did on the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am so fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the blooms of May?

Is your heart an ocean, so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be—
If you give this all—I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook
You can hire—and little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE THINKERS.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

Truth ever comes shrouded, and it is the thinker who, delving into the quarry of his own being, brings forth rich treasures of mind and thought, and unlocking the gates of our dull souls, lets in rays of light, enabling us to see our pathway. The thinker stands upon his own ground, well knowing, if he would fold back the curtains of error and doubt, he must be strong to dare and do.

In ages of the past, when conservatism held iron rule, it was at the risk of liberty and life for a man to dare think aloud, unless his thoughts corresponded with those around him. But even with such fearful odds surrounding them, men there were, whose souls were beyond fear; men there were, who dared to think speak, and write, sending their bright, far-seeing thoughts centuries in the van. To-day, the world is reaping the benefit from their greatness, strength, and daring.

The deep, earnest thinker is a student at the shrine of nature. He delights to find the keys which shall unlock the doors of many mansions in earth, air, water, and sky, where he may search for mysteries, revel amid beauties, and constantly arrive at the Soul of Things, which is Truth. The true thinker ignores nothing, he reads in everything a lesson of use. Trifles are to him wondrous keys, revealing golden treasures of knowledge and wisdom.

The thinkers of to-day dare thunder their thoughts to the world, letting loose their mighty power, bidding defiance to the guns of malice, superstition, and persecution, aimed at them by the ignorant devotees of thoughtless Conservatism. To-day, men and women dare proclaim their thoughts, even though they shock respectable society, from center to circumference. They dare, with their iconoclastic views, shatter the idols of custom, prudery, and ignorance, and teach the glorious possibilities and attainments enshrined within every nature. They dare teach freedom from all kinds of slavery, and that it may be abolished they work with brain, money, and might, even though it lead to persecution and prison.

The thinkers of to-day, in Science and Spiritual Philosophy, are uttering their deep, progressive ideas, whether men will hear or forbear, whether they are called sane or insane, moral or immoral, it is all the same, so they can cause agitation of thought, and teach pro-

gression's notes, from the atom up to man, and onward to God and powers innumerable. To-day, the mighty ocean of thought hath upon its waters barks of various kinds, containing men of various minds, each intent upon new explorations, seeking for more beyond, more, evermore. Upon this vast ocean Sherman and Lyon embarked, determined to find that which seemed wanting for further emigration and progression of the human race. Their journey was crowned with success, and they gave an account of their explorations in a book called by them *The Hollow Globe*; or, *The World's Agitator and Reconciler*.

E. V. Wilson, our brave, hard-working editor, is doing a mighty work in proclaiming the gospel of common-sense in whatsoever place he may be called to go. With his wondrous test powers he is making his name a household word, and with his free paper he is winning golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Thus the thinkers are at work all over the land, and their reward is with them.

Adrian, Nov. 11, 1875.

THE DUMB SHALL SPEAK.

Whipple's Home School for Deaf Mutes, Mystic River, Conn.

This school was founded by Jonathan Whipple, who was the first in this country to show that deaf mutes may be taught to talk with the organs of speech, and to understand conversation by watching the motions of the mouth, or in other words, by reading the lips. This manner of communicating with the deaf is made the basis of instruction in the Whipple Home School. The system is known as "articulation and lip-reading." It brings the deaf person almost upon par in society with those who can hear. It is not surprising that this system of instruction for deaf mutes has so rapidly gained the public favor, often withheld from new inventions and discoveries, for its superiority to the sign language, so long made the basis of instruction in all American institutions for the deaf and dumb, is evident to even the most careless observer. But only those who have deaf children can fully appreciate the value of a system of instruction which unlooses the tongue of the dumb, repeating, as it were, by the aid of science, the miracle of Christ, when "the dumb spake and the people wondered."

The Home School is situated about one and a half miles from Mystic, a station on the New York and Boston Shore Line Railroad, and about seven miles from New London, the southern terminus of the N. L. Northern railroad.

The general healthfulness of the place is almost unrivaled, and while the Home School is near enough to the village, with its railroad station, post-office, stores, markets, etc., to be entirely convenient, it is far enough removed from all of the ordinary sources of temptation and danger, to allow the fondest parents to rest fully assured of the safety of their absent child, as far as perfect safety can be secured by human means.

The present Principal of the Whipple Home School, Zerah C. Whipple, is a grand-son of the founder, and is well fitted for his position by a love of children and a natural gift for teaching, supplemented by careful study and training for this special work. He is the inventor of "Whipple's Natural Alphabet," the letters of which are pictorial representations of the organs of speech as placed to utter the various elementary sounds. This alphabet has been examined and heartily approved by many prominent educators, among whom are Prof. J. K. Buckley, Principal of the Mystic Valley Classical Institute, Mystic Bridge, Conn.; Prof. B. G. Northrop, Secretary of the Connecticut State Board of Education, New Haven, and Hon. Wm. H. Potter, a member of the Board, Mystic River, Conn.

Mr. Whipple is assisted by two excellent teachers, Mrs. Ida W. Benham and Miss Nan-nie J. Morelock; both ladies having had considerable experience in teaching in common schools before accepting positions in the Whipple School.

Mr. Whipple's father and brother-in-law are associated with him as joint proprietors of the school, and assist him in attending to the physical needs of the pupils. The children are treated as members of the family. Their morals, health, and happiness are carefully looked after, and it is the aim of the proprietors to make their institution truly a *Home School*.

The school year is divided into three terms, of fourteen weeks each, commencing—first term, Sept. 1st; second term, Dec. 8th; third term, March 17th. The charge for board, tuition, washing and ironing one change of clothing per week, and general supervision, per term, for each pupil under 16 years of age, is \$120; for pupils 16 years old, and older, special terms will be made, according to the length of time they are to remain in school, the kind of instruction required, etc. Payments are required to be made in advance; one half at the beginning, and the other half at the middle of the term. Pupils entering school before the middle of a term will be charged for a whole term. Those entering at or after the middle, will be charged for one-half of the term. Extra expenses incurred in consequence of the sickness of a pupil will be charged.

Visitors are cordially welcomed at the school, and opportunity given to all who contemplate

placing deaf children away from home to be educated, to examine the system of instruction thoroughly, and to make all needful investigation on every point. Correspondence is solicited, and all letters will be promptly answered.

We willingly give place for the above in this department, for it is indeed learning the silent to speak soul thoughts from the fountain of life, and is one more evidence that there dwells in every human being a sensate something that is eternal, and yet not the body or house in which it dwells. We call it spirit, and hold it of more value than all the wealth of the world.—Ed.

THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

How unsearchable are the sources of being! And yet, though so unfathomable, how rich are the experiences derived from a close study of them! We may begin with the most minute of created material, and what fascination is experienced as, with a clue here and there, we get something of an insight into its origin, its capacities, its workings, its relations to its next succeeding element, and finally the result.

For instance, we may take the acorn which affords the great oak; the stone which produces the peach; or, still more minute, the cotton seed, producing, if we are to judge from the great demand, one of the great essentials to the health and comfort of mankind. If we begin with the result and trace it back to the origin, we ask, "Was that seed sufficient in itself to attain to these dimensions, or was it dependent upon the ministrations of its neighbors, and to what extent? Of what value were the seed without the hand to plant, the sun to shine, and the rain and the dews? How intimately connected are the different processes, and how necessary the contributions of each in its turn, to their ultimate value?"

Sending out our thoughts in whatever channel or direction, we find that dependence is a necessity of existence. We might cite the innumerable inventions of man, which would be as waste paper, were it not for the support they receive in immediate connections. All things, both great and small, are subject to this law. And as we extend our researches from the material to the mental, moral, and spiritual conditions of man, we find that this law holds true there also. We have had innumerable illustrations of the progress or deterioration of the mind in proportion to its advantages for commerce of thought. We are constant observers of the power of influences upon the actions of men, and to such an extent that, sometimes, we have wondered if they still preserved their identity. Paul, the great and wise apostle, was so imbued with the knowledge of the power of association, that, in his solicitude for the spiritual welfare of God's people, his wise injunction was "Not to forsake the assembling of yourselves together."

It has been said that every one constantly exerts a silent influence either for good or evil. Oh, then, how necessary that the foundations of our being be examined into with the closest scrutiny, that no evil be lurking in the silent recesses. At the spontaneous outgoings of our being, our associates should be recipients only of purity and goodness, and in much companionship become assimilated from the lower to the higher qualities. Who can measure the magnitude of the responsibilities of living? Who can measure the grandeur of that life to whom the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," shall be meritoriously spoken on the last great day?

Grand Rapids, Wis. H. I.

—*Woman's Journal*.

A WORD FOR THE WOMEN.

We do not hesitate to say that the average woman, educated in the better class of the schools in this country, is a better scholar, and a more capable and accomplished person, than the average college graduate of the other sex. What we want is cheaper schools of equal excellence. The farmer's boy goes to college, finds cheap tuition, wins a scholarship, perhaps, boards in commons, earns money during vacation, and gets through, while his sister stays at home, because the only places where she can get an equal education are expensive beyond her means. There is no college that needs to be so richly endowed as a woman's college. Women are not men, quarrel with that fact as we may, and they cannot get along so cheaply and with such helpfulness as men, while going through the processes of their education. If we are to have women's colleges, we must have well-paid professors, philosophical apparatus, cabinets, collections, art-galleries, and laboratories, and they must be provided for by private munificence. Provision should be made for the poor, so that high education shall come within the reach of all. There is not a woman's college, or an advanced public institution for the education of women, that is not to-day in need of large endowments for the purpose of bringing its advantages within the reach of those whose means are small.

Now we commend this matter particularly to rich women. There are many, scattered up and down the country, who are wondering what they shall do with their money when, and even before, they die. To all these we beg the privilege of commending this great object. Let the boys alone. They have been pretty well taken care of already, and the men will look after them. It is for you, as women wishing well to your sex, and anxious for its elevation in all possible ways, to endow these institutions that are springing up about the country

in its interest, so that the poor shall have an equal chance with the rich. You can greatly help to give the young women of all classes as good a chance as their brothers enjoy, and you can hardly claim a great deal of womanly feeling if you do not do it.—*Dr. J. G. Holland in Scribner for October.*

BODY AND SOUL.—A distinguished clergyman and a distinguished gymnastic teacher once met at a large dinner party, and fell into a playful contest of courtesy as to which should precede the other in going out to the table.

"Certainly you should go first," politely urged the gymnast, "because you have the care of the soul; and the soul is of higher dignity than the body."

"Nay," replied the clergyman, not to be outdone in affability; "I cannot precede you, for you have the care of the body; and he who cares for the body cares for the soul, too."

"I believe you," said the gymnast; "so, if you please, we will advance arm in arm—symbolizing the beautiful reciprocation of influence and of dignity between the two parts of our nature."

"Agreed!" said the clergyman, as he offered his arm.

This anecdote is an apt text for a sermon which ought to be preached from in every pulpit—a sermon which might be made both a long and interesting one.

Miss Annie M. Putnam, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., has entered Whipple's Home School for Deaf Mutes, at Mystic River, Conn., to learn to articulate and read the lips. She lost her hearing by sickness when only a year and a half old, and has received an education in the sign language at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. When she entered school on the 9th of September, 1875, she could not speak a word that was intelligible to any one excepting her most intimate acquaintances. Now she pronounces such words as "remember, Minnesota, understand, anxious," etc., almost as distinctly as they could be uttered by a professional elocutionist. She also reads questions from the lips, and replies orally so plainly that every word can be easily understood by all who hear her speak.

The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland below. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate the parts—that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their warranty deed gives no title.—*Emerson.*

NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold their Fourteenth Quarterly meeting at Rockford, Ill., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Jan. 14, 15, and 16, 1876, commencing on Friday at 10 o'clock, a. m., and holding over Sunday, the 16th.

Speakers engaged, Mrs. H. Morse, of Joliet, Samuel Maxwell, M.D., of Chicago, Dr. Stewart, of Kendallville, Ind., Dr. Severance, of Milwaukee, E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, Ill. Mrs. Suydam, the Fire Queen will be present, and other Test mediums.

We expect Prof. Hudson, of Indianapolis, the Sankey of Spiritualism, to be present and entertain us with song and music.

This will be the opening mass-meeting of a series of meetings looking forward to a grand Camp-meeting next summer. The great features of the meeting will be, 1. E. V. Wilson, in his role of Test readings of character, on Saturday and Sunday, *unequaled*. 2. Samuel Maxwell, under control of Dr. Gordon, a spirit, will answer questions; *never beaten*. 3. Prof. Hudson will sing the *best Spiritual songs* of the age. The Professor is far ahead of Sankey or Bliss, the great revivalists. 4. Mrs. Suydam as Fire Queen is the *wonder of the world*. 5. Dr. Stewart has no equal as a *logician*, and 6. Dr. Severance, on *How to Live*, will be worth a month of hard study. Let all come up to this *feast of good things*.

Remember, our platform is free, and that the Spiritualism of Northern Illinois *knows no gag law*.

DR. O. J. HOWARD, *Pres.*

E. V. WILSON, *Sec.*

Lombard, Ill., Dec. 4, 1875.

The *Banner of Light*, the *R.-P. Journal*, the *Woodhull & Claflin Weekly*, the *Crucible*, and the *Investigator*, please copy once, and oblige.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical delineations of character. Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN would respectfully announce to the public that she will, upon reception of a letter containing photograph (to be returned), month of birth, age, married or single, animal and flower preferred, give an accurate description of, or 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.