

THE WORLD'S PAPER.

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE DIFFUSION OF TRUTH AND THE EXPOSURE OF ERROR.

NO. 40.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY OCTOBER 29, 1858.

VOL. I

Poetry.

HAIR TO THE SPIRITS.

Hail, all hail, thou Seraph Bands
Coming here from brighter Lands,
Bearing banners wide unfurled
Waiving proudly o'er the world—
Swell the song of Jubilee
Let the captive soul go free.

Onward like a mighty wind,
Bearing freedom to the mind,
Scattering wide the clouds of night,
With one voice—“Let there be light.”
Swell the song of Jubilee
Let the captive soul go free.

Long, too long has error's sway
Shut in darkness Truth's bright ray,
Let us hear thy anthem grand
Roll in grandeur through the land,
Till the song of Jubilee
Loud proclaims the captive free.

Spiritual and Political.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

W. Georgia, Oct. 11 1858.

EDITOR WORLD'S PAPER:—The petition for Woman's Rights, takes people by surprise in this section. Every great event must be a theme for gossip and wonder for a time before the masses can be made to move in its favor. In the present case there are many reflective minds ready to admit the arguments, mainly, but still are taken aback by the idea of bestowing on woman the elective franchise, which they think should be the last boon granted. Indeed I, at first thought so myself; but on reflection, I see it must necessarily be the very first step taken in this great work of reform.

If it is true that woman is oppressed by man, if she is held in bondage by him if he is hardly willing to allow her \$1 per week for services, while he, for himself claims from 1 to \$8, and even \$43 per day and in some instances, even more than this,—if she is subject to his rule and made obedient to his will, if—because she is thus kept in subjugation, ignorance and illiteracy—she is considered inferior in intellect, and yet, as a rational being, is held amenable to law in every respect with man and is subject to taxation, if, indeed these things are so, and who shall deny it? if such a state of things has existed six thousand years and man, of his own free will, has not yet taken the first step in the work of reformation, but, on the other hand has debarr'd her from all means by which she could obviate the difficulty or escape her destiny; shall she still wait for him to reach forth the hand of justice and mercy, shall she sit down and fold her arms in the confidence that he will rescue her from her perilous situation in his own good time? if not, what is to be done? how shall this truly great work be accomplished?

Long established customs and domestic economy are not easily changed, unless some great event in its potency shakes a whole empire; besides woman has been so long in bondage she knows not what she has lost, nor what she is to gain. Like the caged lion, she is unconscious of her strength; like the African slave, she looks upon Liberty as a thing beyond her reach, and however much she may desire it in imagination, she reads on its gilded shrine the words no Hope! and settles down in apathy and despair. How then shall this work be accomplished? shall we appeal to man? Behold him in his grasping avidity after the almighty dollar! see him expatriate over broad acres, numbering his herds by hundreds and his wealth by thousands. Behold him in his strength, fortified by long established custom, by law, by fortifications, munitions and arms! But alas! by and by he becomes a poor inebriate, his chattles are sold under the hammer, his lands are covered by mortgage; and do you ask what his poor broken-hearted wife is doing all this time or why she does not grasp a portion of departing wealth as a brand from the burning fire, to meet the necessities of a wet day? She has nothing she can call her own, even her sacred person is his, to violate, beat and lacerate at will. She

has heretofore been considered unworthy of any important notice; but now she is to take an active part in the scene, even to toil unceasingly for subsistence and waste her life over the midnight oil for a mere pittance which she shares ungrudgingly with him. She stands by the poor wreck of a man with the devotion of a saint and the loveliness of an Angel, when he is deserted by those who have led him down to ruin and robbed him of his substance, while she beholds in the deepening gloom of the future, written in letters of the blackness of eternal night, Isolation, Scorn, Neglect, Destitution, Privation, Pain, Suffering, Disease and Death!

This moral evil can only be averted by extending to woman the elective franchise; she can thus and thus only, be armed for the battle of her own defence.

But I am asked, how is this to be done; man who rules will not consent to it? I answer, man is not so degraded as to be altogether destitute of a feeling of justice; and though he may at first look down upon you with scorn and contempt, and may behold the work of reform in the lights of hallucination and folly; yet, if you appeal to his judgment you shall find audience; to his manhood he has a heart that can feel; to his wisdom, he has reason; to his interest, you gain his attention; and though he may not now be prepared to admit the justice of your claim, he will do so sooner or later. Truth the heaven that leaveneth the whole mass of humanity, is at work fortifying herself for the great battle with error; the conquest may be long and severe but is nevertheless sure. Vice, murder, war, slavery and inequality must be vanquished; for, as has been truthfully said, “Truth is immortal and cannot die.” Yet error and bloodshed must exist as long as

“The field of blood, the field of glory is.”

And though error is martyred in unnumbered hosts and every plain is bristling with the weapons of her defence, she must fall a victim to her own insatiable lusts.

The triumph of truth is sure and will be glorious. Let her friends have faith in her ultimate triumph, that they may be induced to labor with energy and wait with patience.

Yours Truly, CHAS. THOMPSON.

GOD IS A GRY.

I make the following extract from a little pamphlet, published by the American Tract Society, entitled, “Come to Jesus,” by Newman Hall B. A.

“He (God) must act to those that rebel, not as a kind parent, but as an angry monarch. It is your own fault how ever that he is angry. You make him so. Your sins separate between you and God. As long as you live without repenting of sin, His anger must ever be hot against you, sinner, and you cannot escape or hide from Him. Wherever you are, He is there and He is angry. He “compasses your path and your lying down” and He is angry. It depends upon Him whether or not you draw your next breath, and he is angry. Oh sinner, better for all the world to be angry with thee than God. What an awful life is yours. The “wrath of God abideth in you.” How dreadful to feel when going to bed—God is angry, to awake and know God is angry, wherever you go and whatever you do—God is angry. And O to die knowing that God is angry and to stand before His judgment seat and see that He is angry.”

And this is the true gospel? And we that dare to teach that God is Love, and “His mercy endureth forever,” are called heretics and blasphemers. Because I believe that God is an Intelligence that watches over us all to bring us ever unto a higher knowledge of right, that we may love the right, and loving the right therefore do it, and become happy; because I believe He has “Laws by which all higher intelligences act up on the lower and that therefore our friends who have gone before, return to cheer, to guard and to guide us as far as lies in their power; because I believe that each individual should set up to

his or her own ideas of right no matter how much they conflict with the ideas of others, and that each soul should be true to itself in order to be true to God, and that God receives the worship of every heart as far as it is offered sincerely; because I believe God cannot and will not change, is not capable of the disgraceful feeling of anger and revenge, I am branded as Heterodox. If I ever teach doctrines that sound more horrible to Christians than does this one of God's Anger, to me, I do not wonder that they cry out “heresy.”

If this extract I have made is not blasphemy against an Infinite God of Love and Wisdom, what can be called blasphemy? If Christians would give themselves a little more thought as to the character they are giving God; believing at the same time as they profess to, that “anger resteth only in the bosom of a fool,” they would not only erase this article from their literature, but the word “anger in toto, as having anything to do with God. As though God could in His Infinite be moved to what is not only considered, but is a degradation to man. Let them think of it, and before they accuse others of blasphemy let them see if their own garments are washed clear of the offense.

A. W. SPRAGUE.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

As the season is rapidly approaching when our schools will again be resumed, and the youth will daily convene, to acquire the rudiments of knowledge which shall fit them for the duties of after life, a few thoughts upon the subject of schools, may not be amiss. It is a lamentable fact, but one that cannot be concealed, that the importance of our common schools is not fully realized by a portion of our community. This is evident from the indifference that is manifested in regard to their condition and general welfare.

In many places, the schoolhouse is but a miserable apology for one, and would hardly make a respectable pigsty, but for want of a better, scholars are compelled to go there and sit six long hours upon benches of excruciating torture, with feet often benumbed with cold entering from the loose floor beneath while their heads are constantly oppressed by over-heated and impure air, which, for want of a proper place to escape settles down upon them like a deadly damp, stupefying their intellects, and begetting innumerable physical disorders which may render their after life an existence of misery and suffering. No wonder, that under such circumstances, so many children acquire a dislike for school, and go to the place of mental and physical torture, “like the quarry slave scourged to his dungeon!” No wonder that so many make stupid scholars, and acquire habits of insubordination, when such miserable accommodations are thus afforded them.

Again, much apathy is manifested in regard to procuring suitable teachers. Some are so niggardly parsimonious as to be unwilling to pay enough towards compensating a teacher, to induce any but an indifferent one to engage in their service.

Indeed, so limited is the compensation in most of our schools that very few, if any, engage in teaching as a vocation, but merely render it a step stone to more lucrative and pleasurable employments.

We believe that not more than one half to say the least, of our teachers, are qualified for their important duties and immense responsibilities. Not but that they can pass the ordeal of examination by a superintendent, but something more is necessary, than to simply know how to read, write, cipher, &c., a person must have a natural ability to teach those branches, must know how to simplify and illustrate the elementary branches, and bring them within the comprehension of the immature and undeveloped mind of the pupil, before he or she can be deemed eligible to the position of a teacher. That many teachers do not possess this indispensable qualification, is evident from the careless and superficial manner,

in which many scholars are allowed to pursue their studies.

We believe that poor teachers are worse than none, for not only do they neglect imperative duties, but what is far worse, they induce in their pupils wrong and pernicious habits of study, and thought, which it may take long years of rigid discipline to overcome, and which perhaps they will adhere to through their earth life.

Any one who has the faintest conception of the cogency of early habits, will perceive the vast importance of proper direction while the mind is in the formative state; therefore the importance of procuring teachers who are thoroughly qualified to discharge their duty.

Another manner in which the public apathy in regard to schools, is manifested is the utter inattention which is paid to them while in session. How many parents there are in every district who do not enter the schoolroom from the beginning to the end of the school. This is a most culpable neglect of duty. It cannot be expected, if parents do not take interest enough in the school, to visit it occasionally & see for themselves whether it is profitable or not, that scholars, who do not fully appreciate the necessity of an education, will manifest that interest in their studies which they ought. Moreover, teachers need the assistance and co operation of every parent in awakening in the minds of the youth an earnest desire for learning, and inciting them to higher aspirations, and nobler attainments, and our schools will never be what they should be, till such assistance is rendered.

Let every parent visit their respective schools several times during their session, and examine critically their condition, search out their defects and then, instead of pointing them over the neighborhood and creating in the scholars, a disrespect for the school, go to the teacher and counsel with him as to the proper mode of removing them. In short let them manifest as much interest in behalf of their own children at school as they do for the welfare of their domestic animals, and then our schools will not be often prone to be miserable failures. Indeed the present condition of things, the whole responsibility is thrown upon the teacher, and instead of aiding them in the discharge of their onerous duties, many are ready to work against them without any provocation other than some local prejudice or malicious envy. This is the utility of some schools greatly diminished, if not utterly destroyed.

Many schools of late, have been totally ruined by insurrectional factions, that have been so rife, as to make it a “regular practice” to expel one or more teachers every term. In consequence of such outbreaks so destructive to the prosperity of any school, “Young America” has become so exalted in his own eyes, that it is next to impossible to enforce a wholesome school discipline. There are many causes that conspire to produce this sad state of things, and conspicuous among them, is the injudiciousness of some parents of justifying their children in refractory conduct. Most of youth are full enough prone to disregard wholesome restraint with all the influences that can be thrown around to check them; but the moment that they find their parents justify their perverse conduct, fuel is added to the fire, and unless the officers of the district are prompt and energetic in the discharge of their duty, the poor teacher is obliged to succumb to their high-handed sway, or abandon the school.

Another thing, that exerts a detrimental influence upon the school, is the manner in which many youth are allowed to spend their evenings, respecting which we will quote from an article which recently appeared in the Vermont Standard.

“Nearly every neighborhood, except the more remote rural ones, has its scene of attraction at the stable, the store, the shoemaker's shop, or the room of some idle vagabond, where evening after evening, all the vagrant train—the idle loungers—assemble, and there enveloped

in a cloud of tobacco smoke, having no business of their own, the affairs of their neighbors are duly discussed, swearing and low obscene talk, too often prevail; the school, of course, must suffer criticism from these general critics; the boys too, soon find that they are listened to, and soon each adds his mite to swell the mirthful revelry. In such company no moral decency prevails, no such questions are asked the schoolboy as relate to his advancement in his studies, but who gets a whipping? and if they can not whip the “master?” and the like, then often commences a regular tirade upon “relating one's experience” in their schooldays, not what they have learned, or of the golden opportunities lost, but enumerating and exulting over their various misdemeanors; thus imbuing into the ardent mind of youth a disrespect of superiors, and insubordination to the mandates of school.” But we will not extenuate further, upon the evils which have blasted the hopes of many a teacher and ruined many a school, but trusting that “A word to the wise is sufficient,” we will close with a few suggestions to parents.

Parents! many of you need to have a more exalted view of the importance and necessity of schools. They are the bulwarks of society, the stronghold of national prosperity, and the main pillars of our free institution!

There are instilled those principles that shall actuate, and govern the individual in a great measure through his earthly career.

There, in a great degree, are exerted those potent influences that mould the character and destinies of each rising generation. There, if the opportunities are well employed, your children obtain those rudiments of learning that fit them for the great duties of active life; but if they are neglected, or if the schools are poor, they form those pernicious habits of thought and actions which render them bad children, bad neighbors, and bad citizens and the pest of society.

Then, as you value the welfare and happiness of your children, as you love your country and her institutions, which must soon be confided to their care, it behooves you to go forward with zeal and firmness, in the discharge of your duty, and strive with united efforts to make our schools what they should be—the fit nurseries for expanding the intellects, and ennobling the souls of your children.

FREE MEETINGS AND LYCEUMS. THE LABORER'S SAVIOR.

It was said by Lord Bacon that “Knowledge is power.” And who ever heard it contradicted? All realize this self-evident proposition, but few make any particular effort to gain this power. I will add to Bacon's assertion (which is equally true) that knowledge or wisdom is man's salvation or savior, and there is none other. To the ignorantly pious and priest ridden this assertion will seem very audacious and impious. And to the Professional men, who live wholly upon the ignorance of the physical laborer, shall I be called infidel, disturber of the public peace—disorganizer?

The poor laborer, from the lowest African slave to the highest Caucasian farmer of New England, whose mind is developed to no higher authorities than the priest, lawyer and doctor, are alike in supporting “masters” outside of their own families; and the New England farmer and mechanic have no more need of the professions, than the southern slave has of his master and family.

I say, would the laborers of the free states inform themselves as they might with one seventh of the days, and the time they spend smoking, drinking, day and evening, and in unintelligent prayer meetings, they would need no professional “master.” They have plenty of time, rightly appropriated, to understand these “Arts”—because their own ministers, doctors and lawyers. These professions are directly in the way of improvement. Men and women must be kept in their present ignorance, or these “brothers” could not be supported by these professions. How very similar to the slave we are. The slaves must not be taught for fear they will learn how to live without supporting “educated” masters. How little time it would take, with a little outlay assisting, to educate the poor colored race sufficient to need not the master's oppressive assistance. But educated, christianized and civilised(?) whites would be thrown out of this philanthropic work: hence, they make laws that the poor blacks shall not be instructed.

The self same, selfish principle is equally active here at the north. I find the Professors take no interest in lyceums, free meetings, any gatherings that are calculated to call out freedom of thought, and educate the masses to self reliance. Such meetings learn the laborer to do his or her own thinking, and when sufficiently wise, will shooose not to support idle men to do what will add more essentially to his own happiness to do himself.

Hence, I call upon all, that are laboring for the elevation of man and woman, to begin neighborhood social lyceums; this is the most direct, effectual way to learn to think, to improve the mind, to grow in wisdom, to be safe from deception, delusion. All our physical ailments come through ignorance somewhere in ourselves or progenitors, and the only way to get rid of sickness and suffering is through “wisdom's ways”—knowing the cause and remedy.

These facts are so self evident that argument seems only to obscure. If the farmer and mechanics would spend one day in seven, two evenings a week, in social gathering in free discussion upon the improvement of mind, body, society, religion, horticulture agriculture, and all that pertains to man as an immortal being, how long could the professions be sustained in their present oppressive relation?

N. RANDALL.
St. Johnsbury, Oct. 17th. 1858.

COURAGE IN WOMEN. There is a branch of general education which is thought not as all necessary for women; as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed, to some persons, courage may seem as unnecessary for women as Latin and Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more respectable to those with whom they live, than courage. There are many women of the present age, sensible women in other things, whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now, it is a great mistake that hardness must go with courage; and that the blood of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickness of sensibility which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active power of attack or defence, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest. We see this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of an Ann Boleyn, a Mary, Queen of Scots, or a Marie Antoinette. We see that it is grand for these delicately-bred, high-nurtured, helpless personages, to meet death with a silence and confidence like his own. There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, ugly dis-velved creature, No statue can be made of it, that a woman would wish to see herself like—[Thoughts on Women.]

OPTICAL PHENOMENON.—It will be recollected that an assertion made by young Wise, the aeronaut, that, on one of his ascensions from this city, he could see the bottom of rivers and discern the fishes sporting in the water, was received with much incredulity. The same fact, however, has been noted by other aeronauts. Mr. H. M. Spencer, who recently ascended from Pittsfield, in this State, in his account of the excursion, remarks, as a curious fact, that, while passing over lakes, the lilier and other water plants were distinctly visible, even to their stems, in the water, when objects very much larger, on land, could not be distinguished.

OCEAN STEAMERS LOST.—The following list comprises all the principal losses of ocean steamers trading with the United States since 1840:—

1. President Never heard of, All lost.
2. Columbia Wrecked, All saved.
3. Humboldt Wrecked, All saved.
4. City of Glasgow Never heard of, All lost.
5. City of Philadelphia Wrecked, All saved.
6. Franklin Wrecked, All saved.
7. Arctic Collision, A few saved.
8. Pacific Never heard of, All lost.
9. San Francisco Wrecked, A few saved.
10. Lyons Wrecked, A few saved.
11. Tempest Never heard of, All lost.
12. Central America Wrecked, A few saved.
13. Austria Buried, A few saved.

A SILENT PRINTING OFFICE.—In the town of Zabagen, Wurtemberg, there has been lately opened a new printing establishment by M. Theodor Helger. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of one hundred and sixty; eleven of the former are women. They have all been educated at Mr. Helger's own cost, to the employment they are now engaged in. The King has conferred on him a large gold medal for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

The World's Paper.

ETERNAL JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE!

DAN T. TARBELL, JR., Editor.

Sandsbury, Vt. Friday, Oct. 23, 1858.

Depravity and Redemption.

For more than twenty years I have been convinced that the doctrine called total depravity was not rightly appreciated by those who oppose it, and but poorly by those who advocate it, (I speak in general terms) and have usually found that it was capable of being so explained as to satisfy both parties. One thing was self evident, that is, man has in him some good qualities and that no man is altogether destitute of them; still the old idea of everything good being lost in Adam must be got along with, as no thought could then be entertained of the incorrectness of that God dishonoring and virtue paralyzing sentiment. The resort under those circumstances was to the idea that though all was lost in Adam, that nevertheless through Christ there was reimplanted or universally impressed in the human breast such principles and tendencies as would result in more or less good in all, so that total depravity was at the present purely ideal and not a reality.

But should Christ abandon us to the fierce anger of the Father, our total depravity would then be apparent. This was about as far as my mind could be led in those dark ages and it served a beautiful purpose in allaying the controversies on that subject. But when phrenology began to be taught and we began to look a little closer into the human mechanism and better understand the laws of mind, we discovered that man possessed these moral qualities inherently and organically, and after allowing for hereditary taints both physically and morally, we still found that the God of nature had implanted good organs in every head which were the product of nature, and for which we were not directly indebted to an atonement, or any other second cause. The resort then must be some way to understand the matter so as to relieve us from the existing difficulties. Understand me, we were not trying by one false system to cover another; never were men more anxious or honest in seeking truth than some of us were in those days, and we lived and preached our highest ideas of truth as faithfully as do the best in our times, but some resort must be had and as nature is always suggestive of her remedies, we were next helped by the idea that total depravity, (if people would stick to that term) did not suppose that at the fall of Adam, every organ was wreathed out of our heads, or that they were stuffed in again through faith in the blood of Christ, but that it simply consisted in the general perversion of the moral powers. This was very satisfactory and most opposers to the doctrine readily yielded their assent to it when thus explained; these are things which have occurred in my own experience and observation. Of late some, of us suppose, that the author of Genesis had no reference to the creation, either of the earth or of man, and that his object was simply a moral, hieroglyphically represented, and of course does not teach that man ever fell, as has formerly been taught. Of course the Bible believers, as well as the naturalist, supposes the human race is, to say the least, as good as it ever was; yet all know that we are but partially developed and of course occupy a low plane; that we have not reached the ultimate of our destiny.

Now where is the great difference except in expression, between the low grade of development as taught by spiritualists, the perverted state of the faculties, as taught by Christian phrenologists, and the total depravity taught by the churches previously; and to some extent subsequently to the forth gushing fountains of phrenology and spiritual light and truth. Having myself been an advocate of each of the three positions, I claim some right to an impartial judgment in the case, and in my estimate, if we could divest ourselves of the use of all the terms usually employed to express our ideas, and adopt entirely new ones, we should be astonished to know how little the difference is, about which we have contended so sharply. There is scarce the shadow of a difference.

The sum total of it all is, man lives, a twofold life, the real and the ideal; that is, he has attained to a certain point in the scale of progress for the time being, which point we call the real or actual state of the person at the time; added to this, there is a state prospectively before us, or a standard or perfectness of which we form an idea and which we here call the second or ideal state, and every man is forever behind this state, because like the horizon it may widen and spread as we advance, still the good will follow on, for notwithstanding they find it like progressed literature to show, still more, to learn, yet they find at every step the reward of well doing. Hence, the present state of each man is necessarily below his highest ideas, and we are liable to not properly value the present on that account, but are likely to complain of the present gifts of God and nature, as if they were even a curse; this should not be so.

Now as we have no proof in Bible or Nature, of the fall of man, as heretofore taught; then there is no evidence that we have lost anything in Adam, and as Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost and that only, then he did not come to save us from a fall which we had not experienced; still as we are always lost to that which we do not possess and which would be an advantage to us to have, we are in a lost state at all times. The world in the days of Jesus, was lost in a state of deep darkness into which they had progressed from yet deeper darkness and a chance, attended with strong inducements to receive and live higher truths, is worthy to be called a salvation, redemption, atonement, regeneration, or anything else that contains the idea of usefulness.

We should, however, recollect that all the religion taught in the Bible or in Nature, consists in recognizing and living out right principles; hence the doctrine of salvation by faith, when properly explained is both natural and right. Men are not likely to live principles which they do not believe, of course, faith is not to be dispensed with in the plan of salvation, and to claim to believe the truth and not live it, is to show a state of mind which Bible writers condemn, and though it is the life, the words and actions that will justify or condemn us in the end, still without faith we should not do the work, which would secure the approval of either our conscience or our God. Here the doctrine of the lost condition of the race, the redemption through Christ, the regeneration of the soul or mind, the necessity of faith; that is, belief in the truth, and are not as far out of the way as some modern theologians have supposed. The question with me is, whether it is not better for the advancement of truth, to use the terms heretofore used by the church, and so explain them as to place them within the reach of a rational belief than it is to pounce upon those terms, and thereby call out the prejudices of Christians.

The use of certain terms usually make what discord is made, and it appears to me the best economy, to give men their peculiar phrases, especially when we can explain them rationally.

Yours for the Right, HENSCHEL FOSTER.
Mendon, St. Joseph Co. Mich.

Wayside Gatherings.

A trip across the Green Mountains at this season of the year, is one of instruction and pleasure. Though the way is steep and rugged, yet there is beauty to be seen in the varied foliage of the forest, in the cliffs of the mountains and the rippling streams as they tumble over precipices and form the dashings of a cataract. One cannot easily pass over a portion of the country between the Vt. C. R. R. on the east, and the Rutland and Burlington R. R. on the west, without meeting some variety in the land, inhabitants and climate. The east range of mountains, in the town of Granville is not so long as that of Hancock & Ripton, but is steeper and worse to pass over. It is not so wild along the way, but is more uncultivated and less of human progress visible.

Ripton is a town most wholly in the wilderness, and on the mountains. One would think it a most laborious task to reach Middlebury from so high an elevation, but ere he is aware, he descends upon the East Village, where the light of Champlain's crystal waters reflects her sunny rays, and warm the breezes, which render the winters and snow storms less severe than upon the higher elevations, or the east side of the mountains.

Spiritualism has taken something of a hold here. There are some few friends of the cause here, who have called in the speakers from abroad and the church is open to all who wish to speak here. We left for Leicester and stopped for

a time at our friend, John Paine's, who is known as the spiritualists friend and who has had great experience in tests of the spirit power.

We are happy to say that Mrs. Sarah P. Paine resides here, who our friends will recollect, married Mr. Edward Paine about one year since, and that she is quite pleasantly situated, with a sweet little daughter of four weeks old, which is truly a cherub of rarity.

This is a harmonious family and a fit example of contentment, as we learn that Mr. Paine has lived here ever since his birth, and received the place from his father, intending probably to entail it to his children and grand children. It is in one of the most beautiful portions of the town, upon the banks of the Danmore, with a commanding view of all the intervening portions of country west to the Catskill Mountains in New York.

Mr. Paine's family have had considerable experience in the phenomena of Spiritualism. They have two children in the Spirit Land, who constantly watch over the interests of their spiritual welfare; often presenting themselves to the medium, Mrs. Sarah P. Paine, who is a beautiful Trance Speaker, and also Seeing and Writing medium, and at the same time influencing her to play their favorite tunes, giving music of their own so as to be audible to those in the presence of the medium. We were sitting at a circle while there when the medium was influenced by the spirit of J. L. Paine to sing, which she did by an impression to his father, mother and remaining brother while, at the same time, these parents could hear the sweet sounds of this spirit son and his associate angels. At the same circle the writer's brother, from the Spirit Land, dedicated a beautiful bouquet, accompanied with appropriate singing of the provision, to his "earthly brother," which we gladly welcome as a boon of rich and rare selection; we only desire to prove worthy of so angelic a gift.

Mrs. Sarah Paine has written with both hands at a time, while she conversed on an entire foreign subject. We are happy in learning that this medium is again to enter the field as soon as she is able to endure the fatigue of riding, and also will say that she will continue to write for the World's Paper.

Mr. Paine has a nice pair of horses of which, some thieves tried not long since to get possession. But owing to a warning given through the Medium, Mr. P. rose from his sleep to go out, which disturbed the robbers who fled. The medium said they would return again in one week. Promptly at the time the windows of the house began to shake, the doors rattle, and the medium compelled to wake Mr. P. who again started for the barn, and succeeded in saving his team, though a few moments more and they would have been gone, as they had obtained access through bolts, locks and bars to the horses.

We shall give other tests as our limits will permit.

At Forestdale, we found a nice little flock of friends, and met Mrs. J. S. Willis, who was cured by Dr. Hall after an illness of several years.

We met our friend A. E. Stanley; a young man at Leicester, that dares to lose his reputation for the sake of holding up the truth and being himself. There are few such men; most will yield to reputation. May we have more such noble and true men.

John J. Kelsey is a prize that the church hated to lose, and especially yield to spiritualism, but he is the pillar of spiritualism in Salisbury. We are sorry to note that a young and promising daughter is considered just at the eve of her departure to another home. If it is right for her to stop longer, we would wish her to regain her health, that she may console the kind parents and loved brothers and sisters and an aged grandmother. Dr. Ezra Smith, a healing medium of great goodness, is now using his best efforts to restore the inactive portion of her form to life. Mr. Smith is a young man, who has just entered the field; he was barely saved from the grave, by the power of the invisibles, and whose mission is now to be constantly with the sick. He has great success both as a healing and trance medium. We shall be pleased to present some of his cures to the public soon.

To GAMBLE some men use cards in preference to horses, hogs, sheep, goods and chattels in general.

The state of Indiana says in statute, that men with such preferences set in practice shall be fined not exceeding fifty dollars.

The Sick are Healed.

Dr. HALL kindly furnishes us the following certificates of cures performed by Spiritual agency.

Norwich Conn, Oct. 20th 1858.

My wife has been, for some fourteen years past, quite deaf in one ear, the left and partially so in the right ear for two or three years, so that it was with difficulty that she heard ordinary conversation, and had not heard the city bell ring for a long time. It was a source of great annoyance to her, and various remedies had been tried from time to time, always with the effect to make her worse, until we had come to despair of a cure for her.

Mr. Calvin Hall commenced his manipulations for her cure, during the first days of this month, about the 9th or 10th and her hearing returned immediately from the first application of his hands! Other physical derangements existing at the time in her system, were removed by the process, and we now consider her sound as to hearing, and in the way of restoration to good health otherwise. No remedial agent was used in her case and no applications other than the "laying on of hands" alluded to above. Mr. Hall seems influenced by "Spirits" powerful for good, and may his life be prolonged for the benefit of suffering humanity to whose service he is dedicated.

S. B. BULKELEY.

Druggist 152 Main Street.

This certifies that I have had the liver complaint, for thirty years, as the Doctors have said, and have had six Doctors within that time who have exerted their skill and have only given me temporary relief. For the last two years Dr. E. E. Hamilton of Somers has been my attending Physician and has often said, that I could live as well without any Liver, as I could with the one I had. I could not eat more than one cracker a day for some time; the rest of my living was made up of brandy and loaf sugar; this was by direction of the doctor.

I have had some cough for three years, it has been very bad for the last year. I had fits from January till some time in April when Capt. Hall commenced attending me. At that time I had three fits a week; since that time I have not had any. I am cured of my fits, and as to my cough, which every one thought would end my days before this time with consumption; is much better, and causes but little inconvenience; my appetite is better than it has been for the last seven years. Be it known that since Capt. Hall commenced doctoring me, I have not drunk any spirituous Liquors, tea or coffee, or other exciting drinks and have not taken any medicine during the time, although I had taken medicine most of the time for the last twenty years.

Somerville, Nov. 9, 1854.

MARY ADAMS.

This may certify that I saw the woman a few weeks since; she is now able to do her work for her family.

Oct. 14th 1858. CALVIN HALL.

This is to certify that I, W. W. Russell, was in the habit of using Tobacco, for the space of twenty-five years, and should to the end of time if it had not been for Dr. Calvin Hall, in my opinion; he came into my house on the 14th inst. and after he had made passes over me at three different times, I not only lost the desire for it but it became obnoxious to me.

W. W. RUSSELL.

Rutland Vt. June 28 1858.

Norwich Town, Nov. 26th 1857.

I hereby certify that on the last of Sept. 1856, I became acquainted with Calvin Hall and invited him to my house and that he came the next day and stayed all night. After tea I showed him a fever sore on my left leg, which came upon it the last of April, midway from my ankle to my knee, and continued to spread until it covered half or more of surface, between my ankle and knee; on the outside of my shin bone came three boils or flagmons with holes in them from which bloody matter constantly issued. The running surface of the fever sore was as large as my hand and swelled as thick as my hand; some of the time it pained me so bad that I had to lie flat on my back, and put my leg up into a chair, for hours at a time. For a month or more in the hottest weather, I sweat it every night with cold water, bandages, and for four months washed it in Castile Soap suds, and dressed it from two to six times a day with something cooling, such as Plantain leaves, and was so doing every day up to the time that Calvin Hall, "Spirit Healing medium," first saw it, laid his hands upon it, made passes over it, stopped its running, healed it over,

removed the pain, took the swelling nearly all down and renovated its offensive smell, all within thirty minutes, and from that moment to the present time it has never reappeared in any form.

CHARLES C. WILLIAMS.

Letter from Dr. Brown.

North Clarendon, Vt. Oct 25 1858.

EDITOR WORLD'S PAPER, DEAR SIR:—I have forwarded by our town representative L. M. Walker, about sixty names obtained in three school districts in this town to the petition for equal legal rights for men and women. This would give me about three hundred names in the town, if it could be canvassed as well as I have these school districts, and with the same success. My rule is to get the names of all married women and all women unmarried over eighteen years of age, and all men who are citizens and twenty one of age. This gives me the names of all citizens who are of age according to the laws of the state.

Any persons who have obtained names to the petition would do well to send them to their representative, but if they do not wish too, they may send them to me, and I will see that they sent and presented. There is little yet done, and names will be in season two or even three weeks from this time.

The most common objections to signing the petition are, that woman's place is at home taking care of her house, children and family, just as though giving her the right to her person, property, earnings, and the right to defend them by her vote, would oblige her to leave her house &c.

But I often say, how can she take care of her home when the law does not allow her one? Even the home which the wife's father may give her belongs to her family by the decisions of our judges as I learn, and not to her. How can she take care of her family when her earnings and the family belong to her husband? How can the wife take care of her children when the law does not allow her to own any, but gives them to her husband? Then I request persons not to require impossibilities of wives or of women to sign the petition, and we will see if a wife cannot own a home and children, then they will be very likely to take care of them.

The present laws are so much against nature, that very few persons wish to defend them; but many are against giving equal legal rights, because they fear that (wrong will come out of right. But it is like defending the plan of taking a calf from the cow and giving it to the care of a male, to defend our present laws in giving the children to the husband, and making him the head of the family, is like giving a number of calves to the care of an ox.

What right have republicans to say by law who shall be the head of the family, if despots of nations make despotic laws for the head of the family it is proper, because the law makes him the head of a nation and it is proper that he should do the same in families so as to have little despots all over the land to support him. But the head of a republican nation is the people's choice, and to have him have equal support, the family must be a democracy and elect a head or not as they think best. It is not the business of a republican to say whether the man or woman should be the head, or both; it belongs to the family and not to others. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand'; a permanent republican nation can not be established on despotic family laws; this is a self-evident truth; one will overcome the other. Now which are you in favor of? All say in favor of a democracy in the family and nation; then let us call for such laws.

Some people think there must be a head to the nation and family. So thought George the III. But the continental Congress proved to him his mistake that many heads of a nation were more than a match for one head; and so it would prey in the family if left to themselves; they can say whether they will have one head or a dozen, and it being left to them it will be found the strongest and best family rule.

The most important acts for freedom were made during the fourteen years of the confederation from 1775 to '89. Since that time there has been a steady, gradual encroachment on the rights of individuals and states, and the best way to stop them, in my opinion, is to begin in the family, and make laws giving equal rights to the husband and wife, by giving her, her property and its income, her earnings and the right to her children, because she spends three hours to his one with them and taking care of them. By so doing we follow nature's law, and justice, democracy is established at home, and will soon pervade the nation.

Yours truly, H. S. BROWN.

We give our readers the Governor's Annual Message, but consider it a small affair for one so long. That relative to attachment is worthy of attention.

Read the Narrative on the outside, a reprint, kindly sent us by a friend. There is a complete spiritual manifestation. Similar to this have occurred at various times within a century, but were not understood.

Our thanks are due to The Spiritual Age, for a weekly exchange. We think it unequalled in mechanical execution by any paper in the Union. Other papers also kindly remembered.

Letter from J. L. Potter.

Troy, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER:—I notice in your last Paper a call for me. You will learn by this I am in Troy, where I spend a few days and then wend my way towards my home at South Adams, Mass., there to stay but a few days. The last week of this month, and the first week in November I may be addressed at that place, and after that time, Waro Village, Ms. till otherwise informed.

The work is steadily progressing and man is being made better, by the inspiration that ever flows through humanity. I am satisfied with the progress man is making, and have no condemnation to bestow upon him, for all the world are doing just as well as their circumstances will admit. My mind has been brought to the investigation of those truths that belong alone to the development of man, and with this constantly before my mind, I can but say, All things are just as well as they can be today; but not as well as they might be under different circumstances, or as the morrow will make them. With all this, there is much that each can see in the other to condemn, without looking and testing the great truth, that was developed in the constitution of United States by giving each equal rights to life and happiness. Then, we can only say, after learning the Anthropology of man and nations the highest developed principles of mankind will control and make their manifestation to the world. Because of lack of knowledge concerning the facts, the world has ever been condemned, and man made the subject of all reproach and contempt. Shivering over that imaginary hell, which has ever been the suffering of superstitious ignorance. Man has wrapped the mantle of mortality around him, just ready to step into immortal life, his whole desire has been to know how he should escape the burning gulf! The sorrow that such thoughts have caused many minds, cannot easily be forgotten. But those who have passed from mortal to immortal life, can see that such thoughts should have no place in the progressive mind and with angel care they will reach out and take the sufferer to the fount of living inspiration, and then say, "Dry those tears, for all are destined to enjoy the best gifts of the Universal Father, and Giver of all things."

My health is very good, and encouragement seems to attend my steps. I hope Dr. Tarbell will not go to Bethel again to discuss the 'merits of Spiritualism,' until there is a man there that will meet him or some other one, and give a human communication. Burnt offerings are an abomination to our God. The sin of such ignorance He winks at, but now He commands all men to become wise.

As I write this, a thought is with me, which urges me to cut short my epistle, which I will obey, by thanking all for the kindness bestowed on me while with you.

I remain your friend, J. L. POTTER.

Hactp.

[For the World's Paper.]
THE FOES OF FREEDOM.

On the soil our fathers trod,
When they came to worship God
By the streams and lakes, yet fair,
And amid the mountain air,

Craven souls have had their birth,
In whose presence there is death
For the lack of righteousness,
Which alone can free and bless.

Gifted with the Nation's power,
(Once it was a princely dower,
Traitors they, to God and man,
Leaders in Oppression's van.

That which hath been, smote our heart,
Let our country's truth depart:
Now each day doth sound a knell
O'er the hopes we bid farewell.

Clashing arms, and fratricide,
Virgin soil with blood is dyed,
Homes are spoiled and hearts laid waste,
Wrong hath thus our land displaced.

Press and speech, which freemen prize,
Fall before the ruthless cries
Of foul slavery's maddened host:
This the land which freedom boasts.

Must our earth to hate be given
Like an outcast place be driven
In the rumble, may we fear?
Might, as victor will appear.

Nay, above the dark and din
Shines the "Star of Bethlehem"
'Peace on earth, good will to men'
Hath been sung since time began.

That sweet voice will fill the air,
Brighter yet will shine that war,
Faith and love, then nerve our hand,
For we'll work with Freedom's band.

E. S. LOVINS.

[For the World's Paper.]
REST FOR THE WEARY.

BY A SPIRIT.

There's a place where the weary rest,
Free, free, from care,
With a spirit, all quietness,
Light, light, as air;
And in the circles join
Praising God in songs divine
While robes that brightly shine
We ever wear.

There's a crown upon the brow
Bright, bright, and clear,
All trials are over now,
Peace, peace is here;
Bright are the vestments worn
By the spirits once forlorn
And virtue each one adorns
In these blest spheres.

First, then, let your object be
Here here to reign,
From sin and sorrow free,
Free, free from pain,
Where in the circles high,
To God's throne we shall draw nigh,
And each with the other vie,
Knowledge to gain.

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A NARRATIVE

JOHN P. WEEKS.

On the 16th day of July, A. D. 1838, God, in his Providence, saw fit to lay his afflictive hand upon me. I was sick with the inflammation of the bowels. I was immediately aware of the nature of my disease and informed my friends, but they thought me mistaken. A physician was immediately sent for, and after an examination, he said, without hesitation, "your disease is the inflammation of the bowels, and you are a sick man. And in two hours I could not help myself in the least, nor raise my head from my pillow, and such excruciating pain I never before experienced. In this distressing sickness, it seemed as if my distress was greater than I could bear. I tried to be patient and trust in the Lord. And, O, how I thought were it not for my hope in Christ I should sink at once—I have often conversed with people about dying, but never realized it as I should. I had always viewed death at a distance, but now it seemed but a pace before me. I had often read, but never felt the words of Ezekiel till my faltering tongue repeated them in this my distressing state, I said, "In the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave. I am deprived of my senses; I shall behold man no more, with the inhabitants of this earth, mine age is departed from me like a shepherd's tent."

For about four days the tears of friends all around me, a laboring pulse, the doubtful countenance and secret whispers of my physician, and the uncertainty which way the scale would turn.

Like the traveler who before begins aware stands still to view some wonderful object that has broke in upon his eye, could I make the busy world know how insignificant they and their pursuits appeared, they would most probably receive the story with a jest, and perhaps the infidel could tell me with pity that my brain was disordered, or that I had not yet recovered from my delirium. The reader will inquire, how did the world, the once delight of your heart appear? I answer, the greatest cities were to me but mole hills then, and their busy inhabitants but a company of enemies, and the richest prince on earth seemed to me as inconsiderable as a grain of dust. The merry sensualists were but as grasshoppers whose noise was despicable and troublesome, and whose life I saw to be exceeding short and liable to be destroyed every moment. Princes I called glow worms, which shine only to those who are in the dark, and are no better than contemptible insects, dim and discolored of all their luster when the light of eternity breaks upon them.

I was directed by the Holy Spirit and had the word what I must do; I directed my family to send for Elder John Davis, of Wheelock, Elder Ebenezer Thompson, of Danville, and Elder Shubael Boston, of Wheelock. I told my connections what was on my mind and where I had fled for refuge, and though this was something new to them the Elders above mentioned were immediately sent for, they being all acquainted with me; one of them came Saturday evening, viz., Elder Thompson. I told him what was on my mind, that I had submitted all to God and my desire that his will might be done and his name glorified, that my impressions from above the day past relative to my duty and I had done as I was commanded and now said I, will you pray? He knelt down by my bedside and besought God in tears to lengthen out my day if consistent with his holy will, and God heard him pray. This was a painful night to me, but the Lord stood by me and I was happy. He was my comfort in distress, my portion, shield and hope, the God in whom I trusted delivered me. Elder Davis came the next morning, Sabbath, and prayed with me, and he has told me since that I prayed with him, but being so very feeble I do not recollect it. After he prayed he left the room. I felt to praise God. I then supposed he had gone home, but he soon returned and said, "brother John, if you trust in the Lord I think you will get well again."

While they stood weeping around my bed, being loth to part with me, I told them not to weep for me, for said I, it is well with me, I rest in sweet composure of mind, I rest in hope, I rest in the Lord, my mind was strong and unwavering strong in the God of my salvation, so that I could not be moved. I continued to feel very fast all day and about the going down of the sun my physician told me that I must die; that they could do no more for me and if I had any arrangements to make I had better make them soon. When they delivered this message, I looked upon them and said that they shed tears freely. I must say that this was good news to me, because I knew that Jesus loved me. I felt in earnest to get home like a traveller, who has long been toiling and laboring on the road to reach his residence, and suffered much because of the chilling blasts of wintry storms; of the scorching heat of summer, and is almost worn out by being long exposed to those adverse scenes to which mankind are subject—the faintness in the way is disheartening, but a friend coming along says, be of good courage, you are almost home, your residence is in sight, look up and rejoice. So it was with me, my physician of rest by faith I saw my everlasting abode. Never did I think in

former days that death would look so pleasant. O, how beautiful it appeared to me to think that the time had already come when I should exchange a world of trouble and sorrow for a world of happiness and unsullied glory, where no troubles again can enter my peaceful breast.

I was asked if I wanted to see my natural brothers, I answered I did, for I wanted to tell them a few things that might be for their good. They were sent for, but I failed so fast that when they came I could say but very little to them, but exhorted them to seek the Lord with all their heart, for death was on their track and soon their case might be like mine. They took me by the hand and promised me that they would serve the Lord the remainder of their days. I also gave directions for my funeral and selected the text, Rev. 14 chap. 13 ver. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me write, blessed are they which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea saith the spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." I also selected the hymns to be used on the occasion. I requested also that Elder John Davis should preach the funeral sermon. I here remark that to leave my companion, the wife of my youth, my only choice, the partner of my joys and sorrows, was a most painful thought. This so affected my heart that I must leave some of the most trying points for the reader to imagine. It would be impossible for me to convey any adequate idea. But I hope that what is not here expressed will be understood. I will now describe something of the situation of my body—O, such excruciating pain as I felt the first part of the night, such agonizing pains followed by coldness and mortification of the bowels and reaching towards the vital parts of the system every moment. I felt the iron grasp, I felt the approach of that monster, death, upon my mortal frame. If I could call death a monster, but now I could not for I was waiting with patience till my change came. The blood settled under my finger nails, my breath grew short, my tongue was numb, and I was without feeling excepting a small spot in my stomach which was warm a little on my left side, my jaws were stiff so that I could not open them. This I perfectly remember, and while I lay in this situation I looked towards the east door of the house and saw a great reflection of light, which lighted the whole room where I lay lighter than the sun could lighten it. My whole attention was fixed in a moment with the light. I saw two Angels advancing towards me and the nearer they approached the brighter the light shone—the y came and stood by my bedside, and I was rejoiced to see them, and supposed they were sent to conduct my spirit home to rest. One of them touched me with his finger, and at the same instant my spirit left my body and stood upon the floor with the Angels. When I write what I saw I mean my spirit, not my body, for the body knew nothing; one of the Angels sat and watched over my body while my spirit was absent from it. The reason why I know this is, that I left one of the Angels with my body and found him watching over the body when my spirit returned back to this world. One of the Angels left the house & I followed him—we first entered the Valley and the shadow of Death, which was thick darkness, but I traveled by the light of the Angel which shone around me and over my head some distance, but either way from the path which was narrow was blackness and darkness that no eye could look through, but the path we traveled was glorious and it looked as though our Saviour had just been along before us and removed every thing out of the way. As I traveled behind my companion, I saw a trunk which he carried resting on his arms that ran about five inches each way over his arms this trunk shone brighter than the sun, and I knew not what it contained or what it meant. After traveling a considerable distance through the valley and shadow of death we came to a place where a dark curtain of eternal night rested over the place, we traveled under the curtain in the narrow path which was straight—we turned not to the right nor to the left—I looked down on my knees to see how my spirit looked and could see neither flesh nor bones nor any signs of blood, but it was formed in the shape of the body. As we traveled under this curtain of night I saw a multitude that no man could number in a lost condition, they were wandering in the dark and there was no light in them, deformed and bowed down, they were weeping and wailing and trying to climb up out of this place, but as often fell back again—their faces were much disfigured and worn with sorrow. While beholding these wicked spirits I thought of the saying of scripture which I had read in this world "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation & to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgement to be punished."—2 Pe. chap. 2, ver. 9. After passing through this awful place which is beyond the valley and shadow of death lying north of the shadow of death and over it is spread a curtain of eternal night and around it are large mountains so that no one can ascend up out of the pit of themselves, the Angel that was before me began to ascend up and in ascending drew me after him with ease though he did not touch me, there seemed to be earth before us as we ascended up the path was about three feet wide and nothing in the way. In ascending we passed through a region neither light nor dark but the path was light and glorious. Soon we entered the land

of paradise. The Angel then laid down the trunk before named and made a halt. The first question that I asked him was where is my earthly father and my children? The Angel made me no answer. I then inquired what means the trunk, he answered, this is your treasure and should be here. I supposed that my sorrows were ended and my work was finished, that I had got through with all my pain and could suffer no more but should rest with my Redeemer forever more, my joy was complete and I waited for the crown that I expected would be placed on my head and thought of that scripture, Rev. chap. 2 verse 10, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

But my work was not being finished I did not receive the crown. I will now give a relation in part of what I saw and heard. First, I looked for the sun and could not discover it, the moon and stars, but saw none of these. I looked East and saw that the light originated from God's throne and shone all over heaven and also on the beautiful plains of Paradise, so that there was no part dark. The light was not yellow like the light of the sun but perfectly white and without any mixture of color. It was perfectly clear without any dark spots or any deficiency whatsoever, like God himself. I can give but a faint idea of the pure and bright light that shone over all this heavenly world. The climate is delightful and perfectly healthy, there are no clouds to be seen, no unpleasant storms nor winds, the air is salubrious and neither hot nor cold, but perfectly agreeable and always alike. While I stood upon the beautiful plains of Paradise gazing on its blissful regions I noticed the gentle breeze which came apparently from the north west. It was all the time alike and sweeter than honey. There was but one wind and that a gentle one, there was not an opposite wind in all heaven.

The land of Paradise is perfectly level, the grass was perhaps half an inch high. There was nothing unpleasant to be seen, neither trees nor stones nor stumps and the surface entirely smooth. In the center is something which I cannot name. It never changes but remains always the same. The second heaven lies apparently east of Paradise and is more glorious; it is higher & more exalted in every respect. It is filled with Angels, neither male nor female; they are clothed alike and all sing one song of praise to God and the Lamb. The reflection of light gives to this heavenly realm a brightness ten thousand times superior to the purest silver.

The third heaven is God's throne which is above all but in fair sight of Paradise, the appearance is like gold, (see thousand times brighter than the purest gold I ever saw in my life). The throne is white, and at the foot of the throne were Angels more exalted than those in the second heaven, but all as perfectly happy as they could be, yet there are different stations in glory. All that I have written is true and heaven is witness to it all. The test in that day to which we are all coming. After having seen and heard all that is necessary I looked for my old father, and found that he was facing back toward this world. I then knew and not till then that I must come back to this world of woe. It would be impossible for me to describe my feelings, leaving this place of complete happiness to return to this world of trouble, where sickness, pain and death are common in all the lower world, but notwithstanding I desired to stay in this blissful region. I felt under obligations to obey God and had no inclination to disobey yet I had a strong desire to stay in glory, the treasure before spoken of, was left in Paradise.

I followed the Angel back to this world, the same path in which we went up. As we descended with angel travel I before me, and it seemed as though I was borne up by him, although he did not touch me. I saw a distance before us, while descending the valley and shadow of death, lying beyond the place where the wicked were. I looked again, it would be impossible to pass through, yet I did not fear for I thought that the same light, which shone in that darkness when we came up would afford us sufficient light to return. I hope the reader will understand that I have already stated that the pit in which the wicked were reserved, was surrounded by high mountains and over it a dark curtain of night. I was now level with the top of the curtain and could see over it to the other side where was the shadow of death, the angel passed under the curtain and I followed along viewing the next number of lost beings which no man can number; after passing nearly through this doleful region I saw a little distance to my left hand a gulf which appeared deep, but I did not go near it. I saw also a young man coming out of the shadow of death, which was then before me and a little to my left hand near the brink of the gulf his eyes were wildly rolling, his arms were raised but not still, and his body all of a tremor. He appeared frightened at the objects and sight of the place, he was alone, when I first saw him coming up out of the shadow of death and apparently from 25 to 28 years of age, here the Angel made a halt and asked me if I could warn sinners not to come to this place of torment. I answered that I could not, then he passed on and I followed back through the valley and shadow of death.

It was beautiful to behold the glorious light that reflected a distance across us and

over our heads. This light reflected from the Angel who was before me; soon we reached my dwelling house in this world. I followed the Angel into the house and no sooner had we entered the apartment than I beheld my pale and death-like body on the bed. Here I was gazing upon my own form I saw also the Angel sitting upon my bedside watching over the body. He touched the body on the left breast three times, which I saw was the Angel who watched by the bed while the spirit was absent. My conduct went to the bedside and stood in the same place where he stood when the spirit left. My spirit seemed to rise and lay upon the body and O how cold the body felt to the spirit, yes colder than ice—in a moment my spirit was at home in the body—this sat in motion and gave life to the body—both the Angels now went out of the house, I delighted in their company and could not bear the thought of their leaving me. I rose up in the bed and an effort to follow them, but was laid back again by those who came to watch with me through the night—who enquired if I knew that I was a living man and could live but a few minutes; to this I made no reply, but said I must get up; those who took care of me stood at the bedside of the bed and it appeared to me were a little alarmed. Well, said I to myself, these Angels I must see again and the next time I moved the Lord helped me so that I moved with ease. This exertion was a powerful one. I sprang partly up and went off from the bed and stood upon my feet and called for my pantaloons which were soon after handed me. I put them on and buttoned them on alone. My neighbors had been called in for the purpose of laying me out, who now entered my room; one said he is crazy. The physician cried out for the Lord's sake put him on the bed again, he will not live five minutes, and ran out of the house wringing his hands and crying; another said he is in his right mind, let him alone, but ask him his age, and some other questions and that will decide it. This I was glad to hear because I could answer for myself to their satisfaction. The question was then asked, John how old are you? I answered, I am 26 years old the 26 day of last April. Again "what day of the week was you born?" Answer, "if I am rightly informed, Sunday was the day of the week on which I was born. They then asked me if I knew them. I told them I knew them perfectly well. I was then asked if I could see them. I told them I could hear and see perfectly well. My natural brother told them that I knew as much as I ever did. Some said that it was a revival before death, others said that it was the work of the Lord. For my own part I am ready to acknowledge that my house was then awful and glorious on account of the presence of my Redeemer, for Christ the Lord was my light, my life, my hope, my strength, my God in whom my soul delighted. I walked to the east window and sat down & looking I turned my eyes towards the North and beheld the two Angels with their faces towards me. And O how beautiful to their shining presence. My heart rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. They beckoned me with their hands to come to them and while they stood facing me at the distance of thirty eight feet from me the light of their countenance so affected my eyes that it seemed as though they would fall from their sockets. But I was determined to rise and go and carry my feeble body to them upon my own feet. I traveled towards them and thought I could not feel the floor under my feet as I traveled I went to the outside door of the house and leaped my left shoulder against the outside door post and here I had the promise of recovery. The two Angels raised their hands both together and looked on me and one of them said, you surely shall recover if you hold out faithful; here I stood beholding these Angels and heard words from their mouths, words that I never shall forget so long as I have breath. There were people standing around me who feared that I should fall dead in the door led me back into the house and I saw the Angels no more.

This was the eighth day of my sickness; during this day I was entirely free from pain or any distress and had the exercise of my reason perfectly well. I took some food, such as new milk and chicken broth, which had a natural taste and relished well. The joint of my jaws were so stiff that it was difficult to converse with any person, my arms were cold and without feeling and also from my heart downward to the ends of my toes so that I could not feel the floor under my feet while I traveled about house, neither could I warm my hands by rubbing them. I often took hold of the sides during the day to bring my hands to feeling, but could not; the Doctor asked me why I took hold of the ceiling and bedclothes, I replied for the notion of it. My object was to bring my hands to their natural warmth and feeling. I went to the window and taking hold of the sash I pressed it with my hands as hard as possible. I could see my fingers hold of the sash but could not feel the sash between my fingers. How many times the sentence of death was read to me that day by my physician, I cannot tell; but this had no effect on me otherwise than it grieved me to the heart to think that they people discredited the words of the Angels. This caused my heart to ache. Yes the thought was painful that they should call me dead and I saw the Angels no more.

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ed from the silver and thrown into the street as a worthless thing. The question was asked me, John do you think that you will recover? Yes, said I, the Angel told me that I should recover and I believe he told me the truth. I saw them look at each other with smiles then left my room. I also thought strange of their asking such a question as I supposed they saw the Angels and the light and stood by me when he the Angel, told me if I was faithful I surely should recover. But their eyes were hidden that they could not see the light, neither the Angels, for those present afterwards informed me that they saw no light save the light of the candles which were burning, neither the Angels: John chap. 1, ver. 5. "The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not." I continued comfortable and free from pain or any distress through the day. I began to contemplate the scene through which I had passed and the joys of which I had been partaker, while beholding the heavenly throng and viewing those happy spirits in whom my soul do lighted.

This was a matter of great joy, yea a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, and reviewing those transporting scenes I shuddered at the thought of living at home in the body knowing that whilst at home in the body I should be absent from the Lord, not only that but God gave me a discovery of my life for days to come which caused me to tremble at the very thought of living in this world, knowing that dangers stand thick through all the ground and that I, a poor worm of the dust, should be in constant danger of being caught in the snares of the enemy of my soul, and finally be lost. Also mankind in general seemed to stand opposed to God and to his work which caused me pain of heart when I reflected upon the promise which I made the Angel that I would warn the wicked to shun the place of sin and sinners too, in the clear light, which God had given me, for I had seen their situation not only in the world to come but in this life also, I exceedingly trembled and said Lord what is sufficient for these things, surely, I said, not I for they will not hear me, and if they do they will not repent and my labor will prove ineffectual among the inhabitants of the world. I thought also that I should be the mark for the arrows of the ungodly whose hearts are made of steel and their forehead lined with brass. In view of these things I said, Lord, I am a child and cannot stand up and begin to imagine I might be exalted. As soon as this train of thought passed my mind I began to sink in a moment.

This was the 23d day of July, 1838. From this time which was Monday evening till Wednesday evening was a distressing time to me both in body and mind. I first made shipwreck of my faith, and secondly lost my hope of recovery from my sickness, thidly desired to die and could not; fourthly my fever returned again upon me, & was so increased that my tongue would often cleave to the roof of my mouth attend with violent coming for the space of two days and two nights, a dark and highly offensive matter was thrown from my stomach the flavor of which was terrible to me. I was very thirsty and continued for two days and nights before I could call for cold water, which was often given me; and took no medicine the whole time except a table spoonful of castor Oil and spirits turpentine—This I called for but soon threw it up, and though I had fallen somewhat in my feelings of mind yet the Lord stood by his holy name sake so that I was preserved from falling entirely, and I had the impression in that he designed to make known to the world what he had done for me. I had now a solemn impression from heaven that I must be showered with eight pails full of cold water, and when I had it made known to my friends there was much consultation upon the subject with my Physicians and relatives, who said in my hearing that it would prove my death and that they would have no hand in killing me again, that I should die in operation but enquired if there was anything more than I desired, to have done. I answered, that after the showering I wished them to apply three lambs skins to my bowels, one at a time, to be taken off as quick as possible, and applied whilst warm from the body the flesh side to the bowels. Upon this they left the room and after a short consultation a number returned, who said, he is so fast, he does not know his awful situation, if he did he would know that he could not follow his impression, it is now more than he can endure. O thought I, when I heard this, did you say, know the power of God and what he has commanded me you would not doubt that he could enable poor John to ens dare a tub of water and a lamb skin and follow his heavenly impressions. Again, I heard them say, there is no way that his bowels can be showered with cold water, and after they had tried to devise some way that it might be done, they came to my bed side and asked me how it could be done. I directed to take a light stand and place it near my bed with pillows upon it for my head to rest upon, and place a tub underneath between the stand and bed to catch the water, then dip the water in to a tin cylinder and shower the bowels. When they heard this they shed tears freely and said, it should be done as I desired.

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They soon commenced the operation on me with fear and expectation that I should die in their hands, but to the astonishment of all I lived through the operation and received no harm, and the effect was favorable.

This was done on Tuesday and I will remark, least it should not be understood that the whole quantity of water was not applied immediately but I often requested them to let me rest, which I did for a few minutes, and then they continued the application, and they not pursued this course the result I think would not have been so favorable. I next requested them to proceed according to my second impression, viz.: To apply the lamb skins, and on Wednesday morning, agreeable to my request the first lamb skin was taken off as quick as possible and applied whilst warm from the body, and such was the power of this remedy, such the distress it caused that I thought the remedy more painful than the disease, nevertheless, I endured the pain for about an hour and a half, which was all that I could bear, for it was the most powerful external application that I had ever endured since I had a being. This I was enabled to bear with more patience from the conviction that it was doing the will of my heavenly Father, and my prayer to him was Lord give me strength to do my will, for thou knowest that I would be as clay in the hand of the potter, and that these impressions are not from man but from the God of heaven & earth. After having gone through the first I directed them to let the second live a little while that I might rest and pray, but my prayer was not a vocal one for I could not utter five words, yet it was acceptable to God. The second lamb was killed and the skin applied as before and with the same favorable effect which brought me to the close of the day, it being Wednesday; the night which followed was a long and painful one to me, the hours seemed as days and the minutes as hours which caused me often to ask the time of night, and ask of those present what have I done that I cannot die, suffering the pains of death and yet forbid to die, for I have before remarked that I desired to die and could not. O, I thought, could I leave this torment of clay how gladly would I do it, but alas I cannot for there is something which the Lord knoweth and that something is did from me. I thought of the text in Rev. 9 chap. 6 ver. "And in those days shall men seek death and shall not find it and shall desire to die and death shall flee from them." Truly I desired to die more than ever I desired to live, yet death was far from me. Thursday morning, it being the eleventh day of my sickness I felt to pray for reconciliation, knowing that the night passed I had been unreconciled to my lot which was not right in the sight of him whose name is holy. Soon I became reconciled to God and the effect was a feeling of nearness to him and peace in my own soul which was like a river and righteousness like the waves of the sea. I will now describe the situation of my body; my bowels began to move for the first time since I was sick, a relaxation followed, which many thought would end my days, but I told them that every thing worked for my good, which I knew to be even so—Ro. 8 chap. 28 verse. "And we know that all things work together for the good to them that love the Lord, to them who are called according to his purpose. The next trial I had to pass through was the strong persuasion of my relatives and friends to take medicine. The arguments they used were these that God works by means and that means ought to be used for the recovery of the sick and that it was so in ancient times. To this I replied you have seen that no medicine has had any good effect except such as God directed, and now I am resolved to put my confidence in him and not in man, whose breath is in his nostrils; you say that means ought to be used, to which I agree, and prayer is the means that I shall use, and that faithfully to God will I pour out my soul in prayer, even to those whose ears are open to the cries of his children, and by this means more has been done than can ever be done by your medicine, and farther, said I, tomorrow I shall walk out upon the earth; yes tomorrow morning you will see John traveling erect upon his own feet; this statement caused doubtful and wild looks among them at which I did not wonder, they knowing that I could not turn my self in my bed nor raise my head from my pillow, neither could I at that time move my feet yet I had God's presence and I knew that what I had told them would be even so; for I had the promise of God. Thus I passed the night in sweet composure of mind, believing in God with all my heart that I should yet praise him in the land of the living, and baring with perfect composure my pains and distress of body, knowing that it was as just for me to suffer as any other man; I looked beyond my sufferings to him who suffered, bled and died that I might live. Him I desired to adore and to him I did approach, as an inexhaustible fountain, knowing that in him all fullness dwells, and could say with the Apostle, "For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in us." On Friday morning it being the next day, I requested my companion to bring my clothes to my bed, the question was asked what I wanted of my clothes, I answered I wanted to get up as I did yesterday. O

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