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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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Phenomenal.

From the People, Indianapolis, Ind.
LISETTE.

The Musical Somnambulist.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

MR. EDITOR.—You have often asked me to write you a short account of Lisette Bernard—the wonderful girl who died at our house last winter—and concerning whom so many strange stories have been told, and especially of her wonderful performances on the piano when apparently asleep. She was one of a class of orphan, homeless children, sent west from New York by the Children's Aid Society there, to find homes. My husband had spoken to Mr. Frieden the Agent of the Society, brother of the shoe merchant on Washington street, to bring him a little nurse girl the next car load he should conduct to the West. This was in the winter of 1864. That spring, in April, he brought us Lisette, stating that he knew nothing of her parentage and that he selected her on account of her gentle disposition, from a number of favorites at the Orphan Asylum, on Randall's Island, near New York, where she had then been for four years. She was eight years of age when she came to our home, and she was so mild and withal so womanly that after a few days I felt our babe was entirely safe in her charge. Time passed—Lisette and baby grew together—the former being an apt scholar at school which she was regular in attending, and quite a lover of books suited to her age. There was nothing remarkable about her but her very mild ways and dreary, weary look from her deep set, blue eyes. Last summer my husband presented me with a piano. I found myself much out of practice, not having had the use of this favorite instrument of mine since I left my father's roof, some years before, but in a few weeks my fingers learned their ways, and I noticed Lisette manifested a peculiar and intense interest whenever I played selections from any of the old operas and master-pieces. At such times I would frequently find her sitting in the adjoining room utterly oblivious to everything but the music; from the effects of which she seemed to recover only when spoken to, and would then rouse herself as if from asleep. This absorption of hers was the subject of frequent remark in our family. One night last November, about one o'clock, my husband and I were aroused from our slumbers by hearing the sweetest of music, coming apparently from our parlor. Our bed-room was off the sitting room—all on the same floor, and of course we were frightened. The doors from our room to the sitting room and thence to the parlor were all open—the gas by our bedside burning dimly but the parlor was dark. We lay a moment listening to the perfect concord of sounds from the piano, which we perceived was under the fingers of a master hand. The music was from Bach—one of grand and majestic movements—but not one that I had played on that piano, for I had not the notes in the house. The playing ceased a moment or two and then began with one of Lisette's Fantasies—one so difficult of execution that none but the highest professors of the art ever attempt it. I had heard it the summer before at Crosby's in Chicago, but had never tried it myself. Mr. J. and I hastily dressed ourselves, for by this time we supposed some of our friends had taken this rather novel method of serenading us. But who was the performer then touching the instrument with a skill possessed by none of my acquaintances was the puzzling question. We passed noiselessly to the parlor door—the light from our room by reflection made everything in the parlor visible. You may imagine our surprise when I tell you that the performer at the piano was none other than Lisette—dressed in her gayest suit with her abundance of hair put up in a style I never saw before on any one, but very neat and tasty. Her face was from us, and Mr. J. motioning me to keep silence, lighted the gas, and we both went to Lisette's side just as she concluded the Fantasia. Her eyes were closed and her face, usually pale, was now deathly white. I sank into a chair thoroughly frightened, for a somnambulist is one of my horrors. At the same time Lisette turning her head toward me, and bowing politely said in a lady like voice—not natural to her—"This was Lisette's own favorite when I knew him—beautiful, isn't it? But here is something I like better," and turning to the piano—her eyes still closed—she gave with exquisite skill one of Bach's Counter Fugues, which is perhaps the most difficult of all compositions to render, but when well delivered as this was carried the hearer from earth to heaven. If I could render a Counter Fugue, as a musician I should be content. I was so absorbed in her theme that I forgot who was the performer. As it closed, Lisette rose gracefully and bowing said:

"That is sufficient for this child to-night, she must now rest. Please, kind friends, do not waken her in the morning, I will arouse her at the proper time," and bowing again with a womanly grace Lisette had never attained she passed to her room.

"I am surely dreaming," said I.
"She is the first somnambulist I ever saw," said my husband, "but where did she learn to play, and where did she ever hear that music, for you never played it, and then how strangely she talked about herself, she never knew Lisette, I don't understand it at all." We retired and talked the matter over, but could make the facts fit no theory of which we had any knowledge.

The next morning Lisette, usually an early riser, slept until ten o'clock. We said nothing to her of what we had witnessed, nor told it to any one else that day. On the second night

after, we were awakened about the same hour by a similar performance in the parlor—we went in again. The pieces played were all classic, mostly from Handel—one or two from Beethoven—and their execution perfect; only one of which I had ever played in her hearing. Between each she made remarks and criticisms as naturally as if she were some accomplished performer presiding at the piano and not our little nurse girl. As she closed this performance she astonished us more than ever by saying:

"Good friends, I much thank you for your kindness to this child; I am her mother, and I am training her unconsciously to herself. Please do not tell her of this practice, for I fear she will not remain long with you, as she is very delicate," and bowed herself out as before.

These performances being repeated every alternate night after, became somewhat annoying—especially since Lisette seemed to be declining rapidly. The physician prescribed for her but never seemed to understand her case. He witnessed her musical performances. He said she was undoubtedly asleep the whole time at the piano. On one occasion she turned to him and said: "Oh, Doctor, I see you don't understand this, Lisette is not before you except in body. I am her mother. I can use her body. My name is Therese Bernard. I was reared in Lorraine, and married in Paris. I taught music in Paris—it was my grand passion. My husband died on board ship as we came to America. I died in New York a few months afterward. I have watched Lisette ever since—you need not give her medicine—she will soon be with me and Louis."

She lingered till January last and died a painless death. It was a gradual fading away. Her performance ceased in December. After her death Mr. J. wrote to the Asylum whence she came, to know what the record showed concerning her. The answer so far as applicable is as follows:

"Bernard, Lisette—entered January 20, 1861, from Bleeker street tenement house. Supposed to be four years old; mother died of starvation; said to be French music teacher. Lisette sent to Indianapolis, April, 1865."

Now, Mr. Editor, I have made this as short as I can, and yet have not told the half that this curious girl said at her musical performances. She never touched the piano when awake, but said she would like to learn to play it. Nor did she with but two exceptions play any pieces that were played in our house by any other person.

Yours, etc.,
J. J.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

A Watch Found by Spirit Direction.

The spirit world is constantly at work in giving tests of the presence of loved ones, through various mediums, and the good accomplished thereby to humanity cannot be over-estimated.

The Potts family, to whom we have often alluded, are constantly convincing the skeptic of the truthfulness of spirit communion. The following, from the pen of Wm. Barr, contains a wonderful test of spirit presence and power: We clip it from the Harrisburg (Penn.) Telegraph.

In my reply to the communication that appeared in the State Journal some time ago, referring to the spirit drawings of Mr. Potts, I then stated that Spiritualism was not dead, as the writer of the article supposed, but that our meetings were increasingly interesting, and we were receiving tests constantly of the most undoubted character, some of which I would publish soon to interest your numerous readers. Passing over, for the present, a great number received, I will now relate one received within a few days past.

On Wednesday of last week, Mr. Henry Breneman, of this city, formerly of Mechanicsburg, received a letter or communication from the spirit land, from our good and reliable test spirit, Patrick Ocer, in which the spirit stated that a friend of his, by the name of Wm. Martin, now in the spirit land, wished him to direct us to the secret spot where he had hid his watch to secure it from the rebels, during the raid in the Cumberland valley; said that we would find it near Fairview; that we should fix our own time, and he would accompany us to the spot, where we would find it securely cemented in a rubber covering. The watch we would find between 11 and 12 o'clock (time on the watch), in good condition. When found, it must be given to a little girl named Mary Fannie Merriman, to encourage her to labor for the spirits—she being Patrick's second medium.

It would, no doubt, be interesting were I to publish the letter in full as he received it, with the names of several gentlemen whom the spirits wished to accompany us on our search for the watch, including that of Dr. Orr, a highly educated and much respected gentleman who has always doubted the truth of physical tests. None of us knew the little girl, or where her father resided; the spirit said near Fairview.

At an appointed hour, we agreed to go over to Mr. Merriman's. I had my horse harnessed, and took Mr. Breneman and Dr. Orr with me. Mr. Bangel took his horse and wagon. His wife and others crossed the river in a boat.

After arriving at Fairview we inquired for Mr. Merriman's, and were told where to find his house. We rather took them by surprise, they not knowing what we were all after. Soon the news spread, and quite a number gathered to his house.

It was not long until our medium became entranced. The spirit of Patrick Ocer controlling, led him away from the house to a very steep, high bank near the creek, above M'Corrick's mill factory. Not less than twelve followed him, when he suddenly stopped, and then went more than half way down the hill, to an oak stump.

Mr. B. said, "Patrick, is it there?"

He answered, "Yes."

I then said that there were persons there who were in doubt, I requested that they should examine the stump and ground,—see whether it looked as though any person had been there before us. All being satisfied, Dr. Orr was requested to remove the contents out of the oak stump. Finding it rather a difficult task, I proposed overturning the stump, which we did.

After examining it, and the loose dirt, the gum containing the watch was found in a hollow root covered with dirt, as described by the spirit of the man that hid it away.

We all returned to the house, where we found a number of others waiting to hear what success we met with.

I had the pleasure of opening the sealed gum cover, and therein found a beautiful watch, in perfect order. When wound, it moved as if it had never been laid away, and had run down, when found, after eleven o'clock, as the spirit said in the letter. We presented the watch to the little girl. I was allowed to take the gum or rubber cover, and have it in my possession. It can be seen at any time. The name of T. Hatzen is engraved on the inside of the watch.

This may seem strange and hard to be believed by many, but I would like any man to tell me where the intelligence comes from or by what means it is produced, if they think it comes not direct from our departed friends. We have, in addition to the above, been directed to different places where articles have been found that have been buried or hid away for many years, such as cannon-balls, jewelry, diamonds, ancient and modern coin, as well as paper money, and many other articles—unmistakable evidences of spirits power to return.

We find many persons anxious and willing to believe the heavenly truths of Spiritualism if spirits will tell them where they can find gold and silver buried.

Our large circle meets every Sabbath evening in the hall, corner of Locust and Second streets, where all anxious seekers after truth are invited, free, without money, without price. Come, then, and see for yourselves!

None but members of the circle admitted after 8 o'clock.

From the (Michigan) Saginawian.
A SPIRIT PORTRAIT.

How it Was Procured—How it Affected John Tryan.

Patent insiders or outsiders as well as all other matters, has ceased to be of any occupation and enjoyment as of yore, but when some strange and unaccountable occurrence interrupts the regular order of events, I take to ink like a duck to water.

It is a strange story, and it is true, and if not unaccountable, is at least plunged farther into mystery than I can penetrate. Some learned scientist or metaphysician might be able to ornament it with polysyllabic adjectives sufficient to make it "clear as mud," but the "plain, unvarnished tale" is all that is here proposed. Seventeen years ago the parents of John Tryan and Amanda Green were neighbors in and out-of-the-way corner of Ohio, and their children attended the same school. The sunny blue eyes of Amanda wrought untold devices on the tender heart of John, and with all the ardor of youth he laid his peg-top and marbles in her lap in token of his unconditional surrender. Whether the lovely Amanda bowed in meek submission to her fate does not appear; for while yet she was a child, death, the destroyer, remorselessly stayed the proceeding. John wept bitterly over her grave, and mourned as one that would not be comforted. Unceasing and tireless as the wandering Jew, he has roamed up and down, mourning always. No lovely daughter of man has been able to beguile his affection, and all their beauties are to him as

"Flowers with fragrance overpast."

Daily he mourns for his Amanda, and prays fervently to be released from this earthly tabernacle, that he may join her "on the other shore." He indeed boasts of holding daily converse with her disembodied spirit, whose ghostly consolation is the one bliss left to life. His faith and loyalty to earth love have been productive of the following:

Knowing how eagerly John sought for every memento of his love, and how fully he believed in the spirit manifestations, the writer determined at once to test his memory and his faith.

Unknown to Tryan, a medium wholly unacquainted with all the circumstances of the case was procured, who succeeded after many futile sittings, in obtaining the presence of the spirit of the loved and lost Amanda. The desire of John to secure a faithful portrait of his boyish love was stated, and this plan was agreed upon. A man named Starr, of Port Huron, Mich., was named as the spirit painter to whom she would appear as Stella, at any time he should call upon her. This looked business-like, and the prospect of having a bill to pay for a worthless daub was imminent. There was a chance that the spirit would never move the artist, and so a letter was written detailing the plan and object. Return mail brought from the man Starr—known to me only through the medium and a newspaper advertisement—a full acceptance of the commission, and appointed a time for the first ghostly interview.

A month passed by, and the picture of the

impalpable spirit was not yet received, and I began to believe that the contract would never come to maturity. But one bright morning when the first blue birds were essaying their gayest spring song, the express wagon stopped at my door, and an equilateral flat box was turned upon the side-walk, duly labeled with flashy hands. C. O. D. There was a large chance of getting nothing for something, with only a ghost of a chance for an indorser, but curiosity could not be balked. The bill was paid, the box delivered, and, not without trepidation, the cover removed. A picture, and not a bad one, outlining a beautiful landscape, and in the foreground a young girl dressed in the style of years ago. Any young man might be excused for loving her blue eyes, rosy cheeks, chestnut curls, and pouting lips. He would be a fool who did not.

Without betraying the origin of the picture to any one, it was taken to the house of a mutual friend, where Tryan was a frequent visitor, there to await results. A few days passed, when one evening, while we sat contemplating the picture, and speculating on the probable amount of cash it would bring at auction, the door opened and John Tryan, wholly unannounced as was his wont, walked into the room, gave a rapid glance at the portrait, threw out his arms, as if to embrace it, cried, "Amanda darling," and fell fainting to the floor. For two days he lay unconscious of all around him, but all the time talking rapturously with his "Amanda darling."

There is no romance or fiction in this narration, and, to me, no known opportunity for deception. The man Starr never saw John Tryan nor Amanda Green, nor heard her named, except as Stella, and yet John Tryan declares the likeness perfect, even to the pattern of her dress. To the knowledge of the writer, "spirits," other than alcoholic, have had nothing to do with his mundane affairs, and he remains sceptical, but will thank some enlightened soul to tell him what ailed John Tryan.

N. B. Starr is a well-known spirit artist. We have two beautiful oil paintings—one an angelic woman, ministering to "spirits in prison," the other, "My home in Spirit-life,"—contrasted with earth-life, and separated from it by the river—Death. Our friends will find a welcome at our reception rooms, where these and other spirit paintings are on exhibition.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

Letter from Dr. Duke.

BRO. JONES.—For several weeks past my field of labor has been Dixon, Ill. Nature has, with a bountiful hand, poured out its richest blessings on this beautiful place. The surrounding country is not only beautiful also, but its farms are very productive, and after sojourning therein, we are led to exclaim with a favorite author, "Nature, like a gift from God, thro' art a throb from the Deific heart, a pledge from the soul of supreme truth."

But the devil himself could never have conceived of a more bigoted set of religious fanatics than this place abounds. This is owing, no doubt, to the absurd doctrine taught by men claiming to be vicegerents of God Almighty, whose inspiration has gone glimmering, if peradventure they ever had any, and who moreover being joined to their idol, like their heathen, must grow out of their stupidity before they can do humanity any good whatever. Orthodox Doctors, D. D.'s and M. D.'s, run Dixon.

Before our visit to this place, we were informed that two traveling physicians this spring had been persecuted—in fact run out of the city—and that the city council issued a law charging all itinerant doctors fifteen dollars per day. This class legislation comes from pusillanimous Orthodox Doctors. In Freeport, Ill., they also have a tax of ten dollars per day. Hillsdale, Mich., two dollars per day. Louisville, Ky., three hundred dollars. Having failed in State legislation, they are now centering all their forces on the cities.

This crusade is from the Orthodox, Allopathic-regular schooled physicians, in every instance. Spiritualists, freemen, will you support them? A Dr. Law, of Dixon, was the first to set in this matter in that city, manipulating the city council. I was so informed by one of the aldermen whom I treated. Our visit was profitable and pleasant, notwithstanding puny man's endeavors to the contrary. When the spirit moves me I shall surely visit Louisville, and give them an opportunity to enforce their law. To-day I have several patients who are now under my treatment in Louisville, and if the court knows herself, I have the right to visit them—and prescribe for others—if I choose.

I am sorry to say that at this time, Spiritualism in Dixon, is smothered. Orthodoxy, cruel Orthodoxy, holds full sway. At one time Spiritualism had a strong foothold. It is only a matter of time, when freedom of thought shall again spread its broad, ample folds over this beautiful place, as well as over every household in America. False men may prove recreant to his high calling, and hide his light, but the dawning of a new era is upon us—and the great light from angels' homes shed down upon the habitation of man, shall quicken his thoughts and hasten to reburge his lost manhood—now held in durance vile by the High Priests, ministers, Doctor, P. popularity, Greenbacks.

Mr. Morrel and wife are wide awake, fearless, outspoken, loyal hearted Spiritualists, and stand high in the community as worthy citizens,—respected and esteemed by all who know them. There are several other staunch Spiritualists in Dixon and vicinity—among them John Lord, who is a veteran in the cause. The JOURNAL has several warm friends and earnest readers here.

The Machusa House, Dixon, is one of the

finest and best kept hotels in the West, and we owe many thanks to both its proprietor, and Mr. Sampson, the clerk, who are wide awake, whole-souled, and progressive men—just as all hotel keepers should be.

Della has not forgotten the JOURNAL. Soon she will again pay her respects.

During the heated term I shall only visit Chicago once in two weeks. I shall remain here in Elgin for a few weeks, then to Waukegan, and up into Wisconsin.

Elgin, Ill., June 20, 1871.

Great Excitement in Frankfort, Illinois.

BROTHER JONES.—Enclosed please find a communication taken from the Du Quoin Republican, of June 24th. I learn from other sources that the excitement is still increasing; that hundreds are visiting that locality daily, for the purpose of witnessing the performance of these girls. If anything new transpires in regard to them, I will endeavor to apprise you of it.

Yours truly,
DANIEL WHITE.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—Two young ladies, daughters of James Williams, living about eight miles from here, have been attacked in a singular manner by what is said to be witchcraft.

Witchcraft or whatever craft it may be, puzzles the best physicians.

The young ladies were first affected about the 1st of April. I think that it was known among the neighbors that there was something wrong with them, but any strangeness in their actions was generally imputed to insanity. Matters remained thus until last Wednesday, when their father called upon a physician of this place, and got him to visit them.

Since that time their actions have become generally known, and both men and women have gone to see them. Some fifty or a hundred persons are there every night, and they say it is quite entertaining to witness their performances.

They are perfectly sane during the day, but at the approach of night they become frenzied and uncontrollable, performing feats that the best acrobats could hardly perform. Sealing the house, they dance upon the comb of the building, apparently with perfect ease and impunity, uttering, at the same time, the most hideous and frenzied screams.

Very frequently they take something like fits, or spasms, and fall perfectly stiff; but, if they chance to be on the house-top, they never fall off, however near the eave they may be.

They are aged, respectively, sixteen and eighteen years, and are both rather small, both being below the medium height. During the day, at which time they are perfectly sane, they seem to be rather modest and reserved, but will converse freely with any one. They are very fond of music and play upon the dulcimer.

The spell comes upon both at or near the same time, generally between sundown and dark, and first manifests itself by both of them breaking into a run. They always run North, in the direction of the house of an old lady, who, they say, has been practicing witchcraft upon them. They say she has recently put harder spells upon them, on account of their telling something that she forbade, and that she and a cat are with them in their household dance.

They have a language which they use in conversing with each other, and which they seem to understand; but it's "Comanche" to everybody else.

There are some strange things connected with them. They catch and eat all the flies they can get hold of until nausea is produced, when they both vomit at the same time. What one does, the other is also doing. Their gestures are alike and simultaneous. They seem to both be moved by one controlling power.

The foregoing is a statement of the facts as correct as I can learn them.

You can imagine the excitement when I tell you that since I began to write, nearly fifty people have passed through our little village on their way to see the girls.

Frankfort, Ill., June 19, 1871.

Still Another Gone.

Our old and esteemed friend, N. E. Daggett, of Elgin, Ill., as we see by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has lost his foothold on earth and gone up with the spirits. Many years ago we met this bold and faithful witness, who was brought out of the coldest and most negative condition of skepticism, by the invincible proofs he obtained in his own family while trying to detect the tricks and prove there were no spirits. Like our own case, Bro. Daggett had no evidence of life after death, until it came through mediumship, and when he got that evidence, he used it to the best advantage he could, as we did, fearless of the rabble or the persecutions of the churches, which we had both faced in the days of our infidelity to their authority. We had no thought of his going before us to the Summer Land, but since he has, we hope to get some word from him on subjects about which we have so often conversed. As we so often chronicle the departure of our laborers, we wait our own transition, and never mourn as our Christian brethren do, nor fear as they do the trial.—Hon. Warren Chase, in Banner of Light.

M. Lou Hopper has entered the lecture field. Her address is Stillwater, Minn.

MORE LIGHT.

By A. D. Snavely.

Wishing to avoid unnecessary circumlocution, I will refer briefly, to the interesting, and very important facts contained in the following appendix. The subject matter contained therein, will thoroughly explain itself. I am, as per my previous communication, indebted to the columns of that able journal, the Cincinnati Commercial, for these clippings, which I "sized up" from its London correspondence, and which is signed with the initials, "M. D. C.," popularly ascribed to the pen of the noted, able and progressive writer, Moncure D. Conway, now residing in the above mentioned city. The following quota, which are imputed to the pen of Mr. Conway, and which any writer might well strive to emulate, are fair samples of the style with which he illustrates the religio-philosophical liberalism and literature of the age.

Just at this time, I seem to feel a strong impression on my mind, inciting me to make the following statements. I am experiencing a unique intuition that persuades me to believe that what I shall now declare, will meet with a quantum of good results, in at least inducing some of my friends who may read what I here write, and who have not yet done so, to break loose from the galling chains of old theological sophistries, bigotries, prejudices and its long re- sult of damnable corruptions, and without de- lay seek the many opportunities which are en- folding them on every side, to investigate and learn of the great truths of Spiritualism.

I would say to the novice:—As I myself have most happily done, to first read the illustrious Thomas Paine's indelible truths as portrayed in his "Age of Reason, Common Sense, Rights of Man, etc., etc." Then, to carefully study, and thoroughly digest Spiritual Philosophy; read Andrew Jackson Davis, Judge Edmonds, and a host of other great men's works; and in the mean time, visit any good text, or trumpet me- dium; continue to do so; and, as the theolog- ical mountains are removed from your heretofore weary shoulders, will their places be occupied by myriads of shining suns! I say! the innum- erable hands of truth! unfettered by the poll- ing hands of priestcraft or dogmatic creeds, and, thus will the chains of your earthly thralldom be cast off, and you will find yourself a man!

I would also recommend in addition to the above Spiritual panacea, to by all means, for- ward 50 cts. to S. S. Jones, 187 and 189, South Clark street Chicago, Ill., Editor and Publisher of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and thereby receive a copy of that most excellent periodical, for three months, as a trial number. Those whose minds are imbued with a real de- sire to investigate the immortal truths of Spirit- ualism, will never regret so doing.

Appendix as stated:— "The crazy condition of the relation between this country and Aus- tralia has just been brought forcibly before me by a personal experience. Not long ago we were started in this country by the tidings that at Paramatta, in the Australian colony of Syd- ney, a man named Lorando Jones had been sen- tenced to a fine of one hundred pounds and two years in the common jail for blasphemy. The details of the case have probably been published in America by this time but I may say that the evidence brought before the Court showed Jones to have committed no crime which is not com- mitted by the us and people, or more, in Eng- land every week. As a well-known free-thinker he was challenged to an open air controversy by a pious & reet-pracher on the merits and demerits of the Bible. Jones accepted, and, bring- ing his Bible, recited therefrom, particularly from the Old Testament, scenes and incidents of cruelty and obscenity which he declared unsuit- ed for the perusal of women and children. His opponent and challenger, unable to argue these things out of the Bible, and finding the crowd inclining to agreement with the heretic, fell back upon the ancient line of reasoning in such cases. He informed the public prosecutor that his antagonist had violated the old statute against blasphemy, and had him arrested and tried. In vain did the defense of Jones plead that Bishop Colenso, Dean Stanley, to say nothing of Mill, Huxley and many other eminent men had been equally guilty with his client, and that the blasphemy statute, though repealed, was re- garded as a dead letter by English Courts. The Judge declared that Christianity was the law of the land, and that Christianity rested upon the Old Testament, which Christ had recognized as authority; and he gave such a summing up that the jury found the prisoner guilty without leav- ing the box. The Judge declaring that kind of infidelity had gone on long enough and must be put a stop to, gave the heaviest sentence, and Jones' hair was cropped, a convict's dress put on him, and he was sent to prison. When the news reached England, there was general indignation. Some heretics here immediately proceed to commit the offense of Jones, with interest, in order to show that they could do so with im- punty. A meeting was held at a heretical chapel, South Place, Finsbury, to which it was de- cided to appeal to the British Government in some way, and to the British Government in some way, and to have the Paramatta decision reversed and Jones set free. Your correspond- ent was asked to consult various Liberal mem- bers of Parliament as to the best method of pro- ceeding. And now comes in the point of my story. Three or four eminent members of Par- liament spoken to, did not know what the exact influence of England over Australia was, but they all inclined to think that it was not such as to enable this country to interfere with a judi- cial decision. The Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Knatchbull Huggessen, being addressed on the subject, declared that he had never heard of any blasphemy case, nor heard the name of Lor- ando Jones! The matter had been for a month in the London press, and commented on in lead- ing articles by the dailies, but this gentleman, whose office it is to look after the colonies, had never heard of the case! Of course we ap- plied the Colonial Secretary with a copy of the trial, and it may be we should have heard from him in the course of time, had not the next mail from Australia arrived with the news that the Parliament of Sydney had itself, after a very creditable debate, set the heretic free. In the years immediately preceding the American Revolution there was, if we are to believe Wal- pole, a Colonial Secretary who used to address dispatches to the "Isle of New England," which he regarded as being somewhere in the Medi- terranean Sea; but one could not have believed the traditions that a Secretary for Colonies must avoid knowing too much about them, were so lasting in the Foreign Office.

In conclusion, I may add that Mr. Lorando Jones, as we have ascertained, is a Welsh sculp- tor, whose works have appeared at the Royal Academy exhibitions in London, and that he is not only a Theist, but a man of remarkably fine character. The sensation produced here by his imprisonment was not all one way, for a Scotch barrister insisted that Mr. Voney should be prosecuted under the old blasphemy statute; but he was very much ridiculed. The heretics here would like nothing better than a few trials of that kind, but they can't get them. The proper punishment for Judge Simpson (who sent Jones to prison) would have been, had he been in London, to compel him to attend a festival which occurred on Tuesday last, in honor of Robert Owen, on the occasion of his centenary. Owen was born on the 14th of May,

1771; but, as that fell on Sunday, it was thought necessary to have the banquet later. This de- fiance to Sabbatarianism excited some comment, considering the eminent infidelity of Owen. It is significant of the strong arm with which the Church surrounds even those who defy it, that, after battling the popular religion for over three-score years, Robert Owen was hurried with the church service, and his hundredth birthday celebrated away from its date in deference to the Sabbath. But his friends made up for it by a strong talk, and Judge Simpson would have been in an inferno had he been compelled to listen without being able to send the whole five or six hundred to prison. The festival was at the Freemasons' Tavern, and the most prominent figures in it were old friends of Owen, whose reminiscences of him, and of the early struggles of their "cause," sounded like antiquarian re- cords. There were three or four persons who had seen the inside of prisons, among them old Mr. Watson, a bookseller, and his partner, Mr. Etheridge, for printing and selling "Paine's Age of Reason," and G. J. Holyoake, for (I be- lieve) refusing to be sworn on the Bible, or some such fiasco. These men have lived to see a new England. Letters read from Will Huxley, Rawcutt and others, spoke with earnestness of the work which Robert Owen did in this coun- try; and indeed, I think that man's singular life has been quite inadequately appreciated in America. Toward the close of his life, (at the age of eighty-eight), it was common to regard Robert Owen as the hero of splendid failures. But the world is beginning to suspect that, as there are apparent successes which are failures, so are there seeming failures which are successes. Having by business energy and sagacity as a manufacturer gained a large fortune, Robert Owen devoted it all to his schemes for human welfare. Dr. Knox once said: "The Celt revo- lutionizes the Saxon reforms;" and the sen- tence is pointed by the fact that while the French Celts are shattering themselves by a revolution, the centenary of the greatest modern Saxon re- former finds the people of this country plodding slowly, but steadily, along the path of progress. There is no spot that I have visited with more interest than New Lanark, which was the scene of Owen's first attempt at commercial reform. The factory is now turned to conventional uses, but the place is still marked by a certain super- iority of its work-people, in sobriety and intelli- gence. The dram-shops, which Owen drove away, have returned, but not in such numbers. Owen showed more shrewdness than ordinary teetotalers in dealing with the dram shops. He put up a brewery and a distillery of his own, and took care that the beer and spirits made in them should be absolutely unadulterated. He then retailed these to the people at a lower price than the ordinary public houses. As the latter largely depended for their gains upon ad- ulteration, and as Robert Owen was able to un- dersell them, by reason of his not wishing to make gain out of the business, New Lanark was soon left without any provision for drink, ex- cept that of Owen. When he saw that the public houses had departed, Owen speedily closed his also, having, meanwhile, provided so many amusements for his workmen and workwomen that they were willing to give up drink. He opened an avenue of trees, "so that the young people might walk there and make love." The official returns showed a startling improvement in the moral statistics of New Lanark, as con- trasted with the rest of Scotland. But the thing that chiefly roused the attention of this country, and even of the continent of Europe, was R. Owen's schools. Owen laid out £10,000 to found schools, and spent £12,000 per annum for teaching, and so remarkable was his success that London appointed a committee, with the Arch- bishop of Canterbury at its head, to visit them and see if his system could be generalized. Lords Brougham, Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Malthus, Sir James Mackintosh, James Mill, Bentham, (in early life Owen's partner), and a dozen famous peers, visited New Lanark, and Ricardo came from the continent and made a pilgrimage there. Prince Esterhazy also made a pilgrimage there, and even the Emperor and Empress of Russia passed a fortnight at New Lanark. The Emperor offered to transport the whole establishment at any cost to Russia. Owen was the most irrepresible man in those days. In three days he sent out forty thousand of his pamphlets, and one day the London mails were delayed twenty minutes by being checked with his documents. He gathered the people in London almost nightly at tea-meetings, halls, etc., and held them spell-bound by his dreams of a renovated world. At last he built an im- mense forum—such as Mr. Corry used to plan for Cincinnati—where many thousands were wont to assemble. During all this time he was sure to turn up in any part of Europe where anything occurred which offered an opportunity for disseminating his views. At a moment we find him entertained at a banquet given in his honor at the Hotel de Ville, and exhorting Louis Philippe to become a savior; and again he is heard of hobnobbing with the Emperor of Austria during his Majesty's morning stroll in his park. His career in America is well-known. Those who know the man only by his printed works can form no conception whatever of the immense force that was in him. No sooner did Owen put pen to paper than he became dull. In conversation and oratory he was humorous, dextrous, and at times thrillingly eloquent. During the last few years of his life he passed into second childhood. He became also inter- ested in Spiritualism. I heard a friend of his give a touching relation of his last public ap- pearance. It was resolved to establish a Social Science Association, and a meeting was appointed October, 1858, at Liverpool. Robert Owen was there, and he, in the evening, but felt that the Social Science Association was the fulfillment of his dream of many years, and insisted on at- tending. He went from London. On the morning of the meeting it took two hours to dress him, so feeble he was. He was carried to the hall in a sedan chair. Four men bore him to the platform. Lord Brougham received him, offered his arm and led him in front of the au- dience. Then Mr. Owen, with a rekindling of his old fire, proclaimed again that evangel of a scientific society, of hope and universal good will, which for near four score years (for he be- gan in his teens) he had delivered to the world. Lord Brougham saw his strength failing, and clapping his hands, cried out: "Capital! very good; can't be better, Mr. Owen! There, that will do," then gently led him away. From Liver- pool the old man, at his own demand, was taken to Wales, going by easy stages to every spot associated with his early life, until he ar- rived at Newtown, where, two doors from the house where he was born, he died about a month after his appearance in Liverpool. He was a man of one idea, no doubt; but some who have said that of him remind us that one idea is bet- ter than none. Unquestionably very much of the philanthropic activity of modern England and America is due to the zeal and influence of Robert Owen.

By far the most eloquent address delivered at the Freemasons' Tavern was by Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, of New York. Mrs. Rose is something of a lioness here just now. On Sunday South Place Chapel was crowded with a thousand peo- ple to hear her address upon Robert Owen, and so completely did she charm the audience that three times applause began, and had to be checked. At the banquet, where such restraints did not exist, the enthusiasm at her burning words, her fine sarcasm, her clear statement, was so great that the people pressed nearer and nearer, and fairly stood up. She is a woman

near sixty, with a beautiful face, and in voice, manner, and thought one of the very few real orators I have ever heard.

The funeral of the late Sir John Herschel, which took place yesterday, was one of the most impressive I have ever witnessed. It is not possible of course, to hear the antiquated service read without a shudder, unless one is fully con- vinced that the lifeless one has been "consumed by God's wrath," and unless one's idea of con- sistency with that belief, and one's feeling en- able him to thank Heaven that his dead friend had been removed from this wicked world. Nev- ertheless, in Westminster Abbey, . . . are very artistic in getting over the readings with as much rapidity and indistinctness as possible, and by singing as much of the service as possi- ble. Nobody criticizes the words when there is music, and the music yesterday was exquisite. To a beautiful chant the procession moved through the length of the Abbey, in the western space of which an immense crowd had gathered, and into the choir where a more distinguished service was waiting. The procession was made up of the chief scientists. . . . readings were over, the procession moved back again to the grave, which was immediately next that of Newton. Here the remaining services were concluded with much feeling by Dean Stanley. There was much emotion among the veterans of science as they stood around the coffin of one who had so long been a patriarch around them. Professor Owen, with his quaint black velvet skull-cap, the aged Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Henry Holland, and Dr. Carpenter, looked sadly on as those who felt that the generations of scientific men to which they belonged were nearing its end. And among the younger men Professor Huxley, Dr. Tyndall, and Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Lockyer and others were there to remind us that though the Faradays and Herschels pass away, the destinies of sci- ence are in safe hands. Some of these men by their unconcealed emotion may have suggested new opinions to those who regard science as tending to make men cold-hearted. . . . At the foot of the grave were some ladies of Sir John Her- schel's family, whose grief excited a deep sym- pathy. When the Dean had ended there was a pause, and then a gentle strain on the organ. The little boys clothed in white began then to sing Handel's finest anthem, "His body is bur- ied in peace; his name liveth forevermore." And as their voices sounded through the great arches of the Abbey, the light streamed from the richly stained windows, shedding a glory upon them, and tinting the whole scene with glowing hues. In that radiance the mournful company walked around the grave, looking upon the coffin which bore a golden cross, and upon it the words: "Sir John Herschel, Bart. Born 7th March, 1792; deceased 11th May, 1871." Some stretched white flowers into the grave, and there they shone like miniatures of the stars with which the great man's name is associated.

*Mr. Conway gives the name as Lorando, instead of William L. Jones. "But a rose by any other name will smell as sweet."

CALIFORNIA.

Dedication of Hall, at San Bernardino.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Thinking your readers would be interested in the progress of the cause of the angels in Southern California, I propose to give you a concise statement of the erection and dedication of a new spiritual hall in our neighboring city of San Bernardino.

Spiritualism has many noble, outspoken friends in San Bernardino. For years they have labored under the disadvantages peculiar to new and progressive movements; no house or hall wherein to meet or to accommodate the friends of the cause passing that way. Years ago they organized a society, and with com- mendable firmness and courage have met to- gether as best they could at private houses.

About a year ago, by a concerted and united effort, they bought a lot and commenced pre- paring to build a liberal hall.

A plan for the building was projected, very plain, and of rather diminutive dimensions,—cal- culated to serve the present wants of the soci- ety.

About this time, as the work was to be com- menced, Dr. D. N. Smith, of Arrowhead springs, near San Bernardino, was controlled by unseen intelligences to draft a plan for a hall; the plan to correspond as far as possi- ble to the wants of the disembodied friends, as well as the embodied sons and daughters of earth. Accordingly, the following plan was given, and accepted by the society. Extra exertions were made, and the hall erected. The "Spirit Room" is finished, and the main hall is in a condition admitting of use, and will be finished as means can be obtained. We copy the following

PLAN OF THE BUILDING

from the San Bernardino Guardian:

"We noticed in our last issue the dedication of Liberal Hall, erected by the Spiritualists of San Bernardino. . . . Intending to notice all public improvements in our town, we recently visited the Hall, to learn what we could that might be interesting to such of our patrons as have not seen it, and were agreeably surprised to see such a model design of unique and artistic beauty as that portion of the Hall which they style the Spirit Room presents, which portion is now in a state of completion, and as the me- dium avers, was designed by spirit dictation; but that being a matter we know nothing about, we can only view it from our own stand point: suffice it to say, the Hall is a convenience and honor to our town, especially so if the Spirit- ists carry out their liberal intention of letting it free for all purposes connected with intellectual, social, and moral progress, holding the party or parties using it responsible for damage only. They informed us that the Young Men's Liter- ary Institute are welcome to its use on the above condition.

"The Liberal Hall is an edifice in which all should feel an interest. It is such an improve- ment that we can not do less than devote a lit- tle space to its description; but as we are not indoctrinated into the mysteries of Spiritualism, our patrons will pardon us if we give the de- scription in the language of the medium through whom the design is said to have been given:

"The main hall is 26 by 53 feet, lighted by four windows on each side. Extending back of the main hall, is an addition of 19 feet less in height, which forms a circular room 18 feet in diameter, with ante-rooms on each side. The ceiling of this room is concave, with a circular skylight in the center, 3 feet in diameter; under this skylight is a metallic star, with a hook to suspend a chandelier. This ceiling is so put on as to leave a background space of ten inches width at the base, and decreasing to two inches at skylight, which is painted sky blue. Another space of same width projecting half an inch, painted a lighter shade, and set with six golden stars' alternates with it, forming six cir- cles of stars, representing the heavens by night, and emblematical of the six spiritual spheres surrounding our earth. The upright wall is light sky-blue, symbolic of the horizon. The moulding around the top, crimson; correspond- ing to blood,—emblematical of man's physical existence, which separates the earth-life from the future. The floor is elevated two feet above that of the main hall, and is reached by semi- circular steps. These steps are painted in imi-

tation of granite and marble, corresponding to the mineral kingdom. The floor is painted green, to represent the vegetable kingdom— emblematical of the progress of matter. Central in the back portion of upright wall is a niche for the organ, closed with a door the shape of the wall, which is suspended on pul- leys, allowing it to slide down through the floor. Over this niche is a painted arch, on which is inscribed in golden letters, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man." Half-way from this niche on either side, is a door, entering an ante- room, shape of wall, so that when all doors are closed, this room forms a perfect recess, with suburban walls. That portion of the room fac- ing the main hall is open full width, spanned by an arch on which is inscribed in letters of gold, "Dedicated to Progress, Liberty, Love, and Fraternity." A curious table belongs to the room, which opens through the middle, forming a speaker's stand, and when closed, a center- table.

The balance of the house is put up with rough lumber, and is to be finished as means can be obtained, in a style to correspond with the shape of the wall, which is suspended on pul- leys, allowing it to slide down through the floor. Over this niche is a painted arch, on which is inscribed in golden letters, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man." Half-way from this niche on either side, is a door, entering an ante- room, shape of wall, so that when all doors are closed, this room forms a perfect recess, with suburban walls. That portion of the room fac- ing the main hall is open full width, spanned by an arch on which is inscribed in letters of gold, "Dedicated to Progress, Liberty, Love, and Fraternity." A curious table belongs to the room, which opens through the middle, forming a speaker's stand, and when closed, a center- table.

A two day's meeting marked the Dedication of the Hall. The ceremonies commenced by the President, Bro. William Heaps, reading the Report of the Building Committee, setting forth how the building was gotten up, etc.

The President then read the following

DEDICATION CEREMONY.

In the presence of the visible and the invis- ible assembly, we, the Spiritualists of San Ber- nardino, consecrate this house to Progress, Lib- erty, Love, and Fraternity.

TO PROGRESS,

that it shall ever open its portals to the march of science and intelligence in all directions, morally, socially, and intellectually.

TO LIBERTY,

that all the advocates of freedom, either for an individual, a class, a sect, or nation, may have free access to its rostrum; That Liberty may be our crowning maxim, freely granting to others all the rights we demand for ourselves.

TO LOVE,

that its benign influence may harmonize all an- tagonisms, prompting us to carry out the di- vine principles of love to the erring, whose shortcomings are to be pitied, and through sym- pathy to teach them to overcome their defects; that its fraternal power may cement all into a harmonious kindred of brothers.

TO FRATERNITY,

that we may recognize all mankind as relatives, having the same common origin as ourselves, and endowed by the Creator with the same in- alienable "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" feeling that low, misguided minds have souls bound in fraternal ties to ours, making it our imperative duty to guide them to light, truth, and happiness.

Now we resign this our offering into the pro- tecting care of guardian spirits, an indulgent public, hoping all will take an interest in pro- tecting it from harm; that we may always have a Liberal Hall; that even little boys and girls may take an interest in the truths that may be unfolded from time to time, which shall tend to unfold their natures into true womanhood and manhood.

To the divine principles engraven in gold on the bow of promise spanning the entrance to this room (Progress, Liberty, Love, and Frater- nity), this Hall is now dedicated, and we now await the response.

RESPONSE ON BEHALF OF OUR GUARDIAN

[The response was to be delivered by Sister Anna Denton Oridge, but bodily infirmity, which was much regretted by all, prevented, hence, she wrote the response, and it was read by Bro. D. N. Smith.]

"A free hall—not a church or chapel; not a temple or tabernacle; not a house of God, but a house builded and dedicated to humanity. Very simple that; very easily understood; noth- ing mysterious about it; dedicated to principle and every good purpose, to lectures or lessons on any subject that is interesting and beneficial to the community. We think of this with great zest and satisfaction, and just here the question arises, 'What is this Spiritualism that expresses itself thus simply?' We answer, It is the religion of humanity; it moves, it speaks; there is fire in its eye. Its blood cir- culates, and walks among you to-day a living presence. Suppose the Rochester rappings had oc- curred eighteen hundred years ago, made a few demonstrations and then ceased with the Fox family, and there had been nothing more, even as Christianity was introduced by Jesus per- forming a few miracles, and then all manifesta- tions dying with him and his disciples, you would say, and truly, that's a dead religion. Spiritualism points to no dead past, to no au- thority, to no individual, to no lawgiver,—a mouthpiece for Jehovah, to no Bible or printed books, to no priest or prelate, but to facts—spiritual facts—living facts, occurring here now and to-day, all of which every one can become cognizant of. These facts prove to us that there is no death; that our friends who have passed away yet live, and love, and enjoy. No blind faith is needed, no sayings of any in- dividual living eighteen years or eighteen hun- dred years ago, but only the evidence of your own senses,—your own judgment. Here is a living religion, that walks into your houses, sits down at your firesides, takes the vacant chair beside you, and whispers, 'There is no death.' This fact is the corner-stone,—the foundation of this living religion. There is no death. Every soul can become satisfied of the truth of this, in, by, and through themselves. No need to swallow the Bible, the Mormon books, Wesley's sermons, Adam Clarke's commentaries, or any other Bibles or books, sermons or commentaries, whether Mohammedan, Hindoo, Jew, or Gentile, but in your own families, or alone, you can know that the dead live, or rather, that to the spirit, there is no death; that the father or mother whom we have loved, are still near; that the little child whose supposed death wrung our hearts to agony, still liveth, and is often near us; that the little feet pater on the floor, as of yore; that the kiss of love is given, and the fond embrace, just as when with it in the body. 'O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory!'

"Friends, let us look at this religion of Spirit- ualism a little further; look at it as we would at any subject requiring a little common sense. Suppose by investigation you establish the fact that there really is no death—what then? what naturally follows? Why, we want to know the nature and character of the Spirit World. What is life beyond the grave? now, how shall you know how to get the information you desire? We answer, By talking with the travelers who have explored that country. In- quire of your friends now reading and travel- ing there, friends whose word you can believe—do this, and you will all concur in one sim-

ple, beautiful fact, that life hereafter, is one of endless progression. Now, is not this a sim- ple, easily understood, common sense religion? No death, and eternal progression,—growing better and better forever. This is the new re- ligion in a nutshell, and we rejoice to see our house dedicated to its service.

ANNA DENTON CRIDGE.

Response in behalf of the citizens, by Q. S. Sparks, Esq., who delivered a very able and elo- quent address, dwelling principally upon the principles of civil progress and liberty. Adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Lecture by Bro. J. D. Potter, on the sub- jects to which the hall was dedicated, which was listened to with interest.

EVENING SESSION.

Lyceum conference. Subject: What God has Spiritualism Done? Opening discourse by Bro. Thomas A. Garey, followed by Bro. W. W. Mapp and others.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION, MAY 7TH.

Lecture at 10 o'clock, A. M., by Mrs. Gore. Subject: Harmonical Philosophy.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.

Lecture at 2 o'clock, P. M., by Bro. Thomas A. Garey. Subject: Modern Spiritualism, its Birth, Rise, and Progress, which was well re- ceived by a large, attentive, intelligent, and appreciative audience.

SUNDAY EVENING SESSION.

The ceremonies concluded with a Public Cir- cle, witnessed by an audience which tried the cubic capacity of the house.

A great interest is now awakened in this com- munity, and a great and unpreceadent inquiry is manifest. Our great want now is test medi- ums, of the first quality. We need the phe- nomena here now, as much as it was needed twenty or more years ago at Rochester, New York. We feel that good test mediums would be well repaid for a visit to Los Angeles and San Bernardino.

The friends of progress here are as a rule poor as regards this world's goods, but have large and liberal hearts, which coupled with the great inquiring interest of the public, would well repay the good brother or sister who would be pleased to make us a visit.

Yours for the truth,

THOMAS A. GAREY.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 1, 1871.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. WILCOXSON.

To the many who have written me for infor- mation, and the numerous readers of the JOUR- NAL, I would impart the following testimony:

Having long desired an opportunity to test the reality of spirit photography, I yesterday obtained a sitting with Mr. A. D. Willis, whose card has already appeared in the JOURNAL. At the first trial nothing unusual appeared. At the second, the same result. At the third, I received a fine, unmistakable likeness of my son-in-law, Dr. A. C. Stiles, now nearly three years a resident of the Summer Land.

It is just and proper for me to state that Mr. Willis could know nothing of my domestic re- lations, did not know I had married daughters, did not, most certainly, possess a likeness of Dr. A. C. Stiles, but was totally ignorant of the whole thing, according to my best knowledge. And I herewith give my solemn oath to the genuineness of the picture.

It is nothing more nor less than a true picture of a disembodied spirit.

Let the world scoff, let bigots rave, let crit- ical, suspicious, never-to-be-satisfied Spiritu- alists insinuate their "may-be"—to me this is oc- currence evidence which cannot be refuted.

Now, let me ask, why do not investigators give this splendid artist his own quiet, necessary conditions, instead of rushing upon him with their ten thousand impertinent remarks, destroy- ing all the harmony of those fine, subtle cur- rents upon which the great success depends? Mr. Willis has left his gallery simply because he could not control it, but was constantly an- noyed by excitable, controversial, aggressive, and selfish persons, which prevented that per- fect system of good order and quiet invariably requisite for any picture. How strange that thoughtless, eager, and exciting minds will thus ruin our finest discoveries.

Give Mr. Willis what in justice and reason he requires, and in a short time he will astonish the world, and prove to millions now bereaved, the blessed truth of spirit presence, and their undying love and guardianship.

During the trial in which I received the spir- it picture, I distinctly saw in vision some of my controlling band, my dear daughter, the Doc- tor's wife, and other friends grouped just back of me, but only the Doctor appeared on the plate.

It is but just and proper for me here to say that Dr. A. C. Stiles was a highly educated and successful physician, one of the finest clairvoy- ant, prophetic, test and inspirational mediums of this or any other age. Of all this I lived to gain the most conclusive proof. For years he was subject to a most agonizing heart complaint, by which he often sank away, and appeared as if the spirit had truly departed. No pulse, no respiration, no beating of the heart, but all still and cold, as the lifeless form. Many a time have I and others, with the noble Indian spirits who had joined our band, in calling back the suffering spirit, only to hear him plead we would let him join his dear ones in that world of harmony and peace. His fine susceptibil- ities made him a special instrument of the spirit world, and many times would those teachers of truth and justice rebuke the stiff-necked and unprincipled persons who came in his way. Thus he became a minister of judgment, a sort of recording angel, whom these hollow-hearted mortals could not love, consequently they both hated and feared him.

Like many a noble-hearted medium in our land, I firmly believe he passed away a martyr to those poisonous waves of psychological hate and treachery which are even now rolling in upon the lives of all noble, true and devoted men and women of our angelic dispensation. But a number of times in returning from the deep death trance in which he had lain, he told us of the meetings with his brother, his dear child and beloved friends, and testified to the reality of spirit-life. And now, said he, more especially on one occasion, addressing himself to me:

"I will surely return, and by some means, if possible, convince you beyond a doubt; I feel—I know I can!"

It is done! oh, glorious thought! Go be- fore us, there to perfect an immortal ministry—there to continue his work of love—there to reach down to us the life-restoring balm—still the true physician, the true teacher, the com- panion of translated sages and saviors—saved from the cruel envy, the deadly hate; victori- ous in death, triumphant over all doubt, suspi- cion and injustice; home at last with those who love him!

Remember it, oh, suffering fellow-mediums! we shall reach that higher mansion ere long. Chicago, Ill.

Original Poetry.

PAT'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. WILHE.

I dreamed I went to Heaven one night, And knoeked at the big white gate, And the good St. Peter he opened it, But he told me I'd hat to wait...

The Rodras, the Adectyas, the Vasos, and all those beings the world esteemeth good; Aswen and Komar, the Marots and the Oosumbas; the gandharvas and the Yakshas, with the holy tribes of Snors, all stand gazing on thee, and all alike amazed!

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

By D. G. Mosher.

Wm. W. Campbell, in the JOURNAL of June 31, asks:

1st: "What is the difference between mind and matter? If mind is not substance, what is it?"

Would it not be as philosophical to ask if nothing is not something, what is it? Under orthodoxy, in connection with the doctrine that God made all things out of nothing, it might be considered a fair question; but philosophically whatever is capable of producing motion or life, action either directly or indirectly, is substance, however refined or sublimated such animating or life-giving substance or element may be.

Second question. "What is heat, and is it not the cause of all life and motion?"

Answer. Heat is but one of the numberless forms of matter in existence, and subserves an important part in the animal and mental economy. As well might it be said that electricity or any of the distinct gaseous elements are "the cause of all life and motion."

Third question. "Is space a substance?"

The word space or void in "the celestial philosophy" of the "second spiritual dispensation" has no meaning. All space (?) is occupied by all forms of matter in existence.

Fourth question. "If man came from the lower animals, would that be any proof that he has a spirit or soul?"

Answer. No animated being can exist without an animating counterpart or soul.

Fifth question. "Is there any matter in the universe different from the matter of this earth?"

Answer. A grain of sand contains all forms and degrees of forms of matter in existence. This may appear absurd, but with a fair hearing I shall prove this to be a fact to those of good philosophic capacity, who seek the evidence.

In answering these questions, I have not thought of books or the teachings of men.

Mosherville, Mich., June 6th, 1871.

Take Notice. BROTHER JONES—Dear Sir:—I wish through the columns of your weekly circulated JOURNAL, to call the attention of those having in charge the interests of Children's Progressive Lyceums and Spiritual Association in the State of New York, to the published call for the Eighth National Convention, to be held at Troy, New York, on September 12th, and the three following days.

Grand Union Picnic.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Cleveland, Ohio, extends to all sister lyceums a friendly greeting, and requests their assistance in a great project. It is our purpose to gather together as many of the lyceums in Ohio as possible, and spend a day in social enjoyment that those who are engaged in this beautiful work may become better acquainted with each other, and so be able to work more in unison, and to devise means to further the great cause of enlightenment for the youth of our age, to emancipate them from the religious trammels of the past, that they may grow in physical strength and spiritual beauty, and become instrumental in the advancement of human progress.

For this great purpose we invite all the lyceums in the State of Ohio to join us in a Grand Union Picnic about the last of August or first of September, as is most convenient for them. Suitable accommodations will be in readiness for them and such delegations from other States as may wish to be present, and they will be assisted by their numbers and their talents, a demonstration will be made worthy the glorious cause represented. Several prominent speakers will be engaged.

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Very respectfully we solicit replies from the various lyceums, stating their wishes in regard to the programme for the day, and we hope, assuring us of their presence, for without their hearty co-operation our plan will prove a failure.

We have none too much time to make the necessary preparations, and so request immediate answers, and will gladly furnish all information required.

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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their responsibility to speak evil of other mediums, not infrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Directory so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their infidelity in such undertakings.

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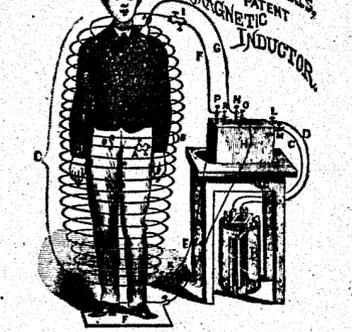
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Chicago: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, pp. 129.

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I see thee, difficult to be seen, shining on all sides with light immeasurable, like the ardent fire or glorious sun. Thou art the Supreme Being, incorruptible, worthy to be known! Thou art prime support of the universal orb! Thou art the never-failing and eternal guardian of religion! Thou art from all beginning, and I esteem thee the Porosesh. I see thee without beginning, without middle, and without end; of valor infinite; of arms innumerable; the sun and moon thy eyes; thy mouth a flaming fire, and the whole world shining with thy reflected glory! The space between the heavens and the earth is possessed by thee alone, and every point around: the three regions of the universe, O mighty spirit! behold the wonders of thy awful countenance with troubled minds. Of the celestial bands, some I see fly to thee for refuge; whilst some, afraid, with joined hands sing forth thy praise. The Maharajahs, holy bands, hail thee, and glorify thy name with adoring praises.

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CHICAGO, JULY 8, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD. NUMBER XLVI.

During this Search, in traversing the domains of nature, in examining those conditions of life with which a supernatural power is supposed to be connected, we have endeavored to render our position clear. True, we have offended some,—those whose ideas of God are founded on early education, or who have a nature so organized that they must pay homage to something, and who seriously believe that there exists a God, an Infinite Intelligence, that pervades every nook and corner of space. In treating this subject, we are compelled, of course, to deal in those facts and principles which we conceive to be true, and in so doing, we were under the necessity of attacking the pet theory of many. No doubt you think every branch of this subject has been discussed, and all the facts in existence brought to bear in elucidating it. Really, but one field—in the Arcana of Nature has been explored, but one drop of water in the ocean of philosophy examined with a critical eye—vast fields are yet before us, but we only propose to investigate certain parts of the grand theme that has remained untouched, and then leave the subject to the consideration of a thoughtful world.

In the examination of the intricate points connected with our Search, we have endeavored to be concise, but in order that our position might be understood, we were necessarily compelled to be prolix sometimes, for a fact not clearly expressed, had better remain unmentioned.

Now, how shall we next consider this question,—in a mathematical point of view,—and how can we demonstrate by the rules thereof, that no Infinite God exists? In geometrical demonstrations, the mind is brought down to facts; and no one would have the audacity to dispute the truthfulness of the 47th proposition in Davies' Legendre because they could not comprehend the nature of the proof adduced. Then, to mathematics we will direct our attention,—but can not exactly reason as the geometer would, or as the algebraic scholar would be compelled to do, in solving some intricate problem. All subjects may be regarded as problems. True, figures may not be employed, angles, tangents, co-tangents, may not be brought into requisition, still they are problems, and can be solved as truly as any in the higher mathematics. In the solution of this subject, we desire to reason from a mathematical standpoint, and come to a conclusion that none can dispute, and in what direction shall we proceed?

- 1. An Infinite God fills all space. 2. An Infinite God possesses omniscience. 3. An Infinite God possesses all power. 1. Finite man possesses limited power. 2. Finite man possesses limited wisdom. 3. Finite man fills limited space.

If God possesses all power, and finite man limited power; if the former fills all space, and the latter only limited space, in what relation do they stand? Can the former be the originator of the latter? If so, from what source did he derive strength for man? If he used himself, then he would cease to be infinite. If he imparts to man his strength, the power thus imparted is either a part of God, or he ceases at that very moment to be all-powerful! God is all powerful, or he is not. If he is constantly using himself in the fabrication or construction of human beings, then the objects of his creation are Gods on a small scale. If he uses himself, the inference will arise, that good would result therefrom, for the part of himself incorporated with matter, must be the only portion that can progress in knowledge, and how would that look, a part of God progressing—God lying in the cradle enveloped in matter, and playing with toys? Now, if God is manifested in man, in what relation to him does he stand? Why,

the God part is the motive power! It is the supervising intelligence! Now, let me ask the scientists of the country to explain to me how a being perfectly organized, as God is claimed to be, can use himself without destroying his perfection? Is it not impossible to give God additional strength? Why? Because it is claimed that he possesses all power already! But man progresses, and if the God-part progresses also, it could not have been perfect when first imparted to man. But God from the very nature of things can not be manifested in man. If he is, which part is God? You can not divide the conscious element of man. Can you divide the conscious element of God? If God exists, he is complete within himself. If he is manifested in man, he is not complete within himself. Again; what object could God have in manifesting himself in each one?—being perfect, why should he originate that which is imperfect? Waste and recuperation is not a characteristic of God. If he imparts anything to man, is not that waste so far as he is concerned? Is he the same after he imparts some of his strength to us? If he is constantly manifesting himself in each one, he is constantly changing! If he uses himself in the formation of any thing, there would be a uniformity of action; on the contrary, in all things there is diversity of action. We have taken up this question and critically examined it, for there are many who believe that God is manifested in all things; and we desired to convince them of the utter absurdity of such a position.

- THE ORTHODOX OPINION. 1. An Infinite God fills all space, 2. Possesses infinite wisdom, 3. Can conceive, 4. Can execute his purposes, 5. Is all-powerful.

A PHILOSOPHER'S DOUBT. Don't know positively that he can do anything, or that he exists, and the first five propositions are not sustained by the five senses.

- A TRUE STATEMENT. 1. Man occupies only limited space, 2. Possesses only finite wisdom, 3. Can conceive, 4. Can execute certain purposes, 5. Possesses limited power.

NO DOUBT. Know positively that he can do some things, and that he exists, and the first five propositions are sustained by the five senses.

1st PROPOSITION. God, whose existence can not be established by the five senses, and whose operations only rest on supposition, is supposed to have eternally existed.

1st CONCLUSION. Man's existence is fully established by the five senses. His operations do not rest on supposition. Can we not then more reasonably ascribe to him an eternity of existence than the former?

2nd PROPOSITION. But God is manifested in man, and in the operations of matter—an assumption that can not be proved.

2nd CONCLUSION. God, as you claim, is an Infinite Spirit, and always existed, and is manifested in man. Would it not be more reasonable to suppose that the spirit-germ of each individualized intelligence always existed, and that this spirit-germ is manifested in matter,—man.

3rd PROPOSITION. But God is the moving impulse of matter,—the Soul of the Universe. This is, however, all speculation.

3rd CONCLUSION. Man is known to control certain portions of matter. He can release its activities, use them to move the ponderous wheel, to send messages to his friends. He possesses a living soul. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that all things are under the control of real, tangible, living entities whom we know exist, than a God that the five senses have failed to recognize.

4th PROPOSITION. God is supposed to possess all power, and control the action of matter in the formation of worlds.

4th CONCLUSION. Man is known to possess limited power, and to control certain activities of matter, and it would be more reasonable to ascribe to him the creation of worlds than the former.

5th PROPOSITION. It is said that God answers prayer. This statement has no foundation.

5th CONCLUSION. Spirits residing in the higher spheres have been known to answer prayers, and to respond to the wants of the mortals of earth. Why not then ascribe to them what you do to God?

6th PROPOSITION. All that exists in regard to God is founded on speculation,—not only in regard to his existence but his operations.

6th CONCLUSION. Many things that exist in reference to man are founded on actual knowledge. Is it not better to have actual knowledge to reason from, than speculation?

7th PROPOSITION. It is supposed that God eternally existed.

7th CONCLUSION. Man's existence is a tangible reality, and would it not be more consistent with reason and philosophy to ascribe to him an eternity of duration in the past, than that being whose existence rests only on supposition?

8th PROPOSITION. God is said to be a spirit, present in every

part of the universe—infinite. This is merely an opinion, without any foundation to rest upon.

8th CONCLUSION. Spirits do exist, present in certain localities of the universe, and why not ascribe a controlling influence to them instead of a God whose existence is merely an opinion?

9th PROPOSITION. It is said that God made this earth,—that through his instrumentality worlds and systems of worlds are created. All guess-work.

9th CONCLUSION. You could convince an ignorant negro that God made Crosby's Opera House, Chicago; but when his ignorance vanished, he would find man its builder. God vanishes in connection with any work the moment you understand it. As the negro found man the architect of Crosby's Opera House, so you will find individualized intelligences the architects of this earth, when you have progressed sufficiently.

10th PROPOSITION. The idea is universal that there exists a God as the architect of the universe, and that he is eternal, having always existed in the past. This, however, has no tangible evidence.

10th CONCLUSION. The idea is universal that man lives hereafter. This is an actual fact. Would it not be more reasonable to ascribe all things to that which we know can act, than that which only exists in the imagination?

11th PROPOSITION. God eternally existed,—that is, has always existed in the past,—exists in the present, and will always exist in the future. This is all conjecture.

11th CONCLUSION. Man exists in the present, will always exist in the future. This is an acknowledged fact. Would it not be more reasonable to conclude that he has had an eternity of existence in the past than the God of whom we know nothing?

We leave the above eleven propositions and conclusions to the consideration of the thoughtful mind, and below give the views of Rev. Dr. Hedge, author of "Reason and Religion," on Pantheism. Some ideas therein contained the student should be familiar with.

Pantheism is a name of bad repute in theology, where it passes for something akin to Atheism, and a good deal more dangerous. The doctrine is of ancient origin, and many noble souls have held it boldly.

In 1720 the English Deist, Toland, in a defence of Pantheism, expressed his faith in a "God, the creative and ruling power of the universe, distinguished by reason alone from the universe itself."

If this statement of Pantheism be accepted, we have in it a theory discriminated from Theism proper by the imminence in nature of the Supreme Power but not less widely separated from Atheism by the acknowledgement of a power to which the title of God is applied. Toland, so far as we know, was the first to assume the name of Pantheist, but he was by no means the first who held the Pantheistic faith. Nor does his definition embrace all the varieties of views which might, with equal propriety, be designated as Pantheism.

The Pantheist Schelling declared that the Pantheist, so far from maintaining, as has been asserted, that the sum of sensible objects is God, contended that the very reason of their being objects of sense is their privation of Deity.

Giordano Bruno, unquestionably a Pantheist, distinctly acknowledges God as the author of Nature, which, he maintains, must have had a beginning and a cause. He calls Nature the mirror in which God is imaged.

Scotus Erigena, that wonderful intellect which lighted the ninth century, is commonly regarded as a Pantheist; but he constantly and earnestly enforced the distinction between created and uncreated.

Even Spinoza emphasizes causality in God, and distinguishes between the infinite and the finite. Pantheism is theistic, not atheistic in its conception of cause and effect. It puts the universe as secondary, as effect,—and God as primary, as cause. It confesses a God supra-mundane but not super-mundane. And here comes in one principal point of difference between Theism and Pantheism.

The popular Theism supposes a God existing outside of the universe which he has made—Creator who once in time called a universe into being, and has been ever since a spectator and director of its on-goings, having no substantial connection with it, but only a providential and governmental one.

The God of Pantheism is immanent, inter-fused, all-penetrating, the ground of all dependence, the life of all life. It is true that the view of many unrequented Theists coincides with this Pantheistic conception of Deity. But this is only one stage. That which really and fundamentally distinguishes Pantheism, as represented by Spinoza, from Theism, as usually understood, is not the doctrine of the one substance, but the doctrine of the one sole agent—the denial of any other agency than that of the one God, as well in the spiritual as in the phenomenal world.

Spinoza not only denies freedom of will to man, but denies to man substantial existence. He considers the human mind to be part of the infinite intellect of God; so that when we say in one sense that God,—not in his infinity, but as explained by the nature of the human mind,—has this or that idea, in other words, there is no such entity as the human mind or soul; what we call such is but a thought of God. We accordingly find it a marked distinction between Theism and Pantheism, that the latter does not at all recognize that attribute of Deity which Theism expresses by the term Lord. The God of Pantheism is in no sense Lord, for he has no intelligent subjects—the mind or soul of man being only one of his own thoughts. But, to the Theist, God-head is lordship. Therefore it appears that however the Theistic and Pantheistic conceptions of God in nature might be harmonized, their conceptions of man and his relations to God must remain wide assunder. The one sees in man a moral agent, the other, an irresponsible expression of divinity.

Spinoza is the typical exponent of Pantheism. His system, given to the world 200 years ago, remains to this day the most thorough and complete of all Pantheistic statements. His influence upon thought has been truly immense. To him Goethe owed more than to any other mind, and acknowledged his obligations with enthusiastic gratitude.

Schleiermacher, in his Discourses on Religion, bids us sacrifice reverently to the manes of the holy outcast Spinoza, who was full of religion

and of the Holy Ghost. Spinoza's ontology supposes a single and whole substance, comprising all that is, and of which all phenomena and all finite existences are modes and affections. Therefore he is said to have turned the evil out of the world. There is no room for his Satanic Majesty in a universe which is all an expression of God. He says that in the nature of things nothing is contingent, but all things are determined from the necessity of the divine nature to a certain mode of existence and operation. You perceive this takes away all ideas of the free-agency of man, and, theoretically, all human responsibility. "Experience as well as reason teaches," he affirms, "that men believe they are free only because they are conscious of their actions and ignorant of the causes by which they are determined."

The great weakness of Pantheism as expressed by Spinoza, consists in the relaxation of the moral sense consequent on referring all action, good or bad, to God, as the one immediate and direct cause of all. Its great strength is the quickened sense it gives us of the all-pervading and immediate presence of God. It has changed the divine omnipresence from a cold and unmeaning dogma to a fact of consciousness. Thus it has given to Nature a new soul. Wordsworth is the truest exponent of this sentiment among the English poets. In all Greek literature there is nothing which embodies it. Greeks and Romans painted no landscapes like ours, suggestive of mystery within and beyond. The soul of Nature is interpreted by Pantheism.

But Pantheism and Theism are not of necessity contradictory terms. They should be complementary. Theism gives us the Holy Person, the providential care, the moral will; Pantheism gives us the diffused presence, the all-pervading life, the divine nearness in the outspread landscape. To Pantheism belongs the world of nature; to Theism the world of spirits.

[To be continued.]

The Hollow Globe.

"The Hollow Globe; or The World's Agitator and Renovator," is the title of a badly-written mass of balderdash. H. Snow, 319 Kearney street, has it.

This little notice taken from the San Francisco Bulletin of June 2nd, seems to demand more than a passing notice. Its significance appears to be more of a general than of a personal character. It aims a blow not only at the authors of this work, which had not been examined sufficiently to spell the title correctly, but at all the rank and file who have dared to acknowledge the Spiritualistic idea. Every man or woman who has had sufficient independence of mind to admit that any portion of their thoughts upon any subject, were given them by spirit inspiration, will come under the ban of this renowned book reviewer, who is doubtless no better qualified to sit in judgment upon the real merits of this work, than the priestly council who condemned Galileo were to comprehend his scientific demonstrations.

All ages of the world have furnished this kind of dead and rotten fish, that float down the current of public opinion. If such a man had published the official organ of the Jewish Sanhedrin, it would have overflowed with vile slanders concerning the innocent Nazarene, and such an one would have been active in raising the money and in holding all the necessary conferences with his betrayers. He would have ran and gathered the thorns for his brow, and poured out his loathsome saliva upon his person, and procured the hammer and spikes to have fastened the hands and feet of this man to the cross, whose only offense has been the utterance of some new ideas.

Any of the vile rabble who cried out "Crucify him! release Barabbas," could just as easily say "Spiritualistic balderdash." It would require no more intelligence or research to say the one than the other. They never pretended to examine into the truth or falsity of the teachings of the man they helped to slay; they never said a word concerning that matter—they had no time to bother their heads with that kind of "balderdash." Moses was their man every time—they wanted no other. Their cry was, "Hurra for Moses!—down with Jesus!—away with him!"

There have always been this kind of human vultures, who scent their natural food from a great distance, and gorge themselves upon the dead carcasses of a bygone age, and of course when they open their mouths, they emit a noisome effluvia. They have so long feasted upon stale intellectual meat, that has first been masticated by some other organs, that they know not the taste of that fresh, inspirational nutriment that comes direct from the great fountain of universal intelligence.

In order that there should be no blank pages in the history of men, and that human life, might exhibit itself in all its different phases, there had to be individuals who would gather kindling wood, to light the fires that burned the martyrs; and those who held the torches by which the various cruel tortures were inflicted in the dark cells of the Inquisition. No doubt our astute critic would have been admirably qualified to have filled such an honorable position, and would have gladly attended to any such duties had he been there at the proper time.

It was not expected that "The Hollow Globe" would excite the slime usually disgorged by persons of this character, and we are agreeably surprised by the general tone of candor with which this novel work, coming from such a source, has been noticed thus far by the secular press.

The book is before the world, and it must stand or fall upon its own intrinsic merits. It has dared to attack, and has vigorously maintained its arguments against theories which seem to be well established, and which are endorsed by the most eminent scientific men of the present day, and yet no one seems to venture a reply.

We can safely say that the central idea presented in this work, is far better sustained than many of those which have ultimated successfully, and which have been demonstrated as truth. Ideas must first be presented by some one before they can be acted upon. The authors of this book have had the candor to confess the real source of their ideas, being fully conscious that their value can not be depreciated by this fact, notwithstanding all the prejudice that exists against any such mode of communication.

"Could Not Rule Me nor Use Me."

W. F. Jamieson, in the Crucible makes the above charge against the JOURNAL. We pity him. Not knowing of any use we could put him to (we have none but reliable and truthful employes about our office), and not wishing to control him (we have better use for our time, and beg pardon of our readers for using our columns to even refer to him), we have never passed a word directly or indirectly, orally or in writing, nor in any other manner, since we resumed the publication of the JOURNAL, in regard to "using" or "controlling" him, nor upon any subject whatever.

It is his habitual practice to denounce the JOURNAL through the numerous newspapers that he has been and is the Northwestern and Corresponding editor of, as well as at all public and private gatherings.

His papers are so short-lived, and have so few readers, that his vindictive attacks do us but little good. But as small favors are thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion, we only beg of him to never say any good of the JOURNAL, and we will be satisfied.

In conclusion, we will refer him to "My Uncle Toby's" parting words to the fly that had so briskly buzzed around him.

Spirit Artist—Oil Paintings.

Those who have dearly beloved friends in spirit-life (no matter if they passed away in infancy), whose likenesses they would like to have that they look now, will do well to write to J. B. Fayette, Spirit artist, Oswego, New York, giving him the name, age at the time of passing to spirit-life, and length of time since.

Bro. Fayette is a good artist. His work is executed in oil colors, and of the ordinary size of bust paintings.

His terms are ten dollars, which should be remitted with the order. He is an honest man, and if the spirit does not appear sufficiently distinct for him to paint the likeness, he will refund the money.

We have one of our spirit daughter, Lavinia, now over twenty-one years of age, who remained upon this plane of life only nine weeks, which we value very highly.

Our friends who desire to see her likeness, as well as many other valuable spirit paintings, will do well to call at the reception rooms of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, where they will always be welcome.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith.

This lady has delivered several lectures before the First Society of Spiritualists in this city, and has awakened new interest in their ranks. She is one of our most gifted and highly inspired lecturers, and is capable of holding the attention of any audience. On last Sabbath evening, for the first time, no admittance fee was charged; we hope this arrangement will be continued. There are in this city hundreds of Spiritualists, who, if called upon, would contribute freely to aid in defraying the necessary expenses for hall and lectures, and by this means be instrumental in disseminating the truths of our philosophy. Under the ministrations of Mrs. Smith, if no admittance fee is charged at the door, the hall would be crowded. Shall Chicago remain behind Boston in the grand march of progress? The Banner of Light says:

We are gratified in being able to state that next season the doors are to be thrown open free to the public. The subscription list to defray the expenses is being signed willingly by generous souls, who are ever ready to do what they can to help spread the light and truth of Spiritualism among the people. But the list is not full yet, and others can share the pleasure of "being named" by calling on Mr. Wilson, at this office, and adding their names to the list. All subscribers will have checks given them which will entitle them to reserved seats. Music will also be furnished by a quartette, not less proficient than the last. Those wishing to secure the seats previously occupied by them, or others desiring seats, should hand in their names at once. Checks for seats will be ready for delivery in September. The course of lectures will begin the first Sunday afternoon in October, with the renowned Emma Hardinge.

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Bro. A. Beecher, of Santa Cruz, California, donates twenty-five cents to the above-named fund—this will pay some poor woman's or orphan child's subscription to the JOURNAL for four weeks. Who will do more, or as much? Every little helps to feed the hungry soul.

John M. Gilbert.

What is your post-office? You say you have written us before; probably then, as now, you neglected to give any post-office or State.

Waukegan, Ill.

Dumont C. Dake, M. D., can be consulted at the Waukegan House, for a few weeks, on and after Thursday, July 6th.

What an Old Railroad Says.

"AN OPINION AS IS AN OPINION."

"I advise you to take the Erie Railway; I always take it, going East or West, when my business permits, because I feel safer on that road than on any other, because it is better managed, and in better condition than any of the Western roads. When I get on that road I can sleep sound, because I know that the road-bed is in good order, and everything is done that can be done to keep it so. I have been a railroad man over fifteen years, and have crawled up from Engineer to Master of Transportation on one of the principal roads of the country, and have traveled fifteen to twenty thousand miles within a year, on roads in the West, and I can assure you the Erie the best managed of any of them, and in a better condition to-day than any of the Western roads. Some railroad men consider the Erie management a little extravagant because they have the best of everything, the best road-bed, the best locomotives, the best cars, the best engineers and conductors, but that suits the travelling public."

Pay Up.

We are in earnest with those who are a long while in arrears. Pay for your newspaper, if you never pay any other debt.

You do us great wrong by such negligence. We need our honest dues, and expect them to be promptly remitted.

Personal and Local.

D. P. Kayner, M. D., of St. Charles, Ill., the well known clairvoyant Physician, late of Erie, Penn., is diagnosing disease clearly by a look of the patient's hair, and is treating cases in all parts of the United States. Dr. K. is thoroughly educated in the different systems of medical practice; super-added to which his natural clairvoyant powers makes his treatment a positive success. Our friends in all parts of the country should remember these facts. Terms: Examination and prescription, \$3.

H. L. Taft, we have received your \$7, now give us your Post Office address. Don't omit the State.

The comments on the Bhagvat Geeta, on third page, were taken from the Advance, Chicago.

The name "Samuel Swedenborg" appeared in Wilson's Department—should be Immanuel Swedenborg.

Dr. O. G. Brackett, of Lincoln, Ill., is about to start for Kansas, where he will lecture on phrenology.

Our dear good friend, Brother John Haskell, of Cicero, N. Y., writes to us as follows: My age is nearly eighty-four, and when I reach the other shore, I shall not want your paper any more.

The Elgin (Ill.) Gazette has the following: Dr. Dumont C. Dake is stopping at the Waverly House in this city for a few weeks, and has under his treatment several of our wealthiest families. His great success in the treatment of Chronic Diseases has made his name a household word wherever he has been.

His many cures in this vicinity speak louder in his praise than any language we might use, and he is constantly adding to his friends by the real good which he is effecting.

Elis F. Brown, Missionary of the American Association of Spiritualists, will answer calls to organize lyceums or to lecture. Address Dayton, Ohio, fill August.

Dr. W. H. Bancroft is now healing the sick at Appleton, Wis. He also lectures on subjects connected with the harmonious philosophy.

Dr. J. D. Stillman has located at St. Louis, Mo. We learn from Brother Williams, who gave us a call last week, that Spiritualism is in a flourishing condition at Darien, Wis. The friends there have a lecture once in four weeks. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets each Sabbath. Spiritualism commenced there about twelve years ago, and now has the largest congregation.

Dr. W. Hull will lecture in the Grand River Valley during July. Address care H. B. Alden, Lowell, Kent Co., Mich.; August 6, 13, Lanesville, Pa.; August 20, Edwinstown, N. Y.; 27, West Winfield; would like to speak near the same neighborhood Sept. 3, and will answer calls to lecture in New York the balance of the month. October 7, 8, near Covington, Ind., and will answer calls to speak in Indiana the balance of the month. Permanent address, Hobart, Ind.

Mrs. Warren Wily, of Landgrove, Vt., speaks at Weston, same State, once in two weeks.

Brother Maple writes that P. R. Lawrence, of Ottumwa, Iowa, delivered four lectures at Snake Hollow. He says he is a good healer and fine inspirational speaker.

Henry L. Buel writes: Spiritualists who design removing to this North-west coast will undoubtedly find it to their interest to take a look at Coosue county, Oregon, as offering good advantages for the emigrant.

Dr. Entwistle, whose card may be found in our advertising columns, is located directly opposite our office, and appears to be doing a thriving business.

J. G. Fieh is now permanently located at Avon Springs, N. Y., and the Spiritual Interests of the western part of the State are to be promoted by his aid and inspiration. He is engaged to speak one-fourth of the Sundays at each of the following places: Byron, Lavonia, Batavia and Albion.

While the Rev. T. A. Sampson, colored, of Pine Bluff, Ark., was addressing his flock, Sunday week, he was struck dead by a flash of lightning. His funeral occurred Tuesday, and while his remains were being carried to the grave, another flash of lightning struck his coffin, tearing it to splinters, and leaving the body a ghastly sight. He was then buried before any more lightning struck him.

There will be a Fourth of July celebration at Eagleville, Harrison county, Mo. Mr. O. P. Kellogg will deliver the oration. The Spiritual societies wishing to procure the services of Mr. Kellogg can do so by writing him immediately at Eagleville, Harrison Co., Mo.

A deacon in Illinois objected to the organ purchased by his church, and when called upon to close the service with prayer, said: "Call on the machine; if it can sing the glory of God it can pray, too. Call on the machine."

Brother B. writes as follows from Indianapolis, Ind.: Miss Lizzie Keyser gave a public seance in Masonic Hall, in this city, on Sunday evening last, under the auspices of the State Spiritual Society of Indiana, which proved a great success, the Chicago Post correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding. A large and highly cultivated audience was present, who showed their interest in the subject by paying fifty cents for admission and observing the best of order and closest attention during the entire evening. This was Miss Keyser's first appearance in Indiana, and the audience was composed almost wholly of strangers to her, yet she pointed out and gave personal descriptions and names of some forty spirits in different parts of the hall, all of one of whom were recognized by their friends. Some very remarkable tests were given. For instance, she said "the spirit of a lady of great beauty," adding full description, "who gives me the name of Bascom Hovey; says she formerly resided in this city, but passed away in Washington City; says her maiden name was Smith." Recognized by many as the wife of General Hovey, and daughter of the late Hon. O. H. Smith. Miss Keyser is a clairvoyant and clairaudient medium of wonderful powers, and we do not see how a reasonable person can resist the tests she gives. The convention was a success numerically and financially, the chief source of income being Miss Keyser's seance.

It is stated that in one of the country churches in England, where the rector has been preaching for thirteen years, he has repeated the same sermon forty-eight times and is far advanced in the forty-ninth cycle. The sermons, it is believed, were written between the thirty-fifth and fortieth years of George III, or about seventy-five years ago.

In Scotland the whole Presbyterian church is convulsed with the awful problem as to whether the devil can be saved. This question is raising more feeling and exciting more vehement discussion among the Scotch preachers than is that of the salvation of the entire human race.

Of that clerical sardine at Council Bluffs who refused to attend to the dying prayers of an erring woman, the Dubuque Times says: We will bet a bogus five-cent piece against his soul—which is as nearly an even bet as we can expect—that that preacher is a frequenter of such establishments as that poor girl died in, and put on that assumption of righteous indignation in order to avert suspicion from his skirts.

Philadelphia Department.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 624 Race street, Philadelphia.

ON LIFE.

What are the Best Means of Preserving it in the Physical Form and Retaining and Strengthening it there?

In a former article an ancient seer spoke to us of the human physical body as designed to be the ultimate compound of all the elements of the globe on which man lives. He declared that it was progressing toward that; and also that the vitalizing elements of force which bring these material elements together, and maintain their relation for a time, are also a compound of all the various modes of motion of the great, all pervading force of the universe in any given world, together with a soul, which is a spark of divinity—of God himself. The highest idea that we can have of God can be but imperfectly expressed, on account of the finite character of mind and of the language which we are compelled to use. It is this—physically the material universe and spiritually the entire and complete expression in all the varied forms of the great central force as these have been outgrown in the various departments of the universe. Man, by virtue of the physical properties above named, is more cosmopolitan than any other being, and may live almost anywhere upon the globe on which he finds himself. And God, by virtue of the same properties, is omnipresent and omnipotent. Man, by means of his soul nature, which we have said is a spark of God, and infinite in its character and attributes, may, in the coming future, visit all parts of the universe.

Our object at this time is to speak of the means of preserving, retaining and strengthening life in these physical forms. The proper play of the functions, or modes of motions in the various organs, gives man what we call constitutional vigor, and the difference in the strength, endurance and longevity of life in an individual depends, in a great measure, upon the proper and harmonious blending of the different modes of motion which are combined in the human system, and make up the vital force. This harmonious blending in early life depends upon parental influences and harmony for its transmission, and the fearful mortality of children is a loud and solemn protest against the ignorance and willful carelessness in regard to this highly important matter.

Next in importance to this are the influences of the food and surroundings. In the angular and unbalanced condition that is so common in early life, and the helplessness of the human being, constant care is required to maintain life in the body, but there is implanted a love in every human being for these little ones, and especially is the strong maternal feeling essential, not only to maintain life in the form, but to bring into action the co-ordinating forces of life which must blend and work in harmony in order to produce health, vigor and vigor of life. For a long time the actions of life seem more automatic than systematic. That which we call will-power results for the joint action of these forces, and the greater the number of these that go operate and work harmoniously together the stronger and more permanently will be the will.

We have spoken of food on several occasions. Man has a capacity to receive into his organism small portions of all the elements of the mineral kingdom (the primaries all belong to this kingdom), but these enter into the human system slowly and only after having passed through the organic kingdoms below man, except in the case of that wonderful mineral compound of oxygen and hydrogen (water) with some gaseous substances intermingled therein. This has been called the alchemical life, as it enters into all forms, and is essential to all living organizations.

The vital force may be said to be a consuming fire, it is constantly burning up the various tissues of the body, and by a wonderfully elaborated and beautiful system, compounds are prepared to enter into all the various tissues, and replenish them by supplying their waste.

For this purpose the system requires proper articles of food at very brief intervals. The internal demands for which we call hunger or thirst. These demands are among the most important in their influence upon the subject which we are presenting. Their perversion, and the morbid desires resulting therefrom, are the most fruitful causes of disease and death. Their nice discriminations and natural selections of proper food are not only sadly perverted by the pernicious habits of the world, but in no department of life are inherited tendencies more marked and influential in their character, and millions of earth's children inherit tastes for rum, tobacco, spices, &c., which are exceedingly injurious, and this which was designed to be one of the most pleasant and delightful of tastes, as well as a source of the highest pleasure upon the physical plane, becomes one of the most corrupting and injurious influences that acts upon the system, and until generations of mankind have learned to appreciate these facts, and to avoid all stimulation, and all poisoning of the system by drugs, &c., long enough to permit the natural instincts and appetites to return and assume their way; this great evil will continue to embitter the lives of mankind, and consign millions to untimely graves, sending their spirits forth into the inner life with appetites that require long and painful processes to overcome, even when they would on earth, as the external influences are not always so favorable, and every repetition strengthens the habit and weakens the will power to resist it.

In laying down these general principles, we cannot enter into minutia, and this is not so essential, as each individual must become a law to himself or herself in all these matters, and in all departments of life it is knowledge which is the savior of mankind. The study of the physical system, and the careful observance of the laws thereof, is of the highest importance.

A few words upon mental and spiritual influences and their effects in the prolongation of life. Even the most intelligent of mankind have failed to recognize the potency of these influences, and thousands upon thousands of human beings pine away and die because they are not appreciated or understood, and the love that burns in their souls finds no response, and they cannot feel of their sorrow; it is ever gnawing at their vitals and tapping the sources of life. There are many of these starved souls going to the world of spirits who are victims to influences which, in the present state of society, it seems impossible to avoid. Spirits tell us that "it was said we died of consumption, but it was in reality a want of appreciation and love that drove us from a cold and ungrateful world." As mankind comes to be more spiritually unfolded these cases will be better understood, and many of them relieved.

Among the remedial agents which are to be better understood are physical, mental and spiritual magnetism. Of these we shall speak in a future article, and endeavor to throw some light upon them.

Geology and Railroads.

Professor Gunning, in one of his able lectures recently delivered in our city, says: "Our Mother Earth is alive, and is kept so by the internal fires, and when these fires die out she will die, and all living beings must perish from her face."

Then he consoles us with the idea that it will be many millions of years before these life forces will be exhausted. We have thought railroads might be compared to the arteries, as the telegraph lines represent the nerves of the earth, and as these nerves and arteries are extended over the surface the life of the world must be increased. So in this wonderful country of ours there has been a great increase of life and activity in the last fifty years.

Railroads are like arteries in many ways; if they are weak, instead of adding to the strength and vigor of life they endanger it, hence it becomes a matter of importance to know that these arteries are constructed in a substantial manner, and frequent occurrence of fearful accidents on these is a very serious matter, and every means by which this

may be avoided should be carefully used. As a Pennsylvanian, we feel proud of our great Central road. In looking over a picture of the heads of the engineers of this road, we were struck with the intellect and substantial character presented by all these men. We do not know where a group could be found that would exceed this, and the road speaks for itself and its management. A double track of steel rails, over three hundred and fifty miles long, across our great State from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, with proper switches and sidings at all places where the business requires them, with ample cars for the accommodation of travel and freight, with great promptness and care, the road is decidedly popular. We have passed over this road several times, and at each subsequent ride we have been pleased to notice the continued improvements. Our attention has been called to the new "Westinghouse Air Brake" which we will briefly describe. An air pump and receiver is constructed upon the locomotive, which is acted upon by the engine, and the air is condensed in this under each car there is an inch iron gas pipe; these are coupled with strong gun hose, so attached that when they are united the air passes through them, but should the cars become detached, valves close and the brake continues to be applied. The management of the train is entirely in the hands of the engineer, who can, by the simple movement of a lever, instantly and efficiently stop it, as the condensed air passes into a cylinder with a piston under each car, and this at once presses up the brakes, without that unpleasant jerking and noise that always accompanies the hand brake. This brake is applied instantly to all the cars throughout a train, as the air rushes very rapidly through the tubes, and the train may be stopped sooner than by the old hand brake. The old hand brake may remain upon the cars with the new one.

We understand that the officers of the Pennsylvania railroad had this brake to answer all that was claimed for it, and we think no one can ride upon a train where these brakes are used without perceiving the quietness and ease with which the cars are stopped. There is no shock or jar, but just as though a noble steed was gradually reined up, the train stops. We have no doubt, this brake will be introduced upon the main arteries of our country, and that it will tend to remove much of the danger incident to travel, which has now become so essential to us as a people.

Interesting Quotations.

As man is spiritually developed his loving kindness and sympathy leads him to strive to make the pathway of those who are weak and deformed happy, to give them something for that which they have been deprived of, to make the life which is sad and bitter bright and beautiful as they can.—[N. J. T. Brigham.]

We have sympathy for those who are deaf in the outer sense. Should we not have more for those who are deaf spiritually? We should raise our spiritual voices there and make an effort to speak loud enough to be heard by the slumbering spirits.

The great thought of humanity is that they are striving to be appreciated.—[Ibid.]

The grandest events in life are slowest in reaching their consummation. The more glorious and profound a truth the slower is man to receive it.—[Ibid.]

Theodore Parker says: The world never saw such a population as America has; so rich, vigorous, well educated, so fearless, so free, and so young. I know America very well. I know her faults, I have never spared them, nor never will. I have great faith in America; in the American idea; in the ideal of our government—a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people, a government to serve the unalienable rights of man; a government according to the law of God, and this constitution of the universe. To the power of numbers, of money, of industry, and invention, I will ask the nation to add the power of justice, of love, of faith in God, and in the natural law of God, that we might surpass all nations, not only in vulgar numbers and vulgar gold, but in righteousness, which the good God asks of us. Have confidence in America because I have confidence in man and confidence in God, for He made man when He made the world, and made human nature sufficient to human history and its own salvation.

The history of the world is the story of the perpetual triumph of truth over error, of justice over wrong, of love against hate, of faith in God victorious over everything which reverts his law.

Before man pass the whirlwind of society, the earthquake of the State, and the fire of the church; but if he have never sinned, he can never be saved, and the hiss of the fire, there comes the still small voice of reason, of conscience, of love, and of pity, and that is the voice of God. Those things shall perish, but His will endure when the heavens faded as these poor flowers shall vanish away.

While theology tells us of a tired God, a resting God, nature everywhere proclaims that God is never weary in well doing.—[N. J. T. Brigham.]

The highest heaven that any mortal can enter is one of action, not a heaven where his innate indolence is developed and immortalized, but one where he labors and is not weary, but with his toil he is refreshed. It is the friction with that which is unrefined upon earth that is the cause of weakness.—[Ibid.]

A religion in which man acknowledges the justice and goodness of God is the noblest work of humanity.—[Ibid.]

In every human spirit there is an indestructible principle of good.—[Ibid.]

Man's body is but an external expression of the spirit, and we may judge of the spirit by its outward manifestation, though we must remember that conditions modify this.—[Ibid.]

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Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. BIBLE MYTHOLOGY.

By M. Woolley.

MYTH OF THE CREATION.

In Gen. 1: 1, we read: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Here the first query of the rationalist would be: Who or what is God? Until he can answer this most important, this fundamental question, satisfactorily and truthfully, he had better stop right here, for he must first have a foundation to stand upon, else all his endeavors will prove fruitless, as has hitherto every "Search after God."

Is God, then, "unsearchable, and his way past finding out," let us see; and while, in the "glory of God to conceal a thing," let it regard to the glory of man to discover who this old fellow is, and to trace out his ways.

In the Hebrew text: "Elohim" is the word which stands opposite to the word "God" in the English. Elohim is the plural of El, the contracted form of El or Eol, to roll together or to twist, and, hence, is applied as a name to the male of the sheep kind—Ram, in allusion to his contorted or twisted horns. God, or, as the Methodist properly pronounces the word, Gaud, is another term sometimes applied to the Ram, because of the little grooves which encircle his horns.

These two terms, then, are, therefore, synonymous, God being simply a substitute in the English for Elohim in the Hebrew text.

God, then, in English, is a Ram, or, as the Hierophant would say, is the Ram (Aries in Latin), as in Hebrew, a particular Ram.

But how did God or the Ram create the heavens and the earth? A little knowledge of astronomy will enable us to answer this question. This science informs us of a belt or zone encircling the heavens and extending eight degrees on each side of the ecliptic or sun's path, within which the moon and the anciently discovered planets move during their respective rounds. This zone or belt is divided into twelve equal parts of thirty degrees each, called signs. The grouping of the stars which appear in each of these divisions, is fancied to resemble the outline of some animal, and hence the whole taken together is called the "zodiac," or menagerie.

These signs and their corresponding months are as follows: Aries, March; Taurus, April; Gemini, May; Cancer, June; Leo, July; Virgo, August; Libra, September; Scorpio, October; Sagittarius, November; Capricornus, December; Aquarius, January; Pisces, February.

In general we shall find all the myths of the Bible to wrap up or envelop as it were, the year or circle and its attendant phenomena. To describe the year, or the successive parts of the zodiac, we must begin at some designated point in it. The author of Genesis, in his dissertation, chose the point of the spring equinox, which at the time of his writing was when the sun entered the sign Aries or the "Ram." Hence, he says: "In the beginning God (that is, the Ram—the sun in Aries) created the heaven, etc."

Now the word translated created never meant the production of something out of nothing. Its primary meaning is simply to cut, to divide, and hence, the first verse of Genesis should be translated thus: "In the beginning God (that is, the sun in the sign Aries, or the Ram) divided the heavens and the earth," i. e., divided the year into two parts—Summer and Winter.

More anciently, some 2,000 years before our present account of the creation was written, when the sun entered the sign Taurus, or the Bull, at the spring equinox, the Bull, it was said, created the heavens and the earth. The Chaos was represented by an Egg.

"The whole world was, at the time of the Chaos, enclosed within this Egg, which swam upon the surface of the waters. The moon, by virtue of her light and her other influences attracted from the bottom of these waters a terrestrial substance, which was insensibly converted to a rock, and by that means the Egg rested upon it. The Bull observing this Egg, broke the shell of it, by going it with his horns, and so created the world, and by his breath formed the human species."—Quoted by the Rev. Dr. Oliver in his History of Initiation, pp. 84, 85.

This Bull, however, by the precession of the equinoxes, went forward one whole sign, while God (Aries, or the Ram) took his (the Bull's) place in the heavens, and became in his turn the creator.

It may be asked, if the word Elohim be plural, why is it rendered in the singular by the word God in our English version of the Bible? The question is readily and easily answered. When we take the word Elohim to mean the constellation Aries, simply as it does in our text, we would naturally translate it in the singular—God, or the Ram.

When we take "Elohim" to mean the several stars of which the constellation is composed, we would as naturally translate in the plural—Gods, or Rams. And this word is so rendered in the singular or plural in the Bible, as the occasion seems to demand.

Treated thus, as above indicated, the narrative becomes not only intelligible, but absorbingly interesting. True, we meet with, what we must always look for in every species of fiction—discord and incongruity; yet by seizing the salient points of the myth, we are, for the most part, able to weave them into consistency, and educe light where before all was darkness.

In this first myth of the Bible, we have found the year divided into two parts—Summer and Winter; God, or the Ram, ruling over the first only, for we shall find to our dismay, that another gentleman claims jurisdiction over the other half of the circle!

During the first day, or month, of Summer—March—light is separated from darkness; i. e., we have the long bright days of Summer in place of the short, gloomy days of Winter. The waters dried off the land during the second day—month of April—leaving it fit for cultivation. During the third day—month of May—the grass grew and matured. The fourth day month of June—the sun attained his highest northern declination, and so ruled the day, i. e., the longest day of Summer. The moon being at her full in the opposite point of the heavens, of course, in her turn ruled the night, i. e., she shone all that night. Then, in its order, came forth animal life; first, fish and fowl on the fifth day—month of July; and lastly, the higher animals and man—male and female—on the sixth day—month of August. That is, all animals—man not excepted—had by this time become sleek and fat, in a proper condition to withstand the hardships of winter, when they would be under the control of the other gentleman, that old Serpent, the Devil, who led our first parents out of the Garden of Eden, or Paradise, as he is still in the habit of leading their unfortunate children from the same delectable abode every autumn.

"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them; and on the seventh day (month of September) God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made."—his work being simply the products of the season. That is, we are to understand, God,

or Aries, or the constellation of stars in the zodiac, called the Ram, went below the horizon, or set in the west.

Thus endeth at the 4th verse of chapter 2d of Genesis, Myth the First.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. STRANGE EFFECT OF ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM.

By A. B. Orr, M. D.

The host of correspondents who are contending against the theory of "artificial somnambulism," as advanced by Dr. Wm. B. Falmestock in his recent work on that subject, have, I think, (if they have accomplished nothing more) pretty clearly demonstrated the proposition, that some so-called Spiritualists, like a great many theologians, are strongly in favor of human progression, when its direction does not interfere with their particular branch of the manufacture of "sheer shribes for the Goddess Diana." Without desiring in any way to become identified with this controversy, the love of truth prompts me (with your permission) to present to your many readers a few thoughts on the subject. On the present occasion I design to confine my remarks to that branch of the question alone, which relates to the action of the mind on physical organization. I shall endeavor to avoid, so far as possible, the unmeaning jargon of mixing up "magnetic poles," "magnetic equators," "magnetic dip," "magnetic meridians," etc., all well enough in their appropriate sciences, but only calculated here to impress "dumbbells" with the wonderful extent of my condition. With this brief introduction, I propose the question:

1st. What is disease and how can it be relieved? Disease may be defined simply as an abnormal condition of some organ or tissue of the human body, produced either by miasmatic influence or physical contact. Nature, when left to herself, has but one mode (so far as we know) of relief in every case, the production of increased action in the organ or tissue by which the offending matter is eliminated. An increased flow of blood is directed to the part—inflammation and swelling of the part follows, the delicate nerves are compressed, and pain and suffering follow as a consequence. A congested condition of one portion of the body, necessarily produces the opposite condition in other parts secondarily, so that while we have one part suffering from over action, other organs may be unable to perform their proper functions from want of a simple example will serve to illustrate nature's modus operandi, in expelling disease. A thorn or briar becomes embedded in some part of the body; it is allowed to remain, and in a few hours the part becomes inflamed from the increased action, and pain is produced by the pressure on the nerves, resulting from the turfed condition. Over action reduces the portion of the muscle surrounding the thorn into pus, and then it drops out. The very same effort is made by nature to eliminate from the system all inimical influences—only modified by the nature of the organ or tissue implicated.

Let it be observed that the extent of the inflammation in every case, is proportionate to the extent of the primary cause of injury, and the subsequent irritation resulting from the pain; that is, the pain resulting from the injury becomes a subsequent cause of irritation, increasing the inflammation and being itself, in many cases, the direct cause of the mortification of the part, or the death of the patient. Outside of the operations of surgery, one point alone is philosophically apparent in relieving disease—viz.: rest. By this I mean not only a cessation of motion in the part, but also a cessation of sensation. The first indication is easily fulfilled, as all persons have the full control of the motor portion of all voluntary nerves, the second not so easily—hence all medicinal applications when judiciously employed, aim at that result. Opium lessens nervous sensibility; fomentations and poultices, subdue congestion and allay irritation; internal antiphlogistics control the morbid action of the heart and arteries, and decrease the circulation to the part. All these means being employed for the purpose alone of relieving the pain, and allowing nature to work the final cure, contending with the injury alone.

It is scarcely necessary to say to persons in any degree acquainted with anatomical science, that every fasciculus of nerves is composed of two portions, one giving the power of motion, the other the power of sensation. Cut the motor portion of a nerve, and the part it supplies is deprived of motion, while its sensation remains. Cut the sensitive portion, and motion remains, while sensation is gone.

I have already intimated, that every individual has by an act of the will, the control of the motor portion of every voluntary nerve; he can move a part or keep it at rest. Is it not clear, that if he had the same control by an act of the will over the sensitive portion, pain in a part could be as easily removed by an act of the will as the motion or rest of the same part could be produced; and this, too, without the puerile puffing out the cheeks, and the unmeaning "passes" of an operator.

From 1836 to 1840, I attended in the city of Philadelphia, the University of Pennsylvania, and Jefferson Medical College, as a student. During that period mesmeric operators—at least during the winter season, were publicly giving exhibitions of their theory every few nights. I have sat for them again and again, without the slightest effect. I have been tried by the so-called most powerful magnetizer of Lancaster City, without result. Some six years before the publication of Dr. F's book, on one occasion I was engaged in the construction of a model which I considered important to have finished by a certain time, when a large firmer chisel which I was using, slipped and struck into the ball of my thumb, nearly severing the tendon of the abductor muscle. The subsequent suffering in a few hours was intense, necessarily producing a "dead lock" in my model. I met Dr. F., who, after inquiring into the nature of the case, observed, "You are simple to suffer. Why not throw the part out?" He did not touch the part, nor come near me. My previous experience in mesmerism, testified me that I was not susceptible to mesmeric influences. I therefore hesitated to make the effort required, but finally agreed to try it, resulting in the instantaneous cessation of all pain in the part, and so it continued for several days, when, accidentally striking my hand against some obstruction, the pain returned with increased violence, and continued for several hours until removed again by an act of my own will. But some of your correspondents say Dr. F. is a "powerful psychologist," and intimate that he produces the result by mesmerism. I confess I do not understand the phrase "psychologist," as used in this connection. A reference to my school-boy days, derives this word from the Greek *Psyche*, the soul, and *Logos* discourse or science, that is the science of the soul. If the design in the use of this word was to identify Dr. F. with a manipulating mesmerizer, and the designer has succeeded, hereafter it will only be necessary in proving that a man makes horseshoes, to say that he is a "powerful" mineralogist.

I close this article with a question to Bible theologians. You tell us (and I do not dispute it) that pain, sickness and death, was the result of the fall. Now, if man had not fallen, would he not have been just as liable to accidents as he

is at present, and would not his nervous organization have been just as susceptible of suffering as now? Certainly. The position that his Creator originally endowed man's will with the power over sensation, as well as over motion, at once rescues your doctrine from successful contradiction, as well as vindicates and fully sanctions the philosophical acumen of Dr. F's theory.

Harrisburg, Pa.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. VISIT TO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Dr. Kayner's Experience when Drowned.

BRO. JONES:—The following was to me one of the most interesting scenes of my life, and may be interesting to your readers:

When about seven years of age I climbed on the edge of a hoghead to drink at a penstock from which it was filled, when I was pushed head foremost into the hoghead by a rude schoolmate who then ran away and left me head downward in the water.

I distinctly recollect the sense of suffocation, followed by a rushing, roaring sound in my ears with a pressure and almost bursting sensation upon my eye-balls, when purple and red lights seemed to spin out through the bursting orbs, and soon I seemed to pass through a small space when I emerged into the bright golden mellow light of the Spirit Land.

Nearly two years previously my only sister, a child of two summers, had passed to that beautiful land, and a little cousin had also departed this life a few months after my sister's decease.

But, upon what fairy scene had I now entered? My sister, cousin, and many other little spirits I had known in the form, with a numerous band I had never before seen, came forth in bright robes with radiant smiles and glad songs of welcome to meet me. By them I was conducted to their garden-home and school; and to-day, language and pen fail me in describing my recollections of its harmony, order, system, and beauty—excelling the liveliest conceptions of art, or the finest creations of poetry, that were then indelibly impressed upon my mind, and through all the long years that have followed, have only grown more vivid as I have failed to find anything in earth approaching to the exceeding loveliness of childhood's home in the spheres.

The garden was ample and extended. Its walls were of the finest variegated stones and beautiful in design—typifying in their structure and design a wholesome restraint with proper license for recreation and enjoyment.

Within those walls order and beauty everywhere prevailed. Thousands of the rarest flowers of every conceivable hue imparted their fragrance to the atmosphere. Fruits the most luscious hung bending on their branches along the flower festooned walks, inviting you to partake; while here and there were jetting fountains in whose pearly waters were sporting the many colored fishes, and the adjoining groves were redolent with the sweet songs of the thousand warblers whose plumage had borrowed tints from the rainbow and the early dawn—all conspired to make a scene more lovely than mortal mind can possibly conceive of while in the form.—"For the things of the Spirit can only be conceived of by the Spirit.

Here was the home and school of the tender buds that had been transplanted early from the earth to spirit life. On all sides were arranged objects and scenes to inspire emotions and awaken thought. The divine harmonies and melodies of the place were set to music and uttered in song. The happy children were joined by the chorus of a thousand birds and all rejoiced together in thanksgiving and praise. Then came a hush like the stillness of even, and the children were ranged in groups with their books for instruction. These books contained the rudiments of spirit or symbol language, and all were earnest in application and attention.

After enjoying myself amid these unspeakable beauties for a time, their teacher came forward and informed me I must now return to my body, which had been laid out for dead, and to my home again on this side of the river. O! how I begged to remain in that angel school to dwell with that happy throng, in that place of untold beauties; but from that decision there was no appeal. A look from that angel presence was sufficient command. Firmness with kindness and love, imparted the magnetism of the purpose, while the command acted to music and obeyed. As I turned sorrowing eastward, I was assured that there was a work for me here which I must do—a mission which I must fulfill—and that if faithful to the spirit influences controlling when that work was done and life's journey in the form over, I would again be permitted to enter that garden and rest and refresh myself in its groves and by its life-giving fountains.

Bidding adieu for a time to my sister and cousin and their many happy companions, I again awoke amid pain and intense agony to the consciousness of the earth life, to find my friends about preparing for my funeral.

But, amid all the struggles and sufferings of the earth life to which a sensitive medium is exposed, the recollections of those hours in Spirit Land which were indelibly impressed upon my mind, have been my solace and cheer and the beacon to guide me safely on above the follies of a creed-bound world and beyond the breakers of which I was using, slipping and struck into the ball of my thumb, nearly severing the tendon of the abductor muscle. The subsequent suffering in a few hours was intense, necessarily producing a "dead lock" in my model. I met Dr. F., who, after inquiring into the nature of the case, observed, "You are simple to suffer. Why not throw the part out?" He did not touch the part, nor come near me. My previous experience in mesmerism, testified me that I was not susceptible to mesmeric influences. I therefore hesitated to make the effort required, but finally agreed to try it, resulting in the instantaneous cessation of all pain in the part, and so it continued for several days, when, accidentally striking my hand against some obstruction, the pain returned with increased violence, and continued for several hours until removed again by an act of my own will. But some of your correspondents say Dr. F. is a "powerful psychologist," and intimate that he produces the result by mesmerism. I confess I do not understand the phrase "psychologist," as used in this connection. A reference to my school-boy days, derives this word from the Greek *Psyche*, the soul, and *Logos* discourse or science, that is the science of the soul. If the design in the use of this word was to identify Dr. F. with a manipulating mesmerizer, and the designer has succeeded, hereafter it will only be necessary in proving that a man makes horseshoes, to say that he is a "powerful" mineralogist.

St. Charles, Ill., June, 7th, 1871.

Pleasanton, Kansas.

BRO. JONES: Agreeable to custom, and for the encouragement of those who think that Spiritualism is "dying out," I send you a condensed report of our three days meeting, and dedication of Brother Decker's new hall, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of June.

The weather was pleasant and agreeable, and the citizens and friends from abroad gave us a good hearing. Brother Taylor from Fort Scott, and Sister Fry, an inspirational speaker, gave the people a rich and interesting talk. Others took part in the meeting, and we had a good time for all.

This week we have had two lectures from E. V. Wilson, accompanied with his usual readings and tests, all of which has served to call up the attention of the people, who still "want more." The only thing that excites a little wrath is to see the falling of the lower jaw and the staring and protruding eyeballs, of the old religious conservatives who so belittle themselves to sustain their creed, that they deny having any merit of their own, but expect to go to a local heaven, some time, on the merits of a Jew, whose name, they say, was Jesus.

E. B. WHEELLOCK.
June 27th, 1871.

Voices from the People.

PARIS, ILL.—J. Carl, M. D., writes.—Now Bro. Jones, a few words concerning the progress of the spiritual philosophy in Eastern Illinois, and particularly in this fossilized orthodox city of Paris, and I will close. Fifteen years ago I stood alone in this town, and I believe with one or two exceptions, in the county, and for my firm stand that I took when I came here, and have ever since, I, as I expected, suffered constant persecution and the vilest slanders. But I harmed no one, and no doubt increased my spiritual growth; have lived it down, and to-day, thanks to the angel world, I begin to see the fruits of my labors. Now there are here quite a number of Spiritualists, and many liberal minds, and some of the most intelligent citizens of the place and county are inquiring for me light, the husks of old theology does not satisfy their hungering and longing souls. Thus you will see the ball is rolling, the credits, too, are beginning to understand this moving of the Spiritualistic ear. They see that the people are beginning to think for themselves, and that of course they do not think with them. Consternation and terror seizes the priests when they behold the sceptre about to depart from Judah.

WATERBURY, CONN.—Lewis White writes.—I have not had much time to thoroughly read the Search after God, thinking that it would be radical in book form, so I have waited. Although radical it is the foundation for much thought. Can you not go back in your mind to a time when there was no human being? Was there not at the first some thing that developed into man? If so, was there not a spirit before that? Was not that spirit God? The more I think of it the more I can see a glimmer of light in the account of the creation that Moses must have copied from the Egyptians. The earth was without form. True. It was in a gaseous state. You can look into a glass jar of gas and see nothing, yet it may contain that which may be converted into a solid. I can see in the Bible the only authority for the statement that the spirit is the good God.

TISKILWA, ILL.—J. Gage writes.—Your Search after God was good negatives, but I, an old, feeble man, near four-score years, have found a personal God.

BELOT, WIS.—S. W. Bullock writes.—That Search after God is a great search. The question is, will he find the old fellow? If he does I would like to see him.

PLYMOUTH, VT.—Orris Johnson writes.—I like your paper for its fearless advocacy of truth, but I think that atheistic ideas as Brother Francis advocates had better not be printed. Let him bound the universe before he undertakes to say there is no God. I would like to know what kind of a God he is hearing after.

Remarks: Why, dear Brother, you are entirely mistaken. There is not an Atheistic impulse within us. Could you once see us, and talk with us, and hear our views in regard to the beauty and grandeur of man's destiny, you would wish our position true, and doing that would imply it had some merit. Your letter indicates that our thoughts have hurt you, when, indeed, we would gladly encircle the whole world in the arms of sympathy, and if we have made a wound in your sensitive heart, we would heal it with the tears of love. No, Brother, our position presents a grand moral platform to the world, and a high and beautiful conception of man's destiny. If our ideas hurt your sensitive mind, or clash with preconceived notions, don't read them, but remember that we know we have gladdened the hearts of thousands by instituting this Search, which was urged upon us for months by our spirit guide. As to his being an atheistical spirit, the charge amounts to nothing. In the spirit world to day this question is being discussed, and intelligences as widely differ there as here. We commenced this series of articles without a moment's forethought, perfect passivity only being required. We have studied no ancient authors, have consulted books only when told to make extracts from them.

WAUTOMA, WIS.—H. S. Johnson writes.—We are much interested in the articles now contained in the Journal. The search after God in particular calls for a few thoughts. It is like a great cannon ball sent forth crushing and destroying the ancient idol of the Jewish God, seated upon the great white throne. The intelligence through Brother Francis speaks of the ponderous, vibrating machinery of this solar system and other solar systems. I have seen while in the clairvoyant condition, things which I think are not laid down in any of the laws of science known to man, in regard to the path in which this earth moves around the sun. It seems to be a vast river of shimmering, blazing, silvery light. Now what I wish to do, is to ask all clairvoyants, whose clairvoyant powers will permit them to examine this circle around the sun, the path in which the earth must move once a year, and let me know the results, either privately by letter, or publicly through the JOURNAL. It requires a clairvoyant of considerable power to see this path of light, and it cannot be seen through any telescope at the present time. This path is very different in appearance from the immensity of space on either side. It seems to be as much a road, or place for the earth to move in, as the railroad is for the steam engine.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—H. S. Brown, M. D., writes.—I enclose you three dollars to pay for the JOURNAL a year, and also a communication, which I wish you to publish. I think the question of what we should do in associations is the greatest question of the times, and if your principles are right in your search after God, the quicker we begin to worship nature by coming to live according to her laws the better. That is the only God that is above us.

MERRILLSVILLE, MICH.—Marcus Fields writes.—When you will find two dollars, it is not the full amount, but all that I can at present send you for the kindness you have displayed towards myself. The Search after God is well worth the price of your paper. Long may Brother Francis live to help hammer common sense into creed-bound souls.

XENIA, O.—A. D. Sulvery writes.—I will close by adding my testimony to the highly meritorious excellency of the great truths contained in the Search after God, now being promulgated through the columns of your most influential JOURNAL.

SOUTH ADAMS, MASS.—James M. Carter writes.—The JOURNAL amply pays every week, and would if there was nothing in it but the Search after God.

NORTHWEST, O.—John Morgan writes.—In closest please send fifty cents, for which please send me the Brinkley College Spirit Manifestations and a volume of Judge Edmonds' tracts, and oblige what the old orthodox Christians call an old gray-headed fool. I want to see the Search after God in book form. I think if in the search you should find the Bible God, he would probably be standing in Heaven by some big stone pile, with a great stone in his hand ready to throw on some poor fellow on the run, as we read in the Bible of his casting a great stone at Heveron on the inhabitants in old times, when they were going at the top of their speed.

ALMONT, MICH.—James H. Andrus writes.—The Search after God is an excellent article, and surely it will be the better for it. If the writer succeeds in finding any God at all, I hope, for his sake as well as others, that he will not be one of the angry, vindictive kind, nor one who will be so very ungodly and indecent as to turn around and show his "hinder parts," but that he will be fully up to the present times, at least, and will face the music to the tune of endless progression and love for all.

ADAMSVILLE, PA.—H. B. Andrus writes.—I see by the tab on my paper that my time is out on the 10th, and wishing to follow "The Search after God," I send you \$1.50 for which you will continue the JOURNAL for six months.

E. B. WHEELLOCK.

WEBSTER, MD.—Anna Harvey writes.—I had rather my grocer or dry goods merchant would wait a little while for pay than you. Your machine is doing a great good in enlightening the people who sit in darkness, and must be kept running, and your readers must furnish the lubricating oil.

BUCHANAN, WIS.—Elizabeth Gardner writes.—I cannot do without the JOURNAL, can hardly wait for it to come, and when I have read its precious contents I pass it around to those who dare to read it. I must confess I was almost afraid to read the paper at first—had been prejudiced against it, but now consider it a blessing, for it has given me new views of life.

NEWTON FALLS, OHIO—Lucy Hindon writes.—I have taken the JOURNAL ever since its commencement; am well pleased with the noble stand it has taken for the defense of mediums and free thought. All honor to those noble souls, who dare to stand up in the defense of truth against bigotry and her twin sister ignorance.

SALEM, OMO.—John Gordon writes.—I send you in this letter \$3 for a continuation of the JOURNAL. I cannot do without it. It is a welcome messenger. I consider it a highly toned paper, conducted and edited with rare ability, and an able exponent of the thrilling truths of Spiritualism. God bless and prosper you, my brother, in your great labor of love and enlightenment. Ever yours for the dethronement of error and the exaltation of truth.

ST. CATHARINES, CANADA.—Geo. D. Derby writes.—Like many others, I am not fully convinced of the truth of the Spiritual philosophy, but like the JOURNAL very much, and have been instrumental in inducing some to subscribe for it, and many to read it, all of whom admire its independent and bold philosophy. I am short Nos. 16 to 19 inclusive. Will you be kind enough to forward them?

ROCKINGHAM, VT.—John A. Burt writes.—I am well satisfied with the paper, and cannot get along without it. I will try to get some more subscribers soon. The prompt action you have taken to put down the M. D. gag law I heartily endorse.

STANWOOD, KANSAS.—A. Dodge writes.—I have been a firm believer in and supporter of Spiritualism, and thank God that my eyes were ever opened to its blessed truths. Now I can see and commune with sweet angel spirits. Oh, what a sweet, blessed privilege and gift it is, to enjoy the communion again of our spirit friends who so much loved while on earth. It is my blessed privilege to be endowed with the spirit, or mediumistic phase of Spiritualism. I have been handled by spirits. I have had a sight of that beautiful Summer Land. O, what a sight! I was taken back to Mother Earth, to inhabit this earthly casket awhile longer.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—J. H. Stanley writes.—Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find postoffice order for \$3, which please place to my credit on account of the JOURNAL. I prize the JOURNAL too highly to think of doing without it, though it requires some effort on my part to raise the stamps, as I am "one of God's poor."

EAST ABINGTON, MASS.—J. Madison Allen writes.—I wish heartily for you and your excellent paper abundant success. And you will have it. The JOURNAL is one of the papers that the spirits are determined shall live. It has been gradually improving, and constantly, and is more and more a penible guest in thousands of families all over the land.

DURDETT, N. Y.—James Row writes.—You are the kind of man that I believe in, and whether I endorse all that is published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL or not, there is a freedom of thought through most of the paper that I like.

HASSAN, MINN.—D. T. Goodwin writes.—A few weeks ago I was the only one in this place who took the JOURNAL, now there are five subscribers. To be sure that is not a large number, but this is a farming community, only thinly settled. The cause is progressing, and, as nothing is more than a wide-awake, thorough-going spiritual paper.

GETTYSBURG, PA.—J. Swope writes.—We are much pleased with your paper here, though "The Search after God" is a little too radical for some of our members. We are few in numbers here, and strong only in the strength that inheres in our cause. Having constantly recurring facts to appeal to in support of our faith, we are more than a match for the advocates of Old Theology, whose only base of faith is to be found in a book compiled by a set of wrangling priests, and handed down to us through the mist and corruption of two thousand years.

ELKHORN, IOWA.—M. Roper writes.—I am about 60 years old, and about stopping the use of tobacco, and other stimulants, and save the money to sustain the good old JOURNAL. I think that others who ever read the JOURNAL would be better off if they would do the same.

KENDALLVILLE, IND.—Dr. Brown writes.—I enclose \$3 the price of the JOURNAL for one year. I feel grateful that you have continued to send it weekly to me, as it contains some precious truths that such souls as mine need after feeding on orthodox hanks for 23 years in the Presbyterian Church.

AURORA, MINN.—Mrs. Abbie Stapleton writes.—I am a constant reader of your to me inestimable JOURNAL. In it I find many things cheering to my heart; it helps me to smooth the rough road of life. I pass along toward the river we all must cross.

A good brother, who does not wish his name or residence to appear, writes: "I don't know as I have anything now that would interest you or any one else. I only wish to make use of this occasion to let you know I endorse the Search after God by Brother Francis' Search after God. He comes almost up to the point several times, then flies off in a flourish of eloquence, but always dodges the question, 'Who started the Mill?' We all might grind if we only had a start. Then another theory I don't think much of, the intelligence that could look calmly on and see me plunged into all the unspeakable miseries that I have endured for years in the marriage relation, without their taking some measure to set me on a better footing. I have only one of two excuses for his creating and controlling intelligences, they are grossly wicked or lamentably ignorant. I have no intelligences for intelligences that could if they would, or would not if they could, and did not aver the terrible storms which have for many years 'rolled like bitter waves of wormwood over my poor soul.'"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Enos Gray writes.—I am glad you are sustained in the good and glorious work of publishing the truth to the world in a bold and fearless manner, and that your efforts are appreciated. The Search after God seems to be doing much good by the agitation of thought among the people. There is great need for such truths to be spoken, for there is so much superstition in the minds of the people through false teaching.

LOWELL, MASS.—E. Hall writes.—I wish I could find words to express my feeling, and views in regard to the grand and glorious position the JOURNAL has taken and has so nobly and fearlessly sustained itself as a fertilizer in the soil of human minds.

AUGUSTA, MICH.—R. E. Wood writes.—I dearly prize and love the JOURNAL. I think it the best spiritual paper published. I feel that I cannot do without it. When I can take it no longer I will inform you. I must have it as long as I can pay for it. It is food to my soul to read the heavenly-inspiring truths. It is elevating and inspiring to the mind's growth and advancement. These blessed spiritual truths are more real and satisfying than ever the Christian religion was of can be.

BLUE RIDGE, IND.—R. D. Creed writes.—Go on in the good work, and may the inhabitants of the Summer Land influence you in the right direction. I hope to increase the circulation of the JOURNAL in this locality.

SKANEATELES, N. Y.—E. Spaulding writes.—Enclosed you will find \$3 to renew my subscription for another year. I cannot think of letting your paper stop so long as it contains so much of the bread of life. I am taking more interest in your Search after God than I ever could in that old Moses Bible.

Price-List of Books.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'The Bible', 'The Philosophy of Creation', and 'The Biographical of Satan'. Includes a section for 'LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE'.

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PARKER'S BROTHERS advertisement for 'PARKER'S SHOTGUN' and 'PARKER'S BROTHERS' products. Includes text: 'PARKER'S SHOTGUN BEST IN THE WORLD'.

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