

RELIGIO- PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

PHILOSOPHICAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
I DREAMED I RESTED ON THE SLOPE.

BY C. A. LOWE.

I dreamed I rested on the slope
Of a bleak mountain, lone and high,
Afar were grief and joy and hope,
Above I heard the eagle's cry.

"And here," I said, "will I abide,
Afar from earthly and wrong;
No human ill shall me betide,
And Nature here will make me strong."

Thus day by day and hour by hour
I watched Nature's touch in vain;
More a life grew, and suffered more,
From olden grief, from present pain.

Till weary of my aimless life,
I sought the haunts of men again,
Grieved for their hate, deplored their strife,
Hoped with their hopes and felt their pain.

My dream is past, my strength renewed,
My lesson practiced day by day;
Self-love's exclusive pride,
I tranquil walk my destined way.

THE NEW FORCE.

A Scientific Testing of Mr. Home the So-called Spiritualist—Curious Phenomena.

The *Popular Science Review* for July, which is edited by Mr. Crookes, an eminent chemist, and a Fellow of the Royal Society, contains an account by himself—partly confirmed and attested also by Dr. Huggins, the eminent astronomer, whose great and quite recent services in relation to the astronomical application of spectrum analysis have been acknowledged in all quarters, and who is one of the most distinguished members of the Royal Society, and by Mr. Sergeant Cox, both of whom were present—of some very curious experiments made on Mr. Home's asserted physical powers as a medium, as it is called, though, of course, no countenance is lent by the experimenter or his friends to the hypothesis of the agency of invisible beings of which the word "medium" is a remnant. Mr. Crookes and Mr. Sergeant Cox both seem convinced that these experiments prove the existence of a peculiar force which they call "psychic," proceeding directly from the nervous system of specially constituted persons, and which is exerted independently of the muscular system, probably propagated, suggests Mr. Sergeant Cox, who, as the least scientific, is the rashest of these speculator inquiries, through that "nerve-atmosphere of various intensity enveloping the human structure" which Dr. Huggins has discovered. Dr. Huggins, the most eminent scientific man of the three, is by far the most cautious and reserved in his statements. He gives in his general adherence to Mr. Crookes's account of the experiments—"your proof appears to me to contain a correct statement of what took place in my presence at your house," but as to one of the most curious facts involved in it—namely, that an accordion continued to float about "without any visible support" in the copper-wire cage contrived for it by Mr. Crookes, after Mr. Home's hand had been entirely withdrawn, and, under these circumstances, to play musical airs without being touched by any hand—Dr. Huggins states that his position at the table did not permit him to be a witness to the withdrawal of Mr. Home's hand from the accordion, though he writes to Mr. Crookes that "such was stated at the time to be the case by yourself and by the person sitting on the other side of Mr. Home." He adds, "the experiments appear to me to show the importance of further investigation; but I wish it to be understood that I express no opinion as to the cause of the phenomena which took place." Dr. Huggins's evidence is of the greater weight, so far as it goes, from the great caution and reserve with which he gives it. He appears to confirm generally the accuracy of Mr. Crookes's description, except as to the performances of the caged accordion, when Mr. Home's hand was removed; but he evidently does not regard the experiments as going further than to justify and even show "the importance" of further investigation. Even this from such a witness as Dr. Huggins is remarkable testimony.

But what was the precise nature of the facts to which, supposing them to be amply authenticated by future tests, such as Dr. Huggins himself would regard as satisfactory, these experiments point? It is this—that in the presence of certain specially-gifted or specially organized individuals (whether the facts, if true, depend on the organization, or on the power of will, or on the nervous sensibility—in a word, on what they do depend—is at present all a matter of speculation), a force develops itself which produces, without contact, many of the results of muscular effort directed by a trained musical taste and ear. For example, Mr. Crookes (all whose test machinery had been prepared without the smallest knowledge, on Mr. Home's part, Mr. Home seeing it for the first time when he entered Mr. Crookes's house, had prepared a mahogany board three feet long by nine and one-half inches wide, and one inch thick, one end of which rested on a firm table, and the other was supported by a spring balance hanging from a substantial tripod stand, with a self-registering index attached. Thus, any pressure ex-

erted on this board at any point nearer to the balance than the spot where it was supported on the table, tended to depress the end supported by the balance to an extent registered by the index—the board moving round the table-supported end as round a fulcrum. Mr. Crookes, to test the balance, stood on one foot at the end of the board nearest the table, and Dr. Huggins said that the whole weight of his body then applied (140 pounds) only sank the index at the other end to an amount equivalent to one and a half pounds if applied to the balance-end, when he stood still, and to two pounds when he jerked up and down. Mr. Home, sitting in a low easy chair, simply applied his fingers lightly to the exact point where the board rested on the table (so that even hard pressure there would have only had the effect of securing the fulcrum instead of depressing the other end of the mahogany board), and under these conditions the opposite end was depressed by an amount which varied, as if in waves, between three and one-half pounds and six pounds, which was the maximum attained.

This experiment was in some respects the most curious, as being the one which was in every respect most above-board—both literally and morally—and which was apparently fully attested by Dr. Huggins, as well as by Mr. Sergeant Cox and Mr. Crookes. If repeated often enough in the presence of competent witnesses, it would undoubtedly show the real existence of some new force not due to muscular exertion.

The other experiment was made with an accordion imprisoned in a drum-shaped cage of Mr. Crookes's own invention, the cage being made of lathes of wood and copper-wire to prevent access from outside; but this cage was placed beneath the table, and though Mr. Sergeant Cox and Mr. Crookes both seemed to have watched it there, and to have taken what they believed to be very careful guarantees that Mr. Home was not juggling, there can hardly be so much confidence placed in the reality of the facts asserted as in the case of the lever experiment. The cage was so made as to surround the accordion entirely, but not quite to touch the top of the table, leaving space enough to admit one of Mr. Home's hands so far as to enable him to hold the accordion by the top. The observers on each side kept their feet on Mr. Home's feet to prevent any use of them, and one of Mr. Home's hands was placed on the table and carefully observed, the other at first held the accordion by the top, but the rest of the accordion was completely inside the cage, so as to be inaccessible. Held in this position, the accordion first began to vibrate and then to play tunes inside the cage. Mr. Crookes avers that he put his hand on that hand of Mr. Home which held the instrument, and that he found it absolutely still at the very moment the instrument was playing. Nay, he asserts, as we have already stated, that when Mr. Home removed his hand altogether and put both of them above the table, the accordion continued to float and play tunes inside the cage with no apparent support. Of course, as we have said, these asserted facts must be taken with great reserve, unless verified with sufficient repetition under every guarantee the scientific world may suggest. But should they be verified, and we think the existing testimony is quite sufficient to make this hypothesis conceivable, a good many more matters should be carefully investigated; for instance, this—whether any tune could be so played which Mr. Home himself could not play on the accordion, or any with which none of the persons present were able to play on the accordion, or any which none of those present were even acquainted, or whether, if none of these cases happened, it was only Mr. Home's knowledge of music, or indifferently that of any other of the persons present, which the tune appeared to represent. One thing is certain, that if the facts asserted be true at all, the force moving the accordion must be in some way connected with a musically educated mind. The wind does not execute even "a well-known sweet and plaintive melody" on the Aeolian harp. The movements of the accordion must clearly have been governed by the musical associations of some mind, and whether these were voluntary or involuntary, seems quite immaterial; but the latter is quite conceivable—it would be possible, one would think, to determine the mind in which they originated. Supposing the fact established, there is in it little that is more wonderful than the power of absolutely writing by telegraph, so that specific vibrations given to the wires at one end, cause given words to be written off at the other—for, of course, if there really be a "nerve atmosphere of various intensity round each individual," the vibrations given to such an atmosphere by distinct acts of thought, might produce corresponding contractions in the accordion. This is, however, purely speculative; but if these things are true at all, it must be determinable where the mental source of the tune played by the accordion is, and no point could be of greater interest. The analogy would be close—though there would be one great difference—with established facts of the kind sometimes called electro-biological. We have been repeatedly assured by men of the highest trustworthiness that the power belongs to men of certain temperament, to influence by strong silent will the action of certain persons, so that, by expending a great deal of silent effort—for instance, on the desire that a given man shall scratch the tip of his left ear, that man is at last compelled, with no knowledge whatever of the reason, to scratch the tip of his left ear. That such facts as these have been repeatedly verified is, we believe, certain. And the only difference in this case may be that the same kind of effect is produced on the motions of an inanimate object like an accordion—certainly most curious, as the facts we have alluded to are, also, most curious—but certainly, also, not more impossible than the others. What, however, we now wish to insist on is that

there is *prima facie* evidence, a true bill found, which ought to be sent for scientific trial, in relation to this matter. Even Dr. Huggins declares this much; and Dr. Huggins is an authority such as no scientific man will dare for a moment to dispute. Whether there be "a new force" on the eve of discovery is not yet proved; but that there is sufficient suspicion of the exertion of such a force to render it most desirable that the scientific world should either confirm or explode the hypothesis of its existence, and, in the former case, study its laws, is hardly disputable.

From the Chicago Times. "Nerve Atmosphere."

The fact that riotous outbreaks occurred at most simultaneously in London, Vienna, Dublin and New York has been noted as greatly favoring the hypothesis that there is some subtle and secret means of mental communication between human beings physically far apart. "We need only to suppose," says a contemporary, "this globe to be surrounded by an invisible atmosphere which vibrates with the shock of mind as the air does with sound, to understand how a riotous spirit in New York can be transmitted to cities three or four thousand miles away, without the intervention of any of the ordinary means of communicating thought and emotion."

Apart from the fascination which such theories always possess for imaginative and unphilosophical minds, there are numerous recorded facts that seem to support this particular one, visionary as at first thought it appears to be. The argument from an electric knob or war spring has its weight, but it is not nearly so strong as that supplied by the numerous recorded instances where distressing tidings have been borne long distances, as if upon the wings of light. Many of these might be cited, but one well-authenticated case will suffice. A number of years ago, a student in Amherst college fell from a scaffolding and sustained an injury of the spine, from which he subsequently died. At the moment of the accident, the young man's mother, who was many miles distant, experienced a violent shock, and realized a powerful impression that some dreadful calamity had befallen her absent son. She told her husband and induced him to consent to her immediate departure for Amherst.

Well-attested phenomena of this description present themselves by the hundred. They cannot be set to the account of accident or the mere whimsies of disordered or highly-excitable minds. They are facts in the world of mind which remain to be accounted for. They are of a very different character, and far less questionable than pretended premonitions, which may generally be set down as mere forebodings for which there may be sufficient known ground, or abundant cause in the physical condition of the individual. We all have "premonitions," and that very often, nine-tenths of which prove false. The tenth which proves true is trumpeted to the world as something extraordinary, whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary about it. A colonel, about to mount his horse and lead his regiment into action, passed with one foot in the stirrup, rested his head for some moments in the pommel of the saddle, turned, re-entered his tent, and wrote, "Send Henry home with my body." He then mounted and entered the fight, and within an hour was shot dead. His case proves nothing with respect to premonitions, one way or the other. He may have been forewarned of his death, or he may merely have felt those apprehensions which most men feel on going into battle, or he may have known that he would be exposed to unusual dangers.

The colonel's "premonition" does not greatly tax our philosophy. It may be readily accounted for on known principles. Not so of the tidings communicated to the Massachusetts mother. Not so of the knowledge of his brother's death imparted to Louis de France, supposing the story of the Corsican brothers to be founded on fact. These are facts which our philosophy has not yet succeeded in explaining, and which we are forced to refer to some supernatural or hypothetical medium or agent of transmission, unless we reject them altogether; and that we cannot do without rejecting the testimony of honest men who can have no adequate motive for practicing deception. The presumption against them is by no means so strong as it is against the reality of premonitions, because they do not suppose fore-knowledge or supernatural intervention. They allege the communication of things past and known, and not of things future and unknown. They are, therefore, proper subjects of scientific inquiry.

Indeed, these phenomena are by no means wholly at variance with common experience. How often do we hear persons profess their ability to detect the presence of others near them, without the aid of the recognized senses. And how often do we feel one's company to be agreeable, or the reverse, when we have neither seen nor heard him, but simply know that he is near. Probably all persons who have performed literary labor can testify that when they are engaged in writing, the mere silent and apparently harmless presence of certain persons is extremely annoying and distracting, while the presence of others may be either a matter of indifference or a positive stimulus. These influences often appear to be wholly independent of previous impressions concerning the persons who silently exert them. These facts of common experience, as well as those of unusual occurrence before referred to, at least suggest that mind may act on mind in a way not familiar to us, if indeed they do not prove that it does so at all times.

After making all allowance for imposture, the performances of the "mediums" give color to the supposition that mind can act upon matter, as well as upon other mind in strange ways. For example, an experiment made by Mr. Home

in the presence of the English investigators, is thus described:

"A lever was provided, so arranged that an ordinary man pressing with his whole weight on one end of it would exert a pressure at the other end—measured by a spring balance—of from one and a half to two pounds. Mr. Home, by merely touching the fingers of one hand to this lever, at a point the least favorable to himself, produced a depression which the balance showed to be equal to from three and one-half to six pounds."

The investigators, Huggins, Crookes, and Cox, were satisfied that in this and other experiments equally strange no deception was practiced, and two of them were of opinion that the results were produced through the agency of what they call a "nerve atmosphere," enveloping the bodies of all men, but more intense in some cases than in others. May it not be that they have only obtained a glimpse of the truth? May it not appear eventually that this "nerve atmosphere" is something more than a personal emanation or attendant of each individual? May it not prove to be a universal medium, through which mind can transmit influences to remote mind and matter? May it not be that the difference between Home and ordinary mortals is that he knows how to avail himself of this medium, while they do not? There would be nothing more wonderful in this discovery than in some others that have been made since the world began. There is nothing more inherently improbable about the existence of a nerve or mind atmosphere, than there is about the known connection between mind and matter. The power a man possesses to raise his arm is wonderful and mysterious. The power to raise a stick or a stone by nerve volition could hardly be more so.

We forbear to speculate about the possible fruits of the discovery and development of a hitherto unsuspected power of mind over distant mind and over matter extraneous to the physical organism. Mr. Home's lever experiment is suggestive. By a touch of his finger, he exerts a force greater than that exerted by the weight of an ordinary man's body. Is steam then to be superseded by will? Why not? And what limit is to be assigned to the power? If a whale, with his inferior brain, can propel his huge bulk with a force equal to that put forth by a good-sized steam-pump; why may not the nobler brain of man push up mountains by the roots by sheer volition? Is the telegraph to be superseded by the medium? Why not? If the Amherst student, untaught in the use of the nerve atmospheric telegraph, could rotify his distant mother or that he was dying with a broken back, assuredly the coming man of Darwin will be able to transmit the market reports from Chicago to Hong Kong, or whisper the news to his friends at the antipodes, by agitating the mind air, as he will know how to do. But alas for the newspapers, in those days, when everybody will be in spirituo-telegraphic rapport with every where!

The *Philosophy of Life—Spiritualism*—solves the mysterious problem. A guardian spirit of the son impressed the mother with the fact. To her it was a violent shock—a veritable reality.

—ED. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

From the Chicago Evening Post. SPIRITUALISM.

A Lay Sermon.

A cable dispatch from London on Wednesday disclosed the fact that Professor Crookes, Doctor Huggins and Sergeant Cox, three eminent English scholars, have at last resolved to enter upon a calm and fearless examination of the claims of the phenomena of Spiritualism, especially the phase of those phenomena that are manifested by the somewhat famous American now in Europe, Daniel D. Home.

This determination should be hailed with warm approval by the thinking world. For some twenty years, now, the attitude of learned chemists, philosophers, and scholars generally, toward the development of this curious system which is called Spiritualism, has been simply disgraceful to science. Like common superstitious mortals, they have hesitated to cross what Emerson calls "the great ill-famed land of the marvelous," when the principal purpose and mission of science is to demonstrate that there is no such realm within the sight of mortals. Compe is right when he predicates that all sublimity things are soluble in the crucible of the human brain, and that the realm of science has no horizon that can not be traversed. Called to the noblest mission under heaven, scientific men have sat down supinely in the presence of Spiritualism, turned their backs on it, and said, "We decline to investigate its claims, but we decide against the existence of the alleged phenomena on a priori grounds. It can not be that such things are not within the range of our own experience. That is all there is about it." Thus supreme science, when it should have been humble, has dogmatized; when it should have been alert and vigilant, has played the sluggard; when it should have been philosophical, has de-cided a grave question on the same grounds that Tycho Brahe decided that the earth was not spherical, and did not revolve around the sun.

Meantime, Spiritualism, has gone on from strength to strength. Nothing is to be gained by underestimating the number of its adherents or the rate of its progress. During twenty years, it has grown faster than any other American sect. From its origin with three persons sitting around an old table in Hydeville, N. Y., in 1848, it has grown to include millions, and is now sweeping over other countries like the wind. It has made tens of thousands of proselytes from every organized denomination, and has given little or nothing in return. It has scores of organs, audacious, aggressive, and even bitterly belligerent in their character. It has its lycoums

and trance-speakers in every ward of every city, and its open or secret circles in every country town. At every point of tangency with unbelievers, it is fiercely defiant, asking no quarter and giving none. And it numbers among its champions, not merely the ignorant and credulous, but very large numbers of intelligent and educated people. Such a vigorous system as this, neither Science nor Christianity can afford either to ignore or despise. They must meet it upon its own ground and fight it manfully, or it will have its own way.

Thus far, its claims have generally been met by sneers, and by supercilious dogmatizings about "inherent improbability." Instead of going at an investigation open-eyed, scientific men have scouted clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychology, impressibility, and all the more novel claims of Spiritualism, with simply "pooh-pooh!" It is high time this puerile method was abandoned, for the pooh-pooh era has passed away forever. The claims of the rappers, tipplers, slate writers, and spirit-seers must be met upon their merits. There is no doubt that a very large proportion—possibly a majority—of the strange manifestations put forth by mediums, are either forgeries or phantasies, resulting on the one hand from wanton deception on the part of the performer, and, on the other, from illusion and delusion on the part of the spectator. The human mind strongly tends to absorb the marvelous, and in its behalf to exaggerate what has thus been presented to the senses; and persons who fancy they are commissioned as telegraphic agents between the seen and unseen world—the land of bodies and the land of souls—must be subjected to an extraordinary and peculiar temptation to help the spirit messenger, and thus gratify the sinner and attest the genuineness of their mission. Frances Power Cobbe's "unconscious cooperation" may also account for some things now attributed to spirits.

But after these considerations have had their full weight, and have accounted for all they can—after we have subtracted the results of imposture, insanity, vertigo, hallucination, the odd force, nervous eccentricities, and all unexplored muscular activity, there still remains a large residuum of well-attested facts to be accounted for. Of this statement no sane person can entertain a doubt, who has made a fearless, conscientious and faithful exploration of the field. It is no longer safe to treat these facts with ridicule or with flip-sant indifference. Such men as Judge Edmondson, Professor Hare, and Professor Denton, as well as hundreds of thousands who know nothing about science, testify that they have witnessed phenomena which they believed not to have been produced by the ordinary agencies with which they are familiar; and many of the crowned heads of Europe, whose guest he has been, have already borne witness to his having seen Home's body carried about the room without visible power, and his hand lying unharmed in a bed of burning coals. Are these men all mistaken? Or do they all conspire to affirm a lie? If either of these hypotheses be true, it certainly furnishes one of the most remarkable examples of erratic mentality that the history of the world has known. Or, on the other hand, if they are not mistaken, and tell the truth, it is high time that such men as Faraday and Sir David Brewster in England, and Pierce, Agassiz and Felton in our own country, got rid of their wretched and ignorant affectations, and went seriously to the work of enlightening the people. Professor Crookes, the chemist, Doctor Huggins, the astronomer, and Sergeant Cox, the advocate, believe they have already discovered the existence of a sensitive nerve atmosphere enveloping the medium. Very well; so far, so good. Now let them press on, and ascertain and demonstrate how intelligence reaches out its lever through this delicate envelope, and moves on persons and things beyond. To be told that "it is electricity" is no answer at all. It is plain that during the next century the most startling discoveries are to be made in the recondite realm of psychology—in the shadowy region of twilight just beyond the solid plane where science has hitherto set its feet. In disclosing the method of the action of mind on mind, and of mind on matter, and, if possible, in reaching beyond and demonstrating the palpable after-life, is science to be content to find its most eligible field and its grandest achievement? And on the verge of this untrodden world thinking men have long been encamped, waiting impatiently for a competent exploration to begin.

—W. T. Bishop, Jr., of Harrisburg, Pa., writes as follows: "Dr. Child spoke here on Sunday, with acceptance. The pictures continue to be drawn at Mr. P. saw you. New colors, designs, and more speed are developed."

—An old lady followed up an Episcopal bishop as he travelled through his diocese, and was confirmed several times before she was detected. She wished the ordinance repeated, because she "had understood it was good for the rheumatism."

—Dr. Franklin, when a child, found the long grass used by his father before and after meals, very tedious. One day, after the winter's provisions were salted, Benjamin said to his father, "I think, father, if you would say grace over the whole case, once for all, it would be a vast saving of time."

—If you want to learn all about the growing state of Kansas, subscribe for the *Kansas Advertiser* published at Topeka, Kansas, by Emils Piercy & Co., issued monthly, at 75 cents per year. It is invaluable to all who think of settling in Kansas, or who are investing their surplus funds in the lands of that promising country.

READ the advertisement of that most wonderful work, JESUS OF NAZARETH.

The Rostrum.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A Lecture by N. J. T. Brigham, Delivered at Harmonical Hall, Philadelphia, May 14th, 1871.

Photographically Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, by Henry T. Child, M. D.

INVOCATION.

Oh, God, Thou who art the loving father of every spirit, help us to understand what Thou art; help us to know something of that life of thine, so pure and changeless forever. Teach us, oh, God, that Thou art the spirit of all harmony and life. When we understand thy nature, we shall not need to call upon that nature for love, for as the earth answers the spring-time with its leaves and blossoms, so shall we answer thy spirit with our gratitude and affection. Teach us that thou art our loving Father, —not a great overruling power so far from us that we can only speculate upon Thee. Teach us that Thou art not so far from us that we shall seek Thee long and vainly, and find Thee not. When we know that Thou art our Father, then can we approach Thee; then can we feel within our lives that love that shall make life itself a benediction. Teach us to understand Thee through all aspiration, and the inspiration of a thousand voices of intuition. Teach us to understand Thee so fully that there will be no room, no place in all our lives, to cherish feelings of wrong,—no place wherein can be developed the plants of bitterness and hate, for all life shall be full of justice and of kindness. Show us the unclouded face of Nature; help us to read the voice of the day and the midnight heavens, for thy love speaks to us through all these things; so shall we understand thee, and life shall be full of patience, and hope, and strength and earnest purpose, that will melt away in its shadowy outlines, until in the place it once occupied shall stand the bright spirit of Love. So shall we be full of understanding, and also of the blessings of peace forevermore.

LECTURE.

We will speak to you upon what has been called the "Lord's Prayer." It has been considered to be a model prayer, and men have taken it as such, and through every day are repeating it. Children's voices blend when night-time cometh, and they are singing to their innocent repose, these words. In churches this is reverently read, and in our own hearts, its words come like lingering echoes from far-off days, but how many of us are there who have felt the spirit found in these words? How many of us have waited sentence by sentence until we know just what each one means,—just what it is worth?

Before we speak of its own deep worthiness, it is necessary,—although we have spoken of the subject of prayer,—to explain what we mean by it. Prayer to us is a means by which we fly above the level of earthly circumstances, until, in a purer atmosphere, our spirits are purified. Prayer is not anything that changes any purpose of God; it is not anything that bends the Great Spirit nearer to us,—nor should it do so; it would prove him to be imperfect. We believe God is changeless, and if we could drag him down, it would prove that there was a lack of wisdom, as well as strength; in the Great Father, and then his goodness, his wisdom, and his justice could not be infinite and perfect.

Although we believe that prayer never did, and never can, change a law of God, because these laws are perfect, yet we believe in the utility of prayer; we believe that it has a divinely beautiful purpose; that it is like an angel of which we have read, that came down to trouble the waters of a certain pool, until they were filled with healing power, and all those who were diseased, by going down when the angels had troubled the waters, were cleansed from their diseases. So prayer brings an angel that troubles the pool of the human spirit, and purifies all its waters, and our souls are clothed upon with garments of purity and peace.

Let any man or woman, in the midst of daily strife, in the bitterness and scorn that is so common in the conflicts of this world,—let any man think for a moment of his mother who has passed on to the spirit land,—of her mild, pure face bending over him with tender, deep, beautiful, reproachful eyes, just such as looked upon him in the innocent days of his childhood,—in the storm of sin if for one moment you can bring into your imagination the picture of that angel mother's face, how soon will that storm pass away! So in all the storms of life, the thought that our father, our mother, or those who have loved us dearly, are looking down upon us, will bring peace to us, and through the influence of true prayer, in our spirits cometh the baptism of purification,—and in that way we believe that prayer helps man,—it sweeps aside the clouds and lets in the sunshine. If we are weak and desire strength, that desire is a prayer. Every desire is a prayer, and every good and holy desire fans the fading embers in our spirits, and we grow strong.

While we are praying to be strong, we may feel about us the chains of some kind of bondage, and with every prayer there springs up a spontaneous effort to work out our salvation, and thus God through us is answering our prayers; so we lessen the distance between our souls and their highest ideal of goodness,—which is God. We believe in this kind of prayer. It is a prayer without ceasing,—and if we can thus pray without ceasing,—if all our good desires, and every right impulse, is like a river prayer, then with this understanding, we are ready to go into the depths of our subject. The Lord's Prayer, and weigh it sentence by sentence, and see how much wisdom, beauty, and meaning lie in these words of Jesus of Nazareth. When men repeat them and do not stop to think what they mean, it always seems to us like rattling the dead husks, but when we try to know what the meaning is, it is like going beneath the husks, and finding the golden grain that is there, which was hidden from our sight. To begin with the words, "Our Father who art in Heaven." Now, in these words, "Our Father," there is a meaning that those who believe that Christ is separated from our nature cannot receive. His life, in certain respects, was like our lives, his nature more beautiful, divinely gifted and harmonious, yet he was our brother, and bears the same relation to our spirits that the broad, deep, majestic river bears to the little stream that takes the same course and flows toward like itself. So in these two words, "Our Father," he expresses that which shows us there is no such distance between the teacher and the pupil as some have supposed. He had common trials and temptations, similar to those whose shade falls upon us, and he sends forth to the one great spirit these words: "Our Father." Then God is not afar off, nor a tyrant whose power is to be dreaded, whose wrath and vengeance we must constantly fear. He is not a Supreme Ruler, whose abiding place is beyond this earth, and who only at stated periods condescends to look over the affairs of men. He is not a king, a ruler who keeps us down, and tempts those who seek him, and who is afraid that men might build up a Tower of Babel, so that they may get into heaven by some unhand-ded way. He is "Our Father," not as earth-

ly parents, who are short-sighted, and indulge their children to do that which is not good for them. They dare not bring a present shade of disappointment to the child; thus selfishness goes forth like a fog, and clouds and darkens the brightest sky. Perfect love always seeks for the highest good of its object. Jesus taught us that as earthly parents were willing to give good gifts to their children, far more so was our Father in Heaven to do so to his children,—willing to aid them at all times. Even when he smites and chastens them, it is because he loves them. He chastens every son that he receives. He chastens all, therefore he receives all. We are called to work out our own salvation, with the understanding that we are not to bring God nearer to us, but to lift our souls nearer to God.

"Our Father who art in Heaven." What does that mean? One person says it means just this: Heaven is a place,—it is not on earth,—it is above the blue canopy of the sky. We know why this name was first applied to the sky. The ancients believed that above the earth was a solid firmament, and that this was illuminated by the stars which God had made for that purpose. This firmament was supposed to separate the waters above the earth from the waters beneath, and they supposed that the windows of heaven were opened when it rained, and the showers came down upon the earth. So, from this idea they derived the term Heaven, and it was spoken of as the place of abode for the good spirits,—and the heavens were stretched out above the earth, as the dwelling-place of the Great Spirit. So he was spoken of in the olden times as dwelling in the heavens. There are men who think that God comes down to visit us occasionally; so in their prayers they ask him to visit his earthly vineyard and see how matters are prospering. When they repeat the words of this prayer "Our Father who art in heaven," it seems to them like sending a telegraphic message to him from this earth,—to his far-off abode of bliss,—and influencing God.

We do not need to change these words, "Our Father who art in heaven." Jesus declared that "the kingdom of heaven is within you." He did not speak of a city whose paving-stones were made of gold. If there was any such place, and men went there, even the most pious of them, they would dig up the stones and sell them.

Jesus knew what he said when he declared that "the kingdom of heaven was within you," that it was the result of goodness and virtue, and everything that is good and right. Can we not understand that part of his Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The pure in heart shall see God, because he is within all the elements of purity and goodness, and when these are in our spirits, the kingdom of heaven will be found there. On the surface of a river, when it is pure, there is a reflection of the heavens, but when it is covered over with any impurity, you can not see anything of this. So it is with the human soul; if discord and impurities are there you can not see God or heaven. It is not because he is far away,—it is because there can be no clear reflection, and such a soul can not see or understand him. "Our Father who art in heaven." If we purify our souls, and take away all discord, all evil conditions, and bring peace and harmony, then in the purity of the soul we see God clearly reflected in the heavens. Then we are prepared for the next sentence, "Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

When man understands God, it will not be necessary to hallow his name, to receive his spirit with reverence, for these will come from an understanding of his nature. You do not have to take a little child and teach it to admire the white and red colors of the rose; the beauty of the flowers calls forth its admiration more than any words you can use. So when man understands God in his heart he hallows his name. He sees in his nature the wisdom, the justice, the kindness of that soul of infinite harmony, and from the height and depth of his nature, he feels the spirit of reverence and profound regard that hallows the name of our Father in heaven, and asks that "thy kingdom come, thy will be done."

We know many persons who have said this prayer almost every day of their lives, and yet it goes from their lips perfectly meaningless. It drops like empty husks, and there is not anything inside of it. Do they understand that when the Great Spirit of natural life gives the sunshine to the plants and flowers, it gives them a power to respond. So in our souls, when we realize this, we must respond. As John went forth, so must we, crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight his path, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." There is something more to do than merely to fold our hands, the very personification of religious indolence, and saying, "Thy kingdom come."

John saw the good time that was coming, and to-day the voices of spirits, embodied and disembodied, have taken up the cry, saying, "Prepare ye the way." When man says in his heart the world ought to be better, it is a very bad kind of a world. It will not be made better by merely saying, "Thy kingdom come." There is a better way. The liberalists of the land, the great philanthropists, those who have given education to the ignorant, freedom to the bondman, those who are laboring for all reforms, are saying in the right way, "Thy kingdom come." They are saying it with faith, because they are helping to bring it; they are the ones who are making the path straight,—who are preparing the way of the Lord,—and sooner or later they will be blessed with the coming of the kingdom of heaven. It is not for any of us to say there is nothing for us to do. We will look on at the great works of reformation and philanthropy that are done on earth as it is, and how is the tallest building constructed? Brick upon brick, stone upon stone, timber after timber, and it rises, and when man looks at it in its magnificent splendor, he asks how it was constructed. Not alone the architect,—the one who planned it,—but every laborer, every hod-carrier, had his own work to do, and having done it, should have his own share of the praise. It is so as we are all helping to build the temple not made with hands, the temple of man's experience,—man's wisdom. Let us remember that it is for each of us to say, "Thy kingdom come," and that those who come after us may have the sunlight of truth on their paths.

Remember, then, always when you say, "Thy kingdom come," you are one who is to help bring it about, one who has a part to perform, a work to do in the great building. Then "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," undoubtedly this not only refers to the conditions of peace and happiness that are called heaven, but those higher planes of existence, where the disembodied spirits of men learn the excellence and wisdom of that country where the will of God is done more fully. These words bear a weight and meaning in themselves, and how many, think you, can say, when some great trial or temptation comes, "Thy will be done." Instead of going quickly to his work in the purpose of life, they pray to have their wishes granted; pray that God will aid their desires and bring them some coveted blessing. We know, for a certainty, that the most terrible curse that could fall upon the children of men, would come if the prayers of men were answered always. Oftentimes, that which is withheld from us, for which we most earnestly pray,

if it could come to us, would bring the greatest weights of misery upon us. When we repeat this prayer with our lips, let us feel it in our hearts, and know that when we have done all that we could do that seemed to be right, though our desires were gratified, though our work was a failure, there was nothing more for us to do, we may know that "there is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

We should then be prepared to say, "Not my will but thine be done." We sometimes believe that we could shape our lives and sunshine, but it would be like one who takes a forest, and thinks he will care for it and develop its most perfect life; so he keeps it where the sun can not fall upon it; in a conservatory where the air is warm; but the tree is not so perfect as it would be if it stood out on its own hill-side, where sunshine, and the rains, and winds, may bring out its beauty and strength.

If we had only sunshine in our lives, we should never know what life meant. We need sorrow, just as the balloon needs ballast, and it is that which keeps us from going too high; it is that which keeps us from forgetting what we are, and if we really appreciate this, we can all say, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Some say, "If there is any truth in Spiritualism, why is it that spirits permit those whom they profess to care for, to have so many sorrows, so many disappointments and trials?" We answer, because they do not profess to be wiser than God. They know that disappointment and trials are necessary to round out our lives into harmony. These are the means of bringing out your strength. There is a path that is his walk all the way in, and side by side to bless you, and they can often do this in your trials and sorrows, more than in anything else. It is through these, that you often receive power to do right and triumph over wrong. Then you should say even in the midst of all sorrowful as well as joyful experiences, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

"Give us this day our daily bread." Some say here was a temporal, an earthly thing in the prayer of Jesus. Perhaps this is true,—still it has a deeper significance than that for us. Swedenborg believed that the Bible was a book of correspondences. There is always one truth that underlies another,—most always one truth that underlies another,—so this part of the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." We know that in order to keep up the physical vigor and health, it is necessary for the body to be fed daily. We can only do our work properly when the demand for food is supplied. You may remember when the Children of Israel were fed with manna in the wilderness, it fell every day, that they could not gather any for the next day,—it would not keep. Just in that way we believe that spiritual food must be gathered. "Give us this day our daily bread." Men must breathe this prayer in their spirits. It is the prayer of the whole world. There are truths that feed man's intellect; every fact that is observed in the scientific world, becomes food to the mind. Men go out and study the stars, and measure their sizes and distances, and thus the world of science is built up, and the human mind is fed with its daily bread.

It is just so with the world of religion. Man is always seeking for treasures, for spiritual truths, and is never satisfied for all time with any one truth that it may have received. The sectarian world has made a great mistake in supposing that God has given all the truth man needed, or he intended him to have, eighteen hundred years ago; that he gave a reservoir in the Bible that man should always drink from; must take these and ask no further questions,—must always be satisfied. But man can not be God. God has given him a nature that must have its daily bread. As God has not poured out all his sunshine in a day, so he will not pour out all his inspiration. He has not given all the light he has,—even by night we have the starry splendor, and the silver crescent moon. So you require religious truths,—spiritual revelation in accordance with your growth, according to the depth of understanding. Inspiration comes in answer to this spiritual prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Then it continues, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." These words are plain enough for all to understand.—"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." This makes a man his own judge, and it makes the God or good within us decide upon the question. The soul in uncharitableness, sometimes looks forth with feelings of denunciation upon others, saying, "How could one sin in that way?" Are you strong? Are you perfect when you denounce a brother or sister that has stepped aside, and fallen into error? Remember these words, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive those who trespass against us." We will not forgive; when we are as unjust, and uncharitable, we should write over the door of the chamber of the soul, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Such measure as we mete, we shall receive, and with such judgment as we give, we shall surely be judged; for when a person decides upon another, and the decision reflects upon that person a wrong, let him remember that others do the same. We believe this is what was meant by the saying, "As ye one another's burdens." We thus learn to understand our faults, our frailties, and by being forgiving to each other, we come to give just measure to others.

Then, "Lead us not into temptation." We do not believe that these words were directed to the Great Spirit, but they are words that are intended for our souls, to influence us in relation to our brethren and sisters. If we know the faults and weaknesses of our brethren and sisters, let us not expose them, but rather seek to conceal them from others, and, if possible, help them to overcome them. We will repeat a little incident that we know occurred.

A certain man, who called himself a Christian, and who was very strict in observing the requirements of his own peculiar religious faith, and frequently repeated the "Lord's Prayer." This man honestly believed he was a Christian, and supposed that when he died the gates of the Celestial City would swing wide open to admit such a good man as he was. He had in his place the son of a poor widow. He paid him a very small compensation, just enough to keep, in the plainest manner, his mother, a little sister, and himself. He had lived with him sometime, and was always found to be honest, and careful with everything that was intrusted to him, and there had oftentimes been temptations in his way, which the child had resisted with great strength. This Christian was not a very profound believer in human honesty. He believed that every person would do wrong if he only had an opportunity. In order to prove that his theory was true, he resolved to give the most convenient opportunity to this poor little boy. The child was to sweep and dust the office in the morning. The man laid upon the table, among some papers that he knew the boy would be likely to arrange, a gold piece. He said to himself, "When the boy arranges this room to-morrow morning, he may take it. I will be very careful to ascertain that no person is there." When he went to the office in the morning, the gold piece was missing, and the man had the boy arrested, and the money being found upon him, he was punished. He appealed to the man, saying that his mother was sick and suffering from the necessities of life, but the rich man had nothing for him. Even the appeal could not change the feelings of the

man. He went home just before the sentence was to be given upon the poor little boy, and opened the Bible, as was his custom, and it happened that his eyes fell upon the words of this prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." Then between him and the words came the face of a little girl, one whose beautiful face had faded as a summer blossom fades. She had stood by his side, and as he read from the pages of this holy book, and he had taught her to say this prayer, he saw in that tender, loving face a deep grief, and a reproachful look in those eyes. He closed the book, and rose up a changed person. He went to the mother of this poor boy, to see how it was with her. The morning was dark, the house was lone and cheerless. Since the child had been taken from this desolate home, the mother and a little babe were sick. He saw then what a terrible temptation this boy had in the hope that he might help them. Full of sorrow for his course, he had the boy released, and we think he learned a lesson from this passage in the prayer.

So, word by word, and sentence by sentence, may we take this inspiration, and as we seek to do all we can to bring the kingdom of heaven upon earth, we shall be blessed and succeed therein, and learn that the path that leads to heaven is one of purity and peace.

From the Medium and Daybreak.

WHAT AND WHERE IS THE SPIRIT-WORLD?

A Lecture delivered by Mrs. Emma Harbridge, at Cleveland Hall, London, on Sunday, June 25th, 1871.

INVOCATION.

Great Spirit, we thank thee for the sunlight, for the glorious beams of the majestic revealer that teaches us to explore thine earth, shows us its many beauties, unfolds to us its grandeur, lights up the faces of friends and kindred, and displays the wealth of thy love in the many-colored blossoms that thou hast planted for our enjoyment, for our limitation,—teaching us that in addition to all the goodness of use thou hast added the luxury of beauty. For all this the smiling faces of humanity are a prayer of thankfulness, though their lips may be silent. But above all, we thank thee for the sunlight of intellectual knowledge,—for the beams that have dawned upon the beautiful, and taught us to read page after page of the magnificent gospel that thou hast prepared for our enlightenment,—for our education,—our tuition; leading us step by step from the infancy of ignorance up to the manhood of that knowledge where we comprehend God the Spirit. And now we are in the dawning of a new day; the long night of superstition and bigotry has passed beyond us; from time to time the pale stars of prophecy, manifestations from the world of the hereafter, have gleamed through this night, but now those stars are faded in the broader, grander light of the sunbeams of spiritual knowledge. We stand in the grey of the morning, but already in the Eastern sky of thy goodness do we see, the arising beams that shall light us up to the mystery of spirit and to the mystery of God. Oh, the sunlight of this physical universe has opened its darkness,—darkness visible,—compared to the glorious light of this promised day. Help us to read, to comprehend, and thoroughly to appreciate the illumination thou art showering upon us; and though we are still stumbling in the darkness that is passing away, teach us to rest content that it is thy hand that is guiding us for thou art a spirit. Thou, the Great I Am, dost teach us to comprehend the I Am within, and the many that have passed before us into the mystery of the evermore.

We parted last Sabbath at the point where we spoke of the dwellers on the threshold of the world of spirits, and now what follows? There is, they tell us, above this earth, another degree, wonderfully fine and sublimated, invisible as all the spheres of spiritual life are to our mortal eyes, save in rare glimpses when the spirit-eye is opened, and the next, the nearest and the most intimately related to earth, called the third sphere, is that which gathers up the spirits of our little children, the broken flowers, the buds untimely nipped, the young, fresh, pure souls who for the wise purpose of the Infinite are permitted for a brief season to pass through this plane of earth, but pass on again, too pure, too precious to stay here; their growth and development is already perfected, and hence they are called to the higher life before the soil and stain of earth can touch the lustre of their pure spirits. How do they there dwell? They are met by spiritual fathers and mothers,—those who have not known the joys of maternity and paternity on earth,—those who have missed this knowledge,—and all knowledge must be man's,—he must undergo all experiences; and so this sphere is provided, first, for these bright broken buds, that they may learn of earth, that they may never again be the dwellings of home, and still partake the sweet ties that bind them to the parent roof, and yet be received and cherished by loving spiritual parents, who supply to them the means of instruction and guidance, and to themselves the unfolding of their parental natures. Many dark spirits are there learning humility, kindness, love, and gentleness of these little children. You will see these wise little scholars of the infinite realms leading by the hand old-aged men and women who, in their earthly pride and their earthly selfishness, have not learned the first of life's lessons, which is that our life is dual and must be divided between ourselves and our neighbor. This is life's first lesson. Remember it, for it is the fundamental principle of spirit-life that until this lesson is learnt no spirit can ascend into glory, none can depart from earth, none can break the chain that binds them to the material existence. When the good Master comes down,—the lowly Nazarene, proclaimed this one commandment as the fulfillment of all others, he spoke the grand central doctrine of eternity. Men have forgotten it. They have remembered His name, worshipped His church, built mighty altars, and endowed vast ecclesiastical systems in honor of His name. Had they remembered that one doctrine only, they would have been answered for ever and for evermore the prayer, "Lord, let Thy kingdom come." And so the first lesson of the kingdom is that which these precious little ones learn. We have all been told that which I repeat to-night, that death is the great transfiguration, and that from the moment when we cast off our mortal bodies, landscape, atmosphere, scenery, and surroundings are outwrought from within; hence these bright bodies of earth having no sin to outwork, no darkness to project, no images of crime or memories of wrong to disfigure, their spiritual bodies give forth nothing but light, sunlight, and bloom. Utterly innocent, utterly ignorant, they must yet learn of earth, but they bring their own atmosphere with them, and though they are in our chambers, and in our dwellings, though they sport with our mortal children, and flash before the eyes of our seers and clairvoyants, they preserve that glorious aura of spiritual landscape projected from their own purity which never leaves them, and therefore their land is all bloom, and all sunlight, all flowers. Their means of instruction is what we vaguely call on earth object teaching; as far as their eyes can behold the vista of creation, it is unfolded to them. The first lessons are those of love, so these they learn

in the parents' home. The next, those of ministering, and so they are taught to hover around the mortals on earth and whisper pure thoughts and holy monitions into their spirit-ears. The next, of wisdom, and so they are taught to behold as much of the unfolded glories of creation as their tender minds can comprehend. Happy are those that are permitted to teach in this bright world of beauty. Happy are those that in their loneliness, sorrow, and suffering,—the children mother, the lonely spinster, the forsaken old man whose children have passed away from him into the wide world, and left him a solitary wail on life's ocean,—when, entering the bright portals of this third sphere, groups of tender creatures throng around them, calling forth from the locked-up wells of their hearts' love all the tender ministry that was crushed back upon a blighted nature on earth. These are the adults—these the little ones who inhabit the third sphere.

The fourth sphere is the sphere of wisdom. The mighty master minds of all ages are gathered up there; the noble, the great, the inventors, the thinkers, the statesmen, the poets, painters, musicians, the myriads and myriads who, in all ages of the past, have disappeared through the mists of the unknown, and whom a world has mourned and lamented as another star quenched—a great light gone out. What are their employments now? The astronomer beholds the mighty plans of new firmaments unfolded to him, of inconceivable grandeur and vastness. The hemispheres that are now stretched before his eyes with all the gravitating lines that bind them together, become his field of study. The geologist beholds the mystery of life and all the wonders of its creation displayed to him, not in one earth, but in ten thousand millions. All the physical forces which constitute the realms of matter are open as books for study before the eyes of earth's naturalists, geologists, and those who have looked into the wondrous machinery of matter. The painter beholds the secret of light decomposed into the array of ten thousand million colors—beholds the great antetypes of spiritual thoughts carried out by the mind on the finite, and hatched down through legions of ministering spirits until they are presented to the eyes of the painter and the sculptor. The poet embodies the various methods of language and communing between spirits and worlds of spirits in sweeter, holier, purer phrases than any known to man. All the unfinished problems of creation are repeated there; the links are gathered up, the broken threads are reunited and seen palpitating, quivering, stretching away through all eternity. The mystery of gravitation, the centres of forces, the correlation of all the forces that bear up swinging worlds in the gravitating arms of some mighty central system are here displayed, and though they stand on the edge of these vast realms where the mystery of the subtler fluid builds up a mighty wall in invisibility before their spirit-eyes, they do know that every fragment and atom of dust—no matter whether on this earth or throughout the realms of eternity—is quivering with life; life is ignited by spirit; and hence these illumined realms are teeming, thronging with spiritual life of an order higher and grander than the mind of mundane souls released from flesh can conceive of. They only know that from these vast central realms of force rays of light do emanate and return; they only know that from thence all force comes quivering like an obedient messenger sent out from the heart of God to put a cable round existence, and chain it to the pulse-beats of his own Almighty love. That is all they know. But remember that this sphere of knowledge is not heaven; it is only intellectual light. Here are visitants from distant and higher spheres; but those that belong to these spheres cannot descend from the n until they have learned another lesson,—that lesson is, that the highest of all wisdom is love, and so the sphere of love is reckoned as the fifth sphere, or the one above the sphere of knowledge.

Intellectually speaking, there are many spirits who are wholly ignorant of the grandeur of creation—the wonders of space—the mysteries of being in the fifth, or love sphere. Think back, some of you—think back upon those that have loved you so well; remember how they dear hearts have planned for you joys, and ministry that you have only known the value of when they came no more. Think how oftentimes your house has been empty, the streets have been lonely, because some silent minister of great good has passed from your sight; think how we miss these nameless martyrs of life that do toil so faithfully and so constantly, with very little wisdom, perhaps, with very little knowledge. You and I, have seen them; we have seen many a poor, weary girl, with pale cheek, an faded lip, and eye already gleazing with the film of death, who has stitched away life, and wasted its oil faster even than the oil of her fading lamp, to support some aged mother or an orphan little child dependent on her. She is in the fifth sphere. She is in the world of love; she is there with no knowledge, no intellect, no wisdom, a ministering angel, a being shining like the Man of sorrows, who taught no philosophy, instructed us in no science, gave us no cunning of art and sophistry of the schools, but taught only that of great, burning, tender love which wept for the sorrows of others, which bore the burdens of others, and cheerfully submitted himself to death to prove the truth of that divine teaching that God is love, heaven is love, and that the highest duty of man is love. These, friends, are inhabitants of the fifth sphere, and yet, in the wonderful providence of the Architect who has built up these realms of the hereafter, it would seem that we must learn life's lessons, we must all drink of the cup of knowledge to the full, we must all worship the God of love in his majesty as well as in his goodness; and so the spirits of this fifth sphere oftentimes descend to the intellect and knowledge, and learn of them. Oh! the dear companions, the tender friends that are gone! We may have lamented in life that they were not wise, not intellectual, not instructed,—that they only knew how to love and how to labor. Fear not; in the academies of eternity, all the glorious revelations of space are before the eyes of every spirit, and these tender and loving ones will be perfected by the grand schools, colleges, and lycées of the fourth sphere.

And when the spheres of love have drunk deep of the cup of wisdom, and when the spheres of wisdom have learned that the highest of all wisdom is love, and have entered the fifth sphere to love, and to bless, and to minister in kindness to others, then do they pass on to the sixth sphere, the sphere of intellectual control, where once again the Demaethons of earth do preach through the burning inspiration of spiritual sunlight through thousands of inspired rhetorical lips—where once again the masters of knowledge, with their kind, loving, benevolent hearts that wish to bless the earth, return to fire the brain with new inventions,—to point the way to the distant regions of unknown continents,—to proclaim the wonderful mysteries that God has locked up in the earth,—to give us those monitions which so suddenly strike us with the force of intellectual knowledge and light; these are brought by the loving and wise spirits of the sixth sphere, of that sphere to whom is entrusted the concession to repeat their experience again on earth a thousandfold, and as they have sown the seed of love, and the seed of wisdom in the spheres below, so does it bring forth a hundred and a thousandfold by the inspirations that we receive from the spirit-world. We call them our inventions—we call them our thoughts

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A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

NUMBER I.

CAN GOD POSSESS AN ATTRIBUTE COMMON TO HUMANITY, IN AN INFINITE DEGREE?

It has been wisely said that the moment you define God, then you lose him. The definitions given in regard to this personage are so varied and conflicting, that any one can gain but little, if any, information in reference to him by perusing them. It is useless to seek for him amidst the scintillations of those master minds that have existed in the past, for the views entertained are so contradictory in character, and so little elaborated, that they would do nothing but embarrass and confuse. There are, then, no lights now burning that can so illuminate the world that Deity can be seen, his nature discovered, and the character of his operations acknowledged.

1st. The feelings bear evidence that they have never sensed the existence of an Infinite God.

2d. The sense of hearing never recognized his voice, or even a whisper.

3d. The sight never detected his presence.

Supposing you wished to prove the existence of a person in a very dark room; you would do it through the instrumentality of the eyes, ears, and sense of feeling, or the action of the mind, reasoning from analogy, etc. If all these means failed to detect him, you would conclude no person was present. In endeavoring to establish the existence of a God, all the senses fail us,—totally fail us,—and we can only use words to present him to the minds of the people.

The idea, then, of a God must be expressed in language that mortals can understand. What right has any one to say that God is all-powerful, omniscient, and omnipresent, or, as Prof. Denton declares, is Infinite Good? If you apply the attributes of humanity to a God, what is he but an enlarged man? If you apply one thing, or one quality, or one condition, that man possesses, to God, you must all!

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move; from the very nature of things, he can act only within himself.

In the formation or defining of God, human language and human attributes, the wise philosopher says, must be used. You say God possesses power, which is an attribute of man. Why not say he has an appetite, as well? Why stop with infinite power when we can as reasonably state that he has an infinite appetite? You must not stop, when you "make up" your God, with just such attributes as you deem fit to apply to him. There is a vile monster; his eyes gleam with hate and anger; a frown is on his countenance, and murder in his heart; his soul is a licentious pool, full of all manner of unclean things; his conscience is perfectly calloused; he is a hard-hearted wretch—a demon of the lowest order; yet he is a man! By him stands an old veteran in the cause of reform; how brilliant his eyes, expressing the lofty emotions within his soul—and his countenance is all aglow with love for humanity. He constantly labors to benefit all, and his works of love can be seen on every side. Which of these men does your God resemble?

A God possessing any attribute of man is an impossibility! In seeking him, you do it through yourself. The moment you apply your own attributes to God, you destroy him effectually, for you limit him. If you say he has all power, we will declare emphatically that he has not, for we possess some power, in which event your God is not all-powerful.

A God to exist at all, and be infinite, must exist entirely independent of the attributes of man; and possess nothing in common with him? Prove this? Why if God possesses the characteristics of one, show me the person. You extend certain attributes to an infinite degree, and call them God. What man will you use? Is there a man in existence whose attributes you would be willing to extend to form a God? Tell me, pray. No! that man does not exist now, and never did exist, whose attributes you would be willing to enlarge and form a God therefrom.

To define God, and assign him attributes common to humanity, you must have those attributes actually in existence. How can you reason to show the nature of God, only from that which already exists? Why do you apply to him power as one of his attributes? Why stop there? Why not say that he is an infinite being, with passions to eat, drink, etc.? Reason to some effect, and if you wish to enlarge one of the attributes of man in your God, you must all.

It has been said hundreds of times, that the mind can not comprehend God. Then, how can language define him? Can the mind define that which it can not comprehend? As well describe a man you have never seen. If language can not define Deity, the mind comprehend him, the eye see him, the ear hear him, or the feelings sense him, where is your foundation to rest when you endeavor to prove his existence?

If a God, then, the question now is, has he any of the attributes of humanity? If we establish the fact that it is utterly impossible for him to possess any of the attributes common to humanity, we are doing away with an Infinite God. The idea of the existence of a God, originates from mystery and our own ignorance. The Negro who could construct his own rude hut alone, carrying stones to build its walls, in size in proportion to his strength, if transported to this country, and shown the stones in the Court House, would at once conclude that the man who built that must be as large as a mountain. We form a conception of God from our own surroundings and the circumstances of life. The Negro makes him a large man; but the various philosophers of the day have improved on that, simply enlarging the power, goodness, mercy, and intelligence to an infinite degree.

Again, if God possesses the attributes of man, would he not be like him in his various acts? Would he not lie, commit murder, and steal occasionally? Why, your mind would revolt at such an idea. Man does all those things, and he originated from this God, you claim! Where did he get the impulse to do these acts, if not from God? Did not the impulse to murder originate from him, the same as that which induces you to give alms to the beggar? Why not then say that God is both good and bad; forgiving and revengeful, the same as a man. But if he is Infinite God, the same as Denton declares, there would be no room for the bad. If you make a God from a human standpoint, do not select just such attributes of man as suit you, and apply them to him—but enlarge the whole man. To say that God is Infinite Good, is a meaningless term. If a Deity exists at all, you must look at him through your own senses, or grasp him with your own mind.

(To be continued.)

Cheap Advertising.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL advertises the Crucible as being "short-lived." Thanks. Wonder if the thought is sired by a wish to that effect.—The Crucible.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has done no such thing. It is under no obligations to foretell coming events. It journalizes current and past events correctly when it considers the subject worthy and demanding notice.

The Search After God

Will terminate, we think, before it reaches the sixtieth number. We will in summing up, clearly and distinctly present the world with an Object, Element, Principle, or Quality of the Universe,—that which takes cognizance of all things.

Henry Ward Beecher Studying Agriculture Under Difficulties.

Henry Ward Beecher finished his professional labors for the season last Sunday, and taking Greeley's "What I Know of Farming" in his carpet-bag, has gone to his country home at Peckskill for the summer. Mr. Beecher is quite as much of a poet as a theologian, which accounts for his selection of reading matter for vacation.—Tilton's Golden Age.

Although we have had the pleasure of perusing the Golden Age for some time, and although we did not believe were well stained with truth, we are inclined to accept the above quotation. Just think of it! This eminent divine rusticating among the hills and lawns of the country, with Horace Greeley's work, "What I Know of Farming," under his arm. We are somewhat acquainted with the author of this book, having had the pleasure of hearing him lecture at Crosby's Opera House in this city, where he waddled on to the stage, putting us in mind of an "overgrown babe." His lecture was good, and was thoroughly systematized and arranged previous to venturing before a highly critical audience.

In what condition will the illustrious divine of Plymouth church be after reading Greeley's agricultural works? Can he preach "Christ crucified" successfully after his mind has been occupied in digesting a treatise on turnips, cabbage (both early and late), beets (especially dead beets), drainages, onions (with and without scent), various kinds of grass, etc.? How will all this mix with the "fall of man," the transgression of Eve, the perjury of the serpent, Job's boils, Jeremiah's Lamentations, Ezekiel's Prophecies, the Vicarious Atonement, the passage of the Egyptians out of Egypt and the vision of Daniel. Will he not become confused in preaching, after he reads one of Greeley's letters to an inquiring mind, which is as follows: New York City, July 1st, 1871.

DEAR TRYHARD: Sugar beets are an excellent fruit to raise. Plant the seeds early, covering them with the quality of sugar you desire to make. If you should desire to raise molasses, cover them with the sorghum, New Orleans, or Havana molasses—depending on the quality that you desire. Plant the seeds the first of April, and tap the trees the following spring, and you can obtain all the molasses you want.

Will such teachings as that mix with old theology? Will not Beecher stock fall when the two assimilate? Really, Greeley's knowledge of agriculture is as popular as Beecher's religion, and when the two affiliate in the massive brain of the latter, we fear his mind will not correctly comprehend the beautiful teachings of Job, or the sublime utterances of Balaam's Ass. Beecher is eccentric, and to mix the eccentricities which he already has with Horace's, will make him still more so.

If Mr. Beecher had taken, in connection with this excellent treatise on agriculture, Greeley's last theological lecture, and read the two in connection, he would ere this have been a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. He can discuss the tariffs, protection for home manufactures, the Ku-Klux, but he is out of his element,—just as much as a fish is when out of water,—when he leaves the terrestrial or things subliminary, to discuss the celestial or things visionary. Really, these erratic notions of this eminent politician, his agricultural venture, and latterly his theological peregrinations, together with his aspirations for the Presidency, have rather muddled his mind, and he presents a strange appearance. Greeley the politician—the agriculturist and chemist—the theologian,—ah! not being right on the "God question," and fearing that he would be in favor of engraving his mythical creature in the Constitution, he is not our candidate for President. We wait now with intense interest to see the effect of his agricultural work on the mind of Beecher. Perhaps he will on his return pray for the vegetable kingdom as well as the animal, but whether he will pray to Greeley's God, remains to be seen.

Many years ago, it was quaintly stated that Beecher swore—uttered an oath, one common to a driver when trying to render a balky horse more tractable. A correspondent of one of the secular papers has been giving his acts of life a chemical examination, and bursts forth with: "People think it is dreadful in the worldly to use vulgar oaths, and shock their aesthetics. But when we see the Rev. Henry Ward skip round on the verge of profane expressions, what can be said? If that eminent divine would look a little more closely after his own morals, he would not cut so many didos—let his sympathies run away with him—as if he, puny mortal, could alter the inflexible moralities. Is there no one enterprising enough to reform him? He keeps many a soul on a sea-saw of doubt and confidence about him, hardly knowing where to locate him, instead of commanding unqualified respect, as a man of extraordinary talents should. Perhaps he has not tilled his own soil as he should have done is why he is now studying Greeley on agriculture."

The remarks of a recent journal, that it would be "worth going all the way to heaven for," to see the city missionary who died of starvation meet Mr. Beecher with his \$20,000 salary, were much to the same point, so far as proving that Mr. Beecher would be none the worse for more humanity and less popularity.

THOSE WHO WISH to have this paper discontinued when the time is up to which it is paid for, should notify us of that wish two weeks before such time expires, as it takes that time to get it out of the mailing machine. When an order to discontinue is given by those in arrears, remittances should be made to square up in full, including the two weeks which the paper will be mailed the subscriber after such notice is given.

THE SHAKER, a monthly journal, fifty cents per annum. G. A. Lomas, Shakers, Albany County, New Jersey.

Letter from Thomas Woodliff.

BROTHER JONES: Shall I give you a detailed account of what I have lately passed through? But why trouble you with it? You are probably weary of the power of spirits. I am only known as a druggist, and cannot find any spirit to help me except one who took me to an insane asylum in this State, there to pass through an experience which would make a sane man shudder. Why I was taken is still a mystery. I am known here as a quiet man, and I was forced to act like a madman. I was forced, you understand, to personate a maniac. So well was it done that I underwent an examination before two learned physicians, who gave testimony in court, and I was pronounced insane. You can form an idea of the process of pronouncing judgment in such a case.

This little farce being ended, I was then a raving maniac; but "there was method in the madness." To enumerate all the mad sayings, would be of no use, but I am aware of the manner and the effect of it all. In the asylum I was also excited,—not violently, but more in a humorous strain. Thrown into a cell, on a stone floor, with little comfort, I assure you, I passed the night and day, and still another night. The scenes which I witnessed would make a sensitive person tremble, but the same power upheld me that forced me there. I was well enough, of course, but the physicians kept me three weeks, to see if a recurrence of mania would appear.

Being at home in my store now, I thought I would drop you a line. You can make any use of this you may see fit.

Yours in hope of a happy life, THOMAS WOODLIFF.

Colfax, Cal.

Reply.—Your experience was doubtless severe. The superficial reasoner would pronounce it the result of a belief in spirit communion.

In all ages of the world spirits have communed with mortals. Insanity has prevailed in all ages. Spirit obsession has also been common with all people. Sometimes such obsession has been by intelligent spirits, who could, and did, give the world much light and knowledge, in regard to the future life; at other times ignorance on the part of the obsessing spirit, attending like ignorance on this plane of life, the result, as might well be expected, was persecution and death to the poor obsessed medium.

The morning of an age is now dawning in which intelligence prevails to a greater extent than in the past. Obsession is recognized as a species of spirit control, as common in the past as now, but not understood.

Spiritualism, so called, has enough intelligent men and women for its devotees, to look upon all such obsession as has in the past been denominated insanity, as intrusion by ignorant spirits, which exists by and in conformity with well-known laws upon the spiritual plane of life, and sufficiently known upon this to be effectually treated and cured.

In a few more years, the philosophy of spirit control will be so well understood and acknowledged, that the strait-jacket and cell will be entirely dispensed with. Healing mediums will then be resorted to as a mode of immediate and perfect relief in all such cases.

The obsessing spirit being, for the time, incarnated in a physical form, can only be reached and expelled by another spirit, through a medium on the material plane of life.

The law of spirit control and power, heretofore a sealed book to mortals, is now rapidly being unsealed, and its beauty and excellence is becoming apparent to our understanding.

However severe the ordeal through which you have been compelled to pass, nevertheless, to you, and the world, it will add a chapter of benefits. There are mediums who give immediate relief in such cases.

We trust that these few remarks may elicit thought and provoke comment from thinkers.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith.

It was our privilege, on Sunday, July 23rd, to listen to a touching, tender, and earnest soul-appeal from this noble woman, in her lecture of that hour, based upon the scriptural account of "The Ten Lepers." She most eloquently depicted the state of Christendom at the advent of Modern Spiritualism, showed how blank skepticism had spread its dark pall over the land,—the churches gave no proof of immortality, but imposed a barren form of belief—doubt and despair had taken possession of the human soul—when twenty-three years ago, the spirit-world began this great and glorious work, which had converted thousands of Infidels through its ministry, and lifted to the rostrum the child of fifteen years, as in the case of Cora L. V. Scott, and poured the burning eloquence of this new inspiration into the hearts of men. She pleaded her cause (for no one can help seeing she has made it her cause) with all the heroism of a consecrated life, and bewailed in most touching earnestness, the apathy, indifference, carelessness, and selfishness of those thousands of nominal Spiritualists, who, having drunk at these spiritual fountains, and been freed of the leprosy of skepticism, now fall back into their comfortable seats, pausing to the demands of the dissenting world, and forget the great work for humanity.

She pleaded the cause of our speakers and mediums in words of very fire, showing how they had left all, choosing lives of self-sacrifice and martyrdom for the truths of this angel-ministry, and pointed her hearers to the fact that many of them did not own one inch of ground in this great land, or even the means to bury their cold bodies when the necessity comes!—and all this, in this land of wealth and prosperity! She almost tearfully begged all Spiritualists to forget their paltry differences, their unworthy divisions, and unite in this great work which has been put in our hands by the angels. She pointed to the fact that while the sects were uniting, and against us, we had suffered these dissensions to estrange and divide. She believed that recent attempts to prevent the exercise of mediumship, were a presage of what would surely come upon us in the future, and we would yet be forced to unite in self-defense, and to save us from persecution.

Mrs. Smith is one of the most chaste, earnest, and eloquent of speakers—her eloquence being not of the artificial kind, but deep, soulful, and

convincing. She is a speaker that must wear well. Her delivery is of that sort that it does not distract the mind from that which is vital in her discourses, but carries with it the very essence of conviction, in that it confines in her own appearance all that she claims for this gospel of peace and good will to man. We are sure no society can afford to lose the faithful services of this devoted teacher, and we hope an effort will be made to push on our work with renewed enthusiasm.

"The World moves."

We are glad to chronicle the fact. Galileo first discovered this, but was soon compelled to renounce the position he had so wisely taken. Notwithstanding science has fully established this peculiarity on the part of Mother Earth, there are fools even now extant, who would deny it—and not long since, we heard an eccentric, but "well to do" farmer, declare that such a "revolution on its axis" was an impossibility, as "all the water in yonder pond would be split when it got round on the other side." This theory on the part of scientific men, received a tirade of abuse, which, if the earth had been modest in turning round, would have resented the insult by stopping awhile. Thanks to her, however, "she still moves." All facts, however born, must be tried in the crucible; must receive a certain amount of vile condemnation. A fact connected with religion, or one which presents an idea antagonistic to orthodox theories and views, will not readily receive the attention of scientific men. Generally, scientific men are moral cowards. They cater to religion; take stock in the Vicarious Atonement, or desire to use the blood of the lamb for chemical purposes, on their characters. In England, however, three scientific men have stepped forth, and with implements of investigation, are determined to test the character of the manifestations. One, Mr. Crookes, is a practical chemist, and is aided by Dr. Huggins, the eminent astronomer. The former, with his crucible, will be able to tell whether they belong to things terrestrial or subliminary, while the latter, accustomed to peering among the stars, can decide whether the phase of manifestation have a celestial origin. We patiently wait for the report of these scientific gentlemen. Perhaps like Professor Hare, they will come forth full-fledged Spiritualists, and will astonish the world by the announcement of the fact.

In this investigation, these scientific men expect to be able to prove, no doubt, that there is a "nervous atmosphere" surrounding each person, which, influenced by the mind, enables Home to accomplish all his wonderful feats.

Mediums in Chicago.

MRS. LORD, that truly celebrated medium for physical manifestations, holds seances, and is convincing many of the truth of spirit communion. Every one who can make it convenient, should visit her seances.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, 148 Fourth Avenue, gives daily evidence of the presence of spirits, to aid business men with advice, which leads to success in legitimate business enterprises.

Her powers as a successful medium in various phases are unsurpassed. Thousands in all sections of the country, are being cured of the various ills that flesh is heir to, by the most simple remedies, prescribed by her while holding a lock of the sick person's hair, without her ever seeing the patient.

Full direction for sending to her for a diagnosis and prescription, will be found in this paper.

THE BANGS CHILDREN have suspended their seances until cooler weather.

CHARLES H. READ, a splendid physical medium, is now holding seances in Wisconsin.

DR. McFADDEN holds seances every evening, at 343 West Madison Street. He is like many other mediums, especially queer. But so far as our knowledge goes, he gives all who attend his seances, their money's worth. He is worth calling on for the oddity of the thing. In saying this of his seances, we mean no disrespect for his phase of mediumship. It is the right phase in the right place. Our spirit friends know their own business, and use mediums fitted to accomplish the object.

There are many other very excellent mediums, of different phases, whose addresses will be found in the Medium's Register, for Chicago.

A Spirit Artist.

Bro. N. B. Starr, of Port Huron, Michigan, made us a fraternal call a few days since. He is looking remarkably well for a man of his age—sixty-seven years.

Mr. Starr was developed as a spirit-artist eight years since. During that time, he has been controlled by eminent artists in spirit-life, to execute hundreds of portraits of spirits, which have been recognized by friends, and a very great number of landscape paintings. We have labored with Bro Starr during the last year or two, trying to induce him to locate at this great and growing spiritual center—Chicago; and it is with pleasure that we announce, that it is probable that he will do so at no very remote time.

Compensation for Kindness.

A few days since, a good Spiritualist, acting in good faith, sent us a letter for publication, which we published in our last issue, extolling a lecturer (not a Spiritualist) who had visited his town, and given a discourse on "Free Moral Agency Doctrine." Now we learn that the said lecturer spares no pains, in public and private, to traduce the character of mediums and Spiritualists!

We with pleasure publish communications from our friends, but we respectfully ask them to be cautious in their laudations of men of the stamp referred to. Our paper is the friend of mediums, and will not knowingly lend its columns to praise their traducers.

Letter from Mrs. A. Le Flora Hill.

ED. JOURNAL:—We do not wish to part with the paper—like to read the articles it contains, but do not care to send for it. We would have liked that if Mr. Francis had found some kind of a God. But I think he is not going to do it. It is a most dreadful thought, to me, at least, that there is no God to aid this world of tolling, suffering mortals. As I understand it, Spiritualism teaches us that the bad can come back, as well as the good spirits, and that we are all more or less subject to the different influences of these spirits. If so, there seems to be a great necessity for a God. The testimony of spirits does not agree with regard to this subject,—some saying there is a wise and loving Father, whom we should worship, and others, like Mr. Francis' spirit guides, seem to laugh at the idea of there being one.

Eden Prairie, Minn.

REPLY: As the magnet is attracted by, and subject to, the loadstone, so we mortals are attracted and subject to the Great Positive Mind—the Infinite Father.

The nature of matter and the nature of mind are but little apprehended by the finite intellect of man. God and Nature—matter and mind are one—that is to say, there is one eternal, omnipotent substance, which is Love,—that has a real existence; its minimum is matter, its mediate, or intermediate is mind, and its maximum is God! The higher comprehends the lower, and infiltrates itself into every molecular atom and monad in existence! So an intelligent spirit taught us in our early investigations into the philosophy of life—Spiritualism.

While we can not fully comprehend that which is illimitable and boundless, yet our conception of the idea advanced is sufficiently definite to awaken in our minds a realization of a loving Infinitude, of which we are integral parts—and as a member of ourself is loved and cared for by self, so we feel that we are loved and cared for by the GREAT POSITIVE MIND of the Universe—God. This thought awakens in us the spirit of love and adoration for all beings, as "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Dr. Duke.

The Analytical Healer, Dr. Duke, is now operating in Michigan, and for a few weeks can be consulted at the Everett House, East Saginaw. A rare opportunity for invalids in that vicinity.

That bothersome habit of using tobacco, can be effectually cured by using Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, according to directions. For sale at this office. See advertisement in another column.

The first page of the JOURNAL contains interesting extracts, showing which way the "wind blows."

There will be a three day's meeting of Spiritualists at Bethany, Mo., commencing on the 29th of September, and closing on Sunday, October 1st.

We have two able lectures,—one from Dr. Underhill, the other from Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance, that will appear soon.

LITERARY.

The American Odd Fellow, for July, comes to us under new and more favorable auspices. Orange Ford, whose name is synonymous with success, has assumed an active interest in its publication. This magazine, which has always been a favorite with us, will now become still more attractive, and should be read by all members of the order. It also possesses genuine value as a family magazine. Published by the A. O. F. Association, New York City.

A Few Thoughts For a Young Man. By Horace Mann. Boston: Horace B. Fuller, Publisher. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This delightful little book was in very great demand years ago, over twenty thousand having been sold when first published, and there has always been a demand for it. Mr. Fuller has got out an edition which does credit to himself as a publisher.

Historic Americans, By Theodore Parker. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Theodore Parker, the varied and profound scholar and eloquent pulpit and platform orator, was the object of intense hatred and abject fear on the part of the orthodox ministers and their bigoted followers in the city of Boston, who dreaded the power of his great intellect, the influence of his noble life, and united their entire strength to kill him, and finally succeeded in their object. They could not have done it sooner or more certain had they assassinated him on the spot. They drove him to a foreign country in search of that health and vigor which would once more enable him to stand up in their midst and combat them as effectually and manfully as in his better days. But alas, the venomous shafts of hatred and malice had sunk deep into his sensitive nature, that even the sunny skies and balmy air of beautiful Italy could not restore his exhausted constitution. His beautiful spirit freed itself from the worn-out mortal form, and found its peers in a more congenial climate on the other side of life, where, we have no doubt, he is happy, and from whence he is to-day influencing for good those he left behind, many of whom are beginning to appreciate his noble qualities, and listen to his teachings. His name is gradually occupying that high place in American literature which of right belongs to his great genius.

The book before us contains lectures on Franklin, Washington, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. The lectures are a very valuable addition to our historical biographies, and will be fully appreciated by the readers of the JOURNAL, and by all who do not allow their bigoted religious prejudices to warp their judgment of the author.

The Journal of Speculative Philosophy, published quarterly at St. Louis, Mo., is intended as a vehicle for such translations, commentaries, and original articles as will best promote the interests of Speculative Philosophy in all its departments. The number for July is replete with solid matter that can feed the reflective mind. Two dollars per annum. Wm. T. Harris, box 2595, St. Louis, Mo., Editor.

We are in want of dues for the JOURNAL. When it is not convenient to pay all, let us have a part, as an earnest of a good will. Wake up! we are in earnest.

—Read "JESUS OF NAZARETH."

Philadelphia Department.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 623 Race street, Philadelphia.

HARRISBURG, PA.

The Potts Family—Dr. Barr, Dr. Fahnestock, and J. J. Reilly.

On the 15th and 16th of July, we lectured in the hall of our good brother, Dr. Barr. We are sorry to say that this indefatigable laborer was quite unwell, so that he could not be out in the evening. We had our young friend, J. Jefferson Reilly, a test medium, with us. On Saturday evening, a good and attentive audience assembled to hear us talk on the question, "What is Spiritualism?"

On this occasion we spoke for ourselves, claiming that all that related to man's spiritual nature in the past, the present, or the future, belongs rightfully to Spiritualism; that all that is good, and true, and valuable, in the religions that have existed in the world, is of this character; that Spiritualism is a great system of eclecticism, gathering all the good of the past systems, and adding something to these that is more comprehensive, universal, and far-reaching, than any system that has ever existed in the world, being not only adapted to the entire man, but to all conditions of humanity, and hence its great and unprecedented popularity. Meeting as it does the demands of humanity, we predicted that it was to be the religion of the world; that it would absorb the good of all forms of religion, and infuse such vitality into them, as to enable them to throw off all the husks and superficialities that have gathered around them.

At the close of our lecture, the spirit of John Pierpont spoke eloquently through our young friend, Reilly. Patrick Ocer also came and spoke a few words through his medium, Andrew Potts.

On Sunday morning, we visited the rooms of our excellent friend and brother, Joseph Potts, and were much interested in seeing the wonders there. We counted over twenty pictures of various sizes hung upon the walls of the room. Quite a number of friends came in, among them Dr. Fahnestock and Dr. Orr. These pictures are very unique and original, and as Mr. Potts remarked, "They show one thing, that spirits are no more perfect in their artistic skill than mortals."

Nearly all the pictures now there, have been produced entirely by spirits out of the form, without the aid of mortals, except to supply the paper on which they are drawn.

During the morning, we were invited, with Dr. Fahnestock and others, to an upper room, where the drawings are now made. On the bed we saw a large roll of paper about ten yards long. When this was opened, we discovered at the end that had been rolled in, three very curious and interesting pictures,—we think the best executed of any that we have seen. They had been drawn, apparently with the paper rolled up. There was another picture commenced at the outer end.

On returning to the lower room, we witnessed a number of experiments by Dr. Fahnestock upon the mediums present, and were ourselves subjected to these. We gave a communication from Dr. Hare, on the subject of the "Will," which he declared to be the nearest omnipotence of anything he had yet discovered. He stated that the power of the will depended in a great measure upon the number of faculties which co-operated in the action. A single faculty alone, produced an impulse, generally brief and inefficient; well arranged co-operation of the faculties, produced a powerful and continued action of the will.

He congratulated our friend, Dr. Fahnestock, upon the great work he was doing, of disabusing the beautiful science of Somnambulism of many of the crudities and superstitions which had been thrown around by ignorant and superstitious persons, and often fostered and encouraged by the more intelligent, who have attempted to explain its marvels to the world. We feel deeply indebted to the Doctor for his suggestion in our own case, having been suffering the greater part of the time for three and a half years with our poisoned hand, except when under the influence of spirits, and in a partially somnambulant state.

He assured us that we could throw off all the influence except in that hand, and leave it in a state of unconsciousness. We did this, and for more than a week have been exempt from pain, although the hand still remains swollen and inflamed. We shall have something more to say upon this subject in a review of the Doctor's book.

Patrick Ocer came, and gave some curious manifestations of his power to move physical bodies. On Saturday evening he said we would find something in our hat this morning. Buttons were flying around the room in a very singular manner; at least a dozen were found in different places. We found two in our hat. Four or five were placed in different parts of Mr. Reilly's clothing, sometimes in the seams of his coat, where there was no opening by which they could be taken out; two were brought home in that way. One was seen flying across the room, and then lodged under a metal plate that was screwed on to hold the cord of the window curtain. "This was forced under here, so that it required considerable power with a knife to push it out. A ten cent note was found in the hat of a gentleman present."

We think our readers will be interested in the following

HISTORY OF THESE MEDIUMS;

William and Andrew Potts are twin sons of Joseph and Eliza Potts,—the latter deceased about four years ago. They were born in York County, Pennsylvania, in January, 1840. They were bright and healthy children. At the time they were about fourteen years old, the parents heard of Spiritualism, and very wisely did what every family should do, held circles at their house.

The boys were soon developed as mediums, first by tipping the table, and afterward in various other ways. Andrew was treated physically, and some very strange phenomena occurred about him. They held their circles regularly up to the time of the war, when they were suspended for a time. Since then, they have been held regularly.

William saw and predicted many events during the war. He saw printed letters which he could read. Neither of the boys have had much education.

About two years since, William's hand was moved to draw pictures with a pencil, and in August, 1870, the spirits commenced drawing in the house, without his presence or assistance. A large picture, which was presented to us in September last, was commenced by William's hand, and finished by the spirits. At this time they required pencils, and seemed to prefer having them sharpened for them. The paper was tacked upon the wall, or laid on a table or the floor, and the room was locked, and

the father was requested to keep the key, and to enter the room several times a day. William and Andrew were working at their trade, that of carpenters.

Since about the first of October, 1870, the spirits have dispensed with pencils altogether, and now they make drawings, with four or five shades of color, and all that is necessary, is to place paper in the room. They say that they obtain the colors from the atmosphere. The pictures are not remarkably artistic; they are very peculiar, and when examined with a magnifying glass, appear to be done rather by dots than lines.

They have made a number of portraits of members of the family, and others, some of which have been recognized. The best portrait we saw, was that of Mr. Legrist, who is said to be the artist. There is considerable writing on some of the pictures, which is more euphonious than correct. One of the pictures was, by request, placed in a frame, and covered with a plate of glass, since which, it has been altered considerably, and improved.

Of late the directions have been to get a large roll of paper, and lay it upon a bed in the third story room. This is the roll we referred to above. Several pictures have been taken off of the original piece, which was twelve yards long. Fifty or more of these pictures have been drawn. They are of various sizes—some much more elaborate than others. There seems to be an improvement in the work as it progresses. Sometimes the spirits seem to be dissatisfied with the picture, and they have the power of removing it from the paper, either in part or entirely. Scarcely a day passes without something being done, though sometimes they work much more rapidly than at others.

Brother E. V. Wilson and F. E. Dowd have visited these rooms. We have a picture which we shall be glad to show to any of the friends. Andrew's mediumship is of entirely a different character. During the past two years he has been very much influenced by a spirit named Patrick Ocer, a genial and witty Irishman who was killed upon the railroad, near Harrisburg. We cannot detail many of the very remarkable phenomena, some of which Brother Doctor Bar has published from time to time in the local papers and in this journal, giving accounts of some of the startling occurrences that have taken place through this influence. An interesting volume might be made, and we trust the Doctor will prepare this for publication, as it will be a valuable addition to our literature, and furnish important facts in the history of this great movement.

Among the first startling phenomena, was the bringing of money, and dropping it upon the table in the circle at mother Hopkin's; since that the finding of many articles, that had been buried, by spirits, some of them a very long time. Andrew made a very brief, we might well say, flying visit to England and Ireland, while under the influence of this spirit. When under this influence, his voice and features are changed, and the power of moving physical bodies in the presence of this medium, is exhibited almost all the time.

The father, Joseph Potts, a niece Lucinda Potts, and these boys, live together in very plain style, and every one must be impressed with the candor and honesty of the whole family.

In the afternoon, we held a large public circle, at which Mr. Reilly was entranced, and after a short address on the general subject of Spiritualism, "Ocean" came and gave several tests. It was excessively warm, and the conditions were not very favorable. In the evening a violent storm reduced our audience, yet it was an attentive one. Dr. Hare took up the theme on which we had spoken on the previous evening, and gave some practical and valuable suggestions relative to Spiritualism, and what had been done for him in this life, and in his present condition. He declared that it was of the highest importance for each one to ask themselves, what Spiritualism is doing for them? To know that every step they make in the unfolding of their higher nature, would open to them still grander and more glorious fields of truth.

He stated that the value of Spiritualism was not realized, till they had entered the other life, and then when it was too late; there were often regrets for lost opportunities, and many were compelled to labor to finish up the work that had been left undone on earth.

We have not room here even for a synopsis of his able and eloquent appeal. We never felt more fully conscious of spirit influence, than upon this occasion; and we can speak as freely of this discourse, which we listened to with pleasure and profit, as though it had been given through another organism.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Reilly was again entranced, and Father Pierpont uttered some very radical and wholesome truths, and then "Ocean" came and gave a benediction.

Four o'clock the next morning we were at home.

MRS. E. MANIFOLD.

Medical, Clairvoyant, and Healing Medium. Parties at a distance examined by lock of hair. Price, \$1.00. Prescriptions, \$1.00. Magnetic Remedies sent to all parts of the country. Address Mrs. E. O. Manifold, P. O. Box 1024, Rockford, Ill. v10 n17

GROSVENOR SWAN, M. D.

DR. SWAN MAY BE FOUND AT ALL hours, at 117 Wabash Ave., Chicago, where he will be happy to receive calls from his old friends and patrons, and all who may require his services. v8 n17

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THE UNDERSIGNED MANUFACTURES TO ORDER, and keeps on hand all varieties of Open and Top Buggies of the Best Styles; Platform Spring Wagons, with two or more seats, with or without top. This wagon is an improvement on the old two-spring wagon, and as a business wagon, or for family use, is unsurpassed. Best quality of stock used, and first-class workmen employed, and all work WARRANTED.

Situated on the Erie R. R., we have good facilities for shipping, and are constantly sending work to all parts of the country. N. KINNEY. v9 n25 em.

JULIA DAKE CASTERLINE, M. D.

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NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

Ohio State Association of Spiritualists.

This Association will hold its Fifth Annual Convention, on the first Saturday and Sunday of September next, in Roberts Hall, Milan, Ohio, commencing at 11 o'clock, A. M. Each local society, and children's progressive lyceum is entitled to four delegates and two additional for each fifty members or fraction over the first fifty.

Important business will come before the convention, and every society and lyceum in the State is earnestly requested to send a full delegation.

The well-known and tried hospitality of the Milan Society is extended to all delegates, who will be provided with homes as far as possible. Eminent speakers are expected, who will be duly announced, and a cordial invitation is extended to all speakers and mediums, to all Spiritualists and liberals to meet and renew their strength at this annual reunion.

Milan is situated three miles from Norwalk, on the Lake Shore R. R., and all trains are met by the Milan backs.

HUDSON TUTTLE, President. GEO. W. WILSON, Res. Secretary. EMMA TUTTLE, Cor. Secretary.

Mason and Dixon's Line Camp Meeting.

There will be a Grand Camp Meeting of Spiritualists at Havre de Grace, Maryland, commencing at two o'clock, in the afternoon of Wednesday, August 23d, and continuing over Sunday.

It is designed to make this camp meeting the grandest convention of Spiritualists ever held in the world. Good speakers, test and physical mediums, will be in attendance and no pains will be spared to make this the most interesting, instructive, and harmonious gathering in the world.

On Friday, the third day of the meeting, there will be an exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, in all its workings. This exhibition will be participated in by several lyceums from every locality throughout the United States are invited to attend and take part. The Philadelphia Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, have agreed to carry passengers to and from the camp meeting at reduced rates.

Come one, come all, bring your tents, blankets, and provisions, and let us have a time long to be remembered. For particulars address Moses Hull, or James Frisk, Baltimore, A. P. McCombs, Havre de Grace; or H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Grove Meetings in Wisconsin.

At Geneva, Aug. 12th and 13th, Saturday and Sunday. At Oakfield, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 19th and 20th. At Redbush, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2d and 3d. J. O. Barrett, State missionary, and Mrs. Mattie Hulcutt Parry will be present at all these meetings. Dr. E. O. Dunn will be present at the meetings in Oakfield and Beaver Dam.

Obituary.

IN MEMORIAM.

Passed on to spirit-life, Sunday evening, July 23d, Dr. R. W. Carpenter, of this city, in the 49th year of his age.

All Sabbath day as the church bells were tolling, he was slowly and surely crossing the Great River, on, to the shining shore beyond; and as the last rays of the setting sun stole into the apartment, they rested like a glory on his noble brow—shrine from which the spirit had just departed.

It had fallen to his lot to suffer great pain and bodily anguish, and often during hours of distress has the agonizing prayer burst from his lips, "Oh, my Father, let this cup pass!"

Every pang was borne with patience and fortitude, cheered by a faith which points to a bright future after the struggles of earth-life.

Dr. Carpenter was an enthusiast in the cause of Music, and was fitting the summons should come while listening to harmonious strains, that his soul might be borne in its upward flight on the wings of celestial melody. Every evening during his sickness, his heart was cheered by music, evoked by the rare powers of his beloved daughter Blanche, and as piece after piece was given, she always closed, by his request, by playing Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique."

Wherever music is cherished, will his name be a household word, for he achieved more to make the Reed organ a success than any other man in the whole country. His inventions, the Vox Humana Tremulo, and La Campanella, are unsurpassed in beauty and expression, and have created a new era in the history of Reed organs. Henceforth all music will have for us a new significance, for we shall feel the highest and holiest emanate from him.

As his wife, I can bear willing testimony to his remarkable purity of character, a kind, loving regard and thoughtful solicitude, which I feel is not withdrawn by the change called death, but will ever be extended to us below.

Only recently a convert to the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, it was a source of infinite consolation to him during his hours of illness, and was a faith especially suited to his pure spiritual nature, and is now of inestimable value to his friends left here, who know his love shall never be a thread—that still the protecting care will constantly be thrown around them.

It was his lot to pass away amid kind friends, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. L. F. Dodge, of Chicago, surrounded by ministrations of affection and love. The soul of harmony and song were developed in him in a remarkable degree, and his improvisations on the Reed organ were at times wonderful, and haunted the memory. Never was performer more completely "en rapport" with instrument; and even now when the notes of his beloved organ is touched, we shall feel his spirit communing with us through the medium of his favorite instrument.

ORGAN VERSES.

Soul of my soul—my joy—my tears! I tune thy strings for mortal ears. O breathe once more a strain divine Through thy soft notes, O harp of mine! Bending I list to music soft, Sounds wafted from thy home aloft. Not half their glories can my thoughts control; When shall they hear the immortal anthems roll? Afar from man, yet near to thee, O God, the source of harmony! O lift the veil that darkly lies, Hiding their holes from these eyes! H. E. C.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

Madison Doherty, having severed his connection with A. D. Willis, at Chicago, has opened a Gallery, at Indianapolis, Indiana, where he will sit for spirit pictures.

Parties at a distance wishing these pictures can get the same result as if present, by enclosing a lock of hair, a picture, and the fee of three dollars, and post-office stamp, stating the day and hour they wish a trial. Money refunded if no result is obtained.

DOHERTY & PURSELL, PHOTOGRAPHERS, Nos. 94 & 96 East Washington street, Indianapolis Indiana. v10 n17 em

BELVIDERE SEMINARY, FOR YOUTHS OF BOTH SEXES.

Belvidere New Jersey. Fall Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 18th. One of the most liberal institutions in the land, being strictly non-sectarian. It has the superior advantages of a beautiful and beautiful location, added to the comforts and genial influence of a pleasant home, with excellent opportunities for obtaining a practical education in any or all of its several departments, English, Classical, Literary, and Scientific. Pupils graduate in each department, also in Gymnasium. For catalogues, address Misses Bush, Principals. v10 n17 M.

MEDIUMS.

J. G. W. ENTWISTLE, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

No. 194 South Clark Street, Room 3, Chicago.

He is prepared to treat any of the many forms of disease, and possesses a peculiar insight into the cause and character, and a controlling power over it which seems wonderful (even to himself). His medicines are purely vegetable. Invalids at any distance will be as thoroughly examined, and the means of cure (if curable) are definitely pointed out as if they were present, by sending a lock of hair, giving name, age, sex, and two leading symptoms of the disease. Insanity and fits not treated. Examination fee, by hair, \$2.00. v10 n16 M

DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D.

ANALYTICAL PHYSICIAN FOR CHRONIC DISEASES.

Patients at a distance successfully treated. Medicines sent by mail or express. Send a simple statement of condition, age, and sex, occupation, temperament, (if not known, send photograph) Address P. O. Box 20, Chicago, Ill. Send for ANALYTICAL HEALTH JOURNAL. v10 n17 M

MRS. C. H. LELAND,

Wonderful Psychometrist, Soul Reader, and Business Medium, will, upon receipt of photograph, lock of hair, whether married or single, send to any person a correct delineation of character, with leading events in the past and future life, for one dollar. Advice concerning business, two dollars. Written communications from friends in spirit life, two dollars. Satisfaction guaranteed. Instructions for mediums in development, one dollar. Address, Taunton, Mass. v10 n10 M

MRS. LODEMA ATWOOD, Healing Medium,

Has been before the public as a successful Healer the past fifteen years. We rely entirely on the controlling influences. We diagnose and give prescriptions by letter. Distance no objection. Will visit in person a reasonable distance those that desire, and can afford the expense. Delineation and advice in a variety of ways. Emblems we give gratuitously to our patients, when presented by our golden. Our former custom has been to come on rapport with the applicant by the hand—writing or lock of hair; but to save time, and the unpleasant sensation of taking on the symptoms of the disease, we require the applicant to give age and sex, with one or two leading symptoms of the disease, written by the patient, if able to write—if not, send lock of hair. As the giving of tests is not the object which we seek, but to restore the patient to health by Nature's own hand, in the shortest time possible, we do not deem it necessary here to lumber up an advertisement with what we have done or what we can do, but prefer to be known by our fruits.

Terms, for diagnosis and prescription, \$2; Diagnosis without prescription, \$1; all subsequent prescriptions, \$1 each. All letters should be accompanied with the fee, and addressed to MRS. LODEMA ATWOOD, Box 45, Lake Mills, Jefferson Co., Wis. v10 n1 M.

Dr. Abba Lord Palmer.

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WONDERFUL PSYCHOMETRIST AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, SOUL READER AND BUSINESS MEDIUM.

Can diagnose disease by likeness, autograph, lock of hair, without a failure, and give prescription, which, if followed, will surely cure. Can trace stolen property, tell the past, present and future—advise concerning business, and give written communications from spirit friends. Diagnosis of disease, with prescription, \$2.00. Communications from spirit friends, \$3.00. Delineation of character with advice concerning marriage, \$1.00. v10 n1 M.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

Healing, Psychometric and Business Medium 145 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. Robinson, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought "en rapport" with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal remedy, or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the diseases of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric test, business and trance medium.

Terms—Diagnosis and first prescription, \$3.00; each subsequent, \$2.00; Psychometric Delineation of Character, \$3; answering Business Letters, \$3. The money should accompany the application, to insure a reply.

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Dr. P. T. Johnson examines diseases by receiving lock of hair, name, and age, stating sex,—one dollar accompanying the order. He also prescribes a sure antidote for OPIUM AND MORPHINE PATTERS; three months will cure the most inveterate case. Charges, six dollars per month. He also prepares a Sure Cure for Ague,—50 cents per bottle. Will be sent by express. Address him Ipsanti, Mich. v10 n17 M

DR. SAMUEL MAXWELL, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

TREATS the sick by magnetic touch, and the use of appropriate magnetized remedies. Also makes clairvoyant examinations. Patients to be treated by letter should send age, sex, and leading symptoms. Board in private families if desired. Come to, or address, SAMUEL MAXWELL, M. D. 72 South Sixth St., Richmond, Ind. v10 n17 M

James Brooks,

The Great Developing Medium, will send printed instructions, which never fail to develop in all those who have any mediumistic powers. Send for them at once. Test your spirit gifts. Enclose two dollars. Address 205 S. Clark St., Chicago. v10 n17 M

Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. LOUSIE'S FOR GOD.

By Mrs. M. S. Kelso.

In this, as well as in other nations, we will not fail to see, in every city, town and village, at least one house for God, and often many more, according to the wealth and population of each particular locality, for he remembered that wealth is required to build a house for God.

Lot us now see in what the gospel consists. Does it not too often consist of tea and coffee, wine and cigars, tobacco and whiskey, on the one side, and on the other of fine lace, and silks and satins and jewelry, and false hair and trains and combs, and indeed, many other things which are not only unnecessary, but really injurious and demoralizing to themselves and the relation which they seem so anxious should be embraced by the people?

Thus it is. Thousands, and even millions of dollars are carried into these houses for God, every Sabbath, in the form of dress, and it is a glorious thing to be a wealthy Christian on that day. But where are the poor? As these Christians roll by in their costly carriages, where are the sick, the suffering, the broken hearted, the dying? Where are those who are kept away from the house of God, because, Oresth, they are poor; who, should they attend in the humble dress which they would be compelled to wear, would cause a great turning up of noses, and a general disappearing of countenances behind the scenes?

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one day summoned her friends and two daughters to her bedside to bid them a last adieu, as her time had come, when she was "awfully to breathe her life away in the arms of Jesus." Requesting one daughter to take her by the hand, the other to play a favorite hymn on the instrument in the room, she made them good by saying that she was already "awfully going in the arms of Jesus."

Some moments elapsed without any change, she often during the time told them how "awfully she was going, etc." till at once she seemed to lose her consciousness, but in a few moments arosed again greatly rejoiced, and with her weeping friends she was not going to die now. She had been to heaven and saw God sitting upon his white throne, and his blessed angels waiting upon him, and among those chosen ones was her own dear son, who was killed in the army. She passed up to the great throne, and looked upon the face of her dear father, his providential hand, shook hands with her, saying, "My child, I am not ready for you yet. Go back to earth, and finish your duty."

She asked, "Must I go and talk with John H?" a man who had stood the strong persuasion of the Methodist Church, and who still remained converted to the great faith of his pious mother. God shook his head and waved her back to earth. Still Another Evidence. As Mrs. A. P. Brown was lecturing in Middlebury, Vt, two years ago, a very pious and Christian lady visited her, while stopping with some friends previous to her first lecture, and requested an interview, saying she had come to convince her there was a person called God, as she had understood the Scriptures, and she wanted to see the friend of the great error they were laboring under, before she made any such statements to the people in that place.

She took my arm and led me through long halls and capacious rooms. At first they were empty and desolate—our steps echoed as we passed along. Soon, they were plainly and poorly furnished, but each one growing better, till we reached one very large, and whose furniture and tapestry was more beautiful and sublime than a human mind can conceive. From this opened out an extensive plain, beautifully adorned. Upon its center was an immense plain, on which was placed a huge, rocking chair, so immense in size, the naked eye could not comprehend it at one glance. Within this giant chair sat God, with his back to our entrance. Long white, massive locks hung majestically down his back, while his long beard reminded me of Noah's. We passed around him, and he said, "My friend, don't you want to go to heaven and see God ere you are called there for eternity?"

He replied, "I should be delighted to go." She took my arm and led me through long halls and capacious rooms. At first they were empty and desolate—our steps echoed as we passed along. Soon, they were plainly and poorly furnished, but each one growing better, till we reached one very large, and whose furniture and tapestry was more beautiful and sublime than a human mind can conceive.

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Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A SUPREME OR UNIVERSAL BEING—WHICH?

By J. Tinsley.

Whoever demolishes his own or his neighbor's domicile without, in the meantime, providing a better one, can hardly be considered a philosopher or philanthropist. As we are a decided opponent of belief in a supreme being, believing it to be the producing cause of untold evil, it becomes us to be equally explicit in giving our reasons for that position, and also in stating what we do believe.

Instead of a supreme being, that created all things from nothing, or from any other source, we believe in a universal being, of whom all things are constituents, existing in two conditions, of male and female, and these, inversions of each other, and from them all forms have derived their origin, each part, in turn, being represented by all the parts, and all by each in one ceaseless round of changes, from which nothing is excluded.

We believe our little planet is a constituent of the lower extremities of this, being on the ascending grade of our notion of it from God, a better representative, when administered in its purity, of universal being and government, than has ever before existed on this earth. Under our form of government, all are sovereigns, all are subjects, all are accountable to the law. The law is derived from the condition of our nature, and the primal source from whence all its powers are derived.

Now, from a unit to the highest form, through all grades of existence, each individual form constitutes a circle, each circle a positive and negative condition, represented in the to us visible and invisible, male and female, spirit and matter, and matter and spirit, as opposites. As the earth in its revolution around the sun, includes summer and winter; on its axis, night and day; and as the male and female of one plane or circle united, constitute one being or circle on a higher plane, the two lower circles being united, one, to produce a higher.

What we term death, then, instead of conveying us to a higher circle, removes us to the positive side of the same circle we now occupy. Now, if each circle constitutes one plane of existence, and the present moment just passed by, transition from one circle to another, the greater always absorbing the less, there must be an infinite number and variety above and including ours, and in which ours is absorbed, as lower ones are absorbed and lost in ours. We must either accept this, or have the vanity to believe that our circle spans the universe.

Here is a question for those who teach the immortality of the soul of man, to ponder upon. If there are larger circles than the one we occupy, and the smaller are absorbed in the larger, are we to be an exception to the rule, or shall we, like all other beings, be absorbed, and become a constituent of a still larger one? However intense our recollection may be, on the other side, of what has taken place on this, the negative side, will not these recollections be lost in the new combinations of a larger circle?

What materialists shall see that there are two sides to all circles of existence, the visible and invisible, and that these two sides are constantly exchanging with each other, and when Spiritualists shall see that the two sides are balanced by that interchange, instead of a hereditary aristocracy of one over the other, and that reason eventually balances action in all things, the problem of existence will be in a fair way of solution, if not reduced to a mathematical certainty.

Westfield, N. Y.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SOCRATIC—NO. TWO.

By A. F. Bowman.

ED. JOURNAL.—By way of explanation, let me say that the removal of my name from the close of my former article, entitled "Socratic," to the beginning, or heading, has made me say, "I subscribe myself one," instead of "one A. F. Bowman." With the question, "is man finite?" coming immediately before the statement, (as now printed) "I subscribe myself one," may I not ask, one what? One finite, or one infinite?

If one finite, how can I hope and expect to live forever, or to possess endlessness in any manner? I will not be limited and killed out by any such finiteness. I can not feel good in any such winking out of life and being. If I say I am one infinite, you must not look at me with a wild, staring glance. Then, some turn off with a smile of pity; others with a word of derision; others with a muttering noise sounding like blasphemy, while some stare, as if I must be a devil. Let me be calm. Do not look at your place, and see that every one has his time. Let me ask you, my friends, does your time ever wait upon you? Can you stop the stream of time? Can you tell me where the beginning or ending of time is found? Do not you find yourself on the stream? The present moment just passes you onward on its bosom. Cut the stream, or let it either end, and you soon will be done sailing.

Finite end their time, saying, "Time shall be no more." When there is no more time how can the people or the gods have time to live any longer? Is not the killing of time the end of all things? Did you follow even to the end of time, in either direction? If not, how do you know it ends? I confess, although infinite, I have not yet seen the end of anything—not even of time or space. If I think of my place in space, I have it, but where its limitations? I am—that I know, but where is my centre of life and being? If I look for my centre inwardly, I can not find it. My mind will not stop in its search for the center of even a pebble, without reaching to boundless infiniteness, mathematically or philosophically. If I look for my circumference, I again reach forth into boundless greatness, and come into touching, heart throbbing relationship with all existence, and I sleep in the bosom of infinity. From my point and place I stand connected with all time and space—inseparately—but one spontaneous, infinite endlessness.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A CHAPTER OF PROPOSITIONS.

By D. Allen.

1st. Is God, the Lord, the Deity, the Almighty, a principality or a personality, or both, or neither?

2d. Is the Devil, Satan, Lucifer, the Adversary, a principality or a personality, or both, or neither?

3d. Is God the author of all the sin and crime there is in the universe, and if so, is he alone responsible for it?

4th. Is man the author of all the sin and crime there is in the world, and if so, is he alone responsible for it?

5th. Is all sin quantitatively but excessive, intrinsic volition, and is all volition inevitable, from the adequate cause which produces it?

6th. Is all sin qualitatively but an inversion of the divine law, making that primary which should be secondary, and that secondary which should be primary?

7th. Is all sin inevitable, from the adequate cause which produces it, and if so, why should it be punished?

8th. Is all holiness inevitable, from the adequate cause which produces it, and if so, why should it be rewarded?

9th. Is the doctrine "Whatever is, is Right" a truth, from the standpoint of the Absolute, and does a belief in said doctrine tend to immortality?

10th. Is the doctrine "Whatever is, is Wrong" a truth, from the standpoint of the Ultimate, and does a belief in said doctrine tend to industry?

11th. Is the doctrine that "There is no such thing as Right and Wrong" a truth, from the standpoint of the Abstract, and does a belief in said doctrine tend to make one unprincipled?

12th.—Is the doctrine that "There is such a thing as Right and Wrong" a truth, from the standpoint of the Relative, and does a belief in said doctrine tend to make one virtuous?

13th.—Is the doctrine of "Fidelity" a truth, from the standpoint of the Absolute, and does a belief in said doctrine have a tendency to discourage?

14th. Is the doctrine of "Free Agency" a truth, from the standpoint of the Relative, and does a belief in said doctrine have a progressive tendency?

15th.—Is a life intrinsically, and is every varied phase and condition of existence an embodiment and representation of truth?

16th.—Is a life an untruth relatively or conditionally, and are relations and conditions the latitude of responsibilities?

17th. Is every person or every thing as good as he, she, or it can be, in the present, viewed in relation to their antecedents, and can any person or any thing become any better in the future than they will become, from what the present is and the past has been?

18th. Is every person and every thing as bad as he, she, or it can be, in the present, viewed in relation to their antecedents, and can any person or any thing become any worse in the future than they will become, from what the present is and the past has been?

THE SUNDAY LAW.

Letter from E. Smith.

BROTHER JONES: My eye has just caught the article in your journal of June 24th, signed J. B. Wheelock, stating that he had been "indicted for working on Sunday."

I endorse every word of your just criticism on the conduct of the canting, malicious hypocrites, who would, no doubt, to gratify a devilish disposition, and exalt themselves in the estimation of the orthodox, as defenders of God's "holy day," so far interfere with the just rights of a neighbor, and endeavor to enforce a law that ought to be obsolete, because it is in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, and the State of Missouri, besides being contrary to the spirit of American institutions and the spirit of the age. He intimates a "want of funds" to carry his case to a higher court.

Believing the Sunday Law unconstitutional, as above stated, and that the agitation of the subject, and consequent enlightenment of the people in regard to their just rights, will tend directly to the repeal of said law, and all others which make one man the keeper of another's conscience, I propose to head a subscription with \$500, to enable Mr. Wheelock to employ eminent counsel and carry his case to a higher court. I predict if this be done, the observance of a religious rite will not be heard of again in the court of justice in Missouri.

"The last grain of sand broke the camel's back," and our people are just now ripe for the agitation and successful decision of this question in favor of the right.

Please set the ball rolling. There are free men enough in this State who will furnish means to insure a second Emancipation Act, and as Missouri led the first, so let her lead the second charge on the hosts of slavery.

Cuba, Mo.

"Hollow Globes."

BROTHER JONES:—Some fifteen years ago, I published the most radical book on the "Love Question" that has yet been issued from the American press. A good and able but conservative man said to me, "Your work is the boldest, deepest, and most logical on the wrong side of the question I had ever read. It is a masterly defense of error, and must do great harm."

I said: "Then if you considered it truth, you would expect much good from it. Your confession makes me sure it will do much good. If it is false, it must do good. Such a work creates thought. It comes out in an age when truth is of age, and can and will retiate error when fairly seen. Such a work, if error, will strengthen the mind, and in the end, lay the foundations of truth more deeply in it."

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THE RESURRECTION.

By W. J. Atkinson.

BROTHER JONES: The so-called Christian churches are based upon the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, as taught in the New Testament.

If that doctrine is false, how are we to know it? The majority of the churches teach that the spirit and body are to be reunited at the resurrection; or, in other words, the resurrection of the dead consists in the reunion of spirit and body; and as an evidence of that fact, they refer to the case of Jesus' resurrection, as a literal demonstration of the doctrine.

The New Testament does certainly teach that Jesus' body was raised; and as the Harmonical Philosophy teaches that this tabernacle of clay will never be used again by the spirit after its exit, as a dwelling-place, the question is natural: Did Jesus really come forth with his natural body of flesh and blood?

I should like to see an answer to that question. There are thousands of others, doubtless, who would be glad to have it settled. I have an idea, but do not know that I could substantiate it by any evidence. I do not believe his body ever rose and came forth, unless it was stolen. His spirit appeared to the apostles just as a spirit now appears.

I regard the story as one of those "mysteries of goldilocks," that was hatched by the priests to give solemnity and authority to their code or system of teachings. How any man can conclude that this body shall be raised and quickened into an immortal or spiritual body, and oppose the soul-sleeping theory, is more than I can tell.

If Second Adventism is true, then it might appear that this body would be the one that should be; but as it is not true, then it does not so appear. Christ's body, like our own, was material and subject to decay and death, and being subject thereto, it died, and we conclude, decayed and moldered back to its kindred dust, just as our bodies do when the spirit takes its flight to the realms of the Summer Land, assuming or taking upon itself a body suited to that life, just as it took this body, suited to this life.

You who believe that the spirit has a conscious existence continually after the death of this body, must conclude that it has a form, an individuality as identical and real to that which as the one we now bear is to this. If this, then, is so, what or where is the need of this old, decayed body to be resurrected?

Take a philosophical view of this subject, and see if our position is not more in harmony with nature and the law of spirit-life than the old orthodox theory concerning this question.

Pisgah, Mo.

Letter from Francis Smith.

BRO. JONES.—Will you receive for the columns of your noble paper, the voice of the people, coming as it were, from a remote corner of the State of Michigan.

I will endeavor to portray as clearly as I can the steps which the Spiritualists in and about the city of Lapeer, have taken, and the efforts put forth by them to promulgate our worthy cause.

One year ago we met and organized a Society of Spiritualists, passed resolutions, elected officers, etc., placing at its head the title, "The World's Progressive Association."

A little band of true and noble workers they were, worshipping at the shrine of truth. Fearing not the scoffs and sneers of "Old Theology," whose missiles of slander and contempt, were hurled at them on every side. But to day we stand forth an united band of self-advocates, and upon the birthday of America we met in a pleasant grove a few miles from Lapeer, celebrating that day in a true patriotic manner. Our tables were bountifully spread, and after satisfying the demands of our physical natures, we were quietly seated upon rude benches, and listened to an address delivered by Mrs. Houghton, whose every word seemed admirably suited to the occasion.

This truly noble and self-sacrificing lady has in the times past valiantly unfurled the banner of progress, and devotion to the cause of truth wherever found. As a medium for the angel world, she has ever striven to cast the scales from off all eyes and extend the helping hand—accompanied by her husband, who is also ready to fight the good fight; she wears not in the good work, looking alone to her spirit guides for remuneration, although she can not fail to see her labors are bearing fruits in abundance and the promise of a bountiful harvest ere long.

Upon the 19th and 20th of August, 1871, the anniversary of our society is to be held. Preparations are being made as speedily as possible, all being united to make those days ones of spiritual feasting and rejoicing. Good speakers are expected to be in attendance, and, if successful, the Court House of Lapeer will be granted to us for use. If objections are made, another suitable place will be chosen. All friends of the cause from a distance are cordially invited to attend, and will be cared for.

Lapeer, Mich., July 19th, 1871.

C. L. JAMES—THE COMING PHILOSOPHER.

By Austin Kent.

BROTHER JONES: Some three years ago, I found myself in a letter controversy with a man who gave the above signature. I think we wrote some twelve or fifteen sheets each. I became interested in him, and believed myself corresponding with a strong and mature mind of forty or over. At length, in a letter he modestly suggested that his years had been too few to give him much experience on the subject in controversy. In my frank way I wrote, "Mr. James, how old are you?" The reply came, "Twenty-two." I was surprised.

Mr. James is now short of twenty-five. The last year he published two pamphlets on "The Laws of Marriage," and relating to connubial life. These show the maturity of thought of an able and experienced mind of fifty. His last is a "Manual of Transcendental Philosophy." The work is not before me, and I may not have its exact title. In this he reviews Herbert Spencer and kindred philosophers, on the God question, and exhibits a mental power that I think very unusual in a mind so young. He appears entirely without vanity. He is radical and poor. Many a genius has languished in obscurity through neglect. I am doubtful if he is long-lived. I desire that the sale of his pamphlets may be such as to enable him to print his best ideas. If his life is spared, I believe he will justify the title: C. L. JAMES—THE COMING PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. James has issued a work of poems, but I have not seen them and can not judge of their merits. Stockholm, N. Y.

—Where Love spreads the feast and presides at the head of the table, the viands are seldom poor.

—Beware lest the continual rays of the sun of prosperity parch up all the generous juices of thy soul.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "GOD FOUND!"

Spiritualism in the Churches.

BRO. JONES:—While Brother Francis is so diligently searching for God through the columns of your valuable paper, I take the liberty of informing him that he desires to bring his earnest effort to a close, it may be necessary to exert his search eastward, as two women living here in the quiet villages of our Green Mountain State have met the venerable personage face to face and conversed with him. But to state the facts, as they come to us, well authenticated:

An old lady, 64 years of age, living in the town of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a very worthy member of the Methodist Church, and who claims to have been consecrated to God by her mother prior to her birth, and who became converted to the Christian religion at the early age of these years, and who also claims entire sanctification at the age of 24 years, never having sinned since, was, during the past winter, taken very ill, and as was thought by herself and friends, soon to leave them for that saintly home which she had so richly inherited. During the period of this critical condition, she

A REVELATION FROM FATHER CHEW TO MRS. ATWATER.

Black Hawk says: "Father Chew tells you to hunt Mr. Marshall beside Mud Lake, our brave's hunting ground. He is there, and his body, in the water. Look sharp. We tell you he is there. The stream of water is marked out before you. The position of his body is marked out before you. He is lying on his face in the stream. Poor boy—good boy! He was tired of life, which caused him to do what he has. He has been melancholy for some time, and meditating upon it, but his trouble is over now. We tell you he is there—you can find him. We help you to find him. You and pale-face medium girl that tips tables go to find him to-morrow. Men that are marching for him will go with in one rod of him—won't find him. We tell you first—you write him. We tell you he went through a piece of woods near water—in water northward side of Mud Lake. He is in water Mud Lake—yes, in that Mud Lake you can find him. Yes, poor boy—good boy—crazy brain. He might have been saved. Too late now. Red man tell you he is dead in red man's hunting ground, where they have had beside the muddy waters of Mud Lake, Yes, he is in the Spirit Land."

Oak Grove, Wis.

—Read "JESUS OF NAZARETH."

—Read "JESUS OF NAZARETH."

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ILLINOIS.

Historical.

The following interesting chapter in the history of our state, the just tribute to a grand old chief, from the well known pen of the Hon. Anson Miller, is taken from the Lakeside Monthly for July. It is given in full, as its perusal will repay our readers. We wish Judge Miller would write the much-needed history of Illinois. His long residence in the state, thorough knowledge of its affairs and people, and his undoubted fidelity and ability, qualify him eminently for the work.

SHAUBANEE, THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

Memorials for the worthy dead are among the most grateful offerings of the living. We have just witnessed a most beautiful and impressive illustration of this, in the sublime spectacle of national devotion on Decoration Day, when patriotic all-India, through the breath of a continent, gathered the graves of their fallen heroes, and emblemized their love and admiration of the gallant dead, and the cause for which they yielded up their lives, by gifts of the season's choicest flowers. Such manifestations of gratitude and affection, embodying the spirit of patriotism in the public heart, perpetuate the memory of illustrious deeds, and excite to life and power the ennobling emulation of excellence.

The renowned chieftain, the subject of this article, was a generous and devoted benefactor to the frontier inhabitants of Illinois in times of danger and distress; and though born and bred in a region hostile to our country, and trained up in early life to war against it, he became a most reliable and efficient friend of the early settlers in the west.

Shaubanee was a native of Canada, a Pottawatomie Indian, born at an early period in the American Revolution, probably before 1780. The Pottawatomies at that time had numerous bands and divisions, located in Canada, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other states south and west. They were powerful men, above the ordinary size of Europeans, exceedingly athletic and muscular, courageous and formidable in war, and intelligent above the average of their savage neighbors.

The Pottawatomies in Illinois, occupied the region around Lake Michigan, and on the Illinois and Fox rivers, and south of this as far as Peoria, and west as far as Rock River, being the tribe between the Mississippi and the Wisconsin, spoke the Sioux language. The Pottawatomies emigrated from Canada at an early day in the history of the northwestern-territory, and their different tribes were controlled by local leaders. Big Thunder, a gigantic chief, lived on the Kishwaukee, and his seat at what is now the beautiful town of Moline. Caldwell and Robinson, intelligent and judicious half-breeds, managed the affairs of the tribe at and around the old French post of Chicago, and on the Des Plaines River, and Shaubanee as peace chief, and Waubanee as war chief, exercised their influence generally over the different localities.

The Black Hawk disturbance became serious in 1831, but was soon temporarily quelled. The war broke out in earnest, however, in 1832. Black Hawk, whose Indian name was Mowatah Mowahc, had been an associate of Shaubanee under the great Tecumseh in the Indian wars of the South, and in that connection the United States and Great Britain in 1812. He was an old warrior, nearly or quite seventy years of age at the time of which we write, the indomitable chief of the Sacs and Foxes, a man of lofty bearing and great force of character, who had been engaged in war from his youth. His chief town, a large one, had been on the east bank of the Mississippi, and near the present site of the city of Rock Island; his town had been burned, and his and his tribe driven west of the river, his former home being claimed by the United States under treaty stipulations which Black Hawk desired were obtained by fraud and force.

In his contemplated raids against the whites east of the Mississippi, he had hoped for aid from the Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes, and had sent emissaries to these tribes to enlist them in his enterprise. Earnest appeals were made to Shaubanee by his old companions in arms, but in vain. A grand council of Pottawatomies was held on the Des Plaines River, a few miles west of Chicago, and by the invitation of the chiefs, their firm and judicious friend, Captain George E. Walker, of Ottawa, was present. Here Shaubanee, Waubanee, Robinson, Caldwell, and Walker were present. Shaubanee, the murderous schemes of Black Hawk, and the tribe resolved to keep peace with the whites, and to aid them, should hostilities be commenced, and at the close of the council, one hundred braves, with Shaubanee at their head, volunteered to act under the command of Walker, and to defend the frontier of the protection of the border settlements of northern Illinois. These went to Dixon with Captain Walker, and rendered important service during the war.

Previous to the breaking out of the war, Shaubanee crossed the Mississippi into Iowa, near the Des Moines River, near the mouth of the Des Moines, and there he was long and in interview with Black Hawk. He besought the chief to desist from his threatened invasion, and warned him of the certain destruction of his power in case of hostilities. He told him the Americans were a great and good people, as numerous as the leaves in the forest, and that they were the rulers of the whole country. But Black Hawk, burning with revenge, and bitterly complaining of the injustice of the United States agents, and of the bribery and corruption of Keokuk, his rival, whom he charged with signing treaties, selling his lands and homes for pay, when he had no authority, rejected all counsel, and reckless of consequences, announced his determination to recross the Mississippi and assault the whites with implacable resentment.

Shaubanee, thus finding Black Hawk and his braves eager for bloodshed, and the war inevitable, hastened back to Illinois to warn the frontier inhabitants of the danger. He proclaimed throughout the new settlements that Black Hawk had determined to make a fearful slaughter of the defenseless, and that the only safety of the people was to leave their scattered homes, and to assemble in the towns, where they could be protected by stocks and other defenses. The old chief sent out his sons, and others of his family and tribe, and went himself, riding night and day, to give the alarm. Some heeded it; others were incredulous. It was springtime, and the farmers were ploughing and seeding, and unwilling to leave their lands to the hands of the Indians. He and his wife and children, and others of his family, fled to a house on Indian Creek, a tributary of Fox River, some fifteen miles from Ottawa, and in the vicinity of what is now Moundsville. There were between fifteen and twenty persons in these families. They were earnestly warned by the chief as he approached them on his panting horse. He told them to flee to Ottawa, where they could be protected; that no time was to be lost, as Black Hawk's warriors might attack them at any moment. But they could not realize their danger, and he left, beseeching them anxiously and with tears. He did not have been more solicitous for their safety. Many lives were saved by these warnings.

Black Hawk re-crossed the Mississippi early in April, 1832, and he and his warriors were soon upon their track of desolation. As in all Indian warfare, no mercy was shown to age, sex or condition. After some fighting in the Rock River country, some seventy of his warriors, in their course of havoc, decended on the little settlement at Indian Creek, so recently and earnestly warned of impending danger, and in the open day massacred the before mentioned families of Hall, Davis and Pettigrew. All the slain, fifteen persons, men, women and children, were scalped, their bodies mutilated and left exposed in the most shocking manner. Three persons present at the attack escaped death. One, a little son of Mr. Hall, sprang down the bank of the creek, breaking his arm in the fall, and hid in the brush and flood wood, and after much suffering, reached Ottawa. The other two, daughters of Mr. Hall, aged fifteen and sev-

* This name has had a variety of spellings, as Shaubanee, Shaubane, Shaubona, etc. The Indians pronounced the word Shaubanee. The orthography adopted gives the true pronunciation, and it is the same, with the change of one letter in the last syllable, recognized in Ford's History of Illinois—from which and Boies History of De Kalb County, among other sources, facts herein have been obtained.

entzen respectively, had fled to the chamber and concealed themselves in bed, where, after the destruction below had ended, they were discovered by two young Indians, who claimed the girls for wives, and to secure their escape, hurried them up the Rock River into Wisconsin. Rewards for their rescue were offered by General Atkinson, and the girls, after a captivity of fearful experience, better imagined than described, and fortunately the fate of few, were found, purchased and returned by the chiefs of the Winnebagoes, employed by Colonel Crawford in search of him with articles of linen and valuable property, for the ransom of the captives.

Soon after Stillman's defeat near Rock River, Shaubanee rode into camp at Dixon, then called Dixon's Ferry, the heroic warriors of the army, in company with an agent, Pierre Menard, son of a well-known pioneer of the same name, the first Lieutenant Governor of Illinois. Some of the militia there, being excited by liquor, declared that they had come to the Rock River country to kill Indians, and that they would kill Shaubanee, if he refused to surrender. He brought an Indian into camp. He replied that the chief was one of the best and most active friends of the whites, and that he would defend him at the hazard of his life. Mr. John Dixon, the first white settler of the Rock River valley, whose house was headquarters, rushed quickly to the rescue of Shaubanee, and took him to his family room, closed his door, and guarded the door for his safety. Governor Reynolds made Dixon's house his headquarters, and here he and other leaders met Shaubanee.

It is worthy of remark, that when Black Hawk and his warriors were up the Rock River Valley, before military operations had far advanced, they called at the house of the good man, Dixon, whom the Indians called Na-chu-sa, (white hair head), and conversed with him in the most friendly manner. That venerable gentleman, now nearly ninety years of age, recently informed the writer that among other officers at his house during the Black Hawk war, were two young lieutenants of the United States Regulars; Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumner, and Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the so-called confederate states, then nearly twenty years of age, who were the cause of their future antagonism in a desolating civil war.

After the capture of Black Hawk and his son Nascukuk (Loud Thunder), the prophet Wabokieshiek (White Cloud), Naxope, brother of the prophet, and second in command to Black Hawk, Wabokieshiek, a son of chief Mowatah Mowahc, a veteran brave, and Poweshiek, adopted son of the prophet, and a leading young warrior, who, with others, were taken as hostages to Washington and Fortress Monroe, and upon the close of the war, the national administration respected the wishes of the chief Shaubanee during his life. The beautiful grove in De Kalb county, known as Shaubanee's grove, his place of general residence for many years. Here he had a fine spring, delightful woodlands, and here his family raised corn and made sugar, and he and his sons rode out to the grove in pursuit of game. The government also gave him an annual pension of two hundred dollars which was continued till his death.

Subsequent to the war, the Pottawatomies relinquished their lands in Illinois for an extensive land reservation in Kansas, then, and now, in the present day, of the same state, and Shaubanee removed thither with his family and tribe. But he found hostile Indian bands, with re-arrangements near the Pottawatomie Reservation, which made his new home very unpleasant. One of his sons was killed in a difficulty with the whites, and he himself, an old chief in 1840 returned to the grove with his family, consisting of his last wife, Fokanoka—his first wife being buried in the grove—his sons and daughters, his sons-in-law and daughters-in-law and grandchildren, numbering in all about thirty persons.

After a year's residence at the reservation, he returned to Washington, when it was reported at Washington by persons wishing his valuable gift, that he had abandoned it. The grove was then put into market and sold, and when Shaubanee returned to Illinois, he found, to his unexpected sorrow, that the grove had been sold and he wept, saying, "All gone—Shaubanee got nothing now!" He said that he loved this grove, that his first wife and some of his children were buried there, that he had lived there, and wished to die there, and he buried with his dead, and that he had lost all, and was now a stranger in a strange land. The Illinois River, east of Ottawa, where the citizens of that town and vicinity raised money by subscription and purchased for him a tract of land in the timber on the river, and erected suitable buildings thereon for himself and family, where he ever after had permanent residence.

Shaubanee, though nearly sixty years of age at the time of the war, was as then in the prime of a vigorous manhood. He was a large and portly man, well built, both for strength and agility, courageous and dignified in his manner and bearing, and truly one of Nature's noblemen. His broad and rugged face was strongly expressive of kindness, sincerity, sound judgment, and that nobility of character which he ever exhibited in a remarkable degree. He was honest and honorable in his dealings, and a highly social and agreeable neighbor. His sons were much like him, and he was very careful that the young should be attentive, and behave with propriety.

Shaubanee related many anecdotes of his old leader, Tecumseh, whom he admired as a man of integrity and honor, and a warrior of consummate ability. He said that at camp near the mouth of a thunder storm, the lightning struck a tree near by and set it on fire. Tecumseh at once approached the tree, and lit his pipe, assuring the wondering chiefs that the Great Spirit had sent them fire at his request, that they might light their pipes at the council. Having learned from the British officers near Detroit that there would be an eclipse of the sun on a certain day, Tecumseh told the Indians, some of whom had disobeyed him, the Great Spirit would manifest his displeasure at their conduct on that day by hiding his face from them. When the day arrived and the sun began to be darkened, the Indians fled in terror, and the chief's pardon and his intercession with the Great Spirit. The full light was soon gradually restored, and ever after Tecumseh commanded the most implicit obedience of his people. Such were some of the means through which this most gifted and powerful chief acquired and maintained his marvellous control over the Indians from Canada to Florida, and combined them against the government of the United States.

Shaubanee's description of the memorable battle of the Thames, in which Tecumseh fell, leaves no doubt that the lion-hearted Shawnee chief was killed by Colonel Richard M. Johnson. Shaubanee acted as one of the aids of Tecumseh, and was standing near him at the time of his encounter

* Considering the brevity of the Black Hawk disturbance in 1832, and the limited forces engaged, the list of those who were killed for exhibiting many names then and afterwards conspicuous in the annals of the West and in our national history. In the list are included the names of Governor Reynolds, Chief Magistrate of Illinois at the time; Governor Duncan; Governor Ford; Lieutenant Governor Zedek Carey; Gen. Scott, who, in the summer of 1832, transferred the army from Fort Mifflin to Fort Monroe to Chicago, where they were halted by the Asiaticholera; General Gaines; Tefft; Alexander, Street; Henry; Whiteside; Fovey; Clark; Bwing; Dodge; and Alexander; Colonel's Zachary Taylor; Sidney Green; James Semple; Wm. Thomas; Hamilton; Davenport; Fry; Lib. De Witt; Strode; Grant; Smith; Jones; Colburn; and Thompson; Major's Haskin; Lieutenant; McConnell; Stillman; Buckmaster; Perkins; Batley; and Menard; Captain Abraham Lincoln; Adam W. Snyder; Edward P. Baker; Geo. E. Walker; James W. Stephenson; Ensign; Roel; Criss; The Brockmorton; Adams; Walker; Dunn; and Stone; Lieutenants Robert Anderson, Jefferson Davis, Albert Sidney Johnson, and many other names now in history. The names of the Representatives of the United States, Senators, and Representatives State and National, Chief Justices and Judges of Supreme Courts, great military commanders, and some of the most illustrious names of the country.

with Johnson. Tecumseh sprang forward toward an officer riding a gray horse, and raised his tomahawk to kill him, when the officer drew a pistol and shot him. Shaubanee said that Tecumseh had been wounded in the battle a number of times before, but the officer on the gray horse killed him. Of this he was positive, and spoke from actual knowledge, and his statement agrees precisely with the account of Colonel Johnson, who said he rode a favorite gray which had been mortally wounded, and was disabled at the time he drew his pistol from his holster and shot Tecumseh. After the fall of Tecumseh, all as Shaubanee related, fled in dismay. "Indians and red coats all run, Shaubanee puck-a-shoo" (Shaubanee run too.) "He never more fight Meleons! Ugh, never, never!" After a brief illness, Shaubanee closed his life of varied fortunes, at his home on the Illinois River, July 18th, 1859, aged more than fourscore years—one of the last famous chiefs of a race rapidly disappearing before the march of civilization, and traveling toward the setting sun. He was buried amid the tolling of bells, in the city of Morris, where a large concourse attended his funeral. When the tidings of his death were announced through the state, all acquainted with his early history felt the loss of one entitled to a grateful remembrance, a noble chief, worthy of a monument inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of Shaubanee—the friend of the whites."

We give place to the foregoing, as of general interest to all of our readers, but more especially to those residing in the northwestern states. Judge Miller, of Rockford, our friend, is a ripe scholar. His amiable companion is a Spiritualist, of scholastic ability not inferior to her husband. She reads and admires the JOURNAL, as most clear-headed and right thinking people do. Judge Miller is undoubtedly the right man, in the right place, at the right time to write up a creditable history of Illinois. Such a work is very much needed. It is, in fact, demanded.

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