

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEDICATED TO
EQUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

\$5.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

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

[SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS]

E. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, MAY 20, 1871.

VOL. X.—NO. 9.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE BETTER LAND.

BY EMMA L. DAVIS.

In dreams I've seen a better land—
An angel bright with loving hand
Has walked with me the pearly strand!
And oh, the bright, the beauteous band
In snow-white robes still waiting stand
To guide loved ones to that fair land.

Mortal, fear not to cross Death's stream,
For the angel of a peaceful dream
Stands waiting on the other side,
Though dark the waves and high the tide,
The tempest rage, the river wide,
A loving friend is near to guide:

And on the shore, a bright light gleams,
Where angels wait, as in our dreams,
There are no tears in that bright heaven,
No hearts estranged, no love ties riven,
Mistakes are there forgot, forgiven,
And beauteous crowns to all are given,
For harmony reigns from morn till even,
In that sweet home the angels, heaven.

There is no death, no dying there,
No night, no pain, no grief no care,
No clouds of gloom, no dark despair,
No pleading hands held up in prayer,
No heavy cross for us to bear,
But like our dreams, all's bright and fair,
For there's no sin, no sorrow, there.

LITTLE BREECHEES.

A FIELD COUNTY-VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middling tight grip, sir,
On the handle of things I know.
I don't pan out on no prophets,
And I've got a middling tight grip,
But I believe in God and the angels,
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year old in the county
Could beat him for jolly and strong;
Pearl and chopper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd want him to chew tobacco,
Just to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by the mill store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
And I'd want him to chew tobacco,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeces and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
And me and Little Breeces;
But we roused up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck a little child,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Up-soot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of feller critter's aid—
I just flapped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this the torches was played out,
And me and Little Breeces;
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewar there.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shunt up the lambs at night,
We looked in and seen them huddled there,
So warm and sleepy and white.
And when we saw Little Breeces and chirped
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of tobacco,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he get that? Angels,
He could never have walked in that storm.
They just scooped down and toted him
To where it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a darned sight better business
Than leading around the Throne.

J. H.

PICTURES ON GLASS.

What is it, how is it done, and who does it?

BROTHER JONES.—In the JOURNAL of March 25th I noticed an article headed,—"What is it, how is it, and who does it?" After reading the article, I asked in my own mind, Can these things be done? The answer came, Yes—they can. But still doubting, I wrote to the Postmaster of Milan, asking him to carefully investigate the matter, and write me the facts as they existed with other testimony corroborating his, and I received in due season the inclosed letter which you will please publish for the benefit of others who doubt the power of spirits to manifest themselves and do such wonderful works.

WM. H. HOAG.

Joliet, Ill., April 4-b, 1871.

WM. H. HOAG.—DEAR SIR:—Yours, dated Joliet, March 25th, has been handed me by the Postmaster of this place, to whom it was directed, and who, for reasons best known to himself, declined answering. Some people esteem it a mark of wisdom to treat with silent contempt any question, which if answered candidly, would be contrary to preconceived opinions. Not being one of that school myself, I will endeavor to give the answer you seek.—Viz, the strange phenomena published in the JOURNAL, and in doing so, I have simply to say that in the main they are true—perhaps it would be as well to say that the picture of the man at the Brotherton Exchange, is not recognized by all as Major Marsh

but by many of his most intimate acquaintances it is recognized very readily, but aside from those reported in the JOURNAL, there has been developed in different windows in this place, at least four more pictures more clear and distinct than those at my house.—they are located as follows: At Deacon Baxter Ashley's Jewelry Store, a negro woman, second story of building; at Andrew's Hall, third story, an old man unknown; at Roberts, or Lyceum Hall, second story, an Indian, apparently about thirty years old—the best in my opinion of any of the pictures. In the old King Block, second story, in a window occupied as a dwelling by Lucius Minard, a good-looking man, about fifty years of age to all appearances, and what is very strange, as the JOURNAL termed it, is that none of these glasses, so far as I know, have the least stain or shade when viewed from the inside, and what is just as curious, is that many who look at these pictures, say that they do not see any likeness whatever. Whether it is, as it was at the resurrection of Jesus, that none but witnesses before chosen of God can see these or not I do not know, but of one thing we are certain, that more have seen these than the record says ever saw Jesus at his resurrection, or after the same, hence we conclude if it is well to believe that Jesus arose from the dead and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of His Father, that it is still better for us to believe these things which our eyes do see and our neighbors do testify of.

Let me say in conclusion that perhaps as many as twenty more pictures are reported in different parts of the town, but we have not seen them, hence we do not vouch for them, but of these which we have mentioned and those which were reported in the JOURNAL, we will testify to be true and correct.

Signed, SAMUEL BROTHERTON.

ORLANDO BASSETT.

G. W. ROBERTS.

D. J. STARBUCK.

SAMUEL FRISB.

M. H. DARROW.

F. POTTER.

Milan, Ohio.

The Mind Beyond the Grave.

We cannot but feel that we are beings of a two-fold nature—that our journey to the tomb is short, and the existence beyond it immortal. Is there any attainment that we may reserve, when we lay down the body? We know, that of the gold that perishes, we may take none with us when dust returneth to dust. Of the treasures which the mind accumulates, may we carry returns? We may have been delighted with the studies of nature, and penetrated into those caverns where she perfects her chemistry in secret. Composing and decomposing—changing matter into nameless forms—pursuing the subtle essences through the air, and resolving even that air into its original elements—what will be the gain, when we pass from the material to the immaterial, and this great museum of laboratory, the time-worn earth, shall dissolve in its own central fires? We may have become adepts in the physiology of man—scanning the mechanism of the eye, till light itself unfolded its invisible laws—of the ear, its most hidden reticulations confessed their mysterious agency with sound—of the heart, till that citadel of life revealed its hermit policy—but will these revelations be available, in a state of being which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived?" Will he who fathoms the waters, and computes their pressure and power, have need of his skill "Where there is no more sea?" Will the mathematician exercise the lore by which he measured the heavens—or the astronomer, the science which discovered the stars, when called to go beyond their light? "Those who have penetrated most deeply into the intellectual structure of man, lifted the curtain from the birthplace of thought, traced the springs of action to the fountain, and thrown the veiled and striking motive into the crucible, perceive the object of their study, taking a new form, entering disembodied an unknown state of existence, and receiving powers adapted to its laws and modes of intercourse. We have no proof that the sciences, to which hours of nature, have been devoted, will survive the tomb. But the impressions they have made—the dispositions they have nurtured—the good or evil they have helped to stamp upon the soul, will go with it to eternity. The adoring awe, the deep humility, inspired by the study of the planets and their laws—the love of truth, which he cherished who pursued the sciences that demonstrates it—will find a response among angels and arch-angels. The praise that was learned amid the melodies of nature, or from the lyre of consecrated genius, may pour its perfected tones from a seraph's harp. The goodness taught in the whole frame of creation, by the flower lifting its honey-cup to the insect, and the leaf drawing its green curtain round the nursing chamber of the smallest bird; by the pure stream, refreshing both the grass and the flocks that feed on it, the tree, and the master of its fruits; the tender charity caught from the happiness of the humblest creature, will be at home in His presence, who hath pronounced himself the God of love." The studies, therefore, which we pursue as the means of intellectual delight, or the instruments of acquiring wealth and honor among men, are valuable at the close of life only as they have promoted those dispositions which constitute the bliss of an unending existence. Tested by its tendencies beyond the grave, religion, in its bearings and results, transcends all other sciences. The knowledge which it imparts does not perish with the stroke which disunites the body from its ethereal companion. Whilst its precepts lead to the highest improvement of this state of probation, its spirit is congenial with that ineffable reward to which we aspire.—Mrs. Sigourney.

The Lecture.

BRO. JONES.—We had the pleasure last Sunday evening, of listening to a lecture delivered by J. R. Francis, Associate Editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, at Crosby's Music Hall. He was listened to by an audience who were highly appreciative, and yet very critical. After some music, and a song by the Williams family, Mr. Francis arose, under partial control. This was done by his guides, as preparatory to the flood of inspiration which they intended to throw on his brain during the evening. Clapping his hands in the usual manner for prayer, he raised his eyes to heaven, and began his invocation. "O Thou—to whom shall we pray? To what commonly acknowledged source of power and omniscience shall we direct our supplications tonight? Shall we pray to the triune orthodox God, or shall it be the God of Moses? Shall we turn our face toward Mecca, and raise our voice to worship Allah, the God of Mahomet, or shall we prostrate our bodies in the dust before the mighty power of Brahm, the God of the Hindoos? Shall we offer up sacrifices in order to propitiate Osiris, the God of the Egyptians, or shall we accept the Father God and Mother Nature of Andrew Jackson Davis? To whom shall we pray? To whom shall we turn and ask for light and strength for our daily task? Surely not to one whom we have never seen, and whom we can not comprehend. No! let us pray to those whom we have seen; to those whose loving influences we can feel ever around us; to those loving friends whom we know are constantly with us; to those dear ones who are always clustering near us, who guard and guide us in our daily tasks—to them let us pray, if we pray at all." The invocation struck us as being peculiarly original and unique, but perfectly in harmony with the man and the bold ideas he is so steadily advancing.

After some more music, and another song by the choir, Mr. Francis arose and began his lecture. The subject chosen was, "The Orthodox God a Myth," and those who were fortunate enough to be present to listen to, the words of inspired eloquence as they fell from his lips, will long remember the hour.

Starting out with the accepted orthodox God, he reviewed his works in a way that would have frightened a good old orthodox soul. "And the Lord God commanded the man saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Here was the orthodox God telling Adam that he should surely die if he disobeyed him. Why should he talk in this way to Adam? Adam couldn't understand him. He had never seen any one die. Adam never saw a funeral! Adam never saw a hearse! He had never stood by the bedside of a dying friend, and watched the lamp of life flicker lower and lower, and at last witness the departure of the spirit. Why tell Adam that he should do that of which he had not the slightest comprehension? As well tell the first dumb animal you meet, that if they disobey you they will die; they will comprehend you as readily as Adam could the orthodox God. As the ludicrousness of this scene became apparent to the audience, their risibles became considerably affected. The idea was simple enough, but it had never been presented to them before in that light.

The speaker then traced the history of this God down through succeeding stages, and showed conclusively that he originated in the plastic mind of Moses; brought into existence, in fact, through the necessities of the times in which we first hear of him.

He next took up Brahm, the God of the Hindoo, tracing back his history, and showing that from the mythology of the Hindoos the orthodox have received all the authority they have for the creation of their three gods in one; Vishnu the Preserver, and Brahm the Destroyer, whilst the latter have God the Creator, Jesus the Preserver (or Savior), and Satan the Destroyer (or Devil). He then drew a parallel between the virtues and steadfastness of Brahm and the fitting, transitory character of the orthodox God, which was certainly not calculated to raise the latter in the estimation of the audience.

The speaker continued thus for an hour reviewing the God-ideas which are accepted among the peoples of earth, showing that they were but an outgrowth of their dependent natures. He stepped boldly out of the heretofore prescribed limits of thought in regard to this question, attacking and dispelling every fossilized idea which seemed to be in the way of his researches. Some few of his auditors were slow to accept his idea in relation to an infinite, intelligent God; they had so long indulged their pet theory, that it seemed impossible for them to give up in the slightest degree their hold on him. So, as their darling idea was attacked, they hugged it all the closer to their breasts; but toward the close of the lecture, many began to doubt in reference to their being right about the theory to which they had clung so long, and which they had hitherto considered invincible. The great majority of the audience, however, went with the speaker heart and soul. They were liberal enough to know that the truth would stand in the end, and that its best interests would be subserved by a thorough discussion of this as well as other subjects, and so they followed him, confident that they would be well repaid for their time and attention.

This is the first lecture that Mr. Francis has given here on a subject in any way appertaining to Spiritualism. We predict for him a brilliant future, and we feel safe in saying, that if the lecture of Sunday evening is an evidence of his powers, he will soon rise in rank second to no other speaker in the field of reform. In his next lecture he will take for his subject 'The sixty-one thousand Ministers of the Gospel,' their morality and immorality, and the effects of their teachings on humanity."

J. FRED ALLEN.

Chicago, May 10th, 1871.

A STORY OF COUNCIL BLUFFS.

By Edward Minturn.

Places of romantic beauty, scenery wild and picturesque in its character are not very frequently found in Iowa—indeed it is the farmer's paradise, a land fitted for the realities more than the dreams of life. Yet in the leafy groves, high bluffs, and deep ravines about Council Bluffs—its streams and wooded knolls, there is enough of romantic beauty to satisfy any one who has seen the wild grandeur of the Yo-Semite, the fearful chasms of the Colorado, or the wilds of the snow-crowned Sierras of the far, far West.

Years gone, there was a great pow-wow of pale faces and red men near where the city of Council Bluffs now stands in its beauty and many graces. Great chiefs from the Omaha, Pawnee, and Sioux were there—the less warlike Pottawatomies were represented; indeed almost all of the contiguous tribes, except alone the treacherous Cheyennes, were there. Of the latter, no known agent was present, though they had received presents and messengers with the others and promised to be there.

General Harney, the dread of the red men, the king of the pale faced war-chiefs, strode to and fro about the council ground, his red face flushed with excitement, his eyes flashing as he glanced from war-chief to war-chief, with a look which told that he had rather fight than talk, and these parties were not of his willing or getting up.

Camped around, glittering with beads, calicoes and ribbons, were the squaws of the chiefs and warriors, not daring to approach the circle of their lords, but among themselves keeping up that clattering which with all races seems to be a part of woman nature.

The hour of the council drew near—the government officers were seen in their most showy uniforms, gathering toward the great circle centered by the council fire—the chiefs in paint, feathers and blankets, approached, and finally to the rapid drum beat, all came together.

It was a gallant sight. Full twenty officers in their handsome uniforms, seated on campstools, with their interpreters close at hand, full one hundred chiefs and warriors in all their finery upon the ground, so seated in the circle that each could see the other's face, or hear another's words when he rose to speak.

The great calumet or pipe of peace was brought and filled by a white-haired prophet of the Omahas. It had a huge bowl made from the red stone of the far north; its long stem was ornamented with dove's feathers—it was never used on a less occasion than this.

Going to the sacred council-fire which with due ceremony had been lighted, the white-haired prophet took up a bright coal and placed it on the stem of his pipe, he drew a whiff of smoke and sent it circling up toward the heavens.

This was the invocative offering to the Great Spirit.

Next, drawing a whiff to each point of the compass, north, south, east, and west, he propitiated the spirits of the wind.

Then advancing to General Harney he handed him the pipe and said:

"Great War King of the Pale Faces! Son of the Great Father in Washington! let the Peace-pipe from your lips go round the circle and come back to me empty!"

The General drew a whiff from the pipe and passed it to the next in rank, and thus it went from man to man until it once more reached the white-haired prophet.

His face darkened as he looked at the pipe. "Brothers!" he cried, "We are met here to make peace. But there is bad blood here. Some are holding it aloft; he pointed to a dark stain almost black, on the bright red bowl.

"Who is the traitor? Is he an Omaha? If so, let him speak! Is he a Cheyenne with a Pawnee basket upon him?"

No one spoke. The old man paused and seemed to reflect what next to do or say, for he had been selected to lead the council.

The General, long used to Indian ways, preserved a dignified composure, spoke no word, nor did he give any sign.

"The pipe must go around again!" said the prophet.

And even as he spoke, the dark spot vanished from it. He noticed this but said not a word. The pipe was refilled and with the same ceremony lighted again.

Once more from the General's lips it passed on, this time followed by the keen eye of the prophet of the Omahas.

The ominous grant of approval broke from every warrior's lip. The prophet spoke, and from beyond the circle, for no weapon was allowed within it, a keen tomahawk was thrown at his feet.

He bent to take it up, but before he handle met his hand it was seized by the Black Vulture who, with a fendish yell, dashed it deep among his white hairs. Then, with a bound, like that of a tiger roused from its lair, he cleared the circle, and while a hundred warriors rushed for their weapons and in pursuit, he sprang down the hillside into a dark ravine and was out of sight.

The white-haired prophet dead, still held the blood-stained calumet in his clasp, while the wonder-stricken warriors hastened to avenge his fate.

But soon up from that ravine, toward which they hurried, came a cloud of warriors and the yell of full five times their number of foes who, under the lead of the Black Vulture, now moved on to destroy them.

It was well indeed for those chiefs that Harney was there, and the noble Sumner with his mounted riflemen, else not one of them or their squaws had ever returned to the villages they had left.

The troops which had been kept out of sight now galloped forward and soon whistling lead was flying in exchange for the headed arrows. The Cheyennes, fighting desperately, fell back, but not until the Black Vulture fell, did they fairly take to flight.

Then, attempting only escape, they rode madly to the banks of the deep Missouri, but the well-armed pale-faces were close behind and few of them reached the other bank.

What was the mystery, or how the blood appeared on the calumet, we may never know, but doubtless it saved a bloody massacre which would have sent mourning among many tribes and cost the United States some of the best officers in the service.

And this is but one of many evidences which can be written about "Council Bluffs."

Letter from Charles H. Read.

BROTHER JONES.—Dear Sir: In the last issue of the JOURNAL, I notice an article from one R. Garter, of Coldwater, Mich., in which he complains that he was not permitted to see me, &c., &c.

Permit me to say that Mr. Garter had all the opportunity in the world to come and investigate during my stay at Coldwater, which was about ten days. I told publicly that if there were any persons too poor to pay, that I would admit them free, which is my usual custom everywhere. If you will look over his letter, to you, you will notice that he saw my posters and circulars. Now, why, if Mr. Garter was so earnest to see me, did he not do so while I was there? He had as good an opportunity as any one else, as I gave two public seances and two private ones.

Then again, he says I charged a fee to all. Does Mr. Garter think, or even suppose I can hire halls, pay license, hotel bills, etc., and let such earnest men as him in the cause pay me a visit without my being paid therefor? No one can do it. Too many such men as Mr. Garter are now in the ranks, and mediums would die of starvation before such men would lend a helping hand to them.

Again, he asks, "In what light shall I hold him up to the public?" He did not know Mr. Garter, neither did I wish him to "hold me up to the public;" and in return I would like to know the character of this man. I have as much right to ask you as to his character as he has mine, through the columns of your very valuable paper.

By the tone of his letter, he never heard of me before. He certainly cannot be a subscriber to either the JOURNAL, or BANNER OF LIGHT, nor does he read them, or he would have seen my name mentioned. In order that he may learn of me, as well as other good mediums, I respectfully ask him to subscribe for the JOURNAL, and he will then get all the news he wants in reference to mediums.

As to my character, I leave the people at large to form their own conclusions.

I shall be in Chicago about Thursday of next week, May 11th, without fail. I go from here to Niles, Mich., then to La Porte, Ind., from there direct to Chicago, when I shall be happy to meet with all friends who wish to call upon me. Parties who would like me to hold seances within one hundred miles of Chicago, may address me, care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, as I shall make Chicago my headquarters until further notice.

Elkhart, Ind., May 4th, 1871.

—It is far better to be like the sun, which perpetually dispenses light and heat to all; to be blessed of all, than like the sponge, which continually absorbs, but gives nothing back.

—Be moderate in your pursuit of pleasure, and she will abide with you ever. Run after her, and she will become an *Amis Status*, ever eluding, yet drawing you nearer to destruction.

—The overt act that like the arrow flies from us, hits not and hurts not us, but others. It is the secret thought that kills us. It engraves itself deeply upon our inmost hearts; weaves itself into the warp and woof of our faces, and sooner or later is known and read of all men.

—We are all of us writing history—that which to us is the most important of all our own. We are writing it upon the world about us—tracing it upon our faces, and engraving it upon our hearts.—S. A. Merrill.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Press Comments.

GOD DEALING WITH SLAVERY. Spirit Messages to Thomas Richmond, etc. Chicago: S. S. Jones, 1870.

Thomas Richmond was for many years one of the leading business men of Chicago. Our older citizens will remember that he and the late Charles Walker, for several years, virtually controlled the grain interest and the shipping interest of the city. Mr. Richmond was the father of the Board of Trade, and was very active in promoting all the business and commercial enterprises of the city.

The religious history of Mr. Richmond will interest all who knew him. Starting in life as a Presbyterian, he was for many years one of the most active and useful members of that church. Conceiving the idea that even the New School branch favored slavery, on coming to Chicago he refused to hand in his letter, and after floundering around for some time, he became a Spiritualist. Here his old friends must part company with him, and for ourselves we must believe that the pretended communications to the author through sundry mediums, were inspired by the strong mind of Mr. Richmond himself, and that his subsequent letters to Mr. Lincoln and others were but a reproduction of his own clear and comprehensive views on the slavery question.

This interesting book may come within the reach of all. Bro. Richmond has reduced the price one third. It now sells, firmly bound in cloth, for \$1.00, postage, 12 cents; in elastic paper covers, 75 cents, postage, 6 cents. We are now filling orders at these prices.

CRITICISM ON THE THEOLOGICAL IDEA OF DEITY, by M. B. CRAVEN.

The author of this valuable book, has directed us to reduce the price from \$1.50 to \$1.00, so that no one need be deprived of a knowledge of its contents. The book contains 317 pages, and was cheap enough at the old price, but we take pleasure in obeying the wishes of its whole-souled author, and will send the book to any address, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.16. We clip the following from some of our exchanges who have noticed the work.

"In examining the various religious systems, the author displays much research, and brings together a large mass of citations. If they are to prove the insufficiency of any human conception of the Deity, and the inability of human language to adequately express his nature, we are content to let this criticism pass unheeded."—The Age, Philadelphia, Jan. 12th, 1871.

"The author has evidently ranged through the broad fields of both ancient and modern literature, gleaming with an industrious hand."—Harold and Free Press, Jan. 12th.

"The book is evidently the production of a man of learning."—Sunday Dispatch, Jan. 15th.

"A search into its pages will surprise and instruct any one."—Banner of Light, Jan. 21st.

Letter from W. D. Blain.

BROTHER JONES: Through your kind introduction to Brother Moe, I am to-day in this quiet, pleasant little inland town, where I find positive proof that Spiritualism and the JOURNAL are both alive, and doing each their respective work. Last evening I found the hall filled to overflowing, not alone with Spiritualists, but churchmen and divines even, all anxious to hear the truth and obtain some positive evidence that their loved ones buried were still alive, and did return. Gave them two lectures and twenty-six tests of actual spirit presence, after the lectures. I think they were interested, from the fact that they stood densely close in the aisles, through the lecture, and after the meeting was dismissed, none seemed willing to leave, but wanted more tests, and I promised to visit them again.

That they are alive and active, with heart and soul in the cause, can be proven by the fact, that although few in number, they pass no hot and cold for dimes to pay expenses, but have funds in their treasury, and give freely. On every table I met the familiar face of the JOURNAL.

At Crown Point we were met, even in the car, by that whole-souled pioneer of Spiritualism, Bro. Luther, who welcomed us to his home, where his genial wife made us feel at rest, and among friends—not of forms and ceremonies, but of true hearts.

At Lowell, the same hand of welcome was extended by Brother and Sister Moe, and others whose names though forgotten, their smiles of welcome never will be. God bless them all!

I have at length found steady employment, but as I get very moderate wages, and have a great many demands upon my rather meagre purse, I have concluded that the only way in which I can extend for dimes to pay expenses, but have funds in their treasury, and give freely. On every table I met the familiar face of the JOURNAL.

BROTHER JONES: I have for a long time felt it to be my duty to do something toward paying the amount of my indebtedness to you for the JOURNAL, which continues to make its weekly visits to my family until we have come to look upon it as a friend whose presence we can not dispense with.

you are lent toward those who try to be just and believe that you will not object to my paying you thus. You will therefore please find enclosed fifty cents, which you can credit to my account, as my first installment.

I can not tell you how highly I value your paper, nor how precious I consider the principles it advocates, and if I had the means, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL should send its beams of truth and gleams of comfort into many a household in this city where I believe it would be read, and in time appreciated, and I here feel impressed to pledge myself as I write to you that if the spirit world will place the means in my power, I will use them freely in circulating the truth as contained in the JOURNAL, and in extending a knowledge of Spiritualism all over the land.

May the angels bless you, Brother Jones, and prosper the JOURNAL, is the prayer of your friend and brother in the cause of truth.

H. BEACH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Remarks.—Dear brother, we profess to do by others as we would they should do unto us. We receive with gratitude remittances for dues, however small. Many who owe us would do well to imitate your example. Justice demands that they should do so. We really need the money our due, and hope each reader will examine his or her account with the JOURNAL, and remit, even if it be but fifty cents at a time.

HARRY BASTIAN.

Letter from Bell A. Chamberlain.

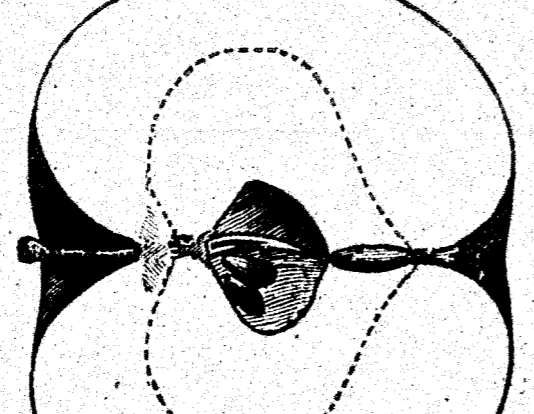
DEAR JOURNAL:—I wish to inform you, and through you the public, of the wonderful exhibition of spirit power through the mediumship of Harry Bastian. He has been giving the spiritualists a chance to investigate, and the friends of the cause assurances which make assurance doubly sure. The committee was chosen to sit him securely to the chair, which was then placed by the table upon which the instruments were placed for the use of the sitters. At length the spirits were heard through the trumpet, bells were rung, and tamborines beaten with vigor, the mouth organ played upon, the guitar floated, or rather whirled near us in the front row with such a rapidity as to cause us to draw back for fear of a sharp blow from it, was raised to the ceiling above us, struck upon the floor with energy, thrown upon the table, and then, after each member of the committee had looked to his fastenings, and pronounced him as they left him, they would untie him in a less space of time than they took to tie him. Then the spirits would quickly secure him so that none of the audience could untie him,—in this condition they would perform wonderful feats, then untie him in a short space of time, retie him, hand and foot, securely to the chair, place him on the table, put upon his head tamborines and bells, then call the committee to examine the fastenings, after which, they would put him on the floor again. Once the spirits were playing upon the mouth-organ, speaking through the trumpet, and whispering to a little girl at the same time. Solid iron rings were placed on his arms, and removed again quickly, and put upon his head,—the guitar, tamborine and bells making music during the time. His coat was taken off while he was tied, and in fact there were so many feats performed that I have not space to mention them.

Mr. Bastian is a fine medium, and in private a perfect gentleman; impressing all who meet him with his purity and honesty.

These manifestations, following a course of lectures which were delivered through my mediumship,—which had arrested the attention of the public,—soon to be the rivets which show the fastenings of the argument. Clear Lake has such an excitement as the occidental villages of Iowa seldom get. May the mediums be rapidly multiplied, is my earnest prayer.

Yours for the truth, BELL A. CHAMBERLAIN, Clear Lake, Iowa, March 7th, 1871.

Tetofsky Apple.



Or Russian Crab of the West, AND BEST EARLY MARKET APPLE KNOWN.

Send Stamp for Price List to I. Gould, Nurseryman, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

FOR TESTIMONIALS, SEE NO. 22, VOL. IX, OF THIS PAPER.

FOR ALL WHO READ.

ALDEN'S READY BOOK BINDER.

[Patented Feb. 4th, 1863.]

For filling temporarily, or binding permanently. Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Music, Sermons, Manuscripts, Letters, Bills, and papers of every kind. Enables parties to do their own binding. Costs less than bookbinders' prices. More durable. Attractive in style.

PRICE LIST.

Table with 4 columns: No. of Publications, Size of Binder, Length of Spines, and Price. Lists various binder sizes and their corresponding prices.

Sent by express to any address on receipt of price. When ordered in quantities amounting to not less than \$10.00, the charges will be prepaid at this office.

Address RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 & 189 South Clark St., Chicago.

DEPLY OF WASH. A. DANSHIM, ESQ., PRESIDENT of the First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore, to Rev. Thomas E. Bond, M.D. Price, 10 cents; postage, 2 cents. For sale at the office of this paper.

MEDIUMS' DIRECTORY.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self respect as to speak evil of other mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that mediums visiting mediums carry conditions with them,—to wit: to speak which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others,—all having their virtues, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their places.

CHICAGO.

- Mrs. Bette Brown, 128 W. Washington St. Dr. W. Cleveland, 85 West Harrison St. Dr. D. C. Case, 211 West Adams, Chicago. Dr. E. Dwyer, 233 West Madison St. Chicago. Dr. L. P. Briggs, 249 W. Madison street, cor. Peoria. Mrs. J. Morgan, 128 Peoria and 29 Monroe block. Mrs. J. Morgan, 128 Peoria and 29 Monroe block. Mrs. J. T. Lewis and wife, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Mrs. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St. Dr. J. T. Lewis, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St. Dr. J. T. Lewis, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St.

BOSTON.

- Dr. H. B. Storer, 44 Mrs. Julia Friend, 116 Harrison Ave. Mrs. S. Stickney, 233 Tremont St. Dr. J. C. Case, 211 West Adams, Chicago. Dr. E. Dwyer, 233 West Madison St. Chicago. Dr. L. P. Briggs, 249 W. Madison street, cor. Peoria. Mrs. J. Morgan, 128 Peoria and 29 Monroe block. Mrs. J. Morgan, 128 Peoria and 29 Monroe block. Mrs. J. T. Lewis and wife, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Mrs. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St. Dr. J. T. Lewis, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St.

PHILADELPHIA.

- Mrs. A. A. Anthony, S. E. Cor. of 7th and Catherine Sts. D. S. Caldwell, 1005 Race St. Mrs. H. J. French, 1245 Ridge Ave. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St. Dr. J. T. Lewis, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St.

NEW YORK CITY.

- Senate Danforth, 54 Lexington Ave. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St. Dr. J. T. Lewis, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

- Mrs. Helen Grover. Dr. Mary Lewis, Bloomington, Ill. Mrs. E. Wallis. GREEN GARDEN ILL. Mrs. J. C. Case, 211 West Adams, Chicago. Dr. E. Dwyer, 233 West Madison St. Chicago. Dr. L. P. Briggs, 249 W. Madison street, cor. Peoria. Mrs. J. Morgan, 128 Peoria and 29 Monroe block. Mrs. J. Morgan, 128 Peoria and 29 Monroe block. Mrs. J. T. Lewis and wife, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St. Dr. J. T. Lewis, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St.

GENESEE, WIS.

- Mrs. N. A. Bacon. Mrs. P. A. Logan. ROCKFORD, ILL. Samuel Smith, 1245 Ridge Ave. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St. Dr. J. T. Lewis, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St.

SAN FRANCISCO.

- Wm. H. Hatch, 128 Kearney St. ST. CHARLES, ILL. Mrs. Leonard Howard. D. P. Kayser, M. D. SAN JOSE, CAL. Mrs. Mary B. Beach. WHITEWATER, WIS. Mrs. A. B. Beverance. MISCELLANEOUS. Mrs. O. A. Abbott, 200 N. Main St., Minneapolis, Minn. Mrs. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St. Dr. J. T. Lewis, 75 Third Ave. Dr. J. L. McFadden and wife, 343 W. Madison St. Dr. J. W. H. Robinson, 143 Fourth Avenue. Mrs. M. Smith, 141 S. Clinton St.

Speaker's Register.

We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers, without a hearty co-operation on the part of those most interested.

WE HEREBY propose to register such meetings and speakers as are furnished to us by the parties interested with a plain and simple form, which they will keep as regards in regard to changes; and in addition to that, EXPRESSLY indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the REGISTER, both by word and deed.

Let us hear promptly from all who accept this proposition and we will do

- J. Madison Allen, Ancona, N. J. O. Fannie Allen, Ancona, N. J. Mrs. A. E. Allen, 124 West Washington street. Dr. H. A. Allen, 124 West Washington street. Dr. W. A. D. B. Allen, 124 West Washington street. Dr. W. A. D. B. Allen, 124 West Washington street. Dr. W. A. D. B. Allen, 124 West Washington street. Dr. W. A. D. B. Allen, 124 West Washington street. Dr. W. A. D. B. Allen, 124 West Washington street. Dr. W. A. D. B. Allen, 124 West Washington street. Dr. W. A. D. B. Allen, 124 West Washington street. Dr. W. A. D. B. Allen, 124 West Washington street.

UNDERHILL ON MESMERISM.

Criticisms on its Opposers, AND A REVIEW OF HUMBUGS AND HUMBUGGERS, WITH PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR EXPERIMENTS IN THE SCIENCE—FULL DIRECTIONS FOR USING IT AS A REMEDY IN DISEASE—HOW TO AVOID ALL DANGER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ITS CURATIVE POWERS; How to develop a good Clairvoyant THE PHILOSOPHY OF SEEING WITHOUT EYES.

THE PROOF OF IMMORTALITY DERIVED FROM THE UNFOLDING OF MESMERISM—EVIDENCE OF MENTAL COMMUNION WITHOUT SIGHT OR SOUND, BETWEEN BODIES FAR APART IN THE FLESH—COMMUNION OF SAINTS, OR WITH THE DEPARTED.

BY SAMUEL UNDERHILL, M. D., L. L. D., LATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, ETC., ETC. Price \$1.38. Postage 12 cents. The Trade supplied. Address S. S. Jones, Chicago, Ill.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES.

Win. H. Sharp, & Co., General Agents, 43 Madison Street.

This machine is recommended to any who desire a first-class Family Sewing Machine; and is noted for its quiet, rapid motion, ease of tension and ease of management. Four different stitches, and reversible motion—features peculiar to the Florence Machine, and claimed by no other in the world.

Samples and terms to agents furnished on application.

TEN DOLLARS! GIVEN AWAY!!

We will give to every one buying a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE through our Home TEN DOLLARS worth of any of the books advertised in our book list, or of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, or a part of each as a premium or inducement.

The Florence Machine is one of the very best manufactured, and ranges in price from sixty-five dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars.

We will furnish descriptive circulars and samples on application.

We have sold a large number of these machines, and they have given the most perfect satisfaction in every case.

Call on or address—RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 & 189 South Clark street, Chicago.

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

SEND TEN CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, TROY, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated, book on this system of vitalizing treatment.

Price, 60 cents. Postage, 4 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 187 & 189 South Clark St., Chicago.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

contains in every number one complete price story valued at \$100. Forty pages of other matter. Bound in cloth. Sold by news-dealers at 10 cents per copy. Splendid premiums. \$300 cash to be awarded for price clubs. Specimen copy free. Address S. S. WOOD, Newburgh, New York.

HOMES.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 143 1/2 Adams, on the South Side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office.

Good mediums always in attendance.

Artificial Somnambulism.

The author of the above named book, is a philosopher of large experience and great merit. In this work he treats of the philosophy of mind as demonstrated by practical experiments during the last twenty years. No work has ever been published which so thoroughly demonstrates many popular theories to be unfounded, and fallacious; and at the same time gives a rational theory for phenomena which have hitherto been unaccounted for.

Dr. FAUST is a thorough believer in spirit communication, and teaches in this work the modus operandi, to a demonstration.

The following is the table of contents of this valuable work.

- CHAP. I.—Historical Survey. Member not the discoverer of the state—His theory of it—Its examination by the French commission—Their conclusions—The author's remarks. CHAP. II.—Of the conditions necessary for the production of the somnambulic state, with instructions how to enter it, etc. I.—Of the instructor or "operator." II.—Of the patient. III.—Instructions. IV.—Of the sensations experienced at the time of entering the state. V.—Of the awakening. CHAP. III.—Theory of this state. CHAP. IV.—Of the somnambulic proper sleep. I.—Of a partial state of Artificial Somnambulism. CHAP. V.—Phenomena of Somnambulism. CHAP. VI.—Of the senses: I.—Sight; or, the power to move. CHAP. VII.—Of the functions of the faculties. I.—Consciousness. II.—Attention. III.—Perception. IV.—Judgment. V.—Imagination. VI.—Memory. VII.—Action and Dislike. VIII.—Judgment. IX.—Imagination. X.—Memory. CHAP. VIII.—Of the peculiar functions of perception in the somnambulic state. I.—The functions considered when in a state of Artificial Somnambulism. II.—Consciousness. 3.—Attention. 4.—Perception. 5.—Memory. 6.—Association. 7.—Likes and Dislikes. 8.—Judgment. 9.—Imagination. 10.—Will. CHAP. IX.—Of reading or knowing in a natural state. I.—Illustration. II.—Illustration. Theory of Dr. Collyer. Mental alchemy or electricity. CHAP. X.—Of the identity of other mysteries with this state. II.—Of the mysteries practiced by the magicians of Egypt. III.—Of the "mysterious" body. IV.—Of the earth mirrors. First earth glass. Second earth glass. V.—Of the "mystical" state. VI.—Planets. CHAP. XI.—Transposition of the senses. CHAP. XII.—Natural sleep. CHAP. XIII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XIV.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XV.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XVI.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XVII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XVIII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XIX.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XX.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXI.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXIII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXIV.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXV.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXVI.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXVII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXVIII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXIX.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXX.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXXI.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXXII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXXIII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXXIV.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXXV.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXXVI.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXXVII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXXVIII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XXXIX.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XL.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XLI.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XLII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XLIII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XLIV.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XLV.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XLVI.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XLVII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XLVIII.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. XLIX.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France. CHAP. L.—Of Artificial Somnambulism. I.—France.

The Great MAGNETIC CURE.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO DR. E. SMITH, NORMAL, S. ILLINOIS.

THE CELEBRATED CRAIG MICROSCOPE.

Is an optical wonder; it reveals the thousands of hidden wonders of Nature; is of permanent use and practical availability, combining instruction with amusement, and never losing its interest. It magnifies

TEN THOUSAND TIMES.

a power equal to other microscopes of many times its cost. Reveals countless little worlds all around us, teeming with life, which, to the naked eye, must forever remain a sealed book—as Eggs in Vinegar, Animals in Water, Cheese Molds, Sugar and Rich Insects, Milk Globules, Claws and Hairs of Insects, Hundreds of Eyes in the Single eye of a Fly, Dust of a Butterfly's Wings to be perfectly formed feathers, the much talked of Trichina Spirals or Pork Worm, which was first discovered in America with this Microscope.

It is of infinite value to professional men, to teachers and to students, but nowhere is it of greater value than on the family table, within the reach of every member. It will delight yourself, your children and friends during the long winter evenings. It will show you adulterations or uncleanliness of various kinds in food, as sugar, tea, bread, meal, &c.

In examining insects which prey upon his crops. The power of a \$50 microscope, and so simple in its construction, that any child can use it understandingly and with appreciation.

A Beautiful Present. Elegant, Instructive, Amusing, and Cheap. Over 60,000 sold.

During the past six years its worth has been testified to by Thousands of Scientific Men, Farmers, School Teachers, Students, Physicians, Heads of Families, and others.

PRICE \$3.00.—Sent by Mail, Post-paid.

Every instrument is neatly boxed, and handsomely labeled with full directions for use. Thousands have been sent by mail.

Address—RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 189 South Clark St., Chicago.

Criticism on the THEOLOGICAL IDEA OF DEITY,

Contrasting the Views Entertained of a Supreme Being by the Ancient Grecian Sages, with those of Moses and the Hebrew Writers; and blending Ancient Judaism, Paganism and Christianity into a Common Original.

BY M. B. CRAVEN.

12 mo., 317 pages.—Price, \$1.00; postage, 16 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 189 S. Clark St., Chicago.

IS THERE A DEITY.

The argument pro and con, with an inquiry into the Origin of Evil, with a review of the popular notions of Hell and Heaven, or the State of the Dead. Price twenty-five cents, postage two cents. For sale at the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 189 So. Clark Street Chicago, V. 1871

Religio-Philosophical Journal

G. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. S. E. FRANCIS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office 187 and 189 South Clark Street. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

CHICAGO, MAY 20, 1871.

TERMS OF THE Religio-Philosophical Journal.

\$2.00 per year; \$1.50—6 months; \$1.—3mo. Fifty Cents for Three Months on trial TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or Post-Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a secured letter.

All subscriptions remaining unpaid more than six months, will be charged at the rate of \$2.50 per year.

PAIDERS are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made, as required by law.

NO NAMES are printed on the subscription books without the consent of the subscribers, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, with or without further reminder from this office.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.

LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS. Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made.

Transferring money to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to state whether it is a renewal, or a new subscription, and write proper names plainly.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

NUMBER XXXIX. Peculiar Manifestations—Spirits in the Spheres—A Beautiful Law—The Books of Earth Reproduced in the Spirit World, and How—Newspapers Here Republished There—The Congressional Globe—Spiritual Congress—No Book that emanates from God—The Third Book between all Antagonistic Books—Spirit Photography—A Grand Work about to be inaugurated.

Spirit—In the spirit spheres, we find some strange manifestations of power, that the denizens of earth have but little thought of. How true it is that knowledge is power. How grand the idea that when, perhaps, millions of years shall have passed away, we will be able to execute that which we thoroughly understand.

The mathematicians have many ingenious devices and rules whereby they calculate the time of a planet's revolution in its orbit, its distance from the sun, its size, density, and many other particulars. These rules have been learned by close observation and thorough investigation.

The world to-day are indebted to the past for a foundation on which to stand in the investigation of the beautiful problems connected with the government of the universe. The chemists of the Spirit World are far in advance of those of earth, and the power that they possess is truly remarkable.

Lucretius—Do spirits study chemistry here, and devote the same attention to it as those of earth? Spirit—Certainly. In the Spirit World are schools of different grades, where all can receive instructions in those sciences they desire to understand.

Lucretius—Is each one reprinted there? Spirit—In one sense it is. We get the reprint of each book by a peculiar process, by placing, as it were, certain elements in rapport with it. A spirit when it desires to learn the thoughts of the mortals of earth, by placing himself in rapport with them, can read their most inmost designs and desires.

The process of taking a photograph by the children of earth is a peculiar one. A negative, as it is called, is first taken, and the action of the light transmitted through it, imprints your likeness on a card. There is a species of photography in the Spirit World, through the instrumentality of which, all books can be reproduced.

Lucretius—Well, I am astonished. I supposed that all this was done through the instrumentality of a God. Spirit—Not by any means. But I must not dwell so soon the method of reproducing in the Spirit World the literature of earth. Now, I desire to say, that the prominent works of literature, all of any value, are reproduced. Our libraries would not be complete without them.

Lucretius—What about papers? Spirit—Now, be patient with me. Certain leading papers published on earth are reproduced in the Spirit World, and read there with great relish. The Spiritual Congress, composed of all the leading patriots of the United States

who have long since passed away, together with wise men from other countries, are necessarily compelled to read the views of the children of earth, and therefrom they can judge correctly the true aspect of affairs. The daily proceedings of the Congress at Washington, are reported to this Spiritual Congress. How is this done? Attach your negative, as it is called, to a card, and in a moment's time, your true likeness is obtained. Through a process somewhat analogous, a newspaper printed on earth, is reproduced in the Spirit World. So expeditiously is this done, that the work of producing the separate editions are regarded as simultaneous.

Really, if the children of earth think their works can not be produced in the Spirit World, they are greatly mistaken. This process requires the skill of advanced spirits. All can not do it—indeed but few can comprehend its nature. The establishments for this purpose, are in rapport with those on the material plane, and work harmoniously with them.

Lucretius—Then God has nothing to do with this work? Spirit—Nothing. The skill of man is only required. His ingenuity devised the scheme, but not for some time after the printing process was fully established on earth. This was discovered by a circle of spirits, who had been at work for a long time to devise a process whereby the scenes of earth could be transmitted to material prepared for the purpose, in the Spirit spheres.

The thought that this feat could be accomplished, was induced by observing the process of taking common photographs. The negative could imprint on a card a life-like representation—why not, then, some means be employed whereby the pages of a book might be transmitted to another page, the same as your likeness on one plate can be transmitted to another? The process, like all things, is simple when understood, but I can not find language with which I could explain its nature in full, and I only state that the fact exists.

The power to reproduce a shadow of everything that exists in earth-life, so it will be tangible to the denizens of the Spirit World, now exists, and great good is being accomplished thereby. As communications between the nations of earth are opened, and international traffic occurs, a friendly and more fraternal spirit is exercised, and often great good secured by both nations.

In this beautiful process of reproducing literature in the Spirit World, spirits become interested in the affairs of earth. For the benefit of the Spiritual Congress, the Globe, at Washington is reproduced, also the leading papers there. Only certain papers are allowed to be republished, and that permission is granted by the guardian circle of the higher spheres.

Lucretius—Allowed to be reproduced—only certain ones allowed in the spirit spheres? Why, I thought you had freedom in the Spirit World? Spirit—There is freedom here. There are restraints, also. As long as there exists one being better and more intelligent than those below him, there will be restraints exercised. There is not perfect freedom in the Spirit World. That would imply a license to do wrong. Ah! there are rules and regulations there as well as on the earth.

Lucretius—In the Spirit World, is there any book that claims to have emanated from God himself? Spirit—Certainly. There is the Bible. It has been reproduced, and there are many here who believe its superior divine origin. That, however, is not of long duration. The errors of earth-life do not inhere within the mind long in the Summer-land. The opportunity of becoming acquainted with its true character, is far better here than in earth-life. The literature of the Spirit World is of that character that affords excellent opportunities to arrive at the truth.

Lucretius—In the reproduction of the books and newspapers of the spheres of earth, do not many find their way there that are of no practical utility? Spirit—This reproduction requires great skill, and only those works that are required are republished. In the literature of the spirit world we find histories of the nations of earth, the principal events of their government, the extent of their progress, etc., in book form, as written by spirits who devote their attentions to historical matters as connected with the various nations. These works are compared with those written on earth, and the discrepancies of the two make the contents for a third book.

Between all histories of nations as published on earth and in the spheres, there is a third book, that points out the discrepancies in the statements, and shows wherein the error consists. Two authors may discuss some subject connected with chemistry, astronomy, or metaphysics, and their statements conflict. Some one who has long lived in spirit life, will examine both, and point out the errors of each, and do so so lucidly that his statements are regarded as being correct. In our literature there will always be found this third book, and it comes forth stamped with the insignia of authority.

Lucretius—It does seem to me there should be a reciprocal action; we have the literature of the Spirit World, as well as you that of earth. Spirit—That can only be done on a small scale now. A few things only can be transmitted to material prepared for the purpose. It would be useless to give the children of earth the books published in the Spirit World; they could not comprehend their contents. It is often the case that a likeness of a spirit can be impressed on the sensitized plate of the artist. This is a peculiar process, and requires excellent conditions in order to execute it successfully. The artist who receives these impressions does not fully comprehend the position he occupies. He is taking two, perhaps more, pictures at the same time, and there may be some name imprinted on the plate. The plate of the artist has its peculiar aura, as you well know, which is nothing but a species of light which the combination of elements is always producing. This

light or emanation is regarded as the sphere of each object. The sensitized plate of the artist has this peculiar emanation, and in order to imprint thereon a name the position it is to assume is rendered negative, and then the spiritual magnetism only remains, or is that particular place, or the spirit of the plate,—for all organized objects have a spirit, as it were,—which will be more fully explained hereafter. The magnetism of the sensitized plate is positive to the spirit, and it is only by rendering it negative, that it will receive the impress of spiritual things.

Lucretius—Then the likeness of spirits can be taken on the earth sphere? Spirit—Yes, a simple, natural process, yet one that requires great skill and perfect conditions. The action of electricity, as manifested in lightning, permits of some wonderful experiments. A spirit often can succeed in imprinting his own likeness on many objects in nature during a flash of lightning. It was by this method that strange figures and scenes are made to appear on window glass and grave stones. The time is not far distant when the scenery of the Spirit World will be presented by the children of earth through an ingenious process already perfected but not yet fully in operation.

The connection between the mundane and supermundane spheres under its operations will be more complete. This invention was made by a scientific spirit in noticing the wonderful experiments that were being made through the instrumentality of a flash of lightning. Now communications are fully established with the children of earth, and from this time on, it will become more frequent and perfect in its operations. In disclosing to the children of earth the scenes of the Spirit World, we hope thereby to inspire them with higher and nobler aspirations, and drive away the mists of ignorance and superstition.

In the reproduction of the literature of earth, in the Spirit World, wise ends are subserved and much good accomplished thereby. In all these works we recognize only the action of individualized intelligences. I desire to convince you that with all operations that are seen and comprehended, only individualized intelligences are connected, while with the invisible, unseen and the mysterious, the mind is ever inclined to attach thereto a God. In tracing these wonderful operations, I do not find any God connected with them. The moment, however, that something arises that I cannot explain, you instantly startle me with the cry that a God is connected therewith! Now, this is the obstacle that I meet with. Many things I cannot explain; but then I know that there are spirits who have lived through a duration of time that the mind cannot comprehend, and who are invisible to me, and stand in the same relation to me that I do to the children of earth. Now go with me. Yonder is an assemblage of earth's children. They are to take passage on that steamer, which will be sunk, and all on board perish.

In all this vast assemblage there is only one that can be so influenced that he will remain. He is in perfect health now. I will bring a circle of spirits send an influence on his brain that will make him very sick. See him vomit now. He staggers like a drunken man, and his friends consider him in a dangerous condition. We will keep him so until the boat starts. Finally the steamer leaves, and when this man reads an account of its destruction, he considers his safety providential, and ascribes it to a God. Our operations were unseen by him. Could he have seen us he would have found no God connected therewith. This, then, is the reason of a belief in the existence of a Deity. The operations of Spirits in the higher spheres are unobserved by those in the lower, and they are always inclined to ascribe a God thereto. You find, Lucretius, in the Spirit World, constant activity. There is no thrumming of golden harps, psalm-singing, and shouting praises to any God sitting on a throne. In our explanations of those things, we have only desired to show you the wonderful operations of spirits. And now, amidst the many beauties of the supermundane spheres, let your aspirations be upward, and as you pass along, progress in knowledge, ever bear in mind that there are struggling ones beneath you who need attention, and in proportion to your assistance to them, you will aid yourself. Life is a grand archway, ever enlarging and growing more beautiful if your acts are of the right character. Look at yonder beautiful villa. There, pendant from a pinnacle, is the life archway of its inmate. Those flowers are all emblematical of the incidents of his earth life, and when you have progressed a little further, you can interpret their meaning. Oh, ever bear in mind, children of earth, that you are constructing an archway that will bloom with flowers emblematical of all you do. Believe me, that the secret acts of life are there; they stand out in bold relief,—all can see them. No God placed them there; no God arranged it so that such would be the case. Those, who with stolid indifference to the welfare of others pass through life, are selfish and exciting,—it is not until they live partially for others as well as self, that they can progress. I would imbue all with lofty aspirations, pure thoughts, and high resolves. I would cheer the despondent, aid those who require it, and in so doing, while blessing others, bless myself. You, proud, haughty, aristocratic nabob, whose soul is clothed in a garb of selfishness, must be changed, and your soul grandly illuminated with a desire to benefit others. Those who accumulate wealth and let the dollars rust in the vault, are simply dwarfing their own natures, cramping their own energies, and sinking in the scale of existence. Each one elevates or debases himself. No God does one or the other.

Give us another "Church around the Corner." At Newburgh, New York, a church organist committed suicide. Poor fellow! he was weary of the cares and toils of this world, and under the insane impulses of his nature, destroyed the vital spark of life. Through the instrumentality of the church organ, for years he had given a holy expression to the music, and under the influence thereof, the minister felt that he was much nearer heaven. This church organist was a sinner,—a pious sinner,—who was used, as the monkey used the paw of the cat, to serve the interests of God. No doubt the songs he blew, the notes he touched, and the sweet expression that he gave to the solemn chants and lively airs, had an elevating effect on the minds of those who listened to him each Sabbath. But he died. Could he have committed suicide and lived; killed himself and still been a walking human being, with eyes to see, ears to hear, and a mind that could feel, he certainly would have had his mirthfulness and pity alternately excited, over the feeling that his demise created. Poor fellow, he did, and as no suicide can enter the kingdom of heaven, no minister of the gospel of this town would consent to preach his funeral sermon. Unfortunately for him, he committed suicide in a town where there was no "church round the corner" with a decent minister of the gospel to utter the last solemn rites over the dead body of one of earth's children. We pity Newburgh. Her ministers are a sickly class, devoid of justice, common sense, or decency, and have forgotten that "charity covereth a multitude of sins." Such "ministers of the gospel" will sometime see the need of charity. Now, with their fat salaries, and the blood of Jesus, which they have patented, they think "they are lord of all they survey," and they will not officiate at the funeral of one who has committed suicide. Oh, for a "church round the corner" in Newburgh, N. Y.

A Radical Club.

There is a radical club in Indianapolis, Indiana, which is doing a good work in behalf of the liberal cause. At a late meeting, the hall was crowded, and the following resolution was discussed: "Resolved. That the various churches calling themselves Christian have done more good than evil in the world."

After various speeches for and against the resolution, Mr. Job Combs concluded with the following remarks: "This question demands the most serious attention of every friend of truth and progress. We live in an age that demands of every honest, independent man the bold and fearless declaration of his true sentiments upon every question that involves the freedom and progress of humanity."

The affirmative say that Christianity has done more to civilize and moralize the world than all other influences combined. I meet this with the assertion that but for the civilizing influences of art, of science and philosophy, of poetry and music, the world would, for all the church has done or would or could do, be no more virtuous or enlightened than in the days of Charlemagne. Look at the nations that are wholly under the dominion of her church and her heaven-ordained ministers, political or ecclesiastical, but which have not enjoyed the humanizing influences to which I have referred.

Let your mind's eye rest upon the Emerald Isle, and tell me what you see. There are Bishops and Priests and Prelates in plenty. There are churches innumerable, from which prayers ascend continually. But what is the condition of the children of our Father who art in Heaven? They are groping in darkness. They are crushed by oppression. They are dying with want and disease, that the lordly drones of the church and state may live in ease and luxury. Look at our own country before the war. See the down-trodden slave toiling for naught. His mind shrouded in compelled ignorance; his body bent with toil unrequited; his back seamed by the lash of the cruel driver. Behold his master, clothed in purple, and faring sumptuously; the companion of statesmen and divines, perhaps himself a member of Congress or preacher of the gospel of Christ. Where was the Christian's God, the God of miracles and special providences? Why does He not appear and end such fearful wrongs? No; the Bible and the church upheld slavery until the Abolitionists, who were nearly all infidels, raised such a clamor about the ears of the American people that they could no longer tolerate it in common decency.

It is claimed that Christianity promotes love and fraternity. I answer by pointing to the endless number of petty sects, and ask what has sown among them the bitter seeds of discord, strife, and partisan hatred so profusely? The adherents of Christianity have crumbled into five hundred sects and parties, each spitting the fire of damnation at the others. Each sect claims to have the exact truth and living faith, and therefore all the other and all outsiders are in the bonds of error and iniquity. Thus each sect claims all the rest, and is itself damned by four hundred and ninety-nine others. Glorious prospect this for the believer. How I pity these victims of such a stupid theory. Science, philosophy, and rational thought is rapidly reforming theology and cooling sectarian zeal. Once the damnation of infants was a cardinal doctrine of the church. Now that is repudiated as barbarous. We can all well remember when a belief in a lake of eternal fire was the test of orthodoxy. Now it is vulgar to speak of anything so crude. Eternal punishment of conscience has superseded it. The church once believed in the six literal days of creation. Now there were six indefinite periods of creative development.

Theology has made many concessions to science, but she has only fairly begun to concede. She cannot stop till every vital dogma is surrendered, and she accepts in their stead the revelations of science and truth of philosophy. I do not hope that the poor, narrow sectarian will appreciate this prediction, for he is wholly absorbed in the effort to escape an imaginary hell, which, if he is to be his own judge, he deserves, and secure an unmerited salvation in a selfish heaven. But the freed mind and expanded soul will understand me.

As the world moves on, new ideas, fresh inspirations and grand discoveries quicken the energies of humanity, while new and glorious revelations of moral and spiritual truth come, to keep alive faith in the All-Father, and perfect man in righteousness. Man was not made for a fixed residence in the realms of space or kingdom of thought. All over his constitution is written the stirring word "Progress." Consign him to the realms of the damned, and by virtue of his God-given nature, he at once sets on foot schemes for the improvement of the place and the amelioration of its inhabitants.

Alden's Ready Book-Binder.

We can, without hesitation, recommend ALDEN'S READY BOOK-BINDER, as the best we have ever seen for the purposes intended. Its great conveniences and very low price will certainly bring it into common use. Size for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, No. 18, price \$1.50 and \$1.80.

And perchance some Sir John Franklin would discover a north-west passage to the world of bliss.

Send him to your orthodox heaven, and his over-throwing humanity will lead him to explore the regions adjacent, with a view to colonizing the fugitives from hell that should escape over the underground railroad they would be sure to construct. The idea of Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Parker being kept quiet in heaven, while hell lay just in sight, is preposterous. Man's career is onward and upward forever. A new dispensation is coming to take the place of the old. It comes like a rolling flood, bearing on its muscular bosom the ruins of the temple of error, with all its old creeds and systems of despotism, political and ecclesiastical.

To Whom it may Concern, Only.

DEAR FRIEND: It is a painful task to be compelled to appeal to your integrity for the little amount which you owe the undersigned, for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

If it was not justly due, and if he had not waited upon you for a long time, and made great sacrifices, to give you an opportunity to pay it without embarrassing you by so doing, he would not so urgently press you for it now. But he does need the money, and justice, it is not doubted, will prompt you to remit it to him in a registered letter, or by a post-office money order, taking the expense of doing so out of the amount due, which you will readily estimate from your account to be found on the yellow slip pasted on the wrapper or margin of each number of the paper.

You owe since the — day of —, A. D. 18—, (supply the day, month, and year from the yellow slip referred to).

The publisher will willingly continue to send you the JOURNAL on credit, on receipt of present arrearages and discount the extra fifty cents usually charged for each year's delinquency, if promptly paid on receipt of this number of the JOURNAL.

This appeal is in deep earnest to those who are one year and over in arrears for the JOURNAL, but at the same time in the spirit of kindness and fraternal regard.

S. S. JONES, Publisher and Proprietor.

Mrs. Robinson's Mediumship.

There is probably no medium living who is doing a more successful work in healing the sick, and in business matters, than Mrs. A. H. Robinson, of Chicago.

She is prescribing for the sick, by letter, in all parts of the country. A second prescription is seldom required. The most desperate cases of disease yield under the spiritual treatment given through her mediumship.

There are at the present time a great number of most excellent mediums in Chicago, and there never was a time when new converts were being made to Spiritualism so rapidly as now.

Willis, the Spirit Artist.

A. D. Willis, whose gallery is situated at No. 136 South Clark street, in the immediate vicinity of the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is doing a fine business in taking spirit likenesses.

We exerted ourselves to get him to come to this city, and finally succeeded—another success. Church folks as well as Spiritualists through his gallery, and get good likenesses of those so-called dead friends and loved ones.

Bigots and opposers of physical manifestations are confounded. He charges five dollars for a result, and nothing if no spirit picture appears upon the plate.

Hindoo New Testament.

The stereotype plates of the BHAGVAT-GEETA are completed, and the work will be ready for delivery to the many who are ordering them next week. It will be a beautiful volume, very attractive, and such as every family will be pleased to place upon the shelves of their library or upon the center-table. Indeed, it is our intention to make it a beautiful book.

This work was sold in England by subscription for four pounds sterling, bound in paper. We shall sell it for \$1.25, in neat beautiful gilt backed magenta muslin binding; postage 16 cts. Please send in your orders speedily, and get a rare book.

Isaac Padon.

The above-named veteran, of Woodhull, Illinois, received Letters of Fellowship from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, constituting him a "Regular Minister" of the Gospel, on the 6th of May.

He is a bold defender of the Spiritual Philosophy unadulterated with creeds and dogmas of faith. Having had much experience in that line in his younger days, he finds it in keeping with common sense to dispense with them now.

Letter of Fellowship.

The Religio-Philosophical Society, in accordance with law, granted letters of fellowship and ordination, authorizing the solemnizing of marriages, etc. to Dr. Abba Lord Palmer, of New Boston, Ill., on the 10th day of May, 1871.

Dr. Entwistle.

The above named, well recommended healing medium has located directly opposite the office of the JOURNAL. He knows where the great centre of Spiritualism in this city is, and has wisely procured an office near it. His card will be found in another column.

The great current of human thought, that has been frozen over for ages, is at length breaking up under the powerful rays of the great sun of science, and all the ice is running at once.

The natural wants of men are few, simple, and easily supplied—his artificial ones, infinite.

—Live not for self alone, but multiply thyself. He who lives for self, has a single friend. He who lives for a hundred others also, has a hundred and one.—S. A. Merrill.

Personal and Local.

J. K. Francis' next lecture at Crosby's Music Hall will be on this subject: "The sixty-one thousand ministers of the gospel—their morality and immorality." Every Spiritualist should hear this lecture.

Philadelphia Department.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

When will scientific men open their eyes to all the facts around them? The fact in this case was in accordance with natural law, and the Malay women were the philosophers, while the "half superstition" was in the mind of Dr. Darwin, and he will yet acknowledge this.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS. SPEAKERS' AND MASS CONVENTION. As Chairman of the Committee appointed by the Northwestern Speakers' Association, I am requested to call a Speakers' and Mass Convention, to be held at Smith's Opera House, Decatur, Illinois, on the 23, 24, and 25th days of June, 1871.

M. E. DUMONT, 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).

Thomas Garrett. Another great and good man has passed to the higher life. As this record reached the community, how many hearts sent forth a blessing to the dear noble spirit gone upward!

Invocation. Oh, Thou spirit that speaks to us at all times and seasons, Thou whose inspiration cometh to all those who earnestly seek after it.

Stars receive and give light; if they did not give out or reflect the light which they have, they would not be seen.—Ibid.

Michigan Association. The semi-annual meeting of the Michigan Association of Spiritualists will be held at East Saginaw, commencing on the second Friday of June, and continuing over Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. J. Wilbur, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 460 W. Randolph street, Chicago, receives Patients at his residence. Board and Treatment, \$15 to \$25 per week.

From Forney's Philadelphia Press, Spiritualism.

The twenty-third anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was held yesterday at Harmonial Hall, Eleventh and Wood streets. The exercises began in the afternoon at three o'clock.

IT COSTS

Only about one third Bookbinders' prices to be had by the use of Alden's Ready Book-Binder. Sizes suited to any publication, from the smallest Monthly to the largest Weekly.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

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.

FARMERS.

Who have never received the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats direct from us should send at once for our Great Credit Offer. There is no longer any excuse for being imposed upon by getting spurious, mixed, and rejected seed which is being offered, as our terms are within the reach of all.

Obituary.

Died, April 20th, Ann Amelia Wood, aged 21 years, only daughter of John M. Wood of Webster, Rice Co., Minn.

Over the river, out of the gloom, The angel's look her in life's full bloom; Warm hands grasp hers on that other side, All tears are wiped from her lovely eyes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ABSTRACT OF COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

A comprehensive summary of Bishop Colenso's argument proving that the Pentateuch is not historically true, and that it was composed by Samuel, Jeremiah, and other prophets, from 1100 to 600 B. C. The substance of five volumes in 24 pages. Price 25 cents. AMERICAN NEWS CO., N. Y.

IT COSTS

Only about one third Bookbinders' prices to be had by the use of Alden's Ready Book-Binder. Sizes suited to any publication, from the smallest Monthly to the largest Weekly.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

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.

FARMERS.

Who have never received the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats direct from us should send at once for our Great Credit Offer. There is no longer any excuse for being imposed upon by getting spurious, mixed, and rejected seed which is being offered, as our terms are within the reach of all.

Obituary.

Died, April 20th, Ann Amelia Wood, aged 21 years, only daughter of John M. Wood of Webster, Rice Co., Minn.

Over the river, out of the gloom, The angel's look her in life's full bloom; Warm hands grasp hers on that other side, All tears are wiped from her lovely eyes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ABSTRACT OF COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

A comprehensive summary of Bishop Colenso's argument proving that the Pentateuch is not historically true, and that it was composed by Samuel, Jeremiah, and other prophets, from 1100 to 600 B. C. The substance of five volumes in 24 pages. Price 25 cents. AMERICAN NEWS CO., N. Y.

IT COSTS

Only about one third Bookbinders' prices to be had by the use of Alden's Ready Book-Binder. Sizes suited to any publication, from the smallest Monthly to the largest Weekly.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

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.

FARMERS.

Who have never received the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats direct from us should send at once for our Great Credit Offer. There is no longer any excuse for being imposed upon by getting spurious, mixed, and rejected seed which is being offered, as our terms are within the reach of all.

Obituary.

Died, April 20th, Ann Amelia Wood, aged 21 years, only daughter of John M. Wood of Webster, Rice Co., Minn.

Over the river, out of the gloom, The angel's look her in life's full bloom; Warm hands grasp hers on that other side, All tears are wiped from her lovely eyes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ABSTRACT OF COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

A comprehensive summary of Bishop Colenso's argument proving that the Pentateuch is not historically true, and that it was composed by Samuel, Jeremiah, and other prophets, from 1100 to 600 B. C. The substance of five volumes in 24 pages. Price 25 cents. AMERICAN NEWS CO., N. Y.

IT COSTS

Only about one third Bookbinders' prices to be had by the use of Alden's Ready Book-Binder. Sizes suited to any publication, from the smallest Monthly to the largest Weekly.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

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.

FARMERS.

Who have never received the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats direct from us should send at once for our Great Credit Offer. There is no longer any excuse for being imposed upon by getting spurious, mixed, and rejected seed which is being offered, as our terms are within the reach of all.

Obituary.

Died, April 20th, Ann Amelia Wood, aged 21 years, only daughter of John M. Wood of Webster, Rice Co., Minn.

Over the river, out of the gloom, The angel's look her in life's full bloom; Warm hands grasp hers on that other side, All tears are wiped from her lovely eyes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ABSTRACT OF COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

A comprehensive summary of Bishop Colenso's argument proving that the Pentateuch is not historically true, and that it was composed by Samuel, Jeremiah, and other prophets, from 1100 to 600 B. C. The substance of five volumes in 24 pages. Price 25 cents. AMERICAN NEWS CO., N. Y.

IT COSTS

Only about one third Bookbinders' prices to be had by the use of Alden's Ready Book-Binder. Sizes suited to any publication, from the smallest Monthly to the largest Weekly.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

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.

FARMERS.

Who have never received the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats direct from us should send at once for our Great Credit Offer. There is no longer any excuse for being imposed upon by getting spurious, mixed, and rejected seed which is being offered, as our terms are within the reach of all.

The Postum.

From the Medium and Daybreak. FUNERAL ORATION.

Oration on the Victims of the Franco-Prussian War, Delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, at Cleveland Hall, London, on Sunday evening, April 2nd, 1871.

INVOCATION.

Lord of life and King of death! Spirit from whom we come, to whom we return! Thou who hast entrusted us in charge with the missions of life and death, of which thou holdest the key,— look upon us in this hour of oration, when we stand in the presence of the mighty dead—the dead who in all ages of the past thou hast commissioned as ministering angels to instruct us in thy power,—the dead whom in our ignorance, our blindness, and our blood-guiltiness, we have destroyed—the dead whom man's ambition, and the lust of power and kingly rule have violently thrust into another world—the dead for whom we mourn, but far more mourning for ourselves that we have made them so, out there where the work that thou hast given them has finished. In this holy presence of thine we stand this night, and ask thy blessing on our counsels, ask that thou wilt give us wisdom and inspiration to smother even our trespasses and disgraces to the evolution of higher laws, higher wisdom, higher life than that from which we strayed. O Infinite Spirit, High Priest of every place where two or three are gathered together in the sacred name of God and the right, we dictate this hour of counsel to thy service; we ask that thou wilt sanctify it with thy blessings, and lift us up by these counsels nearer, nearer, our God to thee!

[The oration was preceded by a poetical reading purporting to be from William Howitt's new work, "The Mad War Planet." Mrs. Hardinge held in her hand some sheets of paper, upon which appeared to be writing. From this the gifted lady seemed to read in the most eloquent manner for about forty minutes. We were astonished to observe how little attention she gave to the paper in her hand, and with what wonderful and original emphasis she rendered the meaning of the matter recited. Our readers will be disappointed if they expect to find these burning pictures of war and its consequences in Mrs. Howitt's book. We understand that the poetry was nearly all improvised on the spot, the chief exception being the opening verses. Though it was a Sunday service, at which the hearers are expected to maintain a reverent stillness, yet the crowded hall was repeatedly the scene of general and hearty applause. The effect produced was the very opposite of the laudatory war feeling. If the audience had at the moment known the true sources of the poetry, the enthusiasm would no doubt have been much greater. We think it due both to Mr. Howitt and Mrs. Hardinge to state these facts; and the treatment of the subject will bear a retrospect, from which those who were fortunate enough to be present may enjoy the occasion over again. All who heard the poetical oration of last Sunday evening, will agree with us that a similar service from Mrs. Hardinge and her inspiring guides in the spiritual realm would be peculiarly desirable at some future time.]

It is seldom, very seldom, friends, that civilians hear the truth, the real truth, concerning the scenes and events which they honor and respect, and reverence, and chant in song, and dream in art, and celebrate with pomp, and praise God for in religion,—that form of war which is here described in its simple reality. You do not like to hear it, but perhaps you would like far less to take part in it; and yet such scenes as these have fallen upon peaceful cities like your own, innocent, blameless creatures, like those that now surround you. It is but a few short months since the gayest, fairest, most unthinking, and apparently happiest people in the world were, as you now are, listening to the tales of war as to idle romance and fiction; and it is but a few short months since the sun of that brightness has gone out in blood, and this gay, happy, unthinking people are the miserable victims that are here depicted. Do not say such scenes do not belong to you—that you have no lot or part in them—that your ears should never be assailed by these tales of horror. There are none that can say, when the war demon is abroad, and the war fury is sweeping the earth with its desolating breath, what nation, land, or people shall not be the next afflicted by the scourge. It is not, however, for your own interests, for the love of God—for the sake of the holy but fearful truths here related—in pity for your brotherman—in pity for the breaking hearts, the ruined homes, the blackened hearths, and the silent dead that can never plead with you, in pity for all these, take a lesson home to your own hearts from the dreadful course beneath which a state of nations is now hurled into dust, and like Rachel weeping for her slain, and still more hopelessly gazing over the fair land where they lie, no longer able to defend or rescue her, still trodden by the foot of the insatiate demon, and still writhing beneath the curse of what William Howitt so justly calls "The Mad War Planet." I tell you it belongs to every man, woman, and child in our midst, to acquaint themselves with the actual facts of this tremendous scourge; and when we realize that it is not brought, as we call it, by the visitation of God, that it is no affliction incurred in those mysterious providences over which we have no control, but that it is the work of our own hands,—that it is the foul, fell, hideous work of those who, like you and me, worship the same God, profess to believe in the divine humanity and benevolence of man, and pray to Him for blessing on the very deeds of hideous slaughter which they consecrate by the name of glory.

But little remains for me to say after the eloquent and burning words of the aged prophet, who is passing into the summer land, whilst the golden curtains are being drawn for his victorious entrance—but little remains for me to add to his glorious protest against the last worst crime of the age, only to offer a few words of sympathy, respect, pity, and perhaps of memorial affection for those who have fallen beneath the curse which society has perpetrated in the name of authority. After the great holocaust that has been offered up on the altars of human rage, no good is done, nothing is effected, no laws have been enacted, no benefit has been derived to any living creature, nothing but wreck and ruin, nothing but the installment of the war fever into thousands of minds, that before were peaceful and well ordered,—nothing but to let slip the dogs of war to ravage the miserable land that has never gained one single jot of benefit or blessing by all the mighty sacrifices that have been poured out. Oh, if, in the face of this senseless folly, this useless rage, this voice against such hideous and unchristian acts, shame be to the age! Reason is dead, and King Murder rules Europe. The silent battle-field—the battle-field where, but a few brief weeks ago, thousands of pale, cold, dead faces lay with their dull eyes upturned to the quiet stars—a spectacle too horrible for human sight to look upon—a spectacle which even the demons that wrought it were glad to put out of their blanched and withered sight—the battle-field,

with the blackened homes, the ruined villages, and some few gaunt, famine-stricken, ruined creatures creeping over them, is all that now remains for me to philosophize upon.

A few brief lessons alone, then, may be deduced from this scene, and these I offer as the conclusions I draw from my text.

First, I believe that this blood can not have been shed in vain—utterly in vain; that since the fury of man has so perverted the providence of the great, good God that built up the thousands of noble forms that man has destroyed, it is a part of His providence to work evil into good, and to convert even the darkest and most fatal acts of man into lessons of instruction and wisdom. Such a lesson is now before our eyes, and it is all summed up in the two words, the utility of war—the senseless, hopeless, utterly ruinous utility of war. I can not but believe, that when the time comes that the nations shall awake from the mighty fever that is on them, and the dreadful incubus of actual slaughter shall have passed from the land that has put away the dripping sword, we shall feel in the Old World, as I believe every inhabitant of the New World feels, that the last war has been fought, that the last slaughter-battle has been enacted, and that the day has come when a mightier warfare must be entered upon—the warfare of human reason—the warfare of the mighty spirit of public opinion, which, as William Howitt suggests, shall compel those that propose to go to war to vacate the seats of government; that the very proposition for legalized murder shall be their own fixed act of detronement; and that peoples will no more be led, like beasts of the field or cattle, to human shambles to gratify the ambition, the insatiate pride and lust of power of human rulers. If this lesson be indeed read aright, as I think the signs of the times are beginning to predicate that it will be, then indeed the blood that has been shed has not been poured out utterly in vain; then indeed some stars of promise arise in the black horizon, and urge me to turn from the fatal aspects of the slain to the possible destiny of the souls that have been thus violently thrust from their human tabernacles, and to conclude by inquiring, what has death done to them? Where are they now? Under what conditions are their lives continued? What for the martyrs of this foul and fell scene of ambition—what for them, if not for their destroyers? To this there are many of us that are qualified to give an answer.

There are many of us who have beheld the shadowy curtains of eternity drawn from before its awful portals, and the realities of continued life displayed before our eyes. There are many of us, especially during the last dreadful struggle in the land of the West, who have beheld hosts of freed souls that have been violently thrust from their bodies, hovering in mighty armies over the scene of their former habitation, and gloily revealing to their fellowmen the conditions under which life was continued for them. These souls return to tell us that the act that deprived them of mortal life has never severed their connection with earth,—that it is one of the great and terrible evils of murder, that it re-acts in every direction,—that there is no compensation for it,—that it is one of those fearful infractions of God's law for which man cannot atone except by the deepest and most remorseful agonies through, perhaps, ages to come. Those slain soldiers of our informant say that, though in the better and more just conditions of life eternal their motives are considered, and the helplessness with which peoples are driven by their rulers to the act of slaughter attaches to them neither blame nor responsibility,—that though struck down by the fearful and shameful necessity that has imposed murder upon them, they cease to be responsible, nevertheless that a great wrong has been done them,—that they enter upon a sphere of existence in which they are prepared,—that God has endowed man with life as the most sacred of all obligations,—that he has planted him here on earth for the high and the noble purpose of unfolding all the powers of his soul; that this is the schoolhouse for the spirit, and that no other condition can serve the spirit but this earth; and that those who by any act, legally, as it is termed, or illegally, break into the house of life, commit a far greater wrong than they know of,—they not only usurp the privilege and office of the Lord of life and death, and violently wrest the power from the hands of God, but they impress upon the freed soul the necessity of returning to earth and performing as a spirit, hovering round the scenes of its former existence, the unfulfilled and broken missions of earth. Here, then, the slain of the battle-field still perform, sometimes to great disadvantage, the unfulfilled purposes of their Creator in their earthly lives. Here, then, those whom we think we have rejected ourselves, of calling them our enemies and rejoicing when our eyes behold them no more, still throng about and some with the same restless purposes of hate and vengeance, some with the earthly feelings that they carried with them unchanged, but happily more freed by the act of death and the scales of blindness falling from their eyes, grieving, grieving that the thread of their usefulness has been severed, and humbly and hopefully toiling in the spheres of the better life to perform the purposes that God assigned them upon this earth. When such a spirit as this possesses the soldier, his life is indeed one of supreme usefulness, for he returns with the inspiration of his whole soul and mind bent to impress upon his fellowmen the horror of the crime of taking life, and the necessity of substituting reason for the fatal and insane action and exhibition of the sword. Thousands and millions of those that have been deprived of material life are pleading with the media of the world to plead with men for them as they selves. This is one of the conditions of those that have passed from the horrors of the battle-field to the hereafter. Oh, how different to the fictions that they chant in the churches, when they tell you of the palms of victory that crown the brows of the martyrs that have died in the service of their country,—of the laurels of eternity that are waving to greet the patriots that have been sacrificed and nobly laid down their lives for the honor and glory of their country! Fiction inventions of those that have too long kept you in ignorance! Such is not the case; such is not the condition of the freed spirits of those that have been sacrificed by the act of murder. They mourn over that act; they mourn for their fellowmen; they mourn for themselves. And this said, there is yet another page to reveal.

It was given to your speaker to be present at a scene where, through the lips of an entranced medium (one who gave the most abundant evidence of being fully possessed by the souls of the departed), one of the victims from the battle-fields of blood-stained America presented himself, and asked leave to describe another phase of spiritual existence good for us to know. He represented himself as one of those that are in the poem so piteously and graphically pictured to you as lying, perishing, but not yet dead, upon the dreadful battle-field. For eight hours he lay exposed to horrors and sufferings from which the ears of humanity would shrink; your hearts would wither up were you but to hear the piteous tale. It is a representative one, mark, for thousands and thousands have perished in just such miseries. The approach of the heavy artillery wagon, ploughing into the gory earth and into the gasping, throbbing hearts and brains of the dying, as if put end to his tortures, and he knew no more; in the few moments that ensued between

the approach of the heavy instrument of horrible, mutilating death and the act itself, in those few moments he described a panorama of existence passing before his mind's eye such as no tongue of a mortal can depict,—not only the events of his own life, but the events of the whole nation, the entire history of humanity in the past, flashed before him; the mighty battle of human life was fought in all its phantom agonies upon age stepped up with all its phantom people in the mighty struggle of the soul of man, rising in one common march of humanity from savagism to civilization. With it all the laws of God, so good, so wise, so bountiful, were mapped out on the one side, and all the tresspass, the blindness, and wickedness of man on the other. His spirit, struggling to escape from its meshes, bruises, and broken tenement, beheld the judgment on every act and deed, with all its consequences, all its penalties, and all the triumphs and victories that ensue in the deep silence of our own souls when we crush back one single bad thought or overcome one bad propensity. All this he beheld in a space of time less than we could count—in one minute, and this was done; and when he awoke to find the poor soldier from the hour when he broke on the ear of an enfranchised spirit, he was in the midst of hosts of just men made perfect; he found that the martyrdoms of a thousand years had been crowded into that little minute of time,—that all the experiences that he could have gained in a thousand successive generations of births and deaths upon earth had been fulfilled,—that in the great and unseparable agony of that one moment as he beheld the monstrous engine of the hideous death advancing till it crushed him,—that mighty judgment on earth and all her peoples had ensued,—he knew that the spirit time is no more, space is no more, and that the martyrdoms which we suffer, no matter how brief be the moment in which they ensue, and the means of discipline, the means of purification,—are the steps by which the soul ascends from its rudiments to the mighty and triumphant round of angelic perfection.

Thank God, then, for the crowns of martyrdom which are sparkling on many a brow of the humble and nameless victims of the battle-field. What can we not forgive their destroyers,—what we know that there is no law of extension for the foul acts that have destroyed them,—what we know that just penalties must visit those who, for their own foul purposes, have driven these helpless ones to death, it is the consolation of the Spiritualist to be assured that these victims have not suffered in vain,—that the kind and merciful All-Father has ordained for them that blessing of compensation which crowns them with a glory in proportion to the misery and suffering they have endured. Do not let us talk of time for them; do not let us count up human experiences for them. Gift and the poor soldier from the hour when his broken heart and streaming eyes, he leaves wife and children, and home and friends—from the moment when, step by step, he endures all the miseries of the camp, the hunger, the cold, the starvation, the famine, the pain, and at last the dreadful death; the steps of his martyrdom are being trod. We know not his name, we take no heed of who the bruised and battered form might have been; we put them out of sight, but God numbers them all. Angel friends are waiting with open arms to receive them,—hovering above that ghastly charnel house, the pitying spirits of the pure and loving are there awaiting these new-born souls, and compensating as best they may for the broken and unfulfilled purposes of earth—gently, mercifully, tenderly disentangling the bruised and broken-hearted spirit from the wreck and ruin it has left behind, and halting them through the red and fiery gates of martyrdom into the glorious triumph that awaits the suffering souls of humanity. Thus much on our victims.

But little remains to be said. For those who have been the cause of this dreadful calamity, it is enough that they can not escape from its consequences; whilst our poor soldiers' enfranchised spirits, with glory on the one side, and the necessity for outworking earthly disciplines on the other, are still compelled to toil and labor at the gates of earth to perform the work that was given them to do, but to perform it with that light of eternity on their brow which affords full compensation for their share of the wreck and ruin. Whilst, therefore, we can safely trust them in the hands of the All-Father, we learn from the same sources that the images of their death,—the images of the wrong and ruin in the widow, the orphan, the widow and dog, that they have left behind, must ever dog the steps of their destroyers, until in the mysterious processes of purification they too shall have fully atoned for the wrong deeds done. But how long they must suffer—how long the dark and dreadful penalties may require time for payment, it is not for us to count up. I only affirm, were every monarch, legislator, ruler, and teacher, but aware of the stupendous and awful truths of Spiritualism—were but its justice proclaimed from end to end of the earth, and, instead of the foolish, aimless amusement that are derived from its exhibitions, the awful tale of its eternal truths, its justice, its compensation and retribution fully proclaimed, men would shrink from wrongdoing—men would fly from phantoms of their own bad acts—men would retreat from the retributive angels that they are themselves creating; could see phosphorescent lights in the dark, sometimes strange faces would momentarily appear before me, which I called phantasms, and attributed to my nervous condition.

On the evening of Dec. 30th, my daughter inquired if I had tried to write with a small horsehoe magnet we had? I replied, "No." Immediately took it, turned to the table, when I wrote, "Henry Greeley." At that moment I was taken with a violent pain in the side of my head and jaw. The pain was most intense. My daughter placed her hands on my head, and made a few passes, which relieved me. She took a seat a few feet from me, when I saw a fire-red light, nearly in the shape of a heart, directed over her left shoulder. At the same time, an influence, strange to her, began to exclaim in most profane language: "Where am I? How in—? I came I here? I must get out of this. Who says I shan't get out!" I asked the name.

"My name is Greeley Steele—is not that it? No—what was my name when over there? (meaning with me, as I supposed.) But, by G—J, I must get out of here."

This continued for about five minutes, when he exclaimed, "I see a light," and was gone. At the same time, the bright light sank down behind her chair and disappeared. Previous to its disappearance, and while the influence was trying to get out, the red light became fringed with a deep blue color, which gradually extended over the red until all was blue, except a spot no larger than a pea in the center.

The solution of this as given by her influences is, that it was a contrived plan between them. They impressed her to speak of the magnet; they created her pain, and influenced her to place her hands on my head, by which means he was enclosed in her magnetism,—she taking him along with her, when they threw around him some kind of a magnetic current, which he could not pass, confining him in, their object being fourfold: 1.—To convince me of their existence. 2.—To do him good. 3.—To have a little fun. 4.—To weaken or destroy his influence over me, as they said he was a dark, mischievous

Friends, lend a helping hand. Let us work while we may. Let us unite in an earnest effort to put the cause of religious freedom in the Empire State, in the coming half year, further on. We have the means and the numbers to render ourselves of immense usefulness, if we but make it our purpose to shed the light we have in the darkened places in the land—and shall we not do it?

A. C. WOODRUFF, ELIZA C. WOODRUFF, Eagle Harbor, N. Y.

SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

Letter From Jasper Steele.

BROTHER JONES.—Is the law of spiritual development understood? For one I confess ignorance. Amid all the light thrown on this subject by the learned and talented contributors to your excellent JOURNAL; with the knowledge which Doctors Underhill, Fabnestock, and others have imparted, and the multiplicity of mediums, embracing almost every imaginable phase,—is it unreasonable to suppose that long ere this, the law would be so perfectly understood, that any one possessing ordinary intelligence and mediumistic powers, could, with spirit aid develop themselves, so as to obtain satisfactory evidence of spirit: life beyond the grave, and thereby be prepared to demonstrate the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy to all honest, inquiring minds? But the fact that there are hundreds in the land, who have sincerely desired, and faithfully sought these spiritual gifts,—some of whom have sought them for months and years,—yet have failed in whole or part, is evidence to my mind that the law is not understood. They have read Underhill, tried Fabnestock's theory, sat in circles, and alone, and earnestly followed all the knowledge in their power, while only now and then have they obtained a glimmering ray of light, which has shot meteor-like across their darkened minds, then expired, leaving the darkness more impenetrable and the mystery more insolvable than ever. Nothing satisfactory is obtained, at least not sufficient to satisfy a rational man with himself.

Sometimes I think there is no law for spiritual development applicable to all, from the fact that organizations and temperaments differ so widely,—some possessing a fine organization, a fine brain, a nervous, sensitive nature, while others are coarser in physiological structure, coarser in brain material, in temperament, and nature directly the opposite of the other. How, then, can there be a law of universal adaptation?

And are not those who advertise themselves as developing mediums, imposing upon the public by promising more than they can perform? There are hundreds of partially developed mediums, some of whom are poor, and the knowledge of the law of spiritual development, enabling them to advance and become a blessing to the world, should not be withheld by those professing to have it, because they have not the dollar to pay,—while there are others who would gladly pay five or fifty dollars for that knowledge which would bring them a rapport with the angel world. Should there be any such general law (which I doubt), the one who discovers and announces it to the world, will be greater than a Newton, and remembered with more gratitude than a Howard.

But, Brother Jones, I commenced this article for the purpose of writing, at your request, a little of my experience, and here I have been wandering all this time.

I make no claims to mediumship of any kind, yet, I have earnestly desired, and sincerely sought to become one.

1.—To satisfy my own mind of the truth (if truth it be) of spirit: existence.

2.—To be able from personal knowledge, to demonstrate that truth to others.

My own experience is connected with my daughter's. She commenced before I did, and without my knowledge, sitting for spiritual development. Soon obtained written communications, passed through that most trying ordeal of crucifixion,—nervous prostration,—hopes and fears alternately excited,—with which every medium is familiar, and now by impression, obtains communications from spirits purporting to come from Poe, Byron, and Burns.

Near the close of the year 1869, I had been then sitting every day for two months, without getting anything reliable or satisfactory. True my hand would shake, and write names and sentences, but I obtained nothing on which I could depend as evidence, and often thought it to be emanations from my own mind. I held disputes with some of her influences,—denied spirit: existence,—doubted their identity, and said to them:

"If you can give your names, you can also give unquestionable proof of your existence." They failed then but promised to do so soon. At this time my mind was uncommonly excitable,—could see phosphorescent lights in the dark, sometimes strange faces would momentarily appear before me, which I called phantasms, and attributed to my nervous condition.

On the evening of Dec. 30th, my daughter inquired if I had tried to write with a small horsehoe magnet we had? I replied, "No." Immediately took it, turned to the table, when I wrote, "Henry Greeley." At that moment I was taken with a violent pain in the side of my head and jaw. The pain was most intense. My daughter placed her hands on my head, and made a few passes, which relieved me. She took a seat a few feet from me, when I saw a fire-red light, nearly in the shape of a heart, directed over her left shoulder. At the same time, an influence, strange to her, began to exclaim in most profane language: "Where am I? How in—? I came I here? I must get out of this. Who says I shan't get out!" I asked the name.

"My name is Greeley Steele—is not that it? No—what was my name when over there? (meaning with me, as I supposed.) But, by G—J, I must get out of here."

spirit, which I do not doubt. I heard no more from him for a number of months. On inquiring what had become of him, was told that he was on the anxious seat, which may be true, provided they have such seats in spirit life, for when he returned, which he did last fall, there was a manifest change for the better. But though Greeley was gone, I was not relieved, as he was only one of a number. They continued to torment me,—filling my mind with most horrible thoughts. I became irritable; the most trifling thing would throw me off my balance, and I began to fear the dethronement of reason.

The last night of 1869, some trivial matter had disturbed my equilibrium. My brain seemed in a state of fermentation,—thoughts most frightful, temptations most horrid, chased each other through my brain in rapid succession. I tried again and again to control them, without avail, or only for a moment. On retiring for the night, I dreamed, most of all, to be left alone, fearing I should commit some crime ever after to be regretted. It made no difference whether my eyes were closed or open, the room was full of lights, and if ever a poor sinner at a Methodist revival, when psychologized by the priest, saw hell open to receive him, I did. I that night prayed to Thomas Paine for aid and help, it came. Before morning, a calm breeze had moved in. I became a refreshing sleep, and awoke with no traces of the scenes of the night before me, only as they were burned into my memory, and the horrors of the last night of 1869, will never be forgotten. I stopped sitting for a few months, and have not been troubled since.

Now, if this experience will awaken thought, or be the means of throwing any light on the laws of spiritual development, you are at liberty to publish it. I only regret being compelled to use so many pronouns in relating it.

Green Garden, Ill.

To Dr. E. B. Wheelock.

I read your article, "Harmony vs. Inharmony," with much interest. Whether it was or was not meant as an indirect reply to me and my position, is of no consequence; we are both alike interested to have and to hold the truth. I but obey the golden rule in referring to a portion of it in the manner I am about to. In the article I read:

"As the human mind shall rise above the rudimental, and enter the spiritual, less and less will grow the scenes of inharmony, and less and less will it blame the world, and vice versa. The more gross and rudimental the human mind, the greater is the inharmony that it sees. Put such a man in search of God, and his composition and thoughts would be well stored with scenes of horror, and pictures of misery."

I once knew a man whose moral brain, both benevolence and justice, was marked by L. N. Fowler—"six and one-third," in a scale of one to seven. He had an unusually clear and deep sense of harmony and inharmony, of good and evil in all their forms, and was equally sympathetic with the sufferer. In the last years of my acquaintance with him, he seldom, if ever, blamed any body.

I know a man whose moral brain is marked—"three." He has little sense of, and is very indifferent to, "scenes of horror and pictures of misery." It is no denying matter, that some gross minds look upon misery with a degree of unholly delight. But it is more often the bad, the heartless man, or the comparatively good, just and benevolent man, who has the clearest and deepest sense of all forms of evil, as well as of good? It can not be well to magnify either good or evil; either harmony or inharmony. Exact truth is wisest and best. I can not think that even blindness to inharmony results from a true growth of the soul, but its opposite. Nor can I think an Idea of God which forces us to such conclusions as I understand friend Wheelock to advance in the present article, to be true.

Two hundred years ago, the orthodox New Englander had a personal God, which, being infinite, most of a necessity be infinitely happy. Of course then, saints must be as near like him as possible. In their most popular poetry—I have a book of it before me—the mother in heaven is to feel no emotion other than joy on beholding her unbelieving son, daughter, husband, friend, or neighbor enduring the torments of hell. These good people could not have realized how much alike were their souls to their devils. Neither cared a jot for the sufferer. Both "rejoiced" on beholding him in suffering.

Am I—can I—be wrong in asserting that the more refined and spiritually elevated the soul, the more it must see and realize the inharmony that exists, and the more it will feel for, and sympathize with, a suffering soul? In every age, have not the best men been the most sensitive, and the most keenly alive to "scenes of horror and pictures of misery"? What ancient mind ever had a greater sense of inharmony than Jesus; or what modern than Wm. Lloyd Garrison? Jesus and Garrison are not samples of the "grotesque rudimental."

Friend Wheelock, if I have misunderstood the extract—I can not see it hardly possible that I have—or if you still think me in error, I invite you to correct me; while you write in love, do not fear to be personal. My self-esteem is full, but my desire for, and love of truth, is larger. I might be "gross rudimental"; and yet I know I am not willful or wicked. I never allow myself to feel ill, or to blame either gods or men. I would that you could step in and spend one hour, if not day, by my bed. I have never fully hinted at the amount of physical suffering I have endured in sixty years and over. Yet I think I have suffered as much, even more, in sympathy with a suffering race. For over thirty years I felt myself a part of the same. I have endured long with a world of wretchedness, discord, and poverty; have experienced much and deep joy; but this did not blind me to, or harden my heart against, the sufferings of the many who were really much worse off than I have ever been.

I confess to you that some comparatively good men seem to me to make cruelly light of inharmony, and the sufferings it brings. In such cases, I at once hope and pray that a more spiritual growth and a deeper experience may write a deeper compassion in the soul.

Should you tell me that each finite mind will rise above its own inharmony, and be so far removed from the inharmony of others as to nearly or quite forget it, and were I to admit such a pardonable, an infinite God could well become forgetful, or blind to, the suffering he has caused, and is causing. If a God, he does, or does not sympathize with the sufferer. It is not—I can not be—out of order or improper for one to seek to know whether the believers in an infinite God have or have not meant anything in calling their God "father and mother," and talking of his "love, pity and compassion."

Fraternally, A. K. WAT.

Stockholm, N. Y., April 2d, 1871. P. S.—I am at this time in more deep personal afflictions, but do not admit that this improperly affects my articles. I write to the reason of others, and ask all others to reply to my reason.

A. K.

Appreciative.

We are very much obliged to you, Brother Jones, for continuing to send the JOURNAL so long without payment, but am in hopes to send you a part, if not all of the bill soon.

G. H. LEWLAND.

Myrtleville, Mass. Remarks.—Such expressions of gratitude and good intentions we prize higher than we do gold and silver, or greenbacks, and yet the material aid is all-important to the success of any enterprise upon the material plane of life.

—Twenty Spiritualists send us a certificate recommending Samuel Smith, of Rockford, Ill., as a speaker and medium. We have no doubt he can well sustain himself in the capacity recommended by his friends.

NEW YORK.

Missionary Work in the Empire State.

To THE SPIRITUALISMS OF NEW YORK:

Believing the plan of Mass Conventions, conducted as they have been by missionaries in Michigan and Wisconsin, cause a means whereby more minds can be reached, and a greater good wrought out by the same force employed than by the more ordinary methods, we hope in resuming missionary labors with the return of more genial weather, to devote a good proportion of the summer to this object. Bro. George W. Taylor, of Collins, has consented to accompany us wherever arrangements are made and a call given for a two days' meeting, and the ability and spiritual culture which he will bring to the task, will render such gatherings memorable and of wide-spread influence for good, and ought to prove an incentive to more than ordinary effort toward the achievement of this purpose. As is well understood in this part of the State, where Bro. Taylor has addressed so many thousands, no speaker is capable of doing a better work, or leaves a more happy and lasting influence over an audience.

We have had many calls from the central and eastern portions of the State, which we have been unable to heed, but we shall expect to do so in the near future, and we should like to hear from other localities at once, and particularly where a meeting of the kind is desired, and proper facilities exist, that the time and order may be arranged and ample notice given. Where halls are not to be had, groves may be, and in the days of sunshine, we may hope for even better success under the leafy bough,—in the wide air where the spirit may find room."

Price-List of Books.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. All orders by mail, with the price of books and the additional amount mentioned in the following list of prices for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

Man and his relations, by Professor S. B. Brittain. Nature's Divine Revelations, by Andrew Jackson Davis. New Testament Miracles, by J. H. Fowler. Right Side of Nature, by G. W. D. ...

Rail-Roads.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Chicago and Northwestern Railroad—Omnibus Branch and Omaha Line—Depot North West street. Ticket Office, south-east corner of Clark and Lake streets. ...

DR. E. P. MILLER'S WORKS. The Cause of Exhausted Vitality, or Abuses of the Sexual Function. Cloth \$1.00, Postage, 12cts. ...

39,308 'CURES BY THE POSITIVE & NEGATIVE POWDERS. IN the following list, the total number of cures of different diseases, which have been performed by the Great Spiritual Remedy, PROF. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, is indicated by the figures which follow the name of the disease. ...



NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Contains no Lead Sulphur, no Sugar of Lead, no Litharge. No Nitrate of Silver, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-Destroying drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

ARCANA OF SPIRITUALISM.

A MANUAL OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. By Hudson Tuttle. This work embodies the results of the author's researches and experience during the past twenty years, and is, without doubt, the most thorough presentation of the subject of Modern Spiritualism before the public.

CONJUGAL SINS.

AGAINST THE LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH, AND THEIR EFFECT ON THE FATHER MOTHER AND CHILD. BY AUGUSTUS K. GARDNER, A. M., M. D. Late Professor of Diseases of Females and Chemical Medical Midwifery in the New York Medical College.

The Bible in India.

HINDOO ORIGIN OF Hebrew and Christian Revelation. TRANSLATED FROM "LA BIBLE DANS L'INDE," BY LOUIS JACQUILLON. EXTRACTS FROM AUTHOR'S PREFACE: "I come to show you humanly, after attaining the left side of speculative philosophy, of untrammeled reason on the venerable soil of India, was trampled and stifled by the state that substituted for intellectual life a semi-brute existence of dreaming impotence."

BLACK LIST.

HILL PAUL, Of Indianapolis, Ind., once \$4.00 for the Journal, as he confessed, but says he has to use his money to buy clothing, pay taxes, physician's bills, etc., and asks on assistance, and requests the paper be taken on credit for eighteen months. By and by he will settle himself, even as the Church to which he belongs has Spiritualism.

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON
Mediumship of A. J. Davis.
The following letters speak for themelves:
Dear Brother Davis--I am about to enter into a
discussion with Professor Braden, of Cambridge,
Mass., on the subject of the "Recantation" which
you made in 1852...

On another occasion Mr. Davis gives the investigation
of his interior researches, which I will next
quote from his autobiography, "The Magic Staff,"
published about fifteen years ago (1856)...

Mr. Davis has signified his disinclination to make
superficial replies to the various questions now
being agitated respecting his mediumship, spiritism,
and the source of his inspiration, and looks
to the editor of the Journal to do so...

Mr. Davis has signified his disinclination to make
superficial replies to the various questions now
being agitated respecting his mediumship, spiritism,
and the source of his inspiration, and looks
to the editor of the Journal to do so...

Mr. Davis has signified his disinclination to make
superficial replies to the various questions now
being agitated respecting his mediumship, spiritism,
and the source of his inspiration, and looks
to the editor of the Journal to do so...

Mr. Davis has signified his disinclination to make
superficial replies to the various questions now
being agitated respecting his mediumship, spiritism,
and the source of his inspiration, and looks
to the editor of the Journal to do so...

Mr. Davis has signified his disinclination to make
superficial replies to the various questions now
being agitated respecting his mediumship, spiritism,
and the source of his inspiration, and looks
to the editor of the Journal to do so...

earnestly desire to communicate to the world
something respecting geology or astronomy. If
this desire is intrinsic and useful, it will be
gratified. The superior condition is induced
above described--by a kind of semi-voluntary self-
abstraction...

This was written by Mr. Davis twenty-one years
ago, in 1850. The explanation, as here given by
him, of the modes operated, is here given by
him, of the modes operated, is here given by
him, of the modes operated...

On another occasion Mr. Davis gives the investigation
of his interior researches, which I will next
quote from his autobiography, "The Magic Staff,"
published about fifteen years ago (1856)...

Mr. Davis has signified his disinclination to make
superficial replies to the various questions now
being agitated respecting his mediumship, spiritism,
and the source of his inspiration, and looks
to the editor of the Journal to do so...

Mr. Davis has signified his disinclination to make
superficial replies to the various questions now
being agitated respecting his mediumship, spiritism,
and the source of his inspiration, and looks
to the editor of the Journal to do so...

Mr. Davis has signified his disinclination to make
superficial replies to the various questions now
being agitated respecting his mediumship, spiritism,
and the source of his inspiration, and looks
to the editor of the Journal to do so...

Mr. Davis has signified his disinclination to make
superficial replies to the various questions now
being agitated respecting his mediumship, spiritism,
and the source of his inspiration, and looks
to the editor of the Journal to do so...

"These wonderful artists gave to the people
of America a second performance, on Tuesday
night, to a fair audience. The exhibition is not
claimed by the Davenportes to be supernatural,
or the agency of spiritual power; but they do
not tell how the thing is done--of course not;
that would spoil their trade. But, looking at
the exhibition as the effect of natural causes,
cultivated ingenuity and sleight-of-hand merely,
it is no less wonderful and inexplicable by the
most sharp and vigilant scrutiny than if ascribed
to supra-mundane influences."

"The question asked, how are these men able
in so short a time--one minute by the watch
--to untie themselves, and again, in the twink-
ling of an eye, almost, to fasten themselves with
rope as before, cannot easily be solved by the
spectators. The fact of such tying and untieing
is patent to all, but the way it is done is still
a mystery to the uninitiated."

"The last scene--that of stripping off the
coat of Prof. Fay and putting on that of an
other person, while the Davenportes were sit-
ting ten feet distant, on each side, and held by
the persons selected for that purpose, together
with the throwing of the instruments in every
direction, as shown by the phosphoric light pre-
viously placed upon them--was the climax of
the marvels. We do not believe that Prof.
Fay threw these instruments. His hands were
tied behind, and his limbs in front, and the knots
of the rope were sealed with sealing-wax and
stamped, and on examination afterwards no
change was observable in the position of Mr.
Fay's hands or feet. Some imp of darkness,
whether mortal or otherwise, must have done
the work so rapidly executed, and not a man
tie to his position as was Mr. F. Such is our
opinion at least."

"For eighteen years have these men been
practicing these amazing feats of manipulation.
There is no machinery--none of the parapher-
nalia of the wizard or magician--no wires, no
concealed accomplices that have ever been
detected. They have performed before crowned
heads and inquisitorial and scientific conclaves,
but never yet have the secrets of their exhibi-
tion been discovered, and of course the public
are as much in the dark about it now as ever.
Many ascribe the operations of the Brothers to
demoniical influences, others think they are
spiritual manifestations, such as the hand seen
to write on the walls of Belshazzar's palace, as
recorded in the Bible, or the transmigration
scene, when Moses and Elias appeared to Christ,
and his three disciples, Peter, James, and John.
But to one who is conversant with the various
phases of spiritual phenomena, there is no iden-
tity between the latter and the former. The
communications of the mediums, revealing the
past, foretelling the future, and giving names,
dates and facts recognizable by the recipient,
are on a higher plane entirely, than any material
or physical phenomena which have been exhib-
ited here."

"If the Davenportes have accomplished nothing
else, they have certainly shown marvelous
ingenuity, and taught us to respect the capabil-
ities and powers which the Creator has bestowed
upon his rational creatures. They have also
confounded the wise in their own conceit and
given us this demonstration that 'There are
more things in heaven and earth than are
dreamed of in our philosophy.'"

AMUSEMENTS.
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.
Last week of the great Ravel-Martinetti Pan-
tomime Troupe. This Thursday, May 11th,
Jocko, Harvest Home, Ballet divertissement.
Can-can, by Dels and Ignacio Martinetti, aged
four and six years. Entire change on Friday.
Grand Matinee Saturday, Monday, May 13th,
1871, opening night of the famous Lydia Thomp-
son Burlesque Troupe. Lavish spectacle. Bur-
lesque of Lurline in Box Sheet now open for
the sale of Reserved Seats.

DEARBORN THEATRE.
Manning's Minstrels. The highly sensational,
very laughable, and exquisitely beautiful bur-
lesque with its wonderful Flying Palace, Gorgo-
neous Enchanted Cavern, Original Shoe Fly,
Trained Elephant, etc., entitled "Aladin." The
excursing sketch introducing the famous lec-
ture on Anatomy, entitled "The Examination."
Great Comic Quartette. Ricardo in new bal-
lads, etc. In active preparation, with everything
new, an original version of "Pocahontas."

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.
Another monster bill. Turkish Musical Cats.
An entire new tournament. "Elian Crystals.
Aegyptian Sphinx." Lavish spectacle. Bur-
lesque of Lurline in Box Sheet now open for
the sale of Reserved Seats.

PROF. HOWE'S
SEVEN-HOUR SYSTEM
of
GRAMMAR.
The writer of this useful book has had a practical ex-
perience in the art of teaching of upwards of thirty
years. He had long been impressed that a shorter
pathway to grammar than that which led through the
repeating subtleties of the text-books could be secured...

THE VOICES
Three Poems.
VOICE OF SUPERSTITION.
VOICE OF NATURE.
VOICE OF A PEBBLE.
By Warren Sumner Barlow.
THIS volume is starting in its originality of purpose,
and is destined to make deeper inroads among sectar-
ian bigots than any work that has hitherto appeared.

A WONDERFUL NEW BOOK.
JUST PUBLISHED.
STRANGE VISITORS!
A REMARKABLE volume, containing thirty-six original
and strikingly illustrated tales of the spirit world,
written by the late Professor William B. Ewald,
of New York. His review of
this book, published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL
JOURNAL, 1870, is 128 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.
Author. Subject.
Henry J. Raymond, Margaret Fuller, Literature in Spirit-Land.
Lord Byron, To his Accusers.
Nathaniel Hawthorne, Apparitions.
Wm. W. Thackeray, His Post Mortem Experience.
Archbishop Hughes, Two Natural Religions.
Edgar Allan Poe, The Lost Soul.
Jean Paul Richter, Hereditary Influences.
Charlotte Bronte, Agnes Reef. A Tale.
Elizabeth B. Browning, To Live Husband.
Mrs. G. A. Follen, In and out of Turbidity.
Lady Blessington, Distinguished Women.
Professor Olmsted, Locality of the Spirit-World.
Edmund Spenser, The Spirit-Land.
N. P. Willis, On Hand Sketches.
Margaret Fuller, In Spirit-Land.
Oliver Bowditch, Conversations on Art.
Edward Taylor, Sermons.
Frederick Bremer, Flight to My Starry Home.
Rev. Lyman Beecher, The Sabbath--Its Use.
Prof. George Burdick, Marriage in Spirit-Land.
Acting by Mrs. E. W. Phelps, Church of Christ.
A. Spirit Revivifying Bath.
Alone.
Earthquakes.
Naturalness of Spirit-Life.
Mormons.
Trance in Spirit-Life.
Painting in Spirit-Life.
Believing Song.
Prophecy.
The Planets.
Causes of Disease and Insanity.
The Spirit Bride.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.
Author. Subject.
Henry J. Raymond, Margaret Fuller, Literature in Spirit-Land.
Lord Byron, To his Accusers.
Nathaniel Hawthorne, Apparitions.
Wm. W. Thackeray, His Post Mortem Experience.
Archbishop Hughes, Two Natural Religions.
Edgar Allan Poe, The Lost Soul.
Jean Paul Richter, Hereditary Influences.
Charlotte Bronte, Agnes Reef. A Tale.
Elizabeth B. Browning, To Live Husband.
Mrs. G. A. Follen, In and out of Turbidity.
Lady Blessington, Distinguished Women.
Professor Olmsted, Locality of the Spirit-World.
Edmund Spenser, The Spirit-Land.
N. P. Willis, On Hand Sketches.
Margaret Fuller, In Spirit-Land.
Oliver Bowditch, Conversations on Art.
Edward Taylor, Sermons.
Frederick Bremer, Flight to My Starry Home.
Rev. Lyman Beecher, The Sabbath--Its Use.
Prof. George Burdick, Marriage in Spirit-Land.
Acting by Mrs. E. W. Phelps, Church of Christ.
A. Spirit Revivifying Bath.
Alone.
Earthquakes.
Naturalness of Spirit-Life.
Mormons.
Trance in Spirit-Life.
Painting in Spirit-Life.
Believing Song.
Prophecy.
The Planets.
Causes of Disease and Insanity.
The Spirit Bride.

A BOOK FOR WOMEN;
TALKS TO MY PATIENTS.
BY
MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M.D.
A book by a woman, for women, on the diseases of the sex.
The LIBERAL CHRISTIAN, speaking of the book says:
"After reading the whole of this book, we pronounce it
most interesting and excellent that we have ever had in
our hands. It is written for women; it is full of wise counsels
and suggestions regarding the very things in which so many
people most need assistance. It is a safe book for young
women to read for any body indeed, and it can be said of
very few books devoted to such subjects. There is not a
sentence in it that can be perverted or misused, so as to do
any harm. We wish the book could be read in every house-
hold in our country."
Harper's Magazine says:
"Of which the chapter 'Confidential to Mothers,' might
be published as a tract and sent to every Mother in the
land."
Mrs. Dr. Sales says:
"I would rather have written that book than been queen
of the greatest empire on this small globe of ours!"
Godey's Lady's Book says:
"This book treats in a thorough yet delicate manner of all
the diseases, curable, and incurable, of women. We do not
hesitate to say that it is the best book of its class we have yet
seen."

THE PATENT METALLIC
Clothes Mangle.
We now offer to the people of America one of the cheap-
est and most useful pieces of domestic machinery hitherto
brought before their notice. The Patent Mangle does away
with old-fashioned rollers.
Saves your time, labor and fire, and is so simple in its
construction that your child can manage it, and with a little
practice, mangle all the clothes in thirty minutes--regard-
less of the quantity or the old iron.
The Mangle will be packed and forwarded, etc., with in-
structions, to any part of the United States, on receipt of
\$2.00.
AGENTS WANTED.
RUFUS GOULD,
P. O. Box 773, Syracuse, N. Y.
vs 218 1/2.

SPURRIER HOUSE;
SIXTH AND MAIN STS.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
MOST CENTRALLY LOCATED.
(\$2.00 PER DAY.)
E. R. Spurrier & Co.
v10 n88.
ABRIDGED EDITION
OF THE
SPIRITUAL HARBOR.
PRICE--\$1.00. Postage 16 cents. For sale at the
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING
HOUSE,
187 & 199 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

New Books.
WM. WHITE & Co., 158 Washington
St., Boston, Mass., have just published:
"DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE."
Eight Clairvoyant Lectures on the Summer Land,
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,
With an Illustration Representing the Formation of
the Spiritual Body.
There is no more interesting and remarkable book in the
whole list of Spiritual Literature.
Read the following table of contents:

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE;
SCENES IN THE SUMMER-LAND;
SOCIETY IN THE SUMMER-LAND;
SOCIAL CENTER IN THE SUMMER-LAND;
WINTER LAND AND SUMMER-LAND;
LANGUAGE AND LIFE IN SUMMER-LAND;
MATERIAL WORK FOR SPIRITUAL WORKERS
ULTIMATES IN THE SUMMER-LAND;
VOICE FROM JAMES VOTER WILSON.
Bound hands and elegantly in cloth, 75 c.
The Trade supplied on liberal terms by the publishers,
WM. WHITE & CO., or the AMERICAN NEWS COMPAN-
Y, 119 Nassau-st., New York.

THE
Science of Evil;
OR
FIRST PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN ACTION.
BY JOEL MOODY.
THE SCIENCE OF EVIL is a book of radical and start-
ling thought. It gives a connected and logical statement of
the First Principles of Human Action, and clearly shows
that without Evil there can be neither Morals, Science,
Knowledge, or Human Action on earth. In fact, without
Evil, man could not exist. This work fully solves the rae-
son, and unveils the mystery of Evil, giving it a scientific
meaning, and shows it to be the power which moves the
MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL WORLD.
The book is a large 12 mo., of 243 pages, printed from
large clear type, on fine, heavy paper. Price, \$1.75; post-
age, 25 c.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILO-
SOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 & 199 S. Clark St.,
Chicago.

SECOND EDITION.
A WORK OF GREAT RESEARCH.
ONE RELIGION; MANY CREEDS.
BY ROSS WINANS.
"We object to what the Church demands, an unbounded
and unjustifiable confidence in the infallibility of the writ-
ings of Moses and the prophets, and the Evangelists and the
Apostles. We dissent from a sentimental attachment to an
impossible compound of God and man. We protest the
Christian theology, as we have it, is not taught by God him-
self, nor by Christ himself, nor is it consistent with estab-
lished facts, nor is it comprehensible by our reason. We
would show you that Christianity, as taught among us, is far
better than other systems taught in other than Christian
countries, and in some respects, not so good.
The historic part of the Bible, in relation to the creation
of the world, has its counterpart also in the several systems
of theology here mentioned. They all had their cosmogony
based on equally good authority and equally wide of the
truth, as that recorded in the Bible. The time and manner
of the creation, no man has ever known, or ever will know,
in this life; nor is such knowledge of importance in prepar-
ing us for the life to come.
This book is a large 12 mo., of nearly 400 pages, printed
on fine, heavy-tened paper, and is sold at much less than
the actual cost. Price, \$1.50; postage, 32 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILO-
SOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 & 199 S. Clark St., Chicago.

THE BIBLE IN THE BALANCE,
A Book for the Age and the Times,
and one that should be in the hands of every liberal
man and woman in the land.
You want it for your own instruction, that you may be
furnished with acknowledged authority to meet the ar-
guments of the theologian, historian, chronicler, and
scientific man with his own weapons.
It discusses the matter of Bible canon, versions,
translations and revisions with ability, citing none but
authors in the highest repute, and those that are above
criticism.
The book is printed in excellent style, 12 mo., on
new type and fine paper, with beautiful illustrations of
the mountains and mound-remains of the Mississippi Valley.
It is substantially bound in cloth and contains three
hundred and twenty pages.
The interest felt in the work is so great that orders were
received for nearly the whole of the first edition before
it was published, one copy having been received for
orders for over three hundred copies.
Price, \$1.50; postage, 30 cents.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.
Address: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,
187 & 199 S. Clark St., Chicago.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS;
OR
THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE
REVEALED TO MAN.
By the Spirit Guardians of
DAVID FORLESS.
A very entertaining and instructive little book. Price, 35
cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILO-
SOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 & 199 S. Clark St., Chicago.

MRS. MARIA M. KING'S WORKS.
THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, as discovered in the De-
velopment and Structure of the Universe; The Solar
System--Laws and Methods of its Development; Earth-
History of its Development; Evolution of the Spirit-
Universe. Price reduced to \$1.75; postage, 24 cents.
REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT LAND--Being Life Experi-
ences, Scenes, Incidents, and Conditions, Illustrations of
Spirit-Life and the Principles of the Spiritual Philosophy.
Price, \$1.00; postage, 16 cents.
SOCIAL EVILS: Their Causes and Cure--With a Brief
Discussion of the Social Status, with Reference to Methods
of Reform. Price, 35 cents; postage free.
THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY VS. DIABOLISM, in
two lectures. Price, 25 cents; postage free.
WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? and SHALL SPIRITUAL-
ISM HAVE A ORDE? In two lectures. Price, 25 cents;
postage free.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILO-
SOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 & 199 S. Clark St., Chicago.

SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY.
A SCIENTIFIC AND POPULAR EXPOSITION OF THE
FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS IN SOCIOLOGY.
BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.
The great interest now being felt in all subjects relating
to Human Development, will make this book of interest to
every one. Besides the information obtained by the per-
usal, the various diseases treated in the book are improv-
ing and giving higher direction and value to human life
can not be over-estimated.
This work contains the latest and most important dis-
coveries in the Anatomy and Physiology of the Sexes; ex-
plains the origin of Human Life; How and when Concep-
tion, Impregnation, and Conception occur; giving the laws
by which the number and sex of offspring are controlled,
and valuable information in regard to the gestation and
rearing of beautiful and healthy children. It is high-toned
and should be read by every family. With eighty fine en-
gravings.
This work has been rapidly passed through ten editions, and
the demand is constantly increasing. No such complete
and valuable work has ever before been issued from the
press. Price, \$2.00; postage 50 cts. For sale at the
Religio-Philosophical Journal Office, 187, and 199 S. Clark Street
Chicago.