

RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE, AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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Original Poetry.

CHRYSMUTATIO.

BY SARAH E. PALMER.

Death wears not off the angel robe
That charms e'en love's fond sighing;
Not oft we gaze with thankful hearts
To see our loved ones dying:
As best we can but sob and say,
Father, thy will be done!—
Not lift our heavy souls to see
Life's last, best victory won.
But sometimes through those mystic gates
Such gleams of sudden glory
Drift down the darkness, that our hearts,
Remembering faith's fond story,
Take rapid flight like birds at morn,
On wing for native heaven.—
We see through death our angel-born,
Nor heed the earth's riven.
And thus one night when tempest winds
Howled o'er the raging billow,
And earth was dark, a brother lay
Upon his dying pillow.
We knew his soul was entering through
The gates to fields Elysian;
We knew it by the enraptured gaze
That told of golden vision:
We knew it by the laboring breast—
The pale lips' painful quiver—
As trembling stayed his human feet
Beside the mystic river.
Our hearts were moaning like the wind,
Our tears like rain were falling;
We could not see the breaking day,
Nor list the angels' calling:
We only marked the falling breath,
The heart-beat's painful flutter,
And veiled our faces in a grief
Too deep for words to utter.
O bitter was that breaking weight!
Till through our mournful dwelling
A mystic sound of music swept,
Above the tempest swelling,—
Softer than summer's gentlest sigh
Where creamy buds are blowing,
O'er all our hearts those angel strains
Like silvery waves were flowing.
Our souls upon like chalice flowers
To greet the morning's breaking,
Lifted to that wondrous power,
From pained grief awaking:
And lo! the fluttering hair was still,
Inebred was its last faint sighing,
And o'er the pale dead face a smile
Of shadowed bliss was lying:
And on our souls a glorious awe,
Past speech or power of telling,
Held every sense in trance-like thrall
With sweetness all exelling,
And every heart-beat told the joy
The angel chorists chanted.
Almost we heard their rustling wings,—
The place was glory-haunted,—
Till heavenward rising, soft and sweet,
The night winds, wildly sobbing,
Closed o'er the song; we only heard
Our heart's tumultuous throbbing,
But gathering round the still, pale form,
We thought no more of sighing:
So near the star-gemmed portal seemed
We could not call it dying.
And from that night we gladly walk
And wait the signal given
That through the bursting bonds of earth
Unfolded gates of heaven,
A Clode, Mo.

From *The Medium and Daybreak, England.*
**PIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS AND OTHER
WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.**

By Emma Hardinge Britten.

STR.—It is some time since I have had the pleasure of communing with my spiritual ends and co-workers across the Atlantic, but owing the long and dangerous illness of my loved mother, together with the urgent and important duties of a public life have absorbed every moment of my time, my English friends and the sphere of labor so long and pleasantly occupied by myself amongst them have never ceased away from loving memory. In earnest of my undiminished interest in the field of Spiritualism, I herewith send a few spirit-photographs procured through the Mediumship of Mr. William Mumler, a view of which, together with the subjoined account of my seance with that gentleman, may interest visitors to the Progressive Library. About fortnight ago I called upon Mr. Mumler for sitting, impelled to do so by the remarkable accounts of tests furnished to me by reliable persons who had obtained through this channel unmistakable proofs of their spirit-friends' presence and identity. The result of my first sitting was the production of a female form, bending over me in the attitude of affection; but, although the spirit bears some resemblance to a dear departed friend, it is not sufficiently obvious to constitute a likeness. At my next sitting a large and remarkable looking head appeared on the negative, but ere the prints were taken I could not trace clearly any well-defined likeness. I remarked to Mr. Mumler that the negative appeared to present the appearance of some musical character, as there were indications of a lyre shadowed forth in the negative. Upon this Mr. Mumler immediately wrote on a slip of paper, backwards, the name of "Beethoven." When the prints were at length produced, they clearly showed the portrait of Beethoven hovering over me, and holding a faintly defined musical instrument in his hands, so placed as to present the shadow between my dress and the watch-chain which falls across it. Now, the circumstances which render the appearance of

the great musician upon my photograph singularly significant are these:—My principal occupation during my late residence in England was to write certain musical criticisms in which the life and works of Beethoven formed the chief theme of my analyses. The very last piece of musical writing which I executed was an essay on the Beethoven Centenary at Bonn, celebrated just as I was about to return to America. Whilst engaged in these writings, I have the best of reasons for believing that the spirit of the noble German was frequently with me, and by a variety of test-facts convinced me and others that he was interested in what I wrote, and not unfrequently suggested ideas or dictated corrections upon points of his life and musical intentions. The inspired and venerated spirit assured me, moreover, that he had constituted himself my musical guide, and purposed, in the bright communion of the better world, to reward my unbounded admiration of his character and compositions by assuming the office of my instructor. I think there must be several of my friends in London who will bear witness that I occasionally alluded to communications of the above named character from Beethoven, but I can most positively assert that I never mentioned them to anyone in America, and I am confident that Mr. Mumler neither knew anything of my musical writings in England nor that I was in the least interested in the appearance of Beethoven. These circumstances considered, I think the remarkable resemblance of the spirit-portrait to the well-known head of Beethoven may be taken as a striking and conclusive test of spirit-presence. A vast number of persons with whom I am well acquainted have received admirable portraits of their spirit friends from Mr. Mumler, and that when they themselves were strangers to him, and no possibility could exist of his procuring any likeness or knowledge of the spirit-friends represented.

The few pictures which accompany this article were chiefly taken for the persons who were unable to attend in person, but who, having sent their own photographs and complied with the conditions announced in the enclosed circular (*), have received portraits of their spirit-friends, just as true and faithful to life as those who have attended the sittings in person.

It is for the benefit of my friends, then, in England, and in the hope that some amongst them may be blessed by the wonderful phenomena of a spirit-portrait taken in this manner, that I send the accompanying specimens and the descriptive circular of the conditions to be observed.

Three (†) of the pictures I send are taken simply through the influence of distant psychology, and a photograph, the fourth (‡) is myself and the spirit of Beethoven, and the other two (§) are acquaintances of mine, who testify that the spirit-forms seen are accurate likenesses of beloved friends, not one of whom could by any possibility have been known to Mr. Mumler. It affords me especial pleasure to bear this unsought-for testimony to the truthfulness of a medium who, my English friends may remember, has been virulently assailed and publicly prosecuted, as well as persecuted by an infamous attack upon him in New York. Now, although Mr. Mumler was triumphantly acquitted of the charge of imposture, and the verity of the spiritual hypothesis remained as the only method of accounting for the production of his remarkable pictures, it seems to me eminently fit that we should

* CIRCULAR.—To those residing at a distance and wishing to obtain a spirit-photograph I would inform that I have been very successful in obtaining likenesses, by having simply a picture of the sitter, in taking a copy of which the angel form appears by the side of it. It is necessary for those who intend sending me to enclose their own card photograph or any one else's to whom the spirit-form desired was known or thought of, having a natural affinity for the law of love and affection, and to mention the day, the date, and the hour that said picture should be copied by me, calculating the time a week or ten days from the day that I should receive the order, so that the person of the picture would, at that time, concentrate his or her mind on the subject. The difference in time will be calculated by me. Particular attention is expected to this requirement, as much of the success of obtaining a strong and well-defined picture depends on the harmony of the Positive and Negative forces of the parties concerned. As it is seldom that I succeed in getting the spirit-form until I have taken a number of negatives (consuming both time and chemicals), I am obliged to fix the price at five dollars per half-dozen. These sending pictures to be copied must enclose at the same time the required amount.—Respectfully yours, WM. H. MUMLER, 170 West Springfield street, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

† No. 1 represents a full-size portrait of a gentleman, in an Oxford frame, resting on a low table. A tall and commanding spirit of benignant aspect, stands behind and to the one side. Her left arm rests on the top of a harp. She resembles Jenny Lind, when in her youthful prime. No. 2 is a group of photographs on a table, which have been sent to Mr. Mumler to have the related spirit-friends taken. In the background are nine or ten spirit-forms, but the group is not very distinct. No. 3 is a truly beautiful production. The spirit, that of a vivacious, slender girl, of twelve or fourteen years, with a beaming, spiritual countenance, stands by a table, on which she rests a small basket of flowers. On the table is the card portrait of a gentleman, which had been forwarded, and attracted this spirit.

‡ Many will be glad to see this very striking portrait of their much-respected friend. The attitude is pleasing, representing Mrs. Hardinge as engaged in reading a book on her lap, while the spirit stands over her, with an arm over each shoulder, and holding what appears to us to be a wreath in front of the sitter. Curious enough the shadow of this object appears under the chain that hangs from Mrs. Hardinge's breast. Through the kindness of Mrs. Wilkinson, we have seen the other photograph, on which a female spirit appears. In this instance Mrs. Hardinge looks upward, as she used to do on the platform before commencing her orations. These pictures excite grateful memories of pleasant by-gone times.

still continue to investigate a phenomena thus publicly assailed, and present all the cumulative evidence to the world which subsequent developments afford.

I must not omit to record, moreover, the wonderful phenomena which are now transpiring in the presence of Dr. Slade, the physical medium, of New York. In company with a friend, I visited Dr. Slade a few nights ago, and in a semi-darkened room, but still with a sufficient amount of light to read large print by, I saw several spirit-heads form, become brilliantly illuminated with small flashing lights, present themselves in dense white substance within a foot of where we sat, smile, nod, display the full proportions of the head, and then dissolve and melt away from our eyes.

One of these heads was that of a valued friend of my own—a lady whose appearance I could not mistake. She came twice—once as a bride veiled, and once with the full proportions of her sweet face openly displayed, as she last appeared to me a mortal like myself. Writing messages on a slate by the hands of spirits, playing the accordion in a similar way, and many other marvelous tokens of invisible intelligence, also occurred in Dr. Slade's presence; and the fact that these things are all done in the light, and that Dr. Slade affords his sitters the most incontrovertible proofs of his perfect candor and honesty, increases the value of his mediumship tenfold, and renders the phenomena produced in his presence very convincing to spectators.

Wonderful accounts have reached me through the most respectable and reliable sources of the marvels exhibited through the mediumship of a Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia, New York. A friend of mine, in whom I have the utmost confidence—a merchant of high standing, and a shrewd, keen observer—informs me that the perfect semblance of several of his deceased friends and kindred were shown him through Mrs. Andrews' mediumship. He saw the veritable head, gold spectacles, thin grey hair, necktie, and other slight but most significant tokens of identity, which, in the life that he thought was ended, had distinguished his grandfather.

A lady appeared and spoke to him. Face, form, and voice were those of the friend he had deemed dead; but to make assurance doubly sure, he requested her to turn her head so that he might behold again the dark curls for which, whilst on earth, she had been so much admired. The spirit moved her head slightly, and drew forward a mass of dark, shining curls, resembling precisely the appearance they presented in days of yore. Volumes might be filled with narratives of this kind, received from persons incapable of deception, and most unlikely to exaggerate or make mistakes. At present I have not witnessed any manifestations of spirit-forms materialized, except through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, of New York City, and those given in the manner described above; but are not such phenomena alone sufficient to stagger all our antiquated opinions on the subject of death, and open up to our view a completely new world of forces, powers, and even substances? Whilst the form I have loved, touched, handled, and known lies crumbling in the dust, a duplicate form stands before me in all the panoply of life, attired in the very garments that have perished out of being, and presenting all the tokens of real, dense substantiality that the body wore whilst its atoms yet cohered together! This spiritual substance, too, grows and dissolves at will, takes what form, and assumes what color its creator desires to show, and melts away again into the airy invisibility from whence it was gathered up, under the potent spell of a chemistry of which every earthly chemist is profoundly ignorant.

In view of such manifestations as these, dialectical and other self-constituted bodies of scientists may regret that they gave premature reports, and perceive that the law of spirit-communion must be gauged by all the senses before investigators are in a position to pronounce upon it. The leaders of public opinion elevated to professors' chairs will have a somewhat broader field of analysis to explore than "psychic force;" darkness will no more shield the impostor or mask the efforts of the honest; and we may confidently expect, as the next development of spirit-power, that we may walk and talk with the inhabitants of the better world with the same familiarity and open intercourse that we enjoyed whilst they were denizens of our own sphere. In concluding this Trans-atlantic waif, permit me to say that, so far as my own experience has gone, public interest in the doctrinal part of Spiritualism advances in steady proportion to the increase of phenomenal demonstrations. In Boston, for five successive weeks I have been greeted by audiences numbering over 3,000 persons. In the few surrounding towns and villages—districts to which my home duties have for the present limited my visits—the same abundant evidences of public interest have everywhere met me. I am at present lecturing in my old spiritual birthplace, New York City, where the large number of respectable strangers and ever-faithful friends of yore who crowd around me bring me the gratifying assurance that the proverbial instability of the American character does not apply in New York Spiritualism.

As there are none of the American spiritual papers personally interested enough in the English speaker's successes to make mention of them, I take this opportunity of informing my English friends that the public here are still as kind and demonstrative in their appreciation of me as ever; and, in fact, I do not know but that I owe to the obvious tokens of public favor that I receive, the editorial neglect with which I am honored. Spiritualism in the United States lives, flourishes, and increases. May the hungry multitudes of Eu-

rope find spiritual food and refreshment beneath the overarching boughs of the same mighty tree, is the prayer of your friend,
EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

Tests from Spirit Life.

BROTHER JONES:—The enclosed slip from the Cleveland *Sunday Voice* will, I think, be just the thing for the *JOURNAL*, as it comes from a disinterested source entirely outside the Spiritual Fraternity.
D. A. EDDY.

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 28, 1871.

Special correspondence *Sunday Voice*,
NEW YORK, Dec. 18.

"It never rains but it pours." This proverb is as applicable to justice as to anything else under the sun. Tweed bids fair to be in quite as undesirable a position as Connolly. He says that he can prove that he is entirely innocent of any charge of fraud, or complicity with fraud, that can be brought against him, and insists that the large fortune he has made within the last few years is the result of speculation—not peculation—and is also prepared, according to his own showing, to prove this last fact. Strange as it may seem, the great majority believe these statements; but this belief does not cause them to regard him with any more leniency. They say,

"He may not have taken for himself, but he has allowed others to steal, and has indirectly reaped the benefit thereof. His subordinates have feathered their nests pretty thoroughly, and he, as their chief, must be held responsible."

So out come twenty indictments against the unfortunate politician. One has been already served, and he is out on \$5,000 bail—and the avenging angels of the Gotham swindler are determined, so says rumor, to put the remaining nineteen through in the shortest possible space of time. The friends of the Tammany Sachem are looking glum.

Says one, "I don't believe in the scapegoat system, and that's what they're trying on Bill. All the real thieves will go scot free, and he, probably the most honest of the whole ring, will come to grief."

Says another, "I don't like these sudden storms of principle—they are apt to break far more heavily on the undeserving than on the guilty."

And so on. The popular impression seems to be that he is to suffer for the sins of others. His magnificent gift of last year has made him many staunch friends among the masses, and they stand up for him conscientiously.

The Spiritualistic excitement still continues. There is a professional medium, by name Dr. Slade, who is at the present occasioning great confusion in the ranks of anti-Spiritualists. You who read the New York papers cannot fail of seeing the different accounts given of his wonderful proceedings. They are almost too numerous to be believed. Of course, you have read all about the singular doings at Moravia. Although fully understanding that "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio," etc., and having been astonished a great many times in the course of my not uneventful life, some way I did not exactly credit the statement in reference to the apparitions said to appear there.

As if to give the lie to my skepticism, I received a few days ago an invitation to visit the house of Dr. Slade, No. 218 West 43d St., for the purpose of beholding spirit faces. I didn't believe I should see anything more than I had seen a hundred times before; but went. The paraphernalia ordered by the medium was a very innocent piece of black cambric, suspended in front of the table by a tow string. An aperture of about six by ten inches was made in the upper part of the improvised curtain. We all seated ourselves—Dr. Slade, a lady connected with the staff of one of our dailies, and your correspondent, at the table, after having previously examined everything in the room at the particular request of the medium. There was not the slightest chance of humbug or chicanery of any kind. There was no cabinet, no closet, no nothing, but a couple of yards of black cambric with a hole cut in it.

The gas burned dimly for about three minutes and then it was ordered turned out; Dr. Slade sitting quietly by our sides with both hands on the table. That moment I saw a form glide from the opposite corner, and then a hand appeared at the aperture holding a white rose or japonica, I could not tell which. After a moment it vanished; I then said, "What was that flower? could you tell?" It immediately returned, and I found it was a rose. Then came a slight mist, and then, as sure as I live, the face of a young lady friend, who passed away almost four years ago. It was radiantly beautiful, and my recognition of her was so perfect and instantaneous, that for a moment I could hardly keep from fainting. She bowed and smiled, and tried to speak. I said,

"Cass, Cass! my dear child, can it be?" She smiled and bowed, and pointed to her head. What she had there I was unable to make out, although the head was repeatedly bent in the endeavor to make me understand. After this the face of an old gentleman came quite as distinctly as the other, and was immediately recognized by my companion as her grandfather. What do I make of it? Don't know; I can only tell you what I saw, and what hundreds of our most reliable citizens have seen, and are ready to make affidavit to, if necessary.

I may say without exaggeration that I have received upward of a hundred letters from the east, west, north, and south, and each one containing the following question, "Did Mr. Beecher, or the church, order the table removed?"

Not a bit of it; as a church, Plymouth is ahead. There are hosts of avowed Spiritualists connected with this church; and Mr. Beecher knew it when he welcomed them to the fold. The fact was, the reporters found that they were unable to perform their tasks with either ease or accuracy. The manifestations were attracting crowds of the curious, and every motion was anxiously waited for by the sensation loving multitude. To your correspondent personally, it became altogether unbearable, and was almost as obnoxious to the other ladies.

One week ago last Sunday morning the table behaved so outrageously, (that's the word) and the knocks were so loud on the platform, that at the conclusion of the service we were obliged to confess ourselves beaten, and order the table taken out. Now we write our reports on the Plymouth collection. I clutch my hymn book frantically, expecting every moment that it will be snatched from my hands; but up to date we have been left in peace—there, that's all I know about it.

From the Winona (Minn.) Republican.

HUXLEY AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

That Eminent Scientist Catches an American Tartar in a Winona Defender of the Faith.

You've been pulling the hair and tweaking the noses of us sensitive Spiritualists.—When? Why in your issue of the 11th inst. It seems you thought we were of no account in these diggings, and that you could give Spiritualism raps over the knuckles in return for its raps on the tables, chairs, head-boards of our sleeping-couches, and every other locality accessible to their finger-ends; and as if you could n't vent sufficient contemptuously toward the pestiferousness of that twenty-three year old humbug, so called, you must suborn the dewy protoplasmic popularity of that scientist, Tom Huxley, who, from his confessed ignorance of the whole subject, decides it to be a humbug, and carries more weight (with analogous mentality) than seven millions of such men as Drs. Hare, Brittan, Hallock, Dexter, Grey, Dake, Winchester, and hundreds of others on our side of the water, with the late Drs. Elliottson, Ashburner, Professors Crookes, Varley, Wallace, and a noble list of others, too numerous for detail, on the other; all of whom can render a reason from thorough investigation of its manifestations.

Wonder if wisdom won't die when Huxley does, and all progress settle back to foggism? Well, 'tis funny, decidedly, to witness the carcerous of human affections under the diverse and conflicting influences that beset us!

You seem to think you and Huxley can frown or scowl Spiritualism out of time and out of mind; but, gents, *see*, the hospitable entertainers of its glorious philosophy, believe it has come to stay, in spite of all opposition from the most concentrated foggism in existence. But we can put you in possession of a scheme of testing your success at the cry of "humbug," and the scowls of bigots, with every other conceivable device you may be able to scare up; and that is, to parade every opponent of its being what itself claims to be, upon the levee along the Mississippi in front of the city, and let every soul of such who are fully satisfied of its being an unmitigable humbug, commence to ridicule the old daddy of the flowing water, saying: "Come, now, old chap! ain't you aware how foolish it is to be always flowing southward?" Let these people summon every educational prejudice, fanatical idea of the devil's being the prime instigator of its movement in that direction; tell him that Prof. Huxley, a great and fresh savant recently come to notice in old England, of wondrous authority, may, in the strange vicissitudes of occurring events, decide his view in that direction to be a piece of contemptible humbuggery, and perfectly unworthy of serious notice; and should the Professor once give such a decision—he being a leading scientist, especially on protoplasm's being the basic seat of life—your fair fame as the "father of waters" would become null and void and of no effect.

And now, if all the devices made use of on the occasion we have suggested—scowls, contentiosities, cries of "humbug," "devil in't," charlatany, and the hue and cry of editors, D. D.'s, M. D.'s, priests, lawyers, fashionability of churches, etc., put into grand action for reversing the mighty current of the Mrs. Seip., would prove a *non sequitur*, you can judge of the result of similar action upon the great "humbug," Spiritualism; for, be it known to the sagacity of the corps editorial of *The Winona Republican*, that the said "humbug" is just as surely the mighty flow of Life's unfoldings as the flowing waters of that great river are the results of gravitation. But, gentlemen, editors, and scientists, you must hurry up if you expect to kill Spiritualism with sneers, jibes, jokes, contentiosities, scowls, inuendoes, or anything on that line, for you'll find it a full *Summer's work*. It has got to be a mighty hum—or rather snapping—bug. It has been through the killing mill every year since the young Foxes invented it at Hydesville, New York, and for some valid excuse it won't stay killed. Every time it has passed through that ordeal we have observed it to rise from its ashes with increased vigor, and its killers, sink into *oblivion*. Gentlemen, your most respectful correspondent is an old pensioner back of the Lake. J. R. ROBINSON.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—*Nature's Hair Restorative* brings back the original color. It is not a dye, and clear as crystal. Contains nothing injurious. See advertisement.

The Rostrum.

Closing Address of D. W. Hull in debate with Dr. Morron, in Massachusetts.

Having now finished up our six evenings' discussion, let us take a retrospect of the work which has been done.

In my first speech, I referred to the raps produced in the presence of the Fox girls. These raps claimed that they were produced by the spirit of one Charles B. Rasmu, who had been murdered five years before, and buried in the cellar. I proposed to stake the whole issue upon these raps. It is now almost twenty-four years since those raps were first produced, and up to this time no explanation has been made of them.

Even admitting that there was no intelligence manifest, an explanation is due. But the raps went further: they spelled out names and dates and other circumstances, and here was a manifest intelligence. Even admitting that each piece of information, furnished by the spirit, was a falsehood, there is an intelligence manifest. But I showed you that everything that was claimed by the raps were true. (1) That investigation proved that such a man did stop at Mr. Bell's at the time claimed, who never was afterwards seen. (2) That upon digging in the cellar, human bones were found. And here is the first point my friend sees fit to tackle. On this he takes two positions, and when I came to hold them up for the amusement of the audience, like the man who swore the horse was seventeen feet high, because he said so, when he intended to say he was seventeen hands high, he tries to stick to it, by throwing a part of the blame on Robert Dale Owen. These two positions were as follows: (1) Whilst they were looking in the canal for the peddler, he turned up alive and well "and they all went home pretty well satisfied that whatever it was, it was not the soul of the peddler."

You all recollect how Brother Morron's friends applauded him when he told this story. But what seemed the strangest, was that they as fully endorsed a contradictory statement made in the same speech, and in such close proximity, I cannot see how they forgot the one long enough to laugh at the other. It was this:

(2) "Upon inquiry, it was found there never was such a man in the country as Charles B. Rasmu."

There, if that don't knock my argument, what does? In the first place, Charles B. Rasmu was alive and well; and, in the second place, there never was such a man. But Bro. Morron is sure he is right, and if you don't believe him, just do the thing that you had expected him to do, write to Squire Mason. Why did he not have his certificate here? But notice how particular he is. He wants you to write Squire Mason; why not some one else? O, he has been there, and he knows Squire Mason will tell his side of the story which he is not sure that any one else would do.

I next referred to the instrument constructed by Prof. Hare, which he thought would explain the mundane origin of spirit phenomena, and which finally was the means of converting him over to the belief of a future-life. Here was no dreamer—he had withstood the battery of a thousand pulpits. But Spiritualism came with its evidence of a hereafter which Hare was compelled to embrace. The manifestations produced in his presence have never yet been explained, although he faithfully pleads for a scientific investigation of the phenomena. I have called my friend's attention to this argument in almost every speech during the six evenings we have been together. Up to this time he has attempted no explanation, and it is now too late for any.

In the next place I called his attention to Home's manifestations in the presence of three of the ablest scientists of the world—Prof. Crookes, Sergeant Cox, and Dr. Huggins. Home knew nothing of the apparatus which had been constructed for the purpose, till he was ushered in the presence of these scholarly men. But it was found that two of Home's fingers over the fulcrum would weigh four such bodies as Prof. Crookes' at the end of the lever; one end of this lever being put in a basin of water. Home had the same manifestations simply by putting his hand on another part of the basin. The accordion also discoursed sweet music in Home's presence, without coming in physical contact with anyone present. But my friend won't say a word on the subject. He came here to answer my arguments, but in most cases has not even attempted a reply.

I then called his attention to the admissions of Horace Greeley and Prof. Varley, to which, also, he paid no attention. Greeley says he has known writing to come on paper without any aid from persons present. My friend will not tell how it came there. Prof. Varley says that he has known a table to be suspended in air several seconds; what did it? My friend is sure that Spiritualism is all a humbug. In Heaven's name why does he not expose it if it is? I, myself, have in the presence of Dr. Slade seen a table suspended whilst I deliberately counted fifty. What did it?

I then referred to the case of Moses Hull and Mrs. Moliere. Henry C. Wright's name came on her arm at the National Convention, last year. My brother was sure she wrote it there; had he tried to again under unfavorable conditions, and, as any one who thinks on the subject would expect, she failed. By her invitation, he called on her, at her house, at Toledo, Ohio, where, after a two hours' sitting, in which he held her hands all the time, she had names and Odd Fellow signs come on her arms, back of her neck, and between the shoulders, where he knew she could not write, even if her hands were free. It is something to stake one's reputation as an Odd Fellow, yet when Moses Hull makes the statement he does, he is giving the evidence which Odd Fellows will appreciate, to a class of people to whom he is morally bound not to deceive. Moses Hull was prejudiced, and, therefore, his evidence is the best kind of evidence. Here I did succeed in getting my friend, Mr. Morron to notice this one point. He took the position that Henry C. Wright was not dead at this time (assuming that I referred to my brother's conversion to Spiritualism) but when I showed that he had died in August, and this transpired in September, he had no more to say on the matter.

Here my friend took a position that these manifestations were not produced by spirits, but could not be had without. I asked him how he knew? This argument is worth just as much against his Bible as against Spiritualism. How does God or angels operate without a nervous system? But my friend admits that he can magnetize an individual, and make him tell his thoughts. How does he do it? "O, there is a nervous fluid," he says, "passing from one to the other." Of course, there is!

and that nerve fluid is under spirit control. At this point I showed that all power inheres in spirit,—that the most powerful forces are produced by the most sublimated matter,—that in and of ourselves we should have no power if it were not exercised by our spirits in control of our organisms. I then took the position that spirits had bodies, and, consequently, nervous systems which they controlled.

Seeing his failure here, he next took the position that it was impossible for spirits to handle material objects without material bodies. I referred him to his Bible, in which it was claimed that the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre by angels, and where we are told that we shall play upon harps of gold, and sit on golden thrones, and were the tribes of the earth are to bring their wheat, corn and perfumery, to enrich the store-houses of immortal spirits, and that little spirit children will be born there who will play with lions, bears, snakes, catapitres, and other beautiful pets.

I then introduced my argument on the Jehovah, God of the Bible, and showed, in the first place, that the root word *de*, from which we have derived our words, *Deity*, *Deed*, *Denon*; *Divine*, spirits; and that *Theos* originally signified to run, and was ascribed to planets who were supposed to be inspired with the souls of persons who at once lived on the earth. These titles all had reference to spirits, and in these days there was no name expressive of any higher intelligences. I then took up the word *Elohim*, and found it expressive of a plurality of gods. The original Arabic word, *El*, or *Alah*, had reference to spirits of the departed. I traced these gods through the Bible, and found no power in one above another; but all were co-ordinate. That Jehovah and Adonai formed an alliance between them, offensive and defensive against the gods of other tribes, that Jehovah was impatient, as a man of war; and that he had no control over his temper, and dare not trust himself to go up with the children of Israel, for fear he might get into a passion, and do that which he should be sorry for in his more deliberate moments; and that Moses changed his mind, by telling him something which he did not know before, and that when some one told him about the tower of Babel, they had been in the habit of playing such pranks upon each other up there, that he could not believe them till he came down to see for himself. Had he been clairvoyant, he could have seen without coming down, but as it was, he could not risk his clairvoyance, and had to make sure of the matter for himself. All these evidences prove that Jehovah was a finite being, and hence, an undeveloped spirit. Take into consideration the sharp trade which Jacob, true to his Jewish character, drove with him. He was to give Jacob all the food, raiment, and other things he might want, and Jacob, in return, was to give the tithes of all he possessed (that is one-tenth of what is left) back to the Lord, to pay him. But, if he had not done it, Jacob would have found another customer who would. Was this anything more than a spirit?

Now look at the word *God*. I take the position that, in nearly every instance where it is referred to in the Bible, it simi ly means a spirit. Hence, Jesus called the Pharisees Gods. And when the woman of Endor "saw Gods ascending out of the earth," it proved to be the spirit of Samuel. In those days, I showed that the people were in the habit of deifying their dead, and I referred to Matthew 17th, where Peter wanted to make three tabernacles, one for Jesus, one for Moses, and one for Elias, so he could go in either one, and worship the spirit. I referred you also to Revelations, xix, 8, 9, where he fell down at the feet of an angel to worship him, but was prohibited. I also showed that every communication which they received from their Jehovah-God was received in a dark circle-room, called "The Sanctuary," and that they could get no direct communication from Him; it was only such questions as could be answered by a "yes" or "no," that were answered at all, and that it was claimed that the Lord dwells in "thick darkness," because he cannot manifest in the light.

On this point my friend sallied, last night, and went into a learned argument on the subject of demons, all of which I have admitted this evening, and carried my argument still further, and established my position, that the Gods of the Bible were spirits. He admits that the Gods of the heathens were spirits; I have proven that there were no other kind recognized in the Hebrew dispensation. Why does he not show that I am incorrect? I then made another argument on the control of Elijah, the prophet. I showed that it was promised that Elijah's spirit should come, and when the spirit talked with Elizabeth, he told her that her son was to be a medium, who was to speak under the control of Elijah, the prophet, and that John himself acknowledges that he is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness;" that is to say some spirit uses his voice to preach with. But my friend has paid no kind of attention to this fact. He says he does not want to go to ancient manifestations. But I told him that Jesus promised that we should do the same things that he did, and he should not find fault with us for fulfilling his scripture for him. He referred to the Woodstock manifestations, where billets of wood went to bed, guns were fired off, a part of earth burned, etc., and claims that an individual, called Funny Joe Collins, did it. In reply to this I asked:

(1) If Joe Collins did this, what evidence had he that he was not a medium, and did it by virtue of his mediumship.

(2) Is there any evidence to prove that Joe Collins did this?

(3) If this explains modern Spiritualism, does it not also explain the Bible. Every argument my friend has made against Spiritualism has been made equally against the Bible. But my friend, up to this date has not answered these questions.

On the manifestations in the Wesley family I did draw my friend out. He quotes Dr. Priestley, who thought it was all a trick. Dr. Priestley did not tell who did the mischief—he only simply gave his opinion, which was worth no more than any other man's opinion. John Wesley, who was there a part of the time, does not believe there was any trick about. But my friend denies my quotation as it is not found in Wesley's notes. Nobody has claimed it was. I have told him over and over again that it was in the *Arminian Magazine*. The Wesley family all believed it was something supernatural, and so did Dr. Adam Clarke, whose testimony I have read to you here.

But then there was Elizabeth Hobson that I referred to, which my friend will not touch. The evidence is incontrovertible that Wesley had frequent seances with this lady, and the utmost faith in her mediumship. Wesley says he has no right to deny that she saw and talked with spirits, and that she feared God from her youth up. She saw a number of spirits at the very hour of their death, when their bodies were thousands of miles away. Read Wesley's Journal, pp. 379—384, where he gives us abundant evidence in favor of Spiritualism. I then called his attention to spirit photography. He was sure Mummur was a humbug; but he would not tell you where the humbug

*Rev. xx, 4; xxi, 24. Is. lx, 3-11; lxvi, 12; xl, 6-9. *Psalms, cx. l. *Judges, i, 19. *Gen. xli, 2-7. *Numbers, xiv, 19-21; Ex. xxxiii, 9-14. *Gen. xi, 3-7. *Gen. xxviii, 30-22. *1 John, x, 34. *1 Sam. xxviii, 13.

came in. In the testimony produced at the trial of Mummur, there is nothing which casts a shade of suspicion on him. A mother recognizes the spirit-likeness of her son, who had been killed in the war; others recognized their testifies to his wife's likeness—she, standing behind him, with one hand in the front of him, holding a bouquet. I asked my friend how the picture was produced in that way? He won't tell you. I then told him how he might make \$5,000—that that sum was offered to any one who would expose Madison Delorty, who was now taking spirit-pictures at Indianapolis. But he doesn't say he will do it.

My friend's best argument is "jugglery." All he has to do when I have made an argument, is to say "jugglery," and he thinks he has answered you. Why you could learn your parrot to say that, just as easy as to say, "pretty Polly," and then you could put her on the rostrum to debate. She can put the time in, saying, "jugglery." I have showed that the manifestations were the same as those produced in the Bible times; that people speak with tongues, just as they did in the 2nd chapter of Acts, and each time I have been answered by the words, "jugglery," or a bar-room story, which will make his part of the audience laugh, and quiet their consciences, in their warfare against the angel world.

Some of these stories were told to prove the unreliability of spirit communication. He found that spirits came, purporting to be spirits of persons who were afterward found to be alive.

To balance this, I showed him that the same rule would throw out all of his Bible, for on many occasions spirits came back to the old prophets, professing to be the Almighty.

These old prophets received communications from what purported to be the Lord, and they had all the faith in the world in them, but afterward they see their mistake, and we hear Jeremiah say, "O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived."

Now, Jeremiah was simply mistaken. The Lord never deceived him. The trouble was, he had too much credulity, and believed everything he heard from the other side.

Ezekiel says, "If a prophet be deceived. * * * * * I the Lord have deceived that prophet. * * * * * and I will destroy him."

Does my friend believe that the Lord will be guilty of any such petty meanness as that? The Bible is full of failures. The very fact that there is a counterfeit on Spiritualism, proves that it is worth something. Men do not counterfeit copper coin—it is too cheap. My friend's objections are worse against the Bible than against Spiritualism.

Bro. Morron has not said a word about the Maquoketa manifestation, although I have frequently called his attention to it. A spirit, whom no one present had ever heard of, comes to a circle in Maquoketa, Iowa, says she has a little girl at a certain place in Illinois, and wishes them to hunt her up, which they do, finding her with the persons described by the spirit. I have read here the sworn testimony of several witnesses to this affair. Not one of them had previously ever heard of such a person as the spirit claimed to be, and they learned nothing of the affair of her death, of the whereabouts of her child, or its name, until they received it from the spirit; this, with the numerous sealed letters, E. V. Wilson's tests, and other phenomena, he passes by in silence, or a coarse bar-room story.

Last night, however, my friend saw fit to attack the Spiritualists. Here he made a sad mistake. There is no point upon which the clergy are so tender, as this social question. I read evidences of ten delinquencies, and told you that I had about thirty more which I might read—cases where men ran away with other men's wives and daughters, or did some other meanness. I did not blame their religion for it, but the American pulpit actually comes out and says these sins of sensuality, "are the most execrable that the clergy can commit." I am not going to say that the church makes a man any worse than he otherwise would be, but somehow some monstrous mean men get into the churches, and what is worse, you see them fishing for high places so often, that it is natural to associate the title of "Reverend" with something contemptible and mean.

Friends, when Bro. Morron sums up his testimony we are done. Weigh what you have heard, and act accordingly.

Thanking you for your kind attention, I now submit the question, and rest the case with you.

* Jer. xx, 7. * Ezek. xlii, 9.

Letter from Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Having in a measure recovered from my recent severe attack of pleurisy, I am contributing my mite, as my strength and this inclement season will allow, to the cause so dear and important to us all. And I have to report in this city a most respectful and attentive congregation, which has steadily increased since the opening of our meeting; and the revival of interest has been such that Elder J. Z. Taylor, of the Campbellite Church, commenced a course of lectures last Sunday night on "The Modern forms of Infidelity," in which he included "Spiritualism." But he did "not intend to direct his exposition of Spiritualism against the lady"—he "had not heard her and did not wish to"—he "knew of some good, honest people, who were Spiritualists"—and he "could be very tender with weak people"! He "thought last summer that Spiritualism had demolished or killed itself, and withdrew his intended course of lectures—but now he had concluded to go on with it"—and next Sunday night he will pronounce final sentence upon this Nazareth. We will keep you advised. There is now a fine prospect for continuous lectures here, and the few friends propose a Business Organization by which expenses may be met, and keep the meetings free to all.

I am the guest of a noble lady, and philanthropist, who distinguished herself during the war, in ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers, and conducting an Orphan's Home, from which she has sent out two hundred and sixty homeless children, picked up by her in every condition of suffering and destitution—some actually starving and dying in the woods, where she found them, and took them to her motherly protection. Free from that narrow sectional spirit, which has left its traces upon many a gilded character, she made no distinction between North and South. These were children—helpless babes, and innocent of crime. Orphaned, homeless, and left to die, Mrs. Mary Phelps, wife of Hon. J. S. Phelps, member of Congress, was the ministering angel to save these banished, dying lambs. In her home she fed, clothed, and taught them—giving them a practical, industrial education—and sending them out, well trained and fitted for good responsible situations in life, an honor to themselves and their country—and more than all, a testimony to the sterling ability of this noble, self-sacrificing woman. Some of these girls and boys remain

in this locality, respected and beloved, and while here, it has been refreshing to me to witness their attachment to their foster-mother, who still watches over their morals, and works for their interest, with the zeal and devotion of a consecrated life. This generous, sympathizing lady invited me in my convalescence to her quiet room—and here, with her unostentatious hospitality providing for me every comfort, in this inclement season, has my life been strengthened, and my usefulness in the great work lengthened, at least, for a brief season. I must not omit to state that in addition to her work for the orphans, this lady turned her house into a hospital for a time, and of two hundred sick and wounded soldiers committed to her care, not one died. At her board numerous refugees were fed, and a lodging provided, until some permanent relief could be obtained—and thus has her name become a sweet and sacred memory with the scattered recipients of her charities; and not a State in the Union but holds in some grateful heart its priceless testimony to her worth.

At the recent Convention of the "American Association," so called, "of Spiritualist" (?) Mrs. Phelps was present, having risked the expense of a long journey for the specific object of presenting to that Association her most valuable aid, in organizing at the Home, now vacated as an Orphan School, an Industrial School, to be conducted on the plan of alternating mental and manual education; and thus fit the students for a truly practical and self-supporting position in life upon leaving the school. As Mrs. S. is a practical Spiritualist, she hoped to secure a liberal audience to her views, and a hearty co-operation in the enterprise. But strange to say, while the subject of Lyceums, and the Education of the rising generation, had been made paramount, as the object of the Convention, this eminent lady could not be granted a hearing in the Troy Convention! The "Woman Suffrage" question, which had no more to do with the advertisement of this Convention and its proposed objects, than it has to do with a Temperance Meeting and its professed objects, was suffered to rule out entirely so important and vital a reform as Mrs. P. proposed. And having previously absorbed the identity of speakers and societies in the lyceum claim, we are now puzzled anew to find one of our most eminent and capable, as well as most generous and practical advocates of progressive education, herself a Spiritualist, not even permitted to present her very liberal offer, at a Convention, ostensibly called with a view to the same, or a similar object!

The retiring President of that Association was personally notified of Mrs. Phelps' presence and the express object of her attendance; and we may well ask on what ground was so valuable an opportunity lost to the objects of the Convention? It is now more than evident that for the living, practical issues of Spiritualism, we have no support in that Association—but I truly and earnestly hope that our devoted Sister Phelps will meet a hearty co-operation from the independent and liberal thinkers of the day—and do not doubt she may prove a host within herself, and accomplish her work far better, unfettered by the apathy or promises of any Association—except it be the State Legislature. With a fair and impartial understanding of the needs of the masses, and the sincerity and honesty of our liberal and unsectarian workers, these Legislatures may sooner take up the patronage of Industrial and Reformatory Schools than any partisan Association, and would it not prove a far more profitable investment in the end, to patronize such an enterprise at once, and thus command the co-operation in time, which every true reform is sure to win. There can be little doubt that a well-conducted Industrial School on the plan of Mrs. Phelps, would receive a large patronage, and secure marked favor from the State influence, and why should not such schools receive endowments and appropriations from the State Treasuries as well as Railroad Corporations and the like? Springfield, Mo., Dec. 27, 1871.

Letter from W. W. Robinson.

BROTHER JONES.—I am in arrears for the JOURNAL since June last, and have regretted much my inability to send you money sooner; not only on account of my strong desire to assist you in the time of your great need, but as an act of justice to you and myself.

I have been very unfortunate in my business this season, but still have strong faith in "the good time coming." You will find, herewith inclosed, three dollars to apply on my subscription, which will enable me to read the favorite old JOURNAL for some months to come with a clear conscience.

In the meantime I intend to be able to send you some more money, for "be it known to all men," and Brother Jones in particular, that I must have the JOURNAL as long as I have eyes to read and can raise the omnipotent dollar. I am highly pleased to see that Brother Francis still waves. When I first saw the many startling statements in the orthodox papers, that their God had been around and set fire to Chicago, and burned the principal part of the city, I thought Brother Francis must certainly be a "goner." I suppose that if their God had fallen into one of his old-time, jealous and angry fits, and fired Chicago, one of the first points to which he would apply the torch, would be, as a matter of course, the point of Brother F.'s coat tail; but was it not a clever joke that while Francis was diligently searching for a God, this one should slip around and fire his headquarters.

Perhaps Brother Francis don't see where the laugh comes in—I do. I think I can see this angry Deity looking as much aghast at the result of his hasty act, when he sees his own houses, built and ornamented by his devoted and pretented worshippers, enveloped in the flames, as the Dutchman did after setting fire to his hornet's nest, and I think I hear him, this God, making a similar appropriate remark. The hornets had built their nest in the Dutchman's barn, near the entrance; they had annoyed the Dutchman for a length of time, by buzzing their challenges about his ears whenever he entered the barn, till a warm day in a very dry time, on entering the barn, he received a thrust from one of them on the point of his nose. Hans' ire was raised to the highest pitch; he declared immediate and total extermination, seized a wisp of straw, applied a lighted match, and cast the wisp under the nest. Well, the nest and the hornets were destroyed; but the fire immediately caught the light combustibles which the barn contained, and in a moment the whole structure was enveloped in flames. Hans barely had time to secure an outside view of the show, where he stood aghast at the result of his hasty, angry action. With his left hand gently caressing his badly stung proboscis, his right under his old hat, meditatively scratching his reflective organs, he gave utterance to the following profound and solemn soliloquy: "Dunder! dat ish bad! Hans, I pelief you ish one tam fool."

I am really starving for the perusal of a number of the books you advertise, and trust that ere long I shall be able to send for some of them.

Cataret, Wis., Dec. 11, 1871.

Voices from the People.

STARFIELD, ILL.—T. J. Moore writes.—One hopeful sign I have just seen of the decay of orthodox Christianity, in the "People's Journal," by Zeigler & McCurdy, of Cincinnati, which says: "In one year the Congregationalists have lost one hundred ministers by their entering semi-ministerial (what is that) occupations, or by downright secularizing." How is this for low?

CENTRALIA, WIS.—H. Boyer writes.—I called at your office and subscribed for three months on trial. Never could I have better appropriated that fifty cents. It has opened my eyes and has caused me to reason and do my own thinking; yes, what knowledge I now have of Spiritualism has banished all preconceived ideas of eternal punishment. It has robbed me of my Catholic faith that was founded on purgatory, meritism, and ignorance; but oh, how happy I am for the exchange, for it has made me a better man.

BRUSH CREEK, KANSAS.—C. Brown writes.—Continue your glorious paper to me—that Bible expounder and priestcraft killer. May it succeed in doing the greatest good on record.

ATLANTA, GA.—J. Ellis writes.—We are making some effort to organize a society here so that we can employ a lecturer. There are a few open and avowed Spiritualists here, and a great many investigating the subject. If a good lecturer would give us a call, and assist us in organizing a society, it, no doubt, would pay him well before another year rolls round.

LEROY, N. Y.—B. A. Beals writes.—If I have not the power to give temporally, I hope I may be felt spiritually as deeply sympathizing in the terrible ordeal of life which you have been compelled to pass through. I am engaged here during the winter months, and shall diligently work to establish the JOURNAL as a weekly visitor in many families. There are a number of copies already taken here of your paper, and those who take other spiritual papers, exchange, making one copy answer in many families. Please accept my heart-felt sympathy, hoping I soon may be able to send something more substantial.

WILLOUGHBY, IOWA.—J. S. Waters writes.—I regret that in consequence of being encumbered with debts, for one of my scanty means, it debars me at present from sending you over \$4.50. We have been deprived, for a time, of the JOURNAL, that white-winged messenger which came to us laden with inspiration drawn from Nature's deep fountain. But we are consoled with the thought that it will soon reappear and continue its weekly visits. Brother, I am happy to hear that you are not one of the kind that adversity crushes, but, instead, serves to strengthen, as the mighty oak that has withstood the tornado, still stands firmly rooted, bold, towering and defiant. I, too, have received its strengthening visits, but do not now regret one of them.

WIRTONIRA, KANSAS.—J. Van Gundy writes.—Please send the JOURNAL to the address of J. S. Dukate, Brush Creek, Kansas, three months on trial—new subscriber. Inclosed you will find \$3.50 due for the JOURNAL, and as soon as I can sell my shirt I will send you more money.

Oh, no. Don't do that, but save the dimes you may pay out for that which does you no good, such, perchance, as tobacco, gin cocktails, etc., etc. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a luxury that every one should indulge in, and pay for. It is the most sacred of all debts.—Ed. JOURNAL.

LA CYGNE, KANSAS.—Mrs. R. Demorest writes.—I thank God and the angels that willing hearts and ready hands were not wanting, and that our beloved JOURNAL is again waving its bright folds over the nation, as a prophecy of the great and glorious possibilities yet to be developed to the world.

AUSTERLITZ, MICH.—Demas Hine writes.—I commend the course taken in regard to the JOURNAL, and think you will be better sustained than those who adopt the plan of eternally begging for sympathy. I have taken the JOURNAL from the start. Many of your correspondents express deep sympathy for your loss, and regret their inability to send large sums for your benefit, while you steadily refuse a cent, as a donation, but apply it to the Widows and Orphan's Fund. All very in our ranks. I send you \$3.00, which will make me a paying subscriber for another year, to the JOURNAL. I am not so much elated over the "Search after God" as some who contribute to your columns. I have been a constant searcher for nearly sixty years, and have gained in the time, but little wisdom.

OAK CREEK, WIS.—H. Fowle writes.—The JOURNAL shall live; Spiritualism shall live; the orthodox, vindictive God, blood atonement, hell-fire, endless punishment, and cunning devil, shall die. I imagine the old devil's back bone is well nigh broken now, and the pain from the fractured bone irritates him so that he has jerked nearly all the scales off his tail. The old fool has lashed and writhed, struggled and twisted, crawled and crept and foamed, to keep in power till the skin is worn off his belly.

WAYNETOWN, IND.—R. Fletcher writes.—I rejoice that you are not crushable, for the world needs just such a bold advocate to agitate thought and to stir up the dry bones within the pale of orthodoxy.

DUNDEE, MICH.—W. P. Caldwell writes.—I have been a subscriber nearly all of the time that you have published the JOURNAL. You are the right kind of a man to publish a radical paper,—at least to suit me. I have been informed that three hundred grog shops have been erected in the burnt district of Chicago. The Bible devil is always ahead of the Bible God.

MILFORD, GA.—I. Hand writes.—Allow me to say that I sympathize deeply with you in your great misfortune. We of the South are just emerging from terrible misfortune in loss of property and the complete destruction and overthrow of our system of labor, but we are slowly adjusting our lives to the poverty in which we have been thrust. We feel, too, that we are not "crushable," although vanquished, and in some instances, plundered.

WESTFORD, MASS.—M. Fletcher writes.—We have several papers of like sentiment, but the JOURNAL stands among the first. It has been tried in the fire, and like fine gold, has come out better, purer, and stronger than before. It is the duty of every Spiritualist, so far as possible, to help, by individual and united action, the liberal press, but there are many to-day who have not such papers in their homes, and who, although they may call themselves Spiritualists, support, in a great measure, old school orthodoxy. I say to all such, we may have some kind of Spiritualism, but not the pure unadulterated.

BOSWELL, IND.—H. Fletcher writes.—I have been a Spiritualist for nearly twenty-three years, and I say to you that the more I investigate, the more beautiful the doctrine appears. I was brought up a Methodist of the strictest kind, both my parents being of that persuasion; but about the time that Spiritualism commenced with the Fox family, my father commenced to investigate.

MINONK, ILL.—James Pritchett writes.—I love to read the JOURNAL. It furnishes the most delicious food to a hungry soul. The fire fiend can destroy the material body, but can not destroy the soul. Oh, what a glorious thought!

BEAVER DAM, WIS.—James Pringle writes.—Notice is hereby given to the truly needy and friendless who have fallen through misdirection, that they will find our house a home, and we will share and divide with them.

SHELBY, MICH.—Amos Lewis writes.—The JOURNAL has come to my address for a year. It is as a star of the first magnitude, emitting bright, beautiful rays of light to illuminate our pathway to a higher plane. Its weekly visits are a luxury we can not afford to do without.

GLENNVILLE, N. Y.—E. S. Knapp writes.—We think very much of the JOURNAL; find something in each paper that makes us rejoice, and our souls respond, glory to God!

NEPHI CITY, CAL.—J. Lonergan writes.—Inclosed find \$3.00 to renew my subscription to the JOURNAL. I do not know how we could get along without it.

Arts and Sciences.

BY Y. A. CARR, M. D. SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 331, Mobile, Ala.

(NUMBER XIV.) Light, Heat, and Electricity—Desultory Remarks on Mediumship.

We are often at a loss to draw the lines of distinction between the mortal and immortal nature of things. Natural history and philosophy are necessarily founded on natural science, and so are all the measures of mortal founded on immortal being.

Because we can only see the sun as finite existences here, is no reason there is not an infinite beyond there. We are pompously asked by every poll parrot, at every corner, why this "spiritual business" cannot be done in the light?

Though we do sometimes have manifestations in modified light, we accept and consider their question as asked, for the reason there are considerations that preclude the presence of either strong positive light, or immediate contact of positive thought.

We had occasion in speaking of photography to notice the necessity for the exclusion of light from the dark room, wherein the chemical process was conducted, for the reason that the positive polar force of light, proved destructive to the delicate or passive nature of the compounds used, particularly the collodion of silver film on which the picture is usually taken.

We have witnessed dark seances of the best character, time and again, particularly those of Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Lord, and have conversed with the spirits as openly, definitely, and intelligibly, as we ever conversed with a friend, all of whom agree on the main points (as far as they seem to understand them), as the means through and by which spirit communion is affected.

The spirits, as well as all analytic parity and deductions, say, that the solar light and some phases of thought, are positive to them or their condition, and renders the particles of which they form, or individualize themselves, too subtle and positive among themselves, as particles, to be aggregated into manifesting form.

We can take the positive magnetic impress of sunlight corked up in a gunbarrel into the dark and print from it at midnight. We can take the positive magnetic impress of light closed up in a book into a dark room at night and print a picture with it. We can send a ray of light through a dark cell into a glass jar containing hydrogen and chlorine gas, and with terrible effect explode a compound, that never would have mixed chemically but for the positive impress of light.

We can concentrate light on anything terrestrial with such positive force, as to depolarize and decompose it. In a word, no one denies that light is positive and that darkness is relatively negative; no one denies that thousands of compounds take place in the dark that could not be taken in the light. But, persists triumphant superciliousness, "I do not believe it, because I can't see it; the spirits, bright as they are draped in their star-spangled robes of heavenly light, could not hide themselves in the dark, after that manner; besides," say they, "do you think they are such fools as to come down here as mere 'bummers' of groveling curiosity? Out upon such stuff, it carries sacrilege upon its face!" And as a general thing, after disgorging themselves of all of this, to them, heaven-born fustian, they come down with the sledge-hammer question, "How can spirit commune with matter, anyhow? It is impossible!"

In turn we would say, as they usually do,—"God and the spirits doubtless know their own business"—as to why they come in their star-spangled robes, to the great neglect of higher duties, is no concern of ours; they are running the job, and we are glad of it! As to how spirit can come in contact and commune with matter it is quite plain, and self-evident to us, all stupid assumes of "impossibility" to the contrary notwithstanding. Will these wonderfully wise philosophers tell us how they see, hear, smell, taste, feel, and draw deduction—we ask pardon, they do not draw deduction! But how do they exercise the five senses? And when they so far overstep themselves as to think, we would like to know how such a thing as thought, can come in contact with their spittle and clay ensembles of common dirt? Not that we have any womanly curiosity, but we would like for them to inform us, just for the sake of the principle involved. And since we think of it, we would also ask them to point out their learned system of ethics or mental philosophy, that accounts half so satisfactorily for the source, manner of coming and purpose of their thoughts, particularly their groveling "bummers," as we can account for the source, manner of coming and purpose of our returning friends. To say the least, their position does not reach up further than the *contratemp* bewilderment of a "puppy muddle."

But as to the reasons why our spirit friends in manifest form, have to approach us in the dark, should we interrogate them as we have done, we learn they, as individualities, (where they are) compare the memories, experiences, and intelligences of their life recently lived, and all other inferior forms of existence through which they have passed, and that through these agencies their essential life-center, has the power, as the life-center of the germ, to call up through forces at hand, its outer form; the soil has their (the germs) embryo interrelational food, to which we have referred, and is the menstrum in which they first begin to form. So darkness being the only passive conducting menstra, through which spirit can approach, and bring in requisition those electro-polar forces, by which their elementary being can be assimilated into manifesting form. The laws being the same in the germination of a seed, as in the formation of manifesting spirit, and darkness as much the surrounding soil of the one as the earth soil is of the other. These we say, being the conditions, relations, and relative facts characterizing each of the two extremes, we could match our learned interlocutors, by Yanking them in turn, with the learned queries—Why don't whales walk over the African wilds? Why don't elephants survive under the icebergs of northern seas? Why don't birds crawl and worms fly? Why don't day and night, like the sun and the moon, get on the same side of the earth at the same

time? Why don't "God" clear out the "Devil" at once; and above all, why don't fools observe, investigate, think and reason like wise men—or to return to the germinal point—Why do not vegetation take root, and grow in the air, rather than send its life lunging roots as groveling mud-bummers, down among the "nasty" dirt of which, proud man was made to look up some filth from which to form beautiful flowers and luscious fruits. Scientifically considered, our sage questions are just as profound and unanswerable as theirs. And when we take the field as we soon may, we intend to put our pertinent questions into the prize entries of the scientific world, with the confident hope of sweeping every leather medal, Orthodox genius can award.

As to the main point—there are laws by which persons or intelligences that formerly lived on earth, who have "died" as the change is termed, can and do return. And what is more, those laws can be pointed out and demonstrated, beyond all possible question. The reader may think we are rough, and unfeeling, and without course. The reader is welcome to his or her thinks. We have one one with whom to play the mutual admiration "thing" since our *Dulcinea Geltoboso* has quit.

We are called crazy, and now and then feel like taking the benefit of our calling, out of the mutual admiration-pic of our observant traducers. By way of reciprocity to those in high position, who say we are crazy, we would say one of two things in return, they either have not brains enough to be subject to the same misfortune, or else they are hypocrites; since we lay it down as a rule, (being crazy) that there is not a properly balanced mind truly informed on the subject of natural laws, that can believe the unnatural assumptions of Orthodox humbuggery.

Hence, (being crazy) we hold that the great big chicken-eating shouters, and journeymen soul-savers, who reject nature and reason, are either fools or knaves. And of the two, we had far rather deal with the knave, upon whom we can calculatingly secure steersage, while as to the latter or fool, even "God" himself, who knows all about hash and sausage, cannot tell which way he is going, nor whether it is probable he will stop when he gets there. Another shriek of holy horror.

Pile in lemons, let us have a jubilee round the refugee camps of modern Israel, which, like old Noah, is now bedrunkened and be-puppy-muddled among his own daughters. Deacon Squeezlezenks, my most dearly beloved old Christian friend, allow us to point you to the Belteshazzar eye-opener—"Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharain." So mote it be!

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. WANTED—AN AMERICAN CHURCH.

BY REICHERNER. "A distinguished Episcopal clergyman remarked to us," says Theodore Tilton, in the *Golden Age*, "that America seemed to be feeling after a church." Remarkable as the expression is, considering the source from which it comes, it is yet simply the sectional language of religious bias, to a degree more free than sectarianism in general; the expression of a conviction doubtless wrong from the lips by a calm outlook upon the world-wide unrest and overturning commotion among the discontented people, especially in America. And is it the want of a "church" which is indicated by all this transitional struggling among the nations, or is it simply the irremediable strife, the interminable march of the race to a higher and holier freedom?

True, the careful study of man in his entirety, discloses him to be a religious being essentially yet for the proper and redeeming unfolding of his emotional nature is the organization of a church absolutely necessary? The church—all churches; of the past, have been an expensive and soul-trammeling luxury to the race; and in America, the most liberal land on the globe, there is not to-day a FREE church. The simple combination of such language seems in conflict and the supposed fact an impossibility. Would an organization without a ritual, a formula of service, a creed, an object of worship, constitute a church? And yet such a service, even in its freest spirit, indicates a species of human slavery at variance with the spirit of individual liberty.

What is the character of the spirit, and in the most of instances of the letter, of the sects of America? That of arrogant kingcraft and a despotic priestcraft, the sacred oracle of each, enforcing respect and deference for kings and priests, and all in similar authority holding up the great object of their supposed worship, God, as the GREAT KING, Source of All Power, and Jesus Christ his Son, Ruler of the Nations. All consent to such service is slavery, the spirit of which is wholly incompatible with man's pure and soul-redemptive freedom.

It seems to have been the interest of priestcraft in the past to keep the race divided against itself, and aided by potentates and kings, priests, and ministers of sectarianism, they have succeeded in their religious craft for too long. They have taught men in their "total depravity" to despise and distrust themselves—that in human flesh there dwelt no good thing, but that man for his redemption must look away from himself to a power supposed to be higher than he. Government and ecclesiastical institutions have rapidly grown aristocratic, oppressive, despotic, infusing a spirit and tendency in humanity to despise itself; evils inseparable from religious institutions, or the worship of a Deity exclusive of and separate from man.

Even Jesus, the great humanitarian, judging from the few glimpses of his world-wide inspirations, which the trammels and the tampering of the priesthood have left us, made no effort to establish a sect. But iconoclast as he was, his object seems to have been to break down existing sectional institutions, and to inculcate the beauty, utility, and duty of a universal brotherhood.

"God is a spirit." "I (humanity) and my Father are ONE."—for we are all his offspring. And to prove the cosmopolitan character of genuine worship, Jesus continues, to the outcast at the well: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall worship the Father neither in this mountain nor at Jerusalem." But "the true worshippers," he tells her, "shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

The genuine worship of the divine can be confined to no place or creed. If, therefore, America ever does come into the possession of a national church, its creed, indigenous to her own broad, free soil, must breathe not the exotic spirit of the old monarchial world, but the democratic (not partisan), fraternal, liberal spirit of the new; its ritual, the voluntary outflow of the people in the daily practice of good deeds, charities as broad as the race, a faith like a well of living water, in every individual, manifested constantly in projects and works of the hope-inspiring amelioration of all; a creed whose only command is that of love, so diffuse in its catholicity as to embrace all races and conditions of men. A church, the great object of whose worship, work, praise, and prayer, confined labor, shall be not a supposed omnipotent Deity exclusive of man; all such worship is simply idolatry. But the responsive recognition of the divine means and woman; more, the worship of the only true and enduring church must embrace the acceptance of the spirit of the divine everywhere, in all things, the tree, the shrub, the flower, the bird, the fish, the insect, and the broad expanse of the animal formation.

By the passing away of all cruelty, and the mutual recognition in each of the spirit of the divine, the lion is led by the hand of a child. The lamb comes and the lion lie down together, and all nature is harmless. And the unbroken communion of angels and men, the harmonious marriage of our emotional nature with science, progress and intellectual purity shall form the holy tabernacle of all aggregated good, freedom and love; there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;—all tears shall be wiped from all faces, and there shall be no more pain; for the former things, all sectional bickerings and priestly hate, shall have passed away, and God, Love, will be ALL IN ALL. Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. CAN SPIRITS LEAVE THE BODY AND RETURN TO IT AGAIN.

BY SAMUEL UNDERHILL, M.D.

I saw in the JOURNAL an article from Sister Wilcoxson, a statement that the spirit can never leave the body and return again, and I see the same in Brother A. J. Davis's last very interesting work, *The Temple*. Now I love them both, feel their priceless value, and know that neither wish to be considered infallible. Permit me to lay before them a few of very many kindred facts, that prove to me that they are mistaken in this interesting particular. You know that in my work on Mesmerism, I have asserted that they appear to leave the body. I seem bound to offer through your paper facts—not theory. They make no apologies for contradicting me, and they are right. I don't believe they thought when they wrote. If you think that you love them better than I do, you are mistaken. I believe that I shall not offend them.

Now I believe that the spirit can, and often does, leave the body in trance; also in the simple clairvoyant state, and I presume in sleep. Proof: In scores of instances I have had them do it, sometimes voluntarily, more frequently by request. They say they did go. Others, clairvoyant, sitting by, say they see them go out and see them returning. They make a bounce in the chair on returning to the body. Their pulse on bidding me good by at starting, falls—in one case, from one hundred to the minute to thirty, and never less than twenty beats to the minute. Now visible facts in support of my position; they are few, but of mighty import.

1st. The fall of the pulse. 2d. They are at once insensible to my voice. 3d. They are insensible to pins or needles. 4th. I cannot attract their hands, nor render their muscles rigid, which, before they go, and after their return, awake or asleep, is quite easily done. 5th. They say they go.

The clairvoyant once came from the further part of the hall, with a solemn step, saying as he came, with her arms folded, "Wonderful! wonderful!" and came and stooping over the young man, who had departed by request on an errand, to be gone five minutes, kept repeating the word "wonderful."

I said, "What is wonderful?" "Why, his spirit is gone away from his body."

"Will he not return?" "O, yes; but his spirit is gone away, and his body looks so strange."

"How does it look different from when the spirit is there?"

"O, doctor, can't you see his spirit is gone away, and his body seems all filled with air."

This clairvoyant was the best I ever saw, and I have seen many. Clairvoyants in the body can see no farther than the nervous fluid can radiate. I directed one's attention to the moon, when it was in eclipse.

"Why, doctor," said he, "I cannot see the moon."

He was a very superior clairvoyant. You can make them believe that they are in the moon, or planets, if you know how. It is Brother Davis's opinion that spirits, at great distances, when they have left the body, at what is called death, can send an influence to produce raps; that it forms a distinct existence in the body, and at all ages, when the body dies, maintains a distinct existence. Paul could not tell whether he was in or out of the body, when he was entranced. But the Rev. Wm. Tenat, of New Jersey, could; and many others, whose bodies lay cold and stiff, some for days—the wife of Lord Holland eight days. Look at the petition of Dr. McNab, presented to the Chamber of Deputies, in the days of Napoleon, to get a law passed to prevent early burials, and read the cases reported by him in that petition.

Many of our entranced cases lay cold and stiff, yet breathe; insensible to sound, or effort to make them feel, taste, or smell. The only real question is, can they send back an influence by which faint circulation and slight inspiration may be kept up? Why need we doubt it? O, I have witnessed so much of it, before the spirit rapping began, that it fixed the belief of immortality in my mind. Don't lightly take it from me.

Moses Hull and W. F. Parker.

DEAR BROTHER—I see in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that you are still on the war path. You do not stay whipped very well. Well, there are castigations in reserve for you that will last you through. I accept your proposition for the debate of "the old proposition," at ten different cities, and appoint the first debate to take place any time during February or March, in Louisville, Ky.; another in Baltimore, Md.; and still another in Vineland, N. J., during April.

Between this time and that, we will agree upon other points where the question shall be debated.

I wish you was even now in Memphis, Tenn., for there is not a minister that here dare meet the issues connected with Spiritualism.

I furthermore challenge you for a written discussion of the same proposition to be published simultaneously in the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and a leading Christian paper, the same to be afterward jointly published in book form.

Answer through the R. P. JOURNAL, through the *Cruelle*, or by private letter.

MOSES HULL. Memphis, Dec. 27, 1871.

Letter from Henry Rosseau.

Mr. Francis, I desire to thank you with all my heart, and through your spirit guide, who has been opening the heavens to us, that we may see the glory of MAN in the present, and the eternal future of life. Never previous to this has there been a subject of such vital importance to the race, as he has made known to us. I have many near and dear friends in the spirit world, and they have all responded to the truth as manifested through you, and that they know no more of Deity there than we do here. This being the case, there is but one way for us to proceed, viz: To do the best we can without him, until we can find him.

Lansingburgh, N. Y.

The recent dispatch from Bismark to Baron Von Arnim excites the French to renewed bitterness against Germany. The tone of the journals generally is one of indignation. It is a funny fact that when a Mormon wife is deprived by age of all her charms, she immediately becomes heart broken, and declares that polygamy is the devil's own institution. UPWARD of forty thousand bottles of Nature's Hair Restorative were sold from Jan. 1st to June 1st, which fact tells its own story. It is so clean, and looks so nice that the ladies are all delighted with it. See advertisement.

Mediums' Directory.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence 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, not infrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Directory, as soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness. It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums under conditions with them—so 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 friends and just so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Fount of all Knowledge—The Block of Ice and its Wonderful Changes.

(NUMBER LXX.)

Having fully established the fact that obstructions to our understanding is one of the most prominent causes for a belief in the existence of a God, we propose in this to branch off into a new channel of thought.

In glancing around us, we behold the material world, what grandeur and beauty connected therewith! We look at the earth with its towering mountains, fertile valleys, magnificent fields of golden grain, extensive forests, and varied scenes, and our mind is filled with unutterable emotions of delight.

is omnipresent. But what about its omniscience! Do you declare that matter is intelligent, that it is wise in the same sense that man is? No! we declare no such thing. It is simply the grand library of creation.

Lucretius—You certainly make a God of matter. Should I worship it? Spirit—No! Emphatically, no! I am dealing in facts. I took a block of ice for an example.

Lucretius—Then is not Matter, God? Spirit—It seems to be the fount of all knowledge. The cold damp soil, the minerals connected therewith, the currents of magnetism that move from pole to pole, the various bodies of water,—all things have within their embrace all the sciences.

Lucretius—You startle me. Henceforth I will worship matter. It shall be my God. I will worship in spirit and truth. I have found the fount of all knowledge, and henceforth I shall drink therefrom.

Spirit—Philosophers of to-day reason with very little effect. They point to an imaginary God as an example of all wisdom,—omniscience, when matter passively possesses it.

Lucretius—You startle me. Henceforth I will worship matter. It shall be my God. I will worship in spirit and truth. I have found the fount of all knowledge, and henceforth I shall drink therefrom.

Look at that body of ice, it is placed within the boiler, heat is applied thereto, it melts, and then is changed to steam. In the first place it would freeze you, then moisten you, then warm you, then burn you, and finally it moves the ponderous wheels, and off the engine goes at a fearful speed!

from the sudden expansion caused by the great heat evolved in the combination. One-ninth of the weight of water consists of hydrogen. It will burn in the air when a light is brought to it, with an extremely hot flame, and then combines with the oxygen of the air.

Lucretius—But does not man improve matter? Look at his ingenious inventions, at his grand achievements in the arts and sciences.

Spirit—He only works in accordance with the laws of the material world. He can accomplish nothing outside of them. His knowledge of them measures his powers.

Lucretius—Then is not Matter, God? Spirit—It seems to be the fount of all knowledge. The cold damp soil, the minerals connected therewith, the currents of magnetism that move from pole to pole, the various bodies of water,—all things have within their embrace all the sciences.

TO BE CONTINUED.

What of the Compensation?

In the first of this series of articles, (published in number nine of the present volume) under the above caption, we hinted at the leading ideas to be advanced, in considering the subject of "Calamities," their author, the object to be attained, and the question of compensation.

In this necessarily desultory manner of considering the subject under consideration, we have referred to the mythological doctrines that are now held as sacred by the great mass of mankind, in accordance with their expressed and generally received meaning, holding that they were intended, like a well-expressed fable, to convey thoughts which would present to the mind a corollary easily understood, when viewed from a spiritual standpoint, but which unfortunately the religious world has made to represent strictly material or literal facts.

Religion, being based in materialism, and resulting from a perversion of the highest faculties of true manhood, could not grasp the central idea of the inspired author of the fable, or mythological delineation of an important truth.

It is these grains of truth scattered through all well-expressed fables of mythology, that have enabled chiefs of religion to frame systems which the people would eagerly receive as the command of Almighty God. Once received by a tribe or nation, all who would dissent from the general view have been visited with torture and death.

We have taken the commonly-received materialistic view of the subject, as daily and weekly proclaimed from so-called sacred desks, in regard to the fall, the curse of Almighty God, the flood, the "plan of salvation," the persecutions of the dominant religionists, from the days of the supposed incarnation of God, through the conception of the "Virgin Mary," down to the present persecutions of the so-called "Mormon Saints," and shown that the whole fabric is founded on the fallacy of "an angry God " whose wrath burns to the lowest hell," and was to be appeased by sacrifices of one kind and another.

sects of religionists, making the great sacrifice of all true domestic felicity, as the only true and single companion of a loving husband, to carry out the same idea of pleasing God, by following the example of those who were the plural wives of the old saints, fashioned exactly "after God's "own heart."

Hence the corollary to be drawn from any one phase of religion is, that the mass of devotees are honest, but absolutely ignorant of the philosophy of life. Then religion, having been born of ignorance, and having had its origin in a perversion of a great truth, to wit, the truth that all calamities, all trials of life, all suffering, all hardships endured, result in greater light and knowledge—wisdom; consequently result in fact in a compensation more than an equivalent for all that has been endured.

Even in taking the commonly received view of the subject, in hastily glancing at the calamities referred to in sacred books, in primitive history, we have shown, however literally they are considered, it is apparent that but for such calamities referred to, the world to-day would be destitute of any of the inventions, any of the works of art and science; indeed that the world to-day would contain nothing but innumerable myriads of immortal, ignorant, cruel savages.

In considering the subject from a different standpoint, a standpoint illuminated by the light of the last half of the nineteenth century, we shall see that the heretofore materialistic view of the subject is a fallacy, so puerile and childish as to be laid aside as the offspring of feeble and thickly beclouded minds of the early ages of the world, now outgrown, even as the child outgrows the small-clothes of infancy.

We must consider the great subject involved in this series of articles independently of all religious preconceived opinions or prejudice. We must come right down to the philosophy of life; look cause and effect square in the face. We must allow science to trace everything out toward a final analysis, never giving up the search for truth because an absolute ultimate is not found.

The practical things of life will claim our attention. To this end we must analyze—contrast, compare and combine. In doing so, we contemplate being able to show to our readers that there is a great law of development pervading and underlying everything in nature, be it human, brute, or inorganic matter.

We expect to unfold to the minds of all who choose to investigate, that all things in existence are eternal in their component parts, that change is common to all things, that from the simple monad, or molecular-atom, combination, decomposition and re-combination is a law of life.

Our theory is, that the principle which marks the distinctive character of individuals has ever existed as an entity; uncreated, consequently immortal, eternal, and yet every moment subject to change—internal forces and external surroundings making such changes more rapid or slow as the case may be.

That everything that exists is true to its condition on a plane of being—as the simple elements are true—scientifically, in results, when compounded in the chemist's laboratory.

Hence to us, the philosophy of life is all-comprehensive, includes everything in nature, everything upon both planes of existence, spiritual and physical. Upon this hypothesis we expect the science of mind will eventually remove all physical rubbish, will disintegrate, and cause the religious fabric which has so long cursed the world to disintegrate, crumble, and topple from dome to base! Aye, we expect in the far off ages in spirit life, the blind devotees at her shrines, will have become so enlightened that when they look back upon their life pictures, they will be astonished at their meandering track, made while in the wilderness of mental darkness.

While we have no reverence for the fallacies in the foundation and whole superstructure of all religious systems, we do look upon them as having served their purpose in the development of mind. Indeed, it has been what the world required in past ages, and without which, no man can absolutely say the world would have been developed to an appreciation of the fact that there is a Philosophy of Life, immutable, imperishable, and unchangeable in principles.

So it follows, that all things in nature are exactly in accordance with pre-existing causes, serve their time and place, then disintegrate, crumble to pieces, topple, fall, and disappear. So, again, we repeat, change is common to all things.

Incident to all changes when sensation is acute, there is more or less pain. The birth of a new condition, is like a new condition chemically induced, the result of the death of a producing condition. So we live in the sphere of death continually—continually experiencing new births, mental and physical. Old elements in our physical system momentarily die. New elements spring into life as a part of our organic individuality.

Old thoughts and opinions long cherished as true die, and in dying give place for the birth of new ones, more comprehensive, more in accordance with other known truths. These minor and every-day changes pass unheeded. We seldom or never attempt to analyze them, or give them a passing remark. But let a terrific convulsion in the elements above or in the earth beneath transpire, which shocks the physical world, and astonishes the minds of the masses by launching thousands of souls into the next life, and destroys millions of property without warning, and it is considered a terrible calamity.

If men and women are momentarily undergoing minor changes, which continually develop the mind, even as the infantile mind is developed by slow degrees to more mature manhood, does not the same principle obtain in more mature minds, and is not so great an event as above supposed, in its very nature calculated to agitate thought, and do not less

disastrous catastrophes do the same thing in degree? If so, all perform a valuable mission in developing the human mind.

To illustrate still further the fact that everything that causes pain and suffering is instrumental in developing minds to conceive of means to avoid similar results, and to relieve the anguish resulting from the same, we have but to observe that certain minds are continually observing things and their effects, and devising means to get the desired result, without the danger resulting from a careless use. Hence, new inventions are the order of the day.

A machinist plods on in his rounds of executing machinery according to prescribed plans,—explosions of steam boilers result in spite of his skill as a machinist. A chemist who could not construct the machine, is prompted by the calamity which resulted from the explosion of the steam boiler (a hundred lives being lost, a steamboat, and a hundred thousand dollars worth of property having been destroyed) to investigate and ascertain the invisible cause. He finds the machinery all perfect, so far as he or the machinist can understand; but on further investigation his powers of understanding are illuminated, and he discovers that an element, of the greatest utility when combined with other elements, is by the decomposing process produced by the boiler, freed, and of such an uncontrollable character that it bursts the bonds of iron, and sends devastation, death, and destruction to everything in its way.

Perhaps we shall by and by find that knowledge is better than religion to tame, govern, control, and make good the furious, ungovernable bad man. Perhaps in another department of knowledge the antidote for the calamities which so frequently befall cities, in the form of consuming fires, in the droughts that dry up the rivulets which supply rivers, and destroy growing crops, the storms that sink and destroy our shipping while at sea; all these things, and many more, already hinted at, if not already to some degree developed to our understanding in this series of articles, will be a fruitful theme of thought hereafter, in the further consideration of this subject.

The Rev. Mr. Hepworth's Withdrawal from Unitarianism.

The Rev. G. H. Hepworth, Dr. Osgood's successor in the Church of the Messiah, New York, has resigned that position, saying that he is no longer a Unitarian. About forty of his people have left with him. On Sunday, Dec. 24th, he preached a sermon, from which the following is an extract. It will show the change in his views:

"Dear friends, I want to talk to you very plainly and very frankly this morning, and upon a subject of the greatest importance. First, I want to speak of Christ as a theological dogma. I know very little about the science of theology, and care less for it. It was always a very dry study to me, but this dogma is the basic element of my system, and therefore I speak of it. I can not resist the feeling—it has grown partly out of the way in which I read the Bible, and partly out of my own religious consciousness that Christ's life and God's life are inextricably interwoven and interlaced. I am bound to believe in Christ's divinity, or else tear certain texts up by the roots, which I am wholly unwilling to do. When Jesus, in prayer, says, 'O Father, glorify me with Thine own self, with the glory that I had with Thee before the world was!' I can not evade the conviction that the words, plainly as any words can, are intended to assert a pre-existence. If they do not distinctly say that Christ is co-eval with God, then I fail to comprehend the meaning of the passage. Now, you may honestly deny the fact by openly doubting the correctness of the text. But, admitting the text, the deduction is plain. Again, when he says, 'If a man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and take up our abode with him,' I think he clearly intimates a power co-ordinate with that of God. I don't see how the conclusion can be avoided, provided you admit the correctness of the text. I do believe this.

"Second, having placed myself right on the dogma, I come to speak of its historical value. I believe that the dogma, as I have stated it, has saved the world, and done more than anything else to mold modern society. If Christ had been a mere man, a great reformer, the changes he introduced would have died, and his voice, though it spoke clarion tones, would have died into a very dim and distant echo long before this. The church was built on the divinity of Christ—it would not have survived if it had not been—and the church saved the seeds of the new civilization from the ruins of the old. * * * I come lastly to speak of the institutional value of the dogma. It is the only possible basis of organization. It gives us two works to accomplish, to save ourselves and then to save the rest of the world. Atheism can't organize. It never has done so; it never will. Radicalism is cold; it always seems to me like a hen brooding on stone eggs. It may warm them with the heat of its own body, but, after all, the eggs are stone, and can never bring forth life."—E.

REMARKS.—The reverend gentleman undoubtedly speaks the truth when he says, in speaking of the institutional value of the dogma of the Divinity of Christ, "It is the only possible basis of organization. Atheism can't organize. It never has done so, it never will." Radicalism, it always seems to me, is like a "hen brooding on stone eggs."

Our friends who have been, and some who are yet, so anxious to organize the philosophy of life into a "new religion," will do well to bear in mind that before they can be successful they must adopt the dogma of "the Divinity of Christ," and create or borrow a calendar of saints, and make to order a few "pilgrims," and label a goodly number of the more anxious organizers "reverend."

All Spiritualists will do well to observe that those who have gone back on Spiritualism are the reverend gentlemen who have been the most strenuous advocates for a "national organization of Spiritualists," with bishops and priests or their equivalent expressed by other titles—for instance, the reverends, R. P. Ambler, Uriah Clark, and J. S. Loveland may be cited as specimens.

The reverends Uriah Clark and J. S. Loveland came to the Chicago national convention with their pockets filled with forms already to

be put through the convention, for a national organization, equivalent to any of the old theological institutions, but with new names to disguise their well-concealed designs. The movement, thanks to the angel world, was thwarted. These men have since, after various other abortive efforts, got their revenge by going back on Spiritualism entirely.

The ignorant devotees of any system of religion require one or more mythological dogmas, which they devoutly believe, as an all-absorbing central thought, or they cannot be held in religious servitude.

Old and new organizations have found it necessary to have a dogma that all shall agree upon. That with Christians is the divinity of Christ; with Mohammedans, Mahomet; the Brahmins believe in the divinity of Kreesha. All of the sects have their prophets, bishops, pilgrims with staves, their priesthood, even excepting the Shakers, the Mormons, and the Oneida Community.

The Unitarians and Universalists try to hatch chickens from stone eggs, in the language of Rev. Hepworth. Having no mythological, incarnate divinity as a church dogma to generate warmth, they are frigid and cold, while their next-door neighbor, the Methodists, melt with fervent heat! The latter's eggs hatch large broods of chickens, as a natural result of camp and "protracted meeting efforts."

Here is plainly to be seen the requisites of a successful national organization amongst Spiritualists! Our friends of the American Association, at their recent Troy convention, evidently saw the point, "but, as it were, through a glass, dimly." They virtually adopted a saint for the new calendar; a pilgrim appeared upon the boards—both apparently spontaneous productions!

But, according to Hepworth, that is not sufficient for success. A decree must go forth from the "head center," commanding all to recognize the dogma of the "divinity of Christ." If such a step is not inaugurated, all the saints and pilgrims of the "new department" will not secure the election of the National Organization's candidate to the presidency of the United States.

A Generous Soul—the Good he will Accomplish.

The thought for a few weeks past, has forced itself upon us, that some measure must be adopted to give the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL a wider circulation among a large class, who earn their daily bread by the sweat and toil of every-day life. We doubt not an angel impressed the thought upon us, and as there is always a supply equal to every rational demand, so a soul abundantly able, was inspired to respond at just the right moment with "all the material" necessary to accomplish the desired object.

Although absolute secrecy as to name is enjoined, yet we are allowed to quote from his language: "The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has proved itself adequate in every particular for the mission designed by the angels who inaugurated it, and placed you at the helm. Opposition and fire only inspire you with renewed vigor, and develop your latent powers and ability to sustain yourself under the most trying conditions, and amidst the most determined opposition. Go on in the noble work unflinchingly, and you shall be sure of one friend, at least, who will stand by you until spirit communion shall be so thoroughly understood, and so common that no sane person will deny the fact."

"The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL must go into the hands of many thousands who are too poor to pay what it actually costs. Time will change by and by favorably. Then the JOURNAL can be published for less than three dollars a year. A good time is coming! Now, in anticipation of that good time, let us see if we can't have an earnest of it just now. Put the JOURNAL to all new subscribers for \$1.50 for the first year, payable strictly in advance. Let this proposition stand for all who may subscribe within the next three months, and draw on me as often as you please for a like \$1.50 for every one who may so subscribe, and your check shall be promptly honored. I have a work to do as well as yourself. If I spend twenty-five thousand dollars in this way, it will bring its rich reward to me. It is putting a noble paper within the reach of many who could not otherwise afford to subscribe for it, and it will induce thousands to try it a year, because it is a cheap paper. Do not look at this proposition as a charity—it is not. I am simply doing my duty as a member of the great family of man, in the promulgation of the truth, to which my life is pledged. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is doing that great work which my soul ardently, and most emphatically harmonizes with."

"Go on brother, and you will reap a daily reward." Yes, brother, we will "go on;" that shall be the watchword. We know you will do as you say. We know that your word is as good as your bond. The JOURNAL shall go to the world at the price you have fixed, \$1.50 per year, to all new subscribers who shall send in their money between now and the fifteenth day of April next. Now is the time for every old subscriber to join with our friend, the friend of humanity, in getting the JOURNAL into the hands of their neighbors. Now is the time for all who are able, to send it for a year, to friends. If one generous soul will pledge \$25,000 for such a purpose, how many of our old subscribers can afford to sacrifice \$1.50 for a year's subscription to benefit a friend who is too poor to subscribe, or for some one who otherwise would not think of taking such a paper as the JOURNAL? Now is the time which good angels have fixed for the promulgation of the great truths of Spiritualism. Let us all work together, and great will be the result.

Items of Interest.

—The chaplain of the Kansas State prison is a lady seventy years old.

—Dealers in fruit trees, and all interested will please notice the advertisement of Bro. P. B. Bristol, in another column.

—We would call attention to the notice of the quarterly meeting of Spiritualists to be held at West Winfield, New York.

—The High, Low, and Broad Church parties of England are designated as "Attitudinarians," "Platitudinarians," and "Latitudinarians."

—SHARP CHINAMAN TO CALIFORNIA LADY AT SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Why do we see Christian only talk about Jesus on Sundays, and not see one time-see on other days?

—Speaking of religious revivals, the editor of the *Kentuckyan* asks: Why is it that the Paducahites will not revive? We know the reason, but we don't like to tell. Won't some one more intimate with him please tell him?—*Ec.*

—The advertisement of Rev. Wm. H. Norton, of New York, appears in the *Plymouth Republican*. We are sorry to be compelled to announce to the *Republican* that the reverend gentleman is an impostor.—*Columbia City (Ind.) Commercial.*

—That eminent colored divine, Jacob Bradley, is a philosopher. He says that "if he can't deride a substance for his tabernacle of clay, by propounding gospelic sediments, he can do that thing, certain, by the sweat of his eye-brows."

—Bro. A. E. Doty writes that he will be ready to answer calls to lecture in the course of one month. He is a veteran in the cause of Spiritualism. The friends will do well to keep him in the field. His address is Ilion, Herkimer county, N. Y.

—The missionary work in China is still obstructed by hostility from the natives. Cases of violence are reported in which preachers were attacked and beaten violently, and such threats of disturbance are made that congregations were afraid to assemble.

—The Spiritualists of Eureka, Cal., have engaged the services of Mrs. Bell Chamberlain to lecture for them one year. They insure her \$600 in gold; and have promised \$1000 if they can raise it. They paid all her traveling expenses to California.

—Bro. J. T. Waters, Louisville, Ky., while making remittance for the JOURNAL, sends five dollars for the most needy medium in the city. Many thanks, Brother. Sister Weeks having been a victim of the great conflagration, will please call and receive the donation.

—An Independent Protestant Church is about to be organized in Ireland, to be a check to Romanism, Ritualism, Rationalism, Antinomianism, Sacerdotalism and the sacrilege in that country, and to encourage the knowledge and practice of Protestant Christianity.

—The *New York Herald* says of the people of Georgia, "Let them behave themselves and trust in Providence and a just administration." But where can they find "Providence" outside of Rhode Island? We fear their trust in Providence will prove a frail support.

—A Pennsylvania court has granted an injunction against a Catholic bishop, restraining him from removing a priest from his pastorate. The circumstances are not given in the despatch; but it is manifest that the decision is a new departure in the relations of civil and ecclesiastical authority.

—Mrs. Bell Chamberlain writes as follows from the Pacific Slope: "Thrice welcome, dear JOURNAL, in your old familiar dress. Your appearance last week gave me a thrill of pleasure akin to that felt by meeting a long-absent friend. I feel as though the powers of recuperation manifest in your return to your native size, is grandly prophetic of your future."

—A young lady while standing at a window in Morgantown, Butler Co., Ky., the other day, received a slight shock from a flash of lightning. On her recovery it was found that her ailanthus tree, standing near the window, had been accurately photographed by the electric flash, upon her breast.

—There will be a mass Spiritual Convention at Darien, Wis., at the town hall, on Saturday and Sunday, January 20th and 21st, and a lecture Friday evening, January 19th. All friends in favor of Spiritualism and reform are invited to attend. Strangers from a distance will be provided for. Come and let us have a good time. JOHN WILLIAMS, President.

—Mrs. M. C. Mills writes as follows, from Prescott: "At the request of the friends here, I write a few lines concerning Mr. Lewis S. Cummings, who lectured here for us in November last. We regard him as a speaker of rare promise and a "Simon pure" medium. Under the most unfavorable circumstances he delivered one of the finest poems, at the conclusion of an eloquent lecture, that we ever listened to. We consider it second to none, and after having had the pleasure of listening to many other speakers."

—The Rev. Robert W. Hatfield, who used to be a Christian minister, said recently in a discourse against the theatre and opera, in which he denounced actors and singers, that Nilsson, Parepa-Rosa, Charlotte Cushman, Patil and others were "a nest of unclean birds."—*Golden Age.*

Remarks:—If he had made the charge in reference to himself, no one would have disputed him; now the opposition is nearly universal.

—Jennie M. Harper writes as follows, from Pine Island, Minnesota, December 25th, 1871: "A Merry Christmas and \$10 for new names to your valuable paper. We have taken the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL since it first saw the light. It has become one of our household gods. We can't do without it. The gifted medium, L. S. Cummings has been with us, and I trust has awakened many of the finest beams of reality of a life beyond the grave. Old Orthodox trembles and quakes to its very foundations in this place. They have hardly time to recover from the effects of one bombshell ere another follows."

—A fire broke out in the house of Rev. Rice yesterday noon, but fortunately some energetic and self-possessed men, who were promptly on the ground after the alarm was rung, cut a hole through the roof with an axe, and extinguished the fire by water with buckets.—*Daily Nonpareil, Council Bluffs, Iowa.*

Remarks:—It is really strange that the orthodox God did not prevent the fire altogether. It being successfully extinguished, the act was regarded as a providential interference, no doubt.

—Josh Billings gives the following advice to "young klergymen": "Don't preach the gospel for less than 850 dollars a year, salary payable quarterly in advance. A congressman who kant afford few pay 850 dollars a year, want a missionary more than they do a klergyman. Be sure you run the church; don't let the church run you. As I set up at the top, git az much oz yure salary az possible in advance, for i don't kno ov enny det so hard to collect az a minister's salary, after it come gits kold."

—The Rev. Dr. Houghton, pastor of what is so familiarly known as "The Little Church Round the Corner," has suffered a bitter bereavement in the death of his wife. The afflicted gentleman will here be remembered in many hearts and homes with the deepest sympathy. His name has been rendered immortal by his kindness in officiating at the funeral of George Holland, while the Rev. Mr. Sabine who refused to descend graveward without exciting in the minds of the world any respect whatever.

—A zealous representative of the Young Men's Christian Association was a few days ago drumming up recruits for the "noon prayer-meeting." On the street he met Mr. —, now residing outside the city limits. The representative of the Young Men's Christian Association accosted him, and the following conversation ensued: "Do you reside in the city, Mr. —?" "No, sir, I live in the country." "We have a prayer-meeting around here, and would be glad to have friends from the country meet with us. Will you come?" "A prayer-meeting?" "Yes, sir; come in and get a blessing." "No you don't; you can't come none of your confidence games over me!"

—The causes for which a Mahometan woman may demand a divorce are clearly and broadly laid down in the Koran, and her evidence is sufficient, because the Mahometan law supposes that a woman must be violently aggravated before the modesty of her sex will allow her to appear in public with such application. So careful is this law to spare her feelings that she is not even required to recount her injuries, unless of her own free will. All she is to do is to place her slippers reversed—that is, with the sole upward—before the Cadi, and the case is finished. The divorce is granted without further ceremony.

—How sweet it were, if without feeble flight, Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight, An angel came to us, and we could bear To see him issue from the eddies of despair. At evening, in our room, and bend on ours His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers News of dear friends and children, who have never Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever. Alas! we think not that we daily see About our hearths angels that are to be— Or may be, if they will,—and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy bliss— A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

—The Independent administrators a just rebuke to President Grant for saying in his Message, that Providence has visited the nation "in more than the usual calamities in the loss of life and property by storm and fire." A good father may see that it is best for a child to have severe trials to develop his endurance, courage and trust, without necessarily intending that they should be regarded as flagitious for sins. We pity the people of Chicago and Peotigo afresh if, in addition to their bodily sufferings, they saw only a vision of God as an angry overcast, laying waste to their bleeding backs with a will.—*Christian Register.*

Gen. Grant is a candidate for re-election, hence it will surprise no one that he caters to the generally received views, that God chastises the people with fire and sword and famine, for their sins.—*Ed. JOURNAL.*

—His Royal Highness, "Prince of Wales," is convalescent. While he was lying at the point of death, some of the extremely niggardly ritualists refused to prostrate themselves before Providence in his behalf, because they had received no special praying orders from the bishop. Finally, however, the prince showed symptoms of recovery; whereupon there was "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," in sanctimonious prayer for his complete restoration. Whether these prayers are made to order or are spontaneous, we do not know. And why the bishop withheld his order for prayer when the prince was lying on that disagreeable point called the "point of death," is one of the mysteries of godliness. Had the supplications of the church commenced a little earlier, it might have claimed the honor of restoring the prince to health.

—A new sect has made its appearance in England and Australia, and emissaries for its propagation are getting ready to transplant the new fanaticism to the United States. Its tenets seem to be based on Mohammedism. Its devotees refuse to work or in any wise to take the least thought for the morrow, or even for the current day. A wretched woman who is a member of the sect was recently before an English magistrate, for allowing her sick child to die of neglect and starvation. Her defense was, that if the Lord had seen fit to have done so he would have supplied her with bread and oil. Providence falling to provide the means of keeping the child alive, it was permitted to die. The plea was accepted by the magistrate, and the wretched fanatic was permitted to leave the court in the full belief that she had carried out the will of God.

—The following, regarded as Mother Shipton's Prophecy, was published in 1641.

"Carriages without horses shall go, And accidents shall befall with woe. Around the world thoughts shall fly In the twinkling of an eye. Water shall yet more wonders do; Now strange, yet shall be true. The world upside down shall be, And gold be found at root of tree. Through the hills man shall ride, And no horse or ass be at his side. Under water men shall walk— Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk. In the air men shall be seen, In white, in black, and in blue. Iron in the water shall float As easy as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found, and found In a land that's not now known. Fire and water shall wonders do; England shall at last admit a Jew. The world to come shall come In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

—Religious fights, pious quarrels, sanctimonious fistfights, virtuous altercations, angelic lying, sacred licentiousness, etc., etc., are becoming quite common of late among the various orthodox churches. The following difficulty, however, does not come altogether under any of the above heads. Mr. Taylor is a Spiritualist and, though engaged in his legitimate duties excited the ire of Rev. A. Buckner, who writes as follows to the Fort Scott (Kan.) Monitor: "I was surprised to see my name in yesterday's paper, associated with that of Mr. Taylor. In the funeral service, I sympathized with the family and the community at the loss of so good a friend and citizen as Mr. Clough. But so far as Mr. Taylor is concerned, he is an expelled member and minister of the M. E. Church, and has no right to partake of its sacraments or preach in its pulpits, and the only reason he was permitted to come into the church to conduct this funeral service, was because a few of Mr. Clough's friends desired him to do it, and we thought it would be very unkind to object to a funeral service being held in the church." In reply to all this the *Independent Kansas Observer* says: "We and I sympathize with the Fort Scott Monitor. We do not know A. Buckner; but presume he is a man who has subsisted off the yellow-legged chickens of the old and the smiles and easy virtue of the young folks of the Methodist Episcopal Church; else he would not condescend to quarrel and publish a card over the grave of a departed fellow-man. Brother Taylor was formerly a minister of the M. E. Church, and as soon as deprived of the privilege of recognizing the return and communion of departed friends,—a doctrine the founder of the church, John Wesley, taught, he denounced the arrogant assiduous functions in great church, and preached the true gospel. He was ex-communicated, kicked out, and published in the every-day local paper as a renegade and excommunicate. Brother Clough has gone to the Upper Home. The prayers of Taylor, Zook, Grasmuck, Anderson, and other good and liberal souls accompany him. The pusillanimous and chicken-eating Buckner and his parasites may quarrel over his grave. Time and eternity will develop who are right. Peace to the immortality of Brother Clough."

—James Fisk, Jr., the great Erie Railroad magnate, has been shot by the hands of Edward S. Stokes. The world never saw a better man than James Fisk, Jr. The *Chicago Times* expatiating on the subject said: "If charity covers a multitude of sins, Col. Fisk's faults ought by this time to be pretty well covered up. He has probably given away more money for charitable purposes than any man of his means in New York. His visitors may often see sitting in the waiting-room, feeble old men, just able to hobble along on crutches, pale, sickly-looking mothers with little babies in their arms, ragged old negroes and broken-down mechanics. All these, unless Col. Fisk is unusually pressed for time, obtain an audience with the man of Erie, and none that are really deserving go away without assistance. Nor are these the only calls that are made upon his purse. Begging letters by the dozen are daily received, and committees by the score sometimes call upon him in the day. These latter generally consist of ladies, and are usually very persistent in their demands. The writer, while recently waiting for an audience with Col. Fisk, saw six ladies come out of his office, in parties of two each. "Who are those ladies?" was asked of the usher. "Oh," said he, smiling, "they are begging committees, of course." "Does Col. Fisk have many such calls?" "Oh, yes, those two make the fourth committee which have waited upon him this morning." The esteem with which Col. Fisk's employees regard him amounts almost to worship. The bond of sympathy between them is intensely strong, and speaks volumes in favor of his kindness. "If I were to leave Col. Fisk's service to-morrow," said one of his prominent officials to the writer, not long since, "I should never cease to regard him with love and gratitude. He is one of the kindest men I ever met. He treats his employees as if they were gentlemen, and not mere hirelings, and is always willing to share his prosperity with them. I tell you, sir, if James Fisk, Jr. was known and seen as his employees know and see him, he would be better appreciated by the public and less abused by the press."

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

The New Year.

Every thoughtful mind looks for a period, somewhere in the future, when the reign of the old and false shall give place to that which is new and better. We remember a childish fancy of ours that at the age of twenty-one years every person would leave all the errors of the past and begin an entirely new course of life, in which all should be just as nearly right as it was possible to be.

Alas! when the time came we found the old habits very much the same as they had been. So, all along life's pathway we have looked for a point where we could leave all the follies and errors that had marked our career. Sometimes changes have come, oftener under the shadow of a great affliction than any other condition, and it has seemed possible to attain to this. Then again, some easily besetting sin will come up, and we will begin again. So birth-days, Fourth of July, and New Year's days come and go, and though we may make some improvement, still the ideal is not attained.

It is not enough to resolve and to watch, but we must have help from those in the form who love us, and help from those who have gone over the river called death. The help that comes from our friends still in the form, varies, from the simplest word or act of friendship, to the deepest and purest affection that ministers to our inmost needs.

We are to be each other's helpers, physically, mentally and spiritually, and if our physical systems are in good condition, we are continually sending forth help to those who need it on that plane. If we are mentally active and strong, we are constantly giving out food on this plane to all who are around us, and if we are spiritually unfolded and pure, we have that which is of great importance to our fellow beings. The wasted energies, the broken resolves of mankind present a fearful spectacle.

We are a utilitarian in one sense, and yet not a miser who would hoard up every power and apply it to some selfish purpose. Nor do we believe that constant labor without recreation and amusement is wise, but there will be a great advance made when all mankind shall learn to direct their energies into such channels as shall bring blessings upon their fellow men, instead of merely negative results, as many of them now do, or, what is worse still, positively evil results.

We must learn to measure the labor of our lives by their results, both present and prospective. It is well to ask ourselves what proportion of our labors are for selfish gratification in the present, and in what are we really laying up treasures in heaven. What will be likely to be continued when we reach the point of doing right in all things, according to the best and highest standard we are able to attain?

Let us take the labors of a day and separate them into three classes, first, the useless and indifferent; second, the selfish and merely personal; and, third, the useful and permanent, and then candidly and honestly make out our estimates. Having done this, we shall naturally get into the habit of reducing the two former, and consequently increasing the latter.

The birth of a new year is a good time to take this account of stock in trade, and put a valuation upon that which we have acquired in the past. In doing this, it is especially important that we do not deceive ourselves, for this is one of the most common and dangerous evils which we bring upon ourselves.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "We are constantly fortifying ourselves upon our weak points," and this is very true, and we often assert very positively that we will do certain things, and there seems to be something in the very assertion, or its manner, which contradicts it, and we fail to do it. This is the result of self-deception, or an unwillingness to look the truth squarely in the face and live it out in the world.

There is a very common form of deception in which persons will declare they are the vilest sinners that have ever lived, and that if God were just to them He would consign them to eternal torment. Yet these persons would be very sorry to be taken at their words. They do not mean any such thing.

There is a tribunal within every soul, a bar of God, where justice and truth stand untrammelled. Into this tribunal man enters, and knows where he is and what he is, and whenever he is strong enough to admit another soul into this inner sanctuary and reveal on the confessional all the secret and sacred thoughts and intents that dwell in the inner chambers thereof, then this other soul becomes a savior, and he does not continue to die as redeemer, and he no longer perishes.

The relation which constitutes true love between the sexes, exists where there is a natural physical attraction, a strong mental adaptation, that leads to similar pursuits, and that union of two souls that enables them to enter into the inner sanctuary of the soul and look at each other as in a mirror which clearly reveals all the movings and promptings that stir each other into action, and lead to similar pursuits.

How far above all outward forms and ceremonies is such a divine union? It is such as these, and none others, "Whom God hath joined together," and we need not say, "Let no man separate them," for no power can do this.

The beginning of the year is a peculiarly impressive season, especially such a year as we have just passed through, in which we have seen so many terrible events that have stirred the deep fountains of human nature. Fire and pestilence have been abroad in the land, and many have been hurried to the other home.

As we look over the past and take an account of our lives, there comes the lesson of earthly loss to many, and particularly the passing away of so many loved ones whose vacant chairs stand in almost every house, and while the blessed knowledge that Spiritualism gives, shows us that they are not gone far away, still our human nature feels the loss, and the tear will fall. We may well ask when will we be permitted to join this "Innumerable caravan that moves toward the pale realms of shade."

BENEATH the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword.—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

WITHOUT written record there could be no lasting fame. Were it not for poets and historians, the mightiest conquerors of antiquity would be to us but nameless gladiators.—*Alger.*

THE lines traced by the hand of a man of genius are symbols which hold their potency forever, still discharging unexhausted into the mind of every fresh observer.—*Alger.*

Embalming.

H. T. CHILD, M.D.—I have, upon several occasions, been requested by spirits, through mediums, to write an article against the practice of embalming dead bodies, and have deferred doing so until now because I had no means of learning anything positive in regard to the effect it might have upon the spirit after it had left the body.

I can, therefore, only state what they say, and ask for their relief.

They urge as a reason why it should not be done that it prevents the spirit from leaving the body, and declare further that they must remain with it until decomposition has taken place.

Decomposition, they say, should never be prevented or interfered with, as it, or the destruction of the body by other means, is the only way to free the spirit entirely from the body.

This may, or may not be so, but the inference, it seems to me, is in favor of its being so; for in preventing any natural process we might interfere with Nature, and consequently with laws that are necessary to some important end, although we may not know, or have a correct idea of, what that end might be.

I therefore think that it would be an act of wisdom to let Nature take her course, and, in connection with this I would here remark that interfering with the process of decomposition by placing the corpse in ice is another deleterious, and in some cases, decidedly a fatal interference; for, in cases of trance, the application of ice might not only suspend animation, but be the absolute cause of death by freezing the vital currents so as to prevent re-animation.

Trance is a condition that takes place more frequently than is generally imagined, and the burial of bodies before decomposition has taken place, ought to be positively prohibited by state, city, or county laws.

In Europe they have public places where the bodies are deposited until decomposition has taken place, and the vaults are so arranged that ventilation is perfect, and the temperature the same summer and winter. An alarm is also arranged in the room of the watchmen who are in attendance, day and night, so that if any of the bodies should move a finger, a bell is sprung and the alarm given to the watchmen who, seeing the number of the bell, can go to the assistance of the one re-animated at once. It might well be asked, "When will we be thus secure from being buried alive?"

The consideration of this subject is well worthy the attention of public functionaries, and I hope that the proper steps will be taken, not only to relieve the spirits whose bodies have been embalmed, but to secure every one from the horrors of being buried alive.

The spirits of the Egyptian mummies, and all others that have been embalmed, are asking, beseeching, praying to be relieved. Shall they be gratified by the destruction of their bodies?

Charity would certainly prompt the benevolent to cogitate these questions, until the proper measures are taken to relieve the one and prevent the other.

Fraternally,
WM. B. FAINESTOCK.

We received the foregoing article with a request from the doctor that we should comment on it. In number twenty-two, volume eight, we published an article entitled, "Buried alive," in which we say:

"It is important that all should know what are the positive and reliable signs of death. The only one we know of, is decomposition of those parts of the system in which the central vital organs are located."

"We protest most emphatically against a practice very common in our cities, even in the winter season, when there is not the least excuse for it, of covering the body with ice shortly after it is supposed to be dead. We do not see how a more effectual means of taking life could be devised."

The proper means of disposing of the body after the spirit has left it, has claimed the attention of mankind in all ages. There is a natural feeling of reverence that should be respected, and to those who accept the idea of a physical resurrection, with a return of the spirit to the same flesh and bones, it seems very natural that an effort should be made to embalm and preserve the body. But as the revelations of modern Spiritualism and science have shown such resurrection to be an impossibility, this reason falls.

It is well known that among the eastern nations there is a custom of burning the body, and if the views presented by the spirits to Dr. Fainestock and others are true, then there is some reason for this practice. While we have the kindest regard and respect for the feelings of those whose friends have gone out and vacated their caskets, we are quite inclined to accept the views presented above, and would recommend that nothing be done to interfere with the decomposition, so that the natural return of the elements to their affinities may take place, and those which belong to the spiritual physical body may be given up to that also.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold a quarterly meeting in Week's Hall, West Winfield, New York, on Saturday and Sunday, January 27th and 28th, 1872, commencing at 12 o'clock, a. m., on the arrival of the first train from Utica. We have engaged for the occasion O. L. Sutcliffe, of Ohio, A. E. Doty, of Ilion, N. Y., and Mrs. A. E. Williams, of Oriskany Falls, N. Y. Others are expected.

So far as is possible, entertainment will be furnished in the families of liberal people in the vicinity. Arrangements have been made with two hotels to furnish accommodations for those attending the meeting, at \$1.00 per day. All are invited to attend.

L. D. SMITH, Sec. R. F. BEALS, Pres.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Teressa Austin, wife of Henry Austin, on Dec. 14th, 1871, in the 31st year of her age.

We have laid her body gently In the silent grave to rest, But her kind and loving spirit Rose to dwell among the blest.

Miscellaneous.

Rubber Goods.

All dealers and consumers of FREYOH and other fine INDIAN RUBBER GOODS will advance their interests by addressing NORTIS & CO., Rubber Manufacturers, BROOKLYN, N. Y. v11 n18 1f

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Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SCENES IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

By the Spirit of Mary Moore, J. Carl, M. D. Medium.

On this bright and beautiful autumnal morning, we came again to earth, filled with gratitude and love to the Great Father, for this blessed privilege of teaching earth's children some of the great truths inculcated in the beautiful summer-land, and although in a faint and feeble manner, to portray some of the Heavenly beauties of the spirit home. Oh! that mortals could have some conception of the future life, understand what is in reserve for the truly harmonious and righteous; a life spent on earth in accordance with natural laws, and divine principles. Could he know what he might attain by such a course on this mundane sphere, methinks you would have Heaven upon your earth. Every department of life on earth would then team with truth and love; love to God the Father, and love to each fellow man. Then it could be said in the language of the meek and lowly Nazarene, the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. For this purpose, dear mortal, we leave our bright and beautiful home in the summer-land, to tell you of some of the glories and joys of the bright realms of the spirit world; to stimulate you to lives of truth and holiness. We come not to teach you creeds and dogmas such as mortals entertain. We do not wish you to sacrifice either animal or human victims upon your altars. We do not desire you to cast your offspring to the monsters of the Ganges, or crush your bodies under the ponderous wheels of the Juggernaut, nor to depend upon the blood of a Christ, to wash your sins away—no, nothing of this kind. But we come to teach you to live up to your highest conceptions of right, a conscience void of offence; doing to others as you would that others should do unto you; an unselfish, truthful, natural and holy life.

Then, dear mortals, you could enjoy peace and Heaven upon earth, and then be prepared to enter into the joys of the spirit world, and behold those delightful scenes we are about to describe. But, dear mortals, when we come to your earth, and see with what indifference and even contempt our teachings are often received by those who profess to follow Jesus, it brings a pang of sorrow to the hearts of the white-robed messengers from the celestial realms, that mortals seldom imagine. But when one soul hearkens to the voice of the angel word, we rejoice with great joy and carry the news home, and there is gladness and joy in the spirit world. Oh, mortals how long will you turn a deaf ear to angel teachings? Oh, how long be fed upon the husks of popular theology?

But we come this morning to describe some of the beautiful scenes that we have beheld in the summer-land. We were again on the terraced Mountains at the Temple of the "Arts and Sciences," where we were on our last visit, overlooking Crystal Lake, and this delightful country, when we soon discovered that cloud-like apearance in the great distance approaching us very rapidly. It came like a ray of light, floating on the balmy breeze, until it approached quite near, with that soft and rapturous music, that caused every fibre of our being to quiver with emotion.

We could now see plainly every thing connected with this glorious land, that before was clothed somewhat in mist; our eyes could now bear its dazzling brightness without inconvenience. What we before thought to be a white cloud of exceeding brightness, tinged on its outer edge with blue gold and crimson, was the scintillation of the halo of magnetic lights radiating from the persons of this Angelic band. The controlling spirit rested lightly upon this beautiful cloud, his attendants standing on either side, while three beautiful female spirits were floating over his person, holding a wreath of transparent flowers over his head; over his person was a veil of gossamer fabric of celestial blue. His personal appearance was truly majestic and noble, with the finest intellectual developments we had ever seen, filled to overflowing with love and benevolence. He was clothed in the richest and finest material; his attendants were similarly attired, and presented the same appearance, and were evidently of the same sphere. No language could adequately describe and convey to the human mind the grandeur and sublimity of this Angelic group. Soon this controlling spirit raised his head, when the music ceased its strains, and all was instantly hushed into profound silence. Then directing his eyes toward us, he said in language soft and musical, "Beloved sister immortal, and your companions, we come to greet you in the name of our Great Father, and to bring to you love and wisdom from those higher and brighter realms of our Father's Kingdom. Sister, we are cognizant of your labors of love and missions of mercy to the children of earth. You have been faithful and true in your efforts to redeem and elevate mortals. You have faithfully described some of those beautiful scenes and conditions of the summer-land to the denizens of earth, so far as their language could portray them. This has been a work attempted by but very few who dwell in the spirit world. But we can see and understand the great benefit that has and will result from your labors of love in this direction. Throughout endless ages those beautiful wavelets will roll on until millions of the sons and daughters of earth will be satisfied of the truths and glorious teachings of the Angel world. Now, beloved sister and companions immortal, we come to bear you to higher and brighter planes; to richer and grander fields of labor.

Can you now bear its dazzling brightness, can you endure its brilliant light? Or shall we be compelled to wait longer? Or shall we see us, he said, "We will see." Then with a joyful smile, said, "Come," when with this heavenly hand, darted like a ray of light from the Terraced Mountains. On we sped with inconceivable swiftness on one of those magnetic highways. Looking about us we beheld worlds and systems existing through space, performing their various evolutions, in accordance with those beautiful laws of attraction and repulsion, holding them in their course without variation or confusion. It was truly a magnificent sight to behold. Ever and anon space in various directions darting through tears, leaving behind streams of brilliant metallic colors. Some we perceived were easily floating on those currents, as though they were upon pleasure excursions, as though the beautiful and wonderful works of the Great Father. They were generally in loving groups, and gorgeously attired. As we would pass they would greet us with a pleasant smile and we darted so rapidly through space, we were informed by our guides, were generally on errands or missions of mercy to other spheres. Thousands of those bright messengers we could behold at a glance.

But I cannot dwell. After a time spent in scanning those beautiful scenes, beholding the grandeur and sublimity of their movements, meeting those bright and lovely intelligences, and our immortal spirits, we were filled to overflowing with joy and love, too full for utterance. After a time we beheld in the great distance, the outlines of a most delightful country, with its grand mountains, its splendid

valleys, its hills and dales, its plains of eternal and softest green, its majestic forests, and noble rivers, lakes, cascades and fountains, with every object to delight the eye. The light that rested on this glorious land, was of a golden tinge, that gave everything a mellow softness that no language could describe, the atmosphere soft and balmy, causing a sensation of heavenly ecstasy that we had never experienced before.

The trees, shrubbery, flowers and indeed every object that we beheld, was far more perfect, beautiful and ethereal, a thousand fold, if possible, than any we had seen in spheres below. The flowers, foliage, and every object below, was quite transparent, yet more real than we found in spheres more material. The landscapes here, like everything else we saw, were so grand, so delightful, so rich and mellow, that our very natures trembled with awe and emotions to behold. The whole scene appeared like enchantment. Our souls wished only to rest and forever to feast our eyes and senses upon this glorious grandeur that was spread out before our enraptured vision.

Our guides seeing our thoughts, smilingly told us "Not yet." Spirits immortal, you have only entered the portals, only on the threshold of this heavenly plane. Onward! After traversing over this blissful land for a great distance, and beholding thousands of beautiful objects and scenes that it would take ages to minutely describe, and that we were only permitted to view as we swiftly passed we beheld in the distance outlines of a vast Temple situated on a high eminence, overlooking a country of magnificent grandeur. Soon we were standing in front, and near its massive steps.

This Temple was very extensive, vastly larger than we had ever seen in the spirit world, and was of immense height. Upon its top were large domes, spires and turrets sparkling in the light with the richest gems. The material of which this vast edifice was built, was in appearance of the finest alabaster, yet quite transparent, and with its great number of open courts and apartments, it had the appearance of a large city. The great magnitude, the beauty of its architecture, the symmetry of its proportions overwhelmed us with wonder and astonishment. But to attempt a description of this vast edifice and its surroundings in the language of earth, would be folly in the extreme. It was so far beyond the conception of mortals, that they could not conceive of its magnitude nor grandeur. After taking a survey of this gorgeous edifice, we were directed by our guides before entering it, to turn and behold but for a moment the surrounding scenery. We stood where we could see for a great distance in every direction. Near this Temple were extensive grounds beautifully laid out with walks and avenues, filled with flowers and roses of rarest beauty of every hue, yet quite transparent, that filled this glorious land with their rich fragrance. We could distinctly see the aroma emanating from them like transparent fleecy clouds, wafted through the atmosphere on the balmy breeze. Here were fountains of crystal water throwing their jets of spray high upwards sparkling in the light like brilliant diamonds. Trees and shrubbery of the most delightful foliage, grottos, shining rocks, cascades, rills of limpid water, a profusion of the nicest fruits, and over all rested this soft, golden light, that gave every object a rich beauty, far more gorgeous than we had ever before beheld of the kind in the spirit world.

But I must not dwell. Our guides informed us that at some future time I should give a more minute description of this glorious land, that volumes could be written, and yet the thousandth part could not be told.

We were then conducted up those massive steps and into one of those immense audience halls. Here we discovered a vast concourse of bright and wise intelligences awaiting our arrival, for swift messengers it appears were sent in advance, to herald our approach. The audience room had an airy softness with this same rich golden light, that gave everything an appearance of dreamy enchantment. The ceiling was of immense height, with elaborate frescoe work that scintillated with thousands of rich gems.

At one end of the hall was a rostrum or throne-like appearance of splendid construction, resting on what seemed a snowy white cloud, from which radiated beautiful colors, very soft and blending harmoniously together; yet every object in this temple, like all we saw in this high and glorious sphere, were quite transparent, for we could look through those walls and see the grandeur of the scenery far away in every direction. Oh, what sublimity! what ethereal richness tongue cannot express, nor pen describe it—it can only be seen to be appreciated.

After taking everything in at a glance, we were led up one of those broad avenues, in front of this cloud-like throne, from which arose the presiding spirit of this higher sphere. But how shall I describe him; I cannot, for language of earth would fail to convey to mortals yet in the form an adequate description of his noble person. Suffice it, then, to say he was all that the imagination could conceive; the very personification of love, wisdom, and benevolence combined, a higher order of intelligence than we had ever before seen or imagined. He stood there in majestic grandeur,—yet with an expression of love and benevolence resting on his angelic countenance. Every eye in that vast assembly appeared riveted on him; every soul was filled to overflowing with divine love and affection. When we had stood here a moment, he raised his hand, and the music ceased its rich strains, and instantly all was quiet. Then he said in soft and musical tones, "Beloved sister and companions immortal, you have been permitted to enter and enjoy scenes, and behold the glories of this high and bright plane, that but few have yet attained until they were sufficiently progressed and developed to remain. But you, my dear sister, and your band of spirit companions, we have beheld from our bright plane, we have seen your missions and labors of love and mercy to earth's inhabitants. Your strong desire to elevate their condition, to light up their dark and gloomy pathway, to point them to the portals of eternal bliss, to direct their vision to the bright and glorious realm of our Father's Kingdom, I would say, of this spirit immortal, has caused your progress to be most rapid, and your spiritual growth almost unprecedented, and now as a reward even before you are entirely developed to remain with us on this beaute plane, we have brought you here to feast your enraptured vision upon these glories and heavenly beauties, that will so soon be yours to enjoy throughout endless ages. Then, dear spirit, of this high and bright plane, you will then have earned an heritage here in this Heavenly domain forever, and yet know ye that there are still higher and brighter realms far above this progression? Then fear not, falter not, but onward! This you will say to the denizens of earth. Oh! man, arouse from your stupor, from your ignorance, from your bonds of blinded bigotry and superstition; your priestly dictations, your low and degrading sensualities, your soul-dwarring hypocrites and your unhallored corruptions; look up and be-

hold the bright and glorious estate you may attain. Oh, man, poor, weak and erring man; how long will you grovel in the filth and mire of earth! How long be chained to the popular errors of this life, the soul-crushing creeds of theology, that are dwarfing the minds of millions of to-day. Oh, teach him that the Great loving Father is now sending his messengers of love and mercy to unlock the portals of the grave, and pointing him to the beautiful evergreen shores of the morning-land. Oh, teach him of the bright realms that have been opened to your vision, and how he may attain it. Teach him to beware how he treats the Angel teachings, that are now pouring in upon him like a flood of celestial light.

When this angelic being ceased speaking, there came a strain of soft and soul-stirring music that filled us to overflowing with gratitude and heavenly joy. We were then conducted to the Terraced Mountains.

Paris, Ill.

Original Essays.

CELESTIAL SPHERES.—No. 6.

By D. G. MOSHER.

In our demonstrations we shall as yet consider Young America in embryo, and continue our subject by illustrating the successive steps in the constructive processes. Before the organization had commenced the germs and constructive materials were in a state of chaos, which may be compared to the condition of the germs and constructive materials of the chick, previous to the incubation of the egg. As soon as conditions were favorable, the germs (inhabitants of America) were inspired from on high to organize a government.

A spiritual congress was formed and a construction of a corresponding physical congress, followed by the organization of all necessary subordinate governmental organized form. These are the organs that make up the life form of Young America, being conceived, organized, and constructed in accordance with the same laws precisely that are brought to bear in the conception, organization, and construction of all organic life forms in existence, the vegetable and mineral forms not excepted.

All new organization are the result of a congregation of germs from parent forms. If these germs are representative duly apportioned from each and every organic structure of the parent, the offspring will be a perfect type of the parent in organic structure, intellectual characteristics, and in all other respects.

But if the parent or parents are not in a healthy condition, and there is not a general equilibrium and mutual or reciprocal functional condition throughout the general organization and some organs or sections are not represented by a proportionate quota, then the offspring may be accordingly defective in corresponding organs, functions, or characteristics, if there are no special causes that should intervene. Young America, from causes cognizable to the progressive and philosophic historian, is not in all respects a type or perfect representative of his ancestry, but is endowed with peculiarities that are traceable to no other source than spiritual influx or inspiration.

Now that the embryo of Young America is fully organized, we will take a general survey of the general organization and then illustrate each progressive step in accordance with ideas impressed. Though the embryo may be considered fully organized, it is far from being fully developed. Even after our national government was organized, a national congress, state legislatures, county and town organizations, were in successful operation, Young America was destitute of fully developed arteries, veins, capillaries, (rivers, streamlets, canals, etc.) nerves, (telegraphs,) and the numerous modes of transportation, and commercial facilities generally were scarcely yet conceived, the brain, (congress) the heart, (say the city of New York) and various other organic muscular and other centers were insignificant in functional muscular and the various other powers, yet all the numerous parts really exist that properly make up a vast and complicated organic structure, though undeveloped.

But a few years ago the American organization was without a visible nervous organization. The discovery of the principles of the telegraph laid the superstructure of the nerve fabric, and as yet it is comparatively undeveloped. It will be noticed that improvement in telegraphing has, for several years, been almost at a standstill, aside from the sub-marine system. The work of extending this nervo-telegraphic structure into every avenue of our national organization has been steadily progressing in the same manner of the organization and construction of the nervous network of the embryotic chick in the event of incubation.

This nervo-telegraphic system will not, however, be fully developed until every household is made a telegraph office, and every adult member of the household is an operator and can as readily communicate instantaneously with friends even hundreds of miles away as we now do by means of the postal system and the art of writing, requiring days and even weeks.

When this point of progress is reached then may be looked for the unfolding of a new system or rather a new feature in the telegraphic system, in which we shall not only receive a representation of the thoughts, actions, and condition of friends far away, but we shall behold their forms and see their actions as vividly as if they were present with us in the form. Then comes the time when congress or the president (the brain center of Young America) will communicate thought instantaneously to each individual of an army of men stationed along the Pacific Railroad, representing the right arm of Young America, and at San Francisco representing the right hand, which may readily be caused to move in the manner of opening and shutting the human hand, or perform any other corresponding manipulation.

Then every subordinate organization will be under complete control of the supreme head or brain. An exception or opposition to this control may be considered as representing convulsion or cramp in the human or animal organism.

The point of perfection of organization we have spoken of may be considered as already arrived at in the corresponding spiritual organization, or second sphere, as recent spiritual manifestations clearly prove, when correctly understood, answering sealed letters, taking symptoms of disease by healing mediums, when the patient is far away, for example.

of machinery, commercial appliances, etc., necessary to the completion of a national commercial organized structure.

Damages incident to the animal or human organism are repaired by the infinitesimals belonging thereto, directed by the exercise of reason or judgment, the same as a mill dam is repaired, or as the city of Chicago is being built up. Our philosophy embraces such a vast field that we can do but little more than hint at the most prominent points at present, as we proceed. In our next we open the subject of the formation and structure of the celestial or higher spheres.

Mosherville, Mich.

SPIRIT-RAPPING.

By WM. B. FAHNESTOCK

It is now about twenty-three years since the rapping of spirits has been ascribed to the true cause, and an intelligent communication established between the two worlds.

These demonstrations were made in various parts of the world, from time immemorial, but they were not understood, and remained a mystery until the Fox family, at Rochester, proved that they were made by intelligent beings, who, although not visible to natural eyes, were perfectly so to the sense of seeing when in a stultivole condition.

A history of the circumstances which made these rappings notorious at Rochester, as well as elsewhere, has often been given. It is therefore, not necessary for me to do so here, as my object is simply to refer to the fact, and to make some remarks in regard to their being set aside as useless.

There can be no doubt that the rappings do take place, and the fact is generally acknowledged, even by orthodox preachers; but they try to damage their popularity and influence by stating that they are all made by evil spirits, and consequently dangerous.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say that these statements are not true, although generally made from the pulpit, where there is no fear of contradiction. The question has often arisen in my mind as to the motives that ecclesiastics have in making statements which their Bible knowledge, judgment and common sense must satisfy them are false.

It is much to be feared that the almighty dollar has much to do in exciting their bitterness, unfairness, and persistent opposition to the truth, which they fear will end their occupation. This idea is unfortunate for them; for, the more they abuse and vilify the demonstrations, the more the attention of those they desire not to see them invited, and their curiosity being roused, induces them to investigate; investigation develops the truth; conviction follows, and as a consequence, a church member is lost and a Spiritualist made.

There can, therefore, be no doubt that these would-be-reformers are standing in their own light, and instead of investigating, they accept doctrines without an examination, and promulgate them, no matter how consequently dissensions, bickerings, heart-burnings, and a host of doubts, perplexities, and miseries are created, which make the present disagreeable, and the future unhappy.

No science that has ever been brought before the world by progressive men has escaped these bigots, their prejudices or their slanders, and the ungentlemanly conduct of these self-constituted censors is as officiously intrusive as it is selfish.

Indeed, some who officiate in this benighted city are so fearful that science will interfere with their power to hold church members to their doctrines that they have made special visits to some of my best clairvoyants and persuaded them to have nothing to do with stativole, as it was the work of the devil, and that if they entered the condition again they "would be in danger of hell-fire." In this way these benighted bigots have robbed me of some of my best clear-minded subjects, and thereby prevented me from doing much good in certain directions.

But I bear them no ill will, and the facts, however they may be evaded, still exist. Spirits will rap and the state of stultivole will continue to be the condition through which they are enabled to do so. But I am sorry to say that it is not only those who belong to the church who are opposed to spirit-rapping and the lower phases of spirit communication, for some of our most distinguished Spiritualists and mediums are disposed to repudiate, if not entirely to abrogate them; not, however, because they are not true, but, as they aver, useless. This, I can not but think, is wrong, and much like destroying the bridge that carried us safe over, or closing the door that leads to immortality.

Should we prevent others from going the road that we traveled in safety, or from mounting the ladder that round by round bore us out of darkness? I think not, and the sooner all selfishness is merged in charity, the sooner will Spiritualism be triumphant, and man, in all sincerity, be ready to embrace the truth.

Laucaster, Penn.

THE LAWS OF SPIRIT COMMUNION.

By D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

In our last article we defined Clairvoyance. This is doubtless one of the higher avenues of spirit communion, and, though to a certain extent, the mind in a clairvoyant state can and does act independent of outside minds, yet it is very difficult to draw the exact line between self-operating control and spirit control.

We may, in the clairvoyant state, see objects to which our attention is turned, or with which our mental powers come in rapport, but doubtless, we are more frequently led to see and investigate the subjects presented to our interior perceptions through the magnetic influences of spirit guardians operating, many times, in a manner not perceptible, and wholly incomprehensible to us.

Recollect that I hold that when we become developed as clairvoyants, we have not grasped the sum of all knowledge, or come into possession of infinite powers, or unlimited comprehension. Hence, I consider that immortal beings may be near us and controlling our vision, and be invisible to us, even in the exalted condition of clairvoyance, or seer-ship.

This may be owing to various causes; one of which, doubtless, is, that our vision, which is clear in many other directions, has not been unfolded in this one; or, perhaps, the spirit controlling, purposely holds us from seeing them, by the magnetism of their own will.

But, however this may be, all clairvoyants know that they have instructors and guides from the temples of the inner life, and that it is to those noble spirits they owe for much of the light which enables them to see the beauties of that inner life, and to learn the philosophy of being.

Through their disciplinary efforts, aspirations are born in our souls, which in turn bring us nearer to their loving presence, and exalts our medium powers. Thus, at all times, we are rising out of the narrow sphere of selfhood into the grand ocean of fraternization of the race, for the universal elevation of the whole human family.

Spirits co-operating with mortals, and mortals outworking the impulses impressed upon them from the unfolded spheres of the inner life!

Grandly sublime and beautiful the thought! Angels and man working together, to increase the sum of knowledge, and enlarge the joys of all!

Those who have closely followed us through the series of articles we have written during the past year, have been enabled to glean a

knowledge of many of the laws which control the communion of spirits, as we have applied them to the various phenomena presented.

We have carried the reader from the psychological starting-point of mind acting on mind in the body, through the phenomena of "double appearance," where the spirit actually was seen, and conversed with, hundreds of miles away from its body, or made physical demonstration of its presence, in controlling a medium, or writing on a slate—on to the raps, manifesting intelligence through inanimate matter, and demonstrating that man can act independent of the physical body, drawing sufficient material from the magnetic emanations or spiritual aura of mediumistic persons present, to materialize themselves, or to furnish those subtle chemical agents, through which they are enabled to act by a law known to themselves, upon imperceptible agents, to produce the various phenomena of the genuine physical manifestations—and still onward through many of the different phases of mediumship to clairvoyance or seer-ship, when we have arrived at a point when the two conditions of life more intimately blend, and where, in the "superior condition" the soul more truly commences to learn the "life in the spheres," and begins to live in the verities of the Spirit World.

And as we have proceeded in our investigations, we have learned that at every advance step, new objects for thought and study have been constantly arising before us, and challenging still further and deeper investigations. And thus, we are assured, it ever will be.

The Spirit World is but the constantly bursting forth of new blossoms of truth, whose every unfolded petal conveys a lesson, or reveals a principle, and whose divine aroma fills the soul with the elements of progress and ceaseless joy, which flows out in the rhythmic soul measures of angel harmony. And ye

Wonder on wonders still arise,
And untold splendors throng the skies
Before unknown,
And on that shore, more beauteous far
Than summer's eve or morning star
Or sun or moon,
Are plains with gorgeous beauty spread,
And sky-capped mountains, o'er whose head
Flit glory beams—
Celestial light that land infills;
And angel love pure joy distills
In rippling streams—
And as the streamlets flow along,
Singing the anthem of the song
In sweet refrain,
The echo reaches to our earth
With proof of an immortal birth
In every strain.

Swinging, swaying,
Singing, saying,
Lo! your every footstep tending,
To your every thought we're lending—
And we're blending
Truths mending
In all the webs of human life,
Raising man up from burning strife
Into the way
Of perfect day.
Swinging, swaying,
Singing, saying,
"Brother, sister, come up higher;
Join with us as we draw nigher.
Come, come away."
St. Charles Ill., Dec. 26, 1871.

Charles H. Read.

DEAR BRO. JONES.—Your correspondent, L. P. Mason, from Jefferson, Kansas, has found puzzle in Charles H. Read, deciding him to be a "coarse humbug," and at the same time a "medium of extraordinary power."

It so happened that I was with Read some weeks last summer, while he was showing through Wisconsin and Minnesota, on his way to St. Paul. His exhibitions were not uniform, but always successful, with one exception. He had the biggest house of his trip at Albert Lea, Minn., yet neither the spirits nor Mr. Read could do a thing, after one hour's trial, in the way of manifestations. It was an unpleasant thing to do, yet Mr. Read had to refund every cent (\$48.) taken at the door. If there had been any "humbug" in his mediumship, he would pretty likely have used it in some way to have saved that forty-eight dollars. He needed it badly, and swore a good deal about it.

I will relate something outside, not set down in his advertisement:

We were at Preston, the county seat of Fillmore county, Minnesota, about the middle of August. We were taking a walk, just after dusk, while a black storm cloud was coming up from the west. As we were crossing the long bridge at the outskirts of the village, we came upon an old Irish woman and boy, standing by a heavily loaded team. The woman was in great trouble. One of the fore-wheels of the wagon had fallen through to the hub, and wedged into a crevice in the bridge. All the combined strength of boy, oxen, and old woman had failed to draw it out. "Would you help her?" "Certainly," said Read, and took in the situation at a glance, he picked up a small hazel stick beside the bridge, about four feet long and half an inch through. He put the larger end about a foot along under the edge of the hub, using it as a pry. He pleasantly remarked, "Now Sampson, give us a lift." In a moment, the big, heavy cart, which was forced clear of the crevice, when Read shouted, "Start up the oxen," and the team moved on. The old woman was struck dumb with astonishment.

The hazel stick, of itself, would not weigh five pounds; the loaded team must have weighed full 2,000 pounds. I put the simple fact on record, and leave it to others to work out the solution.

There is no use quarrelling with nature. Organism and temperament will play the angel or the devil with anybody, just as the excitement is induced. Read is an unfortunate in this respect, and is played upon like a boy's harmonicon. Add to this old "Sampson," who helps him to lift heavy wagons, and his "band of chemists," who can cut his arm in two, put on steel rings, and then unite his arm again, and we get a compound of mediumship and temperament that makes Read what he is in spite of himself.

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 28, 1871.

Letter from Daniel Tucker.

BROTHER JONES.—Looking at the little morsel on the margin of the paper, I find that my share has nearly expired. You will find \$3.00 inclosed for renewal of the JOURNAL. Direct it to Mills' Corner, Jay Co., Ind. Do not fail to attach the copy to the address, as the office is a new one, and the county is omitted. I do not get the paper for two or three weeks. I hunger for the spiritual food, especially the "Search after God." It is the best of anything that I ever saw on the subject. I never could understand the "Humble Belief Being—God." To me it is all best.

Catalogue of Book FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

All orders with the price of books desired, and the additional amount mentioned for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Nature's Divine Revelations', 'The Positive, Right Arm of the Heavens', and 'The Secret of All Healing'. Includes prices and authors.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'The Positive, Right Arm of the Heavens', 'The Secret of All Healing', and 'The Key to Medicine'. Includes prices and authors.

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Advertisement for 'THE POSITIVE, RIGHT ARM OF THE HEAVENS, AND THE NEGATIVE, LEFT, HOLDING A DOUBLE REIN OVER DISEASE AND DEATH.' Includes details about the book's content, author, and where to purchase it.

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

Holy Billy's Prayer.

The following poem speaks for itself. The author is one who thinks and acts for himself.

REPORTED BY ROB BURNS.

O Thou, most high—the Great Triune! The God who made the sun an' moon, The earth, an' a' the stars above,

We thank Thee for this sacred day, Nor our own words may speak distinct, Our very e'en we must not wink,

We thank Thee for the holy Book, In which, in faith, we a' may look; An' learn each catch an' every crook

It tells us o' man's direful fall, An' o' Thy curse that rests on all, Thy children since, both great an' small,

May we be numbered in that brace,— The few who'll share in Thy free grace,— The terms accepted an' embraced

Yet not for any good we've done, Or any merit of our own, But that imputed us of one

We thank Thee, God, that we're not saved By our good works,—we're so depraved,— If matters not how we've behaved

O, what a glorious plan was Thine, By which the bad may be divine,— Their crowns will just as brightly shine

We bless an' praise Thy matchless ire,— Thou God o' vengeance, plague, an' fire, That in Thy wrath Thou hast entire

We praise Thee for the bovine brute, Which in Thy wrath Thou didst depute The humble instrument, too mute,

We thank Thee for the ruthless roughs Who threw the fire brands 'mong the stuffs, An' for the wind which blew in puffs

We pray Thee, Lord, for Jesus' sake That none church members e'er may take As patterns, their own lives to shape,

O Lord, subdue such flagrant crimes As keep men from the gospel lines An' everything 't the saints maligns

Intemperance cure 'mong great an' small, Adultery 'mong both short an' tall, An' infidelity, worst of all

It takes so many wily forms, It every Christian tent scorns, An' o' the faults o' saints informs

O' all the roughs o' beer saloons,— O' all the devil's curst dragons,— These Infidels are the worst coons

They claim religion as their own,— That truth, to them, is as well known, As us, in whom Thy grace has shone

They preach o' reason an' o' sense O' science, history, an' events As if Thy word does not condense

Ha, reason! 'tis an imp o' hell! An' science but a bagatelle! An' history lies, so we can't tell

They own religion is divine; But what it is, themselves define; They say 'tis being just an' kind

But this, O Lord, we know is wrong,— We've preached to them both loud an' long, Still they their unbelief prolong

We bless Thee, Lord, for this new feature,— This wonderful, this gifted Teacher,— The wise Burnell, the great Lay Preacher,

Just pray at him till it's so hot That he can't stand the gospel shot; Or if that fails to make him trot

Then call policemen to the spot An' take him out.

But if we can not turn them out From classes where they cast an' rout, An' our great Christian doctrines doubt

O God, confound their stubborn mind! Lock tight their jaws, their tongue confine! An' blast their e'en until they're blind!

Lord, bless Thy servant staunch an' true; Make him a power that shall imbue This wicked, scolding, godless crew

Make him a sharp, two-edged sword That shall cut through this impious horde, That gospel light be through it poured

Wl' blessings temporal an' divine, Grant, Lord, that he excel an' shine, An' all the praises shall be thine

Triune Jehovah,—three in one,— Our God,—Amen.

A subscriber who had received an imperfect copy of the JOURNAL, sent it back, asking for a perfect copy.

In such cases we try to supply the deficiency by reference to the P. O. stamp where the letter was mailed.

It is useless for any one to send back a defective paper. Defective sheets occasionally get sent, as they are folded and mailed by machinery.

Some people and postmasters, when they want a paper discontinued, send back a copy. It is a poor way; not one in fifty thus sent ever reach the office.

The true way to do business, is to do it right, and especially the kind of business referred to. Write and tell plainly what you want done.

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To our Exchanges.

Those of our cotemporaries who desire to continue to receive this paper in exchange, will confer a great favor, which we shall be happy to reciprocate, by copying or stating the substance of the article in this number of the JOURNAL, entitled, "A Generous Soul—the Good he will Accomplish."

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above. The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to aid a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them marked F. W. O., which means free, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to get at this time, "every dollar counts," but as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourselves greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund: Amount previously acknowledged, \$546.25 A. Birley, Troy, Minn., 50 Contributions sent to the office of BANNER OF LIGHT, 65.25

We shall give the names of the donors as soon as we can get them from that office.

New Advertisements.

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT. SEND TEN CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, 1 Troy, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated book on the system of vitalizing treatment.

WORTH ATTENTION.

If any one wishes to invest a trifle in a remunerative enterprise and realize more than their most sanguine expectations, please send for statement, which will be forwarded by request. No Humbug-Agency affair. Direct all letters, enclosing stamp, to H. G. STEVENS, DUNLEITH, ILL.

WOOLLEN MILLS.

WANTED a correspondence with parties desirous of starting a WOOLLEN FACTORY. A factory in this part of the country would do a good business in custom work alone, as there is none within fifteen or twenty miles that amounts to anything. This is a great wool-growing country. The undersigned would furnish the Building, Power, and Situation toward such end. An early correspondence solicited. JOHN SPENCER & SON, EAST VALLEY, Holmes Co., Ohio.

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Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. THE MOST CERTAIN and perfectly harmless antidote for the poisonous effects, and remedy for the tobacco appetite. It is known by the above name.

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THE Wonderful Medicines OF DR. G. B. EMERSON, CLAIRVOYANT. Emerson's Clairvoyant Discovery, for the cure of Dyspepsia and general debility of the nervous and organic system.

EMERSON'S MAGNETIC SALVE will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sores, Burns, Piles, Moths, and all eruptions of the skin. Price 25 cents per box. Address Dr. Geo. B. Emerson, West Sutton, Mass.

MOVABLE PLANISPHERE OF THE HEAVENS, at Every Minute. A Complete Directory of the Starry Heavens. Is to Astronomy what a Map is to Geography. Two kinds. One painted, and as much better as it is cheaper than a celestial globe. The other like the clear sky, stars white on a blue-black ground.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS. BY JUDGE EDMONDS. THIS VOLUME CONSISTS OF A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF SHORT ARTICLES ON SPIRITUALISM, by JUDGE EDMONDS, who is widely known in Europe and America as an able jurist and a staunch advocate and expounder of the Spiritual Philosophy.

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New Advertisements.

THE Boston Investigator. The Oldest Reform Journal in the United States, IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 84 WASHINGTON STREET, Boston, Mass.

Edited by Horace Seaver. Price, \$3.50 per annum. Single copies, seven cents. Specimen copies sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay the postage.

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The B. W. Raymond, H. Z. Culver, and H. H. Taylor Movements are especially recommended.

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Medium's Column.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. HUNT, 31 Clinton Place, New York. Terms \$3.00 and stamps. Money refunded when not answered.

J. WM. VAN NAME, M.D., Box 5129, New York City, will examine patients by lock of hair, and give further notice, for \$1.00 and two stamps. Give name, age, and one leading symptom of disease.

MINNIE MYERS, Test and Business Medium, will receive calls from all hours from 9 o'clock A.M. to 9 P.M., except Sundays, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Terms \$1.00 a sitting. Residence 109 Fourth Ave., up stairs, Chicago.

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, 67 North Berry Street, Newark, N. J., will answer letters sealed or otherwise, give PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS, or Reading of Character, from writing, hair, or photograph. Terms from two to five dollars and four three-cent stamps.

DR. JOHN A. ELLIOTT, THE HEALER, Is at 25 Bond Street. Call from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. With a minute patients at a distance by lock of hair, and prescriptions will be given where they will apply. Magnetic remedies prepared and sent by express on moderate terms.

CLAIRVOYANCE. Dr. P. T. Johnson examines diseases by receiving a lock of hair, name, and age, stating sex—\$1.00, accompanying the lock. He also prepares a sure antidote for opium and morphia eaters; three months will cure the most inveterate case. Charges, six dollars per month. He also prepares a sure cure for agues, 50 cents per bottle. Will be sent by express. Address him at Ypsilanti, Mich.

DR. W. HULL, Psychometric and Clairvoyant Physician, Will diagnose disease and give prescriptions from a lock of hair or photograph, the patient being required to give name, age, residence, etc. A better diagnosis will be given by giving him the leading symptoms, but stamps are not required to do so. Watch the papers for his address, or direct to Hobart, Ind., and wait till the letters can be forwarded to him.

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

THE WELL-KNOWN PSYCHOMETRIST, A. B. SEVERANCE, Will give to those who visit him in person, or from auto-graph or photograph, a diagnosis of character, mental changes, past and future, advice in regard to business diagnosis of disease, with prescription, adaptation of those intending marriage, directions for the management of children, hints to the inharmoniously married, etc.

DR. ABBA LORD PALMER, Wonderful Psychometrist, and Clairvoyant Physician, Soul-Reader, and Business Medium, Can diagnose disease by likeness, autograph, lock of hair, without a failure, and give prescription which, followed, will surely cure.

PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY Prepared by the Celebrated Analytic Physician, Dumont C. Dake, D.D., who for years has been used with unparalleled success by the Doctor's private practice throughout the Union, now introduced to the public.

THE CHYLIFIER Cures all diseases of the blood, permanently eradicates all catarrhs, scrofulous, syphilitic, erysipelas, and crementitious matter from the system. Price \$2.50 bottle.

CEPHALIC POWDERS. An unequalled compound for the speedy cure of tarrh. Price \$2.00 per package.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Healing, Psychometric, and Business Medium, 148 Fourth Ave., Chicago. Mrs. Robinson while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the ess object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and tion of the disease of the sick person, when she will out delay return a most potent prescription and cure for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing patient in all curable cases.

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