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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO 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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NO. 18.

Original Poetry.

LITTLE MAUD.

BY JULIA M. DUNN.

When the visions of twilight come to me,
A face in the gathering shades I see,
Childish and pure, and O, how fair!
With radiant eyes and golden hair,
Her form is clad in a robe like mist,
Starry with pearl and amethyst;
I reach to clasp it—all in vain!—
It fades in the thickening gloom.

Well do I know these loving eyes,
Tender and soft as the May-blue skies,
Many a time have they shown on me
As she danced in her innocent childish glee,
Happy and free as a bird at play,
Singing the Summer hours away,
Lipsing the tale that she scarce could tell,
Father above, did we love too well?
Twice had she watched the winter's gloom
Dissolve in the Summer's fragrant bloom.
Twice had the tender violet eyes
Mirrored the light of the Summer skies,
When it came again with the mantling flush
Of its crimson roses all ablaze,
She had launched her barque on that tideless sea
Whose silent shore is Eternity!

Spirit of beauty! O come to me
When the moon floats calm in an azure sea,
I watch for a form of childish grace,
For the loving eyes of an angel face;
In the starry hush of the twilight hour,
When the heart's best feelings have their power,
When every thought is a silent prayer,
Spirit of beauty! O, meet me there!

BASTIAN AND TAYLOR.

Spiritual Manifestations in Dunkirk, New York, and Toledo, Ohio.

[From the Advertiser and Union, Dunkirk, New York.]
For some days previous to the 28th of last month, a couple of spiritual mediums, Mr. Henry Bastian and his partner, Mr. Malcolm Taylor, were expected here to give spiritual seances or sittings, for the satisfaction of such of our citizens as wished to investigate the new and now wide-spread Spiritual Philosophy. On that day (28th) they came. They put up at the house of Mr. A. S. Cobb, where they staid till Monday the 16th, enjoying the free and generous hospitality of that gentleman and his estimable lady. The sittings were held for nine nights, at six of which I was present from beginning to end, and they were all fully attended by respectable citizens of both sexes. The strictest order and decorum prevailed throughout, except on one night, when a certain young gentleman, relying on his powers of imitation, and being desirous of giving variety to the entertainment, mimicked the part of a clown, and I must own that the mimicry was a perfect success. This was the only night in which this gentleman was present.

And just here it strikes me that I ought to notice a communication on these seances in the Buffalo Courier of Dec. 19th, "from our own correspondent" in Dunkirk. "The mediums," says this correspondent, "are two itinerant males, one a tow-headed, fat, burly-looking 'seed,' whose upper story looks like the grain end of a barley sheaf; this one takes charge of the singing, and leads off by rolling his eyes heavenward with muscular twitches, on a key high enough to split the throat of a prima donna; the other, a harmless, sickly-looking individual, having long, black hair, slight moustache, with a cadaverous, sallow, sanctimonious face, that would denote dyspepsia from ulceration of the stomach."
"Own" correspondents are privileged, it seems, to take strange liberties with facts, logic and grammar rules, but then, they make amends by a judicious sprinkling of Latin and Greek words—"Photophobia," "Ophthalmia," "cadaverous," "prima donna,"—such words look well in a communication—they put the starch in it.

My opportunities for knowing something of these young men were five or six interviews with them, in addition to the six nights at the sittings. These young men are respectively about 28 years of age. Mr. Taylor is fleshy and is the picture of health and gaiety; he dresses well, without ornament. Mr. Bastian—"Harry" as he is called—is thin, and is evidently suffering from nervous debility, manifestly connected with his mediumistic operations. Both are gentlemen in culture and deportment. They are free, childlike and communicative, nor can the keenest eye discover in their persons or looks a single mark of trick or fraud.

Mr. Taylor is a clairvoyant medium, if that be the proper term, professing to be able to see spirits in the dark. He describes them, estimates their age, and occasionally gives names. Several persons in nearly all of the dark circles affirmed that they recognized their departed loved ones, as thus described, and were patted on the knees, hands and cheeks by them. This young man sits in the circle and, with good taste, in the singing, but I am not able to affirm anything as to the "rolling of

his eyes heavenward with muscular twitches," as I can not, like "our own correspondent," see in the dark.

Having given this general sketch I should now proceed to the relating of particulars of which there was a great abundance and of a marvelous character, but the task exceeds my power. My memory is bad and I made no notes. I will try to give a brief account of a few of the things I witnessed—only a few.

Sixteen persons of both sexes compose the circle which is about eight feet in diameter. In the center sits the medium, Mr. Bastian, patting the palm of his left hand with the back of his right from beginning to end without a quarter of a moment's intermission, and with almost rythmical exactness. This is to satisfy all that the pappings, the playing on the guitar's passing from lap to lap, across and re-across the circle, and its gyrations in the air overhead, are not the work of the medium. Whilst these things are going on any one in the circle may, by express permission, put forth his feet to discover if the medium has, for an instant, left his chair.

In a minute or so after the gas-light is shut off, singing by the circle commences, during which and after it patting on the hands, the feet, the cheeks, shoulders and head take place; time with the singing is kept up on the guitar, now on the strings, now on the wood, and that instrument, while still sounding, floats in the air over the heads of the circle, now and then knocking against the walls and ceiling, and finally dropping into some one's lap, or balanced on some one's head.

A child is described, and, as seen trying to get on its mother's lap, the mother recognizes her child, and states that it is making the effort. The spirits of several persons are stated to be present. They are recognized and requested to touch their friends in the circle. Various and repeatedly it is done. His watch is taken out of Mr. F. Driggs' pocket, and is deposited in the hands of Mr. George Isham on the opposite side of the circle. Mr. Howland loses his spectacles which cross also to the opposite side, and are found in the hand of Mr. Kean. A gold ring is slipped into my hand, and is claimed by Mr. Taylor opposite. My daughter's handkerchief is taken off her lap and is found, all knotted up on the lap of a lady opposite. The handkerchief being taken in this state to the next evening's circle, its owner is informed by an audible voice, in answer to her question, that it was an old lady who did the deed. "Is it my father's mother?" Ans. "No." "Is it my mother's mother?" "Yes." (Here my daughter was patted all over her knees and hands). "Grandmother, will you untie it?" This was instantly done, and the article placed between the thumb and finger of her right hand.

On the night of Thursday (the 12th), in the dark circle, Mr. Taylor addressed me, saying that a lady stood in front of me, low-sized, with light brown hair, and apparently about 30 years old, and that the name given him was "Elizabeth." Instantly my daughter, at my side, pronounced it to be the spirit of my first wife, words which were accompanied by a shower of friendly pappings all over my knees. "Bessie," asked I, "is this you?" Another shower of pappings. Again I said, "Bessie if this is you, place your hand upon my head." No sooner was this said than a small, loving hand patted my left cheek, and glided forward till it parted with my chin. O, for a pen to describe my feelings! Could they be the fruit of a mere trick?

The next night's dark circle—but here a little bit of retrospect is necessary. Some two months ago my eldest son, in New York, obtained at Dr. Slade's what purported to be a written message from the same spirit—his mother. I had my doubts as to whether this message was really written by her. It now came into my head that I might get some light on this question. Having first inquired if she was present, and being answered abundantly as before, in the affirmative, I put the question, mentally, "Did you write that letter?" I went on to describe it, but at the word "letter" I got a shower of pappings the affirmative intent of which was unmistakable. The question was put twice more, mentally, and each time answered as before.

At this same sitting a boy was described as standing before me, whose name, as given to the medium, was Alfred. I had lost a son in his eleventh year whose name was Alfred. I requested of my son, if present, to lay his hand fully extended on mine. My hand was gently pressed upon as requested, and by a small, warm hand.

There was a good deal of conversation indulged in from time to time, between several persons of the circle and a voice which was understood to be that of a spirit by the name of Johnny Gray. The spirit, whoever he was, was humorous and witty, and, through the trumpet or horn, another spirit, conversationally inclined, but grave, gave descriptions of spirit life and some exhortations to virtue, especially the virtue of charity.

Let us now devote a few words to the LIGHT CIRCLES.

The room is lighted by a kerosene lamp partially shaded; there are three rows of sitters, the first one being about six feet from the diamond shaped aperture—the center of attraction—the most searching examination of the room behind is invited, and sometimes made, after which, Mr. Bastian tightly dressed, enters.

For my own part I must confess that for the first two nights I was somewhat disappointed. Familiar with the glowing descriptions of the Moravian wonders, I expected that the spirits would show their features in sharp outline, but this was not so, on these two nights, except in one or two cases, in one instance, a figure was taken respectively for that of an old lady, a young child, a bouquet of flowers!

Things were better on the succeeding evenings, and many figures were at once clearly recognized as those of departed relatives or acquaintances. An old and venerable male figure appeared to and conversed with Mr. Driggs who left his chair and stood before the aperture, and the following words addressed to him were distinctly heard: "Be patient. Rome was not built in a day."

The figure of an old man appeared on two consecutive nights. It exhibited a marked dignity and an almost severe gravity; the countenance which wore the glow of health was ornamented by beautiful gray mustache and beard; the figure wore steel spectacles. Having, by a motion of his head, invited some one in the circle to approach the aperture I (being requested to do so) complied. My face was within 12 inches of his but no words as yet passed. At length I said "Will you permit me to take your hand?" The right hand arose and having advanced my left hand into the aperture the back of my fingers were touched by the cold fingers of that right hand.

The second night this figure appeared precisely as before, and then spoke. This was the night when the imitative powers of the gentleman already spoken of were exhibited. The figure was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God we live." Also, "These are not trifling matters." Several in the circle heard these words uttered and saw the corresponding movement of the mouth and lips and the expression of the features. I now requested the privilege of touching the figure before me, or of being touched by it, and *voilà!* when instantly a luminous arm was projected into the room and the cool hand of the figure was gently laid on the left side of my head, I being within a foot or so of the aperture and previously requested by the spirit in audible words to "move a little to the right." This thrilling action was repeated and it brought out an involuntary exclamation from several persons in the circle.

THE TEST AND LAST NIGHT.

This was the night of Sunday, the 15th. We, mediums and all, were in one well lighted room. A plain, uncovered table stood against the wall and near one end sat Mr. Bastian; on the floor before him lay several coils of rope, half the size of a bed-cord, and on the table was placed the guitar, horn, a tambourine, some bells and a mouth-organ.

This night was devoted to the giving of proofs that there was no trickery and indeed the proofs seemed to be both clear and decisive. Mr. Bastian invited the circle to tie his hands, knees, feet, elbows, in any way and to any extent desired; but although he waited several minutes no one offered his services. At length the gas being turned off the witty spirit "Johnny" was heard hard at work with the rope, and when the job was done and the gas lit the tying was completed and tying with a vengeance it appeared to be. The other medium, Mr. Taylor was also tied, that is he sat in the circle with hands joined; the gas now being turned off, a member of the circle having, by previous request, brought his violin, played the Star Spangled Banner, to which an accompaniment in good time was played by all the instruments already named. The light was struck and Mr. Bastian's tying was found undisturbed. At one time when the light was restored Mr. Bastian and his chair were found perched on the table. Pennies were placed on his hands, knees and toes, a diagram of his feet was made with a pencil on paper placed under them and his mouth filled with water. The light being put out, the spirit, George Fox, commenced discoursing through the horn, and having called on Mr. Taylor to go on talking at the same time, which was done, he inquired if that did not dispose of the charge of ventriloquism? The light being restored Mr. Bastian, and his pennies his feet and various tying was found undisturbed; he poured the water from his mouth before all present.

I omit several feats that were done this last night, and shall conclude by just saying that Sweet Home was played in the dark on a little mouth-organ in a style of harmonious sweetness which I never heard surpassed. Also that the loosening of the knot with which "Johnny" tied his medium's hands baffled the ingenuity and labor of the whole circle. But "Johnny" came to the rescue; and here I end a most imperfect account of what to nearly all, was a delightful and to many a profitable series of spiritual demonstrations.

J. T. BLARENBY.

Dunkirk, Dec. 21st, 1872.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

(From the Toledo (Ohio) Sun.)

Last week, upon the invitation of a select party of ladies and gentlemen to the number of fifteen, the distinguished mediums, Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, of North Boston, N. Y., visited this city, to present to their guests such evidences of immortality from the world of spirits, as would be given through their organs. The company assembled on Friday evening, Dec. 20th, in the parlors of Mr. E. D. Moore, 161 Superior street, where the initial circle of the course of ten was held. The curdling arrangements of a necromancer and the soul are not a part of the appliances to the manifestations of these gentlemen. A common tin used, and a guitar are the only instruments sufficient. Two rooms are used. A large one dark circle, and a small one adjoining into which Mr. Bastian retires, over the door leading to which, a black cambric curtain is hung. This curtain has a diamond shaped aperture, upon which the eyes of the company, seated in the large room, rest. Mr. Bastian takes his

position behind this curtain, while Mr. Taylor remains with the company. This explanation will apply to all circles held by these gentlemen. In the dark circle the company, including Mr. Taylor, sit joining hands around Mr. Bastian. The gas is turned out, and a music box set in motion. Frequently vocal music is called for, and the company join in singing a familiar air.

At this circle nearly every person present was approached by spirit friends and relations, and touched by their hands, and their names given and appearance described by Mr. Taylor. Mr. Bastian, in the centre, kept his hands clapping together, indicating his presence in that position, while the multifarious manifestations were going over all around the circle. An infant form rested in a lady's lap, and was named and described by Mr. Taylor. This little babe passed away upon the lap of the good lady that then and there felt its weight and presence. Others came and clambered to the knees of parents, and patted their infant hands against them. A voice conversed with the company through the trumpet, and another addressed Mr. Moore familiarly without its aid. The strings of the guitar vibrated sweetly as the instrument was carried around the room.

During the light circle on this evening the faces of the following persons were presented at the aperture, and recognized by relations present: Martin M. Compton, brother of Mrs. E. D. Moore, a niece of Mr. C. D. Woodruff, and Mary Haines, cousin of Mr. Moore. Hands were presented, and portions of the clothing were visible. The circle was then closed, and the following nine appointed to be held at the parlors of another of our progressive citizens. The company assembled there on Sunday evening last, and the following demonstrations took place. During the dark circle hands of various sizes were felt by all, spirits described, names given, etc. The watch and chain of a gentleman were taken off, unlinked and separately handed to different persons. In the light circle a lady's hand and arm with a long flowing sleeve was quickly protruded, the drapery rustling on the curtain as it was drawn back. Next came the peculiar features of the mother of a gentleman present, whose face, by its marked expression, was readily recognized. Next came the face of a young man, whom a lady identified as that of her brother. Then came that of a little boy, the grandchild of Mr. Woodruff. This circle, which was very satisfactory, was concluded by some advice from the spirit control, through the trumpet, and the word "good night" given.

On the assembling of the company on the third night the demonstrations were varied and interesting at the dark circle, similar to those of the evenings before, with the exception that spirit lights floated about the room, and were seen by all. At the light circle, the mother of Mrs. E. D. Moore appeared several times. Also the sweet spirit face of a dear young lady friend of a gentleman present beamed forth, giving him best assurance that she still lived. The hand and arm of a talented French gentleman, Count Beauregard, who recently passed away at St. Louis, and known here, came out holding a Rosary. He being a devout member of the Catholic church, presented the beads as a test.

The fourth night's manifestations were similar to the preceding ones in the dark circle, the exception was that the guitar floated over the heads of the company, in the hands of a spirit soldier, once a comrade of a gentleman present, playing "Tramp, tramp," in an accurate and skillful manner. In the light circle two hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, came forward, and were followed by several single ones of different sizes. The lady of the house then beheld the face of her infant niece. The face of the son of Mr. Woodruff was next seen, and followed by the genial and expressive countenance of Mr. Joseph R. Williams, husband of Mrs. Sarah Williams. Next came the face of the mother-in-law of Mr. S. S. Linton. After encouraging counsel from the guide, the circle closed.

The manifestations both in the dark and light circle on the fifth evening, being last Friday, were unusually powerful. In the dark circle, the spirit of J. C. Ferrill, a soldier of the 30th Ills., who died a prisoner, manifested himself to his comrade, Mr. S. S. Linton. He presented a hand of cards, and gave the name of "Jack." He touched that gentleman frequently. The cards were shown as a test to Mr. Linton, that he might more readily recognize his friend, as Terrell was very fond of the game. Mr. Linton was wounded, and as Ferrill helped to carry him off the field, he was himself taken prisoner, which circumstance Mr. Linton related. A fragrant perfume like the balm of a thousand flowers, pervaded the room three times, and several stars were seen floating overhead.

The light circle on this evening was the most remarkable of its kind, although but one face was presented. It was that of Mr. J. Derthick, 64 years of age, of Conn., father of the lady at whose home the seances were given. The face came forward and spoke in a distinct whisper, the words "God bless you; thank God we are immortal," and disappeared. He came again and said still plainer, "I once doubted this, but it is a reality," and again faded from view. The third time he came in answer to a question from his daughter, "What shall I tell mother?" he replied: "Tell her I still live." "And what shall I tell Mary, who is a skeptic?" "Tell her she will yet realize my presence." He then kissed his hand to his children, and said, "God bless you all, good night."

THE HAUNTED SCHOOLHOUSE.

(From the Merrimack Valley Visitor.)

Are we going backward or forward on the great road of human progress? It is strange

how largely the world seems to live over its own life. The ages are as much alike as the different generations of the same family; and the imperial House of Austria has been known for eight centuries by the form of jaw on every child born into it. Solomon said in his day, that there was nothing new under the sun; and his was an age resplendent with the light and joy of science, architecture, poetry, philosophy and literature. To the making of books, he said, there is no end. Whether the lightning presses were running then we can't say. Wendell Phillips, in his lecture, the "Lost Arts," proves that many of our most marvelous modern discoveries are but reproductions of what the Ancients well knew. It has been affirmed that even railroads and telegraphs were not strange to them. They certainly knew something which we have forgotten; such as the embalming the dead, rendering glass malleable like iron; and either the means of conveying huge rocks, such as we can not now lift, or of manufacturing stones in the places where they were needed. So in mind and morals. The transcendentalists of the most advanced school of to-day are but treading the paths which were familiar to the seers and philosophers of India, Egypt and Greece.

We do not say that there is no real progress. There is much, both in things spiritual and material; but all must allow that it is rather in the spiral form than in a direct line; and being thus, we are every little while brought back to near the point our fathers passed in their earthly pilgrimages. It is so in the matter of Spiritualism and witchcraft.

There has been no people, in any age, near or remote, without what we term their superstitions; and these superstitions have been very much alike, even more alike than their general culture. There have always been devil worshippers and ghost entertainers, and spirit communists—"mejeums," as Josh Billings calls them. When went there by an age when more or less men did not believe in diembodyed spirits wandering over the earth? When did they not claim that wizards lived and witches plagued mankind?—when that ghosts did not creep from the graveyards in the stillness of the starry nights and haunt the scenes of their former activities? There has been no church that did not in some way favor these ideas; and no people that did not at some time obey the command of Moses to the Jews—not let a witch live. Cotton Mather, the most learned and godly of the New England fathers, and all his generation believed in witches; and so did the Old England fathers, and the fathers of the middle ages, and the fathers of the most ancient times. Judge Sewall—our own most learned and most pious Sewall—in passing sentence of death on witches—sending them to "Gallows Hill"—though he was ashamed of it and penitent for it afterward, was but reacting what the great and most profound jurist of former times had done.

We thought we had outgrown these delusions, and set down in our wisdom, to mock the stupidity of our fathers, and ridicule the weakness and ignorance of our dead progenitors; when all at once, in New York, the Fox girls began to exhibit as Spiritualists; and in a quarter century the infection spread to every part of the land and to the "ends of the earth." It was not confined to weak women, but strong men spoke under spirit influences. It was not the ignorant crowd that were fooled, if any body was, but the wise and learned accept or confessed their inability to refute it. The laws of nature were suspended and nobody could tell how. Noises were heard where no person or thing was—music sounded out in the clear air with no instrument to produce it in the view; and all the other things happened—strange and unaccountable—which we have seen, or of which we have read, and which belong to the dominion of witchcraft. The civil law has at times dealt with the matter; the pulpit has denounced it as of infernal, the wits have ridiculed it, and the philosophers have investigated to prove it a humbug, but all the time the people have more and more believed, and upon testimony that would have been taken in any court, where any amount of property or any number of lives was depending.

Lately they have gone further, and it has been claimed, and there are witnesses enough to the fact—if facts they be—that spirits are able to clothe themselves with material bodies and appear to human eyes in proper form; and they come back to haunt houses, and do a great many things, though as yet none very wise or useful to the more material denizens of this mundane sphere. In Boston we find a haunted house that has been abandoned because the spirits could not be exorcised; and in Newburyport we have a schoolhouse that the School Committee have been forced to advertise as closed to visitors, because curious crowds waited within and without, to see the mysterious form of a ghost boy, who has been trotting round there for a year, more or less, seen frequently by the teacher—who is not a Spiritualist, and by most of the whole fifty pupils who are too young—(primary scholars)—to mystify and deceive the people.

This schoolhouse is on Charles street—a one story building, that would be the last place in the town for a spirit from any happy abode to wish to renew its childhood in. There is an entry to the building, where is a flight of stairs to the attic, and a window looking into the school-room. The teacher's desk brought her back to that window, where the pupils told her a strange boy was playing his tricks sometimes putting his head up to the glass and at other times looking in. They described him, and when seen he has always been the same in dress and appearance. To

(Continued on fifth page.)

New York Department.

BY.....E. D. BABBITT, D. M. Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received, and papers and leading Spiritual publications furnished, at the New York Magnetic Cure, No. 5, Clinton Place, New York.

New York and Vicinity.

A little talk about the progressive people of New York and vicinity, may not be uninteresting.

A few months ago I gave, Andrew Jackson Davis and his "angel of the household," Mary, a visit at Orange, New Jersey. I found them an admirable argument for Spiritualism. They still keep up their honeymoon and illustrate the beauties of wedded life. Mr. Davis is handsomer than any of his pictures, as indeed any spiritually minded person is apt to be.

I often meet Mr. Warren Sumner Barlow, the poet, author of "The Voices," etc., which poems, as you know, have gained quite a reputation. About fifteen years ago, I used to war with him in Cincinnati, on the subject of Spiritualism, I feeling quite sure that it would tear down true religion, while he feeling quite sure he had discovered a great truth which would tear down false religion. I have fought Spiritualism until about three years since, when I was brought down by a shower from Heaven almost as suddenly as Paul was when he fell from his horse. My old theological fabric, that I supposed to be eternal, has dissolved into mist and a far brighter light has dawned upon me. Give us your hand, friend Barlow; I give up beat this time, but will endeavor to give you a good race up the mountain of truth in the future.

A Mr. Slocum, formerly President of the Vermont Association of Spiritualists, has come to New York, and settled down at 442 East Tenth street. His wife is an old medium as well as true woman, and he himself though he has as yet scarcely consented to sit in public as a medium, is certainly a remarkable psychometrist, being able to discover stolen property, search out criminals, read character from an autograph or diagnostic disease. He should at once put out his shingle and be pressed into the ranks as a public medium.

Dr. Holbrook, editor of that admirable journal, "Herald of Health," lately gave me a call. He is decidedly a progressive man and appreciates the subtle and magnetic laws of life as well as the other natural means of health.

I have lately become acquainted with Dr. Louis Schlesinger, who has sacrificed hundreds of thousands of dollars, to become a healing medium and to help the sick and the poor. That's the way true Spiritualism opens up the heavenly fountains of love in a man's soul, making him forget self. God bless him. There! my sheet is full, and I was going to speak of such earnest workers as Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Flint, who answer sealed letters, and others, but must stop.

A Lecture by Thomas Gales Forster, on Sunday Evening, December 15th, 1872, at Apollo Hall, New York.

My text may be found in the 15th chapter and 50th verse of First Corinthians: "Now this I say brethren that Flesh and Blood can not inherit the Kingdom of God." Most persons in Christendom think Jesus Christ ascended in his material body, a supposition founded on the opinions of a people unscientific and credulous, and having a superstitious feeling about the unknown and obscure. Even now, notwithstanding the enlightenment of the age, it exists to a great extent. To this doctrine of a material resurrection, Spiritualism is diametrically opposed, as it is constantly contradicted by natural and scientific phenomena. The law of the Universe is one of perpetual creation. Science says that decay and death are immediate agents of the constructive nature of which man is the apex of all. He holds magnetic relations to both worlds. Man absorbs an impalpable substance from trees, animals, minerals and human beings. He retains the same character in Spirit-life as here. The Spirit World is as much a condition as a place. All thought and sentiments come from the Spirit World, while the material substance come from the earth. The elements are ever changing and man changes. Eighty per cent. of the human system is water, a small amount more is of a mineral substance, a small amount of nitrogen, oxygen, etc. An eccentric Frenchman, it is said, succeeded in reducing and concentrating the remains of his wife so as to wear them in his finger ring. Martyrs have been burned at the stake and the bodies of many men have been changed a thousand times. How absurd is the materialistic idea that the brain is the mind of man. There are three questions that may be put on this subject.

- 1st. Is the thinking principle a conscious entity?
2d. Is it an intangible something?
3d. Is it the spiritual man with an identity of its own?

If the latter, then the grand old earth must be esteemed much more noble, and this problem of the resurrection is answered. Spiritual phenomena entirely overthrow our preconceived ideas of immortality, and prove that "Flesh and blood can not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." It comes so clear and beautiful that earth's children can almost realize the Spirit World. On the other hand theological teachings have been so exceedingly indefinite and dark, that doubts and gloom have been spread over mankind. The Orthodox dogmas on the subject are but little else than a splendid failure. Spiritualism proves that the same law regulates both worlds, and that the spirit life is but a continuation of this, not a death. High aspiration, noble duties and love are beautiful influences for his future exaltation. Flesh and blood were formed for the uses of this world and hence would prove an encumbrance in the next. This real intangible being at death carries life, sensation and love. It has been said, that if Jesus did not rise with his body, how was it? I may ask, how did he appear among them when the doors were closed? John says that Jesus rose to Heaven with his body. Paul says, "flesh and blood can not enter the Kingdom of Heaven," an evident contradiction. Paul was a more logical writer than John. Spiritualism explains many points of the New Testament, such as the opening of the doors of Peter's prison and many other things. When clergymen contend that Spiritualism is false, they prove too much, for it is the only proof of many of the Bible facts. Spiritualism teaches that the spirit holds subordinate all conditions through which it has passed. The spirit in an infant can scarcely command a single muscle, in childhood it gains an active control, in adolescence and manhood is still more powerful, while in spirit-life it can do all it could before and still more. Through this law of ascension comes a bright and beautiful philosophy. Death is but a new sphere of life. Spirit communion, which is as natural as the air you breathe, must overthrow all theological dogmas. If you move your right hand you

say it obeys your will-power, and will is of the spirit. Matter is inertia without the spirit. The will of man controls the hand, foot, etc. Now suppose the body decompose, the spirit having arisen can control what it could before, and more. Christ being an advanced spirit understood these laws of control. When he passed out of his form he could come back and materialize himself so that his disciples and others could see him just as bodies are now materialized at Dr. Slocum's, at Moravia and other places. He could materialize his form, his scars and his face. His disciples knew little of science and could not comprehend how the spirit could thus draw a material body around it, and simply stated matters as they appeared to them.

It would be a sad reflection if all these aching and sick bodies were to go to the next world. It would make Heaven worse than earth from contrast with the glories there. The spirit is the man in every essential sense. If true to this life, man can render every step an advance toward holier and higher joys there. While Spiritualism presents the future as being so beautiful, at the same time it does not ignore the fact that man must carry with him the actual condition he has formed in this world. God has so linked humanity together that all must act and react on each other. Every kind act will have its influence upon others, as well as its reflex action upon one's self. Man is taught that he can become happy by making others happy.

I rarely tell a story, but will relate a plain homely occurrence as illustrating a principle. Fifteen years ago when my medium was living in the West, an old farmer of Illinois was converted from Orthodoxy to Spiritualism. His minister pleaded with him to win him back. "I have learned through Spiritualism how to milk my cow," said the old man. "How so?" said the surprised clergyman, "When I was a member of the church under its stern teachings I would thrash my cow when she proved a little unruly, and she got worse and worse, but since I have been a Spiritualist I have learned that kindness is the law by which God governs the world, and now I have no trouble with her."

Under all circumstances, true Spiritualism is the religion of humanity. So may each one of you make this system your friend.

Our Correspondence.

A Fatal Accident.

Stephen C. Pierce, of Lottsville, Warren Co., Pa., passed to the higher life from Bear Lake, Pa., on the 10th day of Nov., 1872. The painful circumstances of the abrupt termination of this Brother's earthly career, were as follows:

Bro. Pierce and his noble wife, after generously entertaining the writer hereof and his wife, accompanied them to the residence of Brother and Sister Meriam, at Bear Lake, some five miles distant from the home of the Pierces where they tarried all night. While attending to his team, on the evening of the 9th of Nov. last, Brother Pierce received a kick from one of his own horses, which caused his translation to spirit-life, in just twenty-six hours from the moment of the fatal blow.

Thus, after upward of a half century of a noble, industrious and prosperous life, was this good and faithful husband, father, son and citizen cut off from further loving duties and generous offices, as a visible and tangibly embodied helper, counselor and staff to the bereft of that desolated household.

This sudden and unlooked for change—a startling reminder of the complete uncertainty of any condition of life, whether as to the relations of the individual to the grosser earthly body, or to any society position of wealth or "vain glory," was a source of deep sorrow to relatives, friends and the recipients of his generous offices of kindness. Especially to his good (now widowed) wife was the "trial great and the burden hard to bear."

But she and each have the consolation of Spiritualistic knowledge; of the assurance of his power to still cherish, soothe, gently chide, if erring, and to guide, by the laws of the spirit. Also that he suffered but little pain "in the throes of the New Birth."

[A previously prepared notice of this case was lost in transmission by mail; else an earlier appearance would have obtained.]

J. K. BAILEY.

Prof. N. B. Starr, the Spirit Artist.

MY DEAR BRO. JONES—I have neglected, yes, sadly neglected you, and must now make amends. Your paintings are all done, and have been for some time, but press of other matters has prevented me from sending them to you until now. I will in a few days box and ship them to you so that you will have them for Christmas at least. There are four in all—perhaps five, though I can not say surely as to sending the last; however, I will see when the time comes to ship them. Number one and two resemble those you lost by the fire. The first is the mission of a bright and loving spirit to the undeveloped of our earth sphere. Number two is my home in the skies. Number three is a portrait of an angry and vengeful spirit, enveloped in darkness and who is still plotting mischief. He was hung for murder, and is intended as a lesson to our law makers—the very worst thing they can do with a murderer is to hang him—his psychological power for mischief is increased ten or a hundred fold. Number four is a specimen of the style of art in which I have, for the last ten years, been engaged in producing—the likeness of those who have gone before us to the "happy land." Those four paintings I give to you, Bro. S. S. Jones, to hold as your private property, the only conditions that I shall impose on you, are that you will in no case have them or suffer them to be photographed, and that you will exhibit them or hang them in such a manner that they will not be confounded with Bro. Streight's or any other spirit artist's productions; lastly, that you will give a kind invitation from time to time to all Spiritualists who come to Chicago to visit your Art Gallery, and thus by bringing you in contact with the Spiritualists of the North-west, you gain subscribers and increase the influence of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Now, my good brother, should you have an opportunity, you may sell any or all of these pictures, and I will compensate you by giving larger and finer ones. Nevertheless, as they are yours, do as you please about it.

Spiritualism is flourishing here. The society own a nice comfortable hall. The whole end of it back of the rostrum is covered with large spirit paintings—near one hundred feet of canvas is hung here. First, we have the Indian's "Happy hunting-ground," a large landscape. Next, "Evening in the Isle of the Blessed." Then immediately behind the speaker's desk, we have the "Spirit of Inspiration," representing a beautiful spirit holding her outstretched hands over the speaker's head and directing the inspiration on to him—surely a most appropriate painting for the rostrum. I feel quite flattered that these paintings are becoming somewhat famous, as people come miles out of the way of travel to see them and our

hall. Frank White is ministering to us at present. He is an able speaker. We are well pleased with him. Truly, he gives us the "bread of life."

Port Huron, Mich., Dec. 8th, 1872.

That Call.

BRO. JONES—I observe a "call for assistance" in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, signed officially by the Secretary of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago. As it was written and published without my consent or knowledge, and as I deem it liable to impress the public mind with erroneous ideas of our condition and prosperity, thereby weakening instead of strengthening our cause, I desire to correct and explain. It is stated that "our lectures are not sustained, and unless a united effort is made, they will have to be suspended for want of means." The unwarranted assumption that our lectures are likely to be discontinued, has been circulated for the past two months, and we have the proof that it has done its share in reducing our audiences. Nevertheless, in spite of this and other unfavorable influences and circumstances, our meetings have kept up with unprecedented regularity, not even seriously falling off during the epizootic when it was impossible to get any conveyance to and from the Hall, and which, of course, kept ladies living at a distance from attending. Besides weakening our cause, the publication of such a "call" leaves the public to infer that our speaker is not equal to the truth than that. During the seven years of my association with the First Society of Spiritualists, it has never before equaled the prosperity that has attended it during the ministrations of Bro. Lyman C. Howe, in evidence of which we have for the last three months been paying \$10 each Sunday for music.

Bro. Howe commenced his labors here last April, 1872, for one year's service, with the mutual agreement that we should change for other speakers occasionally for a month or more at a time. But as no such change has been made, only for two Sundays with Prof. Whipple in April last, we have at his own request granted him a release for February and March, to allow him to respond to an urgent call from Ohio, hence we shall only have services till the first of Feb., 1873. Of course, I do not question the intentions of our Secretary in publishing the article in question, but it must be plain to all that the influence and effects will be against us. If our receipts have diminished, it can not be due to lack of interest, else why do our audiences continue so full?

We shall cordially welcome any and all assistance that comes voluntarily and spontaneously to urge on the progressive work, but I can not concede that we have failed, or are likely to fail, or to discontinue our lectures; on the contrary our meetings are a success. Our society is on a firm legal basis. We have the countenance and sympathy of some of the best minds in the city. Our lyceum is in a prosperous condition, and we confidently expect to make our cause a power that shall be felt and respected throughout this great city and the world.

S. J. AVERY, M. D. Pres. F. S. S.

Chicago, Ill.

That Christmas Festival.

Agreeable to announcement, the children and their larger peers met at Grow's Hall, Tuesday, p. m., to enjoy the spontaneous interchange, and greet that honored holiday Saint Santa Claus. The day was intensely cold and artificial heat was hardly sufficient to keep the thermometer in harmony with live blood. This doubtless diminished the number in attendance. But the warm hearts and quickened lives of our precious little prophecies of the future, bright with joy and blazing with promise, soon tempered the room to the unshorn lambs, and the scene was one that angels might—and doubtless did—enjoy, while hopeful parents drank the inspiration of love and pure thanksgiving from the sweet sphere of buoyant earnest and happy childhood. Oh, what jewels hang from the walls of memory, and mirror forth in these young lives the years that tremble in the locked embrace of the eternal past! How our lives are enriched by the tender breath of these young buds, whose immortal bloom wakes into new fragrance and purer blushes at the touch of hope's white finger, in the baptism of social feeling. Those who do not love and live in the sphere of children and cultivate their confidence and learn of their trusting simplicity and spontaneous frankness, must carry a solemn desert in their soul.

At 6 o'clock, p. m., supper was served for "children of larger growth," and a bountiful repast warmed and supplied the inner man. About 7 o'clock order was called, and Dr. Avery announced that the scene was about to change—we had come there to enjoy ourselves and welcome Santa Claus, who had promised to come at the appointed hour. The curtain lifted, revealing the Christmas Tree, beautifully adorned and lighted, and laden with mystic treasures about to be revealed. Presently a shrill whistle in the distance thrilled the audience and the hundreds of flashing eyes were fixed on the magical spot. The noise of the reindeer's hoofs and the voice of the venerable driver grew nearer, till his majesty appeared and commenced the generous distribution of gifts. It was a joy that amply repaid all costs, to witness the delight and satisfaction pictured on those shining faces. The memory of that night's enjoyment and the tokens and treasures it brought, will be a tonic and incentive that will brace the lyceum cause during the entire year. The bright spots in the past, and the golden dawns of the hidden future, fold their light over the throbbing heart of the eternal present, and with the former to buoy and brace with deathless mementoes, and the latter to invite and lead with the magnet of infinite love, we work and win our way toward the unattained. Among the many valuable tokens distributed, all precious for the dear association and secret significance they hold, as added links in the chain of love, the one presented to Dr. S. J. Avery deserves a special mention, as it has a public significance.

It is well known that Dr. Avery has for years been a devoted and earnest worker—often against the powerful opposition of untoward circumstances, and has done much to keep alive the interest in public meetings, and maintain the natural harmony and mutual interests between the Spiritual society and the Children's Progressive Lyceum. To this effort, supported by many other true and faithful workers, the First Society of Spiritualists owes its present, unprecedented prosperity. Such effort for the cause, of course involves much time, and to one of Dr. Avery's profession, considerable pecuniary loss. The friends who know the facts and appreciate the worker and his work, made this an occasion to express their opinion of the Doctor's merits, by the presentation of a splendid St. Imer watch. Calls for a speech brought the Doctor to the stand, and he feelingly breathed upon the mirror of the past, and awakened the silent mementoes of the by-gone, briefly rehearsing the struggles and triumphs which they had shared together, and acknowledging the re-

newed sense of Union and strength foretold in this beautiful present. I think all who love the cause and appreciate worth, were gratified to witness this timely and significant token. The writer was not less generously remembered. A new and very rich overcoat attests the kindly spirit of the giver, and, while it warms the body, it covers a heart gushing with gratitude and strong with love. St. Santa Claus must have known my needs, for he could not have blessed me with a more acceptable offering.

This valuable present is so full of brotherly significance to me and so full of comfort for the body and blessing for the soul, that I trust I shall be pardoned if I name the pure Brother that gave it. It was sent in by Bro. D. Ambrose Davis. He does not need the expression of my deep and earnest thankfulness. Had he taken my measure he could scarcely have fitted me better.

Long shall we remember this profitable pastime, and cherish the spirit of friendship and mutual good feeling that made the occasion a success, and, I trust drew kindred hearts nearer to each other, deeper into the spirit of divine brotherhood and nearer to Heaven and God.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Chicago, Ill.

Insanity, "Obsession," False Communication, False Doctrines and Kindred Subjects.

BY G. D. MOSHER.

As the time seems to have drawn near at hand for more light upon the above subjects, I propose to offer through the JOURNAL my views in relation thereto, giving facts and experiences of my own, and inferences drawn therefrom, mostly independent of books and teachings of men in earth-life. I feel that as a benefactor of the race I should present to others what seems to be of value in unfolding some of the mysteries connected with those subjects. It is admitted that insanity is in some, and perhaps most cases, accompanied by "Obsession," and that, in such condition it is not unreasonable to conclude that with the false ideas popularized by the Spiritualistic fraternity in relation to the character, motive and object of the obsessing spirit, that such spirit takes advantage of the insane tendencies of his subject, to gratify his (the spirits) natural desires. Now I behoove all who may desire to be enlightened upon these subjects, to give attention to what I may relate in regard to experiences of my own and facts in relation to cases that have come within my own observation of individuals of my own acquaintance, including an own brother who was "obsessed," and was induced by the obsessing spirit to pass to spirit-life by suicidal hanging as evidenced by a note written by himself just before committing the act. Though many years have passed since the occurrence, the account will be none the less instructive, and I trust that progressives will be better prepared now than then to grapple the unfoldings. I shall endeavor to prepare an article for each week's JOURNAL until I am relieved of a duty I owe to my fellow-men. I will first present an account of my brother's death and incidents connected with his aberration of mind, and the inquest which I have clipped from the Janesville Independent of June, 1860. Let the readers ponder well all the important points presented, and suspend verdict until the evidences are all in.

I shall in a future article state some facts in relation to insanity, the subject being a married lady with whom I have been acquainted for many years, and she is a devout Methodist, and of high respectability in society. This lady was a raving maniac, it is said, for a few days. Her husband failing to get her admitted into the Insane Asylum at Kalamazoo, placed her in the care of two lady physicians at Ypsilanti. She was accompanied thither by her sister, who remains with her, and from her I shall endeavor to obtain all necessary information. This is an interesting case of religious insanity, by or with "obsession." She talks of the "spirits" and seems to yield to their bidding.

In my next, I shall present some facts and incidents in relation to my own case, that transpired while passing the ordeal of religious, or spiritualistic insanity, by or with "obsession," however unpopular it may be for maniacs to report their own cases.

SUICIDE OF MR. GILES MOSHER.

[From the Janesville Independent.]

Mosherville was thrown into deep consternation about midday of Tuesday of this week, by the startling fact that Mr. Giles Mosher of that place had committed suicide by hanging himself. His body was found suspended by a rope from a low-branched tree, standing amid some thick undergrowth near his "Spring House," a place prepared for storing butter a little distance from his store. He was about 37 years of age, of good abilities, and very highly esteemed by all who knew him, comfortably situated for this world's goods, and was living happily with his second wife, having been married to her on the 24th of October last.

The immediate cause of the strange act, as decided by the inquisition of six intelligent men of that vicinity, was—that personages, influences, or appearances from—or supposed to be from—the unseen world, beckoned or summoned him to come to them, in a manner which was irresistible. Mr. Mosher became a Spiritualist in 1854; was such about a year, when he renounced the belief, and continued opposition to it a year, and then returned to his former faith in the system, and became a speaking medium. In January, '58, his wife died. Prior to her death she promised him if Spiritualism was true she would appear to him, and prove to him that such was the fact. He bore himself at her funeral with great cheerfulness, showing implicit trust that she had only gone to a brighter and a happier home, far from earth's corroding cares.

His wife left a child, which he placed in the safe keeping of her sister, Mrs. Van Aikin of the town of Hillsdale. Some three weeks after her death, there was suspicion that his mind was not clear, and a few days subsequently, after a visit to his child, he returned to Mosherville, to the house of Geo. Mosher, where he was boarding, an absolute maniac, alleging that he expected to find "Mary Ann" (his departed wife) there to receive him. He subsequently stated that he had attempted suicide, near Harvey Luce's late place, being summoned so to do by his wife's spirit, but the "handkerchief" gave way. The spirit again urged him to the act before he arrived home, but his courage failed him. She then promised to meet him, "in the form," when he arrived home.

He became much better soon, and in May his friends proposed to him to visit the State of New York, hoping a change of scene and air might prove beneficial to him. He grew so much better that it was thought he could go unaccompanied, and soon started. He had debts to settle in N. Y. City (he was in trade at the time,) and proposed to make a small purchase of goods. He was intrusted, too, with other business matters in N. Y. State. The documents were returned to his friends a

few days after he left, without the business being done and with no explanation. In a succeeding mail a letter was received from him, stating that he had purchased a ticket for California. Parties were telegraphed immediately at New York to take him in charge,—one hour too late: The vessel sailed June 5th, 1858.

He was soon heard from in California, destitute of means, and finding no employment. His friends proposed to send him money to return, and he signified his willingness to accept. It was accordingly sent, and he arrived home in May, 1859, a little more than a year ago. He has since told George (one of his brothers) that he attempted suicide while in California, with arsenic.

He re-engaged in trade at his former place, and in October last married Miss Huldah Pratt an intelligent and respected lady, and the union has been, as the facts show, in all respects a happy one. The kindest sympathies of the community are with the widow in her sad bereavement.

Mr. Mosher was a determined opposer of Spiritualism, publicly, during the year past. He sent us an article adverse to it during the winter, which, for several reasons, was not published. But, it appears, there has been other mental influences at work in his mind. Said he to his brother Charles:—"I am troubled with the subject yet. When the cursed influence comes upon me, I have all I can do to guard against it." A letter left by him shows that he was most happy, nevertheless, when he yielded to that influence.

From his course for the few months past, the friends thought his mental troubles were dispersing gradually, and none of them were fearing a melancholy termination. But so it was not, in the mysterious orderings of fate, to be!

On Tuesday morning he opened his store as usual. About 9 o'clock he visited his strawberry patch—went into the house, and said to his wife, "You can have a strawberry johnny-cake for tea, Huldah," gave her an affectionate kiss, (as was not unusual, however,) and as he departed, turned in the door and cast a hesitating look upon her, a look which proved to be the last.

For two hours subsequent to this, customers could not get into the store, nor could Mr. M. be found in town or about his premises. A search revealed his body as before mentioned. He had taken a new rope from his store, selected a tree obscurely situated, and as it quite evident, climbed into the branches, adjusted the rope about his neck, one end to a stout limb, and then walked outward on a small limb beneath till it broke, and launched him beyond "Earth's life!"

Written partly with ink and finished with a pencil, and affording a clue to the proximate cause of the act, Mr. Mosher left the following enclosed in a sealed envelope, superscribed "Huldah."

The Letter.

Mysterious are thy ways, O God!

Why do I take my own life? Will be the question of the masses. I will answer. My race is run. I have no more to do. I have not fought what would be called the good fight, but I have done the best I could. My thoughts were once pure and holy, but alas they are changed! I have drunk to the dregs the spirit of the world. My thoughts have been evil and my desires unholy. Kind angels once hovered around me, and requested of me perfect Godliness.

O now, as true as there is a God, I led that life awhile. I had no unholy thoughts. What was I then called? (A Spiritualist!) Now what has changed me? Answer—"I was unwilling to do the bidding of angels."

Then let me say one word to those who are called. Appear a perfect pattern of goodness to the world; for that call is from holy angels. Shrink not from your duty, for, if you do, misery must be your portion.

Kind angels have come back to me, again to bid me leave Earth's life; for I am but a stumbling block in the great cause of Spiritualism. So I am going; they bid me come! I dare not shrink from their requirements.

I have no fears but all will be well. Eternity will satisfy all my mourning friends. So be of good cheer!

TO MY WIFE, HULDAH.—To you I have a few words to say. Your kindness, your affection, and your devotedness to me, to make me happy, is more than I could pay you in Earth's life. We shall soon meet to part no more and I will pay you for all your devotedness to me. So be of good cheer!

TO DAVID.—I want you to settle all my business, pay all my debts to the last farthing, and in closing up the business, secure to Huldah the house and lot.

Signed, GILES MOSHER.

[On the margin was written the following request:—]

Huldah, please correct mistakes.

The following is the verdict of the jury, summoned to determine the cause of the suicide according to law:

The Verdict.

An Inquisition taken at Scipio, in said county, on the 19th day of June, before me, D. W. Finch, one of the Justices of the Peace for said county, upon the view of the body of Giles Mosher there lying dead; by the oath of the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed, who being sworn to inquire in behalf of the people of the State when, in what manner and by what means the said Giles Mosher came to his death, upon their oaths do say that he came to his death by hanging himself with a rope, on a limb of a tree near the Spring-house, near the village of Mosherville, in the township of Scipio, in said county of Hillsdale, on the 19th day of June, and that said act was performed in a state of high mental excitability from impressions that angels had imperatively called for him, and that he must obey.

In testimony whereof the said Justice of the Peace and the jurors of this inquest have hereunto set their hands the day and year aforesaid.

D. W. FINCH, J. P.

JURORS.—Ira Tripp, L. E. Worden, H. Case, S. E. Smith, J. Heath, Wm. Carr, Jas. Sturges, W. L. Smith.

Mr. Mosher was buried yesterday afternoon, the exercises attended by a large concourse of friends, who deeply sympathize with the large circle of relations plunged into grief too deep to be described, at this untimely and sad death of one so much respected and beloved.

Mosherville Mich.

Sewing Machine Needles by Mail.

On receipt of seventy cents we will send by mail, and prepay postage, one dozen of the Howe Machine Needles (very best). These needles are used by various other kinds of machines. In writing state the numbers wanted. Those most commonly used, are No. 0 and No. 1. Such we have.

Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Corner Fifth Avenue and Adams street, Chicago.

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 330, Mobile, Alabama.

A Walk and Talk with Spirit Friends.

PREFATORY.

A few explanatory words may not prove amiss to the curious reader who contemplates these sphere-driftings upon the dreamland reefs of memory. Depressed by long sickness, the writer has often found solace attending sequent sadness in the beautiful visions of conscious sleep wherein he has observed all within the purveys of inspired meditation here reported of the hoped-for beyond.

During his dream sojourn "over the river," he saw and communed with spirit friends as certain as he ever saw and communed with kindred friends in their earth form. Living thus in a reverie that almost cherished its hopeless broodings over the rayless gloom of recurrent memories; his afflictions seemed the passive-ness of mental lassitude rather than bodily pain. Conditioned thus receptively, he often passed into trance slumbers, wherein he communed with the Spirit Bloom of Spring "air" and others from whence comes this walk and talk with spirit friends.

With due deference to all unbelief, the writer knows and reports from the life side of sleep, whence comes our sweetest, purest and most self-ennobling dreams. While bodily reposing through the silent watches of the night—the intervening veil being withdrawn—the spirit rising from its reposing tenement of clay, walks the upward hills of Time, lingering and communing here and there with spirit friends amid the soul-bowers and ever-blooming vales of empyrean space—

All thought nature bears, A soul-sense commune And from blending spheres, Comes all sense attune,— And though strange it seems, Yet 'tis true as strange All thought-blending dreams Are soul-sphere exchange—

A WALK AND TALK WITH SPIRIT FRIENDS.

Strangest of all scenes are earth-life's alloys, Shadelets and sunsheds of sorrows and joys; I've watched life's stream course, its windings admired, From outlet to source, and childlike inquired, "Tell me, sweet streamlet, murmur'ing at my feet, Com'st thou as dreamlet my spirit to greet,— Whispering in turn; kissing as you pass, Germ, pebble and fern, in fragrant morass, Feeding all forms, born throughout the night, Till with joyous morn, you take your day-flight—

Have ye not sadness, nor cares of your own? Are ye all gladness, where shade never shown? Say as you pass on, from whence your form flows, And when it is gone, say whither it goes? You come, serve and pass, and yet in your course

As sunbeams thro' space, retain your life force. Is all-changing life measured entity? Of conflict and strife by passing decree?

Oh! why do we sigh o'er lost loves of youth? Alas! can they die in spirit and truth? Why this o'erflowing of living sorrow? Is there no knowing of the to-morrow? Our youth's choice treasures, and dreamings are changed

And its past pleasures are seeming estranged, While I, sad and lone, but dreamed of despair, Beside me stood one, the Bloom of Spring Air, Whisp'ring I'm here from bright spheres above—

I bring you good cheer from those you most love, I bear unto you all Promise can say; We join to renew your hopes by the way— Through us your desires and feelings refined, May speak as through lyres to all spirit mind.

Progress is the steep of conflict and strife, "Inertia's" the sleep of all dormant life— We come to show you, soils, seasons and space, Whence all springs anew into spirit embrace, Show you thought centers, round which sorrow clings 'Till by-gone Winters bring prospective Springs,

Let Reason inspire Impulse in her flight, And give each desire the soul-sense of right. A conscious soul-sense o'er all the within, One guiding us hence by all that has been— Go let not your care, as freezing winds sweep, As blighting despair, o'er heart-waters deep, Leave the chance shiftings amid which you ride,

And the chance driftings around you "entide," Think not though engulfed by the course you've run— You are sorrow-doomed and cared for by none;

This gloom and dismay that renders you sad, May yet clear away and render you glad. Pure love never fails, but is called again, To retreat the trails of desire again. When humble, earnest, and hopefully true, The pure and honest, will commune with you, Relieve you of fears and grosser alloys, And turn your soul cares to self-attained joys And teach you nought's wrong where all that is good Lives in the soul stream of Infinitude."

As thus she spoke, a spirit bright Wreathed in soul-hues of spectrum light, Appeared. She said, he comes this way; Let's hear and heed what he may say— Saluting us with orient bow, We seemed almost entranced somehow.

"Good morn," said he, "my spirit Page," "Good morn," said she, "good father sage— This is my friend here in a dream, Please speak with him as best may seem." "He," said the sage, "oft climbs this steep Through the trance-light of magnet sleep"— Like and dislike in each creature, Is all ruled by magnet nature.

As blending world's thought-regions span, Vast realms of sense 'tween God and man. So time spans all entity, Unity in diversity! 'Tis plain earth's sweep of modern thought, Inspired at times, hath often caught, Bright soul-it sheens from spirit skies, As diamond speaks from mystic eyes; 'Spirituelle' of all that's drawn, Or courses of all that's past and gone, 'Spirituelle' of each state and clime, Sublimations of the sublime.

Thought revolutions now "enroute," Shall turn all nations inside out; And cast in fires of free debate, Self's money-mongering Church and State. Self-righteousness, Earth's harlot queen, Intolerant most of all that's been, In turn shall cringe beneath the frown That scowled her wayward sister down, And rot of chronic sores within, Worse than her fallen sister's sin.

Hath none condemned, said one of yore, Nor do I, go and sin no more. Self-righteousness shall feel her shame— And more than want of home and name— Hypocrites shall die by the stone They cast at crimes less than their own. The changing wind said to the leaf Your fickleness, beyond belief, Is equal to the turning Pane, That turns, and turns, and turns again! 'For shame!' replies the leaf, 'you know, 'Tis you that turns me to and fro, 'Tis your own fault to which you're blind You so quick in others find.

Self knowledge, that is true and meek, Dries tears from pallid sorrow's cheek, Yet true wisdom is the meekest, First forgiving all the weakest. Both, soothing all, with greetings warm, While teaching all mankind reform, And bravely daring opinions frown, While striking social error down; Life's sweetest thoughts and ties should be The spirit links of sympathy, Marking well the gone before, As suri-tides mark the ocean's shore.

Behold those birds of armor'd crest, Flitting across the dappled weed; List to those sounding matin bells, Vibrating o'er the ocean swells, Behold the myrtle, orange, lime, In all their bloom of tropic clime— Behold those plains, far off below, Mid mountains capped in clouds and snow, Behold those worlds from centers thrown By rolling force from the great unknown,— All rolling through the realms of space, Each in their proper sphere and place, But let Spring Bloom proceed to state, What she's observed, and learned of late."

"I crossed," said she, "Death's shrouded stream, As in a sweet angelic dream— New soul-life seemed anon to spring, Through each self-sustaining thing. Being conducted by my guide, We passed down thence thro' selfish pride, And downward still, until we came, To realms of passion all aflame, Where a leader was speaking loud; Of morals to an obtuse crowd.

'Sistren,' said he, 'less sing dis song, And sing out on de main piats strong— And to make it sound de greater, Less sing it to de shouting metre— Sister Highstrikes, please raise de hime, Old brudder "Bones," please keep de time, High Hebben's gates are all unbarred, Walk in "gemmen," jess pass de guard— Dis am Mount Hilltop—up higher, Am Farder Ham—Jack Mariah, Shout hail-calulah by "God's grace" De colored am de coming race, Shout hail-calulah happy land, Pile in de chorus, sistrens grand.' These words were read and sung aloud, By this perverse insensate crowd, While many panting 'sistren' fell, Amid this senseless, denfening yell— Yet when the 'sistren' had come to, The speaker his "bandanna" drew, Blowed his nose, and went on to say 'Bress God! dis am a happy day.

On earf, I used to preach de text, From de good Bible circumflexed, Bout whar, no whar, and nothin was gone, Way long time fore de earf was known Bout whar time was, fore time begun, When oceans in de spring branch run— Bout darkness, and de sunny height, Whar de moon used to roost at night, Bout when, de debil got so drunk, He rolled out from his heab'nly bunk, And fell down in de brimstone deep, And waked his wife up from her sleep, Who called de Lord out to de gate, And went on all de facts to state, Says she, "Your son got drunk and fell, From out de skies, down into hell." De Lord, he looked a little sad, And said de circumstance was bad, "Good Lord," said she, "don't stand in doubt, Please send a flood and put hell out."

De Lord took her at her word, And Time and Tide toggeder stirred— Put hell most out and to de good, He planted Eden where Hell stood, But nowhar and nothin was so thick, It made de debil spewing sick— De heat and cold, de wet and dry, Made brimstone, steam and embers fly; Den de earf in de air was whirled, Dats how come de rollin round— Outside ob which, all round de verge, Rolls all de oceans wid a surge."

Oh! why do we sigh o'er lost loves of youth? Alas! can they die in spirit and truth? Why this o'erflowing of living sorrow? Is there no knowing of the to-morrow? Our youth's choice treasures, and dreamings are changed

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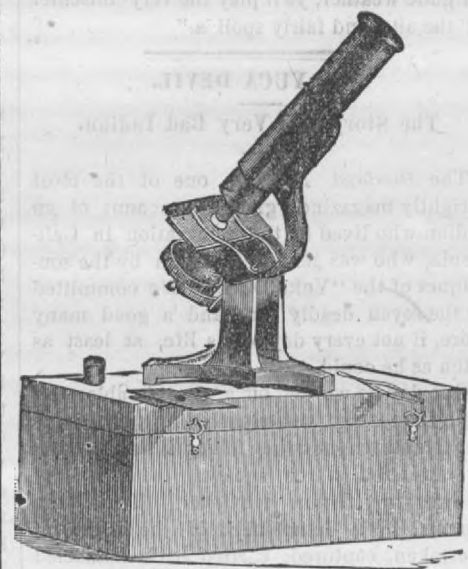
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CHICAGO SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1873.

Stop It

S. S. JONES, DEAR SIR:—Your paper has been sent to this association for some time, but I do not know by whose solicitation.

The Young Men's Christian Association is undoubtedly afraid of the influence which the articles of the JOURNAL will exercise on those who carefully peruse them.

We advise the Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans to worship the Devil instead of the Orthodox God.

Believing our paper to be in cahoots with Satan, the Young Men's Christian Association should have organized a prayer meeting and sent heavenward petitions to have God change the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL into a consistent Orthodox sheet.

If kissing behind a hymn book in God's holy sanctuary calls forth one fervent prayer, what number of prayers would be required if the same delectable sweetness should be extracted behind the Boston Investigator, or RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL?

But, then, it might prove dangerous to some one for such an Association as that at New Orleans to engage in prayer—for oftentimes it becomes ludicrous.

day after a battle, and who said: "O, Lord! I never see such a day as it was yesterday, and I don't believe you ever did!"

THE YUCA DEVIL.

The Story of a Very Bad Indian.

The Overland Monthly, one of the most sprightly magazines, gives an account of an Indian who lived on the reservation in California, who was generally known by the sobriquet of the "Yuca Devil."

One day he worked off a considerable way from the reserve, accompanied by two of his tribal brethren, and they fell upon and wantonly murdered three squaws, without any known provocation whatever.

Being taken out for some purpose or other soon afterward, he seized the opportunity to wrench off his manacles and escape.

At last a vessel of water was placed on a table near by; information of that fact was casually imparted to him in his native speech.

After a long time, when profound stillness prevailed, and when the watchman had begun to believe he was in a trance at least, he cautiously lifted up his head, gazed stealthily all round him, scrutinizing every cranny and crevice of light, then softly crawled on all fours to the table, taking care not to clank his chains the while, took down the pitcher, and drank deep and long.

They rushed in upon him, but upon the instant—so fatuous was the obstinacy of the savage—he dropped as if he had been shot, and again simulated death.

He made no sign. Then, half dragging, half carrying the miserable wretch, they conducted him forth to the scaffold.

He is supported in an upright position between two soldiers, hanging a lifeless burden on their shoulders; his head is lifted up from his breast, where it droops in heavy helplessness; the new-bought rope, cold, and hard, and prickly, is coiled about his neck, and the huge knot properly adjusted at the side; the merciful cap, which shuts off these heart-sickening preparations from the eye of the faint and shuddering criminal, is dispensed with, and everything is in perfect readiness.

The solemn stillness befitting the awful spectacle about to be enacted falls upon the few spectators; the fatal signal is given; the drop swiftly descends; the supporting soldiers sink with it as if about to vanish into the earth and hide their eyes from the tragedy; with a dead, dull thud the tightening rope wrenches the poor savage from their upbearing shoulders into pitiless midair; and the Yuca Devil, hanging there without a twitch or shiver, quickly passes from simulated to unequivocal death.

A Foolish Philanthropist.

One Rev. E. Cowley is begging contributions in London for the poor children of New York. He tells the Londoners that there are "70,000 pauper children and youth destitute of home and all Christian influences in New York, and he asks the assistance of all good people in founding a 'children's fold,' where these homeless beings can be cared for."

large number of indigent youngsters in the American metropolis is the insane desire that has seized its people to found churches and schools in the Western States.

Strange Incident.

The Virden (Ill.) News gives an account of a strange incident that happened lately. It appears that there was a Baptist meeting on Horse Creek, a few miles east of Virden, and the minister and his wife remained Friday night at the residence of one of the brethren, (whose name unfortunately we are unable to learn), occupying a room on the first floor, while the host and hostess slept up stairs.

A Ghost on the Pan Handle Route.

For some time past the engineers and firemen of the night train on the Pan Handle route have been startled by the unaccountable ringing of the engine bell, just as the locomotive enters a belt of woods between the stations of Dunreith and Straws.

Gambling for God's Sake.

SECTION 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of the city of Bloomington, Ill., That no person or persons shall hereafter within the city limits sell any lottery or gift enterprise ticket or tickets of any kind whatever, nor any prize package or packages containing or purporting to contain a prize or prizes of any kind whatever, nor sell or give in a drawing, a chance or pretended chance for the purchaser or receiver to draw a prize of any kind whatever, provided nothing in this ordinance shall prevent any society or organization using an election or other means to raise money for educational, charitable or religious purposes.

Why Not.

"A remarkable occurrence," says an exchange, "of Protestant prayers to dead saints has recently transpired. The Methodist Home Journal, in its account of the proceedings of the late national camp-meeting, near Saratoga, N. Y., says it was a season of great interest; the congregation sang with great fervor a familiar hymn, while Rev. J. S. Inskip, with both hands raised, invoked the spirits of Wesley, Fletcher and all the redeemed in heaven, to help them accept the truth in all its length and breadth. Immanuel at this distinguished man, said to be leader of the modern-day sanctification theory, to join hands with the

old papal saint praying. I wonder if he never thought of a rich man praying to Father Abraham. Said prayer was unavailing; much more the one offered by this enthusiastic divine."

In commenting on the above somewhat astounding information a writer in the Advent Christian Times says,—"So writes a distinguished minister of the 'Winebrenerian' denomination. He is astonished and alarmed at the prayer of Mr. Inskip being addressed to Wesley, Fletcher, etc. But why not pray to these eminent inhabitants of the Spirit World, if the claim be true that they are guardian spirits 'hovering over' and guiding mortals. There is certainly no inconsistency in a weary and bewildered traveler asking help and seeking information of his guides."

Indeed, it is far more consistent for a person to pray to his spirit guides for assistance than to the mythical God that originated in the plastic brain of Moses. As the spirit advances, God recedes, and it will find throughout all eternity that there is no limit to the power of mind over matter.

A paper published in England, gives an account of a strange presentiment experienced by a miner, Samuel Finley, who was killed in a pit. As deceased was "setting a tree," a quantity of rock fell from the roof of a pit, and fractured his skull. The jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental death.' In the course of the evidence it was stated that, during the night preceding the accident, deceased awoke his wife and told her he felt a ton weight of rock upon his head. She endeavored to persuade him that it was headache, but he was quite free from that complaint. He said he could not sleep, and requested his wife to place their only child beside him. In the morning he appeared very reluctant to go to work, and on his wife reminding him that he would be late if he did not make haste, he went to the bedside where the child lay, and said, "Let me have my last kiss." But strange though this may appear, it is by no means the most singular incident connected with this melancholy affair. It appears that deceased has a cousin—also a miner—between whom and deceased there had always existed a more than ordinary friendship, and that this cousin, who had been on the night shift in a neighbouring pit, was returning home, and just about the moment the accident occurred he saw the deceased standing before him in the highway. So struck was he with this occurrence, that he hastened toward deceased's house, there to receive the melancholy confirmation of the doubts raised in his mind by the apparition he had seen. In this locality miners have had presentiments of their fate. Not very long ago a miner who resided at Blowich went to his work, but when about half-way to the pit, which was about a mile and a-half or two miles from home, he had a presentiment that he would that morning be killed. He returned home, and requested his wife to assemble the children, and when this was done he read a chapter in the Bible, and then engaged in prayer. He then took farewell of his wife and children, and having done so went to his work, but had not been at work many minutes when he was killed on the spot by a fall of rock. The above facts come out on evidence at the inquest which was held upon the dead body.

In reviewing the above hideous enactment, the Bloomington Leader declares that "It may be all right and proper, but to man up a tree, it is a puzzling question how a church or a charitable lottery is essentially any better than any other kind of a lottery. But the moral aspects of this question we leave to the preachers. We simply wish to know if the saints are to be permitted to gamble for religious purposes, when are the sinners to be prohibited from doing the same thing, for their own purposes? And it really seems to us that if the church claims an exemption from the penalties of the law for their grab bags and other religious grabs, for getting the people's money, that the church ought to be a little more lenient in its treatment of those whose moral senses are, not fine enough to distinguish the difference between games of chance for religious purposes and purposes that are not religious." Of course, all gambling for religious purposes is strictly legitimate! God sent forth lying spirits once, and since then he has been so affected by the deceits they practiced, that he is still ailing, and can not recover therefrom. He was not aware of the extent of the mischief they would do. His devotees not only consider it proper to lie in order to promote his cause, but will engage in other kinds of disreputable business, such as lotteries, gambling, side-shows, etc.

Two Meals a Day. The Oneida Community, in New York State, has set one example to the American people. They have abandoned the custom of three meals a day, and find it both convenient and comfortable to take the necessary food at two sittings. It is a curious result of the month's trial of the new custom that the average weight of the Community has been increased,

instead of bringing about any lean and hungry look. This would almost confirm the common belief that many people eat so much that it keeps them poor to carry it around. Saving of time and better digestion are also among the results of the new regime. The custom could be imitated to advantage outside of the Oneida Community. One excellent feature of its general adoption would be some regularity in meal hours, which are now so various in this country that it is impossible to know when to call on people at their houses without finding them at their breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper, or some other meal.

The Tendency.

Jay Cooke proposed to aid in building a Baptist church on condition that when the building was completed he would be permitted to partake with the brethren at their communion table. The offer was declined.

At Charleston, Western Virginia, an injunction has been granted to prevent the building of a colored Baptist Church, for the reason that their mode of worship is boisterous, loud and extravagant, and would be a disturbance to the neighborhood.

In the Massachusetts' Supreme Court, recently, an appeal was heard in a suit brought by a lady against a horse-car company to recover damages for an injury received while riding in the defendant's cars. The company pleaded that the plaintiff was traveling on Sunday, which is illegal according to the State law, and they were, therefore, not liable for damage. The court held, however, that the plaintiff, who was returning from a Spiritualist meeting, was engaged in a legitimate purpose, and decided in her favor.

Banner of Light Fund.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries for Wm. Terpenning, Mary A. Cuppy, John Hollingworth, Mrs. C. A. Butterfield, J. A. Millard, Thomas Hilton, James Ellis, Mahala J. Lindsay, George Hendee, Thomas Hilton, David Hoyle, Wm. A. Fox, and a Total of \$40.50.

Our friends who may call at this office, may find it more convenient to leave their donations with us to be forwarded. Those writing especially for that purpose, can send to Wm. White & Co., Publishers, Banner of Light, No. 14 Hanover street, Boston. Now is the time and the acceptable time.

"I Would Not."

"I would not" said the distinguished Brain-ard, give much for your religion unless it can be seen. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine on your religion." Nor would we give much for that Spiritualism in an individual that would permit him to pursue a wicked licentious life, while loving spirit friends are gazing upon him—rest assured that such a Spiritualist has a low depraved organism, and is as much to be pitied as those in the churches that lead a debased life.

Prof. Streight, the Spirit Artist.

Prof. Streight will, during the next three months, receive orders for painting portraits from photographs, ambrotypes and old daguerotypes, guaranteeing at least two beautifully executed spirit likenesses of dear spirit friends on the same canvas. Price \$75. These paintings are beautiful specimens of art. Now is the time for our friends to avail themselves of these cheap rates; they will not continue more than three months. One of these fine paintings once obtained would be prized by the owner above all price. Specimens can be seen in his art gallery, corner of Adams street and 5th Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. R. L. Moore, late of St. Louis, has located in Lawrence, Kansas, where she will continue to answer letters containing a lock of hair, and will also give clairvoyant examinations, communications and tests. Mrs. Moore has long been one of our most reliable mediums.

Dr. J. P. Jones, Magnetic healer, gave us a call last week. He formerly resided in Davenport, Iowa, where on two occasions he lost nearly all his property by fire, and finally concluded to obey the behests of his guides, and enter the field as a healer. He now resides in Atchison, Kansas, where his success has been truly wonderful.

K. GRAVES, of Richmond, Indiana, is about to enter the field in Ohio as a Missionary, and desires to hear from all parts of the State at once. He desires to hear from every locality where there is a single Spiritualist, or where it is possible to get up a meeting for a lecture. The great grand truth—the glorious truths of Spiritualism with all the important themes and collateral questions that have grown out of Spiritualism, will be the topics presented in the lectures, including the recognition of the Orthodox God in the Constitution of the United States. Let no Spiritualist in the State neglect to have his society, town or neighborhood reported to Mr. Graves without delay. He has had considerable experience in missionary labor and guarantees satisfactory results.

Humor—Life Department.

CIRCLE OF LIGHT.

W. L. Jack, M. D., Medium;

JOHN BROWN SMITH Reporter and Correspondent. Papers can be obtained and subscriptions received by him at 512 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia Circle of Light.

Mrs. Horace Greeley.

Love is the holiest of all teachers. Sorrow is the next, and when love and sorrow go hand in hand, what a beautiful picture they make. When framed together they impart such lustre to the colors. Let us with love and sorrow try to elevate the human race. I come here in the footsteps of Horace. It has been generally said that woman must have her postscript, but I come without it. Man needs reformation more than woman. The Bible spoke the truth when it said, "Man has fallen,"—indeed he has fallen, and the Bible speaks the truth in more places than one. What a grand place it is in the editorial rooms of the "Tribune" of life. The state of society is corrupt and stagnant on all sides to-day—not among the poor classes, but in the so-called first classes. I am pleased to know and see that society is being stirred up in the churches. Why do not some who are accused of being so bad, speak out for themselves. I do not wish to indulge in personalities, but you shall see. The church is not only crumbling and crumbling, but the government is being shaken from its very foundations. What does this all mean?

The Spirit World is in earnest to overturn the greatest of all broker's offices, the churches. Arouse from your slumbers, you who live in palaces richly furnished with damask and tapestry, and descend into the lowest depths of society. Go with me into that small upper room, with only a little window eight by ten—no curtains and no tapestry. Look upon that pile of straw—scarcely a pile—and there you shall see a widow starving to death in a city where there are millions of golds, and within a stone's throw are blocks of marble and spires towering upward, but she, poor creature, is freezing and dying.

Thousands are passing robed in fine purple and gold, while loved spirits come and clothe her in robes of purity, and bear her spirit from the bed of straw to an angel's home. Would you not rather be that poor creature upon the bed of straw, than a worshiper in your temple, solemnly standing with your book that is bound in velvet and gold, and clasped in your hand, worshipping there in that church with the stained glass windows that please the eye and keep out the light? Oh! build me no such building! Give me rags and a pile of straw, rather than this Speed the day when woman shall be the Redeemer of the race, for not only woman, but man is fallen, and needs redeeming.

Mr. Roberts.

Oh! if I could break from that fearful tomb that not only contains me, but many others. I have come here all the way from the Woodland cemetery. Gold can not save you! It never saved me. How much of it went through my hands. [This spirit was recognized by a person present, as one who had amassed a princely fortune in the city of Philadelphia.]

Mr. Drexel.

I have been down to Third street to look at the old place, and I have been to New York also! What a magnificent building is going up in New York. It is a little like the one here in Philadelphia. Brokers can do anything. Here I go again down to Wall street to see the bulls and bears. How many there are in life. I will go down Third street, and see how gold is, but I don't care for it now. I don't know how I came back, but since coming, things look much clearer to me. I want to tell you that there is going to be a change in gold. I see a cross here, but you are not Catholics. I was a Catholic. Gold, gold! what will one give in exchange for his soul?

Ozarella.

Oh! what will you give in exchange for your soul? Will you give silver, diamonds, rubies, lands and gold? How many that look upon these things, fear to make this great change, and then over the Great Spirit's creation they roam, crying as loud as they can for just one peep at the Summer-land. Oh! what would you give in exchange for your soul?

Kit Carson.

Hallo! who are you? I am still riding on, but I'm not killing buffalos. There are not so many now as there used to be, but I see a good many of them, as well as bulls and bears. I am very much disappointed since coming over here, for I haven't found Hell yet. Kit was rather a rough fellow, but he had some good qualities after all.

Prof. Hare.

I wish to have a few more boxes put in this post-office, so that more people can find a letter for themselves. I have not been idle during all this silence. What to do, how to do, and when to do it, is a subject that requires considerable analyzing. What to do all over the land? Be wide awake. Go not through the world with your eyes, ears, and mouth closed, yet journey onward with your eyes, ears and mouth closed. How contradictory you exclaim! Yet I say keep your ears closed to reports from every quarter. Keep your eyes closed to the spots on others, that you will utter no words that like a dagger, that you will thrust in the heart. Keep your eyes ever open to see the beauties of the world, and take all with you into the grand lecture room of nature to be quizzed. Keep your mouth open to speak the truth and the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and always to elevate down-trodden man and woman. Go not in the straight path, but turn each way, for the time has come when the cold, straight path is broken. How many beautiful paths there are gemmed with flowers, which you may pluck by pursuing this course, and how much more good you can do by deviating from the straight path.

When the Sun shines brightly for you, go out and pluck some poor little sorrow stricken bud, and fold it to your bosom. Then journey on, faithful little band, to that land where there is truth, peace, light and joy. Take the sun and analyze it; take each ray carefully, and see what you can find therein. You boast that you are far in advance of the past ages. You know more now than you will know in the hereafter, and you will know more in the hereafter than you know now. A contradiction again, you exclaim; but have your books always at hand; have no corners turned down, have every page clean, and you will be able to see your title clear.

From an Unknown Spirit.

We faint by the way. Oh! Lord our God! We travel in darkness and see no day! The day is long, and the night drawing near. Our souls are faint and weary. Oh! Lord our God, send the angels to help us along! Save us, we are eternally die! The day is not dark, my child, for I lead you. Not dark, indeed, shall be thy day. Come, let me hold thee

fast. I'll place a light for thee at the mast, and safely land thee over Jordan's peaceful river. I'll take thy load, and make thy burden light. Truth is thy Lord, and will ever lead thee aright.

James Jack.

It is time, young man, that you were up and stirring, and giving forth to the world what we are giving you. Think not that you are always to remain in this little room. It is time that you go forth, and give to hundreds and thousands of others. Go to other cities, and countries, over mountains, rivers and oceans, and you shall find hearts open to receive you. We shall take you to places you know not of. But for you, and what we have done through your organism, thousands would have remained in darkness. You must not resist us. If you do, we will take you where your spirit shall through others perform what we desire you to do here. We have got you where you can not resist us. Think not, my boy, that you shall always be here in Philadelphia. The East, West, North and South are calling for you to go forth. You shall never go poor, as plenty of wealth is always found at God's door. You shall never go ragged, my boy, plenty of clothing for you in God's fields of peace, but ragged indeed you shall be if you do not do the work that I and the angels give you to do. It is the morning of your life. Then go forth and do this work, and when the evening of life comes you will be satisfied. Heaven bless you all for what you have done.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

A Put-up Job—Auxiliary means of Promoting the Interest of Priestcraft—A Catholic Hell located—Virginia City the Centre.

BRO. S. S. JONES.—As I am only an occasional correspondent to your invaluable JOURNAL, which comes to us weekly, laden with heavenly manna fresh from the great storehouse of nature, unlocked by the spirit key, and given unto you to dispense the same to thousands of hungry, thirsty souls—then allow me to present for your consideration "A Nevada-Catholic-Priest Ghost Story" of the first water, and his auxiliary of promoting their lying, selfish interests, manifestly intended as a dead clincher on their ignorant, superstitious followers and supporters in belief and fear of a "Square Old Catholic Hell," Purgatory, Infernus, Tophet, Hole, or any other place hideous enough to secure a firm iron grasp upon their bread-and-butter supporters for ages yet to come. Bro. Jones, will you please, therefore, analyze and expose to the world the "McDonough Ghost Story," invented by that shrewd old Priest, Monogue, of the State of Nevada, who, for the culpable negligence of mass and prayers, allowed this poor McDonough to roast in Hell for six long years, and then—Oh! Shades of St. Patrick, what a pretty "crackling" to go to glory, and pick harp-strings through endless eternity. Here let me ask Bro. Francis how he would like such an associate, a crisp of a six year's roast? Wonder if Priest Monogue would recognize his victim? You will perceive that it was a put-up job—this young girl Agnes, thoroughly catechized asking and answering questions according to this Monogue's dictations.—"Where is purgatory?" "Next to heaven." Let us see. Now as time is nothing in spirit flight, we can safely estimate that it required only a very few minutes for this spirit to come from "Monogue's Purgatory" to Virginia City, consequently they have proved two very important points: first, that spirits can and do return to earth, and converse with mortals; second, that Virginia City is the nearest point, and within about five minutes' flight of Hell. We think Priest Monogue, as well as some more of his ilk, are in immediate danger. Better leave there, Monogue, but don't come to Los Angeles for mercy sake! Another question is, "Have the angels wings?" "Yes." "Did they fly?" "No; but they kept them in motion." Now, we suppose that fluttering was necessary to create a breeze for the purpose of cooling the "crackling," who had just emerged from that torrid country, Monogue's favorite! So wings are really necessary appendages. Will Monogue please inform us as to what was McDonough's propelling, or motive power from Purgatory to the Elysian fields of Paradise, as the question was asked, "What is punishment in Purgatory?" "Fire." Let us see about those things. Now fire will burn feathers, and the smell thereof is not very savory to the olfactory; however, they may be composed of Asbestos or some other intractable compound. Another question to McDonough's spirit was, "Who judged?" "Almighty God and Jesus Christ." "What did Jesus say?" "Come to me, my blessed." "Did he say anything else?" Yes; "descend into Purgatory."

Now this was blessing with a vengeance—sending him into Monogue's purgatory for six years. Honest reader, thinker, investigator, look the lie square in the face of contradictions. Oh! you vile scoundrel, the whole thing is too flagrant. Sorry indeed are we that there is not a Purgatory of Priest Monogue's description, just large enough to accommodate those deserving professional clerical thieves and deceivers until the majesty of retributive law be satisfied. But here comes the clincher of the black clerical wolf unmasked, the last question of Monogue lays bare the most flagrant deception, and it is this: "Did you know how long you had to remain in Purgatory?" "Until prayers and masses were offered up for me." There you have it all, *multum in parvo*, the real object of this spiritual training of the child Agnes, for the sole purpose of establishing in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious masses a certainty of a Purgatory or Hell. Hence the necessity of priestly intercession. Thank God the day is fast dawning when some 40,000 priests of different sects will be brought down from their clerical stilt upon which they have for ages past, over-riden the great masses. And now, Brother Jones, we have a word or two to say regarding our good Brother Josecely, who is still with us and lecturing regularly, doing a good work in the noblest cause known to man; also, Mr. Lohmueller, a young and energetic lecturer, who promises to do a good work in the cause of emancipated humanity. I will close by adding that I am not going to Virginia City.

More anon,

DR. D. W. C. FRANKLIN, Los Angeles, Cal., December 2d, 1872.

"A MINER" writing from Stockton, Utah, asks for an explanation of Prof. Boseo's performances which are said to be very like Wm. Fay's coat feats. We are unable to give any explanation of a performance that we know no more about than we do of his. "The Salt Lake Tribune's" report is very meagre. Boseo may be an illusionist of skill—admit he is—it by no means demonstrates the fact that all spiritual demonstrations are illusions and unreal.

Voices from the People.

The Banner of Light is kept for sale at the office of this paper.

AMBOY, MICH.—S. Fowler writes.—Without the JOURNAL, the people would be left in comparative darkness, and without a welcome visitor.

FLUSHING, MICH.—M. J. Cronk writes.—"A Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year." Enclosed please find the names of three new subscribers to your highly prized paper.

JANESVILLE, IOWA.—J. Purdy writes.—Your paper is as good a preacher as I want. I have read it more or less since it was started, but I feel now that I can't afford to lose a number.

VERDI, KAN.—A. M. Bean writes.—The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is second to none as a power in the land. We hope to see you well paid for your radical stand, and great may be your reward hereafter, in my prayer.

WENTWORTH, ILL.—T. V. Samson writes.—Mrs. Sada Bailey lectured here and all she got was a few crumbs from our table, horder, orchard, etc. Poor, dear sympathetic girl with three little children, and not much assistance to rear them.

FULTON, ILL.—Z. M. Church writes.—Please excuse me for not writing you in relation to my painting. It came to hand all right, and I must say that it is truly beautiful. All who have seen it admire it. If money was not quite so scarce I would send to Brother Straight and have another one.

LADOGA, IND.—Z. Peffley writes.—You may consider me a subscriber to the LITTLE BOUQUET as soon as it is published. I have been hunting over papers for some time to find something for the children, for there's where we will have to accomplish the greatest ends in this benighted Orthodox community.

FRANKTOWN, NEVADA.—A. Bowers writes.—I can not do without the JOURNAL. It is food for me. We have many good manifestations here, which are very interesting to the people living in the back-woods of Washoe. I circulate the JOURNAL freely among those who wish to read it.

BELOIT, WIS.—C. W. Stewart writes.—I wish to state to the JOURNAL readers that I have just witnessed two exhibitions of spirit power through Charles H. Read, physical medium, and am willing to stake my existence on the genuineness of his mediumship. The ring test and all other feats were fairly performed, and two prominent citizens of Beloit offered him a thousand dollars each for the "secret."

BASWELL, OHIO.—T. Ware writes.—There are but few Spiritualists in this neighborhood; yet we are anxious to get the news from other quarters, and esteem the common sense principles enunciated in your paper very highly, and trust you will be enabled to maintain its present standard of publication for a long time to come, and that an increased success may attend the circulation of the same.

MOBILE, ALA.—W. Parsons writes.—This is a priest-ridden city. Quite a number of first-class Spiritualists here, and they are doing good work. My medium is a success, and many are inquiring as to these new doctrines. I intended leaving for Savannah, Ga., two weeks since, but owing to increased practice and an urgent wish to remain, I have deferred the time.

LAGRANGE, IOWA.—Dr. J. Hays writes.—The light of truth is beginning to shine here—even the long-haired friends and those that live in the deep hollows, are beginning to think for themselves. Old Orthodoxy is growing extremely feeble, hell is played out, so that it falls to secure sinners to God. They say God is love, but the acts of Jehovah are so cruel and unlovely that they fail to attract the thinker, so a protracted effort has proved a failure at this place.

PENNVILLE, IND.—S. A. Thomas writes.—It was my good pleasure to be in Richmond in November, and I attended the yearly conference. The meeting was not overly large, but it has never been my pleasure to witness one more harmonious. The speakers, Bro. Cooper, and others who were expected, failed to come, therefore it fell to the lot of brother Doherty, who, when waked up, is a full hand at talking. K. Graves with his sharp, keen logic was present.

NEW YORK.—Helen Grover writes.—The really celebrated James Fisk, jr, has been my leading business control for the past three months. I hope we shall be able to carry out his wishes, as he seems to have something pretty rich in store for us, if we are able to do so. Old friends of Fisk's who have seen me under his control say that the personation is wonderfully accurate and genuine. May the good angels speed you on in your noble work.

RUTLAND, OHIO.—A. G. Gardner writes.—Can you give any information as to one Chancy Barnes, claiming to be a Spiritualist endowed with all the mediumistic powers ever possessed by mortal. He has been holding forth in this vicinity claiming much, but doing nothing. Is he a humbug, or impostor of the Woodhull stripe? He is in trouble and in the Pomeroy jail. He claims some connection with the purchase of the Koum property in Athen county.

CHADWICK, MILLS, N. Y.—A. B. Phillips writes.—I had made up my mind to ask you to discontinue sending the JOURNAL, as I had not the money to renew my subscription, and I had not the heart to ask you to send it without your ray in advance. But the more I thought of it the more I seemed that I would not live without it. It is hard to be poor, but I had rather be poor and be honest than rich and cheat the printer out of his honest dues.

The best you can do, is good enough. We say so to everybody. The trouble is, many entirely forget to pay the printer, when they can pay as well as not. Such people do not appreciate the first principle of Spiritualism. To do unto others as you would they should do unto you, is a maxim entirely disregarded by those who neglect to pay for their newspaper.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.—F. A. Blackmar writes.—I have become somewhat interested in your paper, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, having obtained a few numbers from our news dealer here. Our city seems to be existing in the eighteenth century as regards the great truths and positive certainties of Spiritualism. However, there are a few true souls yet among us who will never give up trying to push forward the grand principles given us by our departed ones, whom we know to be certain as we are with us constantly.

OTTAWA, KAN.—W. L. Deland writes.—I have been a peruser of the JOURNAL a short time, and although connected with a church organization, I have a liberal god—the thought of spirit communion and freedom of investigation. My soul can but acknowledge the hallowed influence and light shed around me by an angel mother and children, and so long as it is elevating and pure, leading to that which is noble and good with its tendency to develop the finer sensibilities of my being, I feel that I would be unwise to say other than amen.

MARSHFIELD, VT.—L. B. Aterill writes.—That spirit light has been received by every nation, every age, and every clime. The American Indian is more inpathic to the Fount of All Spirits than the stinctive Yankee. The Yankce, however, is more inclined to learn the whys and wherefores than the Indian. The woman of Endor was a medium. Immortality was proved by Samuel. During the Mosaic dispensation there were healers and preachers, witches and wizards. Samuel talked to his brother Saul, and through a test medium foretold what afterward did happen.

EASTMAN, GA.—P. C. Mills writes.—I write these lines to add my testimony to the truthfulness and reliability of the medium powers of Sister Mary C. Morrell, wife of James A. Morrell, M. D., of New York City. I have known them for a long time, and can most truthfully assert by experience that her mediumship is good and reliable, both in business affairs and examination of diseases, and communion of spirit friends. Hundreds of strong tests have been given her with her organism. Those visiting her will find her a

lady in every sense of the term, and a pleasant and agreeable woman. They reside at No. 732 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—C. C. Price writes.—I do not claim to be a Spiritualist, I make no profession. I would work for the good of humanity without fear of punishment or hope of reward. I have no hope of immortality or an existence beyond the grave, but perchance by reading your paper for a year I may get more light.

Rest assured my brother the time is not far distant that you will rejoice not in a faith alone, but in a knowledge of the immortality of all souls.—ED. JOURNAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—E. Terry writes.—Inclosed find post-office order for thirteen dollars and fifty cents. One dollar and fifty cents for the JOURNAL for six months, and twelve dollars for brother Austin Kent, of Stockholm, N. Y.

This is a noble act of charity. Hope many others may open their purse-strings and deal generously toward Brothers Kent and Baker. Remember remittances made direct to Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Austin Kent, Stockholm, N. Y., is the best way. A single dime helps to carry those invalids along the rough journey of life.

SALT LAKE CITY.—W. Mansfield writes.—Wishing you the compliments of the season, I feel sorrow for the terrible disaster that has happened to our dear old Banner, but I console myself by reflecting that the equally dear RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL became strengthened so as to breathe freely before the Banner's fiery baptism; what a blessing to the world of progress that both offices were not destroyed at the same time. In every trial there is something left us to encourage hope and to be thankful for. I hope soon, to again receive the welcome appearance of the dear Banner. I wish you would soon publish the volume you promised a few months ago, viz: A Search After God—there are many in this territory who would gladly avail themselves of the privilege of purchasing it.

WOODHULL, ILL.—J. Baden writes.—Yours of the 6th inst. was received last night, which gives full satisfaction. It does my soul good to deal with an honest man, and all such should not only be encouraged but patronized. Your course, of course, has been truly honest in dollars and cents, and your course as an Editor and publisher of a paper is fearless and straightforward, defending mediums in general, and the same time showing no disposition to cover up and hide deception, and your columns are open for all who may be charged with deception wrongfully. This is just as it should be, and to think of my living without such a paper as yours, would be like losing a beloved relative. I thank you for placing my name in your list of speakers; it has caused Spiritualists passing this way to call and see me, which gives me great pleasure. I hope they may continue to do so.

BELOIT, WIS.—Mrs. M. B. Gourlay writes.—On the 21st of last month, at Moravia, a little town in the State of New York, it was my happiness to meet at Mrs. Andrew's circle a dearly beloved son, who had departed this sphere of life without bidding me farewell, for his exit was sudden—without a moment's warning. The veil was lifted and he passed in through the gate that will admit us all when we are bid to "Come." He gave me the most convincing proofs of his presence. He spoke to me in his natural voice of the manner of removal from earth. Oh, it was glorious that he could come to me, and that he was happy. He sent loving messages to his brothers and sisters—spoke of family matters, gave his own name in full, as well as the names of other dear ones present. Then came another friend who passed away under a cloud from which he assumed he was emerging, that he regretted his course, but with the help of God he was retracing his misguided steps—all of this and even more was said in a clear, distinct voice, eight persons being present. Can any one imagine with what feelings I listened to those voices that I thought forever stilled?

DES MOINES, IOWA.—Laura Y. Nelson writes.—I am an orphan and in the greatest trouble. Because I expressed a wish to become a Spiritualist I have been deserted by all my so-called friends and relations. I now turn to the Spiritualists, I do not ask charity, but I do beg their assistance in procuring me a class of pupils in vocal and instrumental music, also in dancing, wax work and all kinds of fancy embroideries. I thoroughly understand the cultivation of the voice; also everything I profess to teach. I will aid you all I can—will sing in your concerts and play in your halls. Won't some of the kind ladies take this in hand and aid me. My terms will be very reasonable. I will give lessons in vocal and instrumental music, dancing and wax work, also all fancy needle work for \$10 per term of three months—two lessons in each week. I am no impostor. Do not lay this aside without giving it a thought, for I must have assistance from some one at once. I will go anywhere, but would prefer Chicago. I can prove to any one that I am a lady of the first circle. Hope and beg that I may hear from some of you at once.

CAMBRIDGE, MAINE.—S. F. Rogers writes.—I sit down to write a few lines, and how it pains my very soul to be obliged to say that I am still unable to enter the lecture field again. Here I am in the old Pine Tree State with the pure, white sand all around sparkling like thousands of diamonds. I love all those grand changes in nature. When I wrote a few lines before, the wild-wood bird was singing in its leafy bower, flowers were blooming over hill and dale, and the busy farmer was thrashing in the sickle, to reap the golden grain. Oh! then my heart beat higher with the hopes that ere the snow fell I should again "buckle on the armor" and out to work for hungry humanity, to help build the grand spiritual temple of truth. But here I am, a part of the time not able to sit up—perfectly prostrate! Ah, how my soul beats her prison bars, and tears fill my eyes, as I think of the perhaps months may pass ere I can again enter the field as a worker. I will know that I am needed, as many are calling for me. Yes, dear friends, I long to be with you, standing on the rostrum to let those of the higher life speak through my organism to give evidence to all of a future existence. There are many I would love to write to, but can not in my exhausted condition, but want all to write to me that can. Dear mediums, pray for me with your will-power—your magnetism.

SANTA CRUZ.—R. E. Wood writes.—I have been traveling a little and found by mere chance a couple of parties who wish your paper, and I took the liberty of acting as agent, which I presume you will not object to.

The liberty you take is very acceptable. We wish everybody would take like liberties. After this you and all others may take the liberty of sending us new trial subscribers at the rate of fifty cents for three months. The trial for yearly subscribers at \$1 50 a year terminated on the first day of January, 1873. All that were taken by that time can be forwarded and the same will be duly honored. After that time fifty cents will ensure the JOURNAL to new subscribers on trial for three months. Come, friends, let us send the JOURNAL to a majority of your neighbors. The few Spiritualists in any neighborhood by a continued effort, can have a large number of readers and investigators to sympathize with them by the simple determination to do so, accompanied with an effort suitable for the result. The phenomena of Modern Spiritualism is now fourfold more convincing than it was one year ago. The best minds of the civilized world are investigating. The man who does not do so is simply behind the times—an old fogy.—ED. JOURNAL.

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The above entitled work will be a monthly magazine, (usual magazine size, 32 pages of reading matter) with an illuminated cover of uncommon beauty. The whole work will be richly embellished with illustrative cuts, and replete with well written articles based upon the philosophy of life, and spiritual facts adapted to the taste, capacity, mental and moral culture of the children and youth of the present age, both in an out of the sphere of Progressive Lyceums.

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The proprietor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE is impelled to look to other means for sustaining his House than profits from this work. The object is to place the magazine in the hands of the children of all Spiritualists at least, in a form so attractive as to banish the prejudice that so generally prevails among the youth, against the truth of spirit communion.

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Attention Opium Eaters!

Mrs. A. H. Robinson has just been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in spirit-life, who have heretofore given her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and the proper ingredients for restoring hair to all bald heads, no matter of how long standing.

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We have so much confidence in the ability of the Board of Chemists and Doctors who control Mrs. Robinson's mediumship, that we unhesitatingly guarantee a faithful execution of the above proposition.—[ED. JOURNAL.]

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MIEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box.

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871, For sale at this office. \$2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

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Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'An Hour with the Angels', 'Astrological Origin of Jehovah-God', 'Analogy between the facts of the Bible and modern Spiritualism', etc.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Living Present—Dead Past', 'Paper', 'Cloth', 'Mayweed Blossoms', 'Mecmerism—the Illustrated Practical', 'Magic Staff', etc.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

Table showing arrival and departure of trains for various routes including Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Milwaukee & North Western, Chicago & Alton, Michigan Central & Great Western, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, and Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago.

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Advertisement for 'The New Wonder! NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE!' featuring a portrait of a woman and text describing the product's benefits for hair restoration.

New Advertisements.

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