

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

VOL. XV.

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NO. 11.

WHOM SHOULD WE LOVE?

BY BELLE BUSH.

Whom should we love? the wise, the good,
Those who are born of noble blood,
Whose lives adorn our brotherhood?

Whom should we love? the rich, the great,
The lord of many a vast estate,
On whom a hundred vassals wait?

Whom should we love? the young, the fair,
Whose brow no lines of sorrow wear,
Who live untasked by toil or care?

Whom should we love? the true, the pure,
Who bravely all life's ills endure,
Whose ways are blest, whose steps are sure?

Whom should we love? I ask again,
And thought takes up the echoing strain
And weaves for me a sweet refrain.

Our love to bless the human race
Should every form of life embrace,
And good in every being trace.

The young, the old, the rich, the poor,
The beggar waiting at our door,
All have a claim on love's rich store.

Who spurneth one, or weak, or strong,
Doth his own soul a grievous wrong
That shuts him from the heaven of song.

Oh! human hearts that grief hath known,
Learn ye to sing in rapturous tone,
"Who loveth well, loves every one."

Loves purely, truly, loves to bless
With words and acts of tenderness
All hearts in bondage or distress.

Down to the lowest, angels reach
Their unseen hands, enfolding each
With love to cheer, to guide, to teach.

And so should we on all who need,
With joy bestow our little meed
Of smiles, or tears, or kindly deed.

Not e'en a worm deserves our scorn,
Much less sad hearts by anguish torn;
Each to his lot and place is born.

Who'd blame a weak and helpless child,
For falling in a tangled wild,
Though all his raiment were defiled?

We are all children in the dark,
Seeing of truth but faintest spark,
To guide us "groping in the dark."

Not much have we to give at best,
Keen sorrows oft assail each breast,
Till hearts grow sick and pine for rest.

The rest of love sincere and pure,
The love that's patient to endure,
The love that makes our step secure.

We know but little of the ways,
The wisdom that each life displays
To Him who planned the "mighty ways."

Ah! weak in very deed are we;
Shape as we will our destiny,
The world is still humanity.

Erring and weak, its highest state
But makes more marked the faults that wait
On every soul misnamed great.

No grand cathedral can we rear,
With starry dome or warbling sphere,
No gorgeous sunset make appear.

No subtle chemistry is ours,
To give the rainbow to the showers
Or paint with varied hues the flowers.

We may not summon to the stone
The faintest breath of life, unknown
It comes to us, and soon is gone.

Ah! then if we so helpless are,
We can not make one little star
To twinkle o'er our heads afar,

Oh! whay, then, prate of progress here,
Or boast a worship all sincere,
While scorning those whom God holds dear—

His little ones, who from the way
Man would decree, fall back, or stray,
Not seeing wisdom's bright'ning ray!

Ah! rather let us help them on,
And lead them when the light is gone,
By love's inspiring angel tone.

And let us teach them; heaven is won
By loving, and by duties done
In child-like trust, in scorn of none.

Then will the gates of pearl arise,
And heaven be open to our eyes
With all its wondrous harmonies.

Then will we sing in rapturous tone
The song to highest angels known,
"Who loveth well, loves everyone."

"Mr. Seaver, of the INVESTIGATOR," says the BANNER OF LIGHT, "has been lecturing in Salem, Mass., of late, to general acceptance of his numerous hearers. He is a good speaker—good enough to be a Spiritualist."

Dr. Saxon, the celebrated English Spiritualist orator, has of late been doing a highly successful work in Leeds, Oldham, Hull and other quarters.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

Address of Mrs. Tappan at the Royal
Music Hall, England.

[From the Medium and Daybreak.]

INVOCATION.

Our Father and our Mother God! Thou Infinite Source of every blessing, of all life, of all knowledge! Thou one central Spirit of light, from whom all souls emanate, and who does illumine every remotest spirit with thine own radiance! O Soul of Love, by whatsoever name we call Thee on earth, or wherever on bended knee, the thoughts of mortals praise Thee; we would remember that thy light fills every atom of the universe, that thy spirit is within every soul, and that Thou speakest to every child, if they will only listen to thy voice. We would praise Thee, our Father, even as the voices of nature praise Thee. The spring-time, with its bursting buds and flowers, gives forth, in its wondrous way, the utterances of prayer; the sweet incense that goes up from the morning altars of the earth are like the songs of happy children, or the mingled voices of solemn praise. We would praise Thee as the stream and the ocean praise Thee; as the mountain in its solemn grandeur, or the deep darkened caves of the shore. These give back forever the eloquent voices of solitude, and praise Thee with a solemnity that is all their own. The stars in their orbits praise Thee as they perform their revolutions in harmony with the law of light. Thou hast given them as their guidance; keeping time to the bidding of Thy will, they march on and on through vast spaces, for ever held in the circle that Thou gavest to be the law of their being. Oh, let us, small atoms in the great sea of souls, be thus held to thy great spirit by the one subtle chain of love that binds us to Thee!

O Father, let every heart praise Thee in song or word, in glad offering or thought, or even in the silent tear; so that it be from the heart. Thou wilt be mindful of it. Let us praise Thee for that life that is beyond death—that better land, that larger range of vision, that higher and more glorified city, where the soul of man, no longer in fetters, no longer bound down to the material sense, basks in the bright sun-light of Thy truth. Oh, let Thy blessed angels and ministering spirits bend down to Thy children to-night; let them feel the gentle touch and hear the soft voices of the spirits of those who are not dead; let them know that chain upon chain, and link upon link, is the endless chain outwrought which binds them with the Infinite, and that no angel is so high in heaven that it will not bend to earth and drop a tear over the sorrowing ones below. Father, Spirit of Life, we bless Thee! Our praises may not resound in words, but forever on the altar of Thy spirit we lay the offerings of our soul's devotion, and would, in deed and words, and loving kindness, praise Thee evermore.

LECTURE.

"And there shall be no more death." When John upon the Isle of Patmos beheld the vision of the new Jerusalem, and the glories that should come when that time arrived, and the earth was free from sin and sickness and pain, among the other promises that vision foretold was the one just quoted—that in the new Jerusalem there should be no more death. To-day in that one respect the vision is fulfilled. "Why, death is in the world," you say; "sin and wickedness abound; disease and sickness are abroad; crime flaunts in the face of day; and the world is full of corruption." Ah! let us see. In the light of ancient science everything died. Matter itself was destructible; and it was confidently predicted and evidently believed that there would be a time when the whole earth would be consumed. Everything on the earth's surface is changeable and evanescent. "Do not the flowers die in Autumn time? Does not every form of loveliness fade away and perish when the frosts of Winter come? Is there not death and destruction in every department of the material world?" you ask. Let us see. It is true that fire consumes, and that wherever volcanic eruptions break out, with fire and seething smoke, there destruction of the particular form of life on the earth's surface that is within its destroying influence at once takes place. It is also true that every time a change of the season betokens the passage of the year, certain forms of vegetable life on the globe change and pass away. It is also true, as geology testifies, that various forms of existence have sprung into being and then have passed away, leaving only the impress of their existence upon rock and stone and soil, or depositing their skeletons for future exhumers or discoverers. It is also true that the proudest nations that have appeared on earth have risen, reached the zenith of their power, and then have passed away; that ancient cities have been overthrown by the destructive hand of time; and that even now scholastic lore is busily engaged in exhuming the sites of those cities and deciphering their monuments for the purpose of perfecting the chain of ancient history. It is true that to the external vision every material form passes, changes, perishes—that life is as the grass, that to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. But in the light of modern science alone, what is it we find? That matter is composed of certain elementary particles—atomic particles, which are indestructible; that however minute and infinitesimal these atomic particles may be, they can never be destroyed in their essence; they can only change and pass into other forms. Geology tells us that no form of life, except in its outward construction, has perished; but that every form has left a deposit on the earth's surface which, in

its turn, has become the foundation for new orders of existence and that new beings have sprung up on the dust of the old ones. Science tells us that during the many thousands of years that the earth has been in process of construction, small insects have deposited their remains along the ocean's borders and in the depths of the sea, and that after centuries, land has been the result of this deposit, forming the coral reefs which seem as solid as the foundation of the earth. Science tells us that no fire can burn nor subtle agent destroy the elemental substances of nature; that the inherent primates are coeval with God; that the forms of life may change and pass; but that that which goes up in smoke or vapor, is again returned to the earth in soft showers of rain; that the food you eat and the atmosphere you breathe pass from the body in the form of carbonic-acid gas and help to form the various conditions of life; that all the varied materials of which the earth's surface is composed are unchanged and eternal, and that only the divers phases of their manifestation change and pass away. The gases you are to-night inhaling that form the substance of your breath, have been many million times absorbed and thrown off by other organic forms. The tree that decays and passes from your sight helps to enrich the soil, that again gives forth new seeds and form of life, and not one germ is lost. That dew that appears to go up in vapor, and seem to be lost in the sun's burning rays, drops again in the showers to enrich the earth. No part or portion of nature is lost. You pay to the most remote regions, and you find evidence of life organized and reorganized. The limestone that helps to make the phosphates of the human system has once been hidden under foot by generations passed away. This lime passes through various changes until it enters the human body; and when it is thrown off from the body it re-enters the soil, and helps to form other substances, so that there is no waste in nature. All her resources are conserved—all her forces made available. Every form and impulse at the beginning was needed, and no one can tell the end of it. The world is filled with life. Everywhere and in every condition the existence of perfected, intelligent purpose and design, and wherever life abides, there is evidence of mind, of intelligence, of a continuous form being that helps to make the chain of existence that prepared the way for the habitation of man. Do the flowers fade? Then a hundred germs are already to spring up when the winter has passed. Do the forests pass away before the encroaching hand of man? The other elements mingle with and vitalize soil for the new products that man has introduced. Does the animal kingdom perish and do various species and generic forms age and vanish? Each atom of life is agitated to some animate substance, and new organisms take the place of the old. If there are no longer gigantic monsters on the earth as could only live in an undeveloped condition of the atmosphere, the geologists tell us that their forms have enriched the soil and given way to the more modern and useful animals you see to-day. Have nations risen and passed from sight? History tells us that many nations have lived, attained proud greatness, and have then declined and, though not without leaving their influence on the world; besides, their bodies have left the earth's surface and made it the habitation for nations yet to spring into being.

Chemistry (from word fire) signifies to fuse or to melt; and to that subtle agent in modern science we owe the theory of the atomic structure of matter; and it is that wonderful discovery that gave rise to another—the continuity of forces in animated nature. It is geology which reveals that the earth bears impress of the many and varied forms of life which have gone. Other and affirming sciences step in and prove the continuance of being. It is astronomy which ligates the laws which direct the movement of remotest worlds. By-and-by there will science to show you that these other planets are inhabited, and that they have passed through various changes of organic life, at last, a high and distinct order of life has taken their abode therein. There is limit to the reach of the intellect save ignorance; there is no boundary to human knowledge bigotry and superstition: there is no limit to the scientific stores which may be evolved from the storehouse of Nature whenever we rap and ask admission.

There is, to-day, a supernatural—only spiritual. To-day we made aware that there is no such thing as a actual destruction of life; the changes, but does not pass away; that in and expression may vary, but that that flame of life in the great heart of ether Earth is still kept alive, and burns unquenchable. Wonderful as are the teachings of Science, she paused at man, the savans have reached the acme of development—what they claim to be the of material life—there their Science ceases to be true Science says the substances of humanity is composed do not pass, do, but change their form of being; but substance in which man is most interesting that which constitutes human life, of which is the sole evidence of human existence, Science can say nothing. Man dies, according to the standard of the materialist: every other form of being is kindred. Material Science proves that each atom and each wandering waif once shall be garnered again into earth-house, and that nature provides that each shall be utilized, and every primal filled. She finds a way whereby the germ renew its life in the

spring-time; she finds a way whereby animal existence can be perpetuated, and its species continued, developed, and unfolded. But when Science reaches the crowning glory of the earth—when she reaches the intelligence, the thought, the aspiration, the wonderful power of the human intellect—then she is dumb and silent, and decrees that man must die. We know that the body must perish; but if every primal substance is saved, and every atom in the material universe carefully garnered for future use, what shall become of that intelligence, that mind, which so distinguishes humanity as to show that it is the primal essence, and therefore indestructible? If Science has no answer, we must leave the realm of reason, as it is termed, and pass to another realm—that of intuition.

Religion, the revealed religion of every nation, has pictured some form of continued existence for humanity; and the revealed religion of to-day, that which is accepted by the Christian world, announces a future state, howsoever unsatisfactory it has been made under the hands of the theologian. It nevertheless forms the only hope of the world; even in the dim bitterness of scientific skepticism and doubt, it has been the saving hand that has uplifted the world from despair. But another science steps in, which proves that mind passes through sense to a loftier range of life, to higher scope and power; and this power belongs to that existence where science has never dared to penetrate, and where the Materialist may not enter without first putting off the dusty sandals from his feet and bowing his head in reverence before the Divine Spirit. "Ah," replies the Materialist, "I do believe that mind exists, but it is as a subtle essence—an impalpable something that at death goes into reservoirs of mind, and then passes into other forms of life." The distinguishing feature of mind is consciousness; the distinguishing feature of consciousness is identity, individuality; and if the human mind is swallowed up in a reservoir of mind, or is absorbed in some great primary essence, then it is not mind; you must get some other name for it. For mind is so active and so alert, it possesses all consciousness, all power, all sensation; and without it you have not one atom of sensation in your physical being.

We will begin at the other end of creation. Mind alone is positive—spirit alone elemental, indestructible, primal. That which is combined can be destroyed; that which is an aggregation of atoms and substances can change its form; but mind is the one sole prime that is never combined, that is not destructible, that does not change its form, that does not pass away. Ancient as God, coeval with His spirit, born of His breath, living in His life—the soul of every individual is eternal. It does not have its birth on earth; it is not the result of physical organism; it is not the result of combinations of matter favorable to the production of the essence called mind.

A distinguished German philosopher once said, "There is no such thing as mind; it is merely a little effervescence like that of champagne, or like the globe in the bottle, and as such it passes away and is no more."

Without mind being a primal essence, there could no more be a human form than there can be a rose without the germ of the rose. Plant a stone in the earth and you will not have a rose-tree; plant a thistle, and you will not have golden corn; plant nothing, and you will not have a human soul. The germ of the soul, existent from God, attracts to itself the outward substance that makes the human body, avails itself of the time, conditions, circumstances of organization, and then, even as the flower unfolds from within, so does the body clothe the spirit, and is shaped by that spirit into its outward form. There are laws of material form that may modify and affect it; but there are no laws that can crush it, or cause it to cease to exist.

Some one might ask, "Then why is there such discrepancy between human beings? and why are not all equally intelligent, equally good, equally virtuous, equally advanced? Why are there idiots, why lunatics, why criminals? The reason is that the soul sometimes lights on stony places, sometimes on barren ways, but wherever the image of the human form abides, there is the embryo soul, which only awaits favorable opportunities for its unfolding. It will find the right surroundings somewhere if not here; for in the great realm of space God has provided ways and means for its unfolding. But be sure there are germs of light, and that there are means of developing these germs, though all may not be reached in the same manner. It has been exemplified that even those in the most abject state of idiocy have the glimmerings of consciousness, which, if brought to the surface, reveal the power and affections of the human mind.

In Boston, America, Dr. Howe has given his attention to the improvement of idiots, and his efforts have resulted in developing into consciousness those who were considered beyond the reach of human intelligence. This has been effected by various means. Sometimes it is music; it seems to penetrate beyond the outer covering, and the tear, as it courses down the cheek, gives token of sensibility; and through that chord of music alone many devoid of intelligence have been reached. Sometimes it is light, that through the one organ of sight that reveals the physical sense, the soul breaks out into external consciousness. Sometimes it is through affection, and there are those who, without seemingly having intelligence, will cling with the utmost tenacity to those who are kind, and display such wonderful power and fidelity of affection as leave it beyond doubt that they have this germ of intelligence. If they have the human form

divine, be sure there is a germ of spirit, within, even though the sense can not reach without. The body is not built first and then the soul thrust into it afterwards; but little by little, as the form unfolds, so does the spirit within shape its tenement as best it may. You are endowed with external forms that answer the purpose of the living spirit, and seemingly have intelligence, vigor, health; but remember how many chambers therein are still void and desolate; how many tombs and sepulchres there may be in this tenement; how many corners given over to mould and dust and ruin. Look what a habitation is this! Here be lofty chambers of thought wherein the soul can abide and even have its mirror of the universe. How do you inhabit this temple? Some crouch down behind barriers of fear, and with bandaged eyes go out into the world to see in life no God. Some are clothed upon with the dark mists of envy and malice; these do not find in their earthly tenement all the Divinity intended. Then diseases creep in, and all forms of earthly appetite that obscure the divine vision; but even then the human form remains the fitting temple for the divine if it can be purged of its external impurities. Behold how much light it can contain—how much knowledge it can grasp; how it aspires beyond matter and time and sense, even upon the realm of the spirit, and through the one subtle sense—intuition, claim alliance with the Infinite Being. It is upon this sense that the basis of immortal life rests and has been kept alive in an age of materialism and darkness. It is upon this fiery chain that the soul leaps out beyond time and sense and basks in the sunshine of its immortal being. It is by the law of life—that life which, though it fade, yet does not perish—that the soul claims, allegiance with the divine mind, claims that its dead are not dead, claims eternal life. For when the body of your loved one perishes—when that which you call death enters your home and touches the lip and the brow and the form—you know that your friend is not there. Every chemical element is there—the same forces, the same subtle gases, the same elemental substances; but the casket is empty, the bird has flown.

Now, by what law will the Materialist account for the instant change from intelligence to nothingness, from life to consuming death, from mind, and thought, and action, and responsiveness to your every wish and thought, to an inanimate decaying substance? Where is that mind? we ask of the Materialist. He has no answer. Where is the spirit you loved? He can not tell you. No analysis of the atmosphere can give him the answer, and no subtle vision of his eye can detect the presence of that mind. The eye of the mind alone can see, and that tells you that the form was not your friend, that it was only the habitation of the one you loved; that the spirit—that which you loved, that which was intelligent, that which had force and power, that which gave life and vigor, and animation, that which kindled the eye, and gave color to the cheek, and elasticity to the form, that which loved and that which responded to love—is still alive in the subtle being of spiritual existence. That form is perfect, that eye is bright, that cheek is enkindled, that frame all aglow with supernatural light, that if you only have eyes you may see, and if you only have ears you may hear the strains of that newly enfranchised spirit. Oh, when the Materialist stands by the grave, when above the dear one that has gone before, he seeks for the subtle law which links him to the object of his care, he finds the nothingness of that science that excludes from itself that portion of man which makes humanity; and he stands in his solemn grandeur and pride of intellect in the cold intellectual temple which he has reared, all alone—no light, no soul, no mind, no God. But it is revealed to the consciousness of man that even this link is not broken in the chain of being; that man, the epitome of material creation, is also the expression on earth of the spiritual creation; and that where material science pauses and refuses to go farther, there the spiritual begins, with its wonderful wealth of love, its knowledge of all past and of all future things, its revelations that transcend the senses, bearing you beyond the plane of more external regions to one of spiritual consciousness, where every law of life is made plain and clear, and where the continued chain of being is kept up even to the boundless regions of space. Spiritual science has revealed this; it has brought to the human consciousness that no link is lost in the chain of being; that the mind, the spirit, takes up its thread of existence when it passes beyond the earth just where it left off; that you leave one room for another—pass from one form of being to another. There mind lives in the world of cause; is the primal essence, and possesses the quintessence of all knowledge, only waiting for time and changes to come that shall bring him face to face with the spirit of truth. There is no death. That law that provides for the changes in material substances also provides for the garnering up of every thought. Thought never perishes, abides for ever, builds the temples of the future, erects your homes, clothes your spirits, and paves the way to higher stages of existence of which you have no knowledge. The science of spiritual life is brought home to your consciousness. Instead of the dim groveling of the outward senses, you have the illuminated scroll of the spirit held down to your view, in which you behold, with the eye of vision mentioned in the Apocalypse, the wonderful Jerusalem that is to come. It is not a temporal city; it is not an external power; it is not simply a building up to the outward sense; but it is a new condition of mind and life on earth. It shall not reveal alone in the external, but shall build in the

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

New York Department.

BY.....E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 457 Fourth Avenue, by Dr. Babbitt.

The New York Lectures.

Mr. J. M. PEEBLES gave us a delightful lecture to an overflowing house, at our Robinson Hall, on Sunday evening, November 2d, and is hereafter to lecture at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M., through November. The Lyceum is hereafter to be held at 2 1/2 P. M., at the same hall, which is on 16th street, between Union Square and Fifth Avenue. Mr. Peebles gave a glimpse of his vast circuit around the globe, and will give a further account as he proceeds. After the lecture, a Mrs. Abby Burnham, now located at 206 West 40th street, New York, arose and psychometrized several persons in the audience. She is a pleasing speaker and a fine medium. Peebles is a worker, and has promised to address the Lyceum, as well as give his other lectures each Sunday. He is looking rather pale after such a sojourn in torrid climates. He has offered a number of liberal presents to the members of the Lyceum, and every Spiritualist should encourage the training of the young in these beautiful principles.

GERALD MASSEY.

One of the eminent poets and critics of England, gave a masterly lecture on Spiritualism, at the Hall of the Christian Association, New York. It was rather surprising that such a place, which loves darkness rather than light, with reference to these true revelations of the soul; but his reputation as one of the literati, doubtless helped to make him go down. He is not a magnificent looking man, nor as brilliant a speaker as some of our American orators, but his lecture gives an unequalled compend of the subject, and was a fearless putting forth of facts and sentiments which should open the eyes of believers in an infallible book, and show them the true philosophy of inspiration. The lecture committee, in all parts of the country, who have been so daring as to employ a well-known Spiritualist, should be encouraged by a rousing attendance at his lectures by all progressives.

New Hampshire State Convention.

LETTER FROM MRS. L. A. STURTEVANT.

BROTHER JONES—Pursuant to the call issued by the committee of the New Hampshire State Spiritualist Association, a few gathered in the Town Hall, in Bradford, on Friday afternoon, October 31st, 1873. The Spiritualists of the State were represented by a few earnest, truth-loving souls, who met there the would-be-martyr, Moses Hull, and his brother laborer in the free-love field, H. P. Fairfield, who in concert with a few followers, preached freedom of love, as they claim to believe it, but what the true Spiritualist understands to be slavery and lust.

The afternoon passed in lively conference in which both parties participated—the Socialists and Spiritualists.

In the evening we listened to a lecture given by H. P. Fairfield, on Spiritualism mixed up with "free-love-socialism."

Saturday morning on entering the hall, we found the monster, free-love, equipped in falsehood and crime, still in the ranks, and after due consideration the Spiritualists took themselves away from such contaminating and diabolical influences, and were kindly received into the home of Mr. Sturtevant, and after discussing the matter thoroughly, passed the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, We, the undersigned, believe the teachings of the angels are for our elevation, and not our degradation, and that the future life is a continuation of this life, and whatsoever blesses us here, will bless us hereafter, and whatever curses us here, will curse us hereafter, therefore,

Resolved, That the teachings given by Victoria C. Woodhull, Moses Hull and others, are highly pernicious, and if carried into practice will undermine society, destroy the sacred relations of home and smother our angel natures, therefore we disavow all such teachings and practices, whether found in the ranks of so-called Christians, Spiritualists or Infidels.

Resolved, That we believe the time for action is now, and we earnestly desire the Spiritualists of New Hampshire to meet in convention at some place and time they may think proper, for the promulgation of such teachings as shall be beneficial to ourselves and humanity.

Signed:

Mrs. Addie M. Stevens and Walter Stevens, of Claremont; Mrs. L. A. Sturtevant and A. A. Sturtevant, of Bradford; Mrs. C. C. Lull and N. A. Lull, Washington; Mrs. Lydia F. Nelson and Moses Nelson, of South Sutton; Miss Eliza M. Glendon, of West Unity; Frank Chase, of Sutton; Mrs. E. D. Rogers, of Bradford; Mrs. M. A. Stevens, Mrs. Ann S. Brockway and Mr. V. C. Brockway, of Newbury, New Hampshire.

I do not propose in this article to give you a full report of this convention, for that will be given by another, but rather, in anticipation of that, I give a hasty digest of a few items or facts, the value of which will not be diminished by repetition or indorsement—taking up the thread where Mrs. Stevens (a true woman and noble worker in the lecturing field) left it the second day of the convention. She with a few others, whose names are signed above, concluding they had seen enough of the lion, if not of the elephant, and despairing of getting anything like a fair hearing upon such a one-sided platform, decided to return to their respective homes; but scarcely had the sound of their carriage wheels died away in the distance, ere the tide began to turn; yes, thank God, the deliverer came in the form of A. A. Wheelock, of Worcester, Mass.—I think an entire stranger to all excepting Hull, who, I was told, quailed as soon as he entered the hall. Too well he knew that the flimsy mask was about to be torn from his repulsive features, but who with the desperation of a drowning man, set about circulating slanderous reports about him; but I am anticipating.

Saturday evening, Mr. Wheelock advised us to rally our scattered forces, return to the contest, and demand our rights in the name of Spiritualism. Encouraged by our new reinforcement, we did so, and the report will tell you with what persistent efforts. As to Frank Chase, much credit is due him. I know it was a dirty job, but somebody was compelled to do it, and I am glad he was willing to do it, and I am glad he was willing to get his hands with it. He succeeded in getting a few resolutions, embodying our principles before the audience, and then only succeeded in securing a partial hearing by raising his voice above the stamping and clamor which the Hullites raised to drown it.

The conference announced that night, for the next morning, was privately disposed of, lest an opportunity should be given us for a hearing, and the programme was laid out Sunday morning for their speakers to occupy

the remaining time—Mr. Wheelock not being notified, except an invitation being given him, through a show of courtesy when he first came in, to speak, which he declined doing then upon the ground that he knew nothing of the platform upon which the convention was run, except by the call, and he preferred waiting a little.

Mr. Chase, this morning, demanded our rights. They tried to proceed with their services, but Chase claimed his right to the floor and a hearing. They tried to put him down—first, by confusion; then by alternate twisting, cursing and threatening; but like Banco's ghost he wouldn't down. They knew they had violated parliamentary law, and were powerless to act, so they tried compromising by offering Mr. Wheelock three quarters of an hour in the afternoon. Well, we had one victory, and a very important one, too, as it afterwards proved, so we rested on our laurels and awaited further developments.

Afternoon came. Mr. Wheelock took the stand, occupied his allotted time, during which he breathed forth, it seemed to me, more good sound sense than I had heard all through the convention—no slang personalities. At the close, the notorious Moses comes forth, and says, "I can prove to this audience that the speaker who has just preceded me is as bad, or worse, in practice, than I am; for I have seen him in bed with a woman, not his wife, besides insulting two other ladies." Oh! what a glorious moment for the Hullites! Victory just perched upon their banners, but in the language of an olden couplet:

"Not long, however, there to dwell,
But hears its doom and sinks to Hell."

No sooner had Hull taken his seat, than Wheelock took the stand, and made the following reply:

"Mr. Hull sent for me to attend a camp-meeting. When I got there, they had but five tents up. The weather was rainy. Mr. Hull said he should be obliged to invite me to share the same tent with himself and family, which is nothing uncommon. I slept by the side of Hull—his wife and children upon the other side of him, and now he has the meanness to come before a public audience and accuse me of it. I will challenge Moses Hull or any other individual to come before this audience or any other, and name the time or place that they ever saw me in that position with any woman except my wife." No response.

Oh! I wish everybody could have seen the fallen countenances of the Hullites just then; how they sneaked out at the close of the meeting to G. T. Morgan's house, there to retail (I was told) their miserable lies, which they dared not face in public. Oh! it must be glorious "Not to be a martyr, and with the martyrs stand."

So we had won another victory, but this time we didn't rest upon our laurels, for we were determined to go on and show the "Hull" thing up. We then secured the hall for the evening for Mr. Wheelock. At an early hour a far larger audience had convened than at either session during the convention, and for two hours the speaker held the audience spell-bound, in almost breathless silence, interrupted only by frequent outbursts of applause. In a clear, concise and able manner, he went on to show by phrenology, physiology, and from other scientific standpoints, that the Woodhull teachings upon the social question and Hull practices, as given in his experience, are injurious and demoralizing to humanity, both physically and spiritually; finally referring to Moses Hull, he said that he had nothing against him as an individual, but he was a public man, had given his experience to the world as public property—as such we had a right to criticize it. He then read the experience of Moses to the audience, so that the propositions contained therein might be fully realized, dissecting and criticising it until I think it was completely understood, and in a manner Victoria Woodhull claims she has never been. I confess, I never expected to see such a complete demolition of Hullism in one evening, and I will venture to affirm that true Spiritualism stands at least fifty per cent higher in this vicinity, than previous to the convention. "Isn't this good," went from lip to lip. Individuals who had never sympathized with Spiritualism, seemed brimming over with exultation. I believe that if our house could have held the entire audience, few would have been willing to have returned to their homes at the close of the meeting.

Facts are what we want, Mr. Editor, and these are facts, every one of which can be well substantiated; and here let me say that I got converted in one idea at least in this convention. Husband and myself had said previous to the convention, that if this social question was not brought in, we would go and help in our feeble way, as we had done before; but when it was announced that Hull was to be in attendance, we decided to stay away, preferring the quiet of our home to mingling with such elements; but when true and noble souls came to us saying, "You are not doing right; this is our Annual State Convention called upon a broad platform; let us go and defend that platform—we can show our true colors at least." We said, "Perhaps you are right; at any rate we will abide by the decision of the majority." Had we not went, the Hullites would have gone off with streaming banners, and the inscription upon them would have been, "Oh! you didn't dare to come near." Now the very granite hills towering around and above us like guardian spirits, seem to say, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

Henceforth, I will, if possible, attend every convention in this State, called in the name of Spiritualism, and whether I can or not can be there, I shall certainly use my humble efforts to secure the services of A. A. Wheelock. Probably there are others equally as good, but I know that he is just the man to show the monster Free-lustism up in its true colors. Spiritual societies, give him a call; keep him at work for his terms are reasonable, within the reach of all, and he is one of the best speakers I have ever heard, and I have heard many.

One item more and I close, for I have made this article longer already than I intended. For weeks past, at least ever since the call of this convention, I have felt that the storm-cloud was gathering, had heard the mutterings of the distant thunder; and some of the lightning flashes come pretty near. I thought by the startling reverberations—in fact, I felt that an infamous plot, worthy only of a ring of reckless politicians, was being concocted to fasten the damnable (pardon the word, for I'm not in the habit of swearing) teachings of Woodhullism upon the Spiritualists of New Hampshire, and had prayed (not however without working as opportunity presented, for I have no faith in prayer without works) as fervently as I ever did that some power might be raised up to put down this element. Two days of the convention passed, and I had begun to despair, but Wheelock came then, and a hope revived, which I expressed to a friend; but when she whispered in my ear, "Don't be too sanguine, for Hull says that he can demolish him in five minutes," I confess that for a moment I trembled, knowing that there was corruption upon every hand, but I said if he has come to us masked, let him, too, be stripped, even though a Moses Hull has to do it. How he did it, I have told you.

Monday morning's sun saw the train once more bear from our midst the man of big-brain notoriety, subdued by better weapons than rotten eggs or tar and feathers, which had been suggested by many. When he again puts in an appearance at New Hampshire conventions, I will report progress.

ACQUAINTANCE.

BY CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

"I know her!" With a smile I leave Them in their ignorance, not grieve, For that so little these may know Of my soul's wanderings to and fro. 'Tis true they know the face I bear, The very garments that I wear; They count some virtues, and take heed To gather up each doubtful deed; The outer coverings of the heart They pull, with curious eyes, apart; And weigh each weakness, till assured What wound remains what hurt is cured.

Yet, 'tis not I—a phantom form—A shadow flitting thro' life's storm, Among wild mists they dimly see And, blindly guessing, call it me! Who views the quivering depths that lie Hidden from every mortal eye? Who may uplift the sacred veil Where burning orisons never fail? When shuddering by some deep despair, What other soul stuns, watching there? When angel pinions brushed my brow, Who gazed and said "I know her now?"

Who views that real—the grand alone, Where only God may meet his own? Or finds the heart's case-sealed room? Where dead hopes lidn rayless gloom? Or learns the daily page, the tears, That fret the stranger gliding years; The bliss which thrills the spirit through With throbbing ecstasies anew; The joys that flutter by a day, Then silently are laid away, Because they are not what they seemed, Because they must not more be dreamed?

Oh! when the longed-for rest is won, When shines no morbid life's fitful sun, If weight of marble bid me down, Or only leaves drift, all and brown, Above the calm of my repose— Say not: "I know her!"—but—"God knows!"

Keokuk, Iowa.

Report of J. Potter.

DEAR BROTHER.—It has to my lot as agent of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists, to report through the JOURNAL, monthly, concerning the progress our cause is making among the masses. Our convention has passed, and I am full at work again on my fifth yearly engagement to this association. As far as I have heard from the great body of Spiritualists of this State, they approve of the course we adopted passing those resolutions repudiating free-love as being any part of Spiritualism. One gentleman sends you ten dollars to apply to reissues to JOURNAL, saying as he does so, "I am no longer ashamed of Spiritualism." Another sends five dollars to prepay for JOURNAL, so that he can read his own paper for year or two to get. There is a general waig up on the part of Spiritualists, and I have heard larger audiences attend my lecture, than have greeted me since our convention.

Bro. Winslow did a work for us, and I hope to see him and again at no distant day, breaking spirit bread among the masses. Bro. Wilson has helped us roll on the car, by giving out of his sledge-hammer blows against Oldheology. I am always glad to welcome him among us. During the month of October, I visited Minneapolis, New Auburn, Hutchinson, Carle City, Glencoe and Shakopee, giving during the month fifteen lectures, adding the association fifteen new members, rec'ing in collections and yearly dues, \$49.10; expenses, \$2.20.

The general outlook is never better than at present. The battle got to be fought. Spirits have told us for us that we had got to go through a sifting press, and for one I am glad that it has come. Let the work be done faithfully, and world will be the better for it.

My route will be up Pacific road, occupying some six or eight days, thence down the river road to the St. and east part of the State. If health permits, I shall make my yearly round as hereto, willing to labor and wait, ever working the upbuilding of spiritual communion ammen.

J. L. POTTER.

Northfield, Minnesota, 1, 1873.

A Correspondent Res Free-Love To Touch a Chor Sympathy for Moses thilarty.

S. S. JONES, BROTHER, our devotion to the cause of morality, led to wonder whether we are not some liable to lose sight of charity. Viri and exemplary people lived in the worlde Moses instituted his laws on chastity & lewd Israelites; and religious ethics must continue to form a prominent place in socomng all civilized nations when Mrs. Hull's concupiscent free-love doctrine isd back to, as a nine days' bubble in the history.

If it was right for the y and its people to come into existence, y depend that all will culminate right in tural way, without any necessity for thel community to become flustered about aired upstart on social freedom, who, liky other enthusiasts that might be nfrrom Raymond Lull to Joe Smith, appy came into the world to perform a m, the utility of which we fail to appreei. Then why not be compassionate and ethe wisdom of Dr. Gamaliel, by keepin in expressing judgment on the conspircourse of others, who are perhaps more deg of commiseration than censure. Gainformed those zealots who arraigned thitive christians for heresy, that innovad repeatedly arisen who drew follower them, but the agitations which they pil subsequently subsided and left the wjog along as usual. Thus it seemed then the course of nature ever since, to onally produce sensationalists in doctrinactice, to keep up some excitement andntimes interesting.

It appears to me that cholds an extenuating hand to Mrs. Woon account of her unfortunate youthfulege to a licentious profligate. Who what kind of a moral statue we could hved at if placed under similar circumstance she had been married in the first places worthy the association of a respectable, she would doubtless have continuee in precept and practice as those obfusers whose "lines have fallen unt in pleasant places." But thus far I no palliation for the case of her salisclipse, Moses Hull, and am waiting fn to write a "Biography" of him, nahis matrimo-

nial perplexities with Alvira, to awaken our sympathy in his behalf. If he can show the character of Elvira to have been as incorrigibly lecherous as he portrays that of Dr. Woodhull, who would not pity Moses, and his wife also? M. B. CRAVEN.

Richboro, Penn.

Blasphemous Pretension.

A female savior and her apostles are creating a prodigious sensation in the southern part of the Russian Empire. The Russian papers say that the leader of these women, whose name is Anastasia Gobacrewicz, claims to have performed a number of miracles, having made the blind see and the lame walk. A vision first revealed to her that she was the daughter of God, selected to suffer for the redemption of her sex in the same way as Christ suffered for that of the other. Immediately after this revelation she gave up eating meat and drinking brandy, and prepared herself for her mission. The Holy Ghost then possessed her and gave her the power to work wonders with a mere word. She pretends to be able to resurrect the dead simply by touching them, and so strong is the faith of the ignorant masses in this new prophetess that the prison to which she has been consigned by the authorities has become a place of pilgrimage for thousands. The sick are brought from distant localities to receive the assistance of the inspired woman, and the keepers receive large bribes for permission to see her. Every day new stories of her extraordinary powers are circulated far and wide—*Exchange*.

And why are her pretensions any more "blasphemous" than were those of the Nazarene? She "claims to have made the blind to see and the lame to walk." She claims to be a daughter of God, selected to suffer for the redemption of her sex.

Her case, judging from the report, seems to be a parallel of Jesus. The Jews accused him of "blasphemous pretensions;" the Christians make the same accusation against the woman, Anastasia.

She doubtless is a good medium, as was Christ, whom the ignorant bigots of Old Jewry crucified, and who was subsequently, by other equally ignorant bigots, Deified.

That the woman of Russia may share the same fate, is more than probable. Where ignorance abounds, religious intolerance reigns supreme.

Religion is the child of ignorance, nurtured by her twin sister, intolerance.

Spiritualism—the Philosophy of Life, unravels all seeming mystery, and gives a rational solution of the powers possessed by the woman, Anastasia, as well as by those of the Nazarene, and all other supposed "incarnated deities."

Large Yearly Meeting at North Collins, New York—Free-love Rebuked.

The Eighteenth Yearly Meeting was held at North Collins, the three last days of August—a large and important gathering of the Spiritualists and liberals of Western New York. The "Woodhull" movement was up, and both sides had a fair hearing. From reports published and from statements of reliable persons present, we learn that the great weight of sentiment and judgment was against free-love. We copy the following from a lengthy report:

"Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Michigan, then occupied the platform, discussing the 'Social Question' with ability and earnestness, which revealed a sound and healthy condition of morals in the speaker, and introduced the following resolutions, which he used for a text:

"Resolved, That the ideal of marriage ever to be kept in view is a lasting union approved by wisdom and sealed and sanctioned by love, publicly acknowledged under just and equal law which shall give no warrant for the subjection of woman to the power or passion of man, kept sacred and inviolate by mutual frankness, confidence, and reverent affection, and thus giving true freedom, born of self-conquest, making home happy, and giving children the best birth, example and education.

"Resolved, That since we are liable to err in marriage as in other matters, in case of an attempted union proving unhappy from crime or cruelty, or hopeless unfitness of character, we do not believe in making an unnatural or arbitrary bond of marriage, but in the right of divorce and orderly separation, as a means of escape from the sad results of a pitiful mistake; but we believe that wiser education and higher views, will at last make marriage truer and happier, and divorces less frequent than now.

"The hearty applause at the close of his speech, was indicative of the appreciation by that vast assemblage, of the high standard of truth presented by some of the speakers."

North Collins, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1873.

Liberal Progressive Lyceum.

MR. EDITOR.—By giving this report a place in your most valuable paper, you will confer a lasting favor on this Lyceum, another flower in the lovely bouquet of Lyceums. Wednesday, October 1st, 1873, will ever be a bright day in the annals of the Lyceum movement in Chicago.

It was then that the angels inspired two persons to put into practice their long-dreamed-of ideas, the formation of a new Lyceum. October 5th, an invitation was given to the two lyceums already in existence, to help organize this one. The Progressive Lyceum of Chicago responded almost unanimously. With honorable exceptions, the Lyceum, under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, rejected the invitation.

October 8th, a formal meeting was held. Mr. Titus, conductor of the Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, was called to the chair. The usual business of such a meeting was transacted. At 9.30 P. M., the name of Liberal Progressive Lyceum was proclaimed by all present.

October 12th, assistance in the shape of money was asked of the two Lyceums. Again the Progressive Lyceum of Chicago responded by giving us that Sunday's collection, \$3. On Sunday, October 19th, the Liberal Progressive Lyceum held its first session at 452 Milwaukee avenue, which was very harmonious.

The constitution adopted is broad enough for any man, woman, or child to stand upon, being entirely unsectarian.

The following named officers were duly elected: Conductor, Mrs. S. M. Bumsted; Assistant Conductor, Mr. J. H. Woodhouse; Guardian of Groups, Miss L. Williams; Assistant do., Miss E. Bumsted; Captain of Guards, Mr. E. Davis; Guards, Mr. J. Dilg, Mr. L. Atwood, Miss A. Ward, Mr. T. Reed; Musical Director, Miss Nettie Bushnell; Trustees, Mr. Chas. A. Dilg, Mr. E. Davis, Mr. L. Atwood, Mrs. S. M. Bumsted, Mrs. S. M. Mills; Treasurer, Mr. E. Davis; Secretary, Mr. Chas. A. Dilg.

Two meetings have since been held, and the attendance of children is increasing so rapidly, that it is suggested a better and larger hall be procured.

Last Sunday, November 2d, there were present, as follows: Children, 85; being a gain over last Sunday, of 39; officers and leaders, 23; visitors, 24; one hundred thirty-one in all.

All are in good spirits and will work harmoniously to build up a permanent Lyceum, not to be excelled anywhere. A cordial invitation was extended to all friends of the Lyceum movement, and the liberal public in general, to honor us with visits whenever convenient and agreeable.

CHAS. A. DILG, Secretary.

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.

Mrs Robinson will furnish the remedy, and send it by mail or express to all who may apply for the same within the next sixty days, on the receipt of five dollars (the simple cost of the ingredients), and guarantee a most perfect cure or refund the money, if directions accompanying each package are strictly followed.

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She makes this generous offer for the double purpose of introducing the remedy, and for bringing the cure within the reach of the poorest people who use the pernicious drug. The expense of a perfect remedy will not exceed the cost of the drug for continuing the deleterious habit one month!

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—X—

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REST FOR THE WEARY.
DREAMING TO NIGHT.
HOME ABOVE—(Air: "Home Again.")
HOME OF THE ANGELS—(Air: "Star of the Evening.")
LOVE AT HOME.
NATURE'S CALLS—(Air: "Nellie Lee.")
HOME, SWEET HOME.
SOMETHING SWEET TO THINK OF—(By Ordsay.)
WAITING BY THE RIVER.
NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.
ERROR'S TEACHINGS SHALL MOULDER IN THE GRAVE—(Air: "John Brown.")
SWEET SISTERS SPIRIT, COME—(Air: America.)
DO THE SPIRITS OF LOVED ONES COME ROUND US—(Air: "Do they miss me at Home.")
A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.
MESSENGER'S ANGELS—(Air: "Star Spangled Banner.")
I HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING—(Air: "Ever of Thee.")

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v15n914

Letter from J. J. Jones, M. D.

BROTHER S. S. JONES.—DEAR SIR.—The accompanying little poem is one of hundreds of communications which were obtained under the same peculiar phase of mediumship.

A few days ago there were a few friends and strangers congregated in the parlors of Mrs. Emma Powell, 614 Locust st. While the company were in conversation, she was controlled by an influence purporting to be "Tad Lincoln," and sang, "Don't shut the door between us, mother," and at the same time hand and arm were controlled to write the poem.

The "test-conditions" which are adopted by the company are such as to obviate any suspicion of deception. Those who wish, make a thorough examination of the paper used, and of the table upon which the communications are written, and place themselves in the positions best adapted to see every movement made by the medium.

While these communications, which include a great variety of subjects, styles, languages, tests, are being written, loud rappings are being produced on the table, keeping time to music, etc., and the medium, under control, singing, or giving tests to different individuals present, or engaged in conversation in her normal condition.

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As I avail myself of the little leisure that I have during an active practice, to attend these unassuming, though remarkable seances, it would be pleasure to me to obtain copies of some of the poems for your perusal, and for publication, if deemed appropriate, in the JOURNAL. As ever, fraternally yours,

J. J. JONES, M. D., 734 So. Ninth st. Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ALPINE LOVER.

In a low hut, among the Alpine ledges,
There dwelt a hunter, and a gentle maid,
Purer than flowers upon the hawthorn hedges,
Blossomed within the glade.

She had no treasure, save the silver arrow,
With which her radiant tresses were confined,
Sweeter than twitterings of a summer sparrow,
Her voice rose in the wind.

What need of treasures, while the world above her
Glittered with gems, as in the light of God;
There dwelt a hunter who but lived to love her,
Up where the angels trod.

He often told her how the dear departed,
Wandered beside him on the giddy heights;
And well she knew that angels, loving hearted,
Guarded him in the night.

She never knew of what the world calls
"fashion,"
And never dreamed of what the world might
say,
Yet loving deeds of beautiful compassion,
Flowered in her mountain-way.

She never knew that music needs a teacher,
But learned her warbling from the singing
rills;
She thought God's mountains his divinest
preachers,
His holiest shrine, the hills.

The incense of her loving heart's devotion,
Rose little higher than the hunter's cot;
The thought, the spring of love's auroral
ocean,
Welled pure on mountain spot.

The summer came, and brought its Alpine roses.
The hunter journeyed with an angel guide,
And wandered forth to where the earth-land
closes,
Nor left the angel's side.

The swallows fly from the summer hedges,
And hop across the threshold of the cot—
The hunter's cot, among the mountain ledges—
Singing, "Forget me Not."

Go to the world and sing about forgetting,
Oh, little birds! they need your lessons
there—
Not to the maid, whose sun of life is setting
Under her silver hair;

Who through long days and starless nights of
sorrow,
Watches forever for the swelling tide—
The hour that brings her, with each coming
morrow,
Her hunter-boy, who died.

He came, a spirit, in the twilight lonely,
And smoothed her tresses, noting not their
hue;
He takes her withered hand—he loved—
And Alpine lilies are true.

The peasants whisper that the hut is haunted,
And that a wizard-vine is round the door;
They say the maiden dwells, as if enchanted,
With one who is "no more."

HIAWATHA.

An Excellent Practice.

When subscribers write to this office in regard to renewals, changes of post-office address or discontinuance, it is an excellent practice to cut off and send along the little colored monitor on which is a statement of each person's account. It is always to be found on the margin of each paper where several are sent together to the same post-office, and on the wrapper when sent single. When papers are ordered to be discontinued, be sure and send the balance due, including three weeks in advance of the time as three numbers will as a matter of necessity go before the name can be got out of the mail-list and machine. These little amounts are important to us as publisher and justice requires that each one shall deal honorably even in small matters of a few dimes.

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MATRIMONIAL.—A respectable young man, 26 years of age, a Spiritist, has a home of his own, wishes, through a correspondence, to make the acquaintance of a respectable young lady. Address, Box 333, Dahlgren, Hamilton Co., Ill. v15n10t9

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Medium's Column.

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W. H. Mumler,

After his usual Summer vacation, has once more resumed sittings for spirit-photographs. Parties at a distance desirous of having a picture taken without being present, can receive full information, by addressing with stamp.

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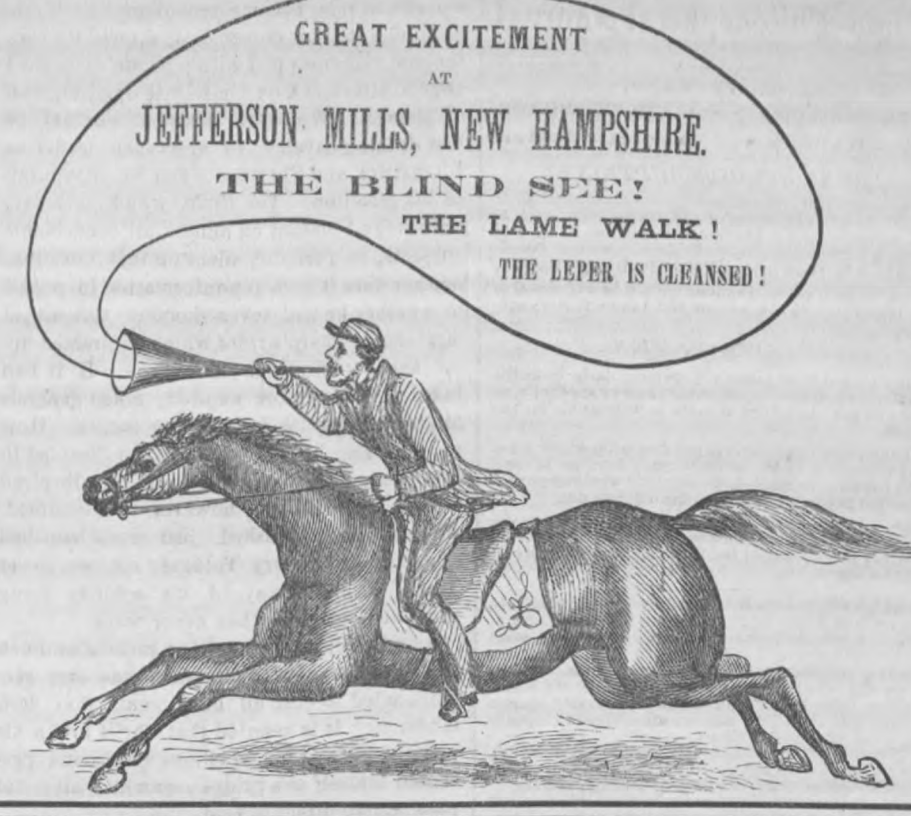
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JEFFERSON MILLS, N. H., March 21, 1873.—PROF. PATTON SPENCE:

DEAR SIR—YOUR POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS are creating a great excitement here. It can truly be said, in my own person, that the Blind see, the Lame walk, and the Leper is cleansed. I had the Leprosy for thirty years in my legs, arms, head, and nearly all over my body. After taking your Positive Powders about four days I showed up my sleeve to see how my arm looked, and to my utter astonishment the scales were easily and leave all smooth; and now my head and body are clean. The Catarrh in my bladder is arrested. They cured my lungs, that were tied up with Phlegm and Cough. The Rheumatism in my muscles commenced many years ago, and by degrees extended all over me, so that I could not raise my right arm to my head, or put on my vest. I can now hold it in any position. My legs I could only with difficulty get off any way. I now travel quite easily. By overdoing last fall, I brought on a Pain about the Heart, and it would beat a few beats and then stop and start again. I could not lie on it all. The Pain was arrested. My daughter, Maria, has been cured of Suppressed Menstruation by the use of the Positive Powders. (J. COOPER, St. Johns, Ark.) Your Positive Powders have cured me of Dropsy of the Womb of one year's standing. The tendency to Dropsy was inherited. (Mrs. EMMA MITT, Brooklyn, N. Y.) A woman who had four Miscarriages got a box of Positive Powders of me, and they took her through her next Pregnancy all right.—(O. HENRY, Sand Spring, Iowa.) My wife is now all right in her monthly periods. As I said before, she had suffered a great deal from Irregularity and Flooding. She had doctor with seven different Doctors for three years; there is nothing as good as your Powders. (W. H. KEMP, Smith Creek, Mich.) Your Positive and Negative Powders have cured a case of Milk Leg 16 years' standing. I can say with a case of Rheumatism, a case of Falling Sickness or Fits, and a case of Dysentery. (POWELL HALLOCK, Yorkville, Ill.) Miss Lena Austin was taken with Stopping of the Periodicals, accompanied by great distress in the head, and coldness of the limbs. She was treated with your Positive Powders, and has entirely recovered. (Rosa L. GIBBS, Pardeeville, Wis.)

WHAT DOCTORS SAY.

In the course of a large experience with the Positive and Negative Powders, I have found them almost infallible in all acute diseases, particularly Fevers of all kinds, such as the Bilious Indigestion, Typhoid, Congestion of the Lungs, Scarlet Fever, etc. I have also found them infallible in Bowel Complaints and Nervous Headache. I have also proved the Ointment recommended to be made of the Positive Powders (according to Rule the tenth) to be magical in its effects on all kinds of Sores and Erysipelas.

DR. W. E. JENKS, formerly of North Adams, now of Amesbury, Mass.

One box of your Positive Powders cured David Willington of a pain in his stomach of 8 years' standing. Mrs. E. Clafin was cured by the Negative Powders of Numbness, or Palsy, of 13 years' duration. The Powders cured Mrs. H. Clafin of Neuralgia. They also cured a lady of Painful Menstruation when given up as past cure. In cases of Parturition (Child-birth), I consider them of great value.

DR. JULIA WILLIAMS, Practical Midwife, East Braintree, Vt.

I myself have been afflicted with Rheumatism and Heart Disease for three years during which time I have not been able to labor. I have taken two boxes and a half of your Positive Powders. My Rheumatism is gone and the Heart Disease much relieved.

DR. A. J. COREY, Great Bend, Pa.

I think there is no medicine in the world like the Positive and Negative Powders.

MRS. DR. GARRISON, Newton, N. J.

In Ague and Chills I consider them unequalled.

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Your Positive and Negative Powders seem to be quite a mystery—no marked action—yet they cure. I have some patients who can't live without them, as nothing else has ever benefited them.

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SCROFULA AND CATARRH

Cured.

Jane Worley was cured of Scrofula of 15 years standing with 4 Boxes of your Positive Powders. In three weeks, having had five Doctors before. Her ankles were swollen, and in running sores; in fact, it was all over her body. (MARTIN WORLEY, New Petersburg, Ohio.)

Four Boxes of Positive Powders have cured a little girl of a very bad case of Scrofula. (R. McREA, Fayetteville, N. C.) The daughter of Henry E. Lepper was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes for several years. Much of the time she could not bear the light, and had to be shut up in a dark room. Ere she had taken 2 Boxes of your Positive Powders, her eyes, to all appearance, were well, and have remained so. (ROBERT THOMAS, Oseco, Minn.)

I had running Scrofulous sores on me for 2 years, and could get no cure. I tried all the medicines I could get, but no cure or help until I took your Positive Powders. I am now about well. (JOHN W. KENDALL, Bethel, Me.)

I have cured Mrs. Anna Wright of Inherited Scrofula with 3 Boxes of the Positive Powders. (EMMA PHINLEY, Beaver Dam, Wis.) Mother had the Catarrh in her head so bad that, when lying down, she could hear it drip, drip, or a ringing. Your Positive Powders cured her. They have cured my Catarrh in the head also. (Miss E. M. SHAYER, Burlington, N. J.)

I have raised one man from the dead with two Boxes of your Positive Powders. It is J. W. Nuttle of this place, who had what the Doctors called the Consumption. They said he could not live long. He is now at work for us, a well man. (G. W. HALL, New Haven, Ind.)

Triumphant Victory

OVER

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

A short time since my mother tried your Positive Powders for Dyspepsia and Indigestion. If she ate a slice of apple as large as a hazel-nut, she would not sleep a particle all night, but be very weak and nervous. She is entirely well now. (A. G. MOWBRAY, Stockton, Minn.)

Four years ago I used half a Box of your Positive Powders, which took all the Dyspepsia out of me, root and branch. (JOHN O. READMAN, Hartford, Wt.) Your Powders have cured me of Dyspepsia in two weeks. I used but one Box of the Positive. My Dyspepsia was chronic and of 30 years standing. During the last ten years I could not use butter, pork, or pastry of any kind; but now they agree with me as well as they ever did. (P. F. MILLER, P. M., Maple Springs, Wt.)

I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for near 30 years of my life, and for many years had to restrict myself to the most rigid course of dieting, not having eaten a meal of hog meat, or anything that was seasoned with it, for many years. Three Boxes of the Positive Powders relieved me of all my symptoms of Dyspepsia. I now eat anything that is common without suffering any inconvenience whatever. (REV. L. JULIAN, M.D., Branchville, Ark.)

WHAT WOMEN SAY.

A woman in this place has used the Positive Powders for Falling of the Womb, and is high in praise of them. (Mrs. J. GILMORE JONES, Falmouth, Mass.) My daughter, Maria, has been cured of Suppressed Menstruation by the use of the Positive Powders. (J. COOPER, St. Johns, Ark.)

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No More Headache, Neuralgia, or Rheumatism.

I have been troubled with the Neuralgia for the last 15 years, and at times have been laid up with for six weeks at a time. I have used your Positive Powders for Neuralgia and Sick Headache. (LENNIE G. BARRETT, White Hills, Conn.)

I have been suffering nearly 40 years with Chronic Headache, and often resorted to Chloroform to get temporary relief; but the paroxysms would return as soon as the effect of the Chloroform wore off. But after using your Positive Powders, I can say with others that came like an angel of mercy in the night time. (Mrs. M. A. EARLEY, Huntsville, Ala.)

I had a severe attack of Neuralgia last week, and I stopped it in 10 minutes with your Positive Powders. (JACOB S. RUTTER, River Sign, Ohio)

When I commenced taking your Powders, I had Spinal Complaint of nearly 30 years standing; also Diabetes, Sciatica, Rheumatism and Erysipelas. I am now well of all. Oh, I do think them the most wonderful medicine ever given to men. While on a visit to my sister in Dover she told me that there had been almost a miracle wrought with her in a terrible case of Neuralgia with the Positive Powders. She induced me to try them myself. I did with wonderful success. (M. HUNTLEY, North Richmond, N. H.)

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Paralysis, Lameness,

Loss of Smell,

Loss of Taste,</

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Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expirations of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder from this office.

Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made. For instance, if John Smith has paid to 1 Dec. 1871, it will be mailed, "J. Smith 1 Dec 1." If he has only paid to 1 Dec. 1870, it will stand thus: "J. Smith 1 Dec 0."

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

Give the Devil his Due.

We are in favor of giving the Devil his due. Ever since he first went into the Garden of Eden, he has been surreptitiously engaged in various transactions which are condemned in very bitter terms by Christians generally. He has, however, we are glad to learn, an able adversary living in New York city, who is doing all he can to thwart his lordship. The Devil, it is claimed by the orthodox, is an egregious liar, a swindler, an excellent Christian salary grab-stealer, a free-lover with a head 36½ inches, a thief more expert than any Credit Mobilier ever thought of being, a promoter of obscenity, and a licentious character generally. Notwithstanding his greatness, he has found an opponent in the person of one Anthony Comstock, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, armed and equipped with a hymn-book, a Bible, and the United States Statutes, has boldly met him, stormed his redoubts, battered down his walls, capturing his munitions of war and his largest cannon, Obscenity, and he has seized and destroyed obscene photographs, stereoscopic and other pictures, more than 182,000; obscene books and pamphlets, more than five tons; obscene letter-press in sheets, more than two tons; sheets of impure songs, catalogues, handbills, etc., more than 21,000; obscene microscopic watch and knife-charms and finger-rings, more than 5,000; obscene negative plates for printing photographs and stereoscopic views, about 625; obscene engraved steel and copper plates, 350; obscene lithographic stones destroyed, 20; obscene wood-cut engravings, more than 500; stereotype plates for printing obscene books, more than five tons; obscene transparent playing cards, 5,500 to 6,000; obscene and immoral rubber articles, over 30,000; lead moulds for manufacturing rubber goods, twelve sets, or more than 700 pounds; newspapers seized, about 4,600; letters from all parts of the country, ordering these goods, about 15,000; names of dealers in account books seized, about 6,000; list of names in the hands of the dealers, that are sold as merchandise, to forward catalogues and circulars to, independent of letters and account books, seized, more than 7,000; arrest of dealers since October 9th, 1871, over 50; publishers, manufacturers and dealers dead since March, 1873, six.

With the exception of one arrest, this has all been done since the second of March, 1872; and with the exception of about three arrests, the whole work has been accomplished by Mr. Comstock, or under his own supervision.

There are various ways by which this vile stuff has been disseminated. First, by advertising in the above-named papers. Some weeks there is not a single advertisement in some of the papers that is not designed either to cheat or defraud, or intended to be a medium of sending out these accursed books and articles. For instance, he arrested a number of persons, one in particular, who advertised a musical album, to be sent for fifty cents. Mr. Comstock sent the fifty cents, and received back a catalogue of obscene books, with the following card attached:

"The album is only a pretense to enable us to forward you a catalogue of our fancy books. Should you order any of these books, your fifty cents will be credited."

We rejoice to know that the so-called devil has met an opponent worthy of his cloven foot, his horn, his sulphurous breath, and forked tongue. Thwarted in the dissemination of his pernicious obscenity by a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, he no doubt feels ashamed of himself, and has concluded to adopt new tactics and come out in an unexpected manner, in some other locality.

Mr. Comstock has accomplished a most glorious work, and we care not what motive may have actuated him, whether to baffle the devil or promote morality and virtue, he is entitled to great praise in suppressing obscene literature and keeping it out of the hands of the young.

In Christian theology, the Devil is regarded as the Sovereign Spirit of Evil. That contended he did, once upon a time, actuated by

a desire to rule, become rebellious, shook his horn, elevated his cloven foot, showed his fork tongue, and equipped with a legion of wicked angels, attacked God himself in the kingdom of Heaven. We never learned whether he had dashing cavalry, or any such leader as Fitzpatrick and Sheridan when he inaugurated his rebellion. The Bible, which is noisy, verbose and blatant on almost all conceivable subjects, is perfectly silent on that question; neither does it give any information in regard to whether he had seven-shooters, Colombiad mortars, or Sharp's rifles, which he directed upon the fortifications of heaven. If it had been a little more explicit, noted generals might improve their war-like tactics. How many were killed, wounded, or disabled in that battle in heaven, none of the inspired writers say. He was, however, it is claimed, subdued and banished, just as we banished the rebels to the Dry Tortugas; but we never learned of him or any of his soldiers being pardoned; presume they never were.

As a Devil, he is probably a success, as much so as any patent medicine that was ever recommended to cure all the ailments that flesh is heir to. It is asserted that Christ broke his power, subdued his rebellious spirit, and presented himself as a bridge over which all could pass and go direct to God.

Those who have seen the Black Crook, have undoubtedly beheld a correct likeness of the Devil. He is represented there with a black complexion, flaming eyes, brimstone odor, horns, tail, hooked nails and cloven hoof. Milton says that the Devil is a Fallen Angel. The Yezidis, a singular race found in Kurdistan, worship the Devil.

Luther was a most able opponent of the Devil. He threw an inkstand at his head once, which proved destructive to the inkstand, but did no harm to his horns, at which it was directed. The probability is that he has now commenced operations in an unsuspected quarter, in the dissemination of obscenity to poison the minds of the young. Comstock, we hope, will be able to thwart him in his corrupting practices. The grand work he has already accomplished, shows that he understands the weapons to use, and knows how to wield them effectually.

Brittan's Quarterly.

This Quarterly, devoted to Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspirations, comes to us this month sustaining its reputation as an able exponent of those subjects to which it is devoted. It is neatly printed, its articles are able and eminently well calculated to instruct the people. Belle Bush shows evidence of genius by giving expression to the poetical emotions of her soul, in a poem on Daniel Dunglass Home, the greatest medium, probably, of the present day. We quote briefly:

"There are 'still voices' that greet the ear,
At times when no visible forms are near,
There are nameless sounds in raindrops falling,
And silvery tones to the spirit calling;
There are visions of joy and of glad surprise
Through which to mortals with watchful eyes
Are revealed life's wonderful prophecies.

"There's the breath of a kiss on brow and cheek
When the lips that give them we vainly seek,—
There are depths of love we can ne'er express
By the tender touch or the fond caress,—
There are flashes of light in the sunset skies
That seem like the beaming of friendly eyes,—
All these are wonderful prophecies.

"There are hearts that open like flowers in June,
There are some like harps that are kept in tune,
There are others that long with hate hath striven,
Yet on to its desolate shores are driven,—
All these, and the hearts that the proud despise
Are sacred to watchers with angel eyes
Who reads life's wonderful harmonies."

She gives many incidents connected with the life of this noted medium, which will be read with great interest.

Professor J. R. Buchanan, M. D., has an able article on Soul and Body, in which he reviews the failures of Carpenter, Spencer, Wagner, Flint and other Materialistic Naturalists.

The gifted poet, Thomas L. Harris, gives one of his beautiful poems from his overflowing soul, the Gospel of Freedom. It is really a gem. He says:

"I saw a Spirit, Godlike, vast and glorious
Upon the summit of the Ages stand;
His countenance of light, his brow victorious,
Shone with a Love no mortal might withstand.
His voice went forth, in vast reverberations
Over each isle and continent and sea.
Waking, enrapturing earth's down-trodden nations,
With God the Father's great command—'Be FREE!'"

"From the Creed, whose red leaves are all blistered with lies
That teach thee to fear and to hate;
From the shrines that have rung with the martyrdom cries
Of the Pure, and the Good, and the Great;
From the Priest who sits throned in the Juggernaut car
And launched out curses at thee,
As he rides on his ruin-spread path from afar—
Arise! in thy Godhead—'Be FREE!'"

"Be Free in the Strength that the Hero puts on,
When he tramples the thrones in his wrath;
Let the Nations rejoice in the way thou hast gone,
Let the dungeons fall down in thy path.

And stay not thy footsteps and sheathe not thy brand,
Till Love reigneth over each jubilant land,
And each heart clings to heart, and each hand joins to hand,
And a voice, like the voice of the sea,
'It is FINISHED!' responds to the Father's command,
And the Earth, like the Heaven, is FREE!"

Mrs. Emma A. Wood translates from the French an article on the "Fluidic Action of Man." Prefatory thereto she says, "The present article is in part an answer to a letter written to the Review, enumerating the doubts of some Spiritualists in Tours, who fear that the enunciation of a doctrine so new and so open to ridicule will furnish arms to the enemies of Spiritualism. Those who may be pleased to regard it as merely a curious philosophical speculation, will yet find it to be highly interesting."

George Sexton, M. A., M. D., LL. D., presents many important facts on the "Progress in the Church of England." He says in conclusion, "The only hope for the Church of England is, to open wide the doors of her ministry to talented men of all shades of thought—men who can teach God's truth from the outpourings of their own souls, regardless of sacred books of the past, or stereotyped creeds framed in a dark and benighted age—men with great hearts and lofty aspirations—men who will tell the truth as it appears to them, and will not lie 'even for the glory of God.'"

J. Dille favors us with an article on "Mosaic Cosmogony and Modern Science," which abounds in suggestive facts. It is really a splendid article.

Professor Brittan is worthy of great commendation for furnishing a Magazine of such merit—an honor to Spiritualism, in fact, an honor to the whole human family. A casual review can give our readers but a slight idea of its intrinsic merit. Brides the articles referred to, there are many others of equal merit, which can not fail to have a beneficial effect on the mind. Sustain him with your patronage. Terms \$3.00 per annum. Ten copies \$25.00. Address, Brittan's Journal, No. 80 Broadway, New York.

The Gorilla.

Elder Mulins, though through orthodox, has many original ideas which Spiritualists recognize as true. He stated lately in the Centenary Church of this city on "The Gorilla of the African Jungle of American Society," and the hits he made are quite applicable to the present condition of humanity.

The lecturer devoted the first part of his discourse to a description of the appearance, habits, and horrible disposition of the monster monkey of the African continent. It was impossible, he said, to capture a beast alive; and it was harder to make a baby gorilla than an adult man. To thiers of natural history this portion of the lecturer's lecture was particularly interesting, especially as the managers of the late Exposition idly furnished a stuffed specimen of the bruter public satisfaction. The man-monkey is, indeed, a very dangerous acquaintance—one whose death could excite no other emotion than that of thankfulness in the average human breast. It is doubtful whether even Bergh, famed for humanity, would interpose between the gorilla and the hunter. Thru was the nearest approach, in general outline, to man, and, being devoid of man's intellect and soul, was all the more repulsive and dangerous.

Turning from the disgust animal, the Elder spoke of the gorilla society, men who, by their lustful, envious, callousness, and murder propensities, brought humanity beneath level of the beast of the field, and rendered society hideous wherever their influences co-reach it. In this connection he spoke of modern newspaper writer, the person who trades a noble calling by prostituting it to purposes of scandal mongering and the vilest of shameful vice—destroying innocence making virtue insecure. Such was not thission of the press. It was not designed under the vices of the rabble, but to elicit the sentiment of the community, and guide youth to an honorable maturity. A apt, indecent newspaper was the vilest and debasement that Satan could send on fission of destruction and dishonor.

The dishonest lawyer waster gorilla. He profaned a profession held by some of the proudest memories of old and New Worlds. His venality revoke good and encouraged the bad in their way to perdition. He was a wretch of character, without scruple, without thence decency of a brute. Than a dishonesty no greater evil ever cursed God's faith. Yet society festered with such wretches, and there was, apparently, no hope of freedom from their snares.

The quack doctor was angorilla of society. He set up under false names, and, for a miserable pittance, gered or destroyed human life, making greatest science of the world a mockery bringing discredit on the entire faith. And how many such there existed—Chicago.

The lecturer then proceeded to sketch their progress upon the vitals of thimunity, allowing no calling to escape. He particularly denounced their seducer, who could "win a maid, ruin and leave her." He was to be hated more than all others, for he destroyed very foundations of society, wrecked manhood, and sent a fair human soul to the atmosphere of hell! Society show no quarter to the seducer, no matter how low might be his position in the city. The protection of virtue was therty of society, and unless weak womanhood was chivalrously guarded, how was the world to advance in honor and glory?

He concluded very eloquently, and his remarks elicited frequent applause. Had he glanced at the free-lovers, he would have found many specimens of the gorilla there, whose ravages have a worse effect than those that walk on four legs and frequent the Jungles of Africa.

"The Last New Spiritual Humbug."

"The last new spiritual humbug through a Vermont medium, is the conclusion of the unfinished novel of Charles Dickens—'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' As a money-making book it ought to pay hugely, for every Spiritualist in the country will be expected to endorse the authenticity of this posthumous work. The general public, however, it is probable, will not be so gullible in countenancing this singular mode of furnishing them with the writings of eminent dead authors, especially as there is likely to be no cessation of the spiritual aggregation of 'new and interesting works' from mystical pens. Already 'a new work' by Mr. Dickens is announced by the same spiritual agency, and we would like to know where all this is going to end, if the fiction writers of the past, and those of the present, are going to continue to flood the market in this ghostly manner. Even now 'of making many books there is no end.' We trust that the Spiritualists themselves will soon weary of such trash, and it is certain that the mediums will not keep up their book-making at a loss. The Western agency of this 'Edwin Drood' imposition is the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE of this city."—Chicago Evening Journal, November 15th.

The above is a fair specimen of what might be expected from the source it came. The diminutive soul who controls that somnolent sheet was never known to deal fairly with any thing running counter to his preconceived and bigoted notions founded upon a natural want of intellectual capacity and an itching to ape the fashion of a sleepy-headed class of aristocratic conservatives, into whose sacred circle his desires lead him, and whose patronage he stoops to the lowest mental degradation to obtain. He possesses the ability to publish a paper which is noted for its entire lack of originality and enterprise, and its extremely powerful properties as a sedative and soporific agent. It is warranted to put any reader into a sound sleep in fifteen minutes and usually five is sufficient to produce the effect, for this reason, and the fact that it never contains any news that is not from one to six days old, it is highly esteemed by two extreme classes, 1st, Nervous old grannies and tired business men who must take a narcotic to produce sleep; 2d, those so extremely weak-minded that they are not capable of reading anything requiring any mental labor, and who fear to read an item of news before it has become stale, for fear it may not be true. As an honest, fearless journalist, he stands at zero; as a sycophant he is a success.

A copy of "Edwin Drood" complete, was sent to his office only forty-eight hours before his brilliant and exhaustive (?) criticism on it appeared. He does not deign to assign the labor of reviewing it to a competent person who will faithfully criticize the work, pointing out the discrepancies which in his opinion exist between the work and Dickens' style, and honestly giving credit where deserved—it is enough for him to know that it purports to come from the spirit pen of Charles Dickens, that Spiritualism is at the bottom of it, and that should he treat it fairly it would be too much for his readers, and their astonishment at his temerity would cause them to go to sleep less easily or clash with their highly respectable (?) and ancient superstitious religious opinions, either of which results would spoil the sale of his sheet.

The whole course of the Evening Journal has always been bitterly antagonistic to Spiritualism, more so than that of any other paper in this city, and as the Journal critic indirectly acknowledges, in his criticism of Edwin Drood, that Spiritualists have attained to immense numbers; we hope they will show him that as their opinions and statement of facts are entitled to and do obtain in a measure fair treatment and examination from other papers, they have no use for his, at least not for the purpose of reading.

Fishback and Braden Discussion.

We are in receipt of intelligence from Louisiana, Missouri, to the effect that Brother Fishback met and completely vanquished his competitor in debate—the reverend Clark Braden.

The Rev. Clark Braden is among the strong men, to be found in the Campbellite church; to vanquish him is a victory that Spiritualists should be proud of.

Brother Fishback is not only a scholar, but an inspirational speaker, fitted for any emergency, always adhering strictly to truth; never fails to gain a decided victory over every opponent. He for many years was a successful preacher of Universalism. While that order receded towards orthodoxy and rapped at the Evangelical church-doors for admission to popularity, but could not pronounce the shibboleth of admission, he went forward to Spiritualism, and has become, not only a popular lecturer but an able debater, ready to meet at any time the very champions in old theology.

Braden being vanquished—so badly beaten that his own church members had to concede the fact, he as a matter of bravado, said he would challenge the whole Spiritual fraternity to a discussion.

Whereupon Brother Fishback replied to him, Sir, I will accept your challenge. I have been to you, and your friends know the result. Now you come to Sturgis, Michigan, and you shall be well kept and well curried. I will see to that myself, especially the currying!

Now Brother Braden: Don't let anything prevent the little groomsman, currying in hand,—"Holy writ," giving you another gen-

teel dressing down. You will be all the better for it in the end. After that you may not desire to frame your challenge quite so broadly. If you do, Brother Fishback will give you another round. His early training makes him very familiar with the theological curycumb. When you once get the best of him, will be time enough for you to challenge others.

A Starved Minister.

Occasionally a person must go from home for news. We never saw the item in the Tribune, to which the Boston Investigator refers, and which reads, substantially, that on a recent Sunday an Episcopal minister went through the morning service as usual, though it was noticed by many of the congregation that his usual fervor was lacking. When it grew near the time for the reading of the sermon, it was apparent that the reverend gentleman was suffering from a cause unknown to his congregation.

The text of the homily was read, and at this juncture the minister broke down. He announced the cause of his doing so. He had not been to market the day before, for the simple reason that he had had no money to go there with, and the most unfeeling of parishioners will admit that, even for a man whose calling is supposed to fit him for trials and self-abnegation, a trip to an overflowing market can be anything but pleasant to a man with empty pockets. At dinner the previous day he had set down to a meal of bread and butter and tea. His breakfast that morning proved hardly so luxurious. Whether, after the morning service was over, and he returned home, there would be any dinner at all awaiting him, he did not know.

It was a clear case of clerical starvation. The minister closed his book, and the congregation rose in their seats and departed, sermonless, it having been made plain to them that their pastor could not supply them with spiritual food, when they so shamefully neglected to give him the wherewithal to obtain physical sustenance.

A. J. Fishback.

Bro. Fishback is engaged to speak to the Spiritualists of Sturges, Mich., for the next six months, but will receive appointments to speak anywhere within reasonable distance, weekday evenings, upon his favorite subject—the 'New science of Psychopathy,' which treats of the causes and cure of moral diseases, insanity, mania and crime.

We have known Bro. Fishback for the last twelve years, and with pleasure say to our friends that he is a gentleman, and a scholar of high moral worth. His character is above reproach. We hope he will be kept at active labor, as he will give character to our cause wherever he goes.

Since Mr. Fishback became a Spiritualist, nearly nine years, he has been a faithful worker in our cause, and his labors have ever been crowned with success, both as a lecturer and a debater.

"As to Chicago: is she not worthy to be the eighth wonder of the world? If the light of her fire was dreadful beyond measure, the miracle of her rebuilding is incredible to all but one's eyesight. Whole streets and squares of superb architecture, and resounding with all the bustle of business, have grown up since the fire as leaves grow on trees. The Grand Pacific Hotel is well named, and certainly is one of the best work of modern things. It covers an entire square, has been built since the fire, is finished and furnished like kings' palaces, and had more than four hundred rooms occupied by guests under its roof the day we surveyed it."—Harriet Beecher Stowe in the Christian Union.

We have two hotels that will, when opened, far surpass even the Grand Pacific in the splendor of the appointments and cost of the buildings, although not so large—viz: the Palmer House now partially open, and the Tremont.

Press Commendation.

By the way, if the Spiritualists in this section desire an able, outspoken paper, devoted faithfully to the Spiritual Philosophy, which is at war with the God of the Bible, and which denounces Victoria-Woodhull-Free-loveism as debauchery of the basest order, they should subscribe for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published by S. S. Jones, Chicago, Illinois, at \$3.00 per annum. It is not a paper that we would recommend to orthodox Christians; but those church members who are willing to yield their previous religious convictions to the dogmas enunciated by the headlights of Spiritualism, will find the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL a brave, fearless, outspoken advocate of the new dispensation. —Brownstown (Ind.) Banner, Nov. 13th.

Prof. W. J. Shaw.

Professor W. J. Shaw is doing a most excellent service in Iowa. He gave two lectures at Forest City, also an elocutionary lecture on Sunday evening, which pleased the people very much, although given on God's holy day. He sends the following item: "At Shellrook, one week ago, a Mrs. Davis, a Methodist, to all appearances died at 10 o'clock P. M. In two hours, however, she awoke from what had evidently been a trance, and to the astonishment of her friends, affirmed that she had seen a number of her deceased relatives, as well as some strangers. She expressed her fears lest they might consider her flighty, and affirming her sanity, desired them to publish her statement in the local papers: 'I shall pass away, dying a Spiritualist, at 3 o'clock in the morning, when the friends I have seen will be here to meet me, as they promised.' At 3 o'clock, precisely, she passed on."

The first year of Brittan's Journal will be sent from this office to any address on receipt of \$3.00, either of the four numbers for 80 cts. The work only needs to be seen to be appreciated.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

eternal and clothe your souls for the habitation of the future world. This is the day when there is no death. Your friend hidden from sight is only caught up into the atmosphere. You do not see him, but you may perceive him with the spiritual vision. The mother mourns her child as dead, and looks into the grave for the object of her care, and builds up a snowy monument over the body there. But she must not think the child is there. The spirit, like a white dove, hovers around her; and the spirit of the child is waiting at the doors that you all may enter. There is no death. Mother earth consumes the body, and that which you bury this year will bloom into flowers in spring; but the buds of your spirits are transplanted there, and blossom in the midst of eternal life, and the little feet trip among the asphodels in the green meadows of the spirit-land. This is the lost chain of light; this is the golden stone that philosophers have sought for in vain in times past; this is the nectar, the nepenthe, that ancient sorcerers sought that life might be for ever prolonged. You cast away your bodies as you would a worn-out or imperfect garment. There are new raiments waiting for you; there is a new habitation ready for you. Your feet will not rest upon strange soil, but friends will gather around you. It is as clear to the eye of the spirit as are the names of the constellations to the astronomer; and though you dwell in the garments of the flesh, you still see beyond, and perceive how in all the great world of matter and spirit there is no room for death to abide; for he has gone out utterly with ignorance, and darkness, and the prejudices of the past, and life, only life, remains as your inheritance.

On terminating the above discourse, Mrs. Tappan stood for a moment or two in silence, and then gave off the following poem:—

O beautiful white mother Death!
Thou unseen and shadowy soul—
Thou mystical, magical soul—
How soothing and cooling thy breath!

Ere the morning stars sang in their spheres,
Thou didst dwell in the spirit of things,
Brooding there with thy wonderful wings,
Incubating the germs of the years.

Coeval with Time and with Space,
Thy sisters are Silence and Sleep—
Three sisters, Death, Silence, and Sleep.
How strange and how still is thy face.

In the marriage of Matter and Soul,
Thou wert wedded to young, fiery Time—
The now hoary and snowy-haired Time—
And with him hast shared earth's control.

O beautiful Spirit of Death!
Thy brothers are Winter and Night—
Stern Winter and Shadowy Night;
They bear thy still likeness and breath.

Summer buds fall asleep in thy arms,
"Neath the fleecy and soft-footed snow—
The silent, pure, beautiful snow—
And the earth their new life-being warms.

All the world is endowed with thy breath,
Summer splendors and purple of vine,
Flow out of this magic of thine,
O beautiful Angel of Death!

What wonders in Silence we see!
The lily grows pale in thy sight;
The rose, through the long summer night,
Sighs its life out in fragrance to thee.

O beautiful Angel of Death!
The beloved are thine—all are thine!
They have drunk the nepenthe divine;
They have felt the full flow of thy breath.

Out into thy realm they are gone,
Like the incense that greeteth the morn;
On the wings of thy might they're up-borne,
As bright birds to thy paradise foun.

They are folded and safe in thy sight;
Through thy portals they've passed
From earth's prison;
From the cold clod of clay they have risen,
To dwell in thy temple of light.

O beautiful Angel of Life!
Germs feel thee and burst into bloom;
Souls see thee and rise from the tomb;
With rapture and loveliness rise.
On earth thou art named cold Death—
Dim, dark, dismal, dire, dreadful
Death,
But in heaven thou art Angel of Life!

We are one with thy spirit, O Death!
We spring to thine arms unafraid;
One with thee are our glad spirits made.
We are born when we breathe thy full breath,
O Mother of Life, lovely Death!

Notice!

The Society of Spiritualists will meet at Sloan's Hall in Dimondale, Eaton Co., Mich., on the 6th day of December next, to hold their annual meeting to commence at 1 o'clock on Saturday and continue over Sunday. L. A. Pearsall and M. E. Taylor will be there to address the meeting. All friends of Progression are invited to attend. A Basket Dinner will be served on Sunday, Nov. 13th, 1873.

JANEZ ASHLEY, Pres't.

Letter of Fellowship.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY on the 15th of November, granted a letter of fellowship to Sister Addie M. Stevens, of Claremont, N. H., authorizing her to solemnize marriages anywhere in the United States.

W. L. JACK, medium of Philadelphia Circle of Light, is suffering from indisposition, and is compelled to abandon all previous engagements and retire for a season to private life, to recuperate his wasted energies. We hope our good Brother may soon regain his health, and be able to work in the fields of reform.

PROF. DENTON has been lecturing at Minneapolis, Minn., to large and enthusiastic audiences. He does not lecture on Moses-Woodhullism.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES has associated herself with Mrs. A. B. Lovell, 645 Washington street, Boston, and will exercise her clairvoyant gift during the week for the benefit of the afflicted. She will lecture as usual on Sundays; engagements made at her room, as above.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS PHENOMENA.

Interesting Compilation in Reference to Spiritualism, from all parts of the Inhabitable Globe; Gems of Wisdom, instructive and amusing. Selected and Arranged especially for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, by Dr. T. F. Talmadge.

BROTHER JONES.—What a great variety of manifestations are occurring at the present time, and all of interest. J. P. Campbell, M. D., gives the following account of a

TELEGRAPH MEDIUM.

A favored few, myself among the number, are receiving through a young medium in this city, most astounding but delightful evidence of spirit-communication, among which I may mention, actual and positive "telegraphic communications," the instrument being operated by angel hands sometimes when no earthly soul is in the apartment. Telegraph operators have been present when messages have been given, and pronounce the phenomenon one of the marvels of the age. Our invisible guardians promise both in written and verbal communications, to still further favor us with their blessed presence the coming winter, and when the proper moment arrives, I may send, if agreeable to you, a detailed statement of the remarkable manifestations of spirit-presence, that I have had the inexpressible pleasure to witness during the past nine months through this gifted medium. I may here add, that in this circle at which I have the happiness to sit, there is no question of dollars and cents, each member being welcome without money or price.

317 East 113th street, New York.

The following, furnished by J. H. Rogers, Dover Plains, N. Y., illustrates the remarkable mediumship of Dr. Slade:

I send you a communication, hoping you may find it worthy of being presented to the world, through the good old JOURNAL. It was given under the following test conditions. I have known the investigator, Mr. George N. Perry, for nearly forty years, and he has given verbally what I am now going to relate. Coming from such a source, it is perfectly reliable, and exactly as the seance took place. Mr. Perry procured two common school slates which were fastened together by hinges. He then proceeded to the rooms of the medium, Mr. Slade, No. 413 4th avenue, New York, and obtained a sitting, the medium and Mr. Perry sitting at a common centre-table. A piece of pencil was broken off and laid upon the slate, the slate closed and laid upon the table. The medium and Mr. Perry held the slate which was immediately taken from them and thrown on the floor. It was taken up again, and the medium says to Mr. Perry, "You had better hold the slate." Mr. Perry then took it, and being a powerful man, he was determined to retain it; but it was immediately taken from him by a power stronger than himself, and again thrown upon the floor. He again took it from the floor, when the medium said, "Perhaps they don't want either of us to hold the slate; lay it upon the table." Mr. Perry then placed the slate upon the table, about four feet from either of them, when the pencil commenced to make a noise as a slate pencil will in writing. This continued for some time and then stopped. The medium then says, "Open the slate and see if they have written anything." Mr. Perry did so, and found the following communication written on both sides of the inner slates:

DEAR FATHER AND FRIENDS.—Sad and fearful are the farewells of earth, for those who part know not that they shall ever return again. Death often has frozen the heart, and turned the sweet fountain of love into bitter waters of grief. Dear friends, let me say, no such dark shadows come between the angel-world and their loved ones. Hence my farewell has no sadness in it, when you know I am in a happy world. I can come to you all again, and teach you the true laws of life and the love of God.

You know I promised you, if it were possible to come back, I would do so, so you see it is possible.

I met all of our friends here, and they were happy to have me come; so do not mourn for me.

I was present during the funeral and saw the beautiful flowers, for which accept from me many thanks. I shall come to you all, and tell you more about these bright spheres when our union shall be complete. My love to all. I am your affectionate daughter.

LIZZIE C. PRESTON.

Mr. Perry, the investigator, was the step-father of Lizzie C. Preston, the person who wrote this communication through the medium, Dr. Slade.

A CHINESE BURIAL.

A China woman died on the 17th ult., at Sacramento, Cal., and her husband, being well provided with money, gave her what he considered a first class funeral. The Sacramento Union describes the ceremonies: "About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the body, inclosed in a fine coffin, was placed on the sidewalk in front of her late residence, and by its side were arranged tables loaded with roast chicken, roast pig, boiled rice, candy, nuts, brandy, whisky, etc., sufficient in quantity to keep the spirit of the deceased from being hungry for a month. These articles and the coffin remained on the sidewalk until late the next forenoon, surrounded by paid mourners, who seemed to be carrying on a lively competition in the matter of giving full value for the money received. At the cemetery, after the coffin had been lowered, hired mourners and the two children of the deceased walked round the grave once, while the husband remained standing silently by. Then vessels containing food were put in the grave at the head and foot of the coffin, followed by a small quantity of earth. Next to be put in were live chickens and ducks, and these were promptly covered with earth. The grave having been filled up, brandy and whisky were sprinkled upon it in a liberal manner, while a pig's head, roast chicken, boiled rice, oranges, apples, nuts, candy, etc., were laid upon the mound.

The ceremony being concluded, the Chinese returned home in their carriages, while some Christian boys, who had been watching the proceedings, gathered up the fruit, candy, etc., and likewise left for home.

REV. DR. RANKIN—A LATE DECISION OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

[From the Washington Chronicle.]

Last Sabbath the Rev. Dr. Rankin delivered a sermon, which has attracted more local notice and comment than any sermon preached in this city for a long time. His subject was the "Transfiguration." In this sermon the following points were made:

"First. This scene teaches us that glorified spirits retain their identity in the future world. They keep their names there and retain their earthly relation to Christ's kingdom. Here were two men who had been bodily absent from this world for centuries. They are the same men in the world. Heaven does not

destroy a man's identity. Its joys are not such; its glories are not such; its progress is not of such a nature that a man parts with anything that is distinctive in him here."

The doctrine of Spiritualism is a pretty strong one, and staggers the faith of most men, and hitherto has been quite too much for "Evangelical" churches to swallow. Newspaper men are obliged to read the reports from all pulpits, and in reading those from the Spiritual pulpits we hardly recollect of anything stronger, touching our future state in the other world than Dr. Rankin's declaration that spirits "keep their names there, and retain their earthly relation to Christ's kingdom." Just what is meant by these "relations" we hardly know, but certainly they can not be maintained without an interference with earth from heaven. It is now an open question, if the reverend Doctor did not admit the truth of the fundamental plank in the creed of the Spiritualists. In his second point, Dr. Rankin says:

"Retaining their identity, glorified spirits retain also those peculiarities of appearance that lead to their recognition. The narrative implies that the disciples intuitively recognized these men whom they only knew by character. They needed no introduction to them. The truth flashes upon them at once. This was supernatural, of course. But may we not expect that this will be the law of spiritual intercourse? Shall we not know even as we are known? Will not character be transparent? We are taught that we shall have spiritual bodies—bodies, material bodies, still. This is to be the investiture of the spirit. Only God is a spirit without material investiture. We shall not only know those whom we have known in this world; we shall also, doubtless, have an intuitive recognition of all those whose character we have known; not only of Jesus, but Moses and Elias, and all the Hebrew line of worthies and of later Christian men and women. Character will be intuitively recognized. It is only by recognition that the other world can illustrate and justify the ways of God to men."

This point seems to upset the entire creed of the Congregational Church as hitherto expounded. In its admissions it is a new and violent departure, and while it is exceedingly comforting, full of most glorious hope and promise as to spiritual existence in the great hereafter, it goes much farther, and announces the all-important and tremendous fact that spirits will retain in the other world "those particularities of appearance that lead to their recognition." We fear that the more Dr. Rankin tries to prove this, the farther will be his drift from those old-fashioned notions—"orthodox" notions—of heaven and hell than we have been accustomed to hear. We venture the opinion that to Dr. Rankin belongs the honor of making the first of these broad admissions from a "Congregational" pulpit—admissions so nearly allied to what is heard from Sunday to Sunday in the hall of the "First Society of Progressive Spiritualists."

In his fourth point, Dr. Rankin makes a much more startling disclosure touching his religious faith. In it he declares that:

"The social relations of the heavenly world must be determined as much as they are here. Those most like Christ, doubtless, those who have best served and followed Him, will be nearest Him there."

This creed at last presents the idea of a heaven somewhere—of a real, tangible place to live in. But Dr. Rankin is not yet out of the woods. He has members of his church in the Patent Office—members who are "pillars of the church." We find in a New York paper the following recent decision:

"The Patent Office has recently had occasion to collar and throw, to quote Wegg's language, a very curious problem which has been presented to it for solution. Mr. Francis J. Lippist, of Cambridge, Mass., has, it appears, invented an ingenious device, called the 'Psychic Stand and Detector.' This is intended, he says, 'to aid in the investigation of certain phenomena called by some psychic, by others spiritual,' and will prove by its operations either that these phenomena are the result of trick or imposture, or that they proceed from an occult force hitherto unknown—the 'psychic' force—or are produced through the agency of departed spirits." He applied for a patent for this contrivance, and, much to his indignation, the Patent Office has informed him that it can not be granted. The reasons given are, briefly, that the Patent Office can not sanction patent mechanism which can only foster and perpetuate delusion and imposture unless Spiritualism be true, and the truth of Spiritualism the office is not prepared to concede."

The situation, in view of Dr. Rankin's declarations concerning the nearness of this world to the other, and in view of this recent decision of the we men of the Patent Office, that they are not prepared to "concede" the "truth of Spiritualism," becomes very interesting. Simply in the interests of truth and science and religion let us have more light on the subject.

The *Spiritualist*, published in London, contains the following novel letter to its editor. I do not think any sensible person will try the suggestion. We give it as a curiosity:

PSYCHOLOGICAL INFLUENCES AMONG THE LOWER ANIMALS.

SIR:—We have many of us seen people who are quite illiterate in their normal state, become the reverse when in the spiritual or ordinary mesmeric trance. It has occurred to me that it might be possible to carry this a stage further, and in a manner which, if successful, would have a weight which no other phenomena have, as yet, possessed.

I propose that all those who have access to, or keep monkeys, should endeavor to mesmerize them, or to take them into developing circles; for if illiterate people, when entranced, can, and do write and speak in foreign tongues, why should not a monkey, when entranced, write if not speak when under control?

If any difficulty be experienced in getting the monkey under control, the following aids might be tried, as they have great effect upon some people, and help them into the trance state when mesmerism alone is insufficient:

1. Breathe a little sulphuric ether; it should be very pure, and not made from methylated spirit.
2. Chloroform; ditto, ditto.
3. Indian hemp (very effective.)
4. Belladonna, given in quarter-grain doses.

When once the trance state is well induced, these should be discontinued, because the communications are not likely to be of any value if the body be in an abnormal state.

Only get a few monkeys, who, when entranced, can write or speak, and no lack of money will be experienced for the further prosecution of the subject.

T. E. R.

The editor of the *Spiritualist* makes the following reply to the communication:

As high aspirations and pure thoughts in a medium and all the members of the circle, are desirable to secure high revelations and good manifestations, and safety from the occasional tricks of malicious spirits, it is not likely that the introduction of a monkey to a developing circle will improve conditions or conduce to spirituality. On the other hand, scientific experiments as to the influence of

mesmerism or sulphuric ether on the lower animals might be useful. Some animals are certainly sensitive to mesmeric influence; we know an editor of a London scientific newspaper who mesmerized a kitten till it became insensible, and its body quite limp, when he carried it about the room by its tail. Will our readers bring forward what facts they can about the psychology of the lower animals? Do dogs dream? Are the statements true that dogs and horses often see spirits, when men with normal vision can not do so? Is it anything but the influence of their own fear which causes birds sometimes to be fascinated by snakes? The great value of any discussion, on a subject like this, will consist in a full authentication of the circumstances stated, by the writers publishing their names and addresses.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE KOORDS.

The following extract from Major Millingen's *Wild Life among the Koords* will interest your readers:

"Superstition has a far stronger hold on the ignorant minds of the Koords than Religion. They believe in the *Pirs* (Holy Protectors), in whose power and intercession they trust. Their fear of the *Idjins* is childish and ludicrous. The *Idjins* and the *Peris* are the malicious and the benign spirits whose action over mankind is, according to the Koran, all-powerful. To these supernatural agents the *Sheyts* must be added. Under this denomination the Mussulmans comprise all the martyrs of Islam, those that have fallen in the defense of the faith of Mohammed. The tombs of the *Sheyts* are considered holy, and the miracles performed by them, as well as their apparitions before the living, are believed to be phenomena of common occurrence. In the belief of the Koords these troops of wandering spirits form a kind of fluctuating population, as nomadic in their tastes as the living inhabitants of the country. Their mission seems to be to wander about the valleys and the mountains, either coaxing or bullying poor mortals. The superstition of the Koords is not limited to their belief in the existence of spirits. In every tribe there are lots of *Khodjas* and *Shekhs* of both sexes, who are considered first-rate mediums, endowed with great spiritual and magnetic powers."

A Question Answered.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, DEAR SISTER:—It is a great satisfaction to one in sore affliction as I am, to know that they have the warm sympathy of a friend in time of suffering like mine. I think Spiritualists should be a pure people, and I wish to be such. I did not inform you, because I did not think of it at the time of writing, that I chew tobacco moderately, and have for a number of years. After this nuisance of morphine is cured, I want some of your Tobacco Antidote, and make a clean sweep of all bad habits. Tell me if tobacco has any hindering effect against the action of the remedy for opium and morphine. I am taking the remedy and wearing the magnetized papers, and I now require not half the morphine that I did, and I do feel better every day. Now, in a few days I shall send you a post-office order for five dollars, and shall continue to send you what is so richly yours, as fast as we can raise it. Give any further directions you think I may need. Send me another box of the *Opium Remedy* and another set of the magnetized papers.

Truly yours, J. LAMPIER, M. D.

Montezuma, Iowa, Nov. 6th, 1873.

REPLY.—The more bad habits you are subject to, the harder it is to overcome any one of them.

The daily use of tobacco and opium in any of its various forms gradually undermines the constitution, and renders it more difficult for want of positive element in the system, to overcome one of them. I would advise you to get thoroughly cured of the terrible cravings of your appetite for opium, before you commence the use of the *Tobacco Antidote*.

Conquer one enemy at a time, but be faithful and firm in the use of the *Opium Remedy*. If you must use any morphine, while using the *Opium Remedy*, let it be in minute quantities, and let the doses be "few and far between." I have sent you another box of the *Opium Remedy* by mail.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 10th, 1873.

ROBERT DALE OWEN'S Autobiography, entitled, "Threading My Way," which G. W. Carleton & Co. have in press, will be particularly rich in reminiscences of General Lafayette, Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Slave-Trade" Clarkson, "L. E. L." and other celebrities of a half century past.

JAMES PARTON has recently prepared a brief life of the late Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern), which G. W. Carleton & Co. will shortly publish as "A Memorial Volume of Fanny Fern," with selections from her writings, illustrated by Arthur Lumley.

New Publications.

THE LADIES OWN MAGAZINE for November is fully equal to any previous issue, and is filled with readable stories and good common sense editorials—\$2.00 per year, M. C. Bland & Co., Chicago.

MISS FORRESTER, by Mrs. Annie Edwards, is a powerful story, and the latest from the pen of this brilliant novel writer. She possesses the ability to make an interesting novel without filling it with improbabilities and sentimentality, and the influence of all her writings is good. Sheldon & Co., New York, Publishers. For sale in this city by Keen, Cooke & Co., State St.

THE ROSE OF DISSENTIS, Translated from the German of Zschokke. Translations from the German are now in great demand in this country, and as no German author is better loved or more popular than Zschokke in his own country, it is fair to presume his genius will be appreciated here as his writings become known. The Rose of Dissentis is the first of several of his Novels that are being issued from the well known house of Sheldon & Co., New York, and for sale by Keen, Cooke & Co., Chicago.

THE GALAXY crowns its sixteenth volume with the December number, which we find one of the most attractive we have examined. The variety of its contents and the uniform excellence of the articles are fairly noticeable. The well known writers, Rich'd B. Kimball, Hon. Gideon Welles, Col. De Forrest, Justin McCarthy, Rich'd Grant White, General Custer, and Junius Henri Browne are all represented by characteristic articles; after which come three spirited short stories and the usual departments.

Philadelphia Department

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

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

ONLY LENT.

We present to our readers this week, an original poem from the pen of Bro. RICHARDS, who is a medium, and subject to poetic inspiration of a high order. It is a touching appeal in reference to the passing away of a dear friend.

God's angels came with silent tread,
Tenderly pilloved her drooping head,
Lovingly kissed her pale, cold brow,
Just where a star is gleaming now.

Gently they closed the trembling lid,
And the sweet blue eye forever hid,
Folding her close in their sheltering arms,
To bear her away from earthly harms.

Turning their gaze on me they said,
She only sleepeth—she is not dead!
She was not given—he only lent,
And now for his own, the Lord hath sent!

He only lent, that her dear smile
Might cheer thy life for a little while,
And now he taketh his own again
Away from the world of sin and pain;

Away to join the jubilant band,
Whose songs make glad the Summer-land;
Away up the stairs by the angels trod
Who now are taking her home to God.

Then from eyes I dried the tear,
With bud and blossom strewed her bier,
Laying the casket away forever,
I gave my jewel back to the giver.

Philadelphia, Pa.

BEYOND.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

I am dreaming dreams
Of the "Better Land,"
With its valleys green,
And its mountains grand;

Of the rushing streams,
And its tinkling rills,
Of the light that gleams
On its evergreen hills;

Its perfumed air
And flowery sod,
Of its golden stairs
By the angels trod,

Of one who from earth
Hath gone on before
Who in her new birth,
Hath sorrow no more.

She is calling to me—
Each hour of the day,
Her voice I can hear,
Inviting—away!

It falls on my ear,
A sound of delight,
It stilleth all fear,
And drives away night.

It says to my soul,
"Why rest in earth's gloom?
Thy heavenly goal,
Is this side the tomb."

My darling! I'll come,
As dew from the sod,
My soul to its home—
Its love and its God.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Interesting Questions.

A correspondent asks the following questions:

"Will you be kind enough to inform me what is the cause of the knocks or raps that are heard at the door of a house at Barranquilla, an old Spanish town, on the Magdalena river, South America?"

"These raps occur every day about seven o'clock, and at no other time in the day. The family are not Spiritualists, and they suppose these noises are produced by some former tenant. Can you give us any information as to who, or what it is, and what they want? Will you be kind enough to ask the spirits, and if you can get any thing from them you will greatly oblige the writer?"

ANSWER.

We do not know any spirits that are engaged in this matter. As a general rule, spirits who make such manifestations are confined to a particular locality and can only make them there. The proper plan will be for some one to ask questions when the raps are heard. Ask if it is a spirit? If he or she will respond to letters of the alphabet when it is called? If they will spell out their names, and especially the object which they desire to accomplish?

Once established such a communication with the spirit, and the whole difficulty may be readily solved. It is probable some one or more of the family are mediumistic, and if they were to form a circle and sit regularly in the house, many interesting facts might be developed. If they will try this plan, we shall be glad to hear from them. Our spirit guides say there are many spirits in that vicinity who are very desirous of opening a communication with their friends there, and they desire that this advice may be carried out by the family.

Mrs. SARAH McELHANY, of Iowa, please give us your address, and state whether you are now a subscriber.

THE VOICES, by W. S. Barlow, and The Three Voices, are one and the same book.

We have a new supply of the Bible in India.

City Entertainments.

For the Week ending Nov. 22.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE—Randolph street, between Clark and LaSalle. "Kind to a Fault," and "The Post of Honor."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe. Engagement of Mrs. Chanfrau. "Jealousy, or the Outcast Wife."

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE—Monroe street, between Dearborn and State. Burlesque of "Acting on the Brain." Minstrelsy and Comicalities.

GLOBE THEATRE—Desplaines street, between Madison and Washington. Engagement of Laura Alberto. "Out at Sea."

Letter to Warren Chase, by D. A. Eddy

MY FORMER FRIEND AND CO-LABORER:—It is with mingled feelings of pity, sorrow and disgust, that I have read your letter to the BANNER OF LIGHT, published Sept. 26th, giving an account of the late Chicago Convention, which has taken upon itself a new name, came boldly to the surface, declared its principles, re-elected its goddess as president, and yourself as treasurer.

There is one thing connected with the proceedings of this convention, for which it deserves the thanks of the world at large and Spiritualists in particular, and that is the unblushing, unequivocal declaration of its fundamental doctrine, "Free-love and promiscuity." It can no longer be said, "Oh! you don't understand her." The charge of universal adultery is now fully acknowledged as the leading feature and fundamental doctrine of this convention.

That a man, who for the last half century has done battle so nobly against the combined forces of old Theology and Christian idolatry, who has been acknowledged as one of the clearest and most consistent exponents of the Spiritualist gospel, should at this late day, when the harvest was ripe for which you had labored, and to which you were justly entitled for services in the great vineyard of reform, be induced to adopt, countenance or endorse such a theory as was put forth and unanimously adopted by this Chicago convention, is a mystery beyond my comprehension, and one that I confess myself utterly unable to solve. Your letter to the BANNER OF LIGHT, though not a falsehood in a legal point of view, is nevertheless wanting in that truthfulness and candor which ought to characterize a man of your pretensions. 'Tis a fact too well known to need any confirmation of mine, that this meeting at Chicago was a packed convention, nearly all self-constituted delegates, assuming to represent localities in many cases, where they were unknown. They were of the true Woodhull, free-love stripe, and went with them to sustain the goddess (Vice) in her wild ambition whatever might come up in opposition to the contrary, and well did they perform the dirty work—to their everlasting shame be it said; for which this convention was from first to last inaugurated. But the attempt to convey to the outside world that this motley one-idea faction was a convention of Spiritualists, and that their leading favorite dogma, free-love, was a part and parcel of the Spiritual Philosophy, I regard as the most objectionable part of the whole proceedings. It is an incendiary war upon community at large and Spiritualism in particular; an improvement upon beggary villainy, and exhibits an inbred wickedness of heart made up between the full-fledged libertine on the one hand and the ambitious, licentious aspirant on the other.

Can it be supposed that you were ignorant of the fact, when you penned that letter to the BANNER OF LIGHT, that this Chicago convention was any other than a mere faction of free-lovers, a disgusting, festering excrescence, a libel upon Spiritualism, and a disgrace to humanity, a beast of prey—not unlike that seen by St. John in the Isle of Patmos, with seven (7) heads and ten horns, which had tails like unto scorpions and whose stings were in their tails (Rev. ix. 10 and xiii. 1). This beast of prey was labeled with the high-sounding title of "Universal Organization of Spiritualists." No; you were not ignorant of this fact, that the great body of Spiritualists utterly and emphatically refused to recognize this convention as anything more or less than a set of one-idea fanatical would-be reformers, with as much right to the name they appropriated to their organization as any one guilty of embezzlement or petty larceny. Nevertheless, good may sometimes come out of evil. As it is, we now have the consolation of seeing the disgrace and odium which has for many years been promiscuously heaped upon Spiritualists, fall and rest where it properly belongs, and to those noble souls, the invulnerable eighteen, who had not received the mark of the beast upon their foreheads or in their hands, who stood by at the proper moment with their timely and damaging protest, we tender our thanks and everlasting gratitude.

"We would, however, remind those who pretend to think this convention advocated and defended lust and licentiousness, that it passed in full session, without a dissenting vote, the following resolution: 'That we most earnestly protest against all forms of licentiousness, whether within or without the pale of matrimony. It is really the class of persons who practice this that the social reformers are after.'

Well, this is about as "cheeky" as any thing I have noticed in the proceedings of this celebrated congress of reformers! Now, I submit to the readers of this paper, as well as all well-informed people, how much sincerity or importance, if any, should be attached to this resolution. The most notorious harlot in the world might with equal propriety make the same declaration. 'Tis an easy thing to preach, but quite another thing to practice. How does this resolution compare with the acknowledged practice of some of its leading advocates. Those who have read the late numbers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, will not be at a loss how to answer this question. It is promulgated by these advocates of social reform, that all marriage laws, all legal enactments binding man and woman together, ought to be abolished; that society would be improved, and in fact this is the only way to prevent fornication and promote the purity of the sexual relations! "One touch above the sublime makes the ridiculous." Polly, fanaticism and hypocrisy combined could not produce a greater absurdity. To put out a fire you would add fuel to the flame! To save a sinking ship increase the leaks! To save your field of grain tear down the fences! This is the doctrine, the boasted Philosophy of free-love social reformers.

This is consistency according to Woodhull, Moses and the prophets! You say this subject (social reforms) is up for discussion. This I deny. 'Tis not a proper subject for discussion unless you propose to turn society into one common field of prostitution, and reduce humanity to a level with the brute creation. On the whole, your letter is a lame attempt to cover up and smooth over the outrage perpetrated upon decency and common sense by the Chicago convention; is calculated to convey a wrong impression to those who are not thoroughly posted in regard to the iniquity and reckless ambition of a fanatical would-be reformer.

You evidently intended to convey to the readers of the BANNER, that this gathering at Chicago was a Spiritual convention, whereas it was nothing of the kind. But you speak truly when you say, "This convention has taken itself clear out of Spiritualism," and I would just here in conclusion inquire if the worthy Treasurer, went with it? Hoping you may see the folly of your course and be induced to return to your former field of usefulness is the sincere desire of your old friend.

Cleveland, O.

Woe unto him who is inspired by his prejudices, for he shall walk in darkness and the shadow of unrest shall fall upon him.

THE DAWNING LIGHT.

A POEM DESCRIPTIVE OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY CORA VAN DE MARK.

What scene is this, from brush of artist-seer? To say the least, the picture seemeth queer. A rural home of unpretending mien; The "oaken bucket" and the orchard green; The swallows flitting in the morning air; The blacksmith's shop that tells of daily care—All these are simple; but behold that light Which fills the house, and greets our wondering sight!

What means the chain of angels winding down As if with some rare gift hast home to crown? We gaze transfixed. But, hark! the angels sing; 'Peace on the earth, good will to men we bring; Glad tidings from the blissful shores above, Of joy and peace and hope to all we love.' Ah, now we read the artist's theme aright: "The dawn of Truth, the harbinger of Light."

From the hearts of struggling millions, Weary with life's toil and care, Hastening toward the great To-morrow, Rose to Heaven the ceaseless prayer: "Tell us—our loved ones there?"

Is this life, with all its anguish, All its discipline and tears—But an index to the future? Answer! if there's One who hears, Banish these wild doubts and fears."

As the light of day approaching, Paints its promise on the sky, So celestial bands of Heaven, Freighted with their glad reply, Come to check the mourner's sigh.

As the laborer, sad and weary, Hails with joy the distant light That is shining from the cottage Where the loved ones wait his sight, And there's shelter for the night—

So each child of sin and sorrow, Hailed the light by spirits given In that first, faint rap of promise; And the chains of death were riven By the angel-hosts of heaven.

For they turned our hope to knowledge Of the land beyond the grave; Death became a welcome pilot That all shattered barks could save, Steering clear of rock and wave;

But when mortals heard the tidings, Which the angels first unfurled, Through the children of that cottage, Scorn and calumny were hurled Round them, by a doubting world.

As the meek and lowly Jesus Suffered for the truths he taught, So the work of all reformers Through self-sacrifice is wrought, With the deepest sorrow fraught.

But the spirit-hosts grow stronger, And their power is felt to-day, Working like the silent heaven, See old dogmas, trembling, sway! Like the dew, they'll pass away.

"Come up higher," sing the angels, There is life and hope for all; Seek the truth that brings you freedom." Anxious pilgrims hear their call, Doubt and prejudice must fall.

Yes, the angels still are rapping, Louder, stronger than of yore, While their song of triumph swelling Echoes back from shore to shore, "We shall live forevermore."

Rochester, N. Y.

Meeting of Spiritualists—A Laudable Course.

At a meeting of the Progressive Spiritualists of Hammon, called to take action on the so-called Spiritualists' Convention at Chicago, the following letter from Mrs. J. M. Peebles, who was unable to be in attendance, was read, and enthusiastically received, and ordered to be printed:—

SUNDAY MORNING, Oct. 26th, '73.

BRO. PARKHURST:—I sincerely regret my inability to meet with you and the few earnest souls who will convene in Union Hall to-day as requested. My whole soul utters an emphatic protest against the action of the "American Association of Spiritualists," at its late session in Chicago, as characterized by its wide departure from the central idea of Spiritualism, in its endorsing of and placing in power a faction whose practical teachings are eminently destructive to social order, purity of life, and consequent growth in spirituality, as demonstrated by the disgusting "confessions" of some of its enthusiastic supporters.

I am rejoiced to know that the true friends of Spiritualism throughout the country realize the importance of protesting against such representation as the records of that Convention have given to the world. Be assured of my hearty sympathy and concurrence in an uncompromising opposition to every form of impurity in all relations of life. The term "social freedom" is one no longer of doubtful meaning. The immoral tendencies of its principles, are now patent to all, and call for no discussion or explanation, having been unmistakably defined by their zealous projectors, as giving the freest license to untamed desire—as encouraging unrestrained indulgence of lustful passion, thus prostituting one of the holiest functions of our being, which should ever be held sacred to the pure purposes of parentage.

A great work is before all true Spiritualists who would press on to a more perfect unfoldment in purity, love and wisdom. Good angels will help us, if we stand firm on the side of virtue, against vice, and unceasingly toil for the upbuilding of truth and righteousness through all our words and deeds. While condemning the pernicious doctrines of "sexual freedom," or in other words "promiscuity," I have only feelings of pity and commiseration for its deluded followers. May the good Father of us all, give you strength and wisdom to know and to do the right.

Fraternally,
Mrs. J. M. PEEBLES.

A committee was appointed to present resolutions, and at the meeting on Sunday morning last, the following resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted, and ordered to be printed, that it be publicly known where they stand on the social question:

WHEREAS, The recent "National Convention of Spiritualists," that assembled at Chicago, claim, by their resolutions, to reflect the views of the Spiritualists of America, much of which we consider pernicious in the extreme; and if carried out, would entirely subvert civilization and plunge men and women into the lowest depth of degradation—for instance, the sentiments embodied in the following resolution:

"That the community has no more right to enact laws impairing the Sexual liberty of the individual, than it has to make laws impairing the Physical, Intellectual, or Moral liberty of the individual."

We consider that the practical application of this resolution is destroying all of the holiest affections of the human soul. It would leave the child without the guardianship of parent, and without that affection which warms and develops the "love-element" of its being; it would destroy family relations, leaving each husband and wife to follow such temporary fancy as may from time to time present itself. The sacred name of "home," with all its hallowed relations, would henceforth be a misnomer, and the human race would be converted into one vast tribe of wandering Ishmaelites.

AND WHEREAS, A minority of those present dissented from the action of said Convention, deeming it necessary for the good of true Spiritualism, to depart from any further alliance with the American Association of Spiritualists, now known as the Universal Association of Spiritualists, and having called upon each and all of such societies to officially forward their endorsement of their action, and their protest against further alliance with the Universal Association of Spiritualists to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, with their opinions; also as to the time and place of holding a National Convention in the interest of true Spiritualism. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Association of Progressive Spiritualists of Hammon, heartily approve of the action of the minority, who protested against the proceedings of the American Association of Spiritualists, and withdrew therefrom.

Resolved, That the action of that Convention does not reflect the views of the Spiritualists of this nation, as appears from the general uprising of its believers throughout the whole country in opposition to its proceedings.

Resolved, That this Association will co-operate with a National Convention, whose object shall be to promote pure and true Spiritualism, and who will respectfully refer all side issues and hobbies to a more appropriate place for their agitation and promulgation.

Resolved, That there can not hereafter be neutral ground in our cause; that there are distinct lines drawn between morality and immorality; that the world demands an answer from us as to our position, and if we fly our colors at the mast-head, God and his good angels will protect us and lead us up into that higher nature which approximates to divinity.

M. PARKHURST, Pres.
L. L. PLATT, Sec'y.

The Child.

Already some of the best minds of this age are beginning to understand that every child, instead of having been born a being totally depraved—a little devil incarnate, is rather a "repository of infinite possibilities," that instead of being beaten by the rod, to subdue the supposed natural devilish tendencies of its nature, it needs only to have its innate God-given powers wisely directed and harmoniously developed, in order to make it an ornament and a blessing to society, and a fountain of never failing happiness to itself.

Dr. Darwin has, by a course of scientific investigation, fully demonstrated the truth of the progressive or development theory which Mr. Day intuitively saw and presented to the world some years ago. And many minds that could not accept it from Mr. Davis' standpoint, are perceiving its truth in the carefully written and closely scrutinizing work of Dr. Darwin. It is also a fact worthy of note, that the opponents of this doctrine have not yet presented a single argument, but only ridicule against it. Doubtless, if they only had the power that "old theology" once possessed, Davis and Darwin would long since have been summoned to some ecclesiastical council, imprisoned, compelled to recant, as did Galileo of old, and would now be repeating the penitential psalms as a punishment for using the God-given right of every child to think for itself.

Let mankind once perceive the truth of this doctrine of development, and a new era will dawn upon earth. Men will seek to improve their own race, as they now do their horses and cattle. They will begin to study, understand and obey nature's laws in the procreation and education of the child.

We can see that the day will yet come when it will be said of every child, that "Unto us a child is born; unto us a son or daughter is given; and shall be called wonderful counselor, Prince of Peace." "Wonderful indeed is the child, wonderful in its mechanism—a microcosm of the universe, dormant in its rosy slumbers, as if the beautiful angels had borne it tenderly from the inner spheres through ivory gates of life, and laid it asleep upon a human heart. Every house has its little child, yet the revelation is always new, always primeval, always Eden-like. Indeed, every married pair should be Eden-dwellers, lying asleep in fresh, beautiful bowers, canopied by wings of angels and arch-angels, soothed by lulling waters and sweet birds, with a clear heavenly note falling now and then upon the ear, and we know it comes adown the celestial heights."

"Counselor of wondrous wisdom is the child to the truth loving parent, willing to sit at the feet of this living oracle, taught of God, and who has not as yet forgotten the celestial arcana. Blessed indeed is that child whose mother brought it forth under harmonious conditions. Very harmonious will such child be—a "Prince of Peace."

"Nature asserts herself without let or hindrance in the child; she is broad and significant, and says, 'My way is thus and thus, but I have planted deep in the heart of the child beautiful germs, which will spring up and bear lovely fruitage, unless you in your ignorance mar and hinder the growth of these seeds which I plant in all hearts.'"

"The strong passions of the child, when rightly directed, are so many elements of power, which will send him forth a sturdy champion for all that is noblest and best—a clear-sighted Hamden, a democratic Cromwell or an inspired Milton. These forces, rightly directed, are the levers to remove mountains of error and prejudice, and evil and oppression in the world."

May we not hope that now, when mankind are beginning to see the truth of the doctrine of progression, to see that to-day the race stands on a far higher plane than did the "first parents," to see that we are not a fallen race descended from an originally perfect pair, specially created, but that the highest types of civilization are the result of progressive development and culture—may we not, I say, hope that there is about to dawn a yet higher, because a more natural, and consequently wiser, era. Yes! we are looking longingly, yet confidently for the time when the children of peace, independence, truth and harmony, shall go forth earth's compass round; and their high priesthood shall make earth all hallowed ground.

Immodest words admit of no defense, Since want of decency is want of sense.

Why Don't they Do so Now.

A Humorous Poem.

BY W. H. WILKINS.

When I was a little youngster, And went to church in style, I'd watch the grave-faced minister, As he passed up the aisle.

He would walk into the pulpit, A calm look on his brow, And close his eyes in meekness, And in all due reverence bow.

He'd pray for us "poor sinners"—Of the paths that we must lead, Of the way to get to heaven, And the counsel we should need.

He'd describe the home of angels, Which we often have been told Is a city of the righteous, With its streets all paved in gold.

And Hell was not forgotten, In those dark days of our sires—He'd portray to us its demons, And its seething, roaring fires;

And its multitude of Devils, With their fiery tongues like darts, Was a tale that made us shudder, And strike terror to our hearts.

Then they'd groan and yell and scream, And kick up a general row, They'd rend their hair in fragments then, "Why don't they do so now?"

"At last, those 'poor sinners,' All at once would lose their strength; They'd topple over backwards, And stretch out at full length.

Theirs was the true religion, And the only one to save, We must accept its teachings, Or lie—forever in the grave!

But thanks, for this age of reason, Where progression takes the stand, And our beautiful Philosophy, Is spread throughout the land.

Those creeds and ancient dogmas, Will soon be cast aside, While the glorious light of truth, Unfurls its banner wide!

The Orthodox are toppling, And the ruin soon will fall, While many wake to reason, 'Neath the crumbling of its wall.

They say they will expose us, And tread us 'neath their feet—Why don't they go about it? We'll give up when we're beat.

We are ready for the contest, And will meet them in the fight, We'll give to them the victory, Or triumph in the right.

Now, why don't they expose us? And not kick up such a "row," If they can do so ever, "Why don't they do so now?"

Felchville, Vermont.

God in the Constitution.

The orthodox are not united in the project to engrave the name of God in the Constitution. At the recent session of the Central Baptist Association, in Blair county, Pennsylvania, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Systematic and persistent efforts are being made to insert in the Constitution of the United States a declaration of belief in the existence of God.

Resolved, That, as Baptists, we are opposed to any declaration of Christian doctrine on the part of the organic law, or otherwise, believing the testimony of our Savior who declares, "My Kingdom is not of this world."

Resolved, That in our judgment, no benefit to religion itself, could possibly result from such change if effected.

Resolved, That Christianity has ever won its noblest triumphs, while free from State control and acknowledgment; and that its days of deepest gloom have been those while living under the patronage of civil government.

Composition by a little boy—subject: "The Horse." "The horse is a very useful animal, it has four legs—one on each corner."

Unkind personalities and falsehoods are always out of order, and discreditable to any one.

Voices from the People.

LEON, IOWA.—A. E. Hall writes.—"The JOURNAL is considered indispensable in our family. We don't think any other paper can take its place. Thanks, dear friend, we do our best to give light as we receive it from our angelic friends."

WORTH, MICH.—J. Waterman writes.—"I am very much pleased with the course you have taken in the Woodhull affair."

ALLEMAN, PENN.—Wm. Scott writes.—"I am glad the Woodhull leech has released its hold on Spiritualism."

PROSPECT HILL, WIS.—J. Boyd writes.—"I am pleased with the bold stand you make for the right. Hope all true Spiritualists will sustain you."

ORION, WIS.—Eliza J. Smith writes.—"Bro. Jones, you are the right man in the right place. How thankful I am that you defended the cause of purity."

MATAGORDA, TEXAS.—John W. Hill writes.—"I like the way you handle Woodhullism. It will increase the circulation of your paper in this section of the country."

EL MONTE, CAL.—John Cleminson writes.—"I admire very much your fearless independence in contending for the right against the Woodhull corruption and abomination."

DIXON, CAL.—E. B. Palmer writes.—"I send you three dollars for the JOURNAL which soon runs out. I don't know what I would do without the JOURNAL. I take seven or eight different papers, but none of them do I esteem half as much as yours."

UTICA, N. Y.—G. Ralph writes.—"I do thank you for the stand you have taken in the Woodhull case. Long may you live to wield your pen for truth and right. I assure you the JOURNAL is more thought of than ever before; it is the living paper of the day."

NEWMAN, GA.—Dr. O. J. Register writes.—"I like the reasonable and common sense view the JOURNAL takes of things. We need a great reformation generally, and your paper is doing its work nobly. May its influence expand till all Christendom and nations feel the genial effects of its intellectual and spiritual power."

WOODBURN, OR.—E. C. Cooley writes.—"We love truth, humanity, nature, science and Spiritualism; but we do not like such teachings as the Hullahs try to thrust upon us."

SYLVESTER, WIS.—C. L. Morgan writes.—"The course you have taken with regard to the 'New Departure' from all decency and morality, should entitle you to the esteem and gratitude of all lovers of purity and virtue."

EAST PORTLAND, OREGON.—A. H. Buckman writes.—"I approve your course in opposing all forms of evil. Spiritualism is surely gaining strength on this coast. At the various grove meetings held the past summer and fall, much interest has been manifested and lasting impressions made. We have mediums of almost every phase, representing its glorious principles."

MONTICELLO, IOWA.—T. S. Hubbard writes.—"I read the Christian Union, a very excellent paper (but conversative) on the Evangelical Alliance—it gives us only one side, the rose colored, but that article by John Weiss in your last paper is not rose colored. People should subscribe for the JOURNAL, because it is not conversative, but prints just such speeches as those of Mr. Weiss."

PAINESVILLE, OHIO.—Moses Morrell writes.—"Your paper must be sustained. There is a little band here that have never bowed the knee to Moses-Woodhullism. We mean to keep the old flag flying at the mast-head of a higher standard of morality instead of a lower one. Men and women should be made better instead of succumbing to animal passions or free lust."

ROCHELLE, ILL.—Helen M. Comstock writes.—"I thank you for directing me to Mrs. DeWolf, on the corner of Madison and Curtis streets. I went to her feeling that life is wearisome and its burdens grievous. But her very presence seemed to envelope me in a mantle of rest, and I went forth feeling strong enough to brave anything that life might bring. She gave me hope and cheer, and described the loved ones in spirit-life. I think she is the best clairvoyant that I ever met."

GORHAM, OHIO.—R. Sweetland writes.—"I gladly send a remittance to help sustain the good old JOURNAL in the glorious truths which it advocates, especially its opposition to the insidious approaches of the Woodhull doctrine. I hold that the union of two pure souls constitute the only true marriage, and that should be held sacred by all Spiritualists. Spiritualism, to me, is a glorious principle, every attribute of which is pure and holy."

LOS ANGELOS, CAL.—Dr. Franklin writes.—"I am much pleased with your firm stand against Woodhull, free-love, promiscuity, and the Devil knows what next. You are right on the point. Moses gets that old rotten 'Hull' of his thoroughly ventilated and cleansed, he will sail under the banner of 'Charity and true Progression,' and without those colors nailed to the masthead of his craft, he will go down to eternal infamy and degradation."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Mrs. T. H. Judd writes.—"I have just returned from the southern part of Ohio, a little town called Salem, where I have been visiting some of the best people I ever met, and Spiritualists at that, a family by the name of Davis, and while there picked up one of your journals, wherein you distinctly say that the Woodhullites, you and all true Spiritualists have no affinity. I have never taken any of the so-called Spiritual papers, but I like the stamp of your journal and enclose three dollars for it."

HAVERHILL, MASS.—Wm. Heyder writes.—"On looking the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL over, I can not help saying to you, 'God bless you' for coming out in so plain and outspoken language against Victoria C. Woodhull or Free-lustism, and all those who were in favor of it. It is astonishing how the Woodhullites tried to elevate such demoralizing theories and practices under the cloak of 'Woman Suffrage,' and that heaven-born child 'Spiritualism.' Every society and association of Spiritualists should scrutinize well a speaker, before employing him or her, to know which side they are leaning to, for Spiritualism, according to my humble understanding teaches purity in thought and action, and not promiscuity and soul-corrupting practices."

UTICA, N. Y.—George Ralph writes.—"I notice in the BANNER OF LIGHT of the 4th inst., a brief notice of the Eddy brothers' seances, in which, though confidence is expressed in the genuineness of some of the manifestations, there is an intimation that others are bogus; and this unfavorable statement appears to be founded on reports of those who are considered equally reliable witnesses. Now I wish to say to you, and through your columns to the public, that at a recent visit of ten days, in company with others of your subscribers, to the Eddys, conversing with them, can be no possible truth in the allegations of the witnesses referred to. They are genuine mediums in every sense."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Isaac Cook writes.—"Here is our protest and declaration of rights as a Spiritualist for over twenty years, on this social question of free-love as advocated by Mrs. Woodhull, Clafin and others. We are so thoroughly convinced that the time has come, making it positively necessary and really a duty for all claiming to be Spiritualists, to define their position especially on the question, that we take this opportunity to publicly declare our views and sentiment upon the same. I can not endorse the action of the convention at Chicago on this subject, nor do we in any way accept the doctrine of free-love as there advocated as belonging to, or being any part of, true Spiritualism."

DIXON, CAL.—E. B. Palmer writes.—"It may not be amiss for me to tell you what the angels have done and are doing for us away out here in California. We have been having Spiritual manifestations for nearly a year, and have held seances once a week and at times oftener. We have two good speaking and healing mediums, and we have been blessed with a good many communications from dear friends over the river. Mrs. Bell A. Chamberlain has been with us the last week and baptized us anew in the faith. Mrs. Chamberlain is one of the best trance speakers I have ever met. She delivered three very brilliant lectures to us here in Dixon to well filled houses; also held a public seance."

FRANKLIN, PENN.—Thomas Cook writes.—"After industriously 'boring' my way to the East, I have succeeded in 'striking lie,' but that is all the good it will do me, for I have no use for that wonderful production of this oil region even if I had a flowing well of it. Indeed, the best of wells are of little profit to their owners, for the crude oil is worth, I am told, but about fifty cents to the barrel. Hence I shall hardly stop in these regions to bore for oil, but shall go on eastward, leaving out, rather than boring, the way for the coming of the 'Twelve Teachers of Philosophy' and the setting up of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; the most natural, simple spiritual order of society that men or angels can conceive of,—the Golden Age of Isaiah, the Kingdom of Heaven of Jesus, and Harmonial Era of A. J. Davis. Since I left Chicago I have delivered some forty fifty lectures, and still I feel as though I had but just opened the campaign of '73; for on reaching Boston I feel that my guides will turn my face southward to New Orleans. Let all know that I travel and speak as a medium; and continue to address me without regard to price, care of A. F. Page, Berlin Heights, Ohio."

HAVERHILL, MASS.—S. A. R. Heyder writes.—"When it can be made plain to me, that promiscuity, the breaking up of families and the enlargement of houses of prostitution will reform mankind, then I can see the beauty in Woodhullism, and not until then. To me it is the most heartless, cruel, demoralizing kind of prostitution. I believe promiscuity blunts the finer sensibilities of the human soul, as the frost nips or bites the flower, brings discord and inharmonious into the once pleasant home. How many homes already have felt the blight, the curse, of these demoralizing teachings! How many have wept at the fall of the loved ones, as some of our tongued viper in the form of man or woman, have entered their pleasant homes and taught this pernicious promiscuity. Brother Jones, you certainly deserve the admiration and support of all the good and pure, among the Spiritualists, for the noble stand you have taken from the very first against Free-lustism. I feel the white robed angels will daily bless you. I say, God bless you! I hope to be enabled soon, to be in the field again, giving myself as a mouth-piece to angels of the higher life."

