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ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

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SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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NO. 25

ROLIA, CHILD OF THE ANGELS.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM BY KATE OSBORN.

[This poem was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Kate Osborn, of St. Louis, Mo., as rapidly as a swift penman could take it down, and without break or hesitation.]

In the spring time, near a river,
Where the laughing waters play,
O'er the tangled grass and lilies,
Making music all the day;
Where the crystal, singing waters
Murmur on the midnight air,
Mystic thoughts no words could utter—
Thoughts that only linger there.

Thoughts that vibrate tender heart-strings
When the heart is tuned to love,
With a thrilling chant of longing,
Rising to the stars above;
Up among the amber arches,
Through the dreamy shimmering light,
In a floating bark of fancy,
On the silent waves of night.

Where the mosses near the river
Weave a carpet fresh and green,
Softly touched with varied shadings,
By a brush no eye hath seen;
Where the mosses fringe the branches
Of the graceful bending trees,
Draping o'er the glistening foliage,
Waving in the scented breeze;

Where the early snow-drops blossom—
Telling Summer draweth near—
Like pure thoughts that picture heaven,
Angels from a higher sphere;
Where the little tender violets
Ever first in spring-time bloom,
Come to gem the mossy carpets,
Bringing beauty and perfume.

Here, where only Nature's artist
With a skill unknown to earth,
Made an Eden, full of beauty,
Gave to stream and flow'ret birth;
Here amid these glowing beauties
Dwelt a maiden young and fair;
Soft and dreamy were her blue eyes,
Golden-threaded was her hair.

O'er her brow and 'cross her temple
Ever flashed a halo bright,
When her footsteps pressed the mosses
Quickly followed sparks of light.
In her hand the birdlings nestled,
Taken from their mother's nest,
Warbling 'neath her fond caresses,
Only feeling joy and rest.

For this strange, weird child of nature
Had a secret none could tell;
All things seemed to know and love her,
She with all things seemed to dwell.
Hearts were fonder, flowers sweeter
'Neath the love-light in her eyes;
All around grew fresher, brighter,
From the grasses to the skies.

Through the sunlight 'neath the storm-cloud
Where the angry lightnings flash,
In the valley, on the mountain,
Where the rolling thunders crash;
Still Eolia, sweet, harmonious,
Calmly traced her winding way,
Wafting back the veil of darkness,
Hastening on the dawn of day.

In her home—a rustic cottage—
Woven o'er with ivy vines,
Where the honeysuckle clustered,
Wreathing door and window-blinds,
Where the spring birds wove and mated,
Singing forth their carol wild,
Here, with all to make life sweetest,
Dwelt the fair, mysterious child.

With her fond and loving parents,
Who were ever talking o'er
How their darling talked with angels,
Flitting by the cottage door.
O'er her brow the halo brightened
Like the sunlight in the sky,
Gleaming mid her golden tresses
As the angels flitted by.

Then her blue eyes grew more dreamy,
Ever glancing far away
As she whispered, listen, hear them,
On their golden harps they play.
See the atmosphere in ruffled—
They are gliding on the air,
Gently sailing, I must hasten,
I must meet the angels there.

In the midnight oft she wandered,
Ever near the river side,
Softly answering music voices—
Voices floating on the tide.
Far away across the river
Magic stories oft were told,
How Eolia brought glad tidings
From the city paved with gold.

Many heard and sought the maiden,
Hoping for a word of love
From the dear ones long departed—
From the angel realms above.
All who came received a greeting
From the loved ones heaven-born,
Telling friends to cease their weeping—
To rejoice and not to mourn.

PART II.

Like a soft harp, sweet Eolia,
Where the night winds loved to play,
With a cadence rich, melodious,
Like the woodland songster's lay,
So communed each spirit loved one
In their old familiar tone,
Giving words of cheer and comfort,
Murmuring "You are not alone,

"We are ever watching o'er you
As the stars shine in the sky,
Ever striving to preserve you
When life's crushing storms are nigh;
Soon the frost of disappointment
All earth's rosy buds will blight;
Brightest days of earthly dawning
Each must close in sorrow's night.

"Flowers bloom to droop and wither;
Emerald leaves lie on the ground;
Sweetest incense cold winds scatter;
Soon no perfumed breath is found.
Coral vines that now are weaving
Bowers for the young and fair,
Sombre autumn tints will gather,
Shading all of Summer there.

Hearts are strung to thrill and vibrate
With the tones of hope and love;
Heartstrings one by one are broken
Echoing on the shores above.
There where angels catch the echo
Of each heart-string as it breaks,
Sound unknown to earthly mortals
Quickly angel love awakes.

"Grieve not weary, weeping pilgrims,
We have crossed the star-lit sky—
Found our withered buds and blossoms
Blooming on the other side.
Darling loved ones—now they nestle
In our bosoms as of yore,
Clinging closer since we parted,
Since we met to part no more.

"All the glory words have painted,
All by artist-brush portrayed
In the brightest glowing colors,
All like dreamy shadows fade
In the gorgeous dazzling splendor,
In the brilliant, sparkling light,
In the glittering jeweled temples
Of the world that knows no night.

"Here there is no fading beauty,
No dark shadows veil the sky,
Where in amber tints are written
Words to hush each weary sigh.
Ivory arches, all transparent,
Close with gold-wool interlaced,
Form an ivory tablet bower
Where pure records are all traced."

PART III.

We glide through a grove where the vibrating
trees
Make Eolian harps in the musical breeze,
With melody sweet, with a cadence so low,
Ever hushing the tides of dark memory that
flow
Through hearts of the weary, worn children
of earth,
Whose sad thoughts linger still in their heaven-
ly birth,
Recalling the past with its sighs and its tears
To the loved who have wept through long,
long weary years.

Whose drapery of gloom has been woven so
long
That not even the joy of the bright angel
through
Can cheer the sad heart that is laden with woe
By the storm-clouds of grief ever breaking
below.

But now in Eolian Grove they will rest,
Where the musical tide o'er the weary, worn
gust
Is weaving a spell that will banish all grief,
While the heart finds repose 'neath each mur-
muring leaf.

We rove by a lake where the waves answer
thought,
In its pure crystal depths a soft answer is
wrought.
To every emotion that dwells in the heart,
Though long sacredly kept from the cold
world apart.

Dear faces and forms in the old beloved home
All arise from the lake on its crystallized foam;
And there is reflected what passes below—
The home lights and home shadows all equally
show.

Home lights with their pleasures—we share
them all still.
And home shadows of darkness yet make our
hearts thrill;
But mirrors of knowledge throw out to the
view
Brightest scenes for the grieving, the loving,
the true.

This lake (*), Roma Enreka is called by the
band
Of sad spirits who grieved in the bright (?)
Summer Land.
Till here on the breast of these waters so clear
All of home was reflected, each smile and each
tear.

We stand on a shore where the parted ones
meet,
Where the soft floating echoes of light angel
feet
Go out on the air like the harp's sweetest
strains
In the chorus of welcome on Paradise Plains.

This shore with its evergreen banks and its
rills,
Where the waves in each shell softly murmur
their trills,
Where Summerland birds gorgeous plumage
unfold,
As they sweep through the cloudlets of purple
and gold.
This shore, (†) Raulara was christened in love
By those parted on earth reunited above;
Where amber barks anchor and banners un-
furl,
While the waves kiss the oars made of coral
and pearl.

The barks hail from home o'er the swift
rolling tide,
They have brought our loved—mother, sister
and bride,
And thus they will come till the dear house-
hold band
Shall forever unite in the bright Summer-
land.

Thus spoke the loved spirits of friends passed
away,
Giving hope to earth's children through each
weary day.
Removing the shadows of grief and of fear,
When the child of the angels, Eolia was near.

And still in the valley where soft breezes sigh,
Where the moss bordered river runs musically
ly,
There sweet angel-voices now float on the tide,
While Eolia still glides by the calm river side.

* Home, I have found it
+ Home of the angels.
† Reunion of hearts.

Funeral Discourse.

BY D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

Delivered in the Congregational Church, St. Charles, Ill., February 12th, 1874, at the funeral of Dr. BARNES COOR, of that place, who departed this life, February 10th, in the 79th year of his age.

After reading the poem on the 54th page of "Poems of the Inner Life," he announced, as the foundation of his remarks, the third verse of the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah—

"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they may be called trees of righteousness; the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

And then proceeded as follows—
It has been the common lot of individuals in all ages of the world, to pass away after fulfilling the measure of their days as determined by the accidents and incidents of life and death. Change belongs to the eternal law of progress; and the changing events incident to human life, serve the purposes of landmarks to point out the various steps of the soul's progressive unfolding.

The young are taken away! Through ignorance of the laws of unfolding, the germs of early decay were planted in their organisms, and "the flower was nipped in the bud," and grief enshrouds the household.

The middle aged pass from this stage of existence! Some violation of the organic law has undermined the foundation of the physical habitation, and broken down the walls thereof, and the lamentations of sadness are passed from the lips of sorrowing friends, and their eyes are dimmed with the burning tears of grief.

The man whose head is frosted with the snows of many winters—who has lived to a ripe old age, and borne the heat of many summers, grows feeble—the scenes which inspired him in earlier life, fail to yield him pleasure now—the satisfaction resulting from sturdy labor no longer comes to him—care becomes a burden—his once clear perceptions seem blunted—his former elastic step becomes weak and tottering, and he leans upon his staff—his entire physical energies gradually fail him, and "the spirit that quickeneth" gradually withdrawing itself from the control of the external organs of sense, the mind also seems enfeebled by the weight of years, and he severs his connection with his dilapidated and untenable habitation and passes on, while the mantle of sadness enfolds those left behind.

Reference was had to such conditions as these, when the prophet uttered the words of our text:—"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion," literally, when taken in connection with the last clause of the preceding verse—"to comfort all that mourn," means to ordain comfort unto all them that mourn in Zion; and this conclusion is fully sustained by what follows in the text.

"To give unto them beauty for ashes!" Referring here, doubtless, to the decay of the physical body, which in the earlier ages of humanity seemed so terrible, and the contemplation of which threw such a horror over the minds of those uneducated in the science of immortality, and in the precepts of nature through which the progress of the soul was unfolded, the prophet turns their attention from the inured ashes to the loveliness and beauty of the freed spirit, and proclaims liberty to the captive soul, and the opening of the prison-house of clay to the bound spirit!

"The oil of joy for mourning!" Friends dry, for the time, your tears. Let your sighs of sorrow cease and your sobs of grief be hushed, and for a moment let the imprisoned senses of your souls be released, that you may hear beyond the ken of the outer senses.

Refer to the period when you were gathered around the bed side of our brother, whose remains now lie before us, palsied by the touch of the death-angel's hand, and then extend your internal soul-powers beyond the shores of the mortal to the beautiful land of immortal day, whose evergreen shores betoken life and vigor, ever growing and eternal.

And now with me look and listen. See that group of lovely children, arrayed in white robes, with clusters of flowers, and wearing wreaths which look as beautiful as though they had been woven out of mingled sinibans and roses.

grand procession, arrayed as for some festive occasion.

Listen! The bells of the glorious temples of truth are chiming with notes of gladness, and bands of celestial music discourse with harmonies yet unknown to earth the joyous strains.

What means this vision?
Turn again for a moment and follow that golden ray of light shining through all the gloom of earth's sorrow, down to the cottage of our departing friend, and you will find by his bedside a group of "ministering spirits," such as are "sent to minister to those who shall become heirs of salvation." They are there to assist in the processes of separation and formation, and to bear the freed immortal spirit to the golden and evergreen shores of the Summerland.

And what we have before witnessed in that land, were the preparations to receive and welcome home our aged brother.

It was an occasion of general joy and rejoicing—that one whose life in the form had been crowned with so ripe an age—whose days had all been marked by acts of kindness, and whose spirit had been expanded into communion with the world of spirit beyond the transitory scenes of this life, was now to become an inhabitant of that land forever.

Hence, they had congregated to "meet him at the river," and to manifest their universal respect for his integrity, uprightness, humanity and goodness. And they have given this vision to furnish "the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Often previous to his last illness our aged brother had talked about the change through which he has now passed, with as much familiarity, and with as little fear as he would converse about the ordinary affairs of every day life, and has often expressed himself ready and willing to go whenever the death angel should come with his golden key to open before him the gateway that leads to eternal life.

And during his last hours on the earth, his resurrection from the dead, or the withdrawal of his spirit—immortal—from the clayey tenement which belongs only to this earthly sphere, was witnessed by a clairvoyant who was present. He saw the white robed "messenger" of whom we have already spoken, six in number—stand around the bed as the spirit was passing from the head and chest, looking at first like a vapor or mist gradually rising and taking form above the head. When this process was completed, a beautiful female spirit approached our now spirit brother, clothed in pure white, wearing a sash comprised of a wreath of flowers, mostly white, resting upon the right shoulder and crossing to the left hip, bearing in her hands another wreath with a large and beautiful white flower in the center, and with this she crowned our "nursing" brother. He then made an audible expression in his attempt to express his thankfulness, and severing his connection from the now to him useless body, they all floated away, to be received by the procession already spoken of, which had assembled on the other shore to "welcome him home." Thus he put away "The Spirit of Heaviness" to be crowned with the wreath of undying love, and to be clothed with the garment of everlasting praise.

And this, the prophet assures us, is all to be done—"That they may be called trees of righteousness; the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

By "trees of righteousness," we are given to understand that soul growth is steady, progressive and eternal; for we are told that the leaves of the trees which grow along the banks of "The River of Life" never fade; and as the tree spreads its roots, increases its bulk and extends its branches year by year, so shall the soul increase in righteousness in that land of undying verdure.

For are not all souls planted of the Lord? Doth not the Scriptures say: "For are not all souls mine, saith the Lord?"

And again: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." And still again—"For we are also his offspring."

Being, then, "Children of God,"—offspring of the Infinite Father,—we can exclaim with Jesus, "I and my Father are One." We in God and God in us—God all and in all.

Therefore, being planted by him we shall not wither, but ranging each in our appropriate sphere, we shall continue to advance in light, to increase in knowledge, to progress in wisdom, and to grow in righteousness; receiving constantly beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. For the ashes of the earthly form have been cast aside to moulder and gravitate back to their kindred affinities in the mineral kingdom; and the spirit, clad in the beautiful garments of the spirit land, goes on gathering new beauties from every act of kindness and at every advancing step of progress; and as it arises, from the errors of the earth-life, to conscious integrity and goodness, it receives the "oil of joy" laying aside all "mourning," and still progressing on, "the spirit of heaviness" like the pack of errors which Christian carried strapped upon his back, is rolled off, and his soul is clad in the shining "garments of everlasting praise."

The lesson derived from our subject is plain. It matters not so much when we die, where we die, or how we die, as how we have lived. Life here is a preparatory stage to fit us to enter upon the life hereafter, and when we cross over the river we shall not be changed as individuals by death, but will land there just as we left here.

It is our duty, therefore, to do good unto all according as we have opportunity, for the true

progress of the soul depends upon unselfish acts of kindness, thereby enlarging our own to their fullest capacity, increasing our knowledge and using that knowledge in the best possible manner for our own good and the good of humanity. And we should do good, not so much for the sake of reward, as for its own sake; for the highest reward we shall ever have will be the conscious knowledge of doing good.

And now, to the friends we would say: Grieve not that our aged brother has gone. But he has not gone away never to return. The same love for his friends, the same spirit of kindness which once actuated his soul, still exists. They are not dead. The laying aside the body has not destroyed them, but by releasing the imprisoned spirit and enlarging its powers, as it gathers the beauties of truth and wisdom in that diviner life, they will be increased and attenuated a thousand fold; and he will ever be near you and ready to assist you whenever you may need his council and his aid, if you will only be calm and place yourselves in a condition for him to manifest himself; giving to each of you, as you may have need, "the oil of joy for mourning; the mantle of praise for the spirit of heaviness," and when you shall be called to pass away, he will be one of those who will meet you in that procession on the other shore, to conduct you through the ever-rising fields of grandeur and glory to the home prepared for you in that eternal world, where, robed in undying beauty, in a realm of increasing joy, and covered with the mantle of everlasting praise, you can roam forever and ever, studying the expanding wisdom of the Infinite.

A Haunted House for Bro. John Syphers.

Bro. S. S. JONES—I see in the columns of your excellent JOURNAL, that Bro. Syphers desires a haunted house, and as many people may judge him by their own nervous timidity, and thereby neglect to respond to his wants, I wish to say to him that it will not be necessary for him to put up with some old dilapidated and deserted tenement in which hobgoblins hold high carnival and make hideous to the passer-by, for I don't think such an one would be agreeable.

It is said by some that I have a haunted house. For the last five or six years, my family and self have been ear-witnesses to various and innumerable sounds in, on, and around our dwelling, proceeding from no visible source. These ghostly noises, if such I may call them, date back some ten years, and seemingly attended my wife's footsteps. They were repeated, but seldom at first, but more recently, or about five years ago, became very frequent and more definite, and so much more powerful that we could disregard them no longer. Many times have I sallied forth from my bed and ransacked the premises in vain, searching for the source of these nocturnal disturbances, for I was confident that it must proceed from some tangible source, and every time have I returned to my bed more and more confounded. My wife boldly asserted that it must be our deceased relatives and friends coming to manifest their presence, and I always assuring her that it could not be, for they were dead. But constant dropping wears away the rock, and the invisible spirits or ghosts together with the assistance of some mediumistic friends, have convinced me that man never dies, and that his home in the angel world is not so far from us as we have generally been taught to believe. Our oldest daughter has become so subject to the will or power of these invisibles, that they sometimes throw her into a half-unconscious state in the school-room, and solve a problem for her over which she had pondered ineffectually. At other times, they come to her in the open field, and in broad daylight, and talk to her, telling her their names, places of residence, etc. One of these she describes as a young Indian; another as a beautiful Indian girl; another as her Uncle Dan; another as an old lady with a red mole on her nose, who tells her that she is my mother; and so on, including old and young, large and small, in great numbers. Some of them tell her that they have been making the disturbances around us, and did it to convince us that they still live.

She has been lifted several inches off her chair, and carefully placed back into it. When milking, the ground being muddy, she was suspended in the air, and on starting toward another cow, she was lifted out of the mud, and carried forward about one rod. The same thing was repeated when she was returning to the house. The spirits sometimes use her hand and write out most endearing messages, to different members of the family, and often use her organism and talk with us in a very familiar manner, in different languages. On many occasions, in cases of sickness, they use her hand and write out prescriptions, all of which that we have tried, have had the desired effect. I almost forgot to mention the fact that on some occasions, when under the control of an Indian, she has improvised and sung songs in Indian language, and immediately after an Indian girl, purporting to be his cousin, has controlled the medium and rendered the same in English, which for mild melody and beauty of sentiment, at least equal any I have ever listened to. I would say to Bro. Syphers that I do not wish to sell to him my haunted house, but am willing for him to come and enjoy it with us.

A. M. CUMMINS,
Gardner, Kan.

A superannuated minister says, "I have been guilty of doing one thing for which the church will not forgive me, I have grown old."

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874.

Religion—Florence McCarthy.

Sixty-one thousand ministers, God's holy mouth-pieces—so considered—in the United States! Some are in the sleety north, some in the west, the land of prairie blossoms, while others are in the south where the orange boughs are fanned by the ocean breeze.

Since the days of the rebellious Jonah, the patient Job, the articulating serpent, and speaking Ase, men have arisen who are trying to superintend the works of creation on this mundane sphere, and who can tell you the kind of material the streets of heaven are paved with, the texture of the dress of angels, the kind of harp they thrum, and the character of the wings adjusted to their sides.

We give an extract from his sermon lately delivered in the Park street Baptist church, of this city. It is vulgar, we know, but how can we show our readers the character of some of these mouth-pieces of God, without publishing what they say. It is as follows:

"The next point I shall mention is science. Science is always at work showing what people are made of. I take, for instance, chemistry. How wonderful are the processes of chemistry by which every sort of guilt is overtaken. The other day it was suspected that tea was being adulterated with iron to make it weigh heavier; the chemists analyzed it, and found the presence of iron, but they carried their researches so far that it was found the presence of iron was owing to the tea being grown in a district where the soil was oxidized. There is the microscope. Every drygoods man has a microscope to look at the cloth that he buys to see what it is made of; every banker or merchant has one, to see if his notes be not counterfeit. By the microscope, the hair on a bloody ax was discovered to be that of a Norwegian rat, and examined two years afterward, the same report was made, thus saving the suspected man from the gallows. How wonderful are the developments of the spectroscopy. Cereus is leaving us at the rate of thirty miles per minute, and the Milky Way is resolved into mist. In the science of toxicology in the discovery of new elements, the spectroscopy has accomplished marvels. There is no telling what this spectroscopy will do in time. I tell you, I believe the time is coming when they will take the tear out of the man of woman's eye, and tell whether it is a crocodile tear or not! I believe the time is coming when they will take the spittle out of a woman's mouth, and tell whether she has lied. I believe the time is coming, when the towel that the adulterer has wiped his hand on a mouth after his crime, shall be taken, and by means of the spectroscopy, his offense shall be proven. [Sensation.] For God is in league against the devil and his emissaries, and more and more will he tear the mask from off the face of the liar, the slanderer, the whore-monger, the adulterer."

One peculiarity about this divine, he is bold, supercilious and defiant. He defies his congregation, and hurls back intencodes upon them enough to bury them in oblivion. But, then, having no Truthometer to apply to his tongue or rub over his heart, we can not give an authoritative opinion in regard to his reliability.

Preaching has become a profession. Men study Genesis and Revelations, Jonah, Job and Balaam, in order to become teachers, when they can learn nothing therefrom that can in the least degree benefit humanity. The fact that Job had boils, that the serpent walked erect, that God became a tailor, that all the dust of a certain district was once turned into lice, that the Lord dined on calf, wrestled with Jacob, put lying spirits in the mouths of all the prophets,—all this knowledge would be poor diet for a starving soul, and of little use in furnishing clothes for those poorly clad. Practical knowledge is beneficial. A sermon on charity is a burlesque when the ideas advanced don't assume a practical shape. Give a starving man a nice-spun theory on the beauties of benevolence, and you insult him! Present a person poorly clad, with a Bible instead of good clothes, and you make a fool of yourself. A sermon to the poor should consist of coal, food and clothing. Verbal sermonizing is a nuisance. He who only builds air castles, is no benefit to himself or humanity.

If we are to have preaching, let it be of the practical kind. A minister with a ham on his shoulder, relieving a destitute family, looks more dignified than when standing in a pulpit singing psalms, or interpreting the musty records of the Bible. An interpretation of nature, is far more desirable than a proper understanding of the parables of the Bible. A knowledge of the saving qualities of water, is far more necessary than a full understanding of the saving qualities of the blood of Jesus.

We want truth—a Truthometer too; such an instrument would stop slander, vituperation and abuse, and would banish solemn oaths from Courts of Justice. When a man had given in his testimony, the judge could apply the Truthometer to his tongue and see if he had told the truth.

At present the world is not in harmony with Deity. Evidently there is something wrong somewhere. The world can not strike the note in which he is in sympathy. That is bad! All objects in nature, in fact every object in existence, is in harmony with a certain note of the chromatic scale. God likes music, else Methodists would not have sung,

"While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return."

It was no wild suggestion of the violinist that he could fiddle the iron bridge at Colebrook Dale (then in process of construction) away! The workmen dared him to do it. Then he rosin'd his bow, became calm and harmonious within himself, and then produced from the strings of his instrument beautiful music. He finally succeeded in touching a note with which the bridge was in sympathy, and it commenced to vibrate, and would have been jostled in pieces, if he had not desisted at the request of the workmen. All objects in existence can be set in motion if you can touch the note in music with which they are in harmony. That experiment of the violinist was worth a dozen sermons on justification by faith, or hell-torment. A note from the violin sounds as sacred to Deity as the music of your voice expounding the ancient fire that took place at Sodom and Gomorrah. We rather listen to "Pop goes the Weasel" played on the piano, than hear a Catholic divine sing a "Pater Noster." Worship by music is ten times more elevating than worship by word of mouth.

Archimedes said he could move the world if he had a fulcrum on which his lever could rest, and a celebrated musician said he could set the stars to dancing if he could only strike a note with which they were in sympathy. We think, however, that he was wild in his speculations on that subject. It is true that every object in the material world is in sympathy with some note, and it will respond thereto in vibrations. Tyndall, the English Philosopher, tells us that the Swiss mountaineers muzzle their mules' bells, fearing that vibrations of the tinkling would bring an avalanche down from the mountain side. A sermon on this subject would be highly entertaining and instructive, for how do we know that there is not some note a violinist can strike, that will touch a tender chord in Deity's nature, and cause him to cease watching the sparrows, and pay a little more attention to his own children. We would respectfully suggest to him, (the Orthodox God we mean) that destitution exists on all sides. The following is one out of the many examples of the sufferings to which the poor of Philadelphia are subjected this winter. Late one Sunday afternoon, the attention of officers Husey and Rutherford was directed to the case of a widow, Mrs. Shinson, who, with four children, the eldest of whom is but 6 years, occupied a small room in the rear of No. 1009 Heaborn Street. The room was in a wretched condition, with the window-panes out, doors cracked, and without furniture or fire. When visited, the family were found huddled in a corner almost in a state of nudity, half a dozen, and high dead with hunger. They had not eaten for several days, and the unfortunate mother prayed for death to relieve herself, and little ones from their terrible sufferings. They were relieved by a charitable association.

Prayers availed her nothing,—they didn't touch a sympathetic chord in the prayer-answering God's nature! Music might have brought a response, if a note could have been struck, coinciding with one of the harmonics of his soul. A drinking glass has been broken, by sounding with the human voice its fundamental note! It is said that the disaster at the Pemberton Mills in Lawrence was caused by the motion of the machinery which coincided with the harmonics of the building. Why not fiddle our way into the affection of this prayer-answering God, who is so engaged in numbering your hairs that he can't attend to the poor suffering ones of earth!

Ah! we need more practical work and less theorizing! God never did, nor can he, answer the purposes of his divine will. Grandly forward the wheels of creation move; new worlds are created, old ones dissipated, and animated life is being awakened on all sides, yet no one can change the divine order, or improve thereon. We worship the true God, adore him with all our heart, and acknowledge his authority, but the being which humanity worships is a myth, an imposition, has no existence only in the imagination, and no more influence than a man of straw.

Old Rats Instinctively Flee from Old Bot-tom Sinking Ships.

Our readers will remember that the celebrated Dr. P. B. Randolph, in his speech at the infamous Moses-Woodhull Convention, held at Chicago last fall, tied fast to the social freedom craft. "Now and forever" was his emphatic declaration of faith—in the name of Utah, which Territory Victory-Woodhull Blood, alias Harvey, assigned him to represent.

But the Doctor now, at this late day, finds the craft he so dashingly went aboard of, is not sea-worthy; that all below deck, is foul and fetid with rottenness, so much so that the exhalations are breeding pestilential fevers, and the crew are dying off daily—scarcely one of the subordinates who were so wordy in their extollations of the freedom enjoyed on board that craft, at the time of Dr. Randolph's shipment, are heard at all.

Just for the sake of recruiting their health, many are taking quiet furloughs over the mountains to the Pacific Coast. But like Diakka, there exhales a terrible stench from them, a natural consequence of their excessive freedom in changes of love, which precedes them, and on their arrival the people as of old cry out, "Unclean, unclean! Away, away! We want you not, nor will we give you audience." Poor devils, ten times more to be deplored in their condition than the lepers of old Jewry. A list of those names can be found in that purulent sheet, known as "Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly." They are the ones who have pledged themselves to speak for no society that rejects Woodhullism. Wonderful! They always now-a-days find "honors easy." No society that has any self respect will engage them!

But not to lose sight of Dr. Randolph—the gentleman so recently representing Utah, and lieutenant (only second in command to Moses the would-be-martyr), on board the ship "Social Freedom," begins to see the deplorable condition of the craft, and the terrible repulsive condition of the diseased crew, (all of whom, together with the old "vulture" must soon go down beneath the green waves of oblivion, which are now yawning to receive them) like other old rats fleeing from sinking ships, begins to cast about for new quarters. Hear his wall. One would think from the following letter, that he was just awaking from a nine days puppyhood; that he was just getting his eyes open; that he had been troubled with the softs, and did not know until now that the "Col. Blood" and Victoria C. Woodhull, were veritable chameleons that change color at pleasure; mask and unmask, as well as love and change love when, where and with whom they please, ad libitum! Poor innocent! listen to him:

B. S. JONES:—Is it actually true,—that "Dr. Harvey Story" in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL? If so, then where shall we look for truth? Is it possible that what Cotton elicited on the last day of the convention, is out-topped, and scores of thousands are being severely coughed, for mental cataract? I have chosen to remain silent, though entirely misunderstood on both sides; but if what the JOURNAL says is true, may the most merciful and compassionate God speedily send us a captain to lead us up out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. I like free speech, fair play and open discussion; but Cotton and Harvey et al are rather too big a pill, even for the most capacious maw. Can't understand it. I want more light.

P. B. RANDOLPH.

This new letter that Randolph has added to the Wood-Hull social freedom alphabet—letter went—as the boy said when he lost his hen, will tell sorely on the Woodhull-Sovereign meeting adjourned from Elgin to meet in Chicago. Randolph who was to have been the whitest and sweetest rose of the gathering has vomited the ranch!

Moses the martyr must be summoned forthwith, and no "no" must be accepted, and no official return of non est must be allowed!

Attention! 25-Cent Three Months Trial Subscribers!

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is the only paper published in America devoted to Spiritualism, that openly repudiates free-love-ism, and shows it to be a filthy parasite, and denounces Moses-Woodhullism as debasing in theory, and in practice, and fraught with disease and death most horrible to contemplate.

It is a fact that the inhabitants of the spiritual sphere are making a very great effort to open up a general communication between departed friends, and those whom they have left behind.

Angelic fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and children are all rushing forward and using the means now at hand, for communion with mourning friends of earth. They do come and teach us great and valuable lessons. They tell us where the spirit's home is, and the nature of it, their occupations and mode of life.

The recent unprecedented demand for the JOURNAL, by a class of readers who never before took a spiritual paper, induces its proprietor and editor-in-chief, to make the following new proposition to all three months' trial subscribers.

we propose to send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, broadcast over the world, in accordance with

THIS NEW PROPOSITION.

Every three months' trial subscriber whose time is not up, will receive the JOURNAL three months longer for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, provided, he sends two new twenty-five cent three months' subscribers. It matters not whether he pays for trial subscribers and donates them to some friends, or gets his neighbors to subscribe and sends their names and money in, as thousands have already done. Secondly, any three months' trial subscriber can have the JOURNAL three months longer for fifty cents, without sending any new trial subscriptions.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this new proposition must be accepted by sending the money at least two weeks before the time is up on the first trial subscription, which can be seen by reference to the colored tags on each paper, which states exactly the time to which the paper is already paid for.

The reason is this, we have every subscriber's name in the regular mail list. If the renewal comes before that is taken out, it costs but little to make the change, and there will not be a single paper missed. But if neglected until the subscriber's name is taken out of the mail list, the expense of doing so and re-peating will be increased, and there will be two or three weeks that the subscribers will fail to get the paper.

The sooner the terms of this new proposition are complied with, the better it will be for all concerned.

This new proposition does not, in the least, interfere with the TWENTY-FIVE CENT THREE MONTHS' proposition which has been standing for two months last past, and will remain open for trial subscribers until further notice.

We were never so forcibly impelled on in any work in our life as we are in this. We care not for the pecuniary loss, even if our numbers of trial subscribers are swelled to hundreds of thousands. We look forward to the "good time coming," when the whole world shall realize the fact that, "though a man die he shall live again," not only that, but Heaven and its inhabitants are within speaking distance, and intercourse is complete between the spiritual and material planes of life!

Street Car Stop and Start.

It is claimed for this invention that it overcomes the enormous inertia that it is necessary for the horse to do when street cars are to be started from a standing position. It has been the great desideratum of parties interested in street railroads, ever since their inception, to secure some device which would utilize some of the motion of the cars, so as to make it available when they are to be stopped and started again. We are all familiar with the great strain to which the horses of a street car are subjected, in starting cars—halted as they are frequently to admit the ingress and egress of passengers—and have no doubt admitted the advantage which such an invention would be to horseflesh—viewed even from one other standpoint than a humanitarian one. E. O. Trueblood, of this city, has shown us an invention of his which he claims will accomplish this result of husbanding part of the momentum of the moving car, to be again made available in starting it. The peculiarity of this invention consists in an attachment of springs, belts and gearing, but involving no complexity of mechanism, attached to the axles of the car. By the movement of a lever controlled by the driver from either platform, the momentum of the moving car is gathered up in a powerful spring attached, as before said, to the axle of the car. As soon as driver is halted by a passenger, or warned by the conductor's bell, the momentum of the car is gathered up by this spring, for very little time is required for this, by proper arrangement of length of spring and diameter of wheel, sufficient tension can be given the spring in a shorter distance than the length of the car. The car is stopped in the usual manner. As soon as the car is to be moved, the driver has only to direct a lever at his side and the elasticity of the spring gives such an impetus to the car that the "dead weight" to be moved by the horses is reduced to a minimum.

The construction of the working model, as shown in our office, has certainly the merit of simplicity. There are no complicated parts. It has been hoped for years that the inventive genius of some enterprising person would devise some means by which poor horseflesh might be saved—at least in this one particular—namely, the frequent starting of cars loaded down with passengers, on such smooth pavements that it is with the greatest difficulty the poor horses are able to get foot-hold sufficient to move their enormous loads. This invention is also used as a brake to stop the car.

We wish Mr. Trueblood success with his invention. He has every reason to be encouraged with his working model—it fills a want that has been a subject of interest to street car companies ever since the inception of this mode of travel.—The Register.

Old Father Trueblood is an acquaintance of long years ago. He is upwards of seventy years of age, and a poor man.

We are in receipt of a letter from him in regard to this invention, in which he says it was given him early one morning long before daylight. He found himself restless, got up, and built a fire in the stove, and while sitting there without any light, his room became brilliantly illuminated, and he saw a perfect model of this invention, every part of which was so deeply impressed upon his mind that he had no trouble in constructing a perfect working copy of the same, on which the Patent Office

Department unhesitatingly granted him a patent,—another answer to the oft repeated inquiry, "What is there good and practical that comes out of Spirit Communion?"

Our venerable brother is a devoted Spiritualist. He will answer the supercilious question above referred to. From a similar spirit showing came the ordinary track scraper, attached to all horse cars in snowy latitudes, to clear it from snow. We have forgotten the name of the inventor. He came to our PUBLISHING HOUSE with his model before it had ever been applied to a running car. Now it is deemed indispensable in all countries subject to snow storms. We might enumerate thousands of valuable inventions that have been given by similar spirit showing.

Any one having means to invest, who feels desirous of taking an interest in this invention, provided upon inspection it is deemed practical, can address us upon the subject.

The inventor will be at this PUBLISHING HOUSE along with a working model for exhibition. All who write to us in view of becoming interested in the invention will be informed when they can come and see it.—The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

A Spiritualistic Colony.

A singular report comes duly authenticated from Barnard, on the line of the Fort Scott Road, about fifty or sixty miles south of Kansas City.

It appears from the Kansas City Times that a steady, sober farmer residing about three miles west of Barnard, has been seized upon by some mysterious influence, which has such a powerful effect upon his mind that he is enabled to discourse upon almost any scientific question; talks of things and matters that he has heretofore been entirely ignorant of, and quotes ancient languages, and talks of matters which transpired over a thousand years ago, with the same ease and fluency with which he has discoursed upon the crops and the weather. He is said to be an illiterate man when not under the influence of the spirits, and his past life and meagre education forbid the assumption that he been in training for deceptive purposes.

The community in which he lives has become greatly excited over the wonderful power manifested by this new developed medium, and so great is their faith in the newly discovered power, that they have erected a building for the use of the spirits, which is about half a mile from any other, and is a plain box house without fixtures or apparatus by which any fraudulent imposition might be practiced. Here in this box house upon the open prairie the people or the neighbors meet with the supernatural powers of spirits, and it is said by those who have visited the meetings that the most unaccountable manifestations of mediumistic power take place in that building every night a circle is held. The entire neighborhood appear to be converted to the new doctrine, as the revelations made are of a most startling character."

Day, Colechester's Fund.

All money donated to the above-named fund is to aid Bro. Lester Day for his loss in paying Bro. Charles Colechester's fine for not procuring a license as a Medium. Bro. Colechester is now deceased, and Bro. Day is an old man, in destitute circumstances. Send him anywhere from a dime to such a number of dollars as your ability and judgment dictate, and angels will bless you for it. Direct to Lester Day, 865 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

- Amount previously reported, \$104 25. R. Fulkerson, Elkhart, Ind., \$10 00. Robert Sinnickson, Trenton, N. J., .50. Spiritualist unknown, Mass., 1 00. do do Marion, N. Y., 1 00. do do Me., 1 00. W. W. Ward, Cincinnati, O., 5 00. James Wilson, Bridgeport, Ct., 1 00. Mrs. Bettie L. Corbin, Springfield, Mass., 1 00. Daniel Wood, Lebanon, Me., 41. S. Wood, Barre, Vt., 1 00. Spiritualist, Scranton, Pa., 3 00. A. F. Albright, Great Valley, N. Y., 1 00. Unknown, Lowell, Mass., 50. G. W. Whitford, .50. A. M. W., North Adams, Mass., .50. Mrs. B. Hunting, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., 1 00. E. Schieffelin, Floga, Pa., 1 00. Wm. I. Weaver & James M. Roach, Warington, West Florida, 5 00. John A. Day, Norfolk, Mass., 2 00. Miss D. E. Southwick, Cardington, Ohio, 50. Mr. J. Southwick, do do 50. Mrs. E. Southwick, do do 50. W. S. Hudson, Paterson, N. J., 1 75. H. Crane, Stone Bluff, Ind., 1 00. Mrs. H. Emmons, M. Carroll, Ill., 1 00. C. A. Russ, Bowers Corners, N. Y., 25.

The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

This fund we propose to use for sending the little gem of beauty to orphans in as many different families as the donations will pay for.

- Amount previously acknowledged, \$33 32. L. Z. Parke, Byncamore, Ill., \$1 00. G. A. Barnes, Olympia, W. Ter., 1 00. J. W. VanName, M. D., New York City 1 50. Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity? We shall report.

Austin Kent Fund.

All amounts received for this fund will be immediately sent to the above named person, who is not able to secure his own support. C. A. Russ, Bowers Corners, N. Y., \$ 25. Angels will bless such noble deeds of charity. It is better to send direct to him at Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

FOR SALE BY THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'An Hour with the Angels', 'A Discernment between Mr. E. Wilson and Spiritualists', and 'The Philosophy of Spiritualism'.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Life of Jesus', 'Love and its Hidden History', 'Mental Medicine', and 'The Philosophy of Spiritualism'.

TESTIMONIALS. Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured.

UNIVERSAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OFFICE, NOS. 100 & 102 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Includes financial statements, agent information, and descriptions of insurance policies.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been for many years a terrible sufferer from some of the worst forms of Toothache, which was at last relieved by the application of an old friend of his, for twenty years he has had no toothache at all. Consequently he feels that he can WARRANT THE RELIEF OF TOOTHACHE BY THE PAINLESS PREVENTIVE OF TOOTHACHE.

