

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO.
BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

[This poem was delivered in New York by the author, some five or six years ago, and was published in our issue of the 1st of June, 1868. We regret to see an account of some errors that occurred in its first publication.]

Jewels of light from the star-belted shore,
Gently were dropped on a poor cottage floor,
Not being cast in the byways of swine,
Safely were clustered by fingers divine;
Whose rays lit the verge of the limitless shore,
Reflecting the land of the bright evermore,
Twenty-six years ago!

Trunks that were borne on their crystalline
beams,
Started the world from bewildering dreams,
The shadowy phantoms of meretricious woe
Were melted like mist in a bright morning
glow,
And despair that had mantled all hope in its
loom,
To the era of glory immortal gave room,
Twenty-six years ago!

The king of all terrors was slain in his path,
While God is no longer portrayed in his wrath,
And life now is more than a pitiless dream,
While death is a placid and silvery stream,
And souls in their transit illumine each wave,
Whose triumphs were sounded high over the
grave,
Twenty-six years ago!

O earthly immortals—all nations and creeds!
Less faith and more knowledge the world truly
needs;
Be the deaf taught to hear and the blind made
to see,
That religion and science at last meet agree;
Tear banish all discord and ill founded fears,
For the key-note of harmony broke on our
ears,
Twenty-six years ago!

Then let us be grateful whatever may befall,
Let charity deepen and friendship abide;
Let liberty, purity, union and love
Unite us with God, and the angels above,
Whose welcome awaits us on evergreen shores,
For the angels proclaimed it through wide
open doors,
Twenty-six years ago!

Limitations—Eclecticism.

BY E. S. HOLBROOK.

At the National Convention last fall, it was resolved that "Spiritualism was the *Esprit Universel* of all reforms, and but another name for humanitarism," and since then, in some lesser conventions, the same sentiment has been reiterated. At Elgin the phrase was "Spiritualism includes all reforms." The basic reason generally given, is, that Spiritualism underlies, and is connected with, every thing; and the conclusion is argued tentatively, that, at spiritual meetings, every subject whatever is, and must be, held to be alike and always in order. And sometimes, as if the descriptive words, "germain to Spiritualism," were of too questionable narrowness, the words, "germain to humanity," are added thereto.

In the support of these assertions I find a great many who exhibit in action the zeal and persistence of those who know they are right, and who therewith, Crockett-like, mean to go ahead; while there are still more who have not yet asked themselves any serious question of its truth, and supposing all is right, quietly float with the tide that swells beneath and around them. Nay, more; there are some who seem to clutch at, and gloat over, the enunciation as if they had got something supremely right and supremely powerful for the salvation of the world; and as if they were the supremely happy promulgators of dogmas that no reasonable mind could afford to deny.

But now, Mr. Editor, at the risk of being thought wayward by some of my dear friends, I must say, according to my judgment, that the supporters of that proposition have started on a course that is substantially wrong in theory, and that will prove eminently wrong in its practical result; a course which they would absolutely condemn in others, if adopted towards them, and which they have condemned and do now condemn.

While charging them with inconsistency and the practice of the errors of others which they condemn, I will readily concede to the supporters of that proposition, the virtue of good intentions. But we of the harmonical school know full well that good intentions in an act, though they may modify and blunt the moral curse, will not save from its natural effect. The Christians have said, that "Hell was paved with good intentions."—A coarse phrase, no doubt, according to their ideas of their hell;—but it is the expression of a great truth, nevertheless, and more surely in our system than in theirs. The traveler on a wrong road is none the less wrong, in that he believes he is right, and must have his labor to return. With us it is knowledge that advances and saves, rather than mere simplicity. With the ancients the serpent was the emblem of wisdom, and the founder of Christianity enjoined his disciples to be wise as serpents, though also to be harmless as doves. As we propose to improve on that system, in exalting knowledge as against the power of faith and the forgiveness of sins, it is ill-becoming in us to fall below it, and suffer ourselves to be deceived, deceived and betrayed by any pretense of a little sweetly goodness.

The good intentions then being admitted, I will proceed to admit something further. There is something of a truth underlying their statement. When we object to the generality

of their definition, and propose some limitations to matters immediately connected with Spiritualism proper, they have replied by asking, if Spiritualism is not connected with every thing, and where will you place your limitations? Now, Mr. Editor, I will admit that it is true that there is nothing that is not connected with Spiritualism. I hold that every fact is connected with every other fact; every truth with every other truth in the whole universe,—all correlated to each other.

But what of it? How exceedingly remote many of these relations! The mental contemplation of them, their fitness fading out into aim at nothingness, may be amusing,—but what about their practicality? On the plane of moral reasoning we cannot have the absolute thought and definition of mathematics, we can only approximate to a somewhat indefinite ideal. When we have endeavored to define Spiritualism *proper*, to be that which is "specially based upon, and connected with its facts, theories, demonstrations and philosophy," the same question has been replied, as if that, of course, silenced all attempt at limitation. But one thing is certain that there is a practical limit somewhere this side the ultimate extremes. The palpable correlation of things shades out into the imperceptible in remoteness, by degrees so infinitely fine, that you cannot tell where there is a dividing line, and yet you know that in the near is the palpable, and in the remote only the imperceptible, and that the two are not the same.

The arteries of the human body anastomose into the veins. The end of the one and the beginning of the other, never was found, and of course not located, and yet we do know of arteries and veins, and can deal with them, and life may depend thereon. So it is in all things, and more especially in spiritual matters, being less definable than the purely material. Our inability to define, cannot, in reason, overcome the strong points of truth. We have a certain speciality and definiteness in all our active life, that we do know and understand, however little we know of anything else. If you should employ a man to build you a house, and he should spend his time in chopping logic and planting moon-beams, instead of wood and stone, and should justify to your objections that he was working upon his agreement in that all things were connected and related, you would not bring out your bottom dollar to pay him, and you, as the employer, would seem to have some voice in the matter.

In law, all testimony concerning the subject matter is sought for, and is lawful, but yet there must be practically a limit somewhere as to the extent; if too remote it cannot be received. But the dividing line may be difficult of expression, and the judgment of the court is had upon what is offered. Upon the principle that all things are connected, and all equally near, then the whole world would be on the witness stand, and in the jury box. Every body would take a general swear, and with free speech to the lawyers, there would be nearly as much confusion and want of perspicuity as upon an unlimited spiritual platform. I say *near*, for, if I do not wish, to cast any shadows upon its merited pre-eminence in this regard. The physician has the wide world of materia medica before him. It is true that every one thing is related to every other thing. The line of use and poison exists, however, though it cannot be defined in terms. In fact it is ever shifting, and is moved by every new element or condition. There is a place for everything—it is his duty, in his dispensation, according to his ability, to see that every thing has its place. And now, Mr. Editor, it may be agreed by all, that as to physical things, to say there is no distinction to be taken between nearness and remoteness, whether you can define the line or not, is shocking to all common sense, and who is there that can maintain for a moment that the same does not apply to spiritual matters as well. The physician calls his method and practice of choosing the best, the nearest related, and also the most useful eclecticism. I adopt the term for Spiritualism. Choose always the nearest and the best, that which, under all the conditions and circumstances, will do the most good. A society, in its organization and action, has a right to choose and to define its own course, while it is equally lawful for the multitude not to organize, or upon organization to fail to define and to limit. Yet if there is danger of misapprehension and erroneous action, it is the duty of a society so to organize as best to secure the ends desired.

But the most important branch of this topic, and which I desire most to notice, is this, that the attempt to extend the Spiritual religion to every thing, and to include every thing in it, is but doing the same thing which other religionists have done, in the union of church and state, or the supremacy of their favorite church, bringing wars and persecution, and the very thing that its advocates deem most reprehensible when done by others. If this be deemed a remarkable proposition, I ask its consideration from an outside standpoint, and let the reasoning, impartial judgment decide. Most all the religionists of every age have endeavored to press their religion into the superfluous place, and for the sake of power they have sought the aid of the state,—or if they have not done that, they have contrived that the position of the unbeliever and non-conformist should be uncomfortable. Why have they done so? It has not been of malice, for they have had their good intentions as well. It is because that their religion was all in all to them, and included all there was of life. It came down from Heaven. It is divine. It includes all duty, all work. It includes all reform, and it includes government. This was the idea and pretense of the Catholic church in all its stages, and its justification for all that we call persecution, and so it is now.

The Pilgrim fathers, even though they had fled from persecution on the plea of freedom, still insisted that their church included every good thing, and hence they carried their religion into their schools and into government, and became the bitter persecutors of others. That thought has continued to the present day; and now the sentiment prevails greatly with churchmen, that their church includes all reforms, and that there is no necessity for other organizations; and hence it is that they are less forward than others in direct reformatory movements.

So it ever has been and so it naturally is, with every religion. The grand idea of perfection, the length and breadth and power of one's religion, swallows up all other ideas, even that of freedom (freedom for others) and excludes all other things. A good illustration is presented in the set of the Mohammedan chief, at Constantinople I think it was (it may have been Alexandria). Being called upon to save the great library from destruction by the troops, he replied, "If the books teach the same thing as the Koran, they are useless—if their teachings are opposed to the Koran, they are infidel, and should be destroyed." And so the great light of the world was extinguished.

At the present time, why is it that the orthodox Christians think it is right for them to push their religion into everything? It is because they think it includes all reforms, and contains the spirit of all that is good for humanity. Hence they may control the public schools, and make manifest that spirit there. The Catholic goes further, and says that their religion is first of all things, and should control education, and they will go by themselves but they will do it. "Nothing more is wanting but the power to do it."

And now, as to these expansionists, these inflationists of Spiritualism.

"Oh, would some power the gift give us
To see ourselves as others see us."

Let us ask, if they should not be placed in the same category with the churchmen that have magnified their religion so as to include everything? What will outsiders say? What must they say, that see themselves as others see them? "If your bull has gored my ox, of course you must pay me all damages." "But it is your bull that gored my ox." "Oh—that alters the case!" Let the churchmen now at their meetings resolve that the Christian religion includes all reforms, and is but another name for humanitarism. Would we not consider that they were troubled badly with idolatry, that it would be an exhibition of fanatical zeal, self-sufficiency and exclusiveness that would give us the cold chills? As we know the high respect in which they hold their religion—the first in all things—the meaning still further is, that a Christian is a humanitarist, and that a non-Christian is not a humanitarist.

But the Christians are in the ascendancy, and pride themselves on their age, their grandeur, purity and strength. But these new enthusiasts, what of them? Let the answer be made from a Christian standpoint. But if here will be prejudice, call in the outsider, the non-religionist, the mere humanitarist and let him see and decide, and he will say, "These Spiritualists propose to go into all the reforms as Spiritualists. They go into the public schools as Spiritualists. They take hold of the Woman Suffrage cause as Spiritualists. As Spiritualists they join the Labor Reform societies, or perhaps they will not join anybody else in any common cause on the ground that their own society is all-sufficient. As Spiritualists they undertake all reforms. That means governmental action as well as anything else. They are as bad as the Christians then. They are the worst kind of religious propagandists. The Christians want to reform the constitution, and put in God, and Jesus as the divine author of their religion. These new enthusiasts will oppose them now, being the weak and begging party, but when their time comes, one of their reforms will be to put the divinity of their religion into the constitution. Their propositions are the same in spirit, the same in terms, and must be the same in result. Unless the Spiritualist comes to the Christian as a Christian, he is not to him a good co-worker in humanity. Unless the Christian comes to the Spiritualist as a Spiritualist, he is not a good co-worker in humanity. And so it goes, while I am left out in the cold, or rather ground between the two millstones. Why can they not all in every thing that pertains to the common interests of mankind in this life, not simply for the general good, and not protrude into bold relief either of their religions as cause or reason for their conduct?"

This judgment of the outsider upon view, seems to me eminently independent and correct. And now, Mr. Editor, Spiritualism is in the hardening process, and we must see to it, that the forms are right. The twig can now be bent, but soon it will assume larger proportions and become more firm in its place. To the best of our ability, then, we must make it right now. I do not deem it right, certainly not expedient, that we, or any of us, should raise such a broad banner of propagandism, and thus fall back into the errors of other religions, and must inconsistently be guilty of what we complain of in others. For my part, I draw a wide distinction between Spiritualism and humanitarism in their practical meaning, and yet I will admit that from our knowledge and our standpoint, there is something of a truth in the assertion that they are the same (as I have admitted that Spiritualism is connected with everything) but yet, no general truth, according to the proper use and practical meaning of the terms. The former is the proper name of our religion—our views of Spirit-life, its facts and philosophy, as distin-

guished from others on the same subject. The latter is the proper name of all our enterprises for the betterment of humanity. In these there should be no distinctive religion thought of, or hinted at. There may in fact be the results, the modifications of thought effected by religion. I long to see the day when, the banner of true reform being lifted, all shall rush unto it, and do battle together, without a question of what may become of the little religious standards that they have left behind.

The broad field of humanitarianism is the place for the display of humanitarian enterprises. The religious school is not the place, unless in some measure to point to, and prepare for them, as the public school prepares for the issues of life, when the scholar enters upon his labors.

If we do not as Spiritualists enter upon all these reforms, what shall we do at our meetings? Why, truly, "the harvest is ripe and the laborers are few." First, we should study, and make clear to ourselves, the facts, the theories and philosophy of our Spiritualism, and cause the world to understand them. Second, as the world is filled with opposing religions that are to the last degree pertinacious in the maintenance of their dogmas, all that there is of error in them must be overcome and cleared out of the way. The third goodly work might be the actualization of our beautiful philosophy in ourselves; self culture, learning, growth, humanization, marching on to perfection in wisdom, purity, love, righteousness, and all the graces, and presenting to the world full evidence of the angelic origin of our religion.

Fourth—I am not sure, Mr. Editor, but in proceeding further, I would be anticipating a little too much. I think by the time any one has performed the programme so far laid down, he will easily counsel himself what fourthly shall be. I will not trouble myself, for by that time I seriously intend to be far up in the spheres. Nothing to do!

The passage of resolutions is often undertaken as a very proper work. Generally I see but little room for the passage of resolutions. I have advocated, and shall until it is done, a declaration of principles; that is to say, those distinctive principles which we maintain generally, and which we consider as well supported by our demonstrative facts, for information to the world. But, of course, my programme of action leaves no place for that class of resolutions, so impertinent to any real issue, and yet so common, based upon some pretended hobby and really external to the proper field of labor, according to the limitations that I have laid down. If now any one replies that this, your humble servant, has advocated resolutions as to the monogamic marriage, my ready answer is, that that was a work of necessary force upon us by the wrong action of the laborers that had preceded us in the field. It was to mend the wall that had been broken down. And that was made apparent by the preamble, "whereas by the teachings of some and the unwarrantable assertions of others, it has come to be believed that Spiritualism urges the repeal of all marriage laws, and as a consequence, upholds the practice of promiscuity between the sexes as a matter of right." Without such a wrong in the past and at the (then) present, there would have been no call for such a resolution. It was a shame that there should have been a demand for such a resolution then; and it was a greater shame that the resolution should have been lost. It is a shame, too, now, that the passage of resolutions in favor of the monogamic marriage is demanded all through the land, in order to deliver from the reproach cast upon us by falseisms and false conduct; but so it is, and the remedy must be applied until fully effectual as to all those who consider that they suffer from the wrong.

"One extreme produces another." "Fanaticism breeds fanaticism." These are old sayings and we are often reminded of their truthfulness. Our outside to observe that the fiercest declaimers against other religionists for the work that they honestly do in devotion to their idea, that their religion includes all reforms, even to the putting God and Christ into the Constitution, and call their captives sources of danger to the American people, are yet marching in the same direction, and are likely to fall into the same error.

I have thus expressed, Mr. Editor, upon this matter of the nearness and remoteness of certain special matters (which are common to the world) to our own subject matter of Spiritualism—a matter mooted often before, but little expressed. The ground how such expression has become necessary, how and with what design, foreign elements, so-called reforms, have been foisted upon Spiritualism, and the damage done thereby; inexpediency, etc., have been treated of sufficiently before; and I will only add here, as we are speaking of the rest of the world, if the added vices are so poorly received among the friends of Spiritualism, how much more so among its foes! Instead of "including all reforms," it will be considered by them as including all impurities, all deformities. Of course I mean from their standpoint. I do not mean to say it will be exactly right; but this I do say, that Spiritualism should do its own peculiar work well before it undertakes to be a general world reformer, that it first be pure, strong, healthy, and not crushed with burdens in order to become a reformer; and, if then it will be a reformer, and usurp the place accorded to and that rightly belongs to humanitarism, still let it not bludge in the effort to do all things at once, but, "wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove," proceed according to its strength, and choose the nearest and the best on the principle of Eclecticism.

Chicago, Ill.

Curious Developments.

My object at this time, is not to indulge in any speculative theories, but to simply make a plain, simple and unvarnished statement of facts, as they have come under my observation, without submitting even an opinion as to the cause of the phenomena. I am going to relate, but leave every one, whose eyes may be reached by this article, to determine of this for himself.

During the fall, winter and spring of 1865 and 1866, our brother, Dr. H. C. Pierce, who is now occasionally contributing to the columns of the JOURNAL, and his wife, a medium, spent some months in our family, during which time we held a great many circles, and had many, to say the least, curious manifestations. I regard Mrs. Pierce as highly gifted as a developing medium.

Some of the most striking, and impressive manifestations, and to which it is my purpose to allude at this time, were not the direct result of regular sittings or circles, but seemed to be thrust in as interpolations, consisting mainly of picture making.

The first case that I would mention, occurred at the hands of a woman making no pretensions to mediumship, neither possessing any skill with the pencil or brush, and barely able to write her own name legibly. One day while sitting in the same room with several other ladies, where the spirits were communicating through Mrs. Pierce, by rapping and writing, the lady alluded to, while engaged with her work, sewing, was suddenly wrought upon physically in such a manner that she found herself unable to place her needle where she designed, and after several fruitless efforts to do so, she called attention to the fact, saying, "Something is the matter with my hand; I can't put my needle to the right place;" whereupon Mrs. P., the medium, remarked, "The spirits have got hold of you. Maybe they want to write. Take the pencil and see!" She did so, placing the point upon a piece of white paper, and almost instantaneously, her hand was controlled by an invisible power or agency, which proved itself to be skilled in the use of the pencil, for in a very brief space of time, with no other means than a common lead pencil, in the hand of an honest uneducated, but highly negative woman, was wrought out a great black scroll, the size of a man's three fingers, but resembling a huge column of smoke in the distance, or a pillar of clouds in the horizon, and apparently having no resemblance to any thing else.

After the work was complete, the pencil falling from her hand, the question was asked, and naturally enough, too, "Well, what does that mean?" But no one could give any satisfactory answer, but each in turn, after inspecting it closely, decided that it must be designed to represent a column of smoke, or a pillar of cloud, and that was all any one could make of it. Finally, another lady, on picking it up from the table, discovered the bust of a man clearly defined, and most delicately touched and artistically finished. Not larger than a man's little finger nail, there hid away in the scroll, was that beautiful face, "O'er looked," as said Pope, "alike by the fool and wise," until unsuspectingly discovered and pointed out by a woman.

Next, there was discovered in another part of the same scroll, a greyhound in a running posture, and as complete a picture of that animal as I have ever beheld; plain to be seen when once pointed out! Then a deer, a large buck, with a full head of horns, was disclosed, the dog chasing in hot pursuit. Finally, it was discovered that there was no part of this scroll that was not composed of some clearly defined object.

The next phenomenon to which I would make allusion, is that of picture-making also, but through the hand of a little child nine or ten years old, with an accuracy and speed that was astonishing to behold, and a variety which made it highly interesting, an instance of which, among a great many others, was that of making and naming "the orthodox devil" whereupon two persons present, being mediocrally controlled, rushed upon, and demolished his satanic majesty, with a gusto worthy of such a work, and which was followed by demonstrations of ecstatic delight.

I will now give one more incident. I have seen a man take a common stone slate, and with the pencil make the face of the slate, or sections of it, as white as it is possible, and then, with the same pencil, and to all appearance the same motion, take the white off, making a black picture, or writing a legible head in black marks within the body of this white ground, all with the same pencil that but a moment before put the white there.

J. B. COMB,
Rancho, Gonzales Co., Texas.

Appreciated.

The following editorial notice clipped from the *Vicksburg Union* is a fair sample of the handsome manner in which our exchanges are noticing the JOURNAL, every mail bringing them in:

"N. B. One hundred subscribers for the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* wanted. This paper can be obtained for three months for the small sum of 25cts, and a single paper is worth the price. Try it, and you will learn something of the philosophy of life and immortality and also how such impostors as John M. Queen are cast out from the ranks, by honest Spiritualists, for attempting to deceive. For particulars enquire of W. A. Wells of Vicksburg, who will cheerfully act as agent."

Extracts from our Exchanges.

In order to give our readers a more comprehensive view of Spiritualism and Religious subjects, we shall publish in this Department, the ablest articles of our exchanges, which are receiving from all parts of the inhabitable globe.

SOULS AND SCENES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN McDUGALL. NUMBER TWO—THE HEAVENS.

[From Brittan's Quarterly Journal.]

Again I was awakened from a fit of profound abstraction by the well-known voice of the Sage, Swedenborg. "Come, my son," he said, "let us now go abroad in the heavens, and behold the spirit that inspires and creates them."

As if the very will had been a word of enchantment, we were instantly translated into a scene of surpassing beauty. "I need not ask you to define this!" I exclaimed, as we entered. "It is the heaven of the poets."

"Truly, my son," he answered. "Breathe it; drink it; absorb its power; for this is its native element—its most interior essence and germ of life."

The feeble cannot compass the strong. The small cannot control the great. The finite cannot comprehend the infinite. Neither can any description do more than dimly shadow forth the great glory, that everywhere breathed into bloom. Sublime vistas of indescribable mellowness and depth, rounded and wound away, into infinite series of beauty and grandeur, and all natural objects were, or seemed to be, crystallized in their most enchanting forms.

Yet this crystal purity was neither cold nor fixed; but, on the contrary, everything was instinct with an overflowing fullness of life. Lovely children, clothed with immaculate whiteness, came and looked at us with their large and lustrous eyes, reminding me of that fine picture of the "Baby Angela" in Joan of Arc.

Bowers within bower would open as we gazed, each unfolding starry flowers, or blushing into softer heart-blooms. Wonderful combinations and shades of color banneted every hill, bloomed on every bank, and spanned every tree. Sky within sky, heaven beyond heaven, continually arched and opened; for the landscape was like drapery that swayed in the wind, now high, now low, now close and hovering, now wide and far away; and its constantly changing folds stirred with every breath.

And as the landscape, so was the intelligence, mingled and wrought together. Eye within eye, heart within heart, and soul within soul, these sublime spirits were interwrought and mingled. I shrank back with awe, feeling my own unworthiness to enter the bright portals of immortality.

A spirit came forward and saluted me. The Scottish thistle and the tartan plaid seemed to shine out of him, as a reminiscence of nationality, while his whole strongly-marked individuality was illuminated with his own unrivaled song. "A Man's a Man, for a' that."

As he led me into the midst, I grasped the manly hand, and knew the noble spirit of the ploughman, Burns. One after another they came forward and embraced and blessed me; and in this movement they always observed the order of my own preference. I knew them all. No one had need to say, "This is Moore," or, "This is Dante." The individuality always announced itself.

Songs of welcome woke again, swelled and prolonged by a thousand harps. Of this music I have no power to speak. Description fails; for language fades away and dies in the bare conception of it. It was at once the compass of all grandeur, and the most intimate essence of all sweetness.

To have heard it unprepared, with a crude heart, and ear and soul unfutured, would have been certain and instant death. Even as it was, I gasped, I panted in the almost intellectual effort to match my weakness with its strength, my crudeness with its infinitely fine and piercing potencies. The very sense of pleasure drew on the heart-strings with a strain so tense, they seemed nigh to breaking. It was ecstasy acuter than pain.

But with this struggle came the reacting power. A sea of harmony was breathing, throbbing, heaving round me. Stretching away into unknown distance, it gathered itself up into mountain waves, and then came rolling, booming back, with its vocal volumes of sweetness and power. Would I be swallowed in the swelling flood, that still swelled onward? No. No. I caught the power and became one with it. I cast myself on the coming wave. It bore me up—up! up! into the inner heaven of harmonies. What is there cannot be told. Neither can a fitting image of it be brought away. Everything seemed annihilated but that most wonderful harmony, and the sense that could feel it and live.

How I was borne back I know not; for the spirit fainting with excess of rapture. This was my initiation.

The power of my guide reanimated and restored me. And then I could perceive more clearly the real character and true interest of the scene. I was surprised to observe the business-like order which everything suddenly assumed.

"You see," said Burns, who seemed drawn to me by an irresistible attraction, "that here there are no drones. We are not merely singers, but workers also. You would find, should you come near enough, that every one of these groups is actually a committee. All have their distinct plans, powers and purposes. And these, again, are resolved by their representatives into a committee of the whole."

"Of what nature is their action?" I asked. "Here there is but one principle of interest and action, and that is humanity," answered the Sage; for the poet at that moment was summoned away, by a necessity for his presence in the group to which he belonged.

"To this," continued the Sage, "all efforts and all interests converge; and by all our combined wills, this immense power is concentrated and polarized. Could the people below feel now and then but a ray of this light, they would see there is yet hope for the groaning earth, and a day of universal and permanent good for the heirs of mankind."

"Why do you not, then, make people see this thing?" I asked, almost reproachfully. "Why leave them to suffer thus, without need?"

means of reaching and influencing circles below them." I assented, but with difficulty, to his proposition, it seemed so clear to me that these spirits might, with all their combined potencies, take some more direct methods for effecting their ends. That dark fact, the existence and predominance of evil, was an old stumbling-block. I was not yet wise or strong enough to escape it.

"Remember the lessons of the hells," said the Sage, answering to the thought he read. It is the same here, the same everywhere. There is no true expansion without growth—no true ascent without progress. And growth, as you well know, is a vital process, that must be mainly moved and maintained by the inherent vital forces. Hence you cannot force a true natural growth upon any being or any thing. You must lay the foundation broad and strong, before you build. An attempt to rear the superstructure before you deposit the base is not more vain and futile than any effort to make a man wise before his time, and beyond his power."

"I confess myself in the wrong," I answered; "but I was quite carried away by an intellectual desire to reach and comfort the sufferers."

"It is even so," he responded, "but this fervor will be tempered by a truer observation and a larger experience. Look again, and tell me what thou seest."

As my sight followed the direction of his hand, I beheld one vast outflowing circumference of life and beauty. I gasped for breath as the radiance broke upon me. It was an immense river of light, flowing down an inclined plane and sweeping away into infinite distance.

"But what is the meaning of yonder cloud?" I asked, pointing to a broad plain of darkness, that lay beneath and nearly parallel to the down-flowing light.

"That," he answered, "is a representation of crude human life, in the undeveloped and depraved masses of mankind."

"O how deplorable!" I exclaimed turning from the chilly darkness with an intense shudder.

"Not altogether so," he answered mildly. "Look not more closely."

As I did so, I perceived that the crust of the cloud was very thin in many places, in others quite broken, lighting the shadows, opening loop-holes, and letting in flecks and streams of light, more or less broad and perfect. Looking through these I beheld earnest faces, uplifted hands, and kindling eyes, all turned strongly toward the light, as if invoking its presence and its power.

"It is nature," said the Sage. "Warp it as you will; main and bind it as you may; yet with the first moment of freedom it will begin to fetch itself round, and being left free it will certainly accomplish it. The law is universal. From the bulb that buds back to the beam of light from a crack in your cellar-door, up to the man—the angel, everything after its kind—spontaneously seek the light. And thus are the heavens, in a tempered and partial glory, let down to the earth. Observe, my son, that as the more highly-favored ones develop, they shed forth beams of secondary splendor on all around them. Know, then, that a single impulse of good is infinite. Wave wakes wave, with ever multiplying motion. Feeling touches feeling. Thought stirs thought. And thus the tide sweeps on, gathering force with each rebound, bearing onward forever the pride and power, the genius and strength of ages. Nothing is lost. The very first ripple that woke in the dark, alone, on the remotest shore of time, shall never be divested of itself. Though changing oceans may, for the time, absorb and swallow it up, yet true to the instinct of all being, it pushes ever onward, toward the free, the true, the perfect. There is no retrograde."

"This principle which thou now beholdest is the love of beauty, and the capacity of feeling its power. By this universal sympathy of mankind, this innate sense and love of the beautiful, the earth is yet to be redeemed. Among the great powers of progress, the first is beauty. Heart-queen of the world! None are so blind as to be insensible to her power. And thus will she finally mould mankind after the model of her own fitness."

Thus saying he waved his hand; the rainbow drapery seemed to fall between us and the distance; and once more all stood encompassed by the heaven of art; for here not only poets, but all other artists are represented and allied. There was little opportunity for special observation, where the whole scheme of things was on so grand and vast a scale. But I observed that we stood in the centre of an immense amphitheatre, that seemed to be both circular and spiral. Round and near us were the more familiar groups. And these were also generally nearest in point of time.

But what astonished me, and doubtless may surprise you, was to see that type which we, in our savage egotism, have dared to brand as specifically servile, represented by some of the richest heirs of immortal glory. Thus, even while I speak, Ignatius Sancho, the accomplished African, walks by, chatting gaily with his old correspondent, Sterne. The young Cuban poets, Juan and Placido, mingle their brightness unimpeded with the great lights of Burns and Byron, Hemans, Scott and Sappho, while the gentle and gifted Phillis Wheatly is discoursing sweetest music with the divine Dante.

"Do you think," said the Sage, "that these spirits are less esteemed because they were negroes, or slaves, or that they are slaves and negroes still? You little know how the temporary eclipse out of which they have come reacts in radiations of immortal beauty and power. Before the very least and lowest of these the boldest negro-hater would stand re-proved and dumb."

I was also joyful to see that here, too, our own Indian race have their representative poets; for they

"Have dwelt with beauty, and know all her forms, When she is loveliest, in sweet nature's home. Blest with a happier fortune they had wrought A name to live, eternal as the stars; And even yet, in this more genial sphere, The fervid soul of genius shall come forth From its long twilight of the lower life, Into the perfect morning, and compete With brother angels for the highest crown."

Here I observed how truly all art is one, clothed in many forms, but inspired by one soul, and that is music, or harmony. And I saw, too, how characteristic features of genius drew together men of all professions. Thus Homer, Milton, Michael Angelo and Beethoven might represent one group; Burns, Hogarth, Goldsmith, Addison, and Thomas Hood, another; Shelley, Mozart, Raphael, and Desno, another. But with his universality of genius, Shakespeare belonged to all—all-compassing—all-pervading—as his own Ariel.

Beyond and above all these I saw, and knew, Orpheus, Menu Shiraz, Surleion, and all the great lights of the Scandinavian, Indian, Persian, and Egyptian mythologies, authors of the Voluupa, the Vedas, and the Zend Avesta. The last and highest that I could see was the divine Israh, enveloped in robes of pure white light, and he seemed to be drawn out into a clearer sight by sympathy. Comparing myself with these immaculate ones, I shrank back awe-struck and silent.

"Know, then," said the Sage, "that of all these immense groups, the highest is as the lowest, the lowest as the highest; and let this comfort thee. There is none so high but he has, directly or indirectly, ascended from the lowest grade. There is none so low but he yet has the capability of infinite aspiration and unlimited progress."

Again we were transported to a scene wholly and strikingly different. The air was so still and deep it seemed as if no breath had ever stirred it. The heavens, the earth, and the whole scene, had the same still profound. This was the region of philosophers, of those great and calm souls, who are unfolding practical truths for the good of mankind. Among them Franklin, Fulton, Archimedes, and Arkwright, appeared highly distinguished. These were divided into groups, as the others had been. Sometimes a single individual was cloistered alone by himself—that is, by his own will. Whenever a spirit wishes to be alone, I saw that will work a barrier, impenetrable as the thickest walls. No one can enter there uninvited. But many of these bosom cells were hospitably opened to me; and in them I saw wonderful things, of which the possible idea has never yet dawned on the horizon of earth. There were many types and models of inventions, that must, some day, make greater revolutions in the lower land than have ever as yet been known. All kinds of machinery, with many modifications of motive power, passed in review before me. I observed that, in the progress of mechanical science, complication of forms and forces was rapidly passing into simplicity.

Next we entered the circle of teachers; and there I saw directly that what is true of mechanics is eminently so of all other sciences, both spiritual and material. Humboldt and Cuvier have not yet finished their work; nor have even Thales and Plato, and Seneca and Socrates. The longer a spirit lives, the finer and more excellent is the power he generates. Hence his capacity of good service in any work must advance with his years. Through some inspired disciples of truth we shall yet have a more concise Cosmos, and a simpler classification of natural forms.

Next we entered the plane of heroes and warriors. Vast armies were marching and countermarching; military tactics were discussed; and all the machineries of war were examined and pronounced upon. In the inner portion of this sphere there was powerful concentration and intense stillness. Turning my thought into the common channel, I saw that the most powerful of these spirits, represented by Leonidas, Hannibal, Washington, Cesar, Bonaparte, and Alexander, were impressing and aiding officers and men, then in actual engagement. And thus I comprehended more clearly than ever the reasons of success or failure in the different degrees of intensity which this power assumes, and the different grades of receptivity in its media, or material recipients. This also was apparent, that no powerful spirit can take sides with an unjust, ill-grounded war. Hence, in the long run, whatever may be the present hindrance, success must ultimately come to the right.

Among the distinguished representatives of this principle, I was pleased to see how often Old Cæsar was met in present friendship. Julius Cæsar walked arm and arm with Brutus; while Napoleon stood, face to face, in loving conversation with his old enemy, the equally grand and imperial Toussaint. And here, also, I observed that although the negro race have never been regarded as brave, it was represented by a very large proportion of the highest heroism. And the reason for this is obvious. In a genuine struggle for freedom is called forth, at once, the boldest muscle and the intensest essence of the heroic power. Here the wrongs of history, which, as yet, have given little or no honor to the dark-browed brave, are partially retrieved. Who will tell you of the deeds of Major Seffrey, of Jude Hall, or the glorious Cuban poet, Placido? Among this race are thousands of nameless heroes, many of whom would take the highest rank. To use the beautiful words of Whittier, "Their bones whitened every field of the revolution. Their feet tracked with blood the snows of New Jersey. Their toil built up every fortification south of the Potomac. They shared the famine and nakedness of Valley Forge, and the penitential horrors of the old Jersey Prison Ship."

And yet who remembers them? But here, embosomed with the bravest, their brows are bound with chapters of imperishable renown. Worthy of all honor and here is remembered the grand reply of the boy, James Forten. When the English captain offered him a happy home, wealth and honor in England, in exchange for the Jersey Prison Ship, how grandly loomed up the soul of the poor Mulatto boy before the liberties of my country, and never shall I prove a traitor to her interests. Truly he has been said that "the colored race have shed their blood for a country that made them aliens, and proved themselves men in a land that denied their manhood."

In recognition of my thought the Seer smiled. "You are right," he said. "Always, by all means, urge this point; for you can now more clearly see how radical misapprehension of its importance has been the most fertile source of wrong-doing and wrong-suffering among your people. While they took the strongest stand in behalf of freedom, they yet circumscribed the common heirship of human liberty. What they claimed for themselves they denied to others; and for this immeasurable wrong they are now paying the penalty, in outflowing rivers of blood—in broken hearts and desolated homes. Had you been just, you would have been at peace this very day."

At this word I saw that many brows were saddened, and many spirits bowed themselves with a look of profound sorrow.

"And yet," said the Sage, "if considered as part of the great machinery of progress, this very war, hard and cruel as it is, is not wholly accidental, nor yet without important designs and uses. When in the course of a long and protracted period the heart of a people has waxed gross, a great national calamity acts like medicine; and bitter and nauseous as it may be, in due course of time it shall restore healthier conditions."

"You have been filled with wonder to see that here the right or propriety of war is recognized. Perhaps you do not understand the full spirit of this scene. The object of these councils is not the destruction of human life, but the essential operations of war with the best possible maintenance of all involved rights, at the least possible expense of human blood."

"But, as you surmise, the spirit of human warfare is transient, and now is rapidly subsiding into the more excellent heroism of a finer civilization. Men can not meet and hew each other down in battle as they once did; and they are inventing destructive machines to do this drudgery for them. By and by there will be a yet truer appreciation, and the machines themselves will not be made; and they who meet to slay each other will be magnetized by brother eyes. Then will the stronger say to the weaker, 'come with me, and let us live and work in peace together.' Then he

"This paper was written in the very midst of the late war."

will lead him to his broad lands, his spacious houses, his laden barns and granaries of overflowing fullness, saying, 'Take according to thy needs, my brother; for are not all these good things mine as well as thine? Share the labor and divide the fruits.' This is the essence of all social and political economy. Let every man have all he needs, and none have any more. Then all will be richer and none poorer."

"This," added the Sage, after a moment's pause, "is the spirit of the Millennium. It will come on widely wafting wings of distribution. Then will all human power, which is now held in the iron bondage of necessity, be set free, to work, to build up, to improve, refine, invent—to multiply, by incalculable numbers, the means of use and power and progress."

"But here," he added, as we turned back toward the inner Heaven of truth, "is a beautiful illustration of a great and well-known law, which pervades all nature, from the lowest mineral forms to the highest spiritual essences."

This Heaven, like the others, seemed arranged in a series of receding galleries; and as we stood in a side vestibule, the sight was unobstructed either above or below.

He passed his hand gently over my eyes, and, as I perceived, magnetized them, saying at the same time, "Now, behold."

Following the direction of the hand, I saw what seemed to be a sea of spiritual radiance, the particles of which appeared wholly inorganic and void of form. But on a closer inspection, I saw that it was an immense flood of human thought, flowing from the upper fountains and descending to the planes below. Innumerable essences of power, effort, will, and suffering, were not only typified and inscribed here, but actually organized.

The radiance and perfection of their forms and characters transcended all expression; and yet they were microscopic, beyond the reach of any lens, save that of actual clear-sight. These were thought-gems, born of the higher spheres, and flowing forth, a sea of soul-shine, in the direction of the lower degrees. Confluent as they appeared in the superficial view, they were highly individualized. They were also born and sent forth with special relations to particular minds.

At first I was nearly blinded; and then the potentialized sense pleased itself with tracing and defining the multitudes of forms, powers, and uses, that were so radiantly mingled together in these embryonic floods, that shone like molten stars.

But, recalled by the Sage, my vision took a broader view. I looked through the spheres below, as they declined into almost infinite series, and saw that, wherever it was wanted, this germ-light was flowing in as fast and as far as it could. In short, the whole tendency and determination was to one grand level.

"O, beautiful!" I exclaimed, with a rapturous recognition of the truth. "This is Equilibrium."

"Truly so," answered the Sage. "All fluids tend to a level. This law is potent in the spiritual as in the material world. Truth flows down, naturally and necessarily, as water; and, whether we will or will not, we must give to those below us. Their wants invite our over-fullness, and even unknown to us the virtue will escape, and the descending Angel will be sure to find her home, where she is most truly sought and called for. When this law is once recognized in the earth, there will be no more poverty—no more ignorance—for the present unnatural absorption of learning and wealth will be wholly and forever abolished."

Again the scene changed; and we passed into the Legislative and Congress halls—into the presence of patriots, and those who had given their lives for the love of mankind. I watched these assemblies with a pleased and interested eye. They were conducted with true parliamentary decorum. But as there were no appeals of discord, in the shape of ambition, or selfishness in any of its forms, so there was no bickering, or ill feeling, as you too often see. I thought at first that, for this reason, their debates must be tame, and devoid of any real dramatic or life interest. But a very little observation showed the mistake. As the lines of individuality were strongly defined, so the debates were chiefly maintained by honest differences of opinion, honestly and kindly, but yet vividly and boldly uttered. I observed especially how frequent and free was the flow of wit and humor. And in view of pressing emergencies, there was not wanting a fire and zeal, ay, and a genuine eloquence, amounting almost to passion, one could hardly conceive of, in disenthralled spirits. And by being brought into certain connections, I could perceive that, in proportion to the concentration of this power, would be the effects produced, on corresponding or sympathetic minds in the earth. Thus all observation has confirmed me in the faith, that progressive action is the highest law of the Spirit-world. But there is also rest for those who need that element of renovation; and to such it is profound, indeed.

"Thus, my son, hast thou seen," said the Sage, "the Heavens of beauty, and the Heavens of truth. When we next go abroad, we shall visit the Heaven of love, the abode of those supra-angelic minds, that have given their lives for the good of mankind—the great Teachers and Saviors of men. As these have ascended from the Heavens of all spheres, so we term their dwelling-place the Heaven of Heavens."

"If it be more glorious than these, how shall I behold it and live?" was my earnest, but weak and faltering thought.

"Sufficient unto the day shall be the strength thereof," answered the Sage. "But hast thou not observed that in the region of mind, the higher the flight, the truer will be the kindness, the diviner the love?"

"I have noticed that principle," I replied "that the highest are always most gentle and lenient to the poor and lowly."

"Thus it ever is," responded the Sage. "And when we reach heights where all the wisdom we have hitherto seen would be crude and cold—all the love ungenial and repulsive—there will the soul, however weak and lowly it may be, obtain fuller possession of itself than ever it could before."

"But here," resumed the Sage, as we passed out of the vestibule bordering on the land of beauty, "opens for us an instructive lesson. Ponder it well, and mark its meaning."

We entered a palace of finest crystals, or rather gems. These were so arranged that the play of colors was wrought into pictures of exceeding delicacy and beauty. These were continually changing, and they came and went rapidly like dissolving views.

These pictures represented human life in every form and phase of condition and power; and the walls were hung with them, inside and out. There were also many spirits who caught these images and rapidly disappeared. Following the direction of the Sage's hand, I saw that they were descending to earth. A touch from the magnetizer invested my eyes with a horoscopic power, and they followed the flight. I saw then that these spirits had visited the earth on the darkened, or night-side. Many a still chamber did they enter, and lay the pictures before the mind of the sleeper.

Thus the maiden beheld her coming lover, the mother her lost or absent child; and the dying soldier, or sailor, the home and friends he will revisit no more.

There were also dark images, forms of sorrow and death, and the angels that bore them were enveloped in shadows and mystery.

"And these are dreams—visions!" I exclaimed, hardly daring to speak, lest I should dissolve the mystic spell of enchantment.

"Yes," answered the Sage. "Know, then, that thou hast entered and unveiled the secrets of the palace of dreams. And thus thou seest that our visions of the night are not born of air only, but they are tangible and real things."

"Why, then, do they not always portray the truth?" I asked. "If angels project them, why should they ever be false?"

"Thou hast but an imperfect measure of wisdom, my son," he replied. "The literal fact is so, by any means, always the highest truth. But if dreams could be understood as they really are, they would always be seen to have a special meaning and genuine point. The condition of sleep is a temporary death; and dreams are the experiences of the soul in this state."

"And you can now see why 'Dreams in their development have breath, and tears, and tortures and the touch of joy.' As we passed on in this review, I fell into sympathy with a dreamer of my own household; and thus I was, almost unconsciously, once more brought back into direct correspondence with the people of earth."

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A Convert to Spiritualism.

ED. JOURNAL.—DEAR SIR: I send you a copy of a letter written to the Baptist Church, in Morris, by the Rev. G. A. Bishop, a regularly ordained minister of the Baptist Church, manufactured at Hamilton, N. Y., and a member of the church in Morris. The tone of the letter bespeaks candor and humility, and partakes of the spirit of his Master, the Jesus of the Gospel. This condition being one of culture, he will outgrow gradually as the rays of light from the great central luminary of knowledge is permitted to enter his soul. Like a new-fledged bird he feels himself free to explore other realms of thought, outside the confines of theological creeds and sectarian dogmas.

Yours fraternally,
J. ANTON.
Morris, Illinois.

LETTER TO THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN MORRIS.

I have been instructed by Deacon Cord, the clerk of the church, according to your request, to report myself at your regular or church meeting, which I understood would occur this evening or to-morrow afternoon. Since I came to town, I have learned the meeting would not be held until to-morrow afternoon. I am sorry I cannot remain and be with you in person according to your desire, and I therefore take this opportunity to report by letter, as follows:

I understand you do not call in question my Christian character, but my religious faith; that you took exceptions to my letter written in reply to inquiries made by you in respect to my religious position, because I claimed to be a Spiritualist. I do claim to know that the spirits of the departed do commune with us who live in the flesh, which knowledge, is to me, very sacred and comforting. And I am seeking and praying for more of it. I would say, like Paul, brethren, "I would not have you ignorant concerning spiritual gifts." Seek then and add to your faith this precious knowledge, which will make you wise to win souls and build you up. I thus exhort you, because I cherish this knowledge as the richest and most precious of my religious experience, and believe, if the Scriptures are rightly interpreted, they will sustain me in such a knowledge or position; and in acquiring this knowledge I am obliged to waive, to some extent, my faith in the various tenets or doctrines, and in so doing I see quite a different interpretation to the Scriptures to what I did before I came in possession of such knowledge. Thus, you may readily infer, that I am no longer a true representative of the Baptist Church, in religious faith. I do not claim or admit that all the doctrines held by the Baptist Church to be my faith and to heartily endorse them as truth. I purpose to live a good life and to do good unto all men as I have opportunity, ever consecrating myself to God and all that is good, seeking truth and holding on to it wherever I find it; to live out my honest convictions of truth and duty, to the best of my ability, seeking aid of my Heavenly Father and the good angels, exercise unbounded liberty of conscience in my researches after truth and duty, independent of brethren, the church, or the opinions of men, holding myself amenable to God alone.

I thank you a thousand times for all your prayers, your watchful care, your forbearance, for the name and place I have had among you, for your love and many kindnesses. God bless you for them, and reward you accordingly. Deal with me as justice, truth and duty demand. I am willing to have all my relations severed from you for the sake of the truth which I have espoused, and even follow in the footsteps of our blessed Jesus and be sacrificed for the truth as he was. But I say to you, look well, so that when you do it, you will not trample under foot the teachings of the Bible, and betray your own faith as taught by Jesus, for he said, "He that believeth on me shall do greater things than these." You have my prayers that you may ever be consecrated to God and all that is good, and be led into the communion of saints in the spiritual realms of bliss and love.
G. A. BISHOP.
Morris, Illinois.

WHICH?

Sex, or no Sex.

BRO. JONES.—THE JOURNAL of January last, No. 19, contains an article from the pen of our worthy Bro. Hudson Tuttle, entitled "The distinction of Sex preserved, and is there Marriage in Heaven?" to which I desire to call the attention of the author, and those who may be able to throw light on the subject. It is plain that Bro. T. negatives his query and makes the base of his arguments the declaration that "the distinction of sex is an accident in the life of the spirit, essential for the furtherance of the requirements of the organic being."

Now, Webster defines accident thus: "That which happens; a chance event; an unfortunate occurrence which is either wholly caused, or undesignated by its author; some quality of substance which is not essential to it."

Certainly, Bro. T. will not claim the distinction on the grounds of the first, second, or third definition, i. e., a mere happen so, a chance or unfortunate occurrence that developed sex; as either the first or second would necessarily destroy the principles of government, while the third, if admitted, would make our very existence an unfortunate occurrence. And since the reproductive or sexual distinctions are nature's methods for propagation, arising from necessity, therefore essential to the spirit in carrying out its high mission in life, he cannot consistently accept the fourth or last definition of the word accident. Then, where is the accident?

But admitting that the reproductive function, as far as the propagation of our race is concerned, to be wholly performed in this life, is it any evidence that the manifestation of the sexual elements, and with it, the very existence of said elements, shall cease to be? Are not all the faculties of our being dual, and possibly yet more complicated in their structure and functions? Does not the single power of acquiescence achieve material both for the physical and mental man, in their uses? And does not our sexual nature, beside operating in the reproductive sphere, perform one of the grandest functions in life, viz., the spiritualizing and elevating our nature to its acme of Platonic love, a point in moral elevation which cannot be reached by either one of the sexes, singly? Nay, are not the sexual relations coexistent and under the guidance of natural law, the very springs of action, the source and cradle by and through which all nature acts, both physically and spiritually, as a self-sustaining and refining process. If the spirit in its perfection, is "sexless," as Bro. T. claims, and yet spirit is the causative source, then whence the sexual powers? Is the effect greater than the cause which produced it? It must be so, if as Bro. T. claims, that the reproductive or sexual belongs only to earth-life, and its mission is to give type to the human being. Then again, if type is the result of physical organization, will not it, too, cease to be, upon that universal principle that all beginnings involve their endings?

In the last paragraph of his article, he remarks that "the spirit will be conscious of its own completeness in feeling that it is self-contained, and dependent only on itself." I can conceive that to be complete in itself in its own sexual nature; & c., each spirit will be complete as a spirit, but that its self-dependence is certainly out of harmony with that general principle which unites and harmonizes all by virtue of its correlation.

Now, as I make no great claims as a proficient, either in physics or metaphysics, as a matter of course it is not my province to declare the falsity of Bro. Tuttle's arguments on this subject, nor will it be anything else but another in the catalogue of human errors, if I am mistaken in my claims; and I shall feel thankful to any one who will show me my error.
J. H. MENDENHALL.
Cerro Gordo, Indiana.

Report from J. L. Potter.

BRO. JONES.—ONWARD with the flight of time we are nearing our spirit homes. Angels are now waiting to lead the earth-worn traveler to fairer fields and more genial climes than these below. Life at best is but a severe struggle, making desperate efforts to gain eminence among men. One complaint of abuse; another of disease; another of falsehood; another of betrayed confidence, still they all claim to be either reformers or Christians. I have learned by observation that much of our reforming talk is for our neighbors to follow rather than making it a part of our own lives. Like the Christian's hall, it is for our neighbors' children, and not for our own. Such reform to me is just no reform at all, but mere talk, and very poor at that. But we must all have our say, or else we will not be satisfied with our lot. Run for the presidency, edit a newspaper, turn preacher, doctor or lecturer, making a grand failure in all we attempt, get discouraged, sick of living and at last die complaining of our lot, and live in the Spirit-world years before we fully realize that there can be but one sun to each solar system at a time; all of the rest must be lesser stars or worlds. Thus I am satisfied without running for the Presidency, or editing a paper, but willing to be a small star, about like our little Mercury, that is almost imperceptible to us here of the earth.

I remember one of Esop's fables of the frog trying to swell up as large as the ox. Something bursted, so says the fable. During March I have visited the following places: Lake City, Wabasha, Read's Landing, Minneapolis, Minnesota City, Winona, Eyota, Elgin, Van Smiths and St. Charles, delivering twenty-nine lectures; adding seven new members to the Association; receiving in collections and yearly dues, \$50; expenses \$6.50.

I am breaking new ground at St. Charles. We did not celebrate the Twenty-sixth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, yet we celebrated the great truths of Spiritualism and the hall was crowded to overflowing—thus the truth triumphs over error. At Winona, Mrs. Amelia H. Colby came into my meetings, and made a charge upon me and the association for passing resolutions against free love. She did not do her cause any good; and I am sure she did not injure either your agent or the Association. If she can not employ her time to better advantage, why, let her keep pitching into me and the result will be that time will go to him who will last the longest. Our cause is progressing finely. Many are turning their attention to its workings, that have stood aloof heretofore. All we have got to do is to keep a firm grip and rush ahead. The above is respectfully submitted to the Spiritualists of Minnesota.
J. L. POTTER.
Permanent address, Northfield, Minn.

Letter from James Rogers.

FRIEND JONES.—A few days since I called on Dr. Henry Slade agent at 413 4th avenue, N. Y. City. I had with me a friend who is strong "Orthodox" brought up from her youth after the strictest sect. Among other manifestations a communication was written on a double slate lying on a table about four feet from any one present. The writing was plainly heard as it progressed, and was so written as to cover the upper and under sides of the inclosed surfaces. The article seemed to be so well directed to the ones intended, and so full of common sense and sound reason, that I can not forbear to make it public. It is as follows:

"DEAR FRIENDS.—Do you truly feel you are here to commune with those that you of earth called dead? Think of it: all these past years you have been taught not to believe that your loved ones could return to you again. You have been instructed that you must believe in the blood of Christ, and through the shedding of his blood, you are to be saved. How foolish the thought! Now, if Christ did die to save souls, what is the use of all this praying? Not you all must work out your own salvation in order to be happy. God's laws never change; so if spirits came in the past ages, you must know they can come now.
I am Truly,
A. W. SLADE.

I wish some one who has more leisure could give you a detailed account of the spirit manifestations which have taken place here within the past two years. We have had some as fine materializing of hands and arms with the drapery, as could be produced anywhere. At the same time that the spirits are showing themselves to us in ways which leaves no doubt as to their identity, just across the street can be heard the "chosen one of God" proclaiming that through the blood of Christ alone, souls can be saved.
Respectfully Yours,
JAMES ROGERS.
Burlingame, Kansas.

Spirit Pictures.

FRIEND JONES.—THE recollects in my letter the other day, I told them we had sent to Fisher Doherty, Crawfordville, Indiana, for a picture. I sent my husband's and my own, and a lock of hair from each of us.

Mr. Doherty put them both up at once, and after trying six times, gained a result of nine faces—seven of them are plain, and known to me, and to us are evidence of spirit power. They duplicated our cards twice, both to the right and left of us. Two of our pictures are standing in the air, held there by spirit hands, I suppose. The whole of the picture is very wonderful. The principal faces are those of our angel boys. The oldest darling we recognized at first glance. His forehead, shape of face, features and expression, just like his, so plain! We have no other picture of him, and they may know what it is to us. No money could buy it. The youngest, two years old when he died, had very black eyes, which show plainly in this, as do his nose and mouth and general expression, so that not only us, but several who knew the child, recognized it. He has a little cap on, like one he used to wear. With the oldest is an old lady holding her arms around him, in the position that an excellent medium of Kansas City, told us of, sometime ago, when I had a sitting with her. She said we were to receive a photograph of

our children, and that my Father's mother would appear with her arm around the oldest, as she had in the Spirit-land, who looks much like me, & with the youngest. The other faces we think are the children of our brothers and sisters. Such pictures are worth a hundred sermons on the immortality of the soul, and I wish that Fisher Doherty could be better paid, it is such a drain on him, and all such mediums who take those pictures. Two dollars is a mere pittance for such a priceless gift as a spirit picture. Can't he be employed by some Spiritualist Association, to go over the country, and at his leisure take pictures.
Thine with much respect,
SARAH C. ELY.
Kansas City, Missouri.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
[From the Tribune, New York City.]
From a commendatory notice of over a column in length we extract the following:—
"His Marriage Vow," by Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin, is a novel sufficiently pronounced in its ideas, and strong in its statements of them, to provoke discussion. It purports to be written in the interest of marriage, and seeks to do so by removing from the ascetic morality which would condemn a man for discovering that a lover was a rose because it grew outside of his own garden as from that license which would pluck a rose, and eat it as if it were a manure. Mrs. Corbin claims to deal with human nature as it is, striving always to elevate it toward what it should be. It is a book sure to be read and discussed, and to make both friends and foes.
[From the Evening Journal, Chicago.]
From a careful perusal of an early copy of Mrs. Corbin's new book, which, the numerous readers of "Rebecca" will be glad to learn, is nearly ready for publication—we gather that, while the author holds somewhat advanced views concerning the relations of the sexes, she stoutly maintains the supreme sanctity of the marriage institution, and claims that it is equally binding upon all who take upon themselves its holy vows.
[From the Sunday Times, Boston.]
This novel, which will be published during the current week, is likely to provoke earnest but various comment.... It deals with a phase of that long-veiled and apparently insoluble question—the relations of the sexes—which few writers have ventured to treat.... The leading idea of the author seems to be to define true love, and to set forth its power in the conduct of life. Love is the cure of all evil, all crime, in fact, religion. In illustration of this theory, she has constructed a story of singular intensity and vigor. Her convictions are earnest, and she records them with a force that is almost vehement.... The book is evidently the product of a thoughtful mind and a heart that longs for the adjustment of sexual relations on their true basis. It gives a new view of love and careful reading, and is written with a nervous strength which is quite impressive.... In view of the peculiar and delicate nature of its theme, the novel and attractive theory which it enforces, and the purity of its kind, but now they agree with me as well as they ever did.—P. F. KILPATRICK, P. M., March Springs, Wis.)
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GREAT EXCITEMENT
AT
JEFFERSON MILLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.
THE BLIND SEE!
THE LAME WALK!
THE LEPER IS CLEANSED!



JEFFERSON MILLS, N. H., March 21, 1874.—PROF. PAYTON 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 for ten days I showed up my face to see how my arm looked, and to my utter astonishment the scabs would cleave off easily and leave all smooth and now clean. The Doctor who had attended me, and whose head 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 feet and to my head or put on my vest. I can now hear it in any position. So long I could only walk, I could get off any way. I now travel quite easily. I now travel quite easily. 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 powders have set it all right. Several years ago, from overstraining one eye and a blow on the other, I became blind, so that I could not see a person in the same room. Now I can read the large words in your Circular; yet I took only two Boxes of Negatives. On Thursday I called on Mr. Bowles, who had been sick about two years; and his wife was sick from taking cholera. Her limbs were swollen to her body. She could not do anything or go about the house. I could not prevail on him to use the Powders. On my way there Mr. Woodford, who is acquainted with the Powders, having used them and seen their good effect, let him have a Box. He went to Mr. Bowles that night, and after much persuasion got Mrs. Bowles to take one of the Powders. Last night my neighbor came in and said he had news for me—namely, that he was at Mr. Bowles' in the morning, and saw Mrs. Bowles out on the piazza at work. He was greatly surprised, on inquiry she said she took one of Bowles' Positive Powders the night before; it eased all her pain, and she slept like a pig. He said he never saw two persons so elated in his life. Please send me Six Dozen more Boxes.
Yours truly,
A. H. KNIGHT.

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 Billious Inflammation, 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 on the Positive Powders (according to Rule the tenth) to be magical in its effects on all kinds of Sores and Erysipelas.
DR. W. H. JENKS, formerly of North Adams, now of Amherst.
One box of your Positive Powders cured David Willington of a pain in his stomach of 18 years' standing. Mrs. E. Clavin was cured by the Negative Powders of Numbness, or Palsy, of 13 years' duration. The Powders cured Mrs. E. Clavin of Neuritis. They also cured a lady of Fatal Neuritis when given up as past cure. In cases of Paralysis (Child-birth), I consider them of great value.
DR. JULIA WILLIAMS, Practical Midwife, East Brantree, 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.
J. P. WAY, M.D., Bennett, Ill.
Your Positive and Negative Powders seem to be quite amatory—no marked action—yet they cure. I have some patients who can't live without them, as nothing else has ever benefited them.
O. D. E. KIRK, M.D., Fern Springs, Miss.
They are peculiarly adapted to the female constitution.
DR. L. HAKES, Cicero, N. Y.

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. GRACEY JONES, Fairmount, Mass.)
My daughter, Martha, has been cured of Suppressed Menstruation by the use of the Positive Powders.—(J. COOPER, St. John, Ark.)
Your Positive Powders have cured me of Dropsy of the Womb of one year's standing. The tendency to Dropsy was inherited.—(Mrs. ANNA MRS. 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 entered a great deal from irregularity and flooding. She had doctored with seven different doctors, but there is nothing as good as your Powders.—(W. H. KNIGHT, Smith Creek, Mich.)
Your Positive and Negative Powders have cured a case of Milk Lett 16 years of age. The child was born with several different doctors, but there is nothing as good as your Powders.—(W. H. KNIGHT, Smith Creek, Mich.)
Your Positive and Negative Powders have cured a case of Rheumatism, a case of Falling Sickness or Fits, and a case of Dysentery.—(POWELL HAZLWOOD, Yorkville, Ill.)
Miss Lena Austin was taken with Stoppage 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. GRACE, Fardoeville, Wis.)

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 it for six weeks at a time. I have used your Positive Powders for Neuralgia and Sick Headache.—(JAMES G. HANNEY, 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 they are like an angel of mercy in the night time.—(MRS. M. A. RANKER, Huntville, Ala.)
I had a severe attack of Neuralgia in the neck, and I stopped it in 10 minutes with your Positive Powders.—(JACOB S. BURTON, River Side, Ohio.)
When I commenced taking your Powders, I had a great deal of 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 man. 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. ROBERTS, North Richmond, N. H.)

Consumption, 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.—(MRS. J. WORLEY, New Petersburg, Ohio.)
Five Boxes of Positive Powders have cured a little girl of a very bad case of Scrofula.—(R. MORRIS, Fayetteville, N. C.)
The daughter of Henry E. Lopper was afflicted with Scrofula 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.—(JONAS TROSKA, Orono, 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, Becket, Me.)
I have cured Mrs. Anna Wright of Inherited Scrofula with 3 Boxes of the Positive Powders.—(CHAS. FRANKLIN, Beaver Dam, Wis.)
Mother had the Catarrh in her head so bad that, when lying down, she could hear it go drip, drip, or a ringing. Your Positive Powders cured her. They have cured my Catarrh in the head also.—(MRS. E. M. SHAW, Burlington, N. J.)
Your Powders cured me 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. He is now at work for us, a well man.—(F. 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 piece of apple as large as a hazel nut, she would not sleep a particle all night, but be very weary and nervous. She is entirely well now.—(A. G. KOWALSKY, Stockton, Miss.)
Your Powders cured me 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. He is now at work for us, a well man.—(F. W. HALL, New Haven, Ind.)
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, and 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 I desire, without suffering any inconvenience whatever.—(REV. L. JULIAN, M.D., Brantree, Ark.)

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874.

The Dark Side of Life, or What is Evil?

NUMBER SEVEN.

An exchange gives an elaborate account of the appearance of the distinguished wife of the hundred millionaire, Mrs. Astor, at a party she gave at her Fifth Avenue residence, New York. On each of her shoulders she had four diamonds. Her hair was set very thickly with diamonds, and her head seemed aflame with them.

Precious stones, by the superstitious are regarded with a high degree of reverence. The ignorant ascribe to them many magical properties. The diamond is said to be an amulet against evil influence; the jacont, it is said, produces calm refreshing sleep; the chrysolite assuages wrath, while the sapphire procures the favor of princes.

Life, indeed, is a tragedy, and she is one of its principal actors. The acting, however, is real—no fiction about it. The disappointments are not in the play—they are actual occurrences, fraught with all the agony that invariably distinguish them.

Mrs. Astor is a star actress—her costume cost \$1,000,000. While presenting herself so gaudily attired to the fascinating gaze of an admiring throng, and floating gracefully in the dance, like a fairy queen, the "supers" were performing their part in the great tragic drama of life, too,—within a few rods of her palatial residence, were scores of soup houses, where the poor, those feeble in health, and those who are so unfortunate as to be unable to gain a livelihood, are furnished with temporary nourishment!

residence, were scores of soup houses, where the poor, those feeble in health, and those who are so unfortunate as to be unable to gain a livelihood, are furnished with temporary nourishment! Look at that woman carrying off a bowl of soup. How poorly clad! How pale her features! How emaciated that once stately form! Those eyes were once lustrous with the animation that only prosperity and happiness can impart.

A dance in a Fifth Avenue residence in New York is one thing; the soup houses, places of charity, jails, reform schools, penitentiaries, etc., are quite another. The world seems to be writhing under its heavy load of groans, sighs, tears, scenes of starvation, murder, discord and licentiousness, and the question may well be asked, Who wrote the tragedy of life? Who assigned to Mrs. Astor the first position in the play? Who ordered her to live sumptuously, to expend a million on one dress? Who directed that poor woman to assume a part where she must actually starve? Who ordered that man to act such a role that he would be cruelly assassinated like Lincoln? Who is stage manager in the tragedy of life?

Look, too, at the heavy tragedy, that of war. Beecher says the extent of the waste and burden of war can be estimated when it is noted that the war debts of the world amount to over twenty-one thousand million of dollars. Money absolutely squandered and wasted; money, the most of which was spent in retaining power gained; money spent in grinding the masses into the dust; money, the expenditure of which did more to injure the prosperity of the race than can be repaid in ages.

This feature, war, is one of the dark sides of life, and human nature becomes sad and despondent when considering its untold evils.

The four and one half million of contributions, of church societies, and private individuals, to relieve the suffering, poverty, and destitution of people in New York city, is really grand and humane, some private individuals devoting their time and money to feed, shelter and clothe the destitute; running private establishments for this purpose alone—while the church and societies are not behind in their efforts to feed the hungry and clothe the naked—and the city is expending twice the usual amount in the same direction.

The fact that such a superhuman effort is required to beat back the tide of poverty and suffering, only demonstrates its appalling magnitude, and the sombre darkness and gloom that envelops many of our people. But the very churches that contribute so generously to relieve the poor and destitute, in some cases, are instrumental in causing what they are trying to prevent. It has long been known that the Trinity Church corporation of New York city, drew a considerable portion of its revenue from property leased by liquor dealers. Some forty or fifty places belonging to the Trinity property are, it is said, occupied as liquor stores and saloons. The propriety of this thing has long been a matter of dispute among the trustees just as though there could be a question with Christians of propriety about leasing property for the purpose of selling liquors.

Ah! he who mingles with the moving, throbbing life of the world, realizes the startling fact that he is one in a monstrous tragedy! The cry of the starving in tremulous accents thrills through the atmosphere, causing an icy chilliness to pervade one's nature; and the sighs of the sorrowing ones ascending heavenward, expire on the breeze, dying out in echoes that sound as sadly as a funeral knell. Virtue pure and angelic, radiant with the self-consciousness of innocence, sells itself for bread; prostitutes itself to gain a home—the common comforts of life. The young and confiding are wrecked on the shores of passion as they struggle with the beating waves of life. The mighty waves of passion engulf in ruin many of the struggling fair ones of earth.

Yes, life is a fearful tragedy! The cries of joy and sorrow are real, tangible, and the grave always claims its victims! The wheels of creation move onward, ever onward, seemingly unmindful of the disasters they evolve! Prayer can not stop their onward strides. They grind out souls to wreck them! They animate with life unconscious germs, to toss them on the turbulent waves of sorrow, and send them down to a premature grave! They cause famines, epidemics, inundations, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, disasters at sea,—in fact, as they move grandly forward sighs and moans encircle them with a sombre sadness. Yes, the world is indeed a tragedy. It moves grandly along as heedless of your misfortunes, as the cold frost is heedless of the beautiful flower which perishes in its cold embrace.

A Good Work and an Example Worthy of Imitation.

BRO. JONES.—I herein send you the names of four new subscribers, which in addition to what I sent by G. Anderson, of Manston, makes thirty-five. I am convinced that if your present subscribers would exert themselves a little, they could procure thousands of new subscribers in a very short time.

Manston, Wis.

Thanks, Brother, for all you do. You are right. If all would work as you do many others have done, the fact of spirit communion would be well established in the minds of the

American people, beyond controversy, within one year, the result of which would be the institution of new rules of government, which would require that every child born into mortal life should be well nursed, fed, clothed, educated, mentally, morally and scientifically, and practically taught habits of industry and economy. Under such a regime suffering, want, ignorance and crime, would be banished from the land, and the long wished-for millennium would appear.

That is the work true Spiritualism is destined to perform. It is no part of the mission of Spiritualism—the philosophy of life, to build up a sectarian organization; it is to work in all phases of society, and among churches as *locum pro meo*, until all become imbued with the thought that, to make mankind good you must make them wise.

No man who knows the true mission of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will hesitate to subscribe for it, and give it pecuniary support, as he would a cause most sacred and dear to his inmost soul.

However much men and women may deride what they think is Spiritualism, they will not object to the fundamental principles evolved by the philosophy of life, as taught in this paper.

We recognize nothing but the highest code of moral ethics, that civilization presents to the intelligence of mankind. We recognize all existing institutions as necessary and important in the economy of nature—all that is good—no matter where found or by whom taught. Our motto is, "Onward and upward, new improvements, apparently new truths, now and forever."—ED. JOURNAL.

A New and Beautiful Phase of Mediumship.

We have in our reception room, a beautifully executed portrait of a fine looking young lady, the work of Mrs. Theo. Andrus, of Norwalk, Ohio. She is but recently developed to this remarkable phase of mediumship.

Skeptics, without a knowledge upon the subject of spirit power, and apparently without any desire to know the truth, deride and ridicule well demonstrated facts, simply because it seems to please some very bigoted religionists, who never were blest with any knowledge gained by their own observation.

This phase of spirit power sets at defiance all known laws of science and art. It performs what the world denominates *miracles*—an effect whose cause is not understood.

The medium being entirely ignorant of the art of painting in her normal condition, executes in this abnormal condition, most beautiful specimens of portraiture.

Science demands light to distinguish colors, and to compound them, and yet the most delicate colors are distinguished and compounded in total darkness.

Scientists stand aloof and with knowing looks (very much like an owl), pronounce the phenomenon a fraud and deception. The *divines* when assured that it is done really as claimed, fall back into the "last ditch," and gravely assert that "it is the work of the Devil."

Let it go upon record that the scientists were the last to investigate in this field of science, developed through spirit communion, and that the so-called *divines* without investigation, ran from the phenomenon, fearing it would subvert their preconceived religious opinions.

Here we give the report of Mrs. Andrus' peculiar phase of mediumship as given by her husband.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—As most readers and investigators of spiritual philosophy, are interested in all accounts of new phases of development in mediumship, perhaps a brief synopsis of the development of Mrs. Andrus, of Norwalk, O., may afford some little interest to your many thousand subscribers. My wife with a few friends commenced holding circles for mutual information, and to investigate spiritual phenomena, some four years ago. At first bells would be rung under the table, in daylight, the medium sitting with her hands upon the table, and the visitors forming a circle around it. At these sittings, many beautiful descriptions of scenes in the Spirit-land were given, which were very interesting as well as instructive.

After a short time this phase of mediumship was changed to physical manifestations, when a guitar, tamborine, and mouth organ would be played upon, and bells rung, at the same time the medium being entranced, and tied, so as to render it utterly impossible for her to make any of the demonstrations. She would be tied by some one of the circle, then untied and tied by the spirit. While entranced in the cabinet, the circle would hold conversation with spirits, talking in a plain audible voice, some speaking through the trumpet and others without it.

At a circle last fall, a lady who was quite skeptical, went into the cabinet, and while holding the medium's hands, felt large and small hands patting her face and shoulders, and the instruments were all being played upon. She, wishing to see more of the phenomena, desired to stay all night, which was readily assented to, she occupying the room with the medium. On retiring the lamp was turned down, leaving the room sufficiently light to see everything in it, when she was startled to see the guitar come through the doorway, being brought from the sitting room, and several pieces which the lady called for, were beautifully executed, an accompaniment being played by ringing a small bell.

At some of Mrs. Andrus' circles, spirit-lights and hands have been seen, and in one instance the outline of a face. Loud concussions have been heard, accompanied by a flash resembling lightning, as seen through a curtain, and plainly heard in the neighboring house. I might relate many manifestations *ad infinitum*, but I fear I am already using too much space.

Some three weeks since, Mrs. Andrus, while attending to household duties, heard a voice say "Put eighteen thicknesses of cloth over your eyes, and we will make portraits of persons in spirit life." At the first good opportunity, which was three or four days after, no one being in the house but ourselves, she was blindfolded as directed, and after going into a trance condition, made a portrait of a lady with long flowing black hair—crude of course, but with well delineated features. She was as much astonished as I, to find what success had attended the sitting.

The third sitting was in the presence of

six persons, and thoroughly blindfolded, a bright light being on the table so all could see every mark executed. A portrait was made in about fifteen minutes of a lady, none, however, recognizing it. While she is in this trance condition, she is controlled by the spirit of an Indian girl calling herself Yoka, who, by the way, has been her controlling spirit for the past two years; a very bright and intelligent spirit, who keeps up a very animated conversation all the time the portraits are being made.

At this, the third sitting, the controlling spirit asked if we knew her medium could make pictures in the dark. Answering negatively, she said she would show us, and then she took her into a dark room, and in just seven minutes made a portrait of my brother's wife, who died in San Francisco, Cal.

The sixth sitting, she made in a dark room, in six minutes, a portrait of a child of Mrs. J. G. King, which was instantly recognized by her, and also by her son. She never had any kind of a picture of him. The picture I left at your office was made in the dark while blindfolded, and in the presence of several prominent citizens of Norwalk, among whom was C. B. Stickney, Mayor elect, in just ten minutes. The controlling spirit said some one here would recognize it, but would give no names.

I will endeavor to inform you of the progress made from time to time, and send you some specimens. We are promised much more beautiful portraits than any yet made.

Very Truly, THEO. ANDRUS.

Norwalk, Ohio.

Prayer and its Effects.

A little girl repeatedly prayed that God would, in his infinite mercy, give her mother a pair of shoes, but who finally concluded that there was no efficacy in her petitions, as she saw her return home one day with her feet badly frozen, and in consequence she was taken to the hospital where she soon after died. That little girl ever afterward doubted the goodness of God! Was not her mother pure, noble and industrious, and did she not toil unceasingly to support herself and her family?

Her daughter had attended Sabbath School; had been taught that there was an infallible potency in prayer, and naturally tender-hearted, in her childish simplicity and innocence, she reverentially knelt down near her pallet of straw, and clasping her hands together, asked God to send her mother a pair of shoes! That prayer emanating from her lips, was as pure as the aroma of heaven's flowers, and the response that welcomed her, consisted of two frozen feet, resulting in her mother's death.

The world to-day is partially insane on the subject of prayer and devotion. Hallucination can afflict the masses the same as one individual. If God will not answer the prayer of innocent childhood, when it is actuated with emotions of sweet sympathy to alleviate the sufferings of a poor laboring woman, are we not at liberty to question its efficacy in all other cases?

Moral reformers have important lessons yet to learn. We know too little about God, to even make a suggestion about his divine government. People once served him by hanging and burning witches, and it was not until 1750 that laws against witchcraft were repealed in England.

The fact is, we don't know how to serve God. Six hundred religious sects present that number of gaping mouths that articulate divine commands, and which are no more divine in their nature than the incoherent mutterings of an idiot.

Superstition says that when the Savior was being crucified a robin plucked one of the thorns from his crown, which, piercing its breast, ever afterward colored it red, hence robins all have red breasts; but who believes the statement?

We know too little of God to even question the character of his government. Once upon a time—as the story goes—a man had gathered a load of fagots in the forest, and strapped them securely to his back. It was Sunday, and as he was returning to his home, God met him, and in an austere manner asked him if he did not recognize the fact that it was Sunday. The man replied that it made no difference to him whether it was Sunday or Monday, whereupon God translated him to the moon! This statement is simply the quintessence of nonsense, yet we have no doubt it is as reliable as the thousands of statements constantly made in reference to God. The fact is, God is an entire stranger to the world; whether he has a head, arms or body even, is not correctly settled, and all the prayers of christendom could not induce him to show his face.

Amidst all this tumult a little condescension on his part would remove all doubt, and save a vast amount of unnecessary labor on the part of the world. His ways are certainly not our ways, for instead of answering the prayers of the Crusaders and suppressing the liquor saloons, we would give the vegetable kingdom our special attention; we would go to the root of the evil, and henceforth no grain or vegetable would yield one particle of liquor. We would cut off the supply; we would remove the evil from the earth altogether.

But, then, we like the grit, the indomitable energy of the Crusaders! If prayer can accomplish the desired end, suppress intemperance, let it become universal, until not one saloon exists in the land. But God, dear readers, can remove the cause, just as easily as the effect; and would it not have more the appearance of consistency, to solicit him to eradicate the cause, instead of constantly dealing with the effect?

Now, we are somewhat inclined to philosophize, and God being a total stranger to mankind, never having seen him, and only heard of him through the churches, we would have him deal with causes, and to that end our prayers would be directed. If we desired famine to cease, we would supplicate him for a bountiful crop of the necessary cereals, and adopting the same course of reasoning, if we desired only temperance to reign, we would

request him to change the nature of those cereals so that no liquor could be distilled therefrom.

So far as this movement of the Crusaders is concerned, we are glad to see it. Philosophy, stand aside, while it continues! Reason, give the movement at least a silent assent! Let prayers drive the evil from the dens of iniquity if it can, and bury it so deep that it can never, never, never, lift its dydra-head again, and the thousands who have suffered so deeply from its deleterious effects, will rejoice. Crusaders, persevere; your actions are more in accordance with divine laws, to say the least, than those who are dealing in the poison.

Letter from a Mormon.

DEAR BROTHER.—To renew my subscription for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, enclosed, please find three dollars. I like the paper well, and do not see how I could do without it. I had been a Mormon for about thirty one years, when I began to read your paper; then the authorities got after me, and finally expelled me from the church. I circulate the JOURNAL where I can find readers, but there is quite a prejudice against Spiritualism here. My family is opposed to it. I leave the paper in full view in the house, but my wife never reads it. She is a Mormon. I have great charity for her, and look hopefully forward to a time when she will grow out of this superstition, and examine for herself.

I should like one question answered, not only for my own information, but for that of some of the Mormons. Suffice it to say, that a certain Elder here had a wife die in child birth. This Elder had a dream. He saw a personage standing by a muddy lake with a child by her side. The color was rather brown, but soon turned a beautiful white. He recognized the figure as that of his wife, and child. He believed the child was born after she died. I want to know whether that child's spirit will come forth in the Spirit-world or not?

Yours Truly, RICHARD BENSON, Parowan, Iron Co., Utah.

We give place to the foregoing, that our readers may see that the prejudice of the Mormon women is identical with that of Christians.

This paper goes into thousands of families where either the wife, daughters, or husband, refuse to read it, hear it read, or allow it to lie upon the table with other papers, to be seen by their neighbors. Why is it so? Simply because they are ignorant of its teachings, or fear what that notorious, but very ignorant old lady, Mrs. Grundy, will say.

The Nazarene knew well that his teachings would array husband against wife, wife against husband, and children against fathers and mothers. Religious intolerance then, as now, abounded everywhere. The truth has in all ages been crucified between thieves, and set at naught, to give place to popular tradition.

Christians look upon Mormons as ignorant heathens. The Mormons in turn look upon Christians in the same light, and Spiritualism as the work of the Devil. In this belief Mormons and Christians are "hand in glove," and would any day join in a crusade against mediums.

The vision of the Mormon Elder was a very fine symbolic representation of a fact. His wife died, and with her died the unborn child; simply the physical forms of both perished, but both were born into spirit-life.

The germ of the human soul, once having been conceived in the human matrix, never recedes or goes backwards. If not matured as a fetus, and born upon the material plane, it does mature and is born into spirit-life, as certain as mortal man is born into spirit-life, when at mature old age he casts off the physical form.

Mother and child passed to spirit-life, and they were, and are now, as dear to each other as if they had remained in the physical form. Not only so, but they are as near and dear to the surviving husband and father, as if they had remained on this plane of life.

We are all in the Spirit-world, consequently the Spirit-world is where we and spirits are. The difference between us and disembodied spirits is this: We are clothed upon here with a cumbersome, gross body. They have beautiful, sublimated bodies; so ethereal, that solid substances are no obstruction to them, and yet they are on that plane of life, as real and tangible as our gross bodies are to us.

All things upon that plane of life are alike sublimated and refined, and yet real and tangible. It is a world of ten fold more beauty than this. It is a world of life, activity and intelligence. It is filled with homes, magnificent in beauty. It is a real world of loveliness in which all of the dear ones who have passed on before us dwell, and it is there where they wait, watch, and with guardian care do their best to direct us in wisdom's ways, that we may be happy here, and when we go to their sphere of life, having fulfilled our mission with things of earth, gross and material, be happy with them forever.

Strange, isn't it, that good men and women will allow their prejudices to war against such a glorious faith; that people will reject and conceal the white-winged messenger of truth, that publishes to the world the glad tidings of immortality and the reality of spirit communion?

Thank God and his holy angels, the day is fast dawning, and the bonds of religious bigotry and intolerance are crumbling to atoms. Spirit communion is an established fact. The tiny raps from the other shore attract the listening ears of Christians, Jews and Mormons. The young men and maidens see visions; the fathers and mothers dream dreams; all of which are forebodings of the veritable realities just beyond. The good Christian, United States Senator Foot from Vermont, at the closing moments of mortal life, said this—"I see the gates are wide open for me to enter." Millions of others see in like manner, some, long years before the hours of dissolution comes.

CAPT. H. H. BROWN writes: "At the meeting of the State Spiritualist Association of Iowa, at Council Bluffs, on the 28th and 29th ult., I was appointed State Missionary, and have since been speaking in the State. I would say to the readers of the JOURNAL that I am ever ready to answer calls to lecture, attend to funerals or weddings, and that I want to be at work. The friends who want lectures, will please write me and I will, if possible, so arrange my route as to visit all the places. If there be but one Spiritualist in a neighborhood, if he will write me, I may be able to visit him. My permanent address is at Mo Valley, Iowa. Let me hear from you brother and sister Spiritualists.

THE *Enterprise*, of Washington, Indiana, speaks as follows of the shyster Baldwin, who is traversing the country gaining a miserable living by "exposing" Spiritualism: "Prof. Baldwin, who styles himself the 'Exposer of Spiritualism,' humbugged a pretty fair audience at the Opera House last Saturday evening. We don't believe in spirits, but if we were ever so much a Spiritualist, such exposures as we witnessed last Saturday evening, would go a long way in confirming our faith in the subtle spirits. We set this Professor down for a thorough-bred scalawag, too lazy to work and not sharp enough to steal, but as a humbug, No. 1."

DR. T. B. TAYLOR has been lecturing with decided success in various parts of the State; has had engagements at Odell, Oneida, Galesburg, Knoxville, etc. He has been doing a good work. Dr. Taylor closed a public debate at Odell on Wednesday evening, spoke on Friday and Saturday evenings at Oneida, twice on Sunday at Galesburg, Magnor Monday and Tuesday, Knoxville Wednesday and Thursday. So the gentleman is finding his hands full of work—as able workers eschewing the free loaf infamy will.

DR. SAMUEL MAXWELL has made arrangements to hold Parlor Seances at his rooms 409 West Randolph Street, every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Good mediums besides himself will assist each time, so as to make it pleasant and profitable for friends and investigators to attend. He has very commodious parlors, music, etc., to make it comfortable and cheerful. Admission 25 cts.

THEODORE F. PARCE, one of the lecturers from Leavenworth, Kansas, gave us a fraternal call last week, on his return from Terre Haute, Ind., where he recently lectured. Bro. Parce is in good health and good spirits and will answer calls to lecture anywhere in the Northwest.

THEODORE PARKER, a Biography, by O. E. Frothingham is just published, and will be welcomed by thousands of Mr. Parker's admirers. It can be had from the office of this paper—price \$3.00, postage 33 cts.

REV. SAMUEL WATSON gave us a call last week. He is doing a grand good work for Spiritualism. His publications are read with deep interest.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, the eloquent free thinker, lectures at Massillon, Ohio, April 22nd, 23rd and 24th; at Salem, the 26th; at Waterville, the 27th and at Chegrin Falls, the 29th and 30th.

Laura DeForce Gordon is editor and proprietor of the *Stockton Leader*, Stockton, Cal. She has recently bought out another paper and combining the two, will soon issue a daily.

Mrs. M. C. RUNDLETT lectures before the First Spiritualist Society in Lewiston, Maine, during April.

DR. J. K. BAILEY has been lecturing at Arkansas, a town of some note in Kansas.

CAPT. H. H. BROWN is lecturing with great success in various parts of Iowa. Address him at Mo Valley, Iowa.

The following named persons write to this office, but give no Post-office address: Mary A. Stone, J. H. Cooley, O. VanWarmer, Mrs. A. Eble, O. C. Dexter, Lydia A. Campbell, J. E. Jordan, W. S. Hand, J. C. Tibbitt, J. L. Sweet, C. Ellis, P. M. Calef, C. R. Bachner, H. M. Parks, A. S. Brown, W. S. Downing, Jno. Goodspeed, T. Calby, H. Preston, John Selby, B. Fisk, Mrs. Dr. Witter, Mrs. M. J. Bennett, Dr. A. T. Tanner, Mrs. J. ne. Murdoch, Jason Stevens, F. S. Emmons, R. G. Finch, H. Orcutt.

One of our subscribers at Webster City, (what state?) writes for us to change his paper to Morgan City, (what state?) and also sends for some books, but does not give any name.

Some one from Platte, Mich., sent \$5.00 for medicine and did not give any name.

R. B. HALL writes: Professor Denton's Geological lectures in San Francisco, Cal., were a perfect ovation from the first to the last. It is wonderful how the man draws, each night many could hardly find standing room. He effectually wiped out the six day's creations, and set our Modern Christians to thinking. Our Spiritual friends have just rented a large, commodious and popular hall, in the Mechanic's Building. Brother Denton is now lecturing in the City of San Jose, and intends to lecture soon in San Francisco, on Spiritualism.

We learn that Mrs. H. Morse, the trance lecturer, is to make her headquarters at Council Bluffs, during the ensuing Spring and Summer, and will receive calls to lecture anywhere in Northern Iowa.

Mrs. Morse has the reputation of being a most excellent trance speaker, giving good satisfaction to large audiences.

She should be kept at work inasmuch as she is willing and anxious to do all that is in her power, to enlighten the people upon the subject of immortality and the future life.

Twenty-five cents pays for the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, for three months, for new trial subscribers. Please send in the subscriptions.

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.

PENNSYLVANIA.

State Society of Spiritualists.

The following is the official report of the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists, held at Lincoln Hall, Broad and Fairmount Avenues, Philadelphia, March 30th, 1874.

MORNING SESSION.

The President, Henry T. Child, M. D., called the meeting to order and delivered the following address:

"Another year, with its wealth of experiences, its joys and sorrows, its conflicts and triumphs, has rolled away, carrying forward on its onward tide all humanity, as well as the dwellers in the spiritual realm. The knowledge of Spiritualism has, not only been extended into new circles and over wider fields, but to the careful student of its philosophy, has come more profound revelations, opening to the vision clearer and more beautiful perceptions of the truth. Spiritualism is not to be considered as consisting of physical manifestations as evidences of spiritual existence, though these are, and ever must be, the basis of a firm and indestructible foundation on which it must rest, but as the foundation stones of a temple do not constitute its entire structure, so these have their own place.

"Spiritualism is the philosophy of life, extending from the least force of spirit as exhibited in the most minute atom of matter, up to the Infinite Being, whom we call God, our Father. Its domain, therefore, is as wide as the universe, as boundless as infinity. Its aim is the discovery of truth, and its application to man's condition and needs. Realizing that God is spirit, and that spirit evolves all law and permeates all matter, Spiritualism has for its mission to bring us into more intimate relationship and knowledge of law and of matter.

"Spiritualism has been aptly compared to the sun in the solar system, sending forth its light and heat to all parts of that system, yet widely diffracted in its effects upon different planets as well as different portions of each. There are many who are groping in darkness of night because the earth and earthly cares, are between them and the sun of Spiritualism; groping thus they deny a living divine inspiration, and pointing to the dim stars of ancient revelations tell us that is all the light that can come to us.

"There are others living on the wintry zone of earth, who, though they may see the splendor of the sun in the distance, have not yet felt its warming rays, awakening into new life the germinal powers of their souls. Intellectually it has reached them, and given them a promise that the Spring approaches, and Summer and Autumn with their fruits will come. Many there are who see not the bright and beautiful sunlight, because their paths are clouded. Sin and crime have thrown its misty veil over them, and they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Ignorance, bigotry and superstition, enshroud the masses to-day, so that many are prevented from seeing the clear, beautiful and soul-inspiring light of the sun of Spiritualism, that is ever shining in the center of the universe.

"The light of this sun demands and produces growth and progress always—progress in the individual, the community, the state, the nation, and the world. It remains to be true that by their fruits ye shall know them, and as individuals and communities, we may know whether we stand in the true and proper relations to the spiritual sun by our condition. Knowledge in this, as in all other directions, is power, and power is one of the measures of responsibility.

"Ignorance and imbecility are irresponsible, but knowledge and capacity, must ever be the measure of responsibility. Spiritualists ought to be light bearers, not only by their words, but by their lives. With the help of the angel world we have opportunities, blessed beyond any former time.

"Among the millions in the great State of Pennsylvania, there are many who have not been favored with the light of our gospel. There are others whose prejudices have been awakened by misrepresentation and falsehood, and not a few by the imprudence and antagonism of some who have accepted Spiritualism.

"The philosophy of Spiritualism teaches that truth will vindicate itself, and that justice will be done. It holds individuals responsible to themselves, and their God. Its means of propagation are various, but the most potent of all is the continued and unceasing watchfulness and care of our guardian spirits, who are seeking every opportunity to impress mankind, collectively and individually. We, as agents and co-workers with them, have a very important work to perform by our lives, by speaking proper words in season, by the circulation of our various publications, by our meetings and circles, in all of which we have the aid and co-operation of our spirit friends and the entire angel-world. Realizing that our cause is progressing rapidly and with certainty, we who have enlisted in the work for eternity, must continue our labors, and we shall find our daily reward."

On motion, Mary Beane and Ann Eliza DeHass were appointed a Financial Committee.

The following persons were appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Dr. Peter O'Brien, Ann E. DeHass and Eliza L. Ashburner. Addresses were delivered by Ann E. DeHass, Miss D. Dixon of W. Island, Hanna Abrahams, Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, Mrs. E. L. Ashburner.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The committee on nominations reported the names of the following persons for the respective offices, and on consideration they were unanimously elected to serve during the ensuing year:

- President, Henry T. Childs, M. D.; Vice Presidents, Dr. W. Bar, of Harrisburg; Ebenzer H. Hines, Bucks County; Eliza L. Ashburner, Philadelphia; Dr. Chas. Noble, Germantown; Secretary, Lydia A. Schofield, No. 520, Twenty-first street, Philadelphia; Treasurer, James E. Sweeney, Board of Managers, Spring Creek; Joseph Potts, Harrisburg; Wm. R. Evans; Mary A. Streton, Bucks Co.; Dr. B. L. Fisher, H. Singson; Harriet Fowler, Philadelphia; Rebecca Lamb, Corry; Jacob Keen, York; Rebecca Grundy and Mary Tweed, Bucks Co.; Frank Gumpert, Allentown; David I. Reed, Chester Co.; Sarah Kirk, Bucks Co.; Joseph J. Hanner, Philadelphia; John M. Sweet, C. R. Line, H. Spear, S. M. Stone, Springway; Dr. H. H. Blanchard, Eliza W. Blanchard, of Philadelphia; Wm. P. Tilton, Bucks Co.

Dr. Child said the question of Special Providences had come to be a very simple one under the light of Modern Spiritualism. He related several instances, one in which he had had a patient, a young child, who had a needle in its thigh. He had visited it for some days, and was unable to extract the needle. Some two or three days afterward, he felt a strong impulsion to go and see the child. When he entered the house, the mother informed him it was asleep, and was rather reluctant to wake it, but he insisted upon it, and on opening the clothing the head of the needle was seen protruding, and it was removed without any difficulty. The explanation was, that one of the guardians of the child, seeing this change and perhaps having had something to do with producing it, had asked the Doctor's guardians to send him.

He related the case of an old friend who was binding oats in a field. He was impressed to pause a few moments from his work, and then turn over the bundle with the handle of his rake, and under it was coiled a large copperhead snake.

The friend supposed it was either God or Jesus Christ, that produced this Special Providence, but the Doctor believed it was one of his guardian spirits who took advantage of his impressive nature to warn him of danger.

The Doctor said that Special Providences were not only better understood since the light of Modern Spiritualism, but they have become much more numerous. Mediums are multiplying all over the land, and all these are becoming more subject to Spiritual aid and intervention, which is the proper term for that which has been known as Special Providences, and which are ignorantly supposed to be the result of the direct interference of Deity. Our explanation renders that which has seemed to be an inexplicable mystery, and which brought in question the impartiality of the Deity, a matter of the simplest character, which any one may understand to be in accordance with just and natural laws. As we watch over and guard those whom we love here, so shall we in the future.

Elder Frederick W. Evans said: "I think there is not much disagreement about Special Providences, if we understand each other. There is nothing more wonderful in this, than that there is that we watch over and help each other here, for it is the same man or woman that is on the body."

"The Spirit-world is so near this, so much like the one in which we live, it is just as natural as this world, and as much matter as this world. It is only that it is more refined. Electricity is matter, I suppose, as much as granite rock. We can form no conception of anything that is not matter, therefore anything that we can see, or feel, or taste, or smell, is matter. When we have laid off the body, the organs of the soul which now look through the windows of the senses, have progressed so that the senses will express themselves, and will be equally potent and active as they are now while encased in the outward form or body. This being the case, the Spirit-world, as we term it, being so near, Swedenborg called the first world the natural Spirit-world, the great receptacle where all souls find themselves when they are out of the body. After they get there, a process of sorting goes on, and they are separated one from another under the laws of affinity. As they become organized together, they act in concert and are more potent than they could be operating simply as individuals. Still, as they are on the natural plane, associated with those they are acquainted with in the body, why should they not notify them from time to time of matters that interest them."

"Many a time we have been notified by our invisible friends, when there was danger of fire; in one case there was a fire in a closet, and a particular sister was impressed very intensely about something else to go to that closet, and she found the fire burning.

"Many times we have been impressed in matters pertaining to the well-being and interests of the family, and the more so as we pay attention to it. We have always found that when we keep simple in our feeling, keep up the communion with our friends that are out of the body, and pay due respect to their impressions, we have these experiences. Sometimes four or five different individuals would speak to us of some danger, and we never failed in such cases to avoid it. We don't notice every idle dream, but when there is a particular spiritual impression, we attend to it."

In answer to the question how we should distinguish between real and false impressions? The elder replied: "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets. A spiritual body needs a spiritual home. I once observed to the Spiritualists of New York, you need a head. You have mediums here under exercise, who need directing. You will subject yourselves to the laws of the land. You will produce insanity; you will injure these persons. You have seeing mediums; you should also have wisdom mediums. Wisdom is the right use of knowledge. Spiritualism is a branch of knowledge; it is a science; it should be used wisely, because if it is used unwisely, injurious results will flow from it. There is no department of human knowledge that needs the exercise of the gift of wisdom more than Spiritualism does."

"This should be recognized as much as a gift as any other form of mediumship. One person may be impressed with wise thoughts, just as much as another medium may be impressed to see and communicate with spirits, or to deliver a beautiful oration; or whatever the manifestation may be, because there are divers operations, but by the same spirit, and these, in its order, will be subject to the same leading spiritual gift that will over look the whole ground.

"Therefore, it is thus in the Shaker family; who, properly organized, the various gifts of the members will be encouraged; but some one's head, and if they are rightly exercised, they will be impressed this way or that way. Sometimes they are impressed to release persons from certain exercises, and to turn the mind of the medium to something that is more practical and useful. That is sometimes much in the gift of wisdom, and very often has been exercised in our order. Sometimes spirits are stronger than others, but we have never found any that the body could not overcome. We feel no more satisfied to have spirits come amongst us, and go where they please, and do what they like, than we would if they were in the body. We don't expect men and women to come and go in at any door where they may choose. I recollect one morning I was at the door yard and I saw some women who had come over from the springs. They said they were walking round to see something. Said I, have you had any permission. An elderly lady undertook to argue the case. I asked her if it was usual for her to let strangers come and go over her home without any liberty from her? She said 'no.' Well, then, this is our home as much as that is yours.

"So if we find one of our members under spiritual exercise, we make inquiry of the spirit if they have had any liberty to come and take possession of our members? If they have not, we don't allow them to stay. We have got through with speculating, and are living earnest lives. We don't need to spend our time in trifling with the spirits in the body or out of it. We have no time to spend in fun and recreation. We want earnest men and women to be about us to do the work that is to be done. Spirits come to us from the other world, and when they come in order and by permission, and are introduced, then we make them welcome. We do not accept them as our teachers, only under our own judgment and reason. We try the spirits and treat them just as we do human beings.

"The subject of Special Providence is introduced to a simple point, and it is very interesting. I have no doubt that Spiritualism will be applied to many more useful purposes in life, than it is at present. It comes not merely to satisfy the rational understanding of the soul, and the existence of another world, as well as the possibility of intercommunication between the two, but it is to have an influence upon our lives. The external physical manifestations may be compared to those which occurred formerly when Mount Sinai was shaken, and the people stood afar off, in fear and dread, but when they drew near and began to feel the presence of spirits in their manifestation, whom they called God, they were commanded not to be with their wives, and it would be well if the Spiritualists would practice self-denial against the lusts of the flesh.

"It was necessary thousands of years ago, and it is certainly quite as necessary to-day. If we would have pure Spiritualism, we must be pure ourselves, and in proportion as we learn this great lesson, will we grow and prosper, and actualize the divine in all our lives."

Mrs. Draper urged us to try the spirits whether they be of Jesus Christ or not.

Dr. Dunton gave a number of interesting instances of Special Providences that had occurred in his experience.

Mr. Freeman said that if Special Providence meant spirit interposition, he could accept it, but if the Infinite Author of all things was supposed to interfere in all our affairs, it was an absurdity to him.

James M. Peebles said, "Most discussions arise from a misconception of each other's words. I can not perceive any great difference of opinion here. The sister says Jesus Christ; this brother says force; that brother says father and mother, but we all mean spirit. Let us not wrangle about terms. The divine principle governs by universal and immutable laws, and within this great realm of universal law, are finite beings, and the specialty is on their part alone. I was pleased with our sister's remarks in regard to Jesus Christ."

"I reverence every good man and woman and I think his life was good."

"In regard to spirit controlling mortals, I believe in trying them. If they make our lives noble, pure and great, they are good; on the other hand if they lead us to folly and vice, I say they are evil; so we must use our best judgment always."

Hanna Abrahams, a medium, spoke and sang under influence.

Mr. H. Champion referred to his experiences as a medium for twenty years.

The evening session was occupied with an able address by Elder F. W. Evans, a full report of which will be given in a future number of the JOURNAL.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., President. 634 Race Street, Philadelphia, Penn. LYDIA A. SCHOFFIELD, Secretary, 526 N. 21st Street.

In Memoriam.

Passed to Spirit-life, on the 21st of March, 1874, Oliver Howe Ash, son of Samuel S. and Sarah J. Ash, of Philadelphia, in the 14th year of his age.

Swiftly and suddenly the angel messenger came, and touched the eldest born of this household, pressing its sorrow upon the bereaved hearts. This fragile flower was given a few short years to bless and brighten our lives, and now so suddenly transplanted to the angel's home. He was a very sensitive intuitive child, with a comprehensive mind far exceeding his years; a deep sense of justice and truth was very marked in his character, and with a most loving and gentle nature he gave promise of a noble manhood.

During the past winter he had taken much interest in the work of the Relief Committee of the First Association of Spiritualists, selling many tickets for the entertainments, and often going to the room to aid in the distribution of food.

The subjects of Death and Spirit life were made topics of daily converse, by one very near and dear to him, and she feels that this influence will aid him in that home whither he has preceded her. He will now become her teacher, and return to tell of his experience there. He loved to go to our meetings, and enjoyed the entertainments with the happy heart of childhood. Even to those whom the blessedness of Spiritualism has become a reality, the severing of these earthly ties is very hard. The angels have gathered our fullest-blown flower within the garner of the "Summerland," and our hearts are solemnized by the call given to resign this gift of God back to Him and to heaven; yet he is still ours. "They can not make him dead," and may the fond parents realize his daily presence. The quiet loving footsteps which came so softly and so often to the maternal side to give or receive a fond embrace, will still come, even more quietly, but as surely, and the dear lips never hushed in sleep upon the good-night kiss, will still press upon our brows.

His gentle loving spirit was "too tender for the battle here." Our Father, who "giveth and taketh, knows the harvest time as well as the seed time; surely the Omnipotent Husbandman knows when his immortal grapes are purple, and his corn in the ear."

As the beautiful form lay before us for the last time, it was covered with flowers by loving hands, as they came to look upon it, and at the head of the casket was placed an exquisite and beautiful floral basket as a memento of love from his schoolmates. Words of comfort and consolation were spoken by Dr. G. Truman, of the Society of Friends, and by his well-loved and faithful physician, Dr. Henry T. Child.

Among the many sympathizing letters received by his parents, is the following touching poem, with the wish to "steal some fever from your grief," and with the same desire toward others, we present it, hoping to soothe some maternal heart in the poignancy of a deep sorrow.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT, BY E. W. PABER.

Thou touchest us lightly, O God! in our grief, But how rough is thy hand in our prosperous hours. All was bright, but thou camest so dreadful and brief, Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

My children! my children! they clustered around me, Like a rampart which sorrow could never break through, Each change in their beautiful lives only bound me.

In a spell of delight which no care could undo,

But the lily-bed lies beaten down in spring's season, And the tallest is gone, oh, so fair in my eyes! Thou lovest thy sole boral and had I not reason The treasure thou gavest me, Father, to prize?

But call it not murmuring! my will is with thee, I knew not the first, that my darling was thine; Hadst thou taken him earlier, O Father! but see, Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he was mine.

Thou hast honored my child by the speed of thy choice, Thou hast crowned him with glory, overwhelmed him with mirth, He sings up in Heaven, with sweet-sounding voice While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

Yet, oh, for that voice which is thrilling through Heaven, One moment my ears with its music to shake! Oh, not for worlds would I have him given, Yet I long to have back what I would not let take.

Go, go with thy God, with the angels, my child, Thou art his, I am his and thy brothers are his; But to day thy fond mother with sorrow is wild, To think that her son is an angel in bliss!

Oh, forgive me, dear Father! on heaven's bright shore, Should I still in my child find a separate joy; While I bask in the light of thy face evermore, May I think Heaven brighter because of my boy.

L. A. SCHEFFELD.

Holl & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Uterine Wafers

For the cure of Female Weakness, Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb. These Wafers are Local Treatment, and will be found much more convenient to use than preparations usually prescribed. The Formula was given us by a French Physician, Dr. Charley, of the University of Paris (now deceased). They were used only in his practice, never having been advertised or introduced to the public generally. We have tested them thoroughly, and have with confidence presented them to the public, feeling assured their merits will win the confidence of all who use them. Price-List, same as Powders.

MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC POWDERS!

Are curing: Cancer, Catarrh, Rheumatic, Asthma, Erysipelas, Paralysis, Fever, and Ague, Yellow Fever, etc., etc.

NATIONAL SOLDIER'S HOME, Dayton, Ohio.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1872.—This is to certify that after having been under the care of a large number of physicians, and having exhausted all other remedies, I have been cured of the following diseases by using Holl & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders, viz: Catarrh, Asthma, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Cancer in the face, Stomach issues from one eye, Erysipelas, etc., etc. Am now a well man.

CATARRH CURED.

Mr. John W. Shaw, of National Soldier's Home, Dayton, Ohio, cured of Catarrh in his worst form, a severe case of 16 years' standing, and Magnetic Powders 1 month.

PARALYSIS CURED.

Mr. Hollingsworth, Tualoosa, Ala., an old gentleman 78 years old, cured of Paralysis by using 8 boxes of Electric Powders.

YELLOW FEVER, ETC., ETC.

Dr. J. G. Wood, of Milton, Fla., reports many cases of Yellow Fever cured, also severe cases of Typhoid Fever, Bilious Fever, Flux, Cholera, Malaria, Diarrhea, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Stomach Issues, Erysipelas, etc., and says our Powders are perfectly reliable, never failing to cure in any case where I have employed them.

Mr. Benjamin Moore, of Blooming Valley, Mich., a great sufferer from Neuralgia in the eye and face for 7 years, writes, "I had no more pain after using first 1 box of your Powders, and a neighbor's daughter cured of Rheumatism by taking 1 Box Magnetic Powders."

Mrs. Frances Kinsman, New London, Conn., writes, "I shall be most happy to receive any and all who are suffering with nervous affections to use Holl & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders, having derived benefit from them. I believe them to be a sovereign remedy for nearly all the ill-effects of Fevers, etc., and acts directly on the blood and nerves."

Immense numbers of letters, telling cures of various diseases can be seen at our office.

The Magnetic Powders, the Electric Powders, cure all Acute, Chronic, and Chronic Diseases. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Mailed Postpaid 1 Box, 2.000 4 Boxes, 6.000

Send your money at our expense and risk, by post-office money order, registered letter or draft on New York. All letters containing orders and remittances, must be directed to

HOLL & CHAMBERLAIN, 127 East 16th Street, New York City. PROPRIETORS: FROEBE G. HULL, Magnetic Physician, 127 East 16th St., (Near Union Sq.), New York City. Branch Offices: New Orleans, Louisiana; New York, (Near Union Sq.); Philadelphia, Pa.

THE KIRBY HARVESTING MACHINES

Self-Raking Reapers! Combined Reapers & Mowers! Two-Wheel Mowers!

A COMPLETE VARIETY From which all classes of Farmers can select the Machine best suited to their wants.

SIMPLE! STRONG! DURABLE! LIGHT DRAFT! PERFECT WORK

Important Improvements! Manufactured at AUBURN, N. Y. Branch Offices and Warehouses at CLEVELAND, O., ST. LOUIS, MO., CHICAGO, ILL. Address D. M. OSBOENE & CO., AT EITHER PLACE. Pamphlets giving full descriptions and prices, can be had from local agents, or will be mailed free on application.

Special Notices.

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...

The remedy is harmless, and not repulsive. 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...

For Moxh Patches, Freckles AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moxh and Freckle Lotion. Which is harmless and in every case infallible.

TEA. TEA AGENTS wanted in town and country to sell TEA or get up clubs and sell the tea in the most liberal manner...

AGENTS WANTED! To call, direct to consumers, THE GENUINE HISTORY OF THE FAIRMEN'S MOVEMENT.

SPRIT PAINTINGS. THAT WONDERFUL GALLERY OF SPRIT PORTRAITS, Upon which the world-renowned Spirit-artist, Wella and Pet Anderson...

THE ANCIENT BAND. And several others, were natives of the Island continent of ATLANTIS, which was sunken in a terrible earthquake.

SIXTEEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO. While they, with some hundreds of other Atlantians, were on this continent engaged in mining, and other pursuits...

TESTIMONIALS. "Looking at this Gallery of Pictures as Works of Art, and setting aside the idea of Spiritual assistance, many of the pictures are of a high order of excellence..."

THE MOUND BUILDERS. Of the Mississippi Valley, and the architects of the "buried cities" of Central America, whose true history is going to be written. This continent was called by them the NEW ATLANTIS.

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS. CARD and Cabinet sizes, have been made of these Pictures, and are

NOW OFFERED FOR SALE. To all who wish to grace their albums or rooms with the most beautiful and most attractive group of ancient costumes and faces ever before seen on this earth.

MASON & HAMILTON CABINET ORNAMENTS. Winners of Highest Medals at Paris, 1857; Vienna, 1873; and in America, all ways. NEW STYLES, with improvements.

OUTHERBERT, Ga.—Wm. Coleman writes.—Two years ago I was called crazy by some bigots, but now I have the satisfaction of knowing that there are a great many of the best minds in this and adjoining counties, among the views of Spiritualists...

ALBANY, N. Y.—E. D. Strong writes.—Frank Vanuosen is a young man, totally blind, lost his sight when an infant. With this calamity came that of his father's death, who left a feeble mother to poor blind Frank...

ROCKVILLE, Mo.—Frank Hardesty writes.—There has been Spiritual manifestations at a house in Benton County, Mo., for about two years. I will relate some of the most extraordinary...

CHICAGO, ILL.—An Anxious Inquirer writes.—A newspaper man has facilities for knowing things, others have not, you will pardon me for troubling you by asking for information...

ALBANY, N. Y.—E. D. Strong writes.—I visited the Eddy family at Chittenden, Vermont, and remained with them two weeks. While there I conversed freely, and so perfectly that friends recognized them by their voices...

MEMPHIS, MO.—E. J. Stout writes.—In May, 1862, just two weeks after I had laid all that was mortal of a dearly loved wife in the ground, she came to me at midnight...

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—An Investigator writes.—I am now an investigator into the truths of Spiritualism. I had some remarkable tests through my own mediumship. The last one, however, is beyond my understanding...

MASON & HAMILTON CABINET ORNAMENTS. Winners of Highest Medals at Paris, 1857; Vienna, 1873; and in America, all ways. NEW STYLES, with improvements.

"This is transition." Now, I am sure if we live rightly here, it will be nothing to die. If there are any among your numerous readers, who suffer at the approach of death as I have in the past, it may be that this communication will comfort them, as it has me.

Voices from the People.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—W. Witham writes.—The JOURNAL is well received here.

NORRIS, ILL.—E. M. Hill writes.—I thank you a thousand times for the stand that you take against Woodhull & Co.

LIBERTY CENTER, IOWA.—A. Smith writes.—I want the JOURNAL for life. I can't do without it so long as I can pay for it.

FAULKNER, IOWA.—Stephen Dow writes.—I am very much pleased with the position you take against the Woodhull infamy.

MURPHYSBORO, ILL.—Mrs. Dalley writes.—I am glad you have taken the bold step toward proving to the world that pure Spiritualism and this polluted Woodhullism do not go together.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.—A. J. Perkins writes.—We want a good medium here. If you know of any one, send him this way, or tell them to correspond with us.

JAMAICA, VT.—W. S. Rowson writes.—These five names that I send you to-day, will make thirty-four new trial subscribers that I have forwarded you for the JOURNAL.

MILES, IOWA.—Dr. Sanford writes.—I wish it to be distinctly and positively understood that I am decidedly against the social freedom doctrine as advocated by Mrs. Woodhull, Moses Hull, or any other of the social freebooters.

MARTINOTON, I. Calhoun writes.—It is with pleasure I write you these lines to let you know how well pleased I am with the JOURNAL. It has taken my feet, as it were, out of the horrible pit and placed them on the rock of ages.

WILLIAM, N. Y.—A. S. Hambleton writes.—The little folks are interested in the LITTLE BOURGEOIS, and I wish them to embrace those beautiful truths, such as make a paradise of earth. I am a constant reader of the JOURNAL.

CAWKER CITY, KAN.—S. E. Gillett writes.—The JOURNAL is more dear to me since it took such a decided stand against Woodhull and Moses-Hullism, and came out boldly for truth, justice and light.

PLANTSVILLE, O.—D. T. Bruce writes.—I really think that if there is a paper in the world that should be paid for promptly, it is the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I would as readily go without bread as it.

FT. WAYNE, IND.—W. C. Babcock writes.—In conclusion I would say that good mediums respecting this way will be welcomed to my hospitality. They will find friends that are almost starving for Spiritual food.

LA CROSSE, WIS.—M. E. Hubbard writes.—Please find remittance enclosed to pay for the JOURNAL for three months more, for we are much pleased with the way you handle the Moses-Woodhullites.

COLDWATER, MICH.—S. Rawson writes.—I am glad you are so careful in regard to names, dates, etc. Those who use the columns of your paper for the purpose of making known to the public those wonderful manifestations, should always give the truth.

DOVER, ME.—Mrs. O. Batchelor writes.—I think the JOURNAL is the best paper I ever read; don't know how I could do without it. Every week it brings me food for my hungry soul. Hope the good angels will ever stand by you, to help you to advocate virtue and truth.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—W. G. Jobb writes.—I am glad to contact that I like the aim of the JOURNAL, and the ability of its contributors, without committing myself to the primal features of Spiritualism. I have read but a few numbers, but I trust we shall become better acquainted.

CHESTER, N. H.—E. L. Wright writes.—I would like to say something in reference to Sister Cross; she is one of our best speakers, and is worthy of being patronized, and those societies that want a good medium speaker will find one in Mrs. Cross.

KNOX, IND.—W. Elmendorf writes.—We have only a few Spiritualists in our little town, but there is not one Woodhullite among them. One of our best citizens are investigators of our philosophy. Keep on in the good work, and may the angels bless you. I have sent you several trial subscribers, and will forward you more from time to time.

LANCASTER, IOWA.—William Walker writes.—But one word in regard to the Moses-Woodhullism. I am glad to know there is one editor in the Spiritual ranks, who dares oppose the hydra-headed monster, and meet the lion in his own den. Keep on, Bro. Jones, and good men and women will be ever ready to vindicate your character when wrongfully traduced.

PINE ISLAND, MINN.—O. H. M. writes.—I have been inclined towards Spiritualism for 20 years, and in fact believe as far as I have light. I am one of the skeptical kind. I want some powerful demonstration. I want the spirits to handle me, make themselves visible, speak, and let me feel their presence in some unmistakable manner.

HERON LAKE STATION, MINN.—Mrs. Lury A. Craspey writes.—We have been a reader of the JOURNAL for a short time and can truly say that the personal of its pages has afforded us much pleasure, and good substantial food for the soul. I have no more to say. I was healed by spirit power after I had been confined in the house three months, unable to step.

SHELBYVILLE, IND.—E. McDuffie writes.—A Christian minister, John Smith, says he is ready to discuss the merits of Spiritualism, if any person will name the subject, time and place. He considers Spiritualism the work of the Devil. He resides about three miles South of Shelbyville, Ind. His address is Fenns, Shelby County, Indiana.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—R. writes.—In this city alone, Spiritualists number thousands. We have judges, lawyers, doctors, bankers, and members of churches, in fact, representatives by scores and hundreds of all classes. Our meetings, even when no extra talent is presented, are well attended. Dean Clark and his excellent wife have done a good work here. He is a clear, logical speaker. Rev. Mr. York, of San Jose, frequently ministers to our hungry multitudes. Mrs. M. Kinley is one of our best local speakers and a woman laborer in our cause. We have quite a number of good mediums with us, and they are all kept busy as beavers. Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye, wherever she may be, will head the list of mediums for reliability of statement.

JOLIET, PARSON.—Henry Nemo writes.—I was in prison and ye came unto me. I have been receiving the JOURNAL for several weeks, and I have read it attentively, and I believe I have received more light from it than I have from any other paper. If people would only throw their prejudice aside and give their attention for a while, I don't think it would be long before old orthodox would be dethroned. In fact, before I received your paper, I was almost an infidel to everything; but thanks to you, I have been placed on the correct road. I receive it regularly every Saturday. I send it to three others, but I don't know how they like it, for we can't ask questions. I have the last issue now, lying in the door to send to my neighbor by the first guard that passes.

This burden off my hands into your own, keeping account of items for one year, and you will find the question satisfactorily settled.

As regards information concerning the resources of Colorado, subscribe for a good paper like the Central Register or the Rocky Mountain News, the former published at Central City, the latter at Denver, and you will get far more information thereby than I can give.

My stay in the Territory must not be supposed to confer upon me the possibility of putting "men of small means" into lucrative positions; for the fact is, it depends altogether upon individual tact, capacity, and discrimination, what a man may do after getting here. Invalids, with the means of support in hand, will find this mountain atmosphere the purest and most exhilarating on earth. Nothing can surpass its invigorating, life-giving qualities. But a certain class of invalids should not come here. When the lungs have become much weakened or ulcerated, it is almost invariably a fatal step to ascend to high; as the increased inflation, expanding the diseased and tender tissues, results disastrously. But in the early stages of lung complaints many are restored. Many die here; but they belong in large proportion, to that class who came here with deep-seated chronic diseases. Many could recover their health, but do not for the reason that the Almighty dollar stands in the way. Men of substantial means often go into speculation, and for a time the care, responsibility and pressure of business gives little rest, either to body or mind. Men who are limited to small means, and forced to pay heavy rents or board bills, often work too hard for exhausted nature to bear, and many suffer from debility till fully acclimated. But never has my eye rested on such magnificent scenery, and no country is more prolific of resources than this Territory. The financial crisis of the past season has here, as elsewhere, arrested the machinery of productive trade; but the people of Colorado are enterprising, intelligent and progressive. No better society can be found east than in the young, growing towns of Northern and Central Colorado. Fine school buildings are increasing in every direction. Land grabbers and stealers are usually shrewd in their selections, and know where the choice slices grow. This may account for the fact they have invaded this fertile region.

Questions about irrigation I can only answer in short. Irrigation is the farmers and gardeners necessity. Once established and kept in repair, this system takes precedence of all others; no periodical drouths to blast the farmers' expectations. But there is a lively little pest which makes its presence known not infrequently in the grasshopper. Still, I have not yet seen anything formidable in them, as they did not visit where I did. To those desiring extensive information concerning this section, let me repeat, take the papers. Of course a margin must be allowed for extravagant promises, but in statistics and details you will usually get very near the facts—for newspaper men here, as in the east, will criticize each other, and thus enforce the law of truthfulness. In conclusion let me say, many have come here poor and sickly, who are now abundantly prospered with health and means. But I could not conscientiously advise the poor to leave a paying business east, and come here without a guarantee of better employment. Some have done it to their sorrow. No rule can be given, however, which will apply to all.

I have seen many rush precipitately into the West, thinking it the only place in which to bury or shake off all perplexity and disappointment, but the expense of travel, the increased cost of rent and provisions, with a large family to acclimate and start anew in self-support, has made many a stout heart quail, before it reached independence or the grave. To the "lucky" ones, fortune, or more likely, business capacity, has brought wealth and independence. The rule holds good in this territory. Fruits are mostly imported, the high winds in their season, proving detrimental. But no misma here. Coal plenty and cheap, as well as very fine. All the ores abundant. Wheat, as many know, the finest that ever grew. All the profiting are well represented. Colorado is growing rapidly, and in Boulder, Golden, Colorado Springs, and in Boulder and infant cities competing with the territorial metropolises, Denver, real estate is going up at an astonishing rate, even in these hard times. Beyond these places I have no personal observation, being a helpless invalid nearly all last summer, but now pleasantly employed in this thriving little city.

Boulder, Colorado.

Dying.

S. S. JONES.—DEAR SIR.—About five years ago I was brought very low by sickness. The question arose in my mind, what are the sensations of the dying? The word transition was in my mind continually. While the mortal part has hitherto kept such firm hold, what are his experiences and sensations? I say, while pondering upon these questions, suddenly I seemed to be surrounded by a band of female spirits, who came pouring into the room, ranging themselves in two rows, one out from my head, another from my feet, leaving a space between, and while they stood looking at one another and at me, I began to sing the well known words,

"How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss, Will bow their bright forms to a world such as this; Will leave the best mansions of glory above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love, Hallelujah, amen! Hallelujah, amen!"

And then others came pouring in till they filled the room to its utmost capacity. Then I sang again,

"They come, on the wings of the morning they come, Impatient to bear the poor wanderer home, Some pilgrim to snatch from this gloomy abode, And lay him at rest in the arms of his God."

Then they all struck in with the chorus, at the same time the one nearest my head, and the one at my feet, laid their hands under me, and seemingly lifted me up, and bore me away high up in the air, singing and repeating the chorus, "Hallelujah, amen!" and oh! such singing and such music. It thrills me now while I write, and I am sure I shall hear it again when I've done with this mortal body and my spirit goes out to claim that mansion not made with hands, in my beautiful spirit home.

Well, after rising I should judge about one mile in the air, their singing ceased for a while, and I thought I would look back to see what I had left, and away down there on my bed, I saw my poor body as plainly as I ever saw any thing in my life, apparently dead. I clasped my hands and shouted at the top of my voice, "Glory to God, I am forever free from the old body!" The action brought me out of my trance, and I found myself still in the body, with these words spoken in my ears,

Letter from Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Through the medium of your columns I wish to make a brief reply to correspondents inquiring about Colorado. I can not any longer bear the full expense of stationery and postage, in addition to the laborious task of writing up whole quires of foolscap in replying to individual queries. A little reflection on the part of those who ask me for gratuitous services in this line, will disclose to them the injustice of imposing upon me such burdens. Speakers of my sort, that is those who work at all rates, according to the force of circumstances, and often in the missionary field, have no surplus of current scrip to spare in providing extensive reports for economical inquirers. I have always taken pleasure in helping forward the welfare of our people, but I want a little of the golden rule on the other side, as well. "Charity sometimes begins at home." "What is a three cent stamp?" says one rolling in thousands. I need only say to those, who may think it a small thing to mention, just take

Abeta Spring.

BY FRANCIS E. HYER.

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, Both when we wake and when we sleep."

Abeta spring, whose healing properties during the Summer attract many invalid visitors, is situated about three miles from Covington, La. The widow of the late proprietor, with her numerous family of sons and daughters, some ten or fifteen years ago resided upon the spot, in a dwelling whose peculiar form of architecture manifests the marine taste of the retired seaman, the late Capt. B.

I think it is now about fifteen years since one bright morning, my daughter and a lady friend with myself journeyed to this place. My friend whose peculiarities cause her to despise other mode of conveyance than that with which nature has provided us, and the distance being only three miles, we took no equipage save the "wings of the morning," and determined upon a day of freedom and enjoyment. Light fleecy clouds agreeably shaded us from the intensity of the Summer sun; nature strewed our path with flowers among which the wild anemomy with its profusion of blossoms upon its slender stems, taught the useful lesson that with small means much beauty may be cast about us. The stately pines bowed courteously as we passed, prompted to the civility by the gentle breeze. There is a pretty legend extant of this never failing spring. The name Abeta signifies frightened Fawn.

Many years ago in the old Spanish times, a gallant young officer became enamored of a young Indian girl, whose surpassing beauty captivated his imagination, and whose virtues won from him a love sincere and lasting. A priest performed the marriage ceremony, and the Fawn as she was named by the tribe (it can scarcely be said to which she belonged, so spiritually beautiful was she), accompanied her husband to Europe, there to be introduced into the polished and accomplished society, and least her idolized husband should ever make invidious comparisons between her and the high-born dames in whose circle she now moved, she applied herself, body, heart and soul, to acquiring a knowledge of the arts and sciences, music, painting, etc., together with the manners and customs of polite society.

Love urged her on, and the progress she made was astonishing. But the body nurtured by God's free air, the limbs which had never been fettered by fashionable attire, and the brain which had only been called upon to convey to the soul the truths written upon the swaying forest, the opening flower bud, or the painted cloud, sunk beneath the efforts of the over-tasked will. She faded like a forest flower in Autumn, and her mind becoming confused, she blended her present surroundings and her Indian home, in the incoherency of insanity. By those who were learned in medical lore gathered from books, she was pronounced incurable. As a last resort, her disappointed and disconsolate husband, carried her back to her native wilds, there to consult the great medicine man of the tribe, and now the decision was peremptory, that for twelve moons, the frightened Fawn should be left alone with nature; also that an inclosure should be made around the medicine water, confining her there, and that no human presence during that time should interfere with her communion with nature.

The young Spaniard returned to his European home, but borne to him by spirit breezes were tidings (though incomprehensible) of his Indian bride. The weedy distance which separated them bodily, could not imprison their souls. There was this difference between them. Her more spiritualized condition allowed her to annihilate distance, and consciously still repose upon his faithful bosom, while only faint glimpses of the blessed reality illuminated his more external condition. But these glimpses, faint as they were, prompted him, at the expiration of the allotted time, in person to demand his wife, soothed by assurance from spirit-land, that she lived and loved him still. Although too indefinite for him to receive the blessed tidings with perfect reliance, yet the impression that she waited, restored to health and harmony, his arrival, fell upon his soul like dew upon a fainting flower.

Again he crossed the heaving ocean in quest of his soul's idol. The time had already expired, and Indians had sought the startled Fawn, but no where could they find her; not even her remains were left and they concluded that in her case, the waters of the spring, which heretofore had been considered infallible, had failed in the desired effect, and the Great Spirit had taken her bodily, to bathe in the waters of paradise. This, however, could not satisfy the faithful husband, for his interior premonitions had informed him that hereafter the gushing water of the spring should be called Abeta, in memory of the recovery of both body and mind of the frightened Fawn, who in fact severely afflicted her coming, having eluded the search of the savages; for he and no other, must first behold her, restored to health and more perfect beauty.

So on the echo of his voice calling his beloved Abeta's name had died away, the happy husband clasped his faithful heart the form of his living bride restored, and it is narrated to this day, that in certain states of the atmosphere, there are some who can see the form of a beautiful female hovering over the spring, and that its curative qualities are greatly increased by these visits of the phantom.

Be this as it may, the beautiful fountain gushes from out the bank of Abeta River, with unabated abundance, and a glass of it produces the same exhilaration as a glass of champagne without the intoxication, and the mournful cyprus trees, with heavy folds of pendant moss still stand, which tradition says the Indians planted there, in commemoration of Abeta's death to them, for she clung ever after to her lover husband, taught by spirits to shine in the world of fashion to which he introduced her.

Letter from Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Through the medium of your columns I wish to make a brief reply to correspondents inquiring about Colorado. I can not any longer bear the full expense of stationery and postage, in addition to the laborious task of writing up whole quires of foolscap in replying to individual queries. A little reflection on the part of those who ask me for gratuitous services in this line, will disclose to them the injustice of imposing upon me such burdens. Speakers of my sort, that is those who work at all rates, according to the force of circumstances, and often in the missionary field, have no surplus of current scrip to spare in providing extensive reports for economical inquirers. I have always taken pleasure in helping forward the welfare of our people, but I want a little of the golden rule on the other side, as well. "Charity sometimes begins at home." "What is a three cent stamp?" says one rolling in thousands. I need only say to those, who may think it a small thing to mention, just take

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 'Life of Thomas Paine', 'An Hour with the Angels', 'Astrological Origin of Jehovah', etc., with prices listed.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Life of Jesus by Renan', 'Love and its Hidden History', 'Lectures to Elder Miles Grant', etc., with prices listed.

A NEW STANDARD BOOK! STARTLING FACTS MODERN SPIRITUALISM. DR. N. B. WOLFE. Contains an interesting record of his investigations of Spirit phenomena for twenty-five years among spirit mediums in the United States and Canada.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Healing Psychometric & Business Medium, CORNER ADAMS ST., & 5TH AVE., CHICAGO. MRS. ROBINSON, with a spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy.

C.O.D.

Orders for books, medicine, or merchandise of any kind, to be sent by express, prepaid, by note less than \$2.00, or if less value, then by one-fourth the cost. No attention will be paid to any order, unless these terms are complied with.

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DR. CARVIN'S CATARRH POWDER

A Safe and Reliable Remedy for the Cure of Catarrh in the Head. Dr. Leavitt, a celebrated physician of this city says, "I would not take five thousand dollars for a cure of this Powder in case I could not procure any more."

WANTED, PERSONS

Who wish to secure a permanent business and make money as agent, or otherwise, selling my NEW STEAM WABLER, so extensively advertised in paper and double-page advertisements (300,000 sold), to address for circulars and terms, J. C. MILTON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

New York Department.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cans, 437 Fourth Avenue, by Dr. Babbitt.

Judge Edmonds and Free Love.

In a conversation with Judge Edmonds last year, he took occasion to denounce Free Love as being a thing quite opposed to true Spirituality. He seemed to keep himself sacred to his wife, although she had for so long a time been only his spirit bride.

NEW YORK ITEMS.

The Liberal Club of N. Y., meets at Elmton Hall every Friday evening. They are a keen set of men, and a man must be wide awake when he debates with them.

The Odell Debate.

Bro. Jones—About two weeks ago Prof. Taylor, of Chicago, gave a series of four lectures here, which have already been noticed in your paper.

ONE PRESENT.

Odell, III.

Woman's Suffrage.

It is with great pleasure we give place to the following circular. The proposition of the legislature, by joint resolution, is exactly right.

Take Notice.

The colored monitor attached to every paper mailed from this Publishing House, indicates the day of the month and year to which payment has been made.

Cook on the evening of April 3d, at Wisner's Hall, as to the divisions on which he would discuss the question with Dr. Taylor, that he would divide the question into two parts, putting fraud, phenomena, deception and trickery on one side, and science as explaining all things on the other, can not be sustained.

Free! Free! Free!

"Free! Free! Free!" Wisner's Hall, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings. Prof. Harry Cook will appear in a course of lectures in this place and give a Practical Exposé of Modern Spiritualism.

Spinal Disease and Paralysis Cured by Spirit Power.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Medium, Chicago.—I have been afflicted with what is called the spinal affection from which I have been paralyzed in both legs, for the past eighteen months.

MARRIED.

In Auburn, N. Y., March 25th, 1874, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. JAMES McNICOL and Miss HARRIET E. DADY, all of Auburn.

Divorced to Spirit Life.

Passed to the higher life, on the afternoon of March 20th, 1874, Mrs. LIDA DALL HIGMAN, of Longmont, Colorado.

write to this office for a statement of his or her account, when it goes with the paper every week. If the day and month is in the past, the subscriber owes from such day, month and year, at the rate of \$3.50 a year.

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.

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.

New Publications.

BABBITT'S HEALTH GUIDE Price \$1. New York: Published by E. D. Babbitt, D. M. A philosophy of cure, founded on the idea that healing elements are potent in proportion as they are subtle and refined.

WOMAN, LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

By Frederick Saunders. Author of "Salad for the Solitary." The Philadelphia Press says of it: "Mr. Saunders is well known as one of the most graceful and accomplished writers in the country."

THE SANITARIAN FOR APRIL.

but is filled as usual with articles of vital importance to all who regard good health as a boon to be desired and sought for.

MARRIED.

In Auburn, N. Y., April 1st, 1874, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. JULIUS FERRIS and Miss CLARA E. HERRARD, all of Auburn.

MARRIED.

In Auburn, N. Y., April 1st, 1874, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. ANDREW BURN and Miss ROSA SMITH, all of Auburn.

MARRIED.

In Auburn, N. Y., April 9th, 1874, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. EDWARD HILLS and Miss SHANDORA WOODBRIDGE, all of Auburn.

Divorced to Spirit Life.

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modest deportment, won the love and esteem of all who knew her, but while husband and friends mourn her absent form, they have the comforting assurance that she still lives, to love, and watch over them as a guardian angel and a ministering spirit.

Passed to spirit life, from Delton, Bank Co., Wis., April 5th, A. D., 1874, JASON GROUT, in the 61th year of his age.

He came to Delton from Vermont, some twenty years ago. Soon after his arrival here, he began to investigate Spiritualism, and became an open advocate of the same.

His funeral was held at Mason's Hall, on the 8th inst., where a large congregation assembled to hear the gospel according to J. D. Gano, a Spiritualist lecturer.

Passed to the higher life, from her home in Buffalo, N. Y., in the 93th year of her age, AMY G. WIFE, wife of Oliver S. Garretson, and only daughter of Charles and Mary Graham, of Cincinnati.

Though young in years, she was a firm believer in our beautiful philosophy. She was lovely in her life, and her removal from earth will be mourned by a large circle of acquaintances.

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