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

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S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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\$3.00 A YRAY

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

One of the Most Startling Law Cases on Record.

The Spirit of the Dead Appears in Open Court, and Singles Out the Forger of a Will in His Name.

BRO. S. S. JONES:—The following narration lately appeared in the Denver (Col.) Tribune, and I have no doubt it is true in every partic-

Something over a fornight since, a lady of striking beauty and commanding presence ar-rived at one of our principal hotels, by the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and at once made the personal acquaintance of the proprietor. She was accompanied by a young boy, whose bright and beaming countenance bespoke a rich and promising character. The first object the lady expressed herself as having in view was the selection and purchase of a comfortable, but retired, residence. In due course of time, by aid of the hotel pro-

prietor and one of our most eminent attorneys, a house was secured, and shortly afterward elegantly furnished with furniture brought by its occupant from the East.

Two colored servants—a man and wife—had accompanied the lady to Denver, and, with her boy and a white female servant, completed the members of our new comer's Western

To particularize the other details of the daily life that followed would be as uninteresting as superfluous. It is sufficient for the readers of the Tribune to know that, in Denver, the lady, who had just got settled in what she thought and hoped to be a city devoid of even a single acquantance, accidentally met on our streets one of the oldest and dearest of her earliest friends.

And to this person—the writer of the present article—the marvelous tale that follows was told—the names, dates and details all being literal, and susceptible of instant proof.

In December, 1871, one Sylvester Sudler, a farmer worth \$150,000, and residing in Poplar Island Creek Neck, in the Second Election District of Queen Anne's county, Maryland (where he had a very large farm and a handsome residence), was taken very sick with passumonia. On the 19th of January, 1879, he died. In the interval, between December and January, Sylvester Sudler sent for his brother, Emory J. Sudler, a lawyer, living upon Kent Island (a part of Queen Anne's County, Maryland), and got him to write his will. This will was duly executed in the presence of three witnesses on the 13th of January, and delivered into the custody of Emory J. Sudler who was understood to be the executor. On January 15th 1872, Emory Sudler went home, and did not return to Poplar Island Creek

Neck until the 21st of the same month, when summoned by his brother's funeral, which took place in Centerville, Maryland, the next

On the 22d of January, 1872, Emory J. Sudler, by request, read the will in the presence of two of the witnesses. Rev. John Fleming and Mrs. Hannah Edwards, and of the widow, Mrs. Mary Ann Sudler, and the only child of Sylvester Sudler, Emory J. Sudler, Jr., a boy of twelve years.

The will, after naming Emory J. Sudies. Sr., sole executor, gave directions that the real estate should be sold, and \$500 paid to Mary Ann Sudler, while all the rest of the estate should become the property of the deceased's brother Emory J. Sudler, whom he recognized as his universal and only heir.

The widow and both of the witnesses present declared that the document read was not the will of Sylvester Sudler. The executor insisted that it was, and defied Mrs. Edwards and Rev. Mr. Fleming to deny their signatures. He said he could prove the will, and if it was disputed he could show the Court the reason why his brother Sylvester had made such a devise of his property. He gave notice, also, that would on the next day apply to the Orphans' Court at Centerville for probate of the

This he did; but the widow appearing likewise, entered a caveat on her own part and as the next friend of her son, Emory Sud-

The Court appointed a day to hear testimony in regard to the will, and on that day all wree of the witnesses to the will were present,

together with the parties interested.
Mr. Matthew B. Merritt, the third witness, swore positively to his own signature, and to have seen the other witnesses sign. He iden-tified the document by its shape, the envelope containing it, a water mark in the paper, and an ink-blot upon one corner of the sheet.

Mrs. Edwards could not swear that it was not her signature to the paper, but was not willing to swear that it was. She had been in the house during all of Mr. Sylvester Sudler's illness, helping to nurse him, and had repeat-edly heard decedent declare that he had left all his propeaty except certain minor legacies which she named) to his wife and child. The will, after it was written and before being executed, had been for two days in the custody of the deceased. He had kept it under his pillow; had read it himself; had made her read it to him and had not the Day Mr. it to him, and had got the Rev. Mr. Fleming to read it to him also. Hence she was able to

speak so positively as to its contents.

The Rev. John Fleming corroborated Mrs.
Edward's statement, and testified further the before sending for his brother Mr. Sylvester Sudler had mentioned to him how he intended to leave his property, and consulted him about giving the administration to Emory. This Mr. Fleming strongly advised, and Emory was accordingly sent for. Still, Mr. Fleming was

not willing to deny that that was the document

he had witnessed and his signature appended Dr. James Porter, the family physician tes-tified that the decedent had repeatedly told him during his illness that he had left all his

property to his wife and son. On the other hand, Emory Sudler showed that none of the three witnesses disputed their signatures, and he demanded that the will be

at once admitted to probate. He said his brother Sylvester had made statements in regard to his testamentary intentions at variance with his testamentary act, and further stated he had written the copy of the form testified to by Mrs. Edwards and Rev. Mr. Fleming, at his brother's request, and for the purpose of deceiving. There was a reason for all this, but his brother had told him in confidence and he was reluctant to expose family secrets. The widow was quite well aware of what he meant, but he would not publish it unless absolutely necessary to establish his rights or the court compelled him.

The widow peremptorily denied the cavea-tee's insinuations, and defied him to reveal any family secrets that would be damaging to any person besides himself.

The Court adjourned over for a week, holding the question under advisement.

When the court next met it announced that Mr. Emory J. Sudler's further testimony was necessary to determine its action in regard to

Mr. Sudler accordingly testified that in a private interview with his brother Sylvester, preliminary to drawing the will, Sylvester told him that he had known that his wife was unchaste, had been unfaithful to him, and that the child, Emory J. Sudler, Jr. was a bastard He knew this, but only by negro testimony. He was much older than his wife, and she controlled him. Still, in coming to die, he could not perpetrate a wrong, nor forget her infidelity, nor leave his property to illegiti-mate aliens. He accordingly dictated the will produced in court, and to avoid recrimination and (so the witness swore) to keep from being poisoned, had at the same time got his brother to prepare the fictitious will of which mention had been made.

"Where is that will?" asked the Chief Mr. Sudler produced it.

In appearance it was a fac-simile of the exe-

Mrs. Mary Ann Sudler repelled Mr. Emory J. Sudler's statement with hot indignation, and her counsel announced in court that she would vindicate her reputation and punish her husband's brother for foul aspersions.

The Judge of the Orphan's Court, however, determined to admit the will presented by Emory J. Sudler to probate, and directed that gentleman to have his bonds ready for the next court day. .

The widow at once appealed, went into the Circuit Court and got an injunction, brought a civil suit against Emory J. Sudler for slander, and tried to have him indicted for slander and perjury both.

Now ensued a succession of legal proceedings of a very bewildering sort—the executor trying to force the matter to a settlement, and the widow's counsel resorting to all sorts of dilatory steps.

On the 19th of January, 1873, however, one year precisely from the day of Sylvester Sudler's death, it was announced that the widow had actually discovered the will which she all along claimed that her husband had executed, and discovered it in the most singular, not to say miraculous manner.

Now there was a change in the spirit of proceedings. The caveators ceased their dilatory motions and pressed for trial, while the executor employed all the means in his power to secure the law's delay.

on both sides came to an arangement by which the issue might be definitely settled. On March 9th (last month) the case was

called, and all the parties were ready.

Judge Wicks and Stump were present, and Chief Judge John M. Robinson came over from the Court of Appeals at Annapolis expressly to preside, so there was a full bench. Both parties were represented by the most

The caveatee headed his array with John Sturgis Mackline, of Washington county, who stands at the head of Chancery practitioners in Maryland, and is not known in national poli-

The court-room was crowded, a great many persons having come over from Queen Anne's and Kent counties, where the parties have friends and relatives and where the case excited the liveliest interest.

After two days of legal skirmishing the issue was squarely joined by the caveators pre-senting in court the will claimed to have been found in January, 1872, and offering to prove it as the actual and only last will and testament of Sylvester Sudler.

The will admitted to probate was called for, and also the unexpected factitious will, and all three placed side by side. There was a remarkable similarity in the appearance of the three documents.

A stationer in Centreville testified that he had sold a quire of this paper to the Rev. Mr. Fleming for Mr. Sylvester Sudler, some time about Christmas, 1871, and Mr. Fleming produced the quire of paper which he said he had got from Mr. Sudler's writing desk shortly after his death, and preserved by advice of

counsel. Mrs. Edwards was now put upon the stand and handed the two wills so folded that she could only see her own signature as witness. Comparing the two most carefully the witness, after long hesitating, burst into tears, and protested she did not know and could not tell

which was her writing. All she could swear to was the fact that she had only signed one will. She gave further testimony to the facts

recorded above, and then stood aside.

Rev. Mr. Fleming was the next witness.

Carefully scrutinizing the two signatures the reverend gentleman declared that, viewing them separately and apart, he would not be able to decide which was his handwriting and which the forgery, but when they were side by side he had no hesitation.

"That is my handwriting," said he, touching one of the sheets, "and the other undoubt-

There was a marked sensation in court when it was announced that the signature thus identified was that appended to the last discovered will.

Mr. Matthew Merritt next came to the stand. This witness had been overseer for the late. Sylvester Sudler, and was now in Emory J. Sudler's employ. After a very brief tespection of the two signatures he positively identified one as his own, and it was found to be that subscribed to the will admitted to probate.

It was now the caveatee's time to exult, but Mr. Pearce, of counsel for caveators, took the two wills, and after scrutinizing them carefully, suddenly held them up before Merritt's

"Now," he cried, "Now, Mr. confidant witness, let me see if you know your signature so

certainly now?" The witness hesitated, stammered

showed confusion. "Your honors," said Mr. Pearce, turning to the court, "the confusion of the witness grows out of the fact that there is a private mark upon one of these wills, but I happen to have my thumb upon it just now. Mr. Merritt, will you tell the court which is your signature?"

"I declare to gracious I don't know, Mr. Pearce," was Merritt's frank admission; "they are so much alike that I can't tell which from t'other, and if I swore to both I'd be telling a

"I don't feel sure about that," retorted Pearce quickly; "may be you wrote both."
The shot told. Merritt looked at Emory Sudler, grew red in the face, and said nothing. "How came you to be so positive about it at first? Did you see that pencil mark in the margin?" persisted Pearce.

But Merritt denied that he had seen any mark, and could wife made to commit himself in any way. On cross-examination he satisfactorily iden-

tifled his signature to the first will several Two more days were consumed in hearing "expert" testimony in regard to the handwriting of Sylvester and Emory J. Sudler and the three witnesses, the caveators endeavoring to prove that the will of 1873 was certainly in

Emory J. Sudler's handwriting, and the signatures to the probated will forgeries, while the caveatee, on the other hand, sought to show that the signatures to the will in his favor were genuine, while the will of 1878 was a forgery. both text and signature.

The testimony was so contrarious that neither party did much more than weary judge and

"The court will say to its learned brothers," said Chief Justice Robinson at last, somewhat testily, "that with all due admiration for the ingenuity of counsel, this issue must be a question of fact, and however much you may attempt to puzzle the jury, they are to determine the case by what is. Can you not give us the facts about the discovery of these wills? That will go a great way towards settling the question of their genuineness?"

"I quite agree with your honor," said Mr. Mackline, of the counsel for Mrs. Sudler and child, "and I hope you will compel the other side to show a raison d'etre for their so-called. will—if they can. Call Betsey Jane Jackson." The witness, a portly colored woman, took the stand, and testified she was chambermaid in Mr. Sylvester Sudler's house at the time of

his death. "What room did Mr. Emory J. Sudler occupy when he was there?"
"The blue room."

"Describe that room."

The woman gave a sort of description of a country house chamber, with blue curtains to the windows, a blue and red carpet on the floor, a high-post, mahogany bedstead, and a writing-table, etc.

"What was over the dressing-bureau?" "A looking-glass." "What was above the looking glass?"

"A picture in a black wooden frame." "What was the picture?"

"King Solomon goin' to have the babies

chopped in two."
"The judgment of Solomon, eh? That will Mrs. Edwards was called, and described the

Rev. Mr. Fleming was called again, and Mr. Pearce (also of counsel for Mrs. Sudler and child) handed him the will of 1878, and asked him if he had ever seen that paper before. He had.

"How do you recognize it?" "By a private mark I put upon it when I found it."

"State when, where and how you found it."
"On January 19, 1878, at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, in the blue room at the late Sylvester Sudler's place, in the back of a picture representing the judgment of Solomon. Mrs. Sudler, Mrs. Edwards and Betsy Jackson were all three present."

"What made you look there?" "Stop there," cried Mr. Pearce; "call Aman-

· The witness, a tall, middle-aged woman, with a fleroe red head, took the stand and gazed wildly about her. By dint of close questioning she managed to

convey the information that she had lived across the creek from Mr. Sylvester Sudler's; that her boy Kite caught oysters, and she shucked and sold them for a living. Her boy Kite wasn't exactly right, but wouldn't tell a lie. He was eighteen years old, but had no schooling. She was troubled on account of his saying several times he seen old Mr. Sudler's sperit. So she up and asked Mr. John Fleming to see the boy and pray with him. She heard prayin' was a good cure for sperrit-

"What do you mean by Mr. Sudler's spirit?" said Mr. Pearce. "I mean seein his ghost like arter he's

dead." "Has Kite seen Mr. Sudler since his death?" "He says he has many times, and Kite wouldn't tell a lie for nothink."

"Did Kite ever go to Mr. Sudler's house when the old gentleman was alive?" "Sometimes—took oysters there to sell." "Was he ever up stairs in the house, do you

'Who? Kite? Bless you, he never went nowhere but to the kitchen, never!"

"Call Kite Stinson," said Mr. Pearce, and the court-room was agog with excitement as the ghost-seer came to the stand.

He was a tall, bony youth, with long arms and a decided stoop. His hair was faded yel-low, his eyes pale and blue and staring, and his skin tanned and freckled.

After a little sparring among the lawyers as to his competency, Kite was sworn. He stood with his great bony hands resting on the crier's desk, his wrists half a yard below the sleeves of his threadbare linsey jacket—a very oddlooking, unsophisticated fellow. It had got towards evening, and the court room, was growing dusky, but the eager silence that prevailed made the scene impressive.

"That's a very strange story you told Parson Fleming, Kite?"

"Twarn't the least bit of a story about it, sir, but all true as preachin'," insisted Kite. "I've seed the old gentleman nigh on to a dozen time."

"Been who?" "Old Mr. Sudler; him what's gone,"

"Been him when?" "Since his death?"

"Seen him where?" "No end o' places. Out fishin', in the bow of my cunner (canoe), nights when I was goin' to sleep, daytime at work. Lor', a dozen and

"Did you ever touch him?" "Never but onst; that was the time I telled

Parson Fleming about." "Well, suppose you tell these gentlemen

about it, Kite." Well, I will. I was at the oyster-pile one afternoon a shuckin' away, I see him, standin' right front o' me, noddin' and beck'nin' at a great rate. I says to him, tain't 'no use to bother now, I'm busy. Then he kinder frowned and keeped on a noddin'. But I only shuck my head and keeped on shuckin'. Then fust thing I knowed he was standin' right over me and putting his hand on the check handkercher I had round my neck—bere's the hand-kercher now, gentlemen—and the hand burnt into me like fire. Then I kinder fell forredlike on to the oyster-pile, and dozed off for a minute into a dream like, and what I dreamt was this, gentlemen: I was in a kind of a strange room like [here the witness gave a graphic description of the blue room], and I seed a tall man thar settin' writin' at a table, and he got up and folded the paper this way like, and took a pictur down from the wall [here he described the picture of the "Judgment of Solomon,"] and took some boards outen the back and put the paper in thar, tacked the boards on agin, and hung the picture up the same as it was before. I.didn't see no more, but walked up, picked up my knife and went on shuckin'. But, gentlemen, true as gospel, when I tuck off the check handkercher from my neck that night this here hole was burnt into it, just like the print of a red-

hot hand." The court-room was intensely silent as Kite handed Mr. Pearce the handkerchief, and Mr. Pearce passed it to the jury.

"Well, Kite, have you seen that tall man since whom you saw in your dreams? "No, sir. "Would you know him, do you think, if

you saw him now?" "I dunno, indeed, sir," "Well, look carefully around the reom, and

tell me if you see him now." There was a breathless silence as Kite went methodically about his task, craning his long neck and peering around him in the gathering

twilight.

Suddenly he lifted his huge right hand, and pointing with his long bony forefinger towards Mr. Sudler, his eyes blazing like an inspired like voice-

"Yon's the man that—" he began—then quickly, breathlessly, "That's him! that's him! And the old one's behind him! I see the old 'un poin-he's frowning black-his face fire and his hand fron-oh, God! God!-he'slook out-he'll strike you down!"

The whole court-room rose with excitement, all except Emory Sudler, who fell in a dead faint, and Kite, who, crying, "he's gone!" crouched and hid his eyes, shuddering.

Judge Robinson adjourned the court at

once. Next morning Emory Sudler was missing, and has never since been heard from. Matthew Merritt came into court and confessed his share in the conspiracy.

Testimony was taken for two days longer, both to show what Emory Sudler's character was, and to prove the affectionate relation that had subsisted between Sylvester Sudler and his

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n the case was given to the jury, who lready agreed upon their verdict from the nent of Kite Stinson's dramatic testimony, d the opportune appearance of "the ghost in the court-room."

DVANCE:

Such is a plain but veritable report of one of the most remarkable cases on record. The testimony of Kite was given in the afternoon of the 16th of last month-March-and Mrs. Sudler was shortly afterwards placed in undisturbed possession of all her nusband's property, besides being overwhelmed with congratu-lations for days after the tragical termination of her suit. After securing ner property, her first act was to make a most generous provision for both "Kite" Stinson and his mother. And the lady wno arrived in Denver a fortnight since, in search of "a retired residence." and who has since concluded to make her permanent home in our city, is none other than the veritable Mary Ann Sudier, whose recent vindication once again verifies the incisive and significant utterance of Hamlet-There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreampt of in your philosophy.

The Other Side. BY APRON DEWITT.

We want no fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, No such arrangement ever can

Wash out our guilty stains. We want no lamb for sinners slain, No God for us to die; We can not by another's pain,

Ascend to realms on high. We want no angry God of strife, No great revengeful foe,

Who plans to take his own son's life, And lets the sinner go. We want no hell of burning fire, To cast the sinner in: We want to raise the failen higher,

And cleanse the earth from sin. We want to let our every song. Be sung with Godly might, And extirpate all human wrong, And raise the cause of right.

We want to meet these angels fair, Beyond the silent grave, Where ever watching, waiting there, To bless, uplift and save.

Unwisely Settled.

It has been a serious question for the Constitutional Convention, to decide whether women should be allowed to hold office under the school laws. It seems to us that the wisdom of inserting such a clause in the state constitution can not be questioned. Women are peculiarly qualified to assist in the management of our schools. A very large proportion of the school teachers in Onio are women. "The men are put in just to establish their title, as it were," says the Cleveland Herald. But the Convention has most unwisely decided that women shall not be eligible to any ofnce created by the school laws. We quote from the Herald as follows: "An habitual drunkard, a man who can not write his own name, a coarse bully, a man utterly opposed to the common school system-all these are eligible to seats in a Board of Education, all these have sat in Boards of Education of first class cities of this State; and undoubtedly will continue to be found in the Boards of one or the other of our cities. But the most refined woman in the State, the most thoroughly educated, the most competent to deal with educational matters, and the most zealous advocate of the public school system, has the Boardroom door stammed in ner face solely because she is woman, and the Consututional Convention has sanctioned and perpetuated the out-

It is some consolation to know that this move in the right direction was defeated by only four votes. The declaration of as conservative a paper as the Herald, that "the exclusion of intelligent women from School Boards, when our school-rooms are almost exclusively filled with women teachers is an absurdity," denotes a healthy progress in public opinion.

If women are capable of making such competent and efficient school directors and mempers of Boards of Education, can they not fill other offices just as acceptably?

FUTURE POSSIBILITIES -The science of

GEO. W. WILSON. Auburn, Ohio.

hrenology is no myth. It directs our thoughts onward and upward in this progressive age. I firmly believe that the time is not far distant when the telegraphic system will be superseded by the science of thought. Correspondence by letter will shortly be unknown. Friends, though hundreds of miles apart, can then communicate with each other through the medium of thought. Then it will be impossible to deceive. Witnesses can not impose on judge or jury. In fact there will be no need of juries.
The judge will read the prisoner's thoughts, and determine his guilt or innocence. So will everybody else. The criminal will know beforehand that his "sin will find him out."

"guilty conscience will then need no accuser."
His punishment will consist in his being effectually banished from the presence of the society in which he moves. Mankind will become extremely sensitive. Public censure will be unendurable, and suicides will decrease. Crime will cease, and then the millennium.—
Phrenological Journal.

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 we are receiving from all parts of the inhabitable globe.

SOULS AND SCENES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

NUMBER THREE-THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS

[Continued from last week.]

Having traversed the heavens of beauty and truth, we are now to enter on the most interior plane of the human spirit's life and consciousness, reaching out into the immeasurable, the immaculate, the infinite.

Again my guide stood before me, but at this time clothed with such radiations, I could with difficulty look upon him.

He smiled graciously, in salutation, thus answering my thoughts

"We have simply put on the regalia of the heaven we are to visit; for every true aspiration, whether we know it or not, clothes the soul with whatever brightness it has. And could'st thou, at this moment, see thyself, my son, thou would'st behold thyself also clothed in this externalized divinity. These outflowing garments do not belong exclusively to Swedenborg, to Zoroaster, or even Jesus, but to mankind. This pure effluence is native to the soul, and needs only to be set free in order to be exhibited."

He paused a moment and then said: "I am drawn earthward, and perceive that a visitor from thence is seeking to approach the heavens. I rejoice in this; for you can thus see some of the phenomena of the spirit's temporary exodus from the form which it still inhabits. Now repose."

Suddenly the finest and divinest dew of sleep passed over and pervaded me. Atom by atom, soul and sense were permeated, as the lightest and softest drapery fell and folded over me.

But suddenly there was intense reaction. The passivity of repose in an instant became the very essence of positive power. I was no longer faint-hearted, or doubtful. Rising high above the mists of speculation and even the atmosphere of faith, sight was knowledge, and knowledge was strength. Then for the first time I really felt my regal dower, and wore, with becoming majesty, my more than kingly crown. I gloried in the name and nature of immortal man. I claimed the sireship of Almignty God. I was one with my Father. I took hold of his greatness; I rose into his omnipotence. I comprehended his omniscience. I stood unveiled, and unabashed, in the all-inspiring splendor of his Godhood. My kinship with all the infinite was confirmed; and blazoned in letters of light, it seemed written on all I saw.

The Sage smiled. "This power that now pervades thee, my son, is thine by the rights of the race, and not of the individual. In this sphere, humanity is sanctified from its sins. and for the first time completely invested with itself, to be, and to do, what God ordains. And so strong and positive is this power, that no one can come, not even momentarily, within the range of its spheral emanation, without feeling and being moved by it.

"In this sphere originate all great and important reforms for the benefit of mankind. This, too, is the highest heaven of invention and the fountain-head of all progressive impulse and action."

"But have I not seen," I interrupted rather warmly, "ay, with my own eyes, seen the bosom cells of philosophers in the realm of truth, with the very germs they nurtured? If inventions originate there, as I was told, how can they also have their beginning here?"

"All that thou hast seen is true, and far more," he answered, bending leniently toward me, that the fine aroma of his presence might restore the harmony, which my hot haste had, for the moment, disturbed. "The only trouble s you have not seen the whole truth. You regard a certain class of spirits as isolated, when, in fact, here is no isolation. As thought touches thought and will binds will, so do spheres intermingle and blend, in one uninterrupted series, from the highest to the lowest -from the lowest to the highest. - Presently you will perceive that the irradiations of beauty and the flowing river of truth have their correspondence in this sphere-in all spheres. According to their grade and kind, all spheres radiate. The higher reaches down to the lower, the lower sgain to the lowest; and by a beautiful dispensation of want and supply, the lowest, in its extremity, invokes the highest, and the highest, in its ministry; bends benignly to the lowest.

After a short pause he waved his hand in the air, as if to catch its vibrations, then he said, "The heaven of life invites. Let us enter."

As if borne by a thought, we were wafted upward, through a drifting cloud of blooms and essences of such fineness, that they penetrated the whole being, enveloping it like an atmosphere, that touched and laved the inmost. Indescribably delicious were the sensations thus received. I here use the word sense, having no other to express this kind of spiritual consciousness.

Suddenly a broad dome, as of a higher heaven, rounded up above us, with a majesty of of ine passing all description. The light and color were, also peculiar. Rose, saffron, purple and azure, in their richest, deepest depths were continually interflowing, displacing and replacing each other. But their hues were not to be conceived of by any external tints, or tones of color. They were composed of essences so fine, that none but the truest spiritual sight could be affected by them. Above, or in the higher series, all other hues, with their innumerable lights and shadows, were fused in one, which may best be represented by the outblooming rose-hue of the finest pearl. Nothing below is like the effect thus produced. The blending of bloom and brilliance was not like the flashing light of gems. It was infinitely softer, yet not less lustrous; and in the masses, or depths, it passed into the oneste. If the tenderast and most ininto the opake. If the tenderest and most interior bloom of flowers could be clothed in living sunbeams, it would present the best possible idea of this light. But above, and still higher in the arch that spanned and encircled ali, the rose-hue passed into immaculate whiteness, that hung like a myrisd-fold canopy, over all worlds, infusing its benison of grace and love into all being.

I stood as one entranced, with all the powers of sense and soul strained to the extremest.

tension and thus fixed, transfigured and sublimed by the highest, the profoundest capacity of love and worship. Then I knew how lovely and precious to the soul is suffering for the good of others. The Christ power took how of me; and I not only felt, but knew, how glorious above all others, is the martyr's

But of a new form of music the soul thus became cognizant. Breath, motion, thought, were for the time denied me. And then my power flowed out freely into the divinest melody. As all colors blend in perfect whiteness, that seems void of all color, so do all

sounds, in their most ethereal essences, merge in perfect silence. This, to the untutored sense, is the sublimest, the divinest utterance of harmonic numbers. Tune within tune, and harmony within harmony-soul within sense and sense within soul-an unlimited series of vibrations, that made no audible sound, stirred and touched, and woke each other, until, at length, it really seemed as if all the musical notes in nature and in God, had been fused

together, in one all pervading mighty rhythm. All I had heard before seemed crude and cold, a harsh discordant jargon of untaught performers, compared with this majestic music of silence. It was the infinite love, living in all life, moving all motion, informing all intelligence, inspiring all harmony. It was the latent God-power waking in all things. All nature feels and owns its potency; and her harp of ten thousand thousand strings, vibrates to its vital breath. Not a man thinks, not a creature moves, not a plant Hves, not a leaf grows, not even a single grain of sand concretes and crystallizes, but this all-informing spirit is of it, and in it. This was the song of the morning stars, as they sang together in the beginning of time. It is still the song of all stars, and will be forever. It is the majestic music that leads the march of ages. It fills all time and pervades eternity.

Such thoughts as these flowed through me, as we stood there in the unbreathing stillness; and I knew not that any others were near. But a touch of the Sage's hand melted the film from my sight; and then, indeed, I found myself surrounded by glorious forms. They were mostly reclining on scrolls of soft translucent light, fair and feathery, like heaps of down. Some of them were like cars, others like couches, but they all had the scroll-like character—infinitely lovely and graceful. At first these were all that I could see. It was only the potentialized sight, that could behold the spirit forms of that radiant sphere.

But my sight being unsealed, they, too, came forward, and welcomed, and blessed me. I thought I should have shrunk away, and fainted in their presence. But, on the contrary, the enlarged selfhood seemed more stately than ever, as one of the most ancient and glorious approached me, with outstretching hands of love and benediction, saying at the same time, "And thou art, also, heir of the Father's house."

I saw, as it were, a torch, blazing before him; and then I knew, indeed, that I stood face to face, with the Father of the Fire Worshipers-Zoroaster, the Persian Seer.

I tried to scan his thoughts, that I might realize more fully the grandeur of my position. But the moment I did so, I became faint and sick. His greatness of soul reassured me. I reposed in it, and grew strong.

I could see, as we passed on, how the pecu-liar circumstances of each life were, in some manner, reproduced. Thus Plato still taught in groves, like those of his beloved Academus; which must still unfold into finer forms, and be clothed with diviner beauty. It was inand Polycarp kept still, for his spirit heaven, finitely grand and lovely, I rose into the a reminiscence of his own Syrian skies.

Here I observed that the suffering of martyrdom concentrated within itself ages of ordinary life, and ripened the soul prematurely. Most of the distinguished martyrs were either inhabitants or frequent visitors of this sphere. I noticed, too, the sweet and pure naturalness of the primitive teachers of mankind, and that they all retained, in a striking degree, their peculiar traits. Thus Christna, the "Crossborne" of the ancient myth, beneath a godlike wisdom, still exhibits the same hilarious gayety, as when he led the dange or sang by the silvery streams of Indus, favorite of the happy milkmaids; while Booha, through all his profound happiness, yet bears traces of the mind, that sought in annihilation, the only. remedy of infinite sorrow.

And these were heathen gods, impostorsdemons-as I had once believed-who had willingly and wantonly misled the world, and brought humanity to wreck with artificial shoals and false lights.

Jeremiah-once known as the Weeping Prophet—merely smiled as he saw the thought. Waving his hand expressively in certain directions, he showed me that of all the highest there were none higher than these. O that I could picture this scene to the minds of the hard-hearted, stony-eyed, self-gloriflers, who think they have all the wisdom—who look forth with the range of a gnat's eye, and then imagine that they have seen all that is to be seen. Would that I could delineate and impress it truly on your minds, as a confirmation of your highest faith, or a cure for honest narrowness of sight. As it is, it has been a lesson to me, which I shall never need to learn again. I see now how truly all religious systems are allied, and of one origin. Sincerity and the real devotion to human good, are the tests everywhere. Omnipotent love is pleased with these; and omnipotent justice asks no more.
"How shall I describe these immaculate

forms?" I said to myself; for with every attempt at scrutiny they are resolved into a drop of intense white light. But after a little, the mind, as well as the eye, became accustomed to their highly refined organism; and then I saw many great teachers from many spheres of widely distant systems, all brought together in one grand fraternity of human love. How wonderful-O how sublime the conception! All the earths in the immensity of space, peoples with the children of one common Father—all members of one common family!

As I came into rapport with many of them, I saw they had the same interest in their native earth as we have in ours, and that they were looking for something better, that is to come, showing that the eyes of the soul, everywhere, are turned toward a higher state. Progress is the law of all worlds.

There was one phenomenon that greatly affected me. Whenever any remarkably vivid thought struck me, I was sure to attract some spirit, with a corresponding consciousness. Thus when I was musing on the effects of the light, I saw penciled in letters of gold, over the broadest and most radiant of brows: "God is truth and light is his shadow."

This was the divine Plato; and the wellknown sentiment thus set forth, was, in itself, a letter of introduction. Again, as I was pondering on the philosophy of this voiceless music, a noble presence, with a spirit of alabaster pureness and clearness, responded thus:

"Neither speech, which is produced by the voice, nor even internal or mental language, if it be infected with any disorder of the mind, is proper to be offered to God; but we worship him with an unspotted silence, and the most pure thought of our nature."

This favorite passage made me personally sequainted with Porphyry of Tyre. Thus also came other honored ones; but none more clearly or grandly than Bocrates. He came in answer to a thought. I was musing on the soul—its powers, its wants, its paramount

grandeur and importance. When I first saw him he stood at a little distance, bending gently forward, leaning, as it were, on his folded hands, supported by a staff. This brought the eyes very near. And yet they seemed so deep and distant. There was a world of light within, wide, high and unsearchable. Then in a kind of silvery phosphorent light his great sentiment was formed into words: "! Feed the perishing body with meat that perishes. What matter if it be honey or hemlock? But the soul, which cannot die, nourish with immortal truth."

deed dreaming. If I turned, to my position for a single moment, I was overwhelmed with wonder. Did I, in truth, stand face to face with the "Ancient of Days?" I could not choose but dwell upon it, for the very marvel that it was.

"Would'st thou from this height behold the earth, my son," was whispered in my ear; and Swedenborg, my spirit guide, once more stood

Perceiving my desire, he led me to what seemed the brink of a profound abyss, which at first appeared wholly dark. But following the lines of light that were continually radiating from the spirit spheres, I was at length able to command sufficient tenuity of sight, to reach the earth. I knew it by many familiar objects, which, however, all appeared in a murky, lurid light. The kingdoms of the world, with all their sorrows, were spread within eye-reach. They were all seething with within eye-reach. They were all seetning with the elements of waste and suffering, want and woe, unspeakable. Disease and death were lurking at every fireside; and war went forth unbridled. My eyes were pained with the sight of suffering. My ears were maddened with discords. Wrong, shame, tyranny and servility everywhere prevailed. I took up the strain of the weeper, crying: "Woel woel I lament! I mourn for thee, poor unhappy earth. When will thy sorrows end? When will the ruin cease? Will good entirely perish from our midst, and the unchecked powers of evil reign alone? Is there no real God—no true Man-no pitying Angel-no devoted Re-deemer-no invincible Liberator?"

But, hark! Away; away! A voice comes through the deep distance: "Behold, the day of redemption is at hand; and God, and man, and angels, shall be associated, and inter-wrought, and harmonized; and the present shall flow out into the future, as a dark and troubled stream, into the profound life of a sunlit sea, to be purified and carried up into higher and holier uses."

As I turned in the direction of the voice, clouds, like the shadow of a great curtain, were lifted up from the horizon. In the light that was thus thrown down I beheld the whole earth as it were transfigured; and I surveyed it, as through a lens, where every object was clearly distinct and brought near. The horizon became a spiral; and it wound itself up the clear and sunny heavens, with every convolution becoming more serenely calm and beautiful, until at the zenith the rays all converged into a great white splendor, where I beheld the projected shadow of higher spheres, into which the exalted earth life, by a natural transition, merged, still bearing types of the present, but ever passing into a nobler strength and a finer beauty. It was the great high way of generations, the ascending spiral of the future, bearing with it, out of the miasme and mire of the present, the indestructible essences,

greatness and was glorified along with it. Again, looking toward the east, I beheld a great white cloud, as of a mountain of light, which, rolling out from the sky, softly rested upon the earth. The world woke, as with the joy of a new day. The young morning, with the star upon her forehead, fading in the light of her own happy eyes, came forth. Waving her hand to her dusky sister, whose queenly shadow fell on the steep declivity beyond, she went abroad, sandaled with light and robed with woven blushes, scattering over all she touched the bloom of a thousand roses, and waking, wherever she breathed, the music of a new life-divine orisons of love, and harmony, and happiness.

Then, on the verge of the orient, a lofty arch of still whiter light sprang from the summit; and its substance, blending with the early mists, became concrete with the cool translucent hue of alabaster. A luxuriant vine, as of myrtle, ran over it and relieved its gleaming luster, with the shadow of green foliage and hyacinthine blooms. Beneath it opened two massive gates. They were as of pearl, irised with the splendor of dissected sunbeams. They swung back on their golden hinges; and the musical opening announced still more wonderful scenes.

A majestic form came out of the mansions of light beyond; and with a gracious wave of the nand, he seemed to pass over the intermediate boundaries, and stood directly before me. The white hair fell in silvery waves over the grand and noble forehead, and on it rested a chaplet of bay leaves, old as the "Beauty of Zion," yet still shining with a bright and imperishable greenness. Robes of light, which seemed to flow out from him, were thrown back in folds of such a stately grace as made him appear still more august. They fell aside from the elastic motion of his step, without impeding the forward spring of his firm and vigorous foot.

In his hand he carried a lyre; and its music sounded deep and solemn, as if it were borne up by great billows from the breast of a heaving sea; and yet it was sweet and joyful, as if it had rippled in vibrations of light from the song of the morning stars. As he came for-ward laughing joys awoke; frolic loves caroled around him; and new-born harmonies followed in his footstep; and, as if projected from his own prophetic eyes, pictures of millennial beauty appeared on the background of the

shadowy distance. When a little way off he stood still and I felt myself expanding into the high and beautiful sphere of his greatness. There was no cause of fear in the benign look, in the protecting love, and in the paternal blessing of the outstretched hand; but I bowed myself down at his feet, and touched the border of his garment, with a true and heart-felt reverence; for I knew the inspirer of my youth, the poet-prophet, Isaiah, to whose matchless song my child heart, with all its throbbing pulses, beat time; and its bare echoes, even now, stir it as no other song does. And as he spoke I heard again the old-world music, which had so early fascinated and enthralled me.

Suddenly he stood still again; and I knew by the peculiar expression and action, that he was magnetizing. The palms of his hands inclined downward, the finger tips pointing toward the earth. In the silent action was a concentration of power, that might not only move mountains, but hold them suspended in mid air. We know very well that a magnet may be made to lift many thousand pounds; but we do not yet know how far more potent

is human, or spirit magnetism. Observing the process, my sight flowed into his; and directly I saw a female form reclining on a couch in a dimly-lighted chamber. The figure lay on the back; and I saw distinct ly what may be termed the physical law of the process. Innumerable points of magnetic contact were made all along the sides, from the head down to the feet. These were slowly drawn out into films of invisible fineness, myriads uniting, as in the spider's spinning,

to form the main cord. I saw that the sleeper, if such she might be termed, was watching this process with a pleased and curious eye. But presently the unsearchable. Then in a kind of silvery phosphorent light his great sentiment was formed into words: "Feed the perishing body with ment that perishes. What matter if it be honey or hemlock? But the soul, which cannot die nourish with immortal truth."

I could not pause to ask myself if I were inflights—by the planets—beyond the orbit of

the sun-above the stars-on-on-toward the center of all systems-the heaven of heavens.

A wondrous thing it was to behold-wonderful, indeed, to experience. Once she tried to turn her eyes, for a wider view of the aerial systems. But the instant the magnetic hold loosened, she became sick, with a sense of falling from a great height. But taught by this experience, she held fast to the potent eyes, that bore her up, as in a chariot of safety and strength. As she entered the Spirit-world, delight, rather than wonder, was manifest in all her action.

How shall I describe this spirit? What can fitly image her fairness—her pureness? Robes of the tenderest tint of sea-green flowed over her feet; and the bright hair spread about

her, like a mantle of living sunshine.
"Can it be," I asked, "that this being is mortal, and yet a denizen of the dark degraded

"It is even so;" returned my guide, who was again present with me. "And for her, and the like of her-many of whom you would know there are, could you only see the beauty of the disrobed spirit—the earth itself shall be redeemed, and made altogether glorious."

Gradually the maiden and the Poet-Seer were drawn towards each other; and I saw the grand affinity of soul which thus attracted them. For a moment they stood regarding each other, like two matchless marbles of symmetry and power-so still that their aerial vesture felt not the motion of a breath. And yet they were instinct with the truest, the intensest life.

With outstretching hands of benediction, thus he spoke. "Daughter, I have come to lead thee out into the purer air and finer light, which have long been hidden-buried deep in the heart of coming ages. A new spirit and a new power are waking; and now they are at the very threshold. When all the light of you fair earth lay developed in the chaotic masses of crude matter, angels of higher spheres, whose prophet eyes could sweep through myriads of ages, saw this very day, and knew when it would come. And now, behold the dawn as the life of the new age is evolved from the decay and death of the past. Come up, then, to a higher stand-point, and let us behold together the unfolding life of the new earth, as it is fashioned by the refining elements and forces of the future.

"Not without its uses-not unworthy of the good worker-will be the lessons we receive; because with the changes themselves, must be unfolded the paths that lead to them.'

Thus saying, he grasped her hand, and they walked through the air as on a solid and level plane, my guide and myself following. At length we came to the mountain, whose massive walls of light lay against the orient. Winding around it by an easy ascent, we arrived at the summit, which gradually expanded into a wide sphere, lighted up by a soft auroral splendor, and arched by a firmament of surpassing grandeur; for it was the great highway of a thousand universes.

Looking down through the bright crystalline, we beheld the earth, now smiling, as if it, too, were already beginning to be conscious of its translation into the atmosphere of that blissful future which we could now distinctly see, vibrating among all its elements.
"Changes," said the Seer, "unheard of—undreamed of—by a single being on the face of

yonder planet, are at hand." As he spoke there was a beautiful expression beaming out from the inmost, making his

whole being radiant with heavenly joy. My very heart was hushed in the profoundest interest, as he resumed: "Not the keenest sight-not the finest perception-not the strongest grasp of thought-not the boldest flight of prophecy—can, as yet, compass or unfold them. And yet many of them are in the crysalis. The dead crust shivers beneath expanding wings."

"I know not of these-" the maiden answered meekly; "but many wonderful things have already come, or I, an humble child of the present, should not be standing here, face to face, with the august dweller of ages.

"Signs have truly come," he answered, with the same wonderous smile; "but the great realities have not yet appeared. Would'st thou call them up, and behold them in their pure spiritual forms, as they are projected from the brain of highest angels, ere yet they have taken the shapes of earth? come, then, with me; and let us look through the horoscope of ages together. Thus will I lead thee through the labyrinths of change, and unfold some of the laws by which it is to be; for thou must be a teacher and in showing thy fellow beingsand especially thy own sex what is to be, show them how, or by what means, the good can be achieved; that when the work is ready, the workers may be ready also."

"But how can l'either know, or see?" she asked, sorrowfully, as if almost swallowed up in the greatness that opened before her.

"Thou shalt look with the eyes of a Seer; he answered quietly; "and all the wisdom that is necessary for thee shall be unfolded. But rest thee now. Again shall we come to this work together, fellow laborers in the great

field of human progress."
"And shall I, a weak and humble being of earth, work with thee, O beautiful angel of wisdom! O, glorifled prophet of power!

"God works even with the humblest; and why not I with thee. Accept then, and be assured of thy kinship with Isaiah; for in thy love of right, and in thy zeal for good, thou shalt be his companion and his equal. I have chosen thee for this work. I have endowed thee with its power. It shall thrill in thy simplest speech as with a tongue of fire. But rest now. We meet again."

The vision floated away; and by following the flight of the earth-bound soul, I saw that with much pain and regret, it was returned to its clay tenement. The dampness and darkness of earth were once more thrown around her; but a light shone in her spirit, which shall never be extinguished.

"Why is it," I asked, after a temporary absence, "that this women, who is still of earth, should be drawn to this highest heaven? I remember to have read in some writing of this character, that no very highly developed spirit can communicate directly with earth."

"That is a mistake, my son, as you yourself have seen. As well might it be said that God has no power to reach and minister to his unfortunate children. Is it not plain philosophy that as the larger includes the less, so does the highest the lower and lowest? And thus also the most highly developed mind can reach, affect and move, the grossest and most turbu-lent, with less danger, and with more power, than the lower series. Be assured, my son, that they who are so much afraid of contamination and loss are not of the highest.

"But in the present instance this woman is drawn thus high, because the celestial power, by her peculiar experience, is prematurely unfolded. She has the gift of prophecy; and by this she is allied to the highest. But wend we now to still sublimer heights."

Resting in the bosom of a convoluted cloud, we were borne up the spiral stairway into a light unlike any other we had yet visited. It was so fine and white that everything became like itself, of transparent or translucent clear-

Reposing on a scroll that was tinted with the splender of ther immagulate form, was a [Concluded on 8th page.]

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circulation. It was written by a friend of
mine who placed it at my disposal. Though I
am not a subscriber to your paper, I feel a

deep interest in its prosperity, and hope you will judge the letter worthy of publication:

Mrs. ——:—Of course I cannot see with your eyes. Social freedom, as I see it, does not meet with the approbation of my best judgment, yet what I see may be a very different thing from what you see, and I am not disposed to be dogmatic. The future can only demonstrate which of us is nearest right. It is unfortunately. the truth that very many men, and women, too, after marriage do "let up," and prove unmistakably that they were—not honest. Now what is the matter? Is it our marriage laws that are at fault? Rather does not the blame lie against poor human nature—want of a proper education, and mostly to the large back brain—too much animal? Is it possible the evil can be cured and men and women become all they should be by promiscuous use of their lower animal natures? Rather is not the remedy to be found in the culture of the higher and spiritual? Oh! not promiscuity, say you, but variety. Well, is not that twin sister? Are you not driven, in defense of all that is dear to society, family and country, to monogamy?

We should love our companions—if we are not honest the law should be so constructed

that he or she who proves they are not honest, should reap a proper penalty and the one deceived be free. This is what our laws profess to do now, but we know they are sadly deficient. Should there not be proper guards? Are not our carnal desires the "flood-gates". and should they not be shut down, rather than opened? Must my child know-a man sexually before she can determine justly and truly whether she loves him or not,—is that the true way to make a man respect and love a companion? Is this an improvement in our social relations, to allow a man to go dipping about in this manner, until he has found one that seems to suit in every respect? In my opinion it cannot be risked in this age of the world.

When we are all properly educated and our spiritual natures have sway over our animal, then will we have the key that will unlock the secrets, that will make man and woman true to each other and treat each other justly; not because they fear "the other may leave," but because our souls recognize the truth—"Let justice be done though the heavens fall."

I cannot see that doing away with our marriage laws entirely, would help us out of our troubles socially, but would be decidedly "out of the frying-pan into the fire." I fear the tyrannical, dishonest man would be the same brute, the scolding and vain-show woman would be the same foolish thing, even though cohabiting was free and there was no restraint. There must be something better, more adhesive than this or more poor souls than now, would go down to hell, and fewer than now

even go up to heaven. I greatly fear it would not benefit the present generation, nor make arrangements to place them a great deal nearer happiness. It may be that we shall grow to understand these things, or what freedom is; but it seems to me the true philosophy is to look at society and human nature just as we find it, and adapt our remedies to the evils we see. Are we not working a little too low down? Can we not better serve humanity by coming up higher in the spiritual regions? Are not many of us sick, very sick, and will not coming up higher, even doing entirely without the lower that, by acknowledgment, a can be, and has been, so much abused, be the best cure? I have seen, the less I exercise the lower, and the more I exercise the higher and spiritual, the more healthy and happier I am. . Is it not a general rule that will work well with all? Would not the husband be better pleased with his wife, and join with her in the reading of the best poems with a higher relish? And is it true that we love best that which does not belong to us, or abuse what we do own? Are you not talking of some depraved wretch, whose lower instincts will not let his higher have prominence? That there are such brutes, both men and women, in the land is too true, but is that the rule? Is it not rather the ex-

ception? Is not humanity after all better than

we give it credit for? Is there any salvation

for us out of our trouble, but to come up out

of the lower to the higher? But do we appre-

clate best, really and truly love best, that which does not belong to us? Think, my good

woman. Does not the month after marriage

bring more true happiness to the truly mated,

than the month previous? Does the thought that both belong now to each other lessen their happiness? Is it not when they discover that they are not angels; that perhaps they have mutually deceived each other, when the realities of life begin to press upon them, and they are found wanting in true manhood and womanhood, is it not thus that unhappiness comes in? Can you charge this want of manhood and womanhood to the marriage laws, or because they belong to each other? Is the happiness of that bright carly headed child lessened because she can look up into her ther's eyes and say, "You are my mother, are you not?" or to that manly father and say, "Pa, I belong to you, do I not? I am glad I do, for I know that you will take care of me." Oh! tell me, is that quiet happy family's enfoyment less because they, one and all, belong to each other, and no rude stranger's hand can come down heavy upon them? Is this house that I made with my own hands and furnished with long toil-the garden planted by my wife and children, those trees now towering toward heaven, casting their cool shadows over the yard where we all rest when the toils of the day are over, of less value-do we love them less because they belong to us? Let the great soul of humanity answer as it will answer when you and I have passed from earth to Spirit-land, and others have taken our places.

Letter from Lyman C. Howe.

God held us, and keep us so purely, that when we all meet face to face in that land of light,

we will not blush to take each other by the hand and help each other up higher, and higher

BRO. JONES: In my weakness I often shrink with sorrow from the conflict now waging, which savors so much of the partizan spirit of political wrath. I love discussion when candor rules and truth is the only aim. I avoid it when love of victory and partizan feeling leads and inspires all. But when that spirit presails among radical agitators, it is but natural that the reaction should show the same. I have hoped and prayed that "this cup might pass," and our great brotherhood and sisterhood led on by higher hosts and ruled by exalted motives, would feel out the right and only brighter faith and deeper devotion by the great mutual friction, and aid each other to see more clearly the law of life and purity, and unitedly stand against the time-honored errors of the past and present. O! I have loved and trusted rules and truth is the only sim. I svoid it

humanity, and I am stronger in that trust today, than ever before! But we can only hold our trust by sacred contact with the divine which ever throbs in human pulses, beneath the wild waves of passion, and its silent voice charms away every fear. With fingers to this holy pulse, and heart attuned to the song of universal love, I would meet this question and fearlessly add my quota of thought and sentiment to the side of purity. I would not insignificant that all or even a majority of those sinuste that all or even a majority of those who sustain this movement, called "free love" or Woodhullism, are bad or sensual; nor would I judge any in that sense, only as their own public confessions volunteer the facts; nor would I judge the motives of even these! But we must judge the inevitable bearings and moral significance of such doctrines and practices. We should not forget, however, that we are all human, and that wrong reacts most

forcibly on its direct projector.

I have never attended a National Convention of Spiritualists, but I always felt kindly and hopefully toward them. Organization is nature's method, and some day it must be successfully ours. These false beginnings are the prelude of final success, and the longer we defer with trial efforts and partial failures as educational means and personal discipline, the more enduring will be the final structure that is sure to come.

This national organization is evidently dead or translated! It cannot even pretend to be a Spiritual Society longer. Now I claim to be a radical. All truth is radical; but true radicalism conserves the truth and routs out the false. I believe, too, that all questions relating to man and his relations belong directly or remotely to Spiritualism. I believe in human rights; in freedom in its highest and broadest sense, and that freedom, too, is applicable to all relations of life! But what is freedom? Is it obedience to impulse and blind passion? Is it anarchy, subordination of reason and moral sense to fleshly lust? Whoever allows moral judgment to abdicate, and reason to wait on passion, thus subordinating the higher and perverting the lower functions of the brain, is a slave.

As I read, Mrs. Woodhull insists that all who have lapsed for once or more into false indulgence, are committed to her theories in practice, and are hypocrites; and further, that all who oppose her do so through fear of losing their opportunities, and that we are all hypo-crites and cowards, if we dare to oppose her or any part of her theories.

If she has ever said anything to put her under the ban of suspicion, this estimate of her opposers is the strongest index of her own motives. "With what judgment ye mete to others, shall be measured to you again." Had I been a silent member at the late convention and been guilty of practicing all that she charges upon the hypocrites, the threat against those who should dare to oppose her, would have brought me to an open rebellion and positive defiance. What freedom! A free platform, free speech, and free love, coercing, or attempting to coerce, members to vote and speak under the rule of terror and the reign of wrath, held up in threatening thunder by the apostle of freedom, the president of a Spiritual -no, free love association! Hypocrisy! Who has not some share of it? Is Mrs. Woodhull exempt? By no means. Nor is there a freelover in the world that is. You will see that while I love humanity and liberty, I can not support tyranny, even though it come in the name of freedom.

Fredonia, N. Y. Joined to His Idols.

BRO. JONES:- I was about to ask for information concerning E. V. Wilson, whether he was dead, lost, strayed or stolen? But as no obituary appeared, I concluded that he was not dead. Finally, news comes of him in the Journal, though I can not determine whether he is lost, strayed or stolen. Wonder if he "knows how it is himself?" I think he is about in the condition of the countryman who went to town with a horse and cart, and got drunk. While ite was lying insensible, some one unhitched and led off his horse. When he came to himself and looked around, he concluded that one of two things had happened. He had either lost a horse or stolen a cart; and E. V. has certainly lost a horse, if he has not stolen a cart. If he has gone into the scavenger business, it is well he has retained the cart. For my part I can't see the use of going into the mire to raise humanity, for in so doing, there is serious danger of becoming swamped with the rest. But the plan of the Social evilists seems, to be the old allopathic method, "salivate society below the disease, and then raise them by stimulants," which is about as logical as burning a barn to get rid of

Abolishing the marriage laws in the present state of development would be like turning a herd of swine into a corn-field, and expecting them not to eat. When mankind are developed to such a degree of perfection as to make laws which shall be perfect, then we may dispense with law; and, if these social freedom thinkers, have been up there, methinks they had far better remained and tried to elevate she people above law, than to undertake to improve matters by abolishing all law and dragging mankind down to the lowest level. Think of their being led up by Moses, with

no stimulus but his clixir of life! No; I don't believe in salivation as a cure. I am sorry to see space in the dear old JOURNAL occupied with these articles, but I wish to see Spiritualism unloaded of all such material burdens and trush as have been heaped upon it, and reduced to its pure and undefiled soul-cheering and soul-elevating mission. The fact that the spirit of man, lives, returns, and communicates with mortals, is Spiritualism, a science, and when understood as such, it has the tendency to repel, and not attract, the ma-terial, and it will free itself, even if it cost a

D. C. HALL. Hannibal, Mo.

- Wilson.

. HYMN OF THE LATTLE.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying

Or chain the wings of the Morning Light? Can ye seal the springs of the Ocean deep, Or bind the Thunders in silent sleep? The Sun that rises, the Seas that flow, The Thunders of Heaven, all answer,

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth? The earthquake still in its awful birth? Will the hands on Time's dial backward

Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee? The shaken mountains, the flowers that The pulse of the Universe, answer, "No!"

Can ye burn a Truth in the Martyr's fire?
Or chain a Thought in the dungeon dire?
Or stay the Soul, when it soars away
In giorious Life from the moulding clay?
The Truth that lived, the Thoughts that

The Spirit ascending, all answer, "No!" -Brittan's Quarterly.

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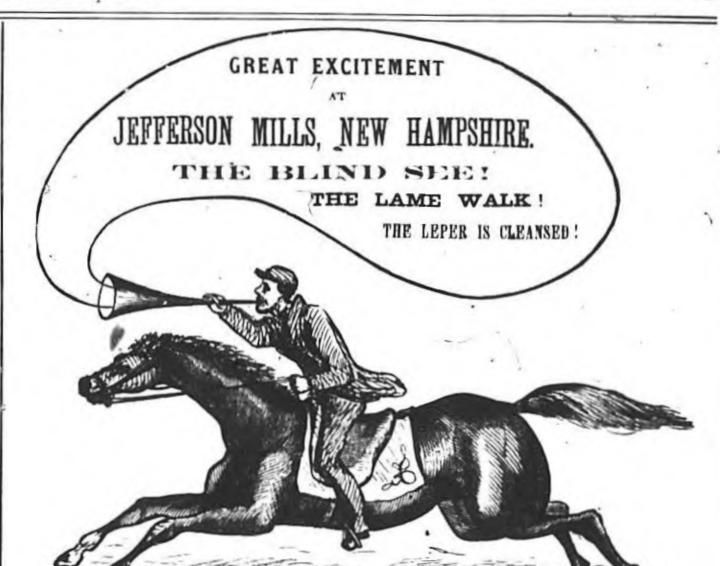
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forces, etc. Useful for the scientific and for the unlearned.

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JEFFERSON MILLS, N. H., March 31, 1873:-PROP. PAYYON 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 cleaned. I had the Leprosy for thirty years in my legs, arms, head, and hearly all over my body. After taking your Positive Powders about four days I shoved up my sleeve to see how my arm looked, and to my utter astenishment the scabe would cleave off casily and leave all smooth; and now my head and body are clean. The Catarrh in my head is arrested. They cured my lungs, that were tied up with Philogem and Cough. The Rhoumatism in my muscles commenced many years ago, and by degrees extended all over me, so that I could not raise my right arm to my head, or put on my vest. I can now hold it in any position. My legs I could only with difficulty get off any way. I now travel quite easily. By overdoing last fall, I brought on a Pain about the Bears, and it would beat a few beats and then stop and start again. I could not lie on it all. The powders have soit all right. Several years ago, from overstraining one eye and a blow on the other I became 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 callomel. Her limbs were swelled 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 I met Mr. Woodward, who is acquainted with the Powders, having used them and seen their good effect. I let him have a Box. He went to Mr. Bowles's 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 st Mr. Bowles's in the morning, and saw Mrs. Bowles out on the plazza at work. He was greatly surprised, on inquiry she said she took one of Spence's Positive Powders the night before: it easeed all her pain, and she slept like a pig. He said he never saw two persons so

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 Pevers of all kinds, such as the Hillous Inflam. matory, Typhoid, Congestion of the Lungs, Scarlet Fever, etc. I have also found them infallible in Bowel Complaints and Nervous Headache. I have also proved the Ointment recommended to be made of the Positive Powders (according to Rule the tenth) to be magical in its effects oball kinds of Hores and Erystpelas. DR. M. E. JENKS, formerly of North Adams,

now of Amesbury, Mass. One box of your Positive Powders cured David Willington of a pain in his stomach of 8 years' standing. Mrs. E. Claffin was cured by the Negative Powders of Numbness, or Palsy, of 12 years' duration. The Powders cured Mrs. H. Claffin of Neuralgia. They also cured a lady of Painful Menstruction when given up as past cure. In cases of Parturition (Child-birth), I consider them of

DR. JULIA WILLIAMS, Practical Midwife,

East Braintree, Vt. myself have been afflicted with Rhoumatism 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 Rheum-

atism is gone and the Heart Disease much relieved. DR. A. J. COREY, Great Bend, Pa. I think there is no medicine n the world like the Positive and Negative Powders,

MRS. DR. GARRISON, Newton, N. J. In Ague and Chille I consider them unequal-

J. P. WAY, M.D., Bement, Ill. Your Positive and Negative Powders seem to be quite a mystery-no marked action-yet they cure. I have some patients who can't live without them, as nothing else has ever benefited thum.

C. D. R. KIRK, M.D. Fern Springs, Miss. They are peculiarly adapted to the female con-DR. L. HAKES, Clore, N. Y.

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 swellen, and in running sores; in fact, it was all over her body.—(MARTIN WORELY, New Petersburg, Four Boxes of Positive Powders have cured a little girl of a very bad case of Scrofula. —(R. McRua, Fuy-

girl of a very bad case of Scrofula.—(R. McHa, Fuyetteville, N. C.)

The daughter of Henry E. Lepper was afflicted with
Scrofulous Sore Eyes for several years. Much
of the time she could not bear the light, and had to be
shut up in a dark room. Ere she had taken 2 Boxes of
your Positive Powders, her eyes, to all appearance, were
well, and have remained so.—(Robert Thomas, Ossee,
Miss.)

I had running Serofulous sores on me for a years, and could get no cure. I tried all the medicines I could get, but no cure or help until I took your Positive Powders. I am now about well.—(John W. Kendall, Bethel, Mc.)

Bethel, Me.)

I have cured Mrs. Anna Wright of Imherited Scrofula with 3 Boxes of the Positive Powders.—
(Enmi Princis, Beaver Dans, Wis.)

Mother had the Castarrh 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.—(Miss R. M. Shaven, Berlington, N. J.)

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

Triumphant Victory

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

A short time since my mother tried your Positive Powders for Byspepsis and Indigestion. If she "ate a piece of apple as large as a hasel-nut, she would not sleep a particle all night, but be very weary and nerveus. She is entirely well now.—(A. G. Mowshay, Stockton, Miss.)

Four years ago I used half a Box of your Positive Powders, which took all the Dyspepsis out of me, root and branch.—(Jose O. Respassy, Hurland, Wis.)

Your Powders have cured me of Byspepsis in two weeks I used but one Box of the Positives. My Dyspepsis was chronic and of 30 years standing. During the last ten years I could not use butter, pork, or pastry of any kind; but now they agree with me as well as they ever did.—(P. P. MEZZEE, P. M., Music Springs, Wis.)

There been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for mear 50 years of my life, and for many years had to restrict myself to the most rigid course of disting, not having eaten a meal of hog meet, or anything that was sensoned with it, for many years. Three Boxes of the Positive Powders relieved me of all my symptoms of Dyspepsia. I now est mything that is common without suffering any inconvenience whatever.—(Rev. L. Julian, M.D., Brancheille, Ark.)

WHAT WOMEN SAY.

A woman in this place has used the Positive Powders for Falling of the Womb, and is high in praise of them.—(Mrs. J. Gilkors Jones, Falmouth, Mass.)

My daughter, Martha. has been cured of Suppressed Menstruation by the use of the Positive Powders. - (J. Cooran, St. Johns, Ark.) Your Positive Powders have cured me of Dropsy of the Womb of one year's standing. The Candency to Dropsy was inherited.—(Mrs., EMMA MIST, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

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. Herer, Sand Spring, Iowa.)

My wife is now all right in her monthly periods. As I said before, she had suffered a great deal from Irregularity and Flooding. She had doctered with seven different Doctors for three years; but there is nothing as good as your Powders.—(W. H. Kemp, Smith Creek, Mich.)

Your Positive and Negative Powders have cured a

Your Positive and Negative Powders have cured a case of Milk Leg of 16 years' standing, also a case of Rheumatism, a case of Falling Sickness or Fits, and a case of Dysentery.—(Powerl Hallour, Yorkville, Ill.)

Mise 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. Girbs, Pardeéville, 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 for six weeks

years, and at times have been laid up with for six weeks at a time. I have used your Positive Powders for Neuralgia and Sick Headache.—(Libbie G. Barrett, White Hills, Conn.)

I have been suffering mearly 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 came like an angel of mercy in the night time.—(Mrs. M. A. Earley, Huntsvills, Ala.)

I had a severe attack of Neuralgia last week, and I stopped it in 10 minutes with your Positive Powders.—

I had a severe attack of Neuralgia last week, and I stopped it in 10 minutes with your Positive Powders.—
(Jacob S. Ritter, River Styc., Ohio.)

When I commenced taking your Powders, I had Spinal Complaint of nearly 30 years standing; also Diabetos, Sciatica, Rheumatism and Erysipelas. I am now well of all. Oh, I do think them the most-wonderful medicine ever giver. 20 men. While on a visit to my sister in Dower she told me men. While on a visit to my sister in Dover she told me that there had been almost a miracle wrought with her in a terrible case of Neuralgia with the Positive Fowders. She induced me to try them myself. I did so, with wonderful success.—(M. HUHYLEY, NOVA RICAMOND, N. H.)

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CHICAGO, BATURDAY, MAY 9, 1574.

The Dark Side of Life, or What is Evil?

NUMBER EIGHT.

The Index gives an account of the sad termination of the earthly career of Nellie Weeman, a sewing girl in the family of Judge Smith, of Springfield, Mass., and who committed suicide by taking chloroform.

The poor girl seems to have had an excellent character, and to have been driven to the desperate deed by persistent unkindness in her own home, to escape which she had sought service abroad. She had joined the Baptist Church, and tried with poor success to get comfort and strength out of her religion.

Now for the saddest part of this sad story. A correspondent in Springfield adds: When a poor, unfortunate girl, driven from her home amongst strangers, and feeling as if she had no one to care for her or love her, told the Judge in whose family she worked that she had a terrible load upon her, this same Judge related the fact at an evening prayer-meeting, telling the audience how troubled one of his family was, and saying that God had probably placed this load upon her to try her. At this one of the good brothers cried out, "Bless God for the load!" and hoped they would all pray to-have the load put on heavier. That same night the poor girl made away with herself, all for the want of kindness and a little human nature.

Perteet was hung at Joliet, and Rafferty at Waukegan, Illinois, for murder, for coolly and deliberately taking the life of a human being. With pistol and razor the bloody deeds were accomplished, and the law and the judgment of humanity pronounced them murderers. Poor Nellie Weeman was suffering terribly in mind, and church members animated with the spirit of intolerance and a blind sense of duty, with their vociferous prayers, clapping of hands, and other noisy demonstrations, increased her troubles until they drove her to commit suicide. On the heads of those church members rest the stain of murder, so dark, so damning, so dreadful in appearance, that no blood of Jesus can ever erase it. They are as guilty of murder as Perteet, who cruelly took the life of his wife, and if it was right to hang him, for whose crime there were, perhaps, palliating circumstances, justice would demand that each of those church members who desired to increase the load Nellies' troubles should be strung up by the neck until dead, dead! Guilty of murder overshadowed with the stains of their crime and the stigma attached thereto, they should try to eradicate the effects of the same by a life devoted to philanthropic purposes.

Even connected with religion there are crimes that make one shudder to contemplate, and we wonder why it is that there is not a single oasis on this earth of ours, that one can traverse and only inhale the divine fragrance of love, truth, purity and justice. . On all sides the ponderous wheels of creation move grandly forward, grinding out the elements of discord, strife and ruin.

Murder, rapine, larceny-in fact all grades of crime, are hourly committed. None are perfectly happy; many are perfectly miserable. The wheels of creation seem like a mighty juggernaut, as they move along grinding out earthquakes, tornadoes, inundations, volcanic eruptions, epidemics and famines. The cry of distress, the tender appeals of the starving, the moans and sighs of the sorrowing ones do not cause them to hesitate in their destructive march, or to produce different results. Like a huge monster, they move irresistibly forward. You may crush beneath your feet the struggling insect and no pity arise within you for the pain you cause; nor does the Engineered Crestion seem to care for the pains and sorrows which his famines, his cyclones, his epidem-

Look at New York City, for example. The number of lodgers in the New York Police Stations give some idea of the deplorable misery of the homeless, unemployed and suffering poor of that city during the last winter. In the week ending January 9th, the number

ics, his earthquakes, and his disasters cause.

of lodgers registered was 5,557 males and 1,611 females. In the succeeding week, ending January 16th, there were 5,498 males and 1,530 females-a total of 7,028 persons driven by poverty to seek shelter from cold in the wretched accommodations of Station-house "lodgers' rooms." In addition to these, several thousand have been cared for nightly at the various "refuges" afforded by private be-

The New York Sun thus describes the shelters so eagerly sought by the homeless

"The lodging rooms into which entrance is so eagerly sought are entirely unfurnished, have a low, bare wooden platform. On this the lodgers recline, if possible, sit up, if not so closely crowded together that any change of position is an impossibility. In the Thirtyseventh street station, on nights of extraordinary rigor, as many as 107 poor creatures breathe the fætid atmosphere of those poisonous receptacles of the destitute. The lodgers entertain such an incorrigible dread of cold that it is beyond the ability of the sergeants or doormen to keep any of the windows open. In addition to more than 100 pairs of lungs expiring carbon, several flaming gas jets aid in the work of exhausting the oxygen of the air.

Why, we may well ask, all this suffering? Are there two sides to life—one bright and the other dark? Can creation with its ceaseless operations be partially right and partially wrong; partially good and partially evil; partially harmonious and partially discordant? Can there be two sides to life -one dark, damning, wretched, hateful,-full of thorns to sting the body, and glass to cut the feet, while poverty, wretched poverty, destroys the noblest aspirations of the human soul?

TO BE CONMINUED.

The Crusaders.

We really exult in the herculean efforts being put forth by the ladies of the various States to annihilate King Alcohol. A King he is, and a ruthless one too, devoid of all humanitarian feelings. King Satan, the original antagonist of God, is an animated example of unequaled endurance, for the denunciations of thousands of priests and the prayers of all christendom, have not succeeded in annihilating him, but he is to-day more numerous than ever-he is precisely like the favorite cat of the domestic hearth. A little girl came running to her paps one day saying, "I do declare, pa, somebody has broken kitty all to peices"-an examination disclosing the startling fact that several kittens had been added to the family King Satan, the cloven footed one, has been broken all to peices through the instrumentality of sermons and prayers, and to-day he is very numerous all over the country. The prayer against King Alcohol, we hope will not have such a disastrous result, and add to the number of saloons. Now, the Bible contains many accounts where prayers were answered. True, we were not there, and can not vouch for the correctness of the statements, and neither believe or disbelieve. For the encouragement of those engaged in the efforts to dethrone King Alcohol, we would say that .Abraham's servant prays-Rebecca appears. Jacob prays-the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love. Joseph prays-he is delivered from the Egypt. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited; Israel triumphs. Hannah prays the prophet Samuel is born. Joshua prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained. David prays-Ahitophel goes out and hangs himself. Asa prays -Israel gains a glorious victory. Jehosaphat prays-God turns away his anger, and smiles. Elijah prays-the little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth. Elisha prays-the waters of the Jordan are divided; a child is restored to life. Isaiah prays-one hundred and eighty-four thousands Assyrians are dead. Hezekiah prays-the sun dial is turned back; his life is prolonged. Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free. Nehemiah prays-the king's heart is softened in a minute. Ezra prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise. The Church prays-Peter is delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas pray -the prison shakes; the doors opens, every man's bonds are loosed.

If all of those prayers were answered as asserted, we see no good reason why those who are engaged in suppressing the damnable traffic of intemperance through solemn petition to God, should not meet with success. We know of one instance where prayer was successful. It had a crushing effect; before its influence the noble form of one of earth's purest sons was struck down in the morning of his glory and usefulness. The Orthodox ministers of Boston hated Theodore Parker, and unitedly they prayed that he might be thwarted in his promulgation of what they called pernicious doctrine, and centering on him the magnetism of their hate, as manifested in prayer, he became sick and died. We have no doubt the prayers of Christians, earnest sincere Christians, actuated by hate, crushed that moral reformer and sent him .to a permature grave. Now, if the prayers of Christians can have a diabolical influence, as they did in this case, we have reason to believe that when directed in the animated spirit of love to alleviate the suffering ones of earth, or to banish intemperance, they will have ten fold more potency.

In this struggle of those who represent God on one side, and those intimately allied to Satan on the other, our wishes are with the former. We desire to see temperance animate every heart, and diffuse throughout all christendom a healthful influence. We wish to see wine banished from bar rooms, low brothels, palatial residences, and particularly from communion tables. We love all mankind, but we do wish that wine drank at the communion table would cause great pain below the stomach of every minister who par-

takes of it. We heartily wish, too, that the pain might be as much worse than the cholera morbus, as a common mind can imagine; indeed we would like to see it double up every minister in the form of a hoop snake, and then tie him in a double twisted knot, there to remain forty-eight hours. We have affection for everybody, and our nature is amiable, but those who guzzle wine at the communion table, thereby mixing superstition and bad liquor together, should at once be attacked by severe pains.

We have no sympathy for wine-communionguzzlers, and we consider it more respectable and genteel to imbibe poison in a groggery, than to invest one's person in a clerical garb, and sip poison in the name of God.

We wish the crusaders abundant success. We heartily endorse the movement, and hope that all the bright, pure messengers of heaven will contribute their aid to suppress this most inhuman and damnable traffic that ever cursed a people.

How to Develop Mediums.

The inquiry is often made, how can I become developed as a medium?

There are many phases of mediumship. Some individuals pass from one phase to another very rapidly; others continue a long time as mediums for some particular phase, without any apparent, or very little change.

A majority of the people are mediumistic, and can be readily developed to some useful phase of mediumship.

The question is, how can it be done? There are various means by which it is readily accomplished. If there is already a well developed medium that can be procured to sit with the circle, where all desire to become mediums, it should be done; if not, go to work in carnest without such aid.

Let a few earnest souls, if such can be found, join in a resolve to sit regularly twice at least a week, not more than six persons, unless a greater number can be relied upon as sincere seekers for truth.

One person alone can become developed, if the same rules are observed as are required where several sit for development.

While a circle of about equal numbers of each sex is preferable, it is by no means

absolutely necessary. Let a room be selected that is secluded from all disturbing noises, and one that can be

rendered totally dark, if desirable. Let the seekers for truth convene at regular hours and days, and under no circumstances allow the mind to be absorbed in business foreign to the object of development. Let serenity of feeling and love of truth, mingled with kind feelings toward all the world, hold

supreme control during the hours of sitting. It is well to form a circle around a light table with the palm of the hands resting flat upon the table leaf. Lower the lights so as to make a very soft mellow light, only. Have writing paper and pencils ready before each person, so that if an inclination is manifested to use them, it can be readily done without breaking the circle.

Good singing aids much in harmonizing the circle and making each person negative, and comparatively thoughtless of all but the words sung, and the musical tones of the voices. Music from a good music box is better than no music, but the magnetic effect of good livey tunes and expressive words, are far pref.

Some one will soon feel an irresistible desire to move a hand, speak, write or spat the table with the palm of the hands. Raps may be heard; the table may tip or some other demonstration may be witnessed, or some one may be entranced and speak.

Have no fear of consequences, whatever it may be, and under no circumstances resist the influence. Yield to the influence cheerfully with a sincere faith that your spirit friends will allow no harm, nor anything to be done which is improper.

The first demonstrations being imperfect, the spirit control is often very eccentric.

Hence we have advised that in forming circles, none should be admitted but such as have a sincere desire for truth.

When spirit communion is once established no matter by what means the intelligence is manifested, questions are in order, and the spirits will give such directions as necessary in conducting the developing circles thereafter. Such directions as they give should be fol-

If any one feels disposed to raise objections and thereby create inharmony, it is better to close the circle at once, than to sit there with uncongenial feelings, and not attempt to come together again until all such feelings are entirely subdued. Harmony is absolutely necessary for spirit communion.

This is but a meager outline of directions for forming spirit circles for developing mediums, and yet it will serve a good purpose, with thousands who have no knowledge upon

Bastian and Taylor.

These mediums have returned from their trip South, and are holding both dark and cabinet seances at our seance rooms, every evening except Saturday.

Those who have not witnessed their wonderful materializations, as well as those who have, and wish to again, had better avail themselves of the present opportunity, as the mediums will leave for England on an extended tour through Europe, about the first of

War in the Woodhull Camp.

Address the former Associate Editor of the Woodhull & Claffin's Weekly, for a copy of the Expose, enclosing ten cents. Joseph Treat, Post Office Box 1825, New York City.

Beecher on Organized Christianity

Mr. Beecher is evidently a candidate for martyrdom, if there is any one courageous enough to pile the fagots and apply the torch. In his last sermon, he essayed to show why Christianity had made such slow progress, basing his arguments upon the fact that Christ was not master of a system, that he organized no sects, and never wrote anything, and that the secret of his power was owing to the fact that it was the power of a higher type of manhood than had ever been seen in the world before. In this connection, Mr. Beecher said:

Church organizations have exerted great power in the world, but I don't think that you will find that they have exerted as much influence for good as for harm. Organized Christianity has been the poorest part of raligion. It would have sunk long ago if there had been no other power. It has not been the Church that has preserved religion, it has been religion that has preserved the Church. It has not been the priesthood that has preserved the laity, it has been the example of the humble lives in this laity that has preserved the priest-

This, for heresy, is pretty bad, but when Mr. Beecher alludes to his own position in the Congregational sect, he blows a trumpet blast of defiance. Noticing the fact that it had been said to him, "If you are so impressed with these liberal ideas, why don't you go out from the Congregationalists?" "I stay here," said Mr. Beecher, "because there are men that say that Congregational ministers shall not stand in the pulpit and say certain things, and I say that they shall." [Great applause] There is no mistaking this language. It is peremptory, defiant and emphatic, and coming so soon after the Congregational Council, it has unusual significance. The gauntlet is thrown into the arena. Who will pick it up?-Chicago Dauly

The sentiment expressed by Mr. Beecher will be endorsed by the best thinkers throughout the world. Organized Christianity is struck with a blight, a mildew that is apparent. It has never been, since it became organized, the simple Christianity of the Nazarene.

Sufficient light is now beaming upon "Organic Christianity," to show its rottenness. Although it has been reared into a mighty fabric, and a power for mischief; it has ever contained the elements of dissolution, and being based upon a bad foundation, is bound, sooner or later, to fall of its own weight.

Extremes ever right themselves. So we hope the despots in "Organized Christianity" will pile up the fagots around Beecher, Swing and others, and fire them, until they are roasted; not literally, as John Calvin roasted Michael Servetus, but morally and socially, until the light of eternal truth shall shine forth through them, as modern martyrs, to the removal of all darkness imposed upon the people by "Organized Christianity."

Let Spiritualists take warning from observation, and from experience, and ever hereafter protest against all further attempts to organize Spiritualism—the philosophy of life.

Angels, and all intelligent men and women, forbid that we shall ever witness any more such puerile attempts at national organizations, as have already cursed and disgraced us in the name of an "American Association of Spiritualists," or the so-called "Universal Association of Spiritualists," now made up of the Moses-Woodhullites, the avowed practical advocates of licentiousness-a system of moral ethics that would disgrace semi-barbarians.

Local societies for the investigation and promulgation of truth, independent of each other, with simple articles of association, and by-laws for regulating financial matters, is well, but should never have any further binding force.

DR. T. B. TAYLOR holds a two-days meeting at Beloit, Wis., May 2d and 3d; and goes to East Saginaw, Mich., the 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st. Let societies in that part of the State avail themselves of the opportunity to hear this able and eloquent expounder of our faith. Week evening lectures can be arranged for on reasonable terms at points within fifty miles of East Saginaw, during the month of May. Dr. Taylor is reaching a class that no speaker has hitherto reached.

WE are pleased to learn that several copies of Dr. Wolfe's startling book of "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" has found its way into the Chicago Free Public Library, where it will attract attention, and be read with as much interest as any book published in modern times. This great work ought to be found wherever the language is spoken, in which it is printed, and in the hands of all men who feel an interest in knowing something of the destiny that awaits them after

THE Tower (Ill.) Rock speaks as follows of Col. Hay: "A Spiritualist lecturer named Hay, hailing from Texas, has delivered several lectures on Spiritualism in Rogers' Hall, during the last week. He had good audiences at each lecture and we hear that they were very well pleased with his discourse. Some of all classes were out, and the marked attention shown the speaker, indicated the interest they felt in his remarks.

J. M. Peebles speaks as follows, in the Ban-NER, of two prominent Spiritualists: found Hudson and Emma Tuttle's Oak-farm home flooded with books, paintings and music. Hudson is speaking each Sunday, and writing for journals both in this country and England. Hudson and Mr. Lees, of Cleveland, did the fair thing in arranging for my course of lectures at Berlin-Heights. The event of the last evening, however, was Emma's

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for May contains a splendid poem, entitled "Fairy Land," from the pen of that highly gifted poet, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, Md.

Hon. LEWIS ELLSWORTH, proprietor of the DuPage County Nurseries, is offering superior bargains in his line this spring.

WILL PROP. SHAW, the Elocutionist and Spiritual lecturer, send his address to J. R. Francis, in care of this office.

DR. J. K. BAILEY, the energetic and constant Anti-Woodhull lecturer, is about closing his missionary campaign in Kansas. He-intends soon to pass over the M. K. & L. Railroad to Moberly Mo.; thence via. the North Missouri to Ottumwa, Iowa. Any friends of true Spiritualism, along the route or its vicinity, desiring lectures, can secure the service of this competent, useful and wholesome advocate of our cause. Address him until further notice at Clinton, Mo.

EVERGREENS, nursery grown, by the millions, from a few inches to six feet high, at prices ranging from 50 cents to \$50.00 per 100, and \$2 50 to \$350.00 per 1,000, at the DuPage County Nursery, Naperville, Ills. Lewis Ellsworth proprietor. For further informstion see advertisement.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for April contains a highly interesting sarrative from the pen of that distinguished philosopher, Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A WELL known and thoroughly read Physician says that Babbitt's Health Guide is more valuable than all the old school medical works ever written. This is putting it pretty strong, but there is no doubt the little work will do a vast amount of good.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for May contains a splendid narrative from the pen of Malcolm Taylor, entitled, the "Lame Boy."

GERALD MASSEY will lecture in Boston, May 8d and 10th, and will then take his departure for Europe.

WE learn that Mrs. M. A. McCord is lecturing very acceptably every Sunday to a society of Spiritualists in St. Louis, Mo.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for May gives an account of the writing mediumship of a baby.

BRO. YORK, of San Jose, Cal., has been organizing a Society in Sacramento, same State. The cause seems to be in a flourishing condition there, a liberal hall having been erected.

Every one is delighted who see those beautiful photographs of Prof. Anderson's Pencil Paintings.

THE Biography of Satan, by K. Graves, is the most compact and popular history of that notorious character, ever published.

B. S. Simmons sends list of subscribers for the Journal, but fails to give his Post-Office

ISAAC CLEVELAND sent to this office for a book, but failed to give his Post Office.

H. H. BROWN, State Missionary, of Iowa, is well spoken of by Capt. J. D. Brown, of Scranton. Bro. Brown will receive calls to lecture anywhere in the State. Address him at Mo Valley, Iowa.

FACTS for the young, by J. L. Potter, may be found in the May number of the LITTLE

ALL about the Aquarium may be found in the May number of the LITTLE BOUQUET.

Day, Colchester's Fund.

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

Amount previously reported,\$295 41 John G. Bosch, Greenanville, O. 1.00 W. B. Hawley, J. Tenney and Mrs. Mrs. E. S., Washington, D. C. 1.00 R. H. Sanford, Helena, Montana 1.00 L. W. Rawson. 1.00 Mrs. M. M. A. do do G. Utmz, Fulton, Ill. Joseph Beals, Greenfield, Mass 1.00 W. M. King, Ellsworth, Kan 1.00

SENSIBLE AT LAST.

Dr. H. P. Pairfield Sues for a Divorce from the Moses-Woodhullites.

BROTHER S. S. JONES.-I cannot hold my peace any longer. The last free-love vomitof Dr. Treat, Smith & Co., is filthy enough to make every Spiritualist in Heaven and earth, that has in any way been connected with it, to sue for a divorce, and report in dear earnest.

If the Champion of Humanity is to be such a ove-sick mixture of tar and sugar, as the first issue is, God save us from the daub.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD. Springfield, Mass., April 28rd, 1874.

Welcome back to true Spiritualism! We have always wondered how it happened that so good a man-as Bro. H.P. Fairfield, could be led astray by such consummate folly. Welcome back to the fold of true Spiritualism—that Spiritualism which you have so ably advocated for so many years in the past. - [ED. JOURNAL.

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

S. C. Fish, Reedsburg, Wis 25 Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity. We shall report.

Prisoner's Friend Fund.

All money donated to this fund will be most sacredly appropriated to sending the RELIGIO-

PETLOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to prisoners who may apply for the same.

A. P. Holt, Lyndon, Ill..... 70

New Bublications.

PSYCHISCHE STUDIEN" (Psychic Studies). is the title of a new German monthly devoted to Spiritualism. It is the combination of the "Spiritisch-Rationalistische Zeitschrift" (Spiritic Rationalistic Journal), which to the end of last year was published by Oswald Mutze at Leipzic, under the editorship of Julius Meurer. The publisher and editor of the new monthly is the Russian reformer, Mr. Alexander Aksakow, so well known for many years as a zealous propagator of the truths of Spiritualism, particularly by furnishing the means for translating the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, into German. By giving this new periodical the title of "Psychic Studies," he warrants the expectation that he will in the treatment of his great subject, follow the same method of scientific investigation, which has already brought in England remarkable fruits. The appearance of a well-conducted German periodical, dedicated to the great dawning science of the future, is a fact to be noticed with particular rejoicing. Germany has thus far been lamentably backward in regard to the facts and truths of Spiritualism, owing to the tendency to coarse materialization, which has taken possession of the majority of her leading men of science, and through them has imbued the characters of the whole nation. Still it may be noted as a curiosity, that the motive power in the new issue in behalf of Spiritualism in Germany, does not proceed from a native of the "country of think-ers," but from a subject of the great North eastern power, which-and to a certain degree justly-is still liable, to be reckoned among the half-barbarians. The third number of the "Psychic Studies" before us contains 144 pages,-three parts,-of which the first is devoted to the "Historical and Experimental," the the second to "Theory and Criticism," whilst the third refers to "Spiritualistic News," generally. Among the latter we notice, that the organ of the German "Woman's Association," "Neue Bahnen" (New Tracks), has warmly welcomed the appearance of a new periodical for the scientific investigation of hitherto un-explained psychological facts as deserving the particular attention of female reformers. No. III of the studies continues the well-known Report of Dr. Wm. Crookes, of London, and a paper of Alfred Russel Wallace's, about "Mesmerism, Clairvoyance and Spiritualism," and concludes the speech of Dr. Sexton, of London, "How I became a Spiritualist." We further find in this number a report by Prof. Dr. Perty, of Berne, Switzerland, the learned author of several works on the "Mysterious Phenomena of Human Nature," about a remarkable occurrence in Mr. Aksakow's own family Dr. Franz Hoffmann, Professor of Philosophy, contributed a review of Prof. Teichmuellers, (of Torpat, Russia) book, on ne "Immortality of the Soul." All the articles in this number are well written, and hold out the promise that this journal will go far toward, paving the way to a more general attention and a juster appreciation of the facts of Spiritualism, than has thus far fallen to their lot among the "Nation of thinkers." We would particularly recommend the"Psychische Studien" to the German Spiritualists in this country, the number of whom is far more considerable than their utter want of cohesion and union has hitherto allowed to appear. This new Monthly is issued in a style which reflects great credit on its publishers as well as editor. Beside the Publishing house at Leip-zic, the well-known firm of Mr. Ernst Steiger, of New York appears on the title page.

The May number of the POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY is at hand, and it is really a superb number. It takes the lead of all other scientific periodicals in this country, and is equal in all its parts to any published in Europe. No inquiring mind can get along well without this valuable assistant. The list of leading articles embraces the Grape Phylloxera, the Limits of our Knowledge of Nature, the Crooked Courses of Light, Synthetic Chemistry, Action of Sunlight on Glass, Measures of Mental Capacity, Law of Insanity, etc., etc. Terms: \$5 perfannum, or 50 cts. per number. D. Appleton & Co. publishers, 549 and 551 Broadway, New York.

OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR MAY. - We find talented array of contributors in the present issue of this delightful magazine—authors who have received full recognition in the world of letters, through the pages of the Overland, as permanent lights in western American literature. The first on the list is John Muir, our western Hugh Miller, who contributes the first of a series of articles, illustrated with outline figures, on "Mountain Sculpture" in the Yosemite region. John H. Carmany & Co., publishers, San Francisco. \$4 per annum.

SCRIBNER'S FOR MAY.—Jules Verne's new story, "The Mysterious Island," is continued in the May number, with which number a new volume of this magazine is begun. In the same number Edward King has another "Great South" chapter, profusely illustrated. Mr. King deals, this month, with the mountains of Teanessee, Georgia and South Carolina. No one can afford to be without the information concerning the Great South to be had in this series of articles. To every reader these papers will be worth more than the subscription

The frontispiece of St. Nicholas for May is a very large and remarkably fine engraving illustrating a passage of Goethe's poem, "Jo-hanna Sebus." Indeed, this number contains many engravings of unusual excellence. The departments are all good as usual, especially Jack-in-the-Pulpit, in which there is a preeminently funny story of a low-spirited turtle. The Riddle Box contains one of the best puszles of the day, an everyday song, written in the "Language of the Restless Imps."

THE GALAXY for. May is bright, fresh, and spring-like; full of smiling landscape and vivid figure painting, birdlike poetry and cheerful conversation, with dashes of humor, pathos, wisdom and sentiment, which combine to make it as delightful as the month of May itself.

the leading article Mr. Albert Rhode tells how Americans conduct themselves in Paris, what Paris says of them and thinks of them and does for them; and we are led to the conclusion that the American citizen is not seen to the best advantage on foreign soil.

.THE ATLANTIC for May shows a table of contents well suited to its large and intelligent circle of readers. Trowbridge, Addrich, De Forrest, Warner and other well known writers contribute to make up this admirable number and Lowell gives us a long poem to the memory of Agassiz.

THE TECHNOLOGIST for April is behind time but is none the less welcome. This magazine is especially useful to manufacturers, mechanics, builders and inventors. \$1 50 per year. to the prevaler Published by Industrial Publication Company, ologic world. 176 Broadway, N. Y.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS pays for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months, for new trial subscribers. Please send in the sub-

ALL kinds of reformatory books for sale at

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

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

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

The Twenty-Sixth Anniversary at Philadelphia.

CRLEBRATION AT LINCOLN HALL-MORNING SESSION.

Dr. Child called the meeting to-order at 104 o'clock, and said:

Friends, it is with pleasure that we meet this morning to commemorate an event which, with each passing year, grews more interesting, as the birth-day of Modern Spiritualism,-not that Spiritualism is altogether new, and takes its date from this day, for as our sister, Nellie Brigham, has said, "It is but the 19th century blossom on the great tree of

Spiritualism, which was planted when the first human being entered into consciousness ' I remember a few years ago in a convention at Cleveland, O., my old friend, Mr. Lawrence, came up with a paper, on which he had written a communication from spirits, in which there was a desire expressed that we should commemorate this day, and observe

it annually, and it is a pleasant thought to know that to-day hundreds of thousands of people, not only in our land, but in many other countries, are rejoicing in the commemoration of an event, which has brought peace and consolation to millions of earth's children, who to-day have come out of the dim and shadowy realms of faith and theory, into the glorious sun-light of knowledge. I see in vision now a vast ocean, calm and placid. It represents mind. Into this ocean I see a pebble dropped twenty six years ago to night, and as I watched carefully the undulations as they roll out over the entire sea of mind almost everywhere, they move gently and peacefully, just lifting the people and waking attention; but there are places where the winds of opposition have blown flercely, and I see tumult and confusion, and sometimes violent storms, but everywhere the movement is producing blessings. Where it has been received quietly and without opposition, it lifts mankind gently and beautifully out of the old lines, into a more progressive condition, and so all through the churches and wherever it goes, it is moving the entire mass of humanity. Where there has been opposition, and storms have arisen, throwing the white spray from the waves, it is doing its work of purification, and

helping onward the car of progress. . So, friends, we have much to cheer and encourage us, in our association and labors with the loved ones, who, though gone before us, still are our helpers, still work earnestly and faithfully to lift humanity into higher and better conditions. It is a glorious thought to know that we are thus permitted to be coworkers with the angels, and to join hands with the great and good of all ages, and while we rejoice in this, let us not forget that it involves us in a high responsibility, and let us so live that each coming anniversary shall find us moving on worthily in the grand army of progress, whether we be here or in the beauti-

ful land of the hereafter. JOHN M. SPBAR said, those of you who have come into this movement later, can hardly have a clear idea of the trials that attended the earliest mediumship. I thought when I became acquainted with Andrew Jackson Davis, and saw that a new movement had commenced, that I would avoid it. I thought I,had good reason to do so. I had been in the Anti-Slavery movement, the Temperance movement, the Peace movement, and other radical schemes of the day. So it occurred to me that if Spiritualism was to exert an influence, I would be outside of that, for each one of the movements cost time and money, and reputation; yet in the order of divine providence, I was called quite early to this work. I had met Mr. Davis, and he sald to me, "You will hear them! They will come to you." Events transpired by which I found myself engaged in this work. I did not like the term medium, but it was put upon us. I did not like to be seen and known as a medium. My friends said I was insane, and I half suspected it was so. The spirit friends said to me, we wish you to do something of a reformatory character. I was the first medium, perhaps, that was sent out to heal. I went twenty miles to see a man, whom I had never heard of; I found him sick and restored him to comparative health. I went on with my work; was sent all over this continent and to Europe, and I have learned this, that while the abolition of slavery was to elevate the four millions, and the woman's cause is for one half of humanity, Spiritualism has come to set free all humanity; fourteen hundred millions of human beings who walk this earth to-day are the objects of its labor, and a noble work

MR. H. B. CHAMPION, of Nashville, now living in Philadelphia, said:-To-day we commemorate the 26th anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Every age and people, peculiar to their views and sense of obligation, have had their festive occasions. It appears to be inherent in the heart of man, that he should recognise the source, the beneficent means that have ministered to more than his fleshly needs. This is a befitting occasion to express our gratitude to the Giver of all good. In looking over the past, it weaves together an associa-tion of events, unparalleled in the world's history. Twenty-six years ago to-day, the clouds were rifted in twain, and the sun of righteousness was born. Light supernal deigned to visit our earth; joy arose, and a song of gladness resounds from shore to shore, to welcome home the lost and found.

We commemorate, this day, not as a sect, or a peculiar people especially favored of God. No! but as the recipients of a universal heritage and blessing, born to all people. We rejoice, not in our own strength, but in that which is mightier than man,—viz: the truth of God, borne alike to all. Doubt and desolation no longer hold the pathway of the tomb, but the redolent glory of an all-wise Creator ministers there, through his angels of peace and love, with no scorching fires or writhing pains. No, but angel mothers embrace their loved ones o'er the gloom of death. The shroud of desolation is torn away, and the bright harbinger of consolation ministers in its stead. To-day we stand as a lasting monument of the folly of coercive measures for the vindication of virtue, and as a check to the prevalence of vice, as viewed by a the-

Time, that great recorder of human events, fails to give us a parallel, or to portray in such unmistakable certainty, the direct manifestation of the power of God. Twenty-six years ago to-day, the manifest power of the spirit of love was born. The cradle of hope has brought forth a man of glory. A benefit cent smile now wreathes the brow of a com-

mon kind. Kindred emotions knit together in lasting bonds the family of man. Doubt no longer with her sombre shades, garlands the tomb of a resurrected Lord, but truth, like a star of promise, has arisen, and dispelled the fear of a life to come. Should we not rejoice when the harbinger of peace is at our door? Should we not welcome the light from the supernal world? Should we not open our hearts and souls, that angels many minister there? Should not the breath of gratitude rise as the sun of the morning, o'er a new life fragrant with the breath of immortality? Then let us prepare for the life to come; make ourselves worthy recipients of angelic ministrations, that growth, and not decay, may mark our pathway.

We have assembled here in a fraternal union —not to rejoice over some less favored. No! but to commemorate the dawn af a universal ubilee for all men. Pomp, pageantry, and the sway of empire are insignificant, compared with the results attained by what is termed Modern Spiritualism (though as old as time), in the last few years. Doll, indeed, must be those who fail to recognize important results, in the peculiar events that surround us as a people. The very atmosphere appears to be pregnant with the life throes of time, for the amelioration of our kind. To day we have our patrons of husbandry, grangers, labor reformers, citizens' suffrage associations, radical clubs, free religious associations, woman's crusade for the reformation of the inebriate, with a host of others, all worthy of attention and care. Tell me that this does not mirror the reflex of mighty import! Aye, every breath is freighted with the consequence of be-This is indeed a peculiar epoch in the ing. world's history.

Look at our own land and country: a few short years ago the scene of carnage and blood-now redolent in glory and peace. The fratricidal hand has passed away, and the white-winged minister of peace breathes the sainted breath of liberty, where once the clanking chain of oppression and wrong, was only silenced by the cries of its victims. From three to four millions of human beings, created by the same Father, endowed with the same impulses and desires, stand forth in our own land-as the silent evidence of life and truth, that is weaving together into web and woof, the common interest of our kind in a universal humanity in God.

These memorable evidences of our own day, age and people, instill confidence and trust for the future. They write lessons of wisdom where all may read what has heretofore been vague and uncertain, for truth is at our door. Angel hands are ready to lift the latch string and enter when bidden. They are not confined to what has been called the sacred depositories of the past. No! they come to our own firesides and tell us of days long past, and of the time yet to come.

The vail of hypocrisy has been rent, and humanity stands unvailed, for the Spirit-world is a world of uses, of facts. Theories may do for a lullaby to soothe the senses, beguile the reason and cloud the judgment, but truth demonstrated through angelic ministrations, dispels the clouds that superstition has erected, as the evidence of a power divine. No priest or ccwl, no fane or altar, longer interpose between man and his God. Angel bands at tuned to every thought and emotion, are near to chide when needed, to guide and direct, as well as to cheer, the forlorn and weary. What thought can be more consoling or better calculated to inspire the noble, the divine sentiment in man or woman, than to know that the sainted dead are ever near; that they rejoice in their pleasures, and mourn in their sorrow; that the cord of sympathy is not rent, but intensified, deified by the transition called death; at the same time knowing that our secret thoughts are as the open page. What greater restraint upon our direlections and wayward moments, than to know an angel mother or sainted father is weeping o'er our folly, and ever extending the arm of affection o'er the still waters of death to arrest a wayward child. If we have any humanity in our breasts, or any of God in our souls, it cannot be unavailing. Such is Spiritualism, and the benefits to be derived by the living, as well as comfort to the so-called dead, by a course of rectitude and justice, toward our fellow man.

RDWARD S. WHEELER said, I hardly feel as if I could allow this occasion to go by without saying one or two things. I dropped in this morning because of the day, the importance of the event of which this is the anniversary, is impressed upon my mind by years of observation. The central idea of this is the adaptation of the methods of science to the problems of human existence here and hereafter. For the first time in the history of the world; this has been done for the last quarter of a century.

Dogmatic teaching the world has ever had. Science is comparatively young. The adapta-tion of the methods of science is very modern, confined to the last quarter of a century. Demonstrative immortality is the thought, the idea. It is a very singular fact, but a very encouraging one, that millions of men and women uneducated as far as the schools go, broke loose from traditions, from authority, and listening to that which is addressed to their instincts, which their intuitions have substantially adopted as with one voice, the most profound methods of scientific investiga-

The men who stand at the head of physical science in the world, conduct their investigations in the domain of material nature, on precisely the same principles which you conduct your investigations in Spiritualism. It is first the observation of facts; then the discovery of law, and the deductions therefrom of principles and philosophy. First, the fact, then the law, then the philosophy. So we have for the first time in the world's history an attempt at a scientific religion, and a religious science, if we may use the word religion and not be misunderstood. We to-day celebrate the entrance into the world of this new system. We celebrate not the first occurrence of the facts, but the first application of scien-tific investigation of these facts, and the first scientific investigators were the little Fox girls. It matters not who you are-you need not have M. D., or B. A., or D. D., or L.L. D., attached to your name, in order to make you

scientific in method. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, therefore the woman who always makes good bread, works scientifically; the woman who makes good bread one day, and bad bread the next, does not work scientifically. That which is done in order and with certainty, is scientifical, done according to law. We investigate Spiritualism according to law. The little Fox girls began according to law. The same phe-nomena had occurred before, but there never had been that condition of scientific development in the mind of the race, which gives the light of this illumination so that the little children caught the manner of the scientist. Our little boys and girls to-day, are analysts; they have caught the manner of the analysic scientist—they are critical. So the little Fox girls began to analyze, synthesize, and criticise; they began to observe and reason in a scientific manner. That has become so popular among us as a people, that the world has become scientific. become scientific.

We are here to-day to celebrate what in

eastern countries they call "a new avatar." God is with us again, in another form. This inspiration, his influx of eternal spirit has aiways been with us, but now it is the cool, shrewd, analytical, practical intellect that is at work, and these things become matters of demonstration,-no more faith. We don't say "believe or be dammed." We don't say "Thy faith has made thee whole," but we say know and prosper. Knowledge is the key of the universe, so we begin anew.

I have not strength to bring before your minds, as I wish I could, the whole stupend ous idea. You must think it out for yourselves. It is a total, a radical, an utter change; it is revolutionary to the last degree. It lays hands on the temple of the old, and not one stone shall stand upon another, and so look out for squalls about these days, as the almanac would say.

If anybody tells you that Spiritualism means death and destruction to everything that exists, it does; but whether it meant it or not, it happens just the same. When a thing has lived its time out, it dies. It is all natural; it is the death throe of the past, and whatever good the old time had, is living still. Forms change continually, but on the ruins of the old, up springs the good, the better, the noble, the purer. I can see it going. Almost all there is of manhood of life in me has gone. I stand before you but the wreck of a man, but I would not recall one step; I would not take back one single effort, -I am well compensated. I seem to see a mighty power that is rushing through the world; it is like a great river pushing all humanity on to progress to compensation.

You do well to come together to-day and consider the epoch to take note of the time, and I hope in the future you will make an especial point to celebrate these anniversaries. It is the anniversary of the adoption of something new, something radical, revolutionary in its nature, a new system, a system of de-monstration instead of dog na, of knowledge instead of faith. I said to a friend who asked about my health, it is better n w and I am doing my best to help my heavenly Father to give me to daily bread. I meant more than a large in this; it is literally true; it is spiritual philosophy. Our heavenly Father works through his earthly children.

Hercules saw the wagoner praying for help and said to him, "Put your shoulder to the wheel, and I will help you." It is well for us all to put our shoulders to the wheel, and then call upon God. If we don't, he will be deaf as a post: but if we work, he will help us. We must have faith, hope and charity, and then to these add an everlasting lot of hard

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Addresses were delivered by Dr. H. T. Child, H. B. Champion, Elizabeth Draper, Dr. Dutton, Mrs. Robbins, James M. Peebles, Dr. Osborn and others.

EVENING SESSION.

A musical and literary entertainment, and free and social festival was held, the committee having provided refreshments. The day was spent in a happy re union, and of us felt that the cause of Spiritualism was moving on, scattering all along its pathway blessings upon millions of earth's children.

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All who owe for one year and upwards and do not pay up arrearages for this paper, on or before the first day of June next, will find their accounts left in the hands of a collecting attorney, in their respective counties, with directions to proceed to enforce payment at the regular delinquent price of \$8.50 a year. Those who promptly pay before that time will be let off on payment of arrearages at the rate of three dollars a year, providing they remit enough to prepay one year in advance.

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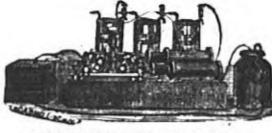
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BIBLE SPIRITUALISM.

The Bible and the Bible God.

FROM B. R. HOSFORD OF THE EDINBURGH CIR CLE OF LIGHT.

BRO JONES - Under the above caption, or its like, I find many articles in your valuable paper; most of said articles breathe a spirit of hate towards all Christian denominations and the Bible they so much cherish, and in their seal, they seem to desire to dethrone the God of the Bible, and declare him a myth.

Now, in love and charity for these brothers, I would ask them to stop and think for a mo-ment, if such communications will not tend to defeat the cause they would build up. These articles undoubtedly please some, but will they make any one better? Will they not, on the contrary, fire the soul with hate towards all the Christian world, in every one that loves such articles. Shall we never learn that love, gentleness, sympathy and kindness,— the God-principle within,—are the only ele-ments of our natures that the angels can use to diffuse light and knowledge to our fellow men, while every stirred up passion of the soul, that gushes out in hate and railiery, is engendered of undevelopment, either in our own nature or the spirits that control us?

I have been a member of the M. E. Church

for twenty-five years, and like Paul, I thought I was doing God's service to persecute Spiritualists, denouncing the phenomena as a humbug, or of the Devil. A little more than a year ago I commenced its investigation, thinking it best to know to which it belonged, humbug, or his Satanic majesty. Well, I came out where every honest investigator must come out, a firm believer in spirit communion. True, I found both Devil and humbug, but better still, I found in reality what Theologians only teach in shadows and fancy, I found that the Bible teaches in truth, and how to harmonize it. These spirit teachers taught me to love the Bible more, and creeds less. Theologians teach us that man is saved by faith and blood; the Bible and our Harmonial Philosophy teaches that "every man shall be rewarded according to his deeds, whether they be good or evil." Theologians and creeds teach us that there is no probation beyond this life. The Bible and spirits teach us that there is not a hint even of such a thing in all the book. Theology teaches that God wants sinners to repent in this life; but that he don't in spirit-life. The Bible and angels teach that God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; that he changes not; that his laws are the same, unchangeable and eternal; that if God dispenses his blessings alike upon the avil and the good here, in accordance to law, so he must there. If he loves a sinner here, he must love a sinner there; in a word, God is good, and every man's destiny is what he makes it. Theologians and creeds teach that Jesus is God, and that he came to this earth to shed his blood as a sacrifice for a part of to shed his blood as a sacrifice for a part of the race. The Bible and angels teach that Jesus is the son of God, a "mediator (medium) between God and man." Jesus said, "I can do nothing of myself, the Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the work." "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself."

Hold! hold! my sorethren, don't throw stones at the "Book of all Books" for Spiritualists; our strong tower and chief bulwark against priestcraft, the only weapon which you can wield against them. Mark you, this Book, rightly understood, will slay them. There is no work on Spiritualism that is its equal. Its clairvoyant, claraudient, trance, physical and healing mediums, perhaps will never be surpassed.

We must show the Christian world, that their creeds and dogmas are at fault, and that the plain simple teachings of the book are in perfect harmony with our Harmonial Philosophy. I unhesitatingly say that the prophecies of the Old Testament and almost the entire New Testament, are in perfect harmony with the teaching of the Spirit-world. Jesus said that loving God and our neighbors was the fulfilling the law and the prophets. The historical part of the Bible is naught to us, and it matters not what those old writers' ideas were in reference to God; or whether they conversed with him or not. He certainly is set forth in prophecy and the New Testament with perhaps an exception or two, as we would understand Him in his character now.

We are all going to school; we have hardly got into the a, be, abs, of this glorious philosophy. Don't you see, Mr. Editor, that we are coming in contact with higher and noblerintelligences every day? Are we not getting brighter and more intelligent communications every week? Why, we haven't got fairly into the portico of the great temple, to say nothing of entering into its glorious portals. With only the alphabet, can we read all sciences? "The fool has said in his heart, there is no God,"and shall we say there is no personal ruler of this great universe? My brethern, let us not be too wise yet, but let us look to God for help and steadily climb towards the throne, and we may yet come in personal contact with him who sits thereon, dispensing his blessings through his eternal laws to all alike.

It pains me to see so many trying to de-throne Deity and the God of the Bible. We should in a firm, kind manner, show that he is not what creeds make him. Why, the horrible images of God in the Bible are not what the Bible prophecies make him, but what some of those old patriarchal creeds made him, way on a par with all Calvinistic creeds of to-day. The Bible theology is that God is good; that God is love, and that continually, and that rewards are in strict accord to deeds, and consequently just in the strictest sense of the term. My whole soul says, "Blessed be God even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who has begotten us again unto a lively hope."

What Next?

Verily we have fallen on singular times, which either portend a coming storm, or a coming thought, or both. The statement is before the world as the clixir of life, that this green earth to demonstrate a conscious existence beyond the grave. The earth may be green, but there is nothing verdant in this statement. Better send the A, B, C, class of of some country school to Yale and Harvard to teach the sciences. Next comes an old wheel horse of Spiritualism, and says, that belief in a positive and negative condition in nature, is devoid of an foundation. Complimentary, truly, to all who believe that the controlling power is positive to what it controls; and now to cap the climax, a leader, if
not a wheel horse in Spiritualism, asserts that
sex is an accident of being, instead of the
source from whence all existence is derived;
that the germs of the highest as well as the
lowest, are absolutely sexless. The same author says that the cell is the lowest form of thor says that the cell is the lowest form of life, and yet contains the essence of all forms. If the cell is sexless, from what source is sex derived? If sex is an accident, what is the cause of the secident? If heat and cold are constituent elements whose relation are reciprocal, as we know them to be; if they rep- its identities as an individual, and its power

resent the double condition from whence life and all its phenomena are derived, including the sexes, whatever is sexless must be independent of these forces,—can such a being or condition be found? The butterfly represents the double condition fully as well as the grub or caterpillar; although it has passed the change which we call death. Are they not as much superior to the grub condition which they have left, as our friends on the other side are to us? The most drunken vagabond that staggers through the street, is a first class illustration of the supremacy of spirit over matter, as the only difference between the spirit of the vegetable and cereal, and that of the highest being that exists is only in degree. As well undertake to stop nature in her course, as to produce sexual equality, or sustain a Republic on the supremacy of part over the rest. The fate of ancients Republics, should teach us that like causes will produce like effect. Finally, how much lower is it necessary for us to be sunk in crime, social degradation and their attendant evils to satisfy the most devoted and orthodox advocate of supremacy, that reciprocal relations of opposing forces are the only source of healthy condition, and that those relations are co existent with the source that produced them. In the name of suffering humanity, What Next? J. TINNEY.

Westfield, New York.

Force and Spirit.

ED. JOURNAL:- That nut which friend Burr gave Materialists to crack in your last number, regard not of such insuperable a texture but that it may be cracked, without any great jaw-endangering efforts. The subject under consideration may be disposed of, by him merely answering the simple question: "Is force and spirit co-essential; i. c.; are they identical in their nature? Does he regard the force that draws atom to atom, as endowed with the same consciousness that animate beings experience while yet in the flesh?" He holds that force and spirit are synonymous. If the various forces that pervade inanimate creation are conscious, or possessed of a spirit nature, of what utility or design may then be the intricate ramifications of a nervous system with its concomitant magno-electro vitality, or animal magnetism? Is it not generally received that formations thus endowed, are alone capable of enjoying consciousness, mind or spirit? Is the mineral and vegetable kingdom not universally regarded as void of sensation or intelligence, for the very good reason that no traces of a nervous system have been dis-covered therein. Only where certain species of plants approximate the animal kingdom, manifesting consciousness or sensitiveness, will we find that this the lowest form of animal life, is due to the inchoste effort of nature to develop conscious life or spirit through the agency of a living nervous system. Everything | Life. beneath this lowest form of animate life must necessarily be devoid of sensation or consciousness, because there is no organism to produce it. Friend Burr, however, holds that force is consciousness or spirit; if this were so, then in what respect is the mind or spirit force of conscious beings superior to the forces pervading and governing inanimate formations, but which manifest no consciousness of any kind. Evidently the human mind or spirit would then be on the same level with the spirit or forces of unorganized formations of matter. What evidence or rationale can he advance to warrant the assumption that such inferior forces are conscious within themselves and of their surroundings. He says, "Force being revealed by spirit," etc. Speaking of the force of cohesion, I would ask him, revealed by what spirit? Has he ever observed the particles of a mineral substance, manifest mind or spirit of any kind? If so, I would like to be apprised of how, where and when; but if such manifestation has never come under his cognizance, then why persist in confounding inanimate forces with the consciousness or spirit of animate beings? You will perceive, Mr. Editor, that I am a

Materialist of the ultra school, but friend Burr having thrown down the gauntlet so defiantly, you would oblige me greatly by showing him that some of us dare to pick it up. Yours for truth, be it what it may.

H. WETTSLENS.

Harvard, Ill.

Declaration of Principles.

The following is the Declaration of Principles of the First Moral Reform Spiritual Society, of Kent County, Mich., formed Dec. 26th, 1838:

PREAMBLE:-Recognizing that, in the grand march of human events, the time has fully come when all true Spiritualists, as lovers of high religious sentiment, and moral purity, should take a decided stand for what they feel to be true and right, and recognizing that a longer silence must place them in a false po-sition before the world, to the detriment of true Spiritualism and the good of mankind; and recognizing intellectual attainments and moral purity as primary objects of the Spiritual Philosophy, and, while carefully avoiding all mere matters of opinion, as a "creed," yet, recognizing the setting forth of principles, as fast truth becomes axiomatic to the enlightened percéptions, as an aid to the accomplishment of the great ends of human life, moral purity and spiritual development,

Therefore, we, the undersigned, feeling the need of a Spiritual Organization with a secognition of fundamental principles, do hereby band ourselves together as a religious body, with the following Declaration of Principles:

1st. We recognize a Divine Spirit working through beautiful Principles, by unchanging laws in nature, as made manifest by the Wisdom of the Universe; that Wisdom we can not instruct; those laws we can not break-those Principles we can not change—that Divine Spirit we can not fully comprehend.

2nd. We recognize the Universal Brother-hood of Mankind, and while we recognize the law that Systematizes and centralizes qualities, as in societies and nations, we do not forget the great bond of Human Sympathy that binds us in one "common whole." Recogworlds millions of years older than ours, have nizing Universal Brotherhood, we must all their weary lengths run out, waiting for recognize Moral relations, and recognizing moral relations, we must hear the voice of duty; recognizing duty we must also recognize man's moral responsibility; recognizing moral responsibility, we deem it obligatory upon all to preserve their own usefulness and respect

the rights and happiness of others.

3d. We recognize right as right eternally, and morally, no amount of reasoning can make a wrong right, however long it may be pursued.

4. We recognize the great commandment old as the world, and new as the newest despensation: Love one another; and as cardinal

Truthful speaking, Probity in dealing, Refinement in language, Temperance in eating and crinking, Chastity of the sexes,
Strict fidelity to the marriage vow, and the sacredness of parental relations.

Str. We recognize the continued progressive existence of the soul after death with all

6th. We recognize the infinity and indestructibility of good; and evil as dependent upon conditions born of the perverted action of the faculties of the human mind, therefore finite and subject to the control of the will of man, and can be overcome by us, through knowledge.

to commune with spirits yet in the earthly

7th. We do earnestly recognize the great law of progression, and as earnestly conjure each other to keep strict watch, and ward from the judgment seat of our own consciousness, over each thought and line of conduct, that our feet be not drawn from the upward path of peace and righteousness.

8th. We, the undersigned, do solemuly pledge ourselves before man and the heavenly world, to strive to understand, and exemplify in our daily lives and conversation the above principles, and by all consistent means in our power, aid in blotting out ignorance, bigotry and crime from the world.

BABBITTS HEALTH GUIDE now ready and for sale at the office of this paper. Price, \$1 00.

Poices som the People.

NORD, CAL.—Mrs. R. Johnson wites.—I am glad you have taken the stand you have against

WALDRON, ILL.—8. Rakestraw writes.—I in-tend to have fifty readers of the Journal in this

NORFOLK, VA .- Wm. Z. Hatcher writes .-Angels bless you for analyzing Woodhull and Spiritualism. ERIE, MICH.-Wm. Sargent writes,-Bravo! for your grit manifested against the Woodhull-

NEWBERN, N. C .- E. W. Carpenter writes .-This would be an excellent point for a good test and healing medium.

DE SOTA, KA.-David Belden writes.-Please find remittance enclosed for the JOURNAL, the soul cheering JOURNAL, whose atmosphere is

MIDDLETON, N. Y .- Asa Eaton writes .- Why do" you send me the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL? I have not ordered it, peither do l want it. Do not send me another paper

Your most beloved angel child prompted a generous soul to pay for it, and now you reject it -once on a time the Pharisees rejected Christ. How alike, now and then.

-We most heartily commend the course you have taken on the social question; in fact, in every other respect we regard the Journal as the best paper published in defense of the Philosophy of

BOSTON, KAN.-H. K. Newton writes.

FARMINGTON, O.-S. S. French writes.-I like the Journal, and don't know how to live without it. As to such men as Moses Hull, we want nothing to do with them in this dairy coun

ST. ADAMS, MASS .- J. M. Carter writes .-I love the Journal; it always comes freighted with something cheering and good; it seems like one developing into higher life. It took a bold stand against the infamy of social freedom and

N. BEND, NEB .- C. Dodge-I do not blame any one for not supporting Mrs. Woodhull, for every one who indulges in such licentiousness, will meet a doofn in the future life they but little expect. This I receive from spirits who write

CUTTINGSVILLE, VT .- Mrs. J. P. Gibson writes.-I am very sorry to learn that many of our mediums and lecturers have gone into that nasty pool of free-lust. Hope they will soon see their error and return from their degraded position to more noble and pure platform,

SEMPRONIUS, N. Y .- A. B, Sayles writes .- I have raised my voice against free love and for pure Spiritual religion. I replied briefly to two Orthodox divines. They were unsparing in their denunciation, thrusting free loveism on the people for Spiritualism.

ORANGE, TEX .- J. E. Kline writes .- The Tobacco Antidote compounded by Mrs. A. H. Robinson, of Chicago, which I ordered from the Rr-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, came to hand March 3d, one-half box entirely cured

CHATSWORTH, ILL.-E. A. Bangs writes .-Prof. Harry Cook has just completed a course of lectures at our place, ostensibly for the purpose of exposing Spiritualism, and tickling the sides of our Orthodox brethren; but he seems to have strengthen Spiritualism by proving that he could

SOMERVILLE, O.-I. C. Stevens writes. - Weall know we owe you a debt of gratitude for taking up the battle ax in our behalf, and saving our glorious cause from an overwhelming destruction, by meeting and defeating one of the most demoralizing race of beings that ever disgraced America, whose boasted religion is sexual promiscuity.

HENDERSON, N. Y.-L. B. Simmons writes.-I am pleased with the honorable course of your JOURNAL in disclaiming any affinity between free love and Spiritualism proper. I fail to see that free love, as set forth by Victoria, has any more to do with true Spiritualism than has infant Bap-

OTSEGO, MICH,-A. Robinson writes.-And sir, allow me to express my thanks) for your manful and thorough expose of this big-head disorder or disease that is raging somewhat among a certain class. There is no one in our vicinity that is troubled very much with the disease in the head, of which Moses complains.

WOODSTOCK, VT .- S. M. West writes .- I am glad to send a little more scrip—I who have feasted so long at your table well filled with fat things, without money or price-am happy to work for you in this way. I shall continue to do so while the day lasts, and then I fear I can not repay the debt I owe you. May the good angels ever be with you.

This spirit we can appreciate, and wish very many others who have for years been recipients of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund (nineteen-twentieths of which have been made up from our own pockets would feel the gratitude and work as energetically for new subscribers as Sister West

We love to aid those who are too poor to help themselves, and it is gratifying to see good fruit as the result of our gratuitous labors. The foregoing letter contained a good list of trial subscribers .- [ED. JOURNAL.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.-Mrs. S. Clute writes.-We are well pleased at the stand you have taken in regard to the free-love infamy. I hope before long that the black sheep will be separated from the white, so we can discover the difference without waiting to hear them bleat. We have taken your valuable paper for five years, and shall conto pay for it.

OAKLAND, CAL:-R. B. Hall writes.-Gerald Massey will arrive in San Francisco, by the over-land train to-night. We expect a rare treat from him. I predict great success for him as well as Denton. His questioning lecture, "Why don't God kill the Devil?" must be a crusher on the theological Devil worshippers. I anticipate he will "make Rome howl," before he quits this coast. Our cause is in a flourishing condition in this State, and never more in San Francisco than now. The times are ripe for these men, and we greet their appearance with joy. Send us either Maud Lord or some good reliable medium for materialization. We are just in the mood for that kind of mediums.

NEW YORK - N. W., Cor. Sec'y., writes, - At an election of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of this City, held at Robinson's Hall, 15 East Sixteenth Street, on Sunday March 29, 1874, the following were elected a Board of Officers for the ensuing year: J. A. Cazina, Conductor; H. Dickenson, Ass't. Conductor; Mrs. H. J Cazeno, Guardian; Mrs. A. E. Cooley, Ass't. Guardian; L. A./ Nenes, Recording Secretary; N. Winter, Corres-ponding Secretary; Wm. H. Allen, Treasurer. The Lyceum is now in a very flourishing condi-

SPRING VALLEY, WIS .- W. D. Akers writes .-I wish I had come across your good Journal years ago. How much I have lost! I might have advanced very much had I known the good angels were roundabout me. I know they are with me night and day, sometimes rapping heavily upon the paper I am reading; at other times upon the different articles in my store, often quite loud. I I have frequently felt their hands upon me. The orthodox friends here are bitterly opposed to Spiritualism. I am scattering my Journals, and I expect to see some good fruit ere long.

ALBERT LEA, MINN.—James Whitemore writes.—I was in the late war four years. While going down the Mississippi River to New Orleans, I slept in an ambulance wagon. I awoke one bright night and saw the full figure of a spirit; did not fully recognize it, but I was impressed that I would live to see the end of the war. At another time while at Cha'tanoga, I saw the American flag ten times more beautiful than the original, rise in the East, pass slowly over us and set in the West. I was impressed that universal liberty and equality from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would be the result of the war.

SALEM, OREGON, -John S. Hawkins writes .-The course of the JOURNAL commends itself daily. in growth and favor with all rightly balanced peo-The "lightheads" are becoming scarce around here. They meet with almost universal condemnation. We had thought of sending for E V. Wilson, but since his course in the late convention at Chicago, we don't consider his head is level on the "social" question, and have no use for him. There will be no hero-worship or God-head created out of him, and so they go, leaving the people to look after principles instead of per-

ELYSIAN GROVE. -R. P. Slmmons writes. -In the last week's issue of the JOURNAL I noticed with mingled feelings of indignation, and sorrow, the late attempt of Moses Hull, Wilson and their associates, to invade the holy and sacred sanctuary of domestic virtue; and to prostitute our pure, sublime and beautiful Harmonial Philosophy to the baser passions of the animal brain; but like the cyclone which for a brief period ruffles the calm and placid waters of the sea, so these erratic and cast-off satellites may disturb the harmony of the Spiritual ranks for a little while, but they will soon be lost in the oblivion of forgetfulness, and their counterpart history may only be found in the recorded pages of a barbarous age.

TROY, N. Y,-J. M. Peebles writes.-Every blow you wisely, tellingly strike against sexual promisculty-foulest whelps of darkness-whether in the ranks of Churchmen or Spiritualist, will be appreciated by the good and pure everywhere; and every notice effort you put forth to put down tobacco-eating, liquor-drinking and promiscuous indulgences-trinity of the hells-will meet with the approbation of all genuine Spiritualists, the means not only the demonstrated fact of a future conscious existence, but it means progress; means ceasing to do evil and learning to do well; means mortals and moral unfoldment. It means a consciousness of moral responsibility and duty. It means self-denial, spirituality, charity and the imitation of a heaven upon earth of purity peace TOOELE, UTAH .-- An Investigator writes .- Un-

til a few years, ago Utah was a strong fortress for Mormonism, which I call a peculiar kind of fanaticism, a religious monstrosity of the nineteenth century. In its early days Mormonism had a good deal of Spiritual element, but when the organization became stronger, it grew into Materialism, and for the last twenty-five years it is a low despotism. The liberal portion of this community, those we call the spostate Mormons, are decidedly favorable to the Spiritual Philosophy, and many regular circles for spirit manifestation, well at-tended, are held in Salt Lake City and other places through the Territory. Many mediums have become developed, but they do not care to come before the public just yet. We are blessed with many valuable communications from our spirit friends, and it is my firm conviction, based on careful observations that, if the people are ever rescued from the grab of Mormonism, it must be done by an appeal to their practical common sense and true education.

SIGOURNEY, IOWA .- A. A. Noe writes .have been traveling and lecturing during the past Winter and Spring, and thus far have visited Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, and have met many live, active, working Spiritualists, that seemed proud to advocate the glodous heavenborn Philosophy of Spiritualism, and to meet such, causes my soul to burst forth in ecstatic joy and gladness, and may the angels hover around those, and still prompt them on to duty and to action. I visited one town in lows this past Winter, and was referred to a certain Spiritualist there (a merchant), who knows Spiritualism to be true, and Theological teachings to be false, yet, when an Orthodox sect of that town wished to build a church, this so-called Spiritualist contributed (so I am told) twenty-five dollars to help build a God house, for the minister to enter and preach this self-same Spiritualist to hell, and leave him there writhing in the endless torment of fire and brimstone. Rather poor consolation, brother, for your contributions. O consistency! thou art a jewel. Let us, Spiritualists, everywhere, afouse to a sense of our duty. Let us buckle on the armor of progress, and go forth to battle for truth and justice. Let us do all in our power to burst asunder the fetters of religious tyranny, that are binding so many of the denizens of earth, and holding them in abject slavery. Let us sound abroad the tocsin of religious freedom and free thought. CHARITON, MO.-Mary L. Strong writes.-For

some time past our town has been in a state of commotion, in consequence of certain Spiritual Manifestations, which have been poured upon us in a most wonderful manner, considering its for-mer progress in all that pertains to Spiritual things. Chariton, like many of our Western towns, and more especially this part of Missouri, seemed wedded to its idol, Theology, and blindly led by the God of superstition and ignorance until the pure kernel of common sense, was so encrusted in error, that one could scarcely find a person, aside from a few whose souls had been enlight-ened by Divine truth from the angel world, to give even a passing thought to the subject—indeed, so bitter was the opposition to Spiritualists that those who were known to be such were shunned. One year ago I came to this place, my husband having preceded me a few weeks. After consultation, it was decided to scatter, through lectures, the life-giving word. The truth falling upon stony ground, much has perished; but enough of the golden grain, fostered by the angels as a child of the sky, has returned to us in a ten-fold power. A general desire has taken hold of our community to prove all things in Spiritual matters, and to hold on to that which bears the test of investigation. The introduction of a dial by Mr. Price, seen first by him while at his Uncle Millasacks in Iowa, where he and his wife were visiting, which demonstrated beyond a doobt to them the truth of Spirit communion. A resolution was then formed that on their return home, they would pursue the subject by preparing a dial, and establish circles at their own house. By way of a preparation and also to retain the many beautiful tests given them through the dial, all of which had been kept in the form of a journal, were read aloud to a company there assembled, and from that time meetings have been kept up, in four or five places regularly, and mediums have been developed in every circle of a remarkable character. But the one that I think, if we can judge from present in-dications, will be Mrs. Price, the wife of the aferementioned gentleman, who is a prominent lawyer.

Mrs. P. is a member of the M. E. Church, and a lady of culture, which renders her a more desirable acquisition to the mediumistic corps. The spirits through her mediumship have got good control of the dial. Long and beautiful communications are spelt out rapidly as one person can write it down, coming from friends and relatives in the Summer-land.

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

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

The remedy is harmless, and not unpala-

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

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TESTIMONIALS. "Looking at this Gallery of Pictures as Works of Art.

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tures and regard them as the dnest I have ever seen." T. B. Taylor, M. D.

"Spiritualism is producing of late some fine speci-mens of art, and among the finest of these are the Pen-cil Drawings of the Andersons, Photographs of which are now before us, executed in the highest style of art and producing the most pleasing impression, as well as astonishment, at the skill of the Spirit-artists and photographer. Bro. Winchester deserves the greatest success in his endeavor to place them in the hands of the people."—RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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TESTIMONIALS.

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cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recom-mend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty

LOBENZO MEEKER.

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

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

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G. A. BARKER. Oswego, N. Y.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, and that he is entirely cured of all desire for the weed. Inclosed find two dollars, Please send me D. H. FORBES.

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Thoughts for Extremists.

The word love has a boundless wealth of meaning, being full of all richness and sweetness of idea, which, if carried out among men, would bring happiness and heaven. Like the sunshine, it is free, warm and beautiful. What tautology then to talk about free love, so much like saying free sunlight, wet water, etc. There is reason to believe that those who so delight to use it, have some meaning beyond the going out of soul to soul in affection, and often think more of the union of bodies, with perhaps some soul mixed in as a mere accompaniment. I know that there are some persons who fancy the name free lovers, and yet are very pure and good, but the adoption of a term which the great busy world at large considers simply as synonymous with prostitutes and libertines,

Now I have not the least objection to a most genial and free social intercourse of the sexes, for their very atmospheres are a blessing to each other, and nature has made them for each other's happiness and upbuilding, but so far as they remain on a plane of impurity, there is danger in this freedom. It is only when they rise to a high and pure standpoint, that freedom can be tolerated. Liberty and law combined equally, is nature's standard, and we may have ever so much freedom, if it is only balanced by harmonious laws as a protection

to ourselves and others. "We must be governed by the law of attraction," is the cry. I admit it in case this attraction is between healthy and harmonious persons. But diseased and discordant bodies and souls are attracted by very dangerous elements. A diseased gastric membrane takes a man to ruin by clamoring for liquor or opium, and a diseased lower back brain makes a libertine attracted to every woman he sees. This law of attraction, unregulated, leads to the most abominable extremes. Suppose a faithful wife has given up her body and almost her soul to the gratification of her husband, and to the bearing of his children. After a while, when she has grown thin and pale, and lost many of the attractions that appeal to the sensual nature, her husband, governed by this maxim, finds a companion that pleases him more, deserts his wife in her feeble, and perhaps, helpless old age, while she and the children may shift for themselves the best way they cap. At least such would be the case if marriage and marriage laws were to be abrogated, or even if they were enforced in case he had no property to be attached. We are safe, then, only when liberty and law are combined. God is love, and God is also truth and justice.

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LETTER FROM MRS. MARY DE GROODT.

RD. JOURNAL - your readers are interested in the movements of those justly celebrated and true spirit mediums, Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, it is possible that an account of a remarkable seance held by them at our house, may not be uninteresting, and although I am not very good at description, and can give but a very limited idea of the reality, yet I will do the best I can in giving a brief account of the beautiful and impressive ceremony performed by Mr. Bastian's materialized spirit band, at the baptism of our little baby girl, who is only

At one of Mr. Bastian's seances, I requested May, one of the band, to name the babe, which she consented to do, and appointed the following Saturday evening when she, assisted by the rest of the band, promised to baptize the infant. Punctual to the time named, the company invited by May herself, assembled in the parlor, of whom the first to be mentioned is Harry Bastian, through whose organism the ingels were to perform their beautiful mission of love, and who can never be sufficiently rewarded in this arth-sphere for the great and glorious relations of spiritual life, that come to humanity through his mediumship, at the great expense of his physical health, which is very much prostrated. Mr. Taylor comes next in order, who with his extraordinary clairvoyant powers, kept us posted as to what the spirits were doing, making it doubly interesting to the company; the family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. DeGroodt, the grandparents of the babe, who was held in grandma's arms, myself and husband the proud and happy parents; the baby's two little sisters, together with Mrs. Roux, Mrs. Johnson, and a young lady at present a member of the family, were the invited guests.

A black walnut breakfast table, covered with a white damask table, cloth, had been placed on one side of the room, by the side of which Mr. Bastian took his seat. On the table, by May's request, were placed a pillow and baby's blanket, a china bowl filled with lukewarm water, a white towel, a vase of spring flowers, (the gift of Mrs. Roux), a guit-

ar, music box and speaking trumpet.
The company, Mr. Taylor with them, took their places, forming a semi-circle some five feet from the table, and the light being put out, we sang a verse of that beautiful song, familiar to all, "Sweet Bye and Bye." Raps were soon heard on the guitar calling for the alphabet, and "I want some pins and a rope," was quickly spelled out. As there was no skeptics present, we had thought to relieve Mr. Bastian of his fetters, that he might enjoy the occasion with the rest, but this was not to be, and when the light was again put out, Johnny tied him, hand and foot, so that it was impossible for him to move. The company having examined the curious way in which he was tied, the light was again extinguished and the ceremony commenced, the familiar voices of the spirit band bidding us good evening. George, the captain as he is called, then took up the trumpet and in a clear strong voice

"My friends, as I am the strongest to-nigh I will take the lead, and when I fail, May will proceed. Dear friends, we have assembled here this evening to engage in baptizing this new-born babe. It is a glad and glorious occasion, one which your friends in spirit-life, the loved ones who have passed the second birth, hail with joy. There are present a large number of spirit guests whom I know you welcome. Ushered into this life an individualized spirit, to pass through a development in the form, preparatory to a birth into the higher life, it is necessary that the girl should have a name by which the will be known, and by the request of her parents we come to give her one. As you have been busy to-day making preparation for the feast, so have the spirits busied themselves in decorating the room for the occasion, and I must say it is beautifully done. The walls and ceiling are hung with featoons of evergreens and symbo-I will take the lead, and when I fail, May will hung with festoons of evergreens and symbo-

lize the remembrance in which those in spirit life are held. In the center of the room stands a heart, composed of flowers, typical of the love that dwells within you. Above the heart is suspended a dove, made of pure white flowers, a symbol of the peace and joy that reigns in this house. May it ever hover around its inmates. The carpet also we have strewn with flowers, meaning the good wishes and hopes lavished on the little one, and although you may not see these beautiful decorations with your natural eyes, they being done in spirit, they are nevertheless there, and are as real to us as more material flowers are to you. We will now have a light, that you may see what May has been doing while I

have been talking. A lamp being lit, the pillow was found beautifully decorated with flowers, ready for the reception of the infant. The flowers were arranged tastefully around the edge of the pillow, and pinned fast. After admiring the work of the spirits with wonder and awe in our hearts, we again took our places, and darkness again making everything invisible,

George spoke:
"May desires me to describe the costumes of some of the guests present, and although I am not very good at describing ladies' dresses, yet I will do the best I can. First is our beloved. sister and co-worker, May. She has on a beautiful white dress, in texture finer than any silk, trailing gracefully on the floor with a sheen of gold and silver. Around her neck she wears a string of pearls, symbolizing her pure life on earth. From it is suspended a radiant star, which with one above her brow represents the light she brings to humanity. Near her stands Dewdrop. She wears a dress of blue, her favorite color, typical of truth. Her necklace is of diamonds with a cross of the same precious stones attached, emblematic of her sufferings on earth. Next comes a spirit calling herself Edith, the guardian of the baby's mother. She is robed in purple, a symbol of royalty and wisdom. Around her neck she wears a chain of gold, typical of the fetters that bound her in persecution on earth. Now comes the little Indian maiden, Prairie Flower, decked in all her beads and feathers, the especial protege of our friend, Mr. Taylor, through whose organism she is developing for higher life. Closely following the little maiden comes our friend and sister, Mrs. Hemans, robed in white, with a silver lyre in her hand, the symbol of song. Pure and useful, as her life was on earth, it is a hundred times more useful now that she has ascended to the higher life. The spirit wife of one you all love, Uncle John, is here rejoicing in his happiness. The mother of Aunt Beckie and the sister of our friend Mary are also here. Happy to see his little sister, comes the beautiful little spirit Percie, and last, but not least, the spirit daughter, of Mrs. Roux, her cheeks and lips rosy with happiness as she assures her mother that she is ever near. Many more are present whom I have not strength to describe, to witness this solemn rite and enjoy the feast of

good things prepared for them.' heard as she said, "Johnny thinks the captain partial in describing the ladies' dresses, and not his. He has on black knee breeches and stockings, with silver buckled shoes, lavender satin vest, beautiful ruffled shirt, and purple velvet coat; his hair is curled in his favorite style, and he thinks that he is catting quite a swell. Now I am coming for the baby, be very careful and not break the circle."

In a moment more she came, and taking the infant out of its grandmother's arms carried it to the table and laid it on the pillow. A hand was distinctly heard to dip in the water and George in an impressive and solemn voice said, "Costella May, in behalf of your parents, I baptize thee in the name of God and the Angel-world, and may your pathway through life be as sweet and free from thorns as the pillow on which you lie, Amen."

A light being rapped for, we found the new-ly baptized babe, in all the innocence of babyhood asleep upon its bed of flowers, its drapery carefully arranged and the blanket neatly folded around its shoulders, unconscious of the honor conferred upon her.

Is it not an inspiring knowledge that high and holy spirits have condescended to leave their bright and beautiful homes above, to assist earth's children in this beautiful and impressive rite. Our soul overflows with gratitude and love as we fully realize the magnitude of this great blessing, bringing to us such an assurance of the higher life beyond. Daring the ceremony the room was filled with the most exquisite soft music, produced by Johnny on the guitar, creating a beautiful har-

-Taking the baby from the table, the pillow and other things were removed, and at the request of the spirits, the refreshments, consisting of fruits, confections, cake and wine, with a large salver containing wine glasses, plates and other accessories, were placed under the table, and taking our seats we again in the dark waited with breathless interest the move-

ments of our invisible friends. Soon May's soft voice was heard as she cautioned Johnny to be careful and not spill the wine on her dress, and not break the dishes, while Johnny spiced their task with his witti-

A light was then called for, and behold, the table set with the skill of experience, stood before us-not a thing out of place, looking tempting in the extreme. After inspecting this wonderful manifestation to our hearts' content, darkness again reigned, and pouring out two glasses of wine May and Johnny drank the health of the newly baptized baby, wishing that its journey through life might be one of sunshine and pleasure.

A letter was then written by Mrs. Roux's spirit daughter to her mother, while the music box and guitar gave forth sweet sounds; at the same time, some candy was put into the hands of the little girls, and an apple into one of the ladies' hands.

George again took up the trumpet and said, "Friends, we have exhausted all our power, and although we shall not depart for an hour, but stay and partake spiritually of the good things so bountifully provided, yet as we shall not be able to do it then, we will now bid you good night, and may the blessings of God be

The sweet voice of May was then heard in heavenly benediction, while Johnny untied Harry who had remained in his uncomfortable position during the entire ceremony. The company after partaking of the refreshments and enjoying an hour in congenial conversation on the solemn and impressive events of the evening, took a reluctant departure, feeling that heaven was indeed below.

Messrs. Bastian and Taylor also gave several cabinet seances during their stay, with splendid success, the materialized spirit faces and forms being remarkably clear and distinct.
When recognized by their friends, they would speak in audible voices, beckoning them to the aperture, where they would shake hands and carees them. Their dark circles were particularly interesting, Mr. Taylor giving come remarkable tests. They go away leaving a host of warm friends, many of whom have been convinced of the truth of spirit communion, through their instrumentality.

Louisiana, Mo.

A REMARKABLE SBANCE.

Handcuffs Removed-Spirit Hands Exhibited - A Medium Thrusts Her Hand in Burning Alcohol.

NOTES BY T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.

BRO. JONES. - It was announced in the hall (Grow's Opera, Chicago,) last Tuesday evening, at the anniversary meeting, that, on the next Friday evening, a public seance would be given in that hall for the benefit of Mr. Parry, an old Spiritualist, who is poor and greatly afflicted, having been very sick for a good while. On the evening announced, a goodly audience assembled, and the seance commenced about 8 o'clock. There were present many mediums, but the officiating ones were Mrs. Parry, Mrs. Suydan and Dr. Maxwell.

On motion, a committee of three were appointed to supervise the proceedings. The following gentlemen were selected by the meeting, viz.: Messrs. Bushnell, Avery and Clapp-all skeptics, if not downright unbelievers, especially the two first named.

On going upon the platform their first duty was to examine the cabinet, which was one of the ordinary kind, made of thin boards, and was put up in the presence of the andience. Of course there were no traps or triggers, masks of faces, false hands, or anything of the kind concealed in that frail box. They next proceeded to secure the medium so that they and all might know that they were not imposed upon. Instead of tying her with ropes, as many require, and then go through with the miserable farce of pulling and tugging after the knots till they are slipped and untied by themselves and palmed off on the credulous as wondrous feats of spirit-work, the gentlemen named applied to Mre. Parry's wrists a pair of steel spring-handcuffs, and reported that her wrists were small, hands large, hard and broad, as a laboring woman's would be, and that it would be absolutely impossible for her ever to extricate herself. But that was not all; a rope was finally tied into the middle link of the manacles, and then into a staple at the top of the cabinet and into another at the bottom of the cabinet, so that her hands could not be raised or lowered a half an inch from a given point, nor swayed to the right or left over from three to five inches. In this doubly secured condition, she sat at one end of the cabinet, a distance of four feet from the other end at which on the floor were placed bells, a tin horn, harmonican, a solid fron sing, etc.
The cabinet door closed, the lights slightly

lowered, while a gentleman who sat on the platform at some distance from the cabinet played the violin. In a few minutes the bells were heard to move on the floor, ring to the time of the tune-were held by hands at both apertures-these hands at both apertures appeared at the same time, the bells meanwhile ringing on the inside of the cabinet.

A gentleman in the audience said he would Here the trumpet dropped, George having | be glad if the door could be opened while the exhausted his power. May's voice was soon | bells were ringing, to see if the medium was

Mr. Bushnell, from the committee said, "If the medium has no objection, the committee has none." He then stepped up to the door of the cabinet and inquired of Mrs. Parry, "if she had any objections to having the door opened while the bells were ringing." The lady answered, "I have none, if the spirits have not." So the music went on and the committee would gladly have opened the door but lo! it had a spring lock and opened only from the inside, so the committee were nonplussed. , But Mrs. Parry, like a true medium, and willing to give every opportunity to test the matter fairly, said, "I will request the spirits to open the door themselves;" for, of course, she could not, being manacled as she was. So again the music went on, the bells ringing, and all of a sudden the lock was sprung and the door flew open. There sat Mrs. Parry comfortable as could be; the handcufts were all right. Now, again, the door was closed, and in a moment opened as before, when the committee found the iron ring on the medium's arm above the handcuffs. Beat again! Another victory! And the door was closed and the ring was removed and thrown upon the floor, when the committee found it all sound. The door was then shut, and in a few moments open it came, and the medium walked out leaving handcuffs, ropes and all in the cabinet. The triumph was complete. Rounds of applause greeted her deliverance from manacles that had possibly held many a strong criminal more than secure.

After this, Mrs. Parry's little daughter stepped into the cabinet, and was secured in like manner with that of her mother. She is eleven years old, and at home where conditions are all good, and the surroundings well magnetized, she is almost equal to her mother for materialization, etc.; but she was now much embarrassed by the presence of the audience, and on the spirits attempting to entrance her, the control was imperfect and the

result unfavorable. But now came one of the most remarkable of all tests on record. It was that of Mrs. Suydan, who gave her wonderful "fire test" in the presence of the audience. Mrs. Suydan claimed to be controlled by an Indian girl who was frozen to death years ago, and when she comes back to the earth plane, she has an unconquerable love for fire. She causes her medium to handle fire like "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." She would wash her hands and face in burning, blazing alcohol, which every chemist knows gives off most in-tense heat. Then she took off the chimney of a burning lamp—almost red hot—and caressed it like a doll, putting it up to her naked face and neck, and holding it in her naked hands. Having done so for some time, she laid it down upon the table and some one from the audience called out, "Let the committee handle that chimney and see if it is really hot." The medium picked it up and reached it to lawyer Bushnell, who, when he touched it, jerked his hand back to keep from being burnt, and that after the medium had caressed it for at least five minutes, giving it time to cool off many degrees. Then she turned up the flame of the lamp till it was very large and powerful, and would hold her hands and arms in the flame till you would think they were cooked to the bone. By and by she called for water to wash off the smoke and soot so that the committee could examine and report as to whether there was any trace of fire to be found on her arms or hands.

The lady stated in the beginning that her right arm was as cold as death, while her left arm was at its normal temperature, and called the committee to examine them, and they so reported. She then stated that her left hand would be burned some, but the right arm would be perfectly preserved. At the close of the seance, such was found to be the facts. The writer hereof was requested to go upon the stage and examine the subject, which he did, and found there were on the tenderest parts of the right hand and arm no traces of heat except that the surface was slightly red-dened. The left hand was considerably burned and the fingers somewhat swollen, yet the me-dium seemed to be in no pain whatever, and I understand that she suffers no pain with any part of the body that may get burned while under this influence.

What "the mind of the spirit" was, in allowing one hand to remain in a normal condition and to be thus blistered, I knew not; yet, all the fire was extracted from that hand before the

influence left her. On examination of the hands the following Sunday, I found the left hand blistered at several points, but not a hundredth part as much as your hand or mine would have been if thus exposed to such intense heat.

Finally, these two mediums are plain, unassuming, domestic ladies, going about their daily work as wife, mother, housekeeper, neighbor, friend; loved and esteemed by all who know them. I hope to be able in the future to make arrangements with Mr. Parry to have him and his wife-medium, and Mrs. Suydan to accompany me in my lectures, and demonstrate the theory by giving some of these wonderful tests at the close of the lec-

 I often hear people say to me at the close of my lecture, "Well, Doctor, that's first-rate, but we want to have some of these tests that you speak of ourselves. Show us a sign." So we shall arrange to meet this demand; and if in addition, I can "lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," or prescribe infallible specifics under angel direction, so much the

But after all, what do we, with all these forces, expect to accomplish? The conversion of the world in a day? Nay, verily! For some would not believe though one arose from the

At the seance referred to a gentleman sat just behind me, whom I overheard to say, "What does all that amount to? It proves nothing. Fifty such performances would not convert me." I thought of Pope's couplet:

"Convince a fool contrary to his will, And he is of the same opinion still."

"It proves nothing!" Dear me! It doesn't? What would prove anything in the estimation of such folks? If a prestigiator, with traps and triggers, confederates and secret springs, should do something similar, that would prove something. What would it be? This, that he was a success as a juggler. But when a lone woman, who knows no tricks, has no traps, triggers, confederates, or secret springs, submits to being handcuffed, and securely tied otherwise, and in an instant these wonderful things occur—yet, "they prove nothing?"
At the close of this wonderful exhibition

Dr. Marwell, who is clairvoyant, described spirits for half an hour, many of whom were recognized.

Chicago, Illinois.

(Continued from 2nd page.)

being of wonderful attributes. The heart was wide as the world; the love deep as the sea. She beheld, embraced, and loved all. Not a son or daughter of Adam escaped her attention and care.

"I know thee, O divine Madonna!" I cried, pressing forward to kiss the border of her robe. And now, of a truth, I read the secret of thy many worshipers."

"It is true;" she returned, reaching out her hand with a gesture of benediction. prayers of the world have made me what they name me, the mother of the world." As I stood there for a moment, I felt and

saw how, and why, the weeping world could so trustingly lay its head on the breast of that infinite motherhood. But my sight was drawn to a radiant being

near by. It was Joan of Arc. The grand old poet Deborah, stood at her right hand; and on her left the tuneful Greek, Sappho; while at her feet reclined a spirit, young and lily white. It was the youthful martyr Theodosia, the peerless Virgin of Tyre.

A little way off, and spart from all others, stood a majestic form; and the face was turned toward the Madonna, with such an infinite expression of mingled love, tenderness and gratitude, as I never before felt. O, then I knew that the sentiment of a true natural love is mighty and indestructible. But from such a son to such a mother, it was invested with an almost omnipotent power.

I needed not to see the cup of gall, the crown of thorns, the garden of agony, the cruel cross and the riven tomb. No one for a moment could mistake the intense individuality of that presence. Never was there another like him. He was begotten, conceived, molded, moved and inspired, atom by atom, line by line, with one all-pervading spirit of pure love. With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I bowed myself down, and wept at his feet, for joy in his divine presence. O how beautiful! how majestic!-how passing all language to describe-all imagination to conceive! And yet, I fainted not, as in the sight of some others far less holy. On the contrary I grew strong -so strong I could have invoked a share of

that transcendent and glorious martyrdom.

By a rapid passage of thought I went out into his life. I followed him from the manger of Cana to the temple at Jerusalem, where he talked with the doctors, a prematurely wise child. I stood with him by the side of Jordan, where, obedient to the ministry of John, he bowed down to the renovating wave. I as-cended with him the Mountain of Temptation, and beheld the arch demon turned away by his omnipotent armor of divine love. I stood with him on the brow of Olivet, when he wept ever the doomed city. His words came booming back, borne on the troubled billows of time: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens beneath her wings; but ye would not!" O transcendent pathos! I lingered with him mid the shadows of Gethsemane, and saw the trickling blood-drops when he prayed: "O, Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" I hung with him at the cross, and heard when he forgave and blest his murderers. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" O, Almighty Love! was there no other reward than this? Alas! no. The measure of the Martyr would have fallen short, without this highest consummation of faith and power.

"Now I know of a truth;" I exclaimed, bowing down more lowly at his fleet, as he bent over me, with enclasped arms/of blessing, "how thou are my Savior-the Saylor of all mankind. It is by this inexhaustible—this omnipotent love! Broad as the universe-deep as Hell, and high as Heaven, its virtues and its potencies are sufficient for the wants of all." He clasped my hand within his, and gently raised me. I stood erect. I grew tall and strong. I took new pleasure in myself, feeling how grand and glorious a thing it is to be a man. Thus I was baptized anew. I became one with that immaculate being; and forever,

evermore I shall rejoice only in good.

For a little while there was a complete absorption of the senses. And then I heard that majestic voice—the same that of yore moved and magnetized multitudes—whispering in my ear: "Rejoice, O my brother; for verily the Christ is born anew, incarnate in all hu-

manity." Then after a little he added: "Veneration, my brother, is a good gift, because it leads up toward higher excellence; yet even in this go not beyond the true measure. There have been many Christs—many that have ascended to the highest Heavens long before me. But are we not all as brethren—they to me, as I to thee? There are many great and glorious,

but only one is perfect, and that is God, the Father of all spirits and the author of all

being." Yet even while he modestly sought to veil his splendors, he became so transfigured that I could not see, for the great glory. And thus while we were still sustained by his power, we passed imperceptibly into the lower spheres.

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. No one need to 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, but under our present proposition, if arrearages and one year in advance is paid, the advance rates of \$3.00 a year will be accepted. This liberal offer is made as an inducement for advance payment.

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MRS. HATTIB HICKOCK. Pine Island, O.

J. N. CLARK.

SHE SHES THE SPIRIT DOCTORS.

Thomas Andrus, of Norwalk, Mich., says: The pain in my wife's back has entirely left her under your treatment, and she saw the spirit Doctors belonging to your band while they were examining her case.

WANTS NO MORE TOBACCO.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Medium, Chicago. -You will recollect about two months ago I sent for a box of Tobacco Antidote. It came safely to hand and I used it as Wrected. After the second day I had no desire for the poison weed. Thank God I am done with it.

Coldwater, Mich.

NO MORE DESIRE FOR TOBACCO.

MR. S. S. JONES, Editor RELIGIO-PHILOSO-PHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago: - I received that box of Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, and it has cured me. I have no appetite for tobacco now. I have prevailed on a friend of mine to try the Antidote, and herewith send the pay for it.

P. J. THOMPSON. Perry City, N. Y., April 16th, '74.

The Tobacco Antidote, compounded by Mrs. A. H. Robinson, of Chicago, which I ordered from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing House, came to hand March 8d. One-half box entirely cured me.

J. F. KLINB. Orange, Tex., March 27th, '74.

R. B. AVERY WRITING BAYS:

I think Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me of my habit of using tobacco, though I had the misfortune to spill some of it. Jackson, Miss, March 30th, '74.

Passed to Spirit Life.

(Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published

WM. S. HOOKER, first settler of Leighton; Allegan Co., Mich., passed to spirit-life, March 21st, aged 50 years. Many speakers and mediums will learn by the above that one they knew as a sincere believer in the ministra tions of the angels, and an earnest exemplifier of the principles of our beautiful religion, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," in his daily deeds, has passed on, and welcome them no longer as he used to do at his ever-open door. The highest enlogy we can pronounce upon his life is this, "He ever strove to do right, and to all mankind he was a brother."

The funeral discourse was delivered by Mrs. M. J. Kutz, to a large audience assembled to pay respect to the honored dead, who, in response to a request previous. ly made by some of his friends, and unknown to thespeaker, startled her severely by addressing his own mourners, at his own funeral. The burial was conducted by the Grangers, of whom he was a prominent and honored brother. The sweet singer, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Abbott, and their choir, discoursed glad music from the spiritual harp in their joyous jubilees over their resurrected brother! Verily, verily, whether we will believe it or not, the spirit lives, and there is no death!

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