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Truth 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,
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GIVE THEM HELL.

The Locality Fully Described.

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE HITHERTO UNEXPLORED REGION FROM AN ORTHODOX STANDPOINT.

ED. JOURNAL.—I cut this description of "hell" from a country paper, and ask you to publish it, as an unanswerable argument against the dogma of "eternal punishment." If the description is true, the logical conclusion must be that God (who is said to be "love") is as diabolical a demon as the Devil himself. If it be true that "the heathens are daily dropping into hell for want of the Scriptures, numerically the Devil is ahead, and especially if he gets all the men, women and children of Christendom sent to him by the clergy of nine-tenths of our churches. But we are told "that God's justice is superior to human justice." Now justice is an eternal principle. It is equity; and this Webster defines: "In practice, equity is the impartial distribution of justice, or the doing that to another which the laws of God and man, and of reason give him a right to claim." The Bible says, "The Lord shall judge the people with equity" (Ps. cxvii). "With righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity" (Is. xi). Now "equity" can not, according to reason and human law, require an infinite punishment for a finite sin: hence "eternal punishment," inflicted by God on his erring children, would be a crime at which humanity, guided by reason, indignantly revolts. Again, did "equity" require the murder of Jesus?

DESCRIPTION OF HELL.

Some weeks ago we republished an article from the *Christian Union*, Henry Ward Beecher's paper, against the doctrine of endless punishment. The article was written by Rev. George S. Morzian, the associate editor and a Congregational minister, who asserted that the doctrine "was rapidly dying out, and stigmatized it as a 'slander upon God.'" This article has attracted wide attention, and many preachers have upheld the old belief and drawn terrible pictures of the doctrines of "justice." Among others, Rev. D. G. Cogau, pastor of St. Paul's Catholic Church, at Macomb, has been delivering a series of lectures in which the Scriptural passages affirming the reality of hell and its torments were read, and the authenticity of disputed passages settled by examination of the Greek text. Nothing more realistic on the subject or Satan and his kingdom and the tortures of the damned has, however, thus far been presented than the following, which was taken by the *Manchester (Eng.) Examiner* from a little book entitled "The Sight of Hell." The book, says the *Examiner*, is by Rev. Father Furniss, C. S. S. R., is printed *permissu superiorum*, and is recommended to be used along with the Catechism in Sunday schools, as part of a course of religious instruction. It is one of a series of "Books for Children and Young Persons." It will, at all events, enable us to understand what is meant by "definite teaching" in one branch of theology. It narrates what was seen by St. Frances, of Rome, when she visited hell, accompanied by the Angel Gabriel.

FIRE.

Now we look into hell and see what she saw. Look at the door of hell. It is red-hot, like hot iron. Streams of burning pitch and sulphur run through it. (Is. 34). The floor blazes up to the roof. Look at the walls, the enormous stones are red-hot; sparks of fire are always falling down from them. Lift up your eyes to the roof of hell: it is like a sheet of blazing fire. Sometimes when you get up on a winter's morning, you see the country filled with a great thick fog. Hell is filled with a fog of fire. In some parts of the world torrents of rain come down which sweep away trees and houses. In hell, torrents, are rained down, but of fire and brimstone, are rained down. You may have seen a house on fire. Hell is a house made of fire. The fire of hell burns the devils who are spirits, for it was prepared for them. (Math. xxi). So it will burn the soul as well as the body. Take a spark out of the kitchen fire, throw it into the sea, and it will go out. Take a little spark out of hell, less than a pin head, throw it into the ocean, and it will not go out. In one moment, it would dry up all the waters of the ocean, and set the whole world in a blaze.

TERRIBLE NOISE.

Listen, now—listen to the tremendous and horrible uproar of millions and millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell. Oh, the screams of fear, the groanings of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair, from millions on millions. There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs, and wailing like dragons. There you hear gnashing of teeth and the fearful blasphemies of the devils. Above all, you hear the roaring of the thunders of God's anger, which shakes hell to its foundations.

THE DEVIL.

(Apoc. xx). "An angel laid hold on the old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up." Our journey lies across the great sea of fire. We must go on till we come to the middle of hell. There we shall see the most horrible sight that ever was or will be—the great devil chained down in the middle of hell. We will set off on our journey. Now we are coming near the dwelling place of Satan. The darkness gets thicker. You see a great number of devils moving

about in the thick darkness. They come to get orders of their great chief. Already you hear the rattling of the tremendous chains of the great monster. See! there he is—the most horrible and abominable of all monsters, the Devil. His size is immense! (Is. viii). "He shall fill the length of the land." St. Frances saw him. He was sitting on a long beam which passed through the center of hell. His feet went down into the lowest depths of hell. They rested on the floor of hell. They were fastened with great heavy iron chains. These chains were fixed to an immense ring in the door. His hands were chained to the roof. One of his hands were turned up against heaven to blaspheme God and the saints who dwell there. (Apoc. xiii). His other hand was stretched out, pointing to the lowest hell. His tremendous and horrible head was raised up on high, and touched the roof. From his head came two immense horns. (Apoc. xii). "I saw another beast having horns." From each horn smaller horns without number branched out, which, like chimneys, sent out fire and smoke. His enormous mouth was wide open. Out of it there was a river of fire, which gave no light, but a most abominable smell. (Job xi). "Flame cometh out of his mouth." Round his neck was a collar of red-hot iron. A burning chain held him round the middle. The ugliness of his face was such that no man or devil could bear it. It was the most deformed, horrible, frightful thing that ever was or will be. His great fierce eyes were filled with pride, and anger, and rage, and blood, and savage cruelty. There was something else in those eyes for which there is no name, but it makes those on whom the devil's eyes were fixed tremble and shake as if they were dying. One of the saints who saw the devil said she would rather be burned for a thousand years than look at the devil for one moment!

THE SOUL BEFORE SATAN.

The devils carry away the soul which has just come into hell. They bear it through the flames. Now they set it down in front of the great chained monster, to be judged by him who has no mercy. O, that horrible face of the Devil! O, the fright, the shivering, the freezing, the deadly horror of that soul at the first sight of the great Devil. Now the Devil opens his mouth. He gives out the tremendous sentence on the soul. All hear the sentence, and hell rings with shouts of spiteful joy and mockeries at the unfortunate soul.

THE STRIKING DEVIL.

Little child, if you go to hell there will be a Devil at your side to strike you. He will go on striking you every minute for ever and ever, without stopping. The first stroke will make your body as the body of Job, covered from head to foot with sores and ulcers. The second stroke will make your body twice as bad as the body of Job. The third stroke will make your body three times as bad as the body of Job. The fourth stroke will make your body four times as bad as the body of Job. How, then, will your body be, after the devil has been striking it every moment for a hundred millions of years without stopping?

THE RED HOT FLOOR.

Look into this room. What a dreadful place it is! The roof is red-hot; the walls are red-hot; the floor is like a thick sheet of red-hot iron. See, on the middle of the red-hot floor stands a girl. She looks about sixteen years of age. Her feet are bare; she has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet; her bare feet stand on the red-hot burning floor. The door of this room has never been opened before since she first set her foot on the red-hot floor. Now she sees that the door is opening. She rushes forward. She has gone down on her knees on the red-hot floor. Listen! she speaks. She says:

"I have been standing with my bare feet on this red-hot floor for years. Day and night my only standing place has been this red-hot floor. Sleep never came to me for one moment that I might forget this horrible burning floor. Look," she says, "at my burnt and bleeding feet. Let me go off this burning floor for a moment. O, that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for one single moment." The devil answering her question: "Do you ask," he says, "for a moment, for one moment to forget your pain? No, not for a single moment during the never-ending eternity of years shall you leave this red-hot floor." "Is that so?" the girl says, with a sigh that seems to break her heart. "Then at least get somebody to go to my little brothers and sisters who are alive and tell them not to do the bad things which I did, so they will not have to come and stand on the red-hot floor." The devil answers her again: "Your little brothers and sisters have the priests to tell them these things. If they will not listen to these, they would not listen, even if somebody should go to them from the dead."

THE BOILING KETTLE.

(Amos. iv). "The day shall come when they will lift you up on pikes, and what remains of you in boiling pots." Look into the little prison. In the middle of it there is a boy, a young man. He is silent, despair is on him. He stands straight up. His eyes are burning like two burning coals. Two long flames come out of his ears. His breathing is difficult. Sometimes he opens his mouth, and breath of blasting fire rolls out of it. But listen! There is a sound like that of a kettle boiling. Is it really a kettle that is boiling? No. Then what is it? Hear what it is. The blood is boiling in the veined veins of that boy. The brain is boiling and bubbling in his head. The marrow is boiling in his bones.

THE RED HOT OVEN.

(Ps. xxi). "Thou shalt make him as an oven of fire in the time of his anger." You are going to see again the child about which you read in the "Terrible Judgment," that it was condemned to hell. See! It is a pitiful sight. The child is in this red-hot oven. Hear how it screams to come out. See how it turns and twists itself about in the fire. It beats its little feet on the floor of the oven. You can see on the face of this little child what you can see on the faces of all in hell—despair, desperate and horrible.

THE THINKER'S PRAYER.

Respectfully Dedicated to Prof. T. Hall.

BY F. M. DOWD.

It was midnight. All alone by the dying embers of what had once been a fire, sat a gray haired old man. His face was hid in his hands, as he cowered in the gloom of that little room. Midnight is a gloomy hour; poverty is midnight. No stars shone in upon the gloom of that little room. Gloom sat like some huge monster in the corners, under the table, and stood glowering behind the old man at the little flickering light the expiring coals shot out in fitful gleams. Rags covered the wasted form of the old man, and gloom seemed to take hold of him by the tattered fragments and crept among the folds. His frame shook; Gloom crept deeper in. It is in his hair now, clutching as with a thousand fingers; deeper still it creeps, and a shudder and a sigh tells me that Gloom is clutching at his heart. With an expiring effort the fire shoots out one ray of light across the room, and then all is dark. The old man mutters, as if Gloom had at last forced his heart to unburthen itself. I listen, and I hear

THE THINKER'S PRAYER.

Oh, God! Thou Infinite One! What am I, that thou shouldst listen to me? I am narrow minded, weak, changeable as the winds, and one-sided in comprehension, but thou!

THOU ART INFINITE AND UNCHANGEABLE.

Before time was, thou art. I am appalled at the thought which comes unbidden as I address thee, and contemplate the majesty and grandeur of thy attributes. Really, hadst thou no beginning? And canst thou not end? Oh! wearisome existence! Oh, the unspeakable anguish and monotony of an unchanging life! Indeed, if thou art infinite in life, so also art thou in death. If thou art infinite in power, then also thou art

INFINITE IN WEAKNESS.

Weakness exists as much as power, and each and all things have their root in thee. Thou, Infinite One, they tell me thou art Love; but whence comes hate? If thou art infinite in love, then there is no room in thee for hate! Then hate exists outside of thee, if it exists at all. But is there any outside? Ah! then thou art not infinite in hatred! Thou art not infinite if thou hatest not. If thou art all love, thou art a

ONE SIDED GOD!

How then dost thou differ from me? But they tell me thou hatest thine enemies to all eternity. If this be so, then thou hast no pity in thy heart for the poor wretches whom thy infinite power hath called into being, and if thou hast no pity for anything that exists—no matter how small or worthless an atom it may be—then thou art not infinite in pity. They tell me thou art not a selfish God, but if infinite indeed thou art all self! Art thou infinite in mirth? Then, perhaps, this prayer fills thy soul, and the boundless realms of infinitude with laughter. But if thou art infinite in mirth,

THOU LAUGHEST ETERNALLY.

then thou mockest me when I pray, and my poor heart is breaking for pity, and my soul burning with desire to know thee as thou really art. Art thou infinite in power, and hatest me for one moment, that moment would annihilate me.

Dost thou know all things from the beginning to the end? If so thou canst not be ignorant—then thou art not infinite. If thou art infinite in ignorance, then thou art a worse fool than an idiot. Art thou pleased with the praises of men? Or art thou displeased with this prayer—and me for making it? If so, dost thou not know that praise is only flattery and that men praise thee for a selfish end, and that none but fools are puffed up by praise? If thou art infinite in love, thou art pleased with all things—stop—I cannot believe thou art a demon, one that delights in the wretchedness of those thou hast created. Is not the world black with crime, and mankind a swarming horde of rottenness and filth? But perhaps thou art infinite in expedients, and hast created all these things to break the dull, dread monotony of eternal sameness. If so, thou sportest with thy creations. Not unlike a child playing with his top. Thou hidest from me, I cannot find thee. Thou standest behind a screen, and there pulch the secret wires that makes us dance—what for? For thy own pleasure? Certainly not for ours. Are there other spectators beside myself to this infinite puppet show? I have prayed to thee for bread till my children have

DIED OF STARVATION.

Then a "still small voice" said to me, "go to work and get your bread." Then remembering that thou hast a "still small voice," I

went out in search for work—aye! I prayed for work, but I could find no work and no bread—and yet I know there is bread enough in this world of thine. Art thou infinite in thought? If thou art, then these thoughts, that burn my brain and cause me to cry out for annihilation, all come from thee. Dost thou demand praise of me? What shall I praise thee for? A broken heart hath no music. If my lips should utter praise, my heart would give them the lie. Can I from my heart thank thee for these rags, this gnawing stomach, my dead children, and for my broken life of woe? Oh! take it back! 'tis worthless to me. Thou art infinite in glory—then my woe

IS GLORY TO THEE!

Oh! detestable thought! If to curse thee were death, every drop of my blood would boil with hellish curses on thy name. I have ever been the sport of circumstances, and thou art circumstances. Infinite glory is complete. I cannot by word or deed add to, or take from, thy glory. I am, then, a ray of thy glory—so also is a murderer, or else thou art not infinite. But what is glory but a vanity? Ah! I forget that thou art infinitely vain. Art thou infinite in sense? And canst hear even a thought? And again thou art infinitely dead. Am I mad? or is this reason? Thou canst not change, and yet thou art all powerful. Strange inconsistency! I will not pray to thee for thy will is unchangeable, I must abide my fate.

On the other hand, philosophers ascribe to law what religion calls God. All things are subservient to law; law is only another name for God. Perhaps it satisfies some who perchance may be prejudiced against the name, God. But as for me, I am not so particular about a name. To me law is inferior to intelligence, or the thing that thinks. But, infinitude as applied to being, is a humbug. I can imagine infinite night, against which light wars but feebly; I can imagine infinite evil out of which good is evolved as a spark in a rayless night.

However much the old man doubted the efficacy of prayer—his prayer was answered. The morning that dispelled the gloom from that miserable attic, found him cold in death. Gloom had killed him. Poverty is gloom. Poverty of thought is spiritual midnight; it kills the soul. Gloom is the nightmare of existence—who knows if it be not infinite?

GALESBURG, ILL.

The Great Revival There.

Is it the Work of God? Or Plainly the Work of Man?

THE IMMUTABILITY OF LAW.

DEAR BROTHER JONES.—In my last letter I showed how the revival was planned, and indicated the extent to which it was destined to reach. I now wish to inquire what God has to do with the revival? If it was God's work, as he is almighty, nothing could interfere with the progress of the work; and yet Mr. Hammond complains of very many little things that destroy the interest, or interfere with the success of a meeting. Mr. Hammond being a great preacher, and God being all powerful, he could, through Mr. H., or his medium, convert the whole city of Galesburg in a single hour. If God was half as anxious for the salvation of sinners as Mr. H., and the churches appear to be, not a wicked man would be left a single minute after God made bare his holy arm for their salvation. Can a man of interest, or a lukewarm Christian, or a wicked man ever hinder the work of the Omnipotent? It is most evident that God does nothing in this great universe, except through the workings of the undeviating and immutable laws of things.

In the physical world the scientist discovers certain laws and forces which account for all the phenomena connected with external nature.

With equal accuracy the psychologist can trace all the phenomena connected with the revival to psychological causes.

To secure converts three conditions must be considered; first, a master operator; second, proper surroundings; third, the material upon which to operate. Mr. Hammond is a good operator. The whole power and influence of five popular churches, a powerful choir of singers, with three organs, constitute the surroundings, and for material to be affected, three hundred children and youth, surrounded by five hundred adults, who have all been taught to believe that unless they experience some kind of a supernatural change, they will certainly go to hell, and have this thought forced upon them, and a door opened for escape, it is simply natural that these children and youth should rush for the door. Mr. Hammond's preaching first consists in telling stories, and illustrating the character of God by comparing him to the wickedest kings and rulers of earth, and his laws to their diabolical edicts. And he takes delight in comparing men to dogs and hounds.

The story of Jones receiving Morgan, the wicked, dirty, ragged, bloated, vagabond, who had, in cool premeditation, robbed and murdered his only son, to his heart; clothed him with his son's best garments; and gave him all the pleasures that belonged to his dear son, was the wickedest of all the diabolical stories he has yet told. No delicate, sensitive person could for an instant believe such a story, unless they were hid behind the heathenish dogmas of the doctrine of total depravity, and vicarious atonement. The whole gist of his teaching is God's great prison, the devil's trap, and the door of escape by coming to Jesus. His

teachings offer a premium for crime. He takes liars, thieves, robbers, murderers, harlots and cut-throat characters generally to a heaven of reward for final obedience and trust in Jesus, while sensible, intelligent, good men and women will write in hell. By Hammond's teaching Galesburg has turned back fifty years to the dark, dogmatic theology that made the church murder the Salem witches. It will take ten years for the ministers of Galesburg to get the people back to a healthy moral tone.

The idea that little delicate children, born into the world as sinless and pure as the beautiful flowers, have a black wicked heart, that must be changed or burn in hell, is most ridiculously absurd. Mother, do you believe your lovely child is an heir of hell, and even liable to eternal torments? No, a pure mother's love revolts from such an idea. While the natural sense of justice in every parent's heart would give assent to the certain sequences of error and immorality, the law of things opens no door of escape from just punishment.

The children who profess to Hammond that they have found Jesus, and have a new heart, are no better than my little boy who has no new heart. They get angry just as they did before they signed that little book. They joke each other about being conspicuous on the stage, standing up beside Hammond, and the other ministers, with as much pride as though their new heart made them much larger than before. Many persons who make large professions of piety, and feel sure of Heaven because they are converted, are ten times more irritable, trifling, fault-finding, and discontented generally, than any I ever knew who believe in the immutable law of things.

But the important question is: Will these revivals do any good? We say yes; not by gathering in the children, because they had them before; not by getting the youth who were constant attendants at the Sabbath School and church, because they had them before, and they were all likely in the nature of things to grow up into the church. But there is a class of young men, and a few older men, who have been taught from childhood the existence of a God, who is angry with the wicked every day; of a tempting devil who can and does lead them into the pleasures of sin, and in a yawning hell, into which they will surely fall if they die unconverted. This class generally have praying mothers and sisters. They are jolly, and are having a good time, and don't want to rive up their spines to sit in the Sabbath-school, and the church. They are fat young men; are often really wicked; yes the wickedest sinners I ever saw was a Methodist in belief, and said he knew he would go to hell if he died unconverted. Under the high-pressure system of revivals this class are sometimes reached and are made better. But really, I think it an open question whether the good accomplished by getting a few of this class will half compensate the great evil of making most of them ten times worse than they were before the claims of the religion was pressed upon them.

Not a single intelligent moral man, outside of the walls of the church, will be affected, except to be disgusted with such consummate nonsense. It is a notorious fact that nearly all real wicked men are in the ante-room of the church. That is they believe in the church God, the church Devil, and the church hell, and that the door of salvation is through faith in Christ.

Mr. Hammond knows this fact, so he is constantly calling on wicked men to exchange the losing trade with the devil, and accept the infinite reward promised in Jesus.

As a moral teacher I could not promise a wicked man anything except what he substantially earns by the practice of moral virtues.

In another letter I hope to show that the immutable laws of the universe are not in the least degree ever changed by divine interference.

Fraternally Yours,
A. G. HUMPHREY, M. D.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.

Crissy's Cremation—This was not the Fruits of Spiritualism.

(Correspondence of the New York Times.)
HONOLULU, Pa., Jan. 14.—Crissy Hacker, an intelligent and beautiful young lady, living at White's Valley, sixteen miles west of this place, deliberately burned herself to death yesterday, while under the influence of extraordinary religious fanaticism. She was the daughter of William Hacker, a wealthy and prominent farmer of the country. For some five or six years past she has at times been subject to temporary insanity, during which lapses she imagined that she had committed sins against "her Immanuel" which could be only absolved by the making of burnt offerings. While laboring under this mental hallucination, she would erect altars in the fields of her father's farm, and sacrifice lambs to appease the wrath of her offended deity, and also burn clothing and household articles of different kinds. Her father, (a widower), fearing that she might, during one of these intervals, do herself bodily harm, kept a strict watch on her movements.

Yesterday Mr. Hacker had occasion to go to a neighboring village, and, as his daughter manifested signs of the recurrence of one of her insane intervals, he charged his hired man to watch her during his absence. At noon the man went to his dinner, leaving the young lady in the kitchen reading the bible. For some reason he did not return to the house until 3 o'clock. When the latter entered his

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

The Papal Succession.

A Berlin dispatch states that the Official Gazette of Tuesday, published Prince Bismarck's circular note of the 14th of May, 1873, which was read in the secret session of the Von Arnim trial. The note in question, it appears, declares that because of the declaration of the dogma of infallibility of the Pope, it is desirable that the powers should take steps toward concerted action in view of the next papal election.

the watchful and ever anxious wife and mother. Silent, motionless, still, she sits to every sound—peers with earnest glances into the shadows around her. The drizzling rain begins to fall. She strips the kerchief from her half-clad shoulders to wrap around the lock of the trusty rifle to protect it from the wet. But hark! She hears a sound—a soft, creeping, stealthy tread. Is it a cruel savage, with over-ready tomahawk or the keen scalping-knife! Set two bright spots stealing closer, closer, closer to the little camp! Ah! a panther. But she faints not, neither does she scream, for her faith is strong, and with one hand she awakens her partner, and with the other she unwraps the trusty rifle. Not a word is spoken, nor a sound made. A flash, a report, and all is over, and John exclaims, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther." Yes, all were saved; but what saved them? Mary's faith in John's steady nerve, and the good quality of the powder. And does John return God thanks for the timely deliverance? Not he embraces his Mary, and kissing her, he says, "My faith in you is stronger than ever; what man was ever before blessed with a wife like thee?" And Mary blushed with joy and pride at the loving praise of her husband, and felt that her cup of bliss was full to the brim, although they were far from home, and in a wilderness filled with dangers and perils of all kinds.

"This morning at last, and Mary is cooking breakfast; the little ones are playing with the dead panther; the youngest creeps between its legs and lies upon its body; the next is pulling its tail, while the third is examining its long, white, sharp teeth. Now as this was the Sabbath, and usage had made it a day of rest, the cattle were allowed to roam about the camp and crop the green herbage. But now, as the Bible was a link to the home and friends she had left, she felt drawn towards it on that account. John was no scholar, but as Mary began to read aloud he lay at length upon the grass, with eyes and ears all open, and Eliza (seven years old) stood by her mother's knee holding a bunch of wild flowers she had plucked from the banks of the tiny rivulet that ran murmuring by.

As chance would have it, the book opened at 2 Kings ii., and she read for the first time of the two bears God sent down the mountain to devour forty-two children. A pause ensued. Mary looks for her little darlings, then casts her eyes on the surrounding hills. John seizes his rifle, takes a stroll around, and uses double vigilance as the thought struck him, I have God, the Devil, panthers, and Indians all to guard against. But Eliza simply asked mamma if God sent that panther to eat little Johnny and herself? But mamma could not speak. She was filled with sad and gloomy forebodings as she lay down to sleep that night with her little ones in her arms. But sleep would not come to her eyes. Two bears and forty-two children were on her brain. She rises at three o'clock to stand guard, and let John rest. But neither could John sleep. He dozes, but two bears and forty-two children come in his dreams. His starts; he wakes and seizes his rifle again, and again he tries to sleep, but the two bears and the forty-two children are ever before him. So they eat breakfast, pull up stakes once more, and start on their journey. But Mary left the Bible under a piece of oak bark, and put once more her faith in John and her own endeavors; and now they have a happy home in the far West, and Eliza often tells her brother of the forty-two children eaten by the bears when they came from York State.

ELIZABETH P. SLENNER.

Is it Wicked to Lie?

If the reader has the audacity to think this question absurd, and to answer it with an "of course it is," we make bold to pronounce him an old fogey. Whatever may have been the axiom relative to veracity in ancient times, the religious press of to-day has launched upon a discussion of the above inquiry with that wide diversity of opinion and warmth of sentiment which promise a lively tilt.

Professor Wilkinson, of Rochester University, published an article in that organ of eastern Congregationalism of the more radical sort, the Independent, calling special attention to the phraseology of the ninth commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." The sapient professor maintained that a lie told in favor of somebody, and not directed against anyone, was no transgression of the decalogue. The Independent has devoted about six columns of its precious space to a defense of this position. We suppose the editor and proprietor of that sheet can now justify his endorsement of the Northern Pacific bonds and similar schemes, on the ground that the lying was all in favor of the bonds. No false witness was borne against them. The poor clergymen and pious widows who sunk their little all in those bonds on the strength of the Independent's representations, may console themselves with the reflection that Brother Bowen did not break the ninth commandment. The "witness" may have operated against the bond-purchasers, but the good editor didn't bear any false witness against Brother Jay Cook.

The Advance was the first to join issue with the Independent on this question, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, it completely demolishes the sophisms of Professor Wilkinson. In less than a column and a half it exposes with resistless logic the peril of winking at any species of falsehood. "There is no law of morals," it says, "more important to mankind than the principle of veracity, which is the very corner-stone of society."

These two authorities being unable to agree, the staid old New York Observer comes in as a kind of umpire to decide the matter. It takes the same view of the subject as the Advance, only it goes further, and boldly declares that it would not believe a man under oath who should take the Independent's view of the subject. If Shakespeare would not trust a man merely because he had no music in his soul, we can hardly blame the Observer for observing that a man who thinks it no sin to lie for another could not be believed under oath.

If any other religious newspaper has taken part in this discussion, we have not noticed it, and, on the whole, we conclude that an affirmative answer must be given to the question, Is lying wicked? It is not necessary first to inquire whether the falsehood was for or against a neighbor.

Without laying claim to any special linguistic erudition, we would remind those who see some sort of excuse for some kind of lying in the wording of the ninth commandment, that neither the original Hebrew nor the Septuagint Greek out of which the New Testament quotations from the Old Testament were taken, affords any warrant whatever for the Wilkinsonian theory. The preposition translated "against," sometimes implies hostility, sometimes friendship. A correct rendering would have been, "Thou shalt not bear false witness about thy neighbor." It is a prohibition of lying, pure and simple. A college professor ought to know this much, and perhaps he did, only he thought he was not bearing false witness against the commandment.—Chicago Evening Journal.

Letter from Sycamore, Ill.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the daily papers of Chicago, we oftentimes read short notices and long communications regarding the enterprise and business of the city of Sycamore, and while all its advantages, both mercantile and educational, are paraded before the public, it should not be forgotten that Sycamore is spiritually blessed. By glancing over the long catalogue of creeds and churches, it will be noticed that Sycamore has "enough, such as they are."

Every other Sunday its streets are filled with wagons, buggies, carriages, and other vehicles, containing devoted followers of the Catholic and Lutheran churches. But these do not disturb the majority of Sycamoreans; nor is it left for the ancient structure, with its cross pointing heavenward to attract the mind of the Episcopalian to better things, to stop the progress of liberal thought. The Baptist and Wesleyan churches, both small, remain silent and are only remembered by their excursions. Probably the largest church in the city is the M. E. Church, whose spire reaches far above the business blocks, thereby indicating the loftiness of Methodism. Last winter this church held a revival and many were converted, though but few remained "faithful" during hot weather. It was the influence of this revival that brought a lady of high standing here into the light of Spiritualism. The past year has been a very good one for this church, if we may judge from expressions used on "watch-night." One merchant, who has sold kerosene for five cents a gallon more than others, said it was a "year of rich blessings" to him, and thought it was the best year of his life.

While Chicago is having wars and rumors of wars in her churches, Sycamore is not far behind. The Congregational church here now consists of two parties, the division being caused by a fat, lusty Rev., one of the once members—a man universally respected and honored for his honesty and good character,—has in open council accused his honor, the "Rev.," of lying. The said Rev. has issued a "manifesto," entitled "Pastoral Address," in which he says, "the door of life is open, and the crucified is waiting," and hopes to win many souls for Christ this winter. He should do what he has advised his church,—"level upward, instead of downward."

The Universalists, after slumbering for some time past, have awakened, and secured the services of quite a "smart man" indeed. This man, though he may deny the power of the spirit to return, certainly preaches the progressive ideas taught by Spiritualists. It has been whispered that he was lately the recipient of an anonymous letter, supposed to have been written by an orthodox preacher of this city, asking him to co-operate in the saving of souls and commending him for the good work already begun. Yes, indeed, a liberal thought pervades all the churches, and many are cutting loose from creeds. Orthodox anathemas against liberal thought are now at a discount, and we find Universalist and Orthodox "Revs.," pulling in the same harness, and only waiting for some sign ere they will join the ranks of the once despised Spiritualists. But no sign shall be given save that of the prophet Jonah. A great work is in progress here. The foundation walls of bigotry and superstition are being undermined. Soon the entire structure of old theology will fall, and all not liberal minded should "stand firm under." The small band of Spiritualists here is increasing, and why not now form an association to work for the best interests of our cause. If there be any good in these things, my brethren, think on them. Mr. ESTES.

Sycamore, Jan. 2d, 1875.

Prof. Tyndall's "Recantation."

[From the National, Canada.]

The time has not yet come, but will come, when the philosopher, and even the humble plebeian, may utter his honest convictions without being persecuted and execrated. The religious and semi-religious press is just now chuckling over what they call Prof. Tyndall's "recantation." It seems the eminent President of the British Scientific Association has deemed it expedient to modify, somewhat, some of his first utterances. Now, instead of religionists exulting over this and constraining it into a triumph, or "vital concession" from science, they ought to be heartily ashamed of it. Do they imagine that this last forced utterance is as true a statement of the scientist's real opinions as his first voluntary, deliberate utterance! Why has the great philosopher qualified his first expose? Why has he "recanted?" For the very same reason that his illustrious precursor, Galileo, recanted. To save himself from sacrifice! He was compelled to do it. It is true Tyndall was not physically forced to this humiliation, or die, as was Galileo. But virtually he was forced to do it or suffer what is to some worse than death, social ostracism. Ever since his great address—which has now become celebrated—was delivered in August last, there has been a continual outpouring of denunciation and abuse against its author. For what? For doing what every intelligent human being has an inalienable natural right to do, viz., to give utterance to his honest opinions and conscientious convictions. This is the right of every man, so long as he does it in lawful, decorous manner. It is true the Church has lost the power to torture and burn those who differ from her, like Prof. Tyndall, but she still, with the same spirit, persecutes such in every way she can. Had Tyndall lived in Bruno's time, when the church had the power to burn, he, too, like his materialistic confessor, would have been burned at the stake for his opinions. And Dr. Servetus, a little before, was burned to death "by a slow fire" for much less heresy than Bruno's or Tyndall's. It will not avail for religionists to-day to tell us—as we have often been told—that they were not Christians who did this. They were Christians. Was John Calvin not a Christian? Ask Presbyterians or Calvinists whether Calvin was a Christian; and it was he who instigated and caused the burning of Servetus! Without doubt he was legitimately entitled to that designation, and a zealous one he was, too, thinking he was "doing God's service" in burning those who differed from him. Ask Roman Catholics whether Torquemada, that cruel but zealous religionist, whose poor tortured and murdered victims were numbered by scores of thousands, was a Christian! Ask the orthodox of any of the Christian Evangelical sects of to-day whether the New England Puritans who hung witches and burned Quakers on Boston Common were Christians! They were all Christians, and it is a disingenuous subterfuge for Christians to deny it. And this is one of the reasons why so many of the noblest minds of the age are repudiating the system.

Although Christianity, without doubt, embraces much that is good, it inspires its votaries with a spirit of intolerance, and teaches its disciples to persecute those who differ from them. And the last proof of this is to be found in the case of Prof. Tyndall. Ever since his address was uttered, on the 19th of last August, before the most learned body of men in the world, there has been an incessant

howl against him by religionists, from the press and from the pulpit, from prayer meetings and from firesides, from Evangelical Alliances and ecclesiastical Vaticans; and there has even been an attempt recently in England by some fanatical bigot, who was too cowardly to put his name to his pamphlet, to have Prof. Tyndall prosecuted before the courts. Is it much to be wondered at, then, that Tyndall, rather than sacrifice himself socially and financially at the shrine of "recant," and is the "concession" implied in this "recantation" any credit to Christianity? Is it something to be rejoiced over? Does the deliberate original utterance represent Tyndall's real views on the great questions there treated, or does the supplemental, "corrected" qualification better represent them? When Galileo, in order to save his life, recanted and declared that the earth was, after all, flat instead of round, and that it stood still, etc., did he really believe this? And when Tyndall, in order to save himself from social sacrifice, qualifies his doctrines, is the qualification, or original, to be accepted as the true exposition of his positions? Every school-boy now knows that Galileo was right in the astronomical doctrines for which the Church imprisoned him, and which the Church forced him to recant. And is it not more than probable that the doctrines which Tyndall has enunciated to the world, and which the Church has compelled him to modify, will yet be generally accepted? They are few indeed who are willing to offer themselves as a sacrifice on the altar of what they think to be Truth. Yet there have been examples of this among Rationalists, Buddhists, Brahmins, and even Christians.

A. PARRELLE.

A Miracle.

The Lewiston, (Ill.) Democrat contains the following:

"The Rev. Mr. Wood, the preacher on the Cuba M. E. circuit, has informed some of our citizens of a miracle performed in Avon last week that quite rivals the wonderful works done by Christ 1,850 years ago.

"The story goes that he was called to Avon, on Wednesday of last week, we believe, to attend at the bedside of a sister that was dying. She had been ill for some time, and entirely helpless for some days, not being able even to even raise her head. At noon of the day named her physician finally pronounced the case hopeless, and said the patient must die. She apparently continued to sink until perhaps 6 o'clock that evening, when she called the family and friends about her to receive her final farewell, as she supposed her last hour had come. She asked her brother, the minister above named, to pray for her, and the company knelt while an earnest petition in behalf of the dying one was made. During the prayer Mr. Wood felt a hand upon his shoulder, and opening his eyes beheld his sister sitting up in bed, her face beaming with rapture. She told him he need pray no longer, as she was cured soul and body. He supposed her to be in her last death-struggle (as extraordinary physical strength does often come to the dying), and divining his thought she reassured him that it was not death, but that she was indeed restored to health, and that her soul was blessed equally with her body. She arose from the bed, praising God, moved around among her friends, went to the table and ate supper with them, and remained up till eleven o'clock telling in rapturous strains the great things God had done for her soul and body. The physician came in, meantime, and as may be supposed was astounded to see his dying patient, for whose recovery he had no expectation, sitting up in a chair, talking with every one. She told him of her instantaneous cure, and, after a careful examination of her vital organs, he pronounced the cure complete!

"The next morning this lady continued in the same state. She took breakfast with the family, and walked to the door to bid her brother farewell as he started upon his return home.

"These are the facts as we get them from two gentlemen (church members), to whom Brother Wood told them on Saturday last."

A. J. Davis's Books Admitted to the Hyde Park Library.

We are glad to know that the works of Andrew Jackson Davis have been admitted into the Hyde Park Library, Mass. The board at first refused, but afterward wiser counsel prevailed and objections were withdrawn. The following abstract of the proceedings, shows the character of the board:

"The donation from Mr. A. E. Giles of A. J. Davis's works first came up for discussion.

"On motion of the Rev. Mr. Williams the remaining volumes of the 'Great Harmonia' were accepted. It was also voted, after considerable discussion, to accept the following volumes from the pen of Mr. Davis:

"Nature's Divine Revelations; Diakka; Harmonical Man; Free Thoughts Concerning Religion; Tales of a Physician; Philosophy of Special Providence, Arabala, or the Divine Guest.

"Mr. Nott moved that the two books rejected at the last meeting—the 'Great Harmonia,' and the 'Autobiography of A. J. Davis'—be accepted, but withdrew his motion when it was suggested that it would be proper to rescind the vote before a full Board.

"After the volumes had been accepted, Rev. Father Corcoran came into the room with volume four of the 'Great Harmonia'—The Reformer—in his hand. He wished it made public that he did not object to Davis's works on sectarian grounds, but as a matter of principle. He believed Davis a Pantheist, and read extracts from 'The Reformer' and the subject of marriage and divorce. He believed the doctrines advocated in certain portions of this volume as tending to unhinge everything pertaining to morality. With such doctrines placed in the hands of our youth, it is no wonder that we have so many divorce cases in our courts. But, nevertheless, the reverend gentleman admitted that there were many pleasing passages in the book.

"At the October meeting, Mr. Nott moved that no minor be allowed to take Davis's books from the library without a written permission from parent or guardian." He now withdrew his motion, but Father Corcoran strongly urged its passage as a safeguard against the books falling into improper hands. Upon a vote being taken it was decided not to put restrictions on the free circulation of the books, the only dissenting voice coming from Rev. Mr. Corcoran.

"Another volume—'Conjugal Love'—by A. J. Davis, has been presented to the Library, but action on its acceptance was postponed until next meeting."

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AN INCIDENT OF FRONTIER LIFE.

[From the Boston Investigator.]

MR. EDITOR:—The following story was told me by an old man, and, as nearly as possible, I have adhered to his quaint, old-fashioned, homely style in writing it out:

A hardy frontier-man, who had concluded to go further into the wilderness in the hope of being better able to provide for his little family, encamped one night in a small glen in the deep recesses of the forest. He was strong and fearless, and placed his trust in his own powers and in his never-failing rifle. His loving wife placed hers upon the sinewy arm and powerful frame of her husband, and her own powers of endurance in the trials and hardships that were before her. She hears the fond prattle of her little ones, and with a cheerful smile upon her face she answers the simple questions they ask, and while she instills into their young minds the spirit of hope and joy, she knows that each one has faith in her abilities to make them a joyous and happy home.

The frugal supper is now over, and the hardy oxen are lying munching their cud, while all the little family are wrapped in slumber, save

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1875.

The Catholics, and Their nefarious Work.

The Catholics seem to be the center of attraction at the present time. Bismarck, Gladstone, the Anti-Papal League in England, and the Government of Brazil, have discerned their intolerant spirit secretly moving among the people in a manner calculated to excite alarm.

The Catholics tried to undermine the civil laws in Brazil, by interfering with the legitimate action of the Free Masons; they formed the world-wide League of Saint Sebastian, in order to do their work more effectually; they have pronounced the present Pope infallible; they have endeavored to assassinate Bismarck; they have succeeded in securing one of their own number as King of Spain.

In the German Reichstag, there was lately a stormy time in connection with Catholicism. Prince Bismarck in reply to the railing accusations of Herr Lesker, said: "The Pope is a purely religious chief, and there is no occasion to keep a permanent political representative at his Court. Things, indeed, might have been left in statu quo had not the present Pope, a true member of the Church militant, thought fit to revive the ancient struggle of the Papacy with the temporal power, and more especially with the German Empire.

The spirit animating the Papacy in this campaign, was too well known to require comment; still, he would tell the House a story which had long been kept a secret, but which, after all that had happened, had better be made public. In 1869, when the Wurttemberg Government had occasion to complain of the action of the Papacy, the Wurttemberg Envoy at Munich was instructed to make representations; and, in a conversation which passed between the Envoy and the Nuncio, the latter said the Roman Church was free only in America, and perhaps, England and Belgium.

In all other countries the Roman Church had to look to revolution as the sole means of securing her rightful position. This, then, was the view of the priestly diplomatist stationed at Munich in 1869, and formerly representing the Vatican at Paris. Well, the revolution so ardently desired by the Vatican did not come to pass, but we had the war of 1870 instead. Gentlemen, I am in possession of conclusive evidence proving that the war of 1870 was the combined work of Rome and France; that the Ecumenical Council was cut short on account of the war, and that very different votes would have been taken by the Council had the French been victorious.

In connection with this question the London Times states that, "The Voce vera Verita, the organ of the Jesuits at Rome, says that the overthrow of Prussia is necessary to strike a fatal blow at the spirit of individuality and rebellion against the Papacy. That there is a theological epidemic all over the civilized world is a fact patent to all who keep their eyes open.

In every country there is a priestly, or sacramental party, putting forth doctrines and pretences belonging to the dark ages. Even in the United States of America we find High Church proclaiming its principles, and flaunting its millinery. In every country there is also a Moderate party urging caution, and wondering why the more zealous can not be quiet."

The New York World says that "It has been the obvious effect of the Vatican decrees to render this intrusion of an external authority between the Queen and her subjects more visible, palpable, and undeniable than ever. . . . That the Roman Catholic Church has brought itself into direct and visible antagonism with civil allegiance throughout the world has now become unquestionable to all but that portion of Roman Catholics who are content to believe without reasoning."

The above facts existing, it is not strange that Bismarck feels alarmed; that Gladstone has been inspired to give his able pamphlet to the world; that Brazil feels irritated under the acts of the Bishop of Pernambuco; that the London Times scents approaching danger; that Italy watches with a large army the impending danger; that Switzerland continues to deal heavy blows against the infallible church; and that the whole world seems to feel the presence of something wrong.

It seems now as if a deadly madness was urging the Pope, the League of Saint Sebastian, and Catholics in general to rush headlong into a struggle that will result in their complete overthrow! Sustained by superstition and gaudy display, (the Pope and his prominent adherents hold in abject submission a large army of fanatical devotees, who actually believe, according to Saint Ildophanus, Athanasius, Anselm, and John Damascenes, that "Maria sits on the right of God, arrayed in a robe of refulgent gold, adorned with all the splendor of the heavens; a crown of twelve stars upon her head, surrounded by the sun, at her feet the world. She sits on the throne of honor, on the royal throne near her Son. Yes, she is exalted to the same throne on which Jesus, the external Son of God, in His glorified humanity shines. He is the King, she is the Queen. The Catholics can not find terms of worship sufficient to heap upon her. She is the treasury of grace; the irresistible intercessor; the certain answerer of prayer for help; the divinest teacher; the sure support; the most tender counselor; the healer of all sickness and injuries, being the great Mother of God and the Queen of Heaven and Earth. In a hymn to the honor of the Virgin of Montserrat, in Spain, she is called 'loving rose, beaming sun, shining star, jewel of holy love, chaste opaz, pure diamond, precious ruby, glowing carbuncle, lily that transcends all other flowers, wonderful morning red, clearness without shadow, helper in all trouble, sure haven in the greatest storm, eagle that flies to the highest, royal chamber of the Almighty God.'"

This is fantastic superstition, and has equally as flimsy a superstructure as that on which the religion of the Esquimaux is based, who believe that their God dwells in some place invisible to them, and that he has any quantity of seals and whale blubber. Ostentatious superstition is always the most dangerous. The belief of some of the Islanders of the Pacific that their God is always naked, and a very great swimmer, is very harmless, there being no extravagant display to corrupt the morals of the people. Based religious belief on gold, or inculcate a view of golden-paved streets in heaven, the inmates wearing "robes of refulgent gold," and then of course gaudy display must follow religious worship, resulting in deep corruption. The very fact that the Catholic Church has unbounded wealth, makes it the more to be feared, and renders it doubly necessary to carefully watch its emissaries, and guard out rights against their encroachment.

The Battle Creek Convention—Letter from Worthy Putnam—Justifiable Comments.

BERRIEN SPRINGS, Mich., Jan. 5th, '75. BRO. JONES.—I herewith inclose you a clip from the Berrien County Journal of the 2d inst., published here—Dr. L. E. Barnard, editor. Does the article strike you as being just or true? Your good friends here would like to see it quoted in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL with your remarks upon it. The fathers, mothers, sons and daughters of the Spiritualist families of Berrien Springs, maintaining as they ever have, a character of social purity, feel greatly hurt by that article. I have always found that those who denounce Spiritualists as free lovers (in the odious sense) when on their "cross examination" admit that "the Spiritualists are not so about here," but that they are "over there." Of those conservators of moral purity I would say,—

"Oh, that some power the gift would give 'em, To see themselves as others see 'em."

Yours, WORTHY PUTNAM. SUCH IS LIFE.

The Spiritualists of Michigan have, in convention at Battle Creek, rescinded former resolutions in which free love was endorsed, and declared themselves as a body uncommitted on the subject.—N. Y. Sun.

Anything to suit the times. Probably three-fourths, if not seven-eighths of the Spiritualists of this State, as well as all other States, including the future state even, if not more, are out and out free lovers, although they are not willing to own it; and it will take very much more "putty" and "soft sodder" than the simple rescinding of their former resolutions declaring free love one of the cardinal planks in their platform, to secure the confidence of decent people.—Berrien County Journal.

REPLY. The report sent to the N. Y. Sun is not true. The late convention held at Battle Creek was the same old "free love" concern that was held the year before at Jackson, endorsing free love and denouncing the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL on account of its boldness

in showing the infamy of so-called "social freedom." It was that convention which was managed by Mrs. Woodhull in person, that "hobnobbed with E. V. Wilson's "free love" convention held at Elgin at the same time, and at which Wilson avowed that "social freedom" was "germane to Spiritualism," to the general disgust of all true Spiritualists throughout the country, and which he still adheres to.

At the recent convention at Battle Creek, they did not succeed in adopting their out and out free love resolutions, as reported by their committee, but they came very far short of rescinding their old resolves of the year before, or of adopting resolutions repudiating free-loverism. It was a meeting in the interest of free lovers, and its new officers were elected from their own ranks. Ben Todd and E. V. Wilson were the two great lights at the meeting. It is but justice to the Spiritualists of Michigan to say that the convention was not theirs, nor did it in the least degree reflect the sentiments of one Spiritualist in twenty in that State.

Hence it follows that the statement of Dr. L. E. Barnard, editor of the Berrien County Journal, that three-fourths of the Spiritualists are free lovers, is absolutely false.

But can Spiritualists expect that their opponents will come to any other conclusion than that expressed by Dr. Barnard so long as they countenance free love conventions, either by contributing to their support or participating in their meetings?

With the managers of free love conventions, spirit communion is of secondary consideration. The doctrine of free love, which they call "social freedom," is uppermost in their minds, and when carried into practice, as defined by Mrs. Woodhull and her chief and most beloved disciple, Moses Hull, is nothing less than general promiscuity in the sexual relations.

The employment of lecturers by Spiritualists, of avowed or passive free love sentiments, gives the public reason to believe that such Spiritualists do favor their free love sentiments.

The terrible reproach which has been most unjustly heaped upon Spiritualism, has to no little extent been the fault of Spiritualists themselves by giving countenance to free love advocates, in patronizing them as speakers.

That class of speakers are now so widely known that no one need be deceived by them. While they are Janus faced, and are "good God and good Devil," as occasion may seem to require, to get a good dinner and a night's lodging, and then an engagement to lecture, they always show the cloven foot, by their denunciations of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and the assertion, "Oh, you do not understand her," as soon as the Woodhull doctrine is denounced.

Brother Putnam's assertion in regard to the purity of the fathers, mothers, sons, daughters and families of Berrien Springs, Michigan, will apply to the great mass of Spiritualists throughout the world.

There are no purer people on the face of the globe than Spiritualists as a class.

There is nothing connected with the fact of spirit communion that should lead the mind to licentious thoughts which ultimate in libidinous deeds. On the contrary, the belief that we are always watched over by our loved ones gone before—a loving mother, sister, wife or child, would, when really felt to be a truth, prove to be a most holy restraint upon the passions.

Almost every one of the leaders in the free love ranks, Warren Chase, perhaps, excepted, have come from the orthodox ranks into Spiritualism, bringing their free love proclivities with them. Not one of these has got that doctrine from spirit communion. We challenge the world to produce a well authenticated communication from a noble minded spirit, in which promiscuity in the sexual relations, or so called free love, has been advocated.

Now if Spiritualists everywhere will first demand of all lecturers, whose records are not well known, a full statement of how they stand upon the free love question, and in all cases where they favor that doctrine, or profess to stand neutral (which is always a mere cloak for disguising the infamy), say to them at once, we will neither compensate nor give you audience. By following that course, one year will not elapse before the reproach of free-loverism will be entirely removed from our heaven-born cause.

No one need fear them nor their influence. As the special emissaries of Hell, they have for the last two years made their most desperate onslaughts upon the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, as well as upon the character of its editor. Their shafts have fallen harmless at our feet, and the JOURNAL has trebled in its number of subscribers. Indeed, it has been like the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, a means of awakening true Spiritualists who despised the infamous doctrine of free love, to a sense of duty to rally to the support of the JOURNAL, that single handed and alone dared to brave the prince of darkness in his den.

Unpaid Accounts at New Years.

There are quite a number whose names may be mentioned if necessary, who have not only failed to pay dues, but the fifteen cents which we have to pay government, to carry the JOURNAL to such subscribers on credit.

Is there a man or woman, who reads this paper under such circumstances, that will fail to respond forthwith and save us the disagreeable necessity of further publication? We shall see?

JOSHUA UNDERWOOD and seventeen others, of Reynolds Gap, send their full endorsement of Prof. J. Edwin Churchill.

Questions Propounded by a Presbyterian Clergyman.

The following letter not being intended for publication, we suppress the name and place of residence of the writer.

MR. S. S. JONES, DEAR SIR.—I am a Presbyterian minister, pastor of the First Presbyterian church here. I am very much interested in the present agitation on Spiritualism. I want to know something definite about it, if it is possible. Is there any concise work, giving a general view of the teachings of Spiritualism, published. I want the thing in a nutshell. The questions I seek answers to, are such as these:

- 1. Does Spiritualism propose to supplant Christianity?
2. Does it believe that there is such a thing as sin in the world, and if so, how is the evil to be remedied, or how are sinners to get to heaven?
3. Does it recognize a personal God, omnipotent and omnipresent?
4. What is its position in reference to the Bible?
5. What test, if any, can be applied to the "manifestations," to show that they are really the operations of departed souls upon matter?

If you could let me know of any small work that could give me some light on any of the above questions I would be obliged. This letter is not intended for publication.

Would you open your JOURNAL for a discussion of Spiritualism, pro and con. Yours sincerely,

In answer to your question, "Is there any concise work," etc., we reply that very few Spiritualists as a class of thinkers, recognize works of authority—propositions that convince the reader by awakening his highest conceptions of truth, are of more weight than all other writings, "sacred" or "profane," at least such are our views upon the subject.

There are many books which contain the views of their authors upon the subject of Spiritualism—none of which are considered by us as books of authority further than they carry conviction of truthfulness. That which is truth to us may not be to others, hence would not be received as authority. If we were to say that our experience in communion with spirits leads us to the conviction that all who are born into material life survive the dissolution of the physical body, and ever thereafter continue to live upon the spiritual planes of life, and that they are progressive beings to all eternity, and as active in mind as when in this life, we should give you so much of our "teachings of Spiritualism in a nutshell." But you must not suppose that all Spiritualists believe even that much. We know intelligent Spiritualists who do not believe that all who are born into physical life are immortal, hence our belief is no authority to that class of Spiritualists. So it follows that you do not get the "teachings of all Spiritualists in a nutshell," even to the extent of the above propositions.

In answer to your question number one, speaking for myself, we do not suppose Spiritualism proposes to supplant Christianity. We do suppose that all that is true in Christianity will remain true, notwithstanding open communion exists between this material plane of life and the spiritual planes. The fallacies, which, like parasites, cluster around Christianity, will disappear as the Philosophy of Life is more fully developed to the minds of mortals through spirit communion.

In answer to your question number two; we further express our individual opinion to the effect that there is in the world conduct which we denominate sinful—hence there is sin in the world, in the common acceptation of that word. Individuals act in accordance with their own individual organisms and external surroundings. Develop the higher or crowning faculties of the sinner, so that such faculties will hold sovereign control over his passions, and make his surroundings such as to stimulate his mind to noble acts; and you put him on the road to Heaven, be it in this or in the future life. The eternal rounds of never ending progression will carry him even to the highest heaven that you can conceive of, though he be the veriest demon in mortal form.

In reply to question number three; we express our individual opinion in the negative, if you mean by personal God a supreme being occupying the form and size of any human being, be it giant or dwarf, or anywhere intermediate between the greatest extremes imaginable.

If you can have a rational conception of matter and spirit (which we suppose to be infinite in magnitude), you can conceive of the God we worship and adore. Such a God is necessarily "omnipotent and omnipresent."

To question number four. Our individual opinion is that the Bible contains, like many other books, many things worthy of consideration and thought. It is replete with evidence of spirit communion in past ages of the world, as now.

To question number five. Our opinion is that the same common sense tests that you apply to men, and communications from men, in mortal life, will be equally efficient when applied to the "operations of departed souls upon matter."

This response is about as small a work as we can give you on the subject involved in your questions. You will find it profitable not to confine yourself to "small works" in your investigations into a subject of such vast magnitude as that of the Philosophy of Life.

In answer to your last question we reply, if you wish to confine yourself to a philosophical consideration of Spiritualism, and the evidence of open communion between the spiritual and material worlds, we are ready to open our columns to you; but remember that our readers are all familiar with theological "books of authority," traditions and church dogmas—hence if your discussion is to be based upon, or in the least degree supported by such books, dogmas or traditions, it would not be admissible.

An honorable, high-toned discussion of the

fact of spirit communion, based upon reason and scientific research, will be acceptable and find place in the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and you or any accredited clergyman, educated skeptic, and scientist are, one at a time, welcome to a reasonable space in this paper.—[Ed. JOURNAL.

Words of Caution.

T. S. Lee, of Cleveland, whose wife is an excellent medium says:

In view of the fact of numerous frauds and exposures constantly taking place in all parts of the country at Spiritualist seances, it is incumbent upon all true Spiritualists to exercise greater precaution in their investigations for their sake and that of the cause; and on the arrival of any new medium in town, especially when public seances are intended to be given, the Spiritualists themselves should insist that strict test conditions should be complied with, so that there may not be the slightest chance of fraud.

If Mr. Lee's advice is followed, impostors will soon find the business unprofitable, and good mediums would be respected and patronized.

Many mediums are led into deception by the credulity of Spiritualists. A step once taken in that direction, without detection, is a temptation to go still further, until the good medium sinks to the plane of a rank-impostor.—[Ed. JOURNAL.

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Brother ——— says: "I send you five dollars to renew my subscription for one year; do all the good you can with the balance. God and angels bless you and the JOURNAL."

We have placed it to the credit of the widows' and orphans' fund to enable us to send the JOURNAL and LITTLE BOUQUET to that class free of charge. Who else will lend them a helping hand by similar contributions. The name is withheld by request. \$1 85 is credited to the widows' and orphans' fund.

Prisoner's Friend Fund.

All money donated to this fund will be most sacredly appropriated to sending the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to prisoners who may apply for the same.

Total amount previously received, \$15 94 Mrs. S. Kelsey, Syracuse, New York. .25

The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

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

W. H. WATROUS, Hartford Conn. \$.35 Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity? We shall report.

Mrs. BLAIR continues to reside at 707 West Madison street, giving remarkable tests of spirit power through the instrumentality of beautiful bouquets—groups of flowers that speak a language more impressive and eloquent than that uttered by words. In her phase of mediumship—that of spirit artist—she is the most remarkable instrument of the age. In fact, the world's history does not record her equal. No other age or time, so far as human knowledge extends, could boast of possessing such a personage, who, blindfolded with twenty or thirty pieces of cloth, could with the aid of a simple brush, accomplish what would baffle the best artist to imitate with his vision unobstructed by an impenetrable bandage. Her feat of painting requires no dark cabinet—she is always right before you, and while Pale Lily, who has rendered her name immortal by her inimitable prayer, which we published some time ago, gives tests, another spirit controls her hand to paint.

K. GRAVES, who is now lecturing in Minnesota, having to return to Indiana in February or March, will pass through Iowa or Wisconsin, and will lecture at such places on the way as the friends may make arrangements for. Let them write to him immediately for terms, circulars, etc. His address is Long Lake, Hennepin county, Minn.

Mrs. M. A. FULLERTON, an excellent inspirational speaker, is now lecturing in Girard, Ill. She will be pleased to answer calls to lecture anywhere in that vicinity. Address her in care of Dr. D. White.

Mrs. M. J. WILCOXSON is still in Boulder, Colorado, entertaining Spiritualists with her lectures, and at the same time exciting the orthodox.

MR. PEEBLES' new book, "Travels around the World," is just from the press, making an octavo volume of over four hundred pages. Price \$2.00, postage 10 cents, for sale at the office of this paper.

BRO. R. BALIARD, of Litchfield, Mich., will please except our thanks for the New Years Present.—Delicious honey in the comb. Of all the presents we have received the present new year, it is the sweetest.

J. H. MENDENHALL, of Carro Gordo, Ind., is about to enter the lecture field. He is a vigorous writer and thinker, and no doubt will succeed well as a lecturer.

WM. HAYHURST, of Santa Fe, writes—I am very much pleased with the position these takes in relation to expensive funerals, in the articles on "DEATH, OR THE PATHWAY FROM HELL TO SPIRIT LIFE."

But I think we need reforms in many other respects besides funerals.

Good mediums for giving tests, materializing, etc., and who wish employment, should address, Calvin E. Northrop, Maquoket, Iowa. \$1 65 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 63 1/2 Race St., Philadelphia.

The Amenities of Life.

The law of kindness, which is one of the expressions of love, is also one of the most important and far-reaching of all the influences that can be brought to bear upon conscious beings. Politeness, good manners, which is but an expression of this, is generally conceded to be essential to the happiness of all.

When mankind have learned this important lesson we shall have no more rebellions in governments, no more wars, no more discord and strife, for all are kind and true to each other, all these feelings will be laid aside, and in their place liberty, equality and fraternity will reign triumphant.

When mankind learn this great lesson, all the bickerings, the jealousies and selfishness which so often mar the business relations, and indeed all the relations of man, will give place to higher and better feelings; the law of kindness, pervading all conditions, will lead to the establishment of mutual and reciprocal relations that will always assist the weak, and introduce such business relations in the community as shall remove many of the causes of poverty and suffering that now exist so generally.

In the closer and more intimate relations of the family, this law of kindness, when properly carried out, will lead to the most beneficial results; sympathy and love will deal gently with the weaknesses common to humanity, and there will be a disposition that will enable us to overcome these more effectually than in any other way.

The most important field for these sweet amenities, which do so much to lighten life's burdens, is in the conjugal relations. Here the kind and affectionate feelings which generally mark the early career of married life, can only be maintained by the most scrupulous observance of these in the daily and hourly intercourse. The true expression of love is one of kindness, and a willingness to yield that which is not wrong, or a violation of principle, and with this disposition in the minds of both parties, there will be no demand for this sacrifice of principle; on the other hand, there will be loving words and kindly actions, which bind soul to soul more and more firmly, and a constant care will be felt to avoid everything that can in the least disturb these beautiful relations.

How blessed is the memory of those whose lives have been one unbroken stream of kindness, and as we treasure these up may we be strengthened to do likewise, knowing that this course will become just as natural and much more satisfactory to us when we have thus established the proper habits of careful observance of the amenities of life.

Spirits are very uniform in teaching that the law of kindness should be carried out. They speak tenderly and lovingly of the erring, and are ever ready to lend a helping hand to the weak and needy, as well as to those who may seem strong. Their lessons are always calculated to bless mankind, and awaken the higher and better nature, so that we may live true lives, and realize the happiness which flows therefrom.

The Spirit World.

A DEPARTMENT FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER-LIFE.

For some time past my spirit friends have been urging me to add to the Philadelphia Department, one in which they may have the opportunity of sending their thoughts to the world. The extended circulation of the JOURNAL furnishes the means of reaching more individuals than any other paper on Spiritualism.

Spirits have expressed a desire that I should not only send forth the communications which they are able from time to time to give through my organism, but select some that I may report as given through other mediums, whose names will be given with their communications.

Communications Through Katie B. Robinson, of 2123 Broadway Street, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON KENT, TO HIS FRIEND, OF NORFOLK, VA.

It seems to me almost like a dream that a voice coming from my native State should request my presence at your circle. I was unable when my friend was here to do any more than be present, for you should know that who dwell in the Spirit-world abide by law, and are only permitted to come when the opportunity is rightly given us. Say to my friend, I live, and as soon as conditions per-

mit I shall endeavor to aid him in his search for light. Tell him I now know that Spiritualism is true beyond any doubt. That no matter what the people say, no matter how much opposition is hurled against it, it will spring up, and many shall understand these things to be true. There is a mighty power, not only in the Spirit-world, but in your world, that is bringing us constantly en rapport with the friends we loved on earth. We desire our friends to form circles wherever they can. Tell my friend that wherever the privilege is given me I will respond to him, but he must remember I shall only be able to give communications according to the instrument I have. I shall endeavor to come to him and give him the sign that he may know me. Tell him there is a work before him that I know is good and true. My life was loyal to the dear old State, and I have met with many of her noble sons here in the Spirit-world, and through their influence Virginia will yet take her part in the great progressive movement of the age—Spiritualism. I shall follow you all through life, and when you come here shall be most happy to introduce you to those spirits who are engaged in this work. I know the light of true Spiritualism will yet cause our State to rise up in her true dignity before the world, and he is one of the chosen ones who are to inaugurate the work. I trust I shall be able to identify myself in that work. I endeavored to reach the BANNER OF LIGHT circle, and send a communication through that paper, but I found these spirits from all parts of the world waiting at the door. Therefore I was very glad when he called me here, and I hope this will reach many of my friends, and prove to them that I still live and remember them, and thank all who retain me in remembrance. It is one of the most pleasant thoughts that a spirit has to know that we are kindly remembered by those we have left behind. If you could see the smile of joy that lights up the face of the spirit when it is recognized and called to earth, you would realize how good it is not to be looked on as a dead man,—you should never speak of your friends as being dead, but think and speak of them as being here with you, and just as much alive as ever.

WILLIAM MARTIN.

When a man is employed in the dangerous work that I was, that of engineer on a locomotive, it seems almost every day that death is staring us in the face, but like all other people, we do not think of that. When death comes upon one suddenly, and we are hurled out of this world as I was, our thoughts are confused, and for some time we feel that we are still in the body. I shall never forget when I awakened and found myself standing upon a plane that seemed as real as the earth; strange faces were around me; a sister of charity with a sweet face was bending over me, and as she placed her hand upon my head I heard her say, "Poor fellow." I passed into a quiet sleep very soon, and I dreamed of hearing sweet music and very pleasant voices. When I awoke I seemed to be entirely changed. All the roughness had passed away, and I discovered that I was in a beautiful world, where everything was genial and pleasant. Death did not seem terrible to me. It seemed to me almost impossible that I had passed away from my earthly body, and I now find that all spirits who pass out suddenly have the same feelings. Sometimes it is days and weeks before they recognize that they have left their earthly bodies. We go to the old familiar places. We often stand by those who are working and toiling as we have worked, and we try to assist them. I believe the time is coming when all who are employed in engineering and mechanical work will be influenced and controlled and directed. As they become so they will be guided and controlled by spirits to save the lives of the people. There is a large class of spirits in the Spirit-world who have come here through those terrible railroad and steamboat disasters, and they are endeavoring in every possible way to influence those who have the control of these matters, so as to prevent all such accidents. We know it is a great evil that persons should be thus suddenly hurled into eternity, as it is called, though you are really in it now as much as ever you will be. But I did not know that when I lived in the body. We know that it not only brings trouble to the friends who are left behind, the loved ones, but it makes the spirits unhappy when they are thus thrust into this life unprepared, and in the Spirit-life they do not rest and find that peace they would have had if they had passed quietly away prepared for the change you call death. I am in a sphere in the Spirit-world where I meet the honest mechanics. God bless them; they are not understood by many in your world who pass them by at their work, but they are among God's noblest children. I love to come to these strong men who can work out and plan those things that really bless the human family. I still love that class, as I was, and still am, one of them in Spirit-life, and I know that ere long we shall be able to do much more to prevent the loss of life by accident. You will yet live to see plans devised and carried out having this object in view. Not only will this be so, but the people will know it.

REPORT OF A SEANCE OF J. J. MORSE AT LINCOLN HALL, PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 17TH, 1874—ANSWERS AND INVOCATION, BY TIEN-SIE-TIE.

Oh! thou whom we call our Father, let thy ministering angels aid our purpose this night, as we again attempt to turn over the leaves of the volume of knowledge, to con a few sentences thereof in order, if possible, to learn the lesson that they teach. We would ask aid at thy hand, only inasmuch as we know that thy inspirations are rolling forth towards all mankind, whose hearts are in a receptive state to receive the waves of thy divine truth. Will thou assist us in our efforts to become receptive to that divine wave that rolls forth and fills all minds with light and truth, and lifts all upward, drawing them nearer to thee, our Father and our God.

The object of this meeting is to afford you an opportunity to ask questions in regard to Modern Spiritualism, its facts and its philosophy. Without making any promises of what we can do, we shall endeavor to give you such light as we possess on the topics that may be offered.

Question: Was the creation of the world a work of thought?

Tien-Sie-Tie: We might say in answer to this question that the world is the result of the divine thought and energy combined. To enter into a detailed explanation of the means by which these phenomena were produced, would require more time than we shall be able to devote to the subject at present. There is a familiar illustration that will cover the ground in some sense. We have an artist, a sculptor, and we will take this sculptor to represent the divine thought. In the consciousness of that artist there exists a certain idea. He takes a piece of clay, and moulds and turns that clay until he represents on the external the internal and subjective idea. Now in the case of the idea there is nothing that you see, nothing that you know or can grasp hold of. But in the model bust of clay stands the ob-

jective result from the interior idea. The connection may not be apparent, but to our minds it is very clear, because we see both. Were you endowed with clairvoyant perceptions, you would see that this piece of clay had doubled its particular existence, first, a model, and second, a psychological reality, an actual visible spiritual entity, created or evolved from the thought of the thinker.

Q: Have you faith in the so-called materialization of spirit forms? If so, can you describe the necessary conditions, and the physical organizations most favorable for the production of the same?

T: We have not only faith, but we have what is more precious, a knowledge of the fact that this particular manifestation is an actual and real experiment, transpiring at this time. The conditions requisite for the production of any spiritual manifestation will, of course, be modified more or less by the psychological conditions of the sitters, and by certain incidental events from the spiritual side, which, if harmoniously related to the others, will result in the production of the manifestations. It appears to be a fact that these ghosts can only appear when the medium is in close proximity, and the reason for this is that there are certain elements given off which the spirit is enabled to manipulate, and thus produce a counterpart of the spirit form. There is one thing that would put the fact beyond doubt, and that is for the spirits to take these elements into a cabinet, as it is necessary to exclude the light. If the medium will remain outside, and give an opportunity to examine the interior and exterior of the cabinet, so as to be positive that no person in the form can possibly enter it, under these circumstances, if faces or forms appear, we think no reasonable person can doubt the genuineness of the phenomena. This form of mediumship, which is now being much more generally developed, should be cultivated in private, and under the most favorable circumstances, until the manifestations are well established, and care should be taken in bringing it before the public. We can not give any very definite description of the persons who may be developed into this phase of mediumship. They are usually those who have had other physical manifestations.

Q: Will there be in the near future such a general manifestation of materialized forms as will convince mankind of the fact that departed spirits do return to manifest themselves to the living?

T: Such an opinion has been promulgated, seemingly in good faith and earnestness. Your speaker is not inclined to believe this. We do not think that the public mind in your world is in a position to receive such phenomena. There are many among the Spiritualists who are not prepared for these things. It requires that the world should be educated up to it a little more than it is at present. It was necessary that the various manifestations connected with Modern Spiritualism should be introduced gradually, as the way could be prepared for them, and it will be the same with this form. Enough has been given to show that it can be done, and as the world progresses there will be an increase, not only in number, but in power and perfection.

Q: Is the theory of re-incarnation true?

T: We have never seen any evidence that it is, and we do not believe it is. It seems to us repulsive and unphilosophical.

(Continued from first page.)

I have been paralyzed with horror at the sight that confronted him. On the coal and ashes of what had evidently been one of Miss Hacker's altars, lay the body of his daughter, literally burned to a crisp. The face was the only part not burned. Notwithstanding the intense agony that she must have endured, her features were not distorted in the least, but wore an expression calm and peaceful, her lips being parted in a smile, as if she died believing that through that fiery ordeal she was to pass into a joyful eternity. It appears that while the hired man was absent Miss Hacker had formed out of a set of quilting frames a pyre or altar. On this she had spread some carpet, and made herself a pillow. When found she lay on her right side, with her cheek resting on her hand. Everything seemed to indicate that this was the position she had taken at first, and from which she had not moved. At one side of the altar she had piled up a quantity of combustible wood, and when all was in readiness had fired it, from which the flames soon spread and enveloped the altar.

In the family bible, which was found open at the Book of Job, the following note was found in the handwriting of the deceased:

DEAR FATHER: My Immanuel appeared to me to-day. He reveals to me the fact that I have committed the unpardonable sin, which I can only obtain forgiveness for by passing through the cleansing of fire. I will intercede for you, dear father. You will find my purified body in the north-east corner of the house. I wish to have my ashes buried in my Immanuel's ground, at the north-west corner of the house. Good-bye. Meet me on the eternal ground.

Mr. Hacker went to the corner of the house indicated in the note as the spot where the remains were to be buried, and found that his daughter had staked out there a space for her grave.

Martin Prentiss, Esq., summoned a jury and held an inquest on the remains. A verdict in accordance with the above facts was rendered.

\$1 65 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.

Medium and Speaker's Convention at Laona, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Western New York will hold their next quarterly convention in the church at Laona, Chautauque county, N. Y., Saturday and Sunday, February 6th and 7th. Laona is situated on the Dunkirk and Warren railroad, near Dunkirk, from whence it is easy of access by cars. The friends in Laona guarantee hospitable entertainment to all in attendance, and unite with the committee in extending a cordial invitation to all to attend.

J. W. SEEVER, A. E. TILDEN, G. W. TAYLOR, Committee.

GEORGE BARRS sends \$5 00 to this office, but gives no Post Office.

We wish we could answer all the questions propounded by W. F. G., but can't do it now.

Only One Dollar a Year.

That beautiful magazine, THE LITTLE BOUTIQUE, is sent free of postage to any person one year for ONE DOLLAR. Any one who will get up a Club of Five subscribers, will have it sent to him or her free. Address RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

If it was not a Spirit Remedy, I would Try it.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, (180 East Adams st., Chicago), MADAM.—In April last I sent to you for a box of your tobacco antidote; it came to hand in due time. I opened the box and said to my wife, I am beat two dollars. I carried the box around with me for a month, or until May, (I sent for it in April), then I made up my mind that I would try the antidote, and from that time I have not wanted any tobacco.

A few days ago I was talking to some of my orthodox friends, and told them that I was cured of the desire for tobacco; they wanted to know what cured me, I told them it was a spirit remedy. One of them said, "If you had not said that it was a spirit remedy, I would not have believed it." I told him it had cured me and if because it was a spirit remedy, he did not like it, he need not send for it. "But" said he, "I have so much confidence in you I will send for it," so here is his money, which I herewith send to you. Direct to NICK LOS ROW, LAWTON, VANHURON CO., MICH. PLATT NIMS, M.

PAW PAW, Mich. \$1 65 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.

Business Notices.

If every one of our readers would give Dobbin's Electric Soap one trial they would become like us firm believers on its merits. It is really economy to use it, as one trial will satisfy any one. Ask your grocer for it.

Why do physicians wage such persistent war against proprietary compounds, especially Tonic Bitters? Because they believe them to be secret quack nostrums of no reliability? On the contrary, Wallace's Tonic Bitters are recommended by nearly all physicians, as the proprietors publish the formula from which they are compounded, whereby they can judge of their merits. Sold by all druggists.

Mrs. L. F. Hyde.

Test and business medium late at 343 West Washington street, in order to increase her facilities for attending to her rapidly increasing business, has removed to a more central location, and may now be found at parlors eight and nine, No. 280 West Madison St.

WELL'S ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY for 1875 contains many Portraits, Biographies, and Characters of leading men; all the Presidents of the United States; Canon Kingsley; James Lick; Pere Hyacinth; Von Kaubach; John Tyndal; John Laird; Characters in Shakespeare; Our Eyes—Blue, Black, Grey, Green, Large, Small, Almond, etc., with more than twenty illustrations; all about Sleep; Eating to Live, and Living to Eat; Blushing, Cause and Cure; Our Faces Open Books; Horse Phrenology; a Cheerful Face; What Am I Good For? and much other useful and entertaining matter. Large octavo, full of pictures, sent post paid for 25 cents. Address RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago, Ill. 12312307.

EXPLANATORY.

From R. W. Flint, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

I am controlled by one spirit purporting to be my guide who is the scribe for the spirits, delivering (in his own hand-writing) what is dictated to him by the spirit communicating.

I am in a normal (not trance) state, but unconscious of the composition. My hand is moved to write from right to left, (backwards,) independent of my will.

By holding the written side up to the light, the answer can be read.

The spirit-letters should be securely sealed, addressed to the spirit, giving his or her name in full, and signed by the writer's name, in full; but no address on the envelope.

When left open they can not be answered, my agency being efficient only when my mind is passive, and blank to both questions and answers.

Put your questions clearly, directly, briefly. The mixed and many kind defeat the object of the Investigator.

I would advise my correspondents to register all letters containing money, as the only surety for their being safely transmitted.

I have my photograph for sale, exhibiting my Spirit Guide's hand and arm, or form of control; taken while answering a sealed letter.

TERMS: For spirit-letter \$2 and three 3 cent Postage Stamps. For examining and marking maps, \$5 and 5 stamps.

For photographs, Imperial size, 50 cents; small, 25 cents.

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Respectfully, R. W. FLINT, Address, 374 W. 32d Street, N. Y. n1914.

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This celebrated Medium is the instrument or organism used by the invisibles for the benefit of humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name before the public is by request of her Controlling Band. They are now prepared, through her organism, to treat all diseases, and cure in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not destroyed.

Mrs. Morrison is an unconscious Trance Medium, Clairvoyant and Clairaudient.

From the very beginning, hers is marked as the most remarkable career of success that has seldom if ever fallen to the lot of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor patient too far gone to be restored.

Mrs. Morrison, after being entranced, the lock of hair is submitted to her control. The diagnosis is given through her lips by the Band, and taken down by her Secretary. The original manuscript is sent to the Correspondent.

When Medicines are ordered, the case is submitted to Mrs. Morrison's Medical Band, who give a prescription suited to the case. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnetize,) combined with a scientific application of the magnetic healing power.

Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00 Give age and sex. Remedies sent by mail prepaid. Specific for epilepsy. Magnetic treatment given. Address, Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., No. 102 Westminster St., Lock Box 2519. n17n1113

Contents of Little Bouquet for February 1875.

The Haunted House, by Margaret Blount; A Fortunate Dream; The Newboys; Mink Habits; The Hermit—Moral Middles (Illustrated); The Little Snow-Sprite, by F. J. P.; Dey's Turned Up; Chilly Out; Angel Making; Powers of a Clairvoyant; Little Flower Girl; The Christmas Angel; A Barial in a Thunder Storm; The Foundation of Two Old Myths, by Aline Winslow; Observation and Reflection; A Colored Student; A Woman's Dreams; The Right Kind of a Boy; Love of the Beautiful; Picture on the Pane, by Malcolm Taylor; Blander; Fox on the Bluff, by Mrs. J. E. McOuzghy; Susy's Dreamland, by A. E. Heath; How do You Know it is A? by H. T. Child; Attacked by a Menace; Little Johnny's Composition; Oblations and Sacrifices (Illustrated); The Pallosophy of Life; A Little Boy Cured by the Water of the Lourdes.

This number of the LITTLE BOUTIQUE is especially interesting, and should be read in every family. Terms \$1 per year. Address, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, the noted Materialist, gave us a call last week, on his way to Michigan, to lecture on Mr. Coveny's "Monument."

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 gratuitously.)

On the 28th of Dec. ult., the 50th birthday of our earth life, the spirit of Sister V. M. BALDWIN was conveyed by the "boatman pale," to the shores of the Summerland, where her friends who had gone before, were awaiting to welcome her. She, who was beloved by all, had left to a casket, called the body, being with us now only in spirit.

She lost her health some twelve or fifteen years since, ministering to the life and woes of others, which she never fully regained. During all these long years, suffering, disease pressed upon its victim, yet she was complaining, and bore her lot seemingly cheerfully. Ever ready was she to cause a ray of sunshine, where darkened clouds cast their gloom. BANNER OF LIGHT, please copy.

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What I Saw in the South Sea Islands, Australia, China, India, and other "Heathen" (?) Countries.

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BY VIRGINIA HAWTHORNE.

The hour of twilight softly falls O'er Alpine vales and glacier walls...

Far upward on the mountain side, O'er narrow gorge and valley wide...

Each hunter from his cabin door Steps forth in that calm Alpine hour...

Then silence reigns, and over all The gathering shades of darkness fall...

Again the herdman from the hill Shouts through his horn with right good will...

The Voice of the Closing Year.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, AND REV. JAS. GALL.

Not saved! Dear reader, is this your mournful plight? Warned of the judgment to come...

All these hopeful seasons have come and gone, and yet you are not saved. Years have followed one another into Eternity...

IMMEDIATE SALVATION. "God hath not appointed us to wrath; but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ..."

OFFERS TO SAVE YOU. There is no doubt then that you may be saved, and that you may be saved now...

THE INVITATION. "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest..."

THE ACCEPTANCE YOURS. Lord, this is Thy promise and invitation to me. I have been laboring; I am heavy laden...

SAVED—COMMENTS BY C. W. COOK. Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Gall are out with the above. They call it "The Voice of the Closing Year..."

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STRONG DELUSION. That they shall believe a lie (2 Cor. 2: 11). What! can you believe your eyes? Is this possible? Yes, the words are there...

OPEN THE BIBLE. To any place and read the first passage your eyes fall on. You try this and read, "The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy..."

EVERLASTING FIRE. prepared for the Devil and his angels" (Math. 25: 41). "What! didn't I read that his mercy endureth forever?" You begin to be confused...

SHUN THE DEVIL. and his red hot hell, by taking the anxious seat in the Methodist revival, which is going on, and making joint hideous with its howls and cries...

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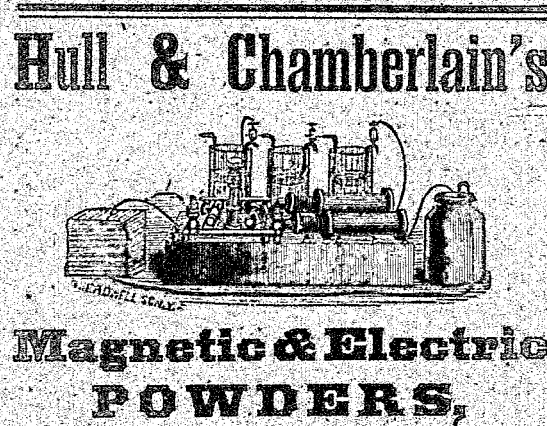
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Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'An Hour with the Angels', 'A Discussion of the Origin of the Human Race', and 'The Bible in India'.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Koran, with explanatory notes', 'The Bible in India', and 'The Soul of Things'.

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Advertisement for 'THE BIBLE IN INDIA' by LOUIS JACCOLIOT, including an illustration of a person and text about the book's origin.

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Advertisement for 'Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote' by MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, describing a remedy for tobacco use.

Advertisement for 'TESTIMONIALS' for Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, including a testimonial from Mrs. M. K. WYMAN.

Advertisement for 'THE MESSENGER' magazine, listing subscription rates and contact information.

The Case of Death—Death by Hanging and Strangulation—Continued—No. 11.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Quiver of an Inquirer—Tender Regard for a Dying Mother—The Ease of Death Sometimes—Views of Franklin—The Experience of Rev. Theo. Clapp—Death and Sleep—Death by Religious Persecutions—Death by Hanging—The remarkable Escape from Hanging—Hanging as an Amusement—The Experiment Carried Too Far—Evidence of those Recovering from Insensibility, etc., etc. One who is anxious to learn something of the nature of death, writes:—

There is no subject upon which the human mind can dwell that is invested with such sober surroundings as death. What is it? This question has been asked billions of times; everybody asks it, because everybody feels interested in its deep mysteries. The subject is not a pleasant one to contemplate; the best of the race regard it with dread; all classes put it away from them as far as possible; not liking to commune with Terror King; but no answer comes back to the question: What is death? We have seen its effect upon our families, friends and acquaintances; we are painfully conscious that it destroys life, transforms beings of beauty, activity and affection into lumps of inanimate clay; that the damask cheeks, the sparkling eyes, the athletic frames, are rendered food for the charnel-house worms, after death has placed the signet of mortality upon the living. Of the nature of this great scytheman, of our race we know absolutely nothing; of the universality of his way we know all, but finite minds can not fathom the immensity of this change from life to death.

Is death the bridge between the present and the unexplored future, between earth and heaven? Is it possible for mortals, after they have lost their vitality, to walk safely over the bridge that spans the two worlds? Is death an unbridged chasm which separates the finite from the infinite? If so, may we not bridge it by a life devoted to the right? May not virtuous actions erect a safe structure over this dark and forbidding chasm? We are told that faith can explain all these things, but we have not that faith, in the orthodox sense.

DO NOT WAKE MY MOTHER—THE EASE OF DEATH SOMETIMES. The San Francisco Chronicle relates a peculiar case, illustrating how easy, under certain circumstances, it is to die. It appears from that paper of Nov. 11th, 1874, that among the passengers of a Westward-bound emigrant train which had then just arrived in California, was a Mrs. W. S. Credford, an aged lady from Alfred, Maine. Poor, feeble and alone, she left her home to cross the continent on an emigrant train, to see her children residing in that State. Two grown daughters awaited her at San Jose, and her son had gone up the road to meet her. He found her worn out with the fatigues of the protracted journey in a comfortable emigrant car, and very weak. About 6 o'clock in the evening she reclined her head on her son's shoulder, and fell asleep. Just after that place, noticing something peculiar in the attitude and appearance of the old lady, approached her son and inquired, "What is the matter with that lady?" "Hush!" replied the young man, "don't wake my mother." "No fear," said the gentleman, "she will never wake again in this world." He was right. Quietly leaning on the breast of her son the poor old lady had yielded to fatigue and peacefully fallen into a slumber from which she passed into that deeper sleep that knows neither waking nor weariness.

The following letter from the great philosopher and patriot, Benjamin Franklin, written to Miss E. Hubbard, illustrates his views of death.—DEAR CHILD: I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation, but it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. 'Tis rather an embryo state—a preparation to living; a man is not completely born until he is dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals—a new member added to their society.

We are spirits. That bodies should be lent to us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind of benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for their purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. That way is death.

We ourselves, prudently in some cases, choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb which can not be restored, we willingly cut off. He that flunks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he that quits the whole body parts with all the pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we are invited abroad on a party of pleasure that is to last forever. His chair (alluding to the sedan chairs then in fashionable use) was first ready, and has gone before us. We could not conveniently all start together, and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and we know where to find him?

Adieu, my dear, good child, and believe that I shall be, in every state, your affectionate papa. BENJ. FRANKLIN.

Philadelphia, Feb. 12, 1756

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH. Rev. Theodore Clapp, for thirty-five years a resident minister in New Orleans, thus bears testimony to the calm resignation of all persons, just before dying,—and the power of the ruling passion even in death:—

"It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those called Irreligious persons breathe their last than any clergyman in the United States. Before they get sick, the uncalmated are often greatly alarmed; but when the enemy seizes them, and their case is hopeless, they invariably lose their reason, or become calm, composed, fearless, and happy. This fact is a striking illustration of the benevolence of our Creator. If men's minds were not disturbed by false and miserable teachings, they would not suffer in death any more than they do when the sleep of the weary. It is repose—the body's repose, after the busy and toilsome day of life is over! Even the convulsive struggles of the dying are not attended with pain, any more than the sobs and groans with which we sometimes sink into the slumbers of nightly rest. This is proved by the testimony of those who have been resuscitated after they became cold and pulseless, and restored again to life and breath. Their agonies were all seeming, not real, they tell us.

"Persons without religion often die uttering words which indicate what are their strongest earthly loves or attachments, and their ruling passion. A young man of my acquaintance was once in that stage of yellow fever superinduced by the beginning of mortification. Then the patient is free from pain, sometimes joyous, and very talkative. The individual I am speaking of was perfectly enamored of novel-reading. One of Walter Scott's romances was daily expected in New Orleans. Not many minutes before his death, it was brought to his bed by a friend whom he had sent to procure it. It was placed in his hands, but he was no longer able to see printing. The pages of the book and the faces of his friends, were growing dim around him. He exclaimed, 'I am blind; I can not see; I must be dying; must I leave this new production of immortal genius unread?' His last thought was dictated by his favorite pursuit and passion. Men must carry into the other world the character which they possess at the moment of death. I knew another gentleman whose admiration for the Emperor Napoleon amounted to a monomania. He had collected all the biographies, histories, and other works tending to illustrate his life and character. This one theme had taken such exclusive possession of his mind, that he could neither think nor converse on any other subject. He was taken with the yellow fever. I went to see him when he was near his end; I took him by the hand, and hardly had time to speak, before he asked me what I thought of the moral character of Napoleon. The gentleman standing by could not suppress a smile. I replied, that according to the representations of Las Casas, and others most intimately acquainted with him, Bonaparte was a firm believer in God, a divine providence, Jesus Christ, and immortality; and that it gave me great pleasure to believe in the answer given. He was, of course, delighted with any particular subjects or favors which he would have embraced in my prayer. He answered, 'There is but one blessing which I crave of Infinite Goodness—that after death I may be conducted to those celestial regions where I can enjoy the sight and society of the greatest and best man who has lived—the late Emperor of France.' 'Poor man! He could think of no higher, no nobler destiny.

"It would be well were all to remember that great, glorious thoughts, habitually cherished, spontaneously fill the mind in a dying hour, to bear it aloft and buoyant over the dark gulf."

DEATH AND SLEEP—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KREMMER. In a brotherly embrace the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death roamed through the earth. It was evening. They encamped on a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A melancholy stillness reigned all around; even the Ave Maria, that solemn evening bell, which melts the poet's heart, was gradually dying away in the distant village.

Still and silent, as it is their custom, sat the two benevolent geni of humanity, in a friendly clasp, while night slowly set in. Then the Angel of Sleep arose from his mossy couch, and strewn with his light spirit-hand the invisible slumber-seeds. The evening winds wafted them to the lowly huts of the weary husbandmen. Now sweet, refreshing sleep enveloped them all, from the aged with his staff to the nursing in his cradle; the sick forgetting his pain; the sorrowful, his grief; the poor, his cares. All eyes were closed. Having fulfilled his blessed mission, the kind and soothing Angel of Sleep laid down again near his stern brother.

"When the morning rays gild the eastern sky with the glory of our transcendent home," said he, in blissful innocence, "then shall men bless me as their friend and benefactor! Oh, what joy, to do good invisibly and in secret! How happy are we faithful messengers of the good [Spiritual (Boston Scientist) spirit]. How beautiful is our silent calling!"

Thus spoke the Triumphant Angel of Rest. The Angel of Death cast a sorrowful glance towards him, and tears, as only immortals can weep, glistened in his large, dark eyes. "Alas!" said he, "why am I not permitted, like you, to enjoy the happy thanks of earthly children? The earth calls me her enemy, the disturber of her pleasures!" "O my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep, "will not the redeemed soul, at her awakening, when the glories of the higher life dawn upon her, recognize thee as her friend and benefactor, and bless thee most gratefully? Are we not brothers, children of one father?" Thus spake he; then the sad orbs of the Angel of Death glistened again, but this time with hope and faith, and the brotherly spirits embraced more tenderly.

LIFE—NOW EASILY DESTROYED—RELIGIOUS PERSECUTIONS AND TORTURE. Life on this terrestrial plane exists on a very brittle cord. How easily extinguished! The vital spark vanishes under the influence of thousands of different antagonistic influences, and our lease of life at all times is uncertain. You may be traveling on a train of cars, and all that secures your safe transit is an inch or so, of iron flange. How easily the whole train is wrecked and human life sacrificed. On a steamboat disasters are constantly occurring. Foundations of rivers often prove destructive to human life. Volcanic eruptions, especially in remote times, were instrumental in causing death on all sides. Earthquakes are life-destroyers, and to be dreaded by all. Then the human family is subject to thousands of different diseases—to epidemics, to the fatal attacks of animalcules in the blood and muscles. The tissues that secure the pulsating powers in their respective places, are often not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition rupture, it would be the same as if a cannon-ball had struck you.

The human family has not been subject to death by the instrumentality of natural causes alone, but religious intolerance has sent thousands to a premature grave. Plagues and epidemics that arise from natural causes are bad indeed, but persecutions that are caused by the malignity of the human mind, are ten-fold worse. "The whole religious-infidelity of Spain," says an author, "was exerted to hasten the catastrophe which deprived 12,000,000 innocent individuals of happiness and life, to add to the glory of a merciful God." In Spain alone 31,000 persons were burned and 200,000 condemned to other kinds of punishment by the religious bigotry, diabolical impulses of the human mind, animated with religious bigotry, has caused death by burning, the rack, gibbet and other instruments of torture. We rejoice to know that in this enlightened day and age of the world, that no serious religious persecutions exist, and that no one need fear death on that account.

There is now, however, and will continue to be for some time in the future, an instinctive dread against the approach of death. The fear of the people in the past, has been transmitted to each generation, not diminished in intensity in the least, and many generations will be required before this change is looked upon as heartily desirable. It is, however, apparent that every reflective mind, that dying is just as natural as the process of being born. We are unconscious of one, but vividly realize the other. Growth and decay are twin brothers, the former preparing us for the arduous duties and exigencies of life, giving strength to the limbs, lustre to the eyes, and the rosy hues of health to the cheeks; the latter perfecting the spirit for its new birth by gradually weakening the vital forces until the armor shell falls off, as it were, leaving the new-born spirit untrammelled with the material fetters of this life.

DEATH BY HANGING—EXPERIMENTAL HANGING, ETC. Those who have witnessed the process of dying, have often concluded that the person was subject to the most intense pain and agony. The up-turned eyes, distorted features, contracted muscles, pale, haggard expression of countenance, seemed to indicate that such is the case, and those in attendance tread softly and breathe lightly, as if stillness would assuage the agony of the last moments. Oh! how solemn the scene, and how mournful the tones of those present! The very air seems sad, and the wind bears upon its bosom sympathetic thrills. Then all faults are forgotten. The good traits of the dying one are pictured in most brilliant colors, while his bad ones are buried beneath the gentle hand of charity. But death is not always painful, as generally supposed. The transition in most cases is accompanied with no suffering.

Dr. Warren, well says, "When the blood ceases to be oxygenated, physical sensibility is destroyed, and the oxygenation of the blood being accomplished by the lungs, if these organs are obstructed, a proportionate privation of sensibility will necessarily be the result. The lungs are the weakest of all the great vital organs; they ordinarily begin to die sooner than other parts, and their function is actually suspended before that of other organs. Thence it follows that the oxygenation of the blood being gradually suspended, the privation of nervous sensibility immediately ensues, and there can be no suffering. These theoretical notions are supported by fact. So far as my experience goes, if a dying man be asked whether he suffers pain, he will, in the greater number of instances, answer in the negative; yet there may be at the same time a frightful appearance of distress.

"My opinion, therefore, founded on a great number of observations of the character above mentioned, is that death is not generally painful, and that Nature, 'like a kind mother,' while she surrounds its idea with imaginary terrors, has contrived the animal organization in such a way as to produce a natural anodyne in depriving the blood of oxygen. There will be found, no doubt, exceptions in chronic diseases already alluded to, as arising from physical causes; and there will be another class of exceptions of a different nature from moral causes, such as the recollection of a bad life."

That relic of barbarism, hanging, is looked upon as the most thrillingly painful of all deaths, and therefore one of the best safeguards to society, and the most efficient preventative to crime. The very presence of this inhuman instrument of death, would seemingly, deter any person from committing any outrageous deed. Of course, but few examples are on record, where persons have been resuscitated after passing through the severe ordeal of hanging. Chambers' Journal gives an account of a housebreaker, named Smith, who was hanged at Tyburn, Dec. 24, 1705, and when he had hung nearly fifteen minutes, the people shouted, "A reprieve!" He was cut down, hanged, and recovered. When asked what for some time was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight upward; that, having his spirits in a strange commotion, violently burst a blaze of glaring light, that seemed to go out of the eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down and come to himself, the blood forcing itself into its former channels, put him in such intolerable pain that he could have wished those who hanged him cut him down. Ever afterward he went by the name of Half-hanged Smith.

One would naturally suppose that the sensations would be of the most horrible character, and the pains of the keenest kind, but such is not the experience of those who by some unlooked-for accident have escaped the final dissolution. During the reign of Louis the XIII, a prisoner sentenced to be hanged, was saved by the breaking of a rope; and then taken back to prison. The Emperor considering the nature of his crime and the peculiar character of his escape, offered him a reprieve, but he spurned it with perfect contempt, saying, "It is delightful to die!" While strangulation was taking place, and life gradually fading away, he caught a glimpse of the grandeur of the Spirit-World, and having passed the painful stage of his execution, the sensations that followed were to him delightful, and under those circumstances, he would not accept a reprieve. Having felt the pangs of death, he did not wish to live, but desired the execution to be put into immediate effect.

At one time, in France, there existed a society, each member of which tried the experiment of hanging, skillful attendants being present who carefully examined the pulse that the process might not be carried too far. To them the sensations that followed were delightful in the extreme, and they often repeated the experiment. On a certain occasion, however, one was left a moment too long by his valet who stepped out while his master was hanging, for a glass of beer, and remaining away a moment too long, on his return he found him dead! We are led to believe from these experiments that strangulation by hanging is not as painful as many imagine. It is true that great muscular contractions take place, and the distortions that follow would seem to indicate great suffering, yet the best authenticated experience on record bears us out in the conclusion that such is not the case. Indeed, we think that strangulation by hanging is far preferable to instant decapitation, and measurably less painful. The severing of the head instantly from the body retards the formation of the new-born spirit, a longer time being required for that purpose.

A writer in the Saturday Review, in relation to hanging, etc. says:—"Various persons have at different times been recovered after reaching the stage of insensibility, and their accounts if trustworthy, tend to show that the hanging is so pleasant a process that, but for its final results, it would be worth while to indulge in it occasionally, by way of amusement. The recovered persons, it is said, agree that the unconsciousness is 'quite momentary,' that they then have visions of beautiful colors, and speedily become unconscious. Similar accounts are generally given by people who have recovered from drowning; and, indeed, physiologists tell us that, so far as can be discovered, death is generally a more painless process than we are apt to suppose. If this be the case, our sympathy with the hanged is so far thrown away, and we might relieve the anxiety of expecting sufferers by giving them the most authentic accounts of the operation which they are about to undergo."

"It must be admitted, indeed, in any case that the worst part of hanging, or any other form of execution, is probably that very unpleasant half-hour which must be passed previously to the performance. If our object be to diminish suffering, we must consider, not the actual pang inflicted at the instant, but the preliminary impression upon the imagination. For this purpose there is considerable evidence which would demand attention."

New York Department.

BY.....E. D. BABBITT, D. M. Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 232 East 23rd Street, by Dr. Babbitt.

THE PHILADELPHIA SWINDLE.

"O how the World is Given to Lying!"

To lie and cheat in the name of the angels is the most monstrous of villainies. To do the "livery of heaven to serve the Devil" is certainly going into the infernal arts. The world is suffering, lying for knowledge of the great truths of immortality. Noble men like Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Child and others give their time for weeks and months to forward the sublime cause of truth, and then find out at last that they have been trifled with by a set of mountebanks who would sell out heaven itself, seemingly, if they could but put money in their own pockets. It is not necessarily a crime to be deceived, and some of the most upright people are easily deceived because they can scarcely conceive of a person's doing so short sighted and monstrous a piece of business as to barter their souls' purity and honor and standing among men by fraud, and especially by fraud with reference to the divine realities of the immortal life. The great honest soul of the Duke of Wellington used to take pleasure in looking at so-called double-headed monsters which were afterwards proven to be frauds. People that will lie and cheat, blacken their own souls, and must at last appear miserably deformed as they stand before the hosts of the spirit-life, even if they evade the eyes of mortals, which is improbable. Knaves themselves are the greatest of all fools, as will be proven by the ledger of eternity, if not by earthly records.

Copies of the Philadelphia Enquirer of Jan. 9th and 11th have been kindly forwarded to me by Dr. Child of Philadelphia, in which is given the "Autobiography of Katie King," with a full explanation of how the jugglery was practiced by the Holmes family in connection with herself as the personifier of Katie. It settles the matter, and there is no use in trying to plaster up things with reference to this sad event. Let us heroically scout all deceptions, especially in our own ranks, and let Spiritualists continue to be the first to put down fraud, as well as the case with Dr. Gordon as well as with the Holmes family and many others. The ignorant outside world has delighted in making the monstrous assertion that Spiritualism is Woodhullism. We have survived the slander. Now looking at this last abomination, they are ready to denounce the whole cause as founded on jugglery, but even Mr. Holmes and his confederates can not kill us although they have been our greatest stumbling blocks. Alas, they have killed themselves and simply put back our Car of Progression instead of helping it forward as they should have done. But our cause is eternal and proofs of our teachings come up more and more from all quarters of the earth. Men trifle with us, and perhaps some spirits are not sufficiently vigilant in allowing even some mediums to be thus mocked and to injure the cause, but it will on the whole have one great good tendency, which is to stimulate us to greater activity, in putting down all imposture and greater earnestness in sustaining all true mediums, who should seem doubly valuable now.

This autobiography of "Katie King" is written in a glib style, although she says "I exceedingly regret participating in the recent gross swindle so long as I did, or in fact that I ever took any part in it. As regards those little presents that were given to the supposed materialized spirit, I have returned them to their rightful owners, as far as I have had a chance to do so, and will return the others as opportunity occurs. This is all any one can do." No, it isn't all any one can do, nor is lack of money a proper excuse for going into such a swindle. She will find it necessary to spend a considerable time in this life, or the next in the work of pushing the car of progress forward to make up for her work in holding it back. I realize her trials and sorrows of poverty which grind so many of us, and would not judge her harshly, but I do not think she understands a tenth part of the heinousness of such a crime. She promises to engage in nothing more of the kind. Nevertheless good so far, but she will find that she will have to repent in a more positive manner by an active life of good works, before she can have full absolution. May the angels have pity on her and the Holmes family, and help them in the terrible struggles of atonement which they must pass through before they can stand among the redeemed.

"MEDICAL BARBARISM." "Dr. Brown-Sequard speaks of the terrible suffering which he had to inflict upon Senator Sumner—the fierce burnings which he gave him as counter-irritants. He gave him moxas, which he admits cause the greatest suffering which can be inflicted on mortal man. The Doctor seems to be a gentleman of tender feelings and noble sympathies, and now in the name of Humanity, I would beg of him never again to perform such a barbarism on fellow-man. Magnetic action is as much more powerful than any moxas, as thunder is louder than a whisper. We can set any part of the system fairly on fire by magnetic friction, and this kind of fire is exquisite, penetrating, enduring, and delightful. Instead of destroying the nervous action as do hot irons, it tones up and animates the whole system. Alas for the misery of the bad old times. Romance says the good old times, but truth is better than romance. When the physicians didn't succeed in poisoning the long-suffering patient to death by powerful drugs, they would bleed him, burn him, blister him, prick him, cup him, leech him, lance him, vomit him, insert setons, and make themselves as disagreeable as possible generally. The trouble of it is that too many of these barbarisms are still in use, because our doctors, following in old tracks, remain ignorant of the better ways. Even now, if a person has a tumor, the surgeon is very apt to cut it out, thus removing the effect, and the magnetist first scatters the swelling, and then so vitalizes the blood as to throw the impurities out of the system and build up healthier tissues."

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