

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

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NO. 1.

Did the Miracles of Jesus Prove his Divinity.

BY E. B. CHRYSTEN.

The theological claim that the miracles of Christ were designed to promote the cause of religion and prove his divine mission, is not consistently verified by the record. They made but few converts when they were performed, and have still less influence now by making none at all...

Jesus admitted the power of false prophets to perform great signs and wonders (Matt. 24:24) and John (Rev. 19:20) speaks of a false prophet that performed miracles, which furnishes incontrovertible evidence that the opponents of Christianity were endowed with equal superhuman capacity...

Gifted in like manner, the Egyptian magicians competed successfully with Moses until he made lice a subject of experiment, when doubtless through a sense of cleanliness, they became disgusted at the sight, and retired from the field, leaving him with his filthy vermin to claim the victory...

After the people of Galilee had witnessed Christ's miracle of feeding five thousand men with five loaves and two small fishes—which is nearest related to the quail story of Moses—the result merely was that they then considered him well qualified for a king, because of his ability to furnish food for his subjects without labor...

showing that reasonable and consistent instruction had a salutary influence on their minds, which miracles and recondite teaching failed to accomplish.

The apostle Paul made but little use of them when inaugurating the Christian dispensation, for the probable reason that among ignorant people like those of Lystra and Melita, they merely created a tendency to deify the performer, while in the educated and intelligent circles of society, such as he found in Athens, they were only looked upon as a strategical method of catching the illiterate and credulous.

It is power to perform miracles established the divinity of a cause, the devil could assert his divine authority on that claim in his intercourse with Jesus. As there is not a more wonderful or sublime transaction on record than that of his showing Christ all the kingdoms of a globe in a moment of time, the act not only places their supernatural capacities in correlative juxtaposition on a definite basis, but by not having his right to this vast realm questioned by Jesus when he offered it all to him on certain conditions, we are left to infer that he considered him the lawful owner of it, on the ground of his being styled "God of this world," and father of the people with whom Jesus was identified by birth and nationality (John 8:44).

Whether this achievement of the Devil in elevating Jesus to that lofty position and getting him safely down, is to be considered miraculous or not, it clearly proves that he was worthy of the confidence Jesus placed in him, by not being treacherous enough to make any attempt at casting him down, when the latter declined to try the experiment himself, after hearing better scripture quoted in favor of such a mode of ascent than he gave to the contrary—for an infinite Being, such as we must suppose Deity to be, can not consistently be considered a subject of temptation.

The Devil's anxiety to see Christianity supernaturally vindicated by its reputed founder is also deserving of more theological admiration for the interest evinced in religious concerns, than Christ's "beginning of miracles," in producing one hundred and twenty gallons (fifteen firkins) of wine to entertain a wedding party. But since he confessed to his mother that his hour was not yet come, and his subsequent miracles being chiefly employed in the charitable cause of humanity, we can look with a degree of palliation on this eccentric commencement of his thaumaturgical career in the "wholesale liquor business," on the ground that the action was premature, but can account for it only on the presumption that temperance societies were not popular among the "blue hills of Galilee," and that he, by supplying them to wit a abundance of stimulating drink to exhilarate the festivities, was indisposed to make them so. Whether any of them imbibed as freely as righteous Noah in days of yore, we are not informed. It is fortunate however for the reputation of the Devil, that he was not concerned in it, although if the like should now occur, he would of course be charged with it; for he is now held responsible by the church for all irregularities inexplicable on natural principles.

Nevertheless, if he had not afterwards foolishly become a disturber of the public peace, by going about like "roaring lion," frightening pious Peter into the notion that he intended to devour somebody, he would still have been looked back to by rational people with the respect due that of a civil citizen.

Though changing water into wine is counted the first miracle of Jesus, the conclusion is that he had previously displayed such art, or his mother would not have informed him that they had no wine, with the apparent expectation that he would furnish them with some by a mystical process. The narrative given of his early miracles in the Apocryphal gospels corroborates this opinion. These John ignores in his gospel, like the wine miracle, and a number of other important occurrences connected with his early ministry are by the preceding canonical writers, who evidently failed to notice them through ignorance in consequence of not having turned their attention to Christianity until after that event. Prominent among these was his first miraculous—or otherwise—cleansing of the temple. They only relate the second purification, which took place near the close of his ministry, and according to Bishop Newcome and other commentators, in the last work of his life. John is silent on this, as he had undoubtedly perused the other gospels before he wrote his, and being well acquainted with the early life and subsequent career of Jesus, seems to have written especially to relate some essential facts and doctrinal points connected with Christianity, that were omitted by them; besides relating in his prologue the Gnostic heresies which Cerinthus and the Nicolaitans had introduced into the Asiatic churches, concerning the divine equality and co-eternal existence of the Logos or Word, with God, as creator in the beginning. Though so learned and discerning a theologian as Dr. Priestley could not see that Jesus twice purged the temple, the fact became apparent from a careful examination of these fragmentary gospels, that an enthusiastic zeal for this house—built by an Idumean descendant of "hated" Esau, was passionately displayed at the beginning and close of his ministerial career. If the time spent in using the scourge on the occupants of this earthly house—which God had doomed to destruction, had been employed in pointing them to that heavenly one, among whose mansions he was going to prepare a place for his followers, he would have been more plausibly philanthropic, or subjecting himself to criticism for running counter to his own doctrine of non-resistance.

So little account did Justin Martyr (a successor to the apostles) seem to make of miracles in the defense of Christianity, that in addressing the Emperor Hadrian, he apparently seeks an excuse for them by saying: "As to our Jesus curing the lame, and the paralytic, and such as were cripples from their birth, this is little more than what you say of your Æsculapius." That incarnated deity is not only said to have effected miraculous cures, but like Jesus, alike to have raised the dead, among whom Hypocritus and Tindarus are cited as cases of his resurrector of Porsia, Apollonius of Tyana, Zoroaster of Persia, Charisma of India, and the Oriental Gymnosophists are historically shown to have possessed these extraordinary abilities. In fact this system of wonder-working in association with religious teaching, seems to have been more in vogue among the Gentiles, except the Scholastic, Ethnics, Eclectics, Gnostics and Stoics of Greece, than it was among the Jews. Thus when the Roman centurion expressed his firm belief that Jesus could heal his servant in a miraculous manner, he said he had not found so great faith in Israel. The Syrophenician woman believed that devils could be cast out by exorcism, but if she had not evinced a degree of meekness and humility unexampled in fanatical Judaism, Jesus would evidently have discarded her case; for in asserting that his mission extended only to his own people, he indignantly responded to her earnest entreaties in language as insulting as could have been used with decorum by a Jewish bigot.

There is no evidence that either of these pagans became converts to his doctrinal belief or form of worship by realizing the benefit of his miracles in their families; nor can we suppose that Jesus expected or desired any such result, or he would have shown common respect for the woman in the first place. Neither did he make proselytes in that manner when he went over Jordan among the mixed population of Gadara and broke up the "pig trade," by commanding the devils to enter into the swine; while they openly expressed their faith in him as a miracle-worker by presenting him with a civil petition to depart out of their coasts. Their minds appeared to have been so absorbed in their present woes, under the conviction that the curing of a lunatic (or two, as Matthew has it), by such wanton destruction of live stock, was paying too dear for miracles, that they seem to have manifested no concern whether the "poor devils" were drowned with the swine, or had entered into the filthy tribe with the view of prostrating the "fish market." If Jesus was now to visit these American "coasts" while before slaughtering time, and in making a tour through the country, heal an occasional invalid by turning devils snout-lose to set all the farmers, hogs crazy in the settlements where he effects such cures, the only result would be to brighten up their ideas on miracles, without adding converts to the church, and make them as anxious to get rid of their Savior as were the Gadarenes of old.

Prof. Powell, a clergyman of the Church of England, in his "Studies of the Evidences of Christianity" (Essays and Reviews), says: "Thus if miracles were in a former age among

the chief supports of Christianity, they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance. Miracles were formerly the rule, latterly the exception." Dr. Houtley, in replies to Essays and Reviews, inquires, "If the Christian miracles were not real miracles, what becomes of our Lord's truthfulness?" Even if his truthfulness, and the reality of his miracles is not doubted, the question aptly arises to know what moral or religious influence such an exploit as that of blasting a fig tree, because God had produced no fruit on it for his son to eat on this occasion could exert in favor of Christianity, in comparison with the detriment that theology sustained by showing that he had not wisdom to know that there were no figs there before he approached the tree? If God had not clothed it with a foliage, it is not to be supposed that it would have attracted his attention, and thus have escaped the curse, which in an abstract sense was merely because of having leaves on, which verdure, in the wise economy of God, formed a pleasant shade by the wayside to refresh weary pedestrians, sweltering under oppressive rays of a Judean sun, and who, like Jesus, might be too poor to own a vine or fig tree to sit under. It might have been under this tree or one equally barren, that he saw Nathanael reclining, for there is no evidence that he was in search of figs—he was merely under the tree. But as Jesus in the present case passed that way under circumstances in which figs were in more demand than shade, we can readily excuse this hasty act in consideration of his humanitarian labors as a reformer in other respects.

Mark (6:5), says that Jesus could do no mighty work in his own country, which Matthew says was on account of unbelief in the people. Thus instead of miracles superinducing belief in the truth of his mission, we find that his attempts to sustain the position claimed for him by Matthew—that all power was given unto him in heaven and earth—fails, because faith in his miracles was not preconceived. From this it appears that all those places which needed a manifestation of his superhuman power to establish faith and remove unbelief, his efforts to perform convincing works proved abortive. Thus when the Devil, Herod, or the skeptical Jews wished to have their doubts removed by witnessing some of his "mighty works," he invariably failed to make the attempt. This conclusively shows that he could only perform them under favorable circumstances; while his own brethren, who had the best opportunity of seeing his works, and judge of their intrinsic merit, considered them such flimsy evidence of divinity that they did not believe in him. John 7:5.

John (23:37-40) explicitly refutes the idea that his miracles were designed as an auxiliary to Christianity, by declaring the necessity of their rejection in order that some language by Isaiah several hundred years before—and misconstrued into a prediction concerning Christ—might be fulfilled. Though it is plain that when Isaiah (6:9) uttered words from which John's translator quotes to suit his purpose, he had no reference to the subject applied to it by the evangelist, the application illustrates that in connection with the Christian theology, we are presented with the shocking incongruity that Jesus was divinely commissioned to perform works that are now considered at variance with the laws of nature, for the purpose of making people believe what God had foreordained they should not believe, and which he prevented them from doing by blinding their eyes and hardening their hearts that they might not be saved! In proof of such theological absurdity, the commentator Dr. A. Clarke admits that the words of Isaiah merely had reference to the future judgments of the Jews, and declares that a literal interpretation of the text would involve an "insupportable blasphemy."

Ronan, in his "Life of Jesus," says that his "miracles were a violence done him by his time, a concession which the necessity of the hour wrung from him." This was in adaptation to the religious requirements of the age; and according to Mark (16:17, 18) those who believed he said should also cast out devils, speak with new tongues, take up serpents, drink deadly things without receiving injury, heal the sick, etc., in his name. But while such wondrous things are now performed by oriental jugglers, exorcists and teurgists, the promise stands without any literal fulfillment in the lives of present professed believers; which furnishes conclusive evidence that the age has outgrown them in confirmation of Christianity, and what may have been a satisfactory test to Divinity in a credulous period, becomes inadequate to the purpose in an age when superstitious retreats before the light of science and philosophy superseded fanaticism.

The chimerical assumption that mountains could be removed and sycamore trees planted in the sea, by merely believing them to be so, received no more credence in the popular mind than it does now; but the testimony of antiquity is that reformers occasionally appeared, who were endowed with extraordinary ability for working miracles. As it was anciently considered a religious prerogative to lie for the glory of God, (Rom. 3:7), these were no doubt magnified by subsequent writers in harmony with the allegorical prolixity of the period in which Jesus became famous as a practitioner of the art, but are no longer of service in the cause of religion.

Richboro, Pa.

Is It, or Is It Not? If It Is Not, What Is It?

Bro. Jones—Notwithstanding the bitter opposition to the Spiritual Philosophy in this vi-

city, yet events are almost constantly occurring which force the conviction on those who are open to it, that our deceased friends, though seemingly gone, are always present and ready to guide and assist those whose chair is not yet quite ready. Particularly in the matter of healing the afflicted, does the power of the angels stand out conspicuously.

Last August some friends were visiting near us from a neighboring State, when one day my wife was called in great haste to their sick child, and on entering the room she found it lying lifeless in the arms of its weeping mother, who exclaimed, "Fanny, my baby is dead. It seems hard that I should come so far just to bury it." But she, guided by an irresistible influence, began manipulating it, and the consequence was that it was able to continue the journey with its parents the next day.

Sometime in September last, a reverend gentleman of the Baptist church called her to see his sick and puny infant. It commenced sinking gradually, and finally its whole physical machinery came to a full stop. The grief-stricken father requested my wife to close its eyes. She did so, but was immediately prompted to catch hold of it, and tossing it aloft, she began making passes over it, when presently to the astonishment of all, and the great delight of the parents, it returned to life, and is now in robust health. I could enumerate others of a like nature, of adults who have been snatched, as it were, from the very jaws of death by the same process of treatment. A. M. Cummings.

Letter from Washington.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—One Prof. C. W. Starr is exhibiting at present in this city to the infinite satisfaction of orthodox clergy, as the following card indicates:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 23d, '75.

Having attended an exhibition given by Prof. C. W. Starr in a private room at the Ebbitt House, we are satisfied of his ability to perform the feats usually exhibited as spiritual manifestations, and believe that those who are inclined to accept these as supernatural tests, may be entirely satisfied of their human origin, and the exhibition will be of interest to all citizens.

Respectfully: Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D., pastor Metropolitan M. E. church; Rev. R. W. Black, pastor Wesley chapel; Rev. Samuel Shannon, pastor Ryland chapel; Rev. E. D. Owen, pastor Union chapel; Rev. Charles H. Mytinger, pastor Fletcher chapel; Rev. Richard Norris, pastor Waugh chapel; Rev. B. Peyton Brown, Georgetown; Rev. Jas. McLauren, Georgetown; Rev. D. M. Browning.

The sack trick performed by Prof. Starr, is merely a clever feat of jugglery, and, forsooth, simply because the trick resembles some tests performed by spirit power, these clergymen would convey the impression, therefore, that all spirit manifestations must be frauds and tricks. It is an indirect attack against Spiritualism, and too transparent not to be seen through.

Notwithstanding, our papers and magazines and lecturers have warned the public from time to time against mountebanks and charlatans, whether they come in the guise of real mediums in possession of spirit power and influence, using these powers to make money more easily, by pandering to the vicious appetites of the enemies to Spiritualism, or whether they be professional jugglers, claiming to imitate the test performances of spirit power manifested through genuine mediums. I make the assertion boldly that I can name at least one hundred citizens of Washington who are Spiritualists, that, for intelligence, morality and integrity, will compare favorably with a similar number of any other class of citizens, and yet if Mrs. Hollis, Mott, or the Eddys were to visit Washington, hold seances, and were endorsed by the one hundred Spiritualists before mentioned, I predict not one of those clergymen would attend any such seances, but on the contrary, cry delusion, trick, etc. But suppose a man of the stripe of Prof. Starr comes along, proposing to perform the manifestations claimed by genuine mediums, we find the orthodox clergy out in full force, certifying to a paper intending to throw discredit upon the cause of Spiritualism. These reverend gentlemen of the white cravat will tell us the Bible is the infallible word of God; a transcript of the Divine mind. So they gulp down, without a twitch in the muscles of the face, the old story of Elisha causing the lost ax to rise and float on the surface of the water; of Moses materializing God by exhibiting his hinder parts in the cliffs of the rocks, or of Joshua causing the sun to stand still one whole day.

Before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, old orthodox could hold up the Devil and an endless sulphurous burning hell as a scare-crow to frighten old women and children to join their churches; but thank God that day has passed away. A new gospel dispensation has opened up through Modern Spiritualism which appeals to our reason and judgment, supported by the evidence, unfolding the glorious doctrine of immortality beyond the grave, and of a never-ending unfoldment of our highest natures through all eternity. 'Tis these new and beautiful truths, as presented through the Harmonical Philosophy, which is rapidly spreading all over these lands, removing by degrees the iron heel of priestly despotism from the necks of the people, which cause so much fluttering in the camp of the orthodox clergy, and their readiness to sign statements to throw discredit on the cause of Spiritualism. J. Edwards.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Books and Magazines.

THE HEALTH GUIDE: Aiming at a Higher Science of Life, and the Life-force; giving Nature's simple and beautiful laws of cure; the science of Magnetic Manipulation, Healing, Electricity, Food, Sleep, Exercise, Marriage, and the Treatment of One Hundred Diseases; thus constituting a home doctor for superior to drugs. By E. D. Babbitt, D. M. pp. 166, 12mo.

VITAL MAGNETISM, the Fountain of Life. Being an answer to Dr. Brown Sequard's lectures on Nerve Force. The magnetic theory defended. 22mo pamphlet. By E. D. Babbitt.

REVIEWED BY HUDSON TUTTLE

The readers of the JOURNAL are already well acquainted with Dr. Babbitt, as an editor of one of its departments, and they usually find his column of facts and suggestions among the most interesting reading of its varied contents. His style is direct, free from circumlocution, or any attempt to dazzle with the lingo of high-sounding words.

He has presented a new system of magnetic cure. He has mapped the head and the body, and minutely described the treatment of most diseases, both of mind and body, which afflict mankind. He has sketched the work which will require generations to complete. In the new field which he enters, with the key first suggested by Dr. J. P. Buchanan, and which Prof. Danton used with remarkable results, it is not just to criticize the want of absolute demonstration, or mention the wide intervals yet remaining unacquainted. It is more generous to praise what has been accomplished in the unknown and mysterious border land between physical life and the domain of spirits.

At present all that is assured in phrenology is that certain regions of the brain manifest certain mental qualities, as the base, the passions, the front, the intellect; the top, the moral. Beyond this primary division all is uncertainty. In the same manner the general features of Dr. Babbitt's system may be regarded as true, while the details remain yet to be proved. Should he succeed in founding a school of Psychopathy, its first duty would be to study this vast subject in a strictly scientific manner, and demonstrate step by step every proposition. Such a school would accomplish more for humanity than all the medical colleges put together.

When Dr. Babbitt affirms: "All elements are potent in proportion as they are subtle and refined," he touches the key-note on which the harmony of the universe is arranged. "Medical men, on the contrary, have chosen the law of weakness." They have relied on gross mineral remedies.

Force he divides into Positive and Negative. This is the usual classification, and he takes for granted its correctness. In passing, we remark that this classification will ultimately meet with great revision, and calls for thorough research.

To even glance at the varied contents of these volumes would require more space than it is possible to give. Magnetism (a term we use for want of a better) is a powerful agent, and Dr. Babbitt evidently is on the right track. His book is filled with admirable suggestions, both as to the preservation of health and regaining it when lost.

In his reply to Dr. Brown Sequard, he triumphantly proves the reality of auric force, or the magnetic, and destroys the theory of that eminent savant that it is only imagination.

His allusion to the barbarity which that physician practiced on the lamented Sumner in the name of science, subjecting him to tortures more terrible than the Inquisition inflicted, and which would have made a savage blush, is a lance most bravely thrown. The day of the slaughter-house doctors is waning, and the barbarous superstitions which pass as medical lore are beginning to be estimated at their true value.

As the spiritual forces lie at the basis of life, any treatment which directly affects them, must be incalculably more beneficial than gross remedies which affect the instrument through which these forces are manifested.

The term "Psychophysics" is most admirable, as expressing the Philosophy of Life, and its study is the foundation of a true and dignified philosophy of spirit. All will agree with Dr. Babbitt.

1st. That the leading medical men of the day do not comprehend the true basis of physical and physiological action.

2d. That their opposition to the vital magnetic forces comes from a lack of both thought and investigation.

3d. That by means of them we can explain the Philosophy of Life far better, and cure disease more rapidly, pleasantly and powerfully, than by the old method.

"Psychophysics must in the future become the science of sciences." Vast as is the realm of the physical sciences, infinitely broader is that of the underlying, permeating spiritual forces, the scene of the future conquests of thought.

March Magazines.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for March has several very noticeable articles: one entitled, "How I Managed my Babies," by Mrs. Warren; one on "London Playgrounds for Children;" one on "How Count Rumford Banned Beggary from Bavaria;" one on "Objections to Large Families;" one on "The Liver, its Use, and How to Take Care of It;" one on "A Cure for Rheumatism," which everybody can try; one on "Hygienic Treatment of Consumption;" one on "Diphtheria," and some forty other short studies on important subjects. Wood & Holbrook, publishers, 13 and 15 Light street, New York.

THE MEDICAL ECLECTIC. Devoted to Reform Medicine, General Science, and Literature. Contents for March: The Fabricating of Physicians; The Eclectic Medical College; Cancer, its Pathology and Cure; Chapter one, Upon Foods; Carcinoma Uteri; a Case in Practice; The Review; Book Table; Styliologia Sylvania. Published bi-monthly, by the Eclectic Medical College, of New York.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. Contents: The Policy that Built Up the West; Thorpe, Cavalier, in two parts—Part I.; Glimpses at a Central American Republic; in two parts—Part II.; To the Lion of Saint Mark; The Richard Murray Materialization; Communism; Chambers in Charlotte Street; Discipline; Modern Civilization a Tentative Product; That Valentine; Tobacco and Sugar; Pioneer Nig Saut; Autobiography of a Philosopher Chapter III.; The Friendship of Men and Women; Pan Avenge; Toby Rosenthal—How he Became a Painter, etc.; Current Literature. John H. Carmany & Co., publishers, San Francisco, Cal.

THE SERRIVAL MAGAZINE for March. Contents: A Popular Delusion; Science Versus Christianity; Spiritualism a Religion and a Science; Letter from a "Rational" Spiritualist; How to Communicate; National Spiritual Convention; Letter from Michigan; The Debatable Land; Stories for Our Children; An Erroneous Impression; The Key Note; Soars in Southern Colorado; Bible Spiritualism; Abstract of a Lecture by J. J. Morse; Lights and Shadows; Questions and Answers; Our Home Seances; Lunar Life Department; Organiza-

tion; Letter from W. K. Poston; Our Spirit Friends Interested; One Sad Mishap; Mrs. Miller; A Proposition; Book Notices; "Clock Struck Three." The Spiritual Magazine will be issued monthly, forty-eight pages, exclusive of cover, at \$1.50 in advance (postage paid). To all ministers, for \$1.00. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address, S. Watson, 235 Union street, Memphis, Tenn. Subscriptions received and copies for sale at the office of this paper.

Church's Musical Visitor for March contains numerous crisp and tabling articles, much information about music and musical people, and three fine pieces of music, with a full page illustration. John Church & Co., publishers, 66 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.

RALPH AND TOMMY, or "I Wish I Wasn't Black." Vine Cottage Series. Published by the author. Hopedale, Mass. Third edition.

This little work contains four illustrative wood cuts. It will prove especially interesting to those for whom it is intended.

THE CROSS AND THE STEEPLE: Their Origin and Signification. By Hudson Tuttle. Toledo, Ohio: Bateson & Tuttle Publishers.

This is a charming little pamphlet, of 16 pages, price 10 cents, and should be read by everybody. For sale at the office of this paper.

STATE MEDICINE AND A MEDICAL INQUIRY. A discussion of legislative measures designed for the elevation of an authoritative medical standard in Tennessee, and in the several states, showing their injustices and futility. By a Citizen. Nashville, Tenn.: Tavel, Eastman & Howell Printers, 1875.

The author takes a bold and decided stand against the enactment of laws prohibiting any one from healing the sick, who has the power to do so. His ideas will be well received by true reformers.

Special Notices.

Attention Opium Eaters!

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

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875.

Noah's Ark.

Bro. S. S. Jones:—Will you please answer the following questions? 1st. Which was the largest, the Ark or the Great Eastern of British fame? 2d. What was the length, breadth and depth of each vessel?

Yours for truth, J. H. N. Blue Springs, Neb.

It is a well-known fact that there are Seven Wonders in this world that historians have given peculiar prominence—they are the pyramids, the temple, the walls and the hanging gardens of Babylon, the statue of Jupiter Olympus, the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Pharos at Alexandria, a lighthouse erected by Ptolemy Lotor, at the entrance of the harbor of Alexandria, 450 feet high, and seen at a distance of 100 miles, and lastly the Colossus of Rhodes, a brazen image of Apollo, 105 Grecian feet in height. There are, however, more wonderful things and incidents existing than those to which so much prominence has been given by the historian.

Our wonder would be excited, no doubt, in viewing the achievements of genius in the past, in rearing massive walls and columns, and chiseling out works to immortalize a fictitious god; but still greater would be our astonishment in this brilliant nineteenth century, to see human beings burned as witches; to witness the Catholics murder in cold blood unoffending Protestants; to know that the Protestants disfigured a beautiful monument in Michigan, belonging to Mr. Coveney; that pious and devoted followers of the Mother Church in Canada, refused to allow the bones of a heretic to be interred in a consecrated graveyard. To us these are greater wonders, for they have occurred in the days when telegraphs, railroads, schools, and churches exist on all sides. Scientific men may peer into nature's wonderful mechanism, and define an atom to be the smallest particle that can enter into the combination of a molecule; that a molecule is a group of atoms held together by chemical forces, and is the smallest substance that can exist in a free and uncombined state in nature, and they will even peer into an atom, and discover there a monad, or pure spirit, from which all animal life springs; but they have never been able to tell why a wave of crime sweeps over the country in regular intervals, appalling in its nature and disastrous in its effects. Should they succeed in doing that, the wonder of humanity would be excited greater than ever, and by the side of it the temple of Diana, or the Colossus at Rhodes, would sink into insignificance.

Our correspondent's wonder, however, is excited in a different manner. His mind is not directed towards molecular atoms, or monads, nor does he care for the ancient rubbish which still stands as a greater monument to man's folly than his wisdom, but he desires to know something about an ancient craft, an old hulk, in its time seaworthy, made under the direct supervision of God himself. It was, however, a burlesque on ship building, a travesty on ingenuity, and resembled the Great Eastern as nearly as a wash-tub would the pert little schooner belonging to Bennett, of New York city. It was the most bungling piece of work ever constructed, yet it was of sufficient strength and capacity to carry all the animals necessary for future propagation on the face of the earth. It was 450 feet in length; 75 feet wide; 45 feet in height, and had three stories, the largest "story" being its carrying capacity, which is considered by those who assume to know as an internal lie. We were not there, however; but as to that we do not know positively, since Mrs. Conant and Allan Kardec have both declared that reincarnation is a fixed fact. If we were there, however, and were reincarnated in Noah, and after the flood got beastly drunk, and did other disreputable things too numerous to mention, we have no recollection of the fact. We are inclined to think we were not there; some of the reincarnationists may have been, but we are confident that if we were, that the old tub of an Ark would

have made an impression on our sensorium that would have been permanent, even if we had been constantly reincarnated from the days of Noah down to the inauguration of the Telephone, which sends music by telegraph. Not having been there ourselves, we must of course rely on the figures of others, and as figures never lie, only when they convey a false impression, these that we furnish may be considered as correct as any ever given on the subject, even if the Ark had no existence.

A writer, whose name we do not recollect, but whose figuring made a deep impression on our mind, says that the Ark must have contained 48,822 birds; 5,000 clean beasts; 914 reptiles; 1,500,000 insects; 9,200 snails; 422 monkeys (what antics). All this motley crowd was in the ark 375 days.

Our credulity is not sufficiently elastic to believe that the above collection of animals could have been properly taken care of by the eight persons on board. We might get out of the dilemma by supposing that they were all put into a sound sleep, and never yawned once until the announcement was made that the waters had subsided, and did not finally wake up until the doors and windows were opened for them to go forth again. You ought then to have seen the rollicking rumpus. The white bears took one leap and landed on an iceberg in the Arctic ocean. The reindeers jumped hundreds of miles into Iceland. The lions skipped over to the jungles of Africa, and the bedbugs sought Noah's bed at once. Indeed, there was a general stampede when the windows of heaven were closed, and the water returned to its accustomed place.

Our correspondent desires to know something of the Great Eastern. This magnificent ocean steamer was built for an entirely different purpose than the old ancient tub of an Ark. She is 690 feet long and 82 feet wide. She is estimated at 28,000 tons burthen. The rudder alone weighs thirty tons. She has been employed in a grand work in behalf of science. Under the leadership of a Yankee by the name of Fields, she carried the Atlantic cable and successfully deposited it at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. Had the old Ark been employed in behalf of science, after the deluge, and kept constantly in repair, which, of course, would have involved the necessity of keeping it in water, and not landing it on the top of an inaccessible mountain—then humanity would have the facts before them.

The Bible, from which an account of the deluge is taken, only contains about 150 direct contradictions, which if made by a witness would somewhat weaken his testimony. This, however, does not affect the truthfulness of the Bible in the least. Its discrepancies, its allegories and obscurities, are its principal virtues for reliability. If a straight story had been told, it would have savored of complicity—a pre-arranged plan on the part of the various writers.

But how little we know of the past. There is no mirror in which we can gaze that will truly present the same. The Bible reflects contradictory assertions, and leaves us in more of a muddle than ever. To what, then, shall we turn for reliable information? Shall we do as Holman Hunt, the artist, did, who represented the Savior in the ludicrous light of sawing wood with his left hand, in the "Shadow of Death," and who defended himself on the ground "that he expected the spectator to fancy that the Savior had stepped over the plank to approach his mother, or to see how far the sun had yet to sink, and recognizing that it was already late enough to prepare for the evening's relaxation and studies, that he had assumed the position which gave the most relief physically and mentally before turning to put away his tools?" The same license has been employed in Scripture, and it requires an inordinate stretch of the imagination in order to believe it.

J. M. Peebles at Grow's Opera Hall.

We are glad to know that the First Society of Spiritualists of this City, have secured the services of Bro. J. M. Peebles to lecture during the month of March. Mr. Peebles is the author of several works, that are full of substantial ideas and wise suggestions, and he ranks among the first as an eloquent and instructive lecturer. His experiences in all parts of the world, his keen analytical observation of men and things, have stored his mind with a fund of knowledge possessed by few in this country; hence his lectures are instructive, fascinating, and well calculated to improve the mental and moral welfare of his auditors.

On Sunday, March 7th, in the morning Mr. Peebles selected for his subject, "The Present Status of Spiritualism—The Eddy Brothers, and the Katie King Exposé." Man, said the speaker, is a spiritual being, and death simply severs the physical from the spiritual. The spiritual idea runs through all things. Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Plato, Jesus, Tasso, Bruno, Louis XVI, Joan of Arc, the Wesleys, George Fox, and Ann Lee were all gifted with spiritual manifestations. This new wave was inaugurated about 27 years since, at Hydesville, N. Y. Theappings, like telegraphic sounds, were minute prophecies of future wonders and marvels. There are now millions of Spiritualists. They are an unorganized army, but all agree in regard to spirit communion. This is the central thought with them. Several years since, Mrs. Conant, of Boston, prophesied that the time was approaching when spirits would materialize themselves, and walk in our midst, startling Atheists, convincing sceptics, and astounding scientists. This prophecy is now being fulfilled.

He spoke of the Eddy Brothers, marvelous accounts of whom have been published in the JOURNAL from time to time. He visited them last October, when Col. Olcott of The Graphic, was there. The first night eight spirits walked out on the rostrum—some were Indians, some

were Americans, and some foreigners. The second evening, Mme. Blavatsky, a Russian lady of considerable distinction, reached the Eddys, and on that occasion oriental spirits appeared in their native costumes, and spoke in their native tongues. In Horatio Eddy's circle, he grasped the hand of a spirit which dissolved in his hand. Various musical instruments were played upon, poetry improvised, and many marvelous tests given the investigator.

Mr. Peebles is confident that these mediums are genuine, and knows he was not psychologized when visiting them. He had the testimony of the majority of his senses in connection with his reasoning powers, together with the corroborating testimony of the spectators. If he knew anything, he knew that he saw spiritualized beings, the same as appeared on earth in the prophetic apostolic times.

The bodies of the saints that came forth at the crucifixion of Jesus were materialized spirits. When he said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy hand," the finger was thrust into the wound in that materialized spiritual body. These manifestations corroborated those of the scriptures, and those corroborate these. Every argument brought to bear against modern spiritual manifestations is a poisoned javelin hurled at the temple of Christianity itself. Modern Spiritualism and those so-called miracles of the Bible must stand or fall together.

Mr. Peebles is not merely a believer in the reality of spiritual manifestation. To him it is a positive, tangible knowledge—a knowledge that demonstrates a future existence, that brushes away the mourner's tears, that comforts the sick and tends to mentally and morally educate and purify the world.

He then alluded to the Katie exposé. He visited these Philadelphia mediums and saw the purported Katie King. Knowing this spirit calling herself Katie King, and that she said in Prof. Crookes' seance held in London, that she was about to leave the earth, and pass into a higher sphere, he had some doubts as to the reality of this spirit being the genuine Katie King. The circle having formed, the curtain was moved aside, and a hand and arm protruded. Then there was a beckoning for individuals to approach. Several did so, and at length he approached so close that his face was but 12 inches from the face of the purported spirit. He could see the red lips, the eye-lashes, and the color of the eye. He returned to his seat, and said to his neighbor, "It looks too human to be a spirit. It looks so unlike the spirits that appeared at the Eddy Brothers' seances." Still he believed Mrs. Holmes to be a genuine medium, but that there has been imposture and deception he has no doubt. On whom to fix the responsibility of the imposture, however, he can not decide; He does not blame Robert Dale Owen at all. Allowing that there has been deception in this particular, what of it? There was a Judas in Christ's time. There was a Peter that denied his Lord and swore he never knew the man. There were rebels in '76; there were some in our recent civil war; but our government stands, and the flag of the union floats. There are counterfeit bank bills, still men have faith in banks, and faith in humanity.

Mr. Peebles said he had heard spirit voices when alone; felt the presence of spirit hands upon his form when there was no mortals present. His strength is largely due to the magnetic influence thrown over him by spirits. Spiritualism is to him a fact and a matter of the most positive knowledge. The speaker claimed that Spiritualism was never progressing so rapidly as it is at present. This is true of all the enlightened nations of the earth. In Australia there are published Spiritual papers and there are Spiritual societies. They have Spiritual organizations in New Zealand, in India, in Egypt, and in England the work is marching on with rapid strides. London publishes seven periodicals devoted exclusively to Spiritual philosophy, and many of the most distinguished scientists of England and the continent are avowed Spiritualists. Among these are Prof. William Crookes, C. F. Varley, the great naturalist, Alfred R. Wallace; the French astronomer, Camille Flammarion; the German metaphysician, Von Fichte, and Baroness Vay of Austria. The scientists of the old world are manifesting a most notable enterprise in probing the phenomena to the very bottom, and the result is that such investigation is proving the immortality of the human soul, and settling many problems of theology which the clergy have no means of determining the truth or falsity of.

Progress, Mr. Peebles claimed, appertains to this and all future worlds; spirits become angels, and angels become arch-angels, arch-angels angels, and then when millions of years have rolled into the abyssal past, even archangels have but just entered the vestibule of the temple of infinity. These thoughts exalt and dignify the human soul. Just as certain as a God, so certain Spiritualism will be the religion of the nineteenth century. Old dogmas are crumbling, old creeds are dying, and the watchword of the day is, "Progress, upward, and onward."

In the evening, Mr. Peebles lectured on "What I Saw in the South Sea Islands, Australia and China," to a large and appreciative audience.

Twenty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

The Spiritualists of Battle Creek, Mich., and vicinity, will celebrate the 27th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Wednesday, March 31st. J. M. Peebles is engaged to deliver the address. The meeting will continue through the day and evening. Other speakers are expected. All are invited.

PAR ORDER COMMITTEE.

Prof. A. H. Hays, of 328 West Madison street, is an excellent trance and test medium.

MATERIALIZED HANDS, FACES AND ENTIRE BODY SHOWN IN THE LIGHT!

What is it, Spirits or Humbug? Seances at Wood's Music Hall, Cor. West Washington and Green Streets.

By Horace Wickham, Jr., Inventor of the Famous Chicago Perpetual Motion Machine, which was Destroyed by the Great Chicago Fire of 1871, but now being rebuilt for Exhibition.

SEANCES, JAN. 30th, 31st & FEB. 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th and 7th. ADMISSION 50c.

The above is a copy of a little hand-bill circulated about Chicago, for the purpose of collecting, in the half dollar admission fees, from those who believe in Spiritualism, or from those who are willing to improve opportunities offered for investigating its claimed truths.

That impostors and counterfeiters always multiply in proportion to the demand for the genuine, is a fact fully demonstrated by experience in the practical affairs of every-day life. And yet there are thousands that love to be duped, and will hug the counterfeit and its author to their friendly embrace, while they denounce the exposé of the impostor.

The very language of the foregoing hand-bill, should put Spiritualists and seekers for truth, upon their guard. It is cautiously worded, evidently with the intent of being able to say when detected, or arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses, I did not claim it to be spirit manifestations, I said "what is it, spirits or humbug?"

We will answer Mr. Wickham's inquiry, by stating these facts. Mr. Wickham called upon us, we had a long talk with him, he detailed the wonderful manifestations that transpired at his seances. We listened to his statement with a hope that it was all true, and told him that we personally vouch for no medium that we did not know from our own observation to be genuine. We told him that if he would come to our seance room with a few of his friends, we would call in a few people and test his powers as a medium, and publish the result, as the facts warranted. To this proposition he assented, and on Sunday evening the proposed test seance was held.

We do not choose at this time to consume further time and space than that which is necessary, to answer the inquiry in the hand-bill, "What is it, spirits or humbug?" It is humbug.

The probability is that Mr. Wickham will get plenty of affidavits from a certain class of Spiritualists, certifying to his being a genuine medium, and that faces, hands and the whole materialized persons of spirits appear to the astonished gaze of the beholders, while he is securely tied up in a bag with the knots of the bag strings sealed.

Let them so certify,—we denounce the same as a shallow trick, which was fully exposed in two minutes after Mr. Wickham came out of the cabinet, and then he confessed that it was a trick, claiming, however that he could by trickery, do all that is done in the presence of any mediums.

Our readers will do well to preserve this notice, as Mr. Wickham even after the exposure avowed his intention to pursue the vocation, referring us to the statement in his handbill, that he did not claim it as the work of spirits, but inquired "What is it?"

We have answered, it is sheer imposture. While the cord is drawn up apparently tight, closing the top of the bag tied and sealed, he holds sufficient slack cord to enable him to drop the bag down off from him, and when thus liberated he plays spirit—then puts the bag back into place, holding the slack cord inside of the bag, while the incautious observer finding his knots and seals remaining just as they were left, comes to the conclusion that the trickster is an honest medium.

To expose impostors is to sustain genuine mediums, that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is in duty bound to do.

Notes from Jonathan Koons.

Jonathan Koons, in whose family very remarkable manifestations took place while residing in Ohio, writes as follows: "I am moved to arrange the articles in the JOURNAL on

DEATH, OR THE PATHWAY FROM EARTH TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

into scrap-book form, and file it away for future reference. It may be of great importance to those who follow after me."

He says further:

I have just interviewed John Hughes, late of Athens county, Ohio, now a resident of an adjoining county, who was a frequent guest at my Spirit-Room in Ohio. I spent some time with him and his family, who called to memory many of the wonderful scenes witnessed at my Spirit-Room. Said Hughes witnessed the allegorical scenes of the night, when the negro and white generals (spirits) performed a battle scene in the presence of a crowded audience, with pistol and powder, as tangible as if performed by persons in the flesh. The spirit generals who conducted the

SYMBOLICAL BATTLE

of war, were distinctly seen by the audience during the flashing light of their pistols; one a white, and the other a negro general. Previous to this enigmatical spirit performance, your correspondent was requested to furnish the Spirit-Room with toys of men and horses, pistols, powder, gun caps, etc., by which to demonstrate national events. At the close of that night's allegorical contest, President King, a spirit of the Spirit-Room Band, placed the negro toy general upon the spirit-altar (a table), in possession of all the arms, instruments of music, powder, gun caps and military toy horses. In conjunction with this scene was placed on the opposite extreme of the table

the white general toy in a retreating posture, showing thereby the vanquished and victorious party.

When the light was struck at the spirit's request, to behold the scene, and again extinguished, Hon. Judge Fulton interrogated the chieftain of the spirit stage of action, to know if the scene alluded to our national domestic slavery, which was answered indirectly by the chief of the Spirit band, saying, "Some of the witnesses present will live on earth to witness the fulfillment of what is therein prefigured, leaving all present to draw their own conclusions in application to what was then and there set forth."

ALLEGORICAL MANIFESTATIONS

commenced October 8th, 1852, and concluded in January, 1853, during the time of which the assassination of President Lincoln was prefigured, with a multiplicity of other national convulsions and revolutions, of which your correspondent took note. At the date of these astounding seances, the chieftain of the Angelic Band, with a trumpet voice proclaimed, saying, "The present head of your government is a fool; his successor will be a wise man." At the prefiguration of Lincoln's assassination, the trumpet proclamation was, "The chief of the Nation is slain, and another takes his place." This allegorical tragedy was spiritually conducted by placing a doll representing "the chief of the Nation," upon the table, which was shot, placed on a bed like a corpse, and then acted out the national lamentations for his loss in unearthly accents of deep mourning. This, and various other Spirit-Room occurrences, were rehearsed during my late visit to Mr. Hughes', which will give you a slight clue to the phenomena that was witnessed in Ohio. JONATHAN KOONS, Taylor's Hills, Franklin Co., Ill., Feb. 28th.

E. F. UNDERWOOD delivered an able and eloquent address at the dedication of the Fairbanks Memorial Building at Boston.

Mrs. MARY C. MARSTON, an enterprising Spiritualist, has established a circulating library at St. Paul, Minn.

GILES B. STEPHENS will speak in New York City on the 14th of March; in Cleveland, Ohio, April 4th and 11th; in Waverly, N. Y., April 18th and 25th.

MISS NELLIE L. DAVIS has been located in Louisville, Ky., during the winter, but resumes lecturing in April. She will speak in Waverly N. Y., April 4th and 11th. Permanent address 285 Washington Street, Salem, Mass.

J. J. MORSE'S labors have closed for the present in Greenfield, Mass., and he now goes eastward, his address for March being care El. B. Maynard, 57 Centre street, Bangor, Me.

DR H. P. FAIRFIELD will lecture for the Association of Spiritualists in New York City, Sunday March 14th. Would like to make an engagement to speak for some Spiritual society for three months. Address P. O. Box 74, Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. BLADE, a most excellent medium for independent slate writing, and Mrs. Carey, who has remarkable powers as a healer, have dissolved partnership. Mrs. Carey, we are glad to learn, is being developed for a new phase of manifestations, which will be apt to startle the world somewhat, and will introduce Spiritualism in new quarters.

CAPT. H. H. BROWN has been lecturing, and Mrs. T. M. Brown holding seances during the last month, in Afton, Cromwell, Melrose, LaGrange, Bloomfield and Centerville, Iowa. They will soon visit Memphis, Mo., and Ottumwa, Marshall, and Tama City, Iowa, and intermediate points. Address during March, Ottumwa, Iowa, care of Jacob Millsack.

JOHN COLLIER is prepared to answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism, in the vicinity of Springfield, Mass., on week-evenings, during March. He would also be glad to hear from Societies who can offer him engagements for Sunday lectures during April, May, and June. Address care of Harvey Lyman, Springfield, Mass.

W. S. BELL, who has recently delivered two addresses before the "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" in Boston, with such good results, would like to make engagements with other societies, committees or individuals desiring lectures in their neighborhoods. He may be addressed care of BARNES or LYMAN office.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold their quarterly meeting at Stanesteele, on the 20th and 21st of March. Mrs. B. M. Wiley, of Vermont, and others, are engaged as speakers.

C. H. HUBBARD, Sec. W. C. IVES, President.

Shall We Organize?

There are many good people in every community who would like to investigate our philosophy who are not sufficiently confirmed in their opinions in regard to its principles, to justify them in joining a Spiritual society, while others who are convinced of its truths, have not the moral courage to face the odium that is cast upon Spiritualists generally by ignorant and bigoted church members; therefore in order to open the way and give these individuals an opportunity to investigate, we have drawn up a comprehensive platform, to which we think all honest investigators and good Spiritualists could attach their signatures without feeling themselves any injustice whatever. If Spiritualists would organize themselves into societies in every place where half a dozen or more of its followers reside, it would not only be highly beneficial to their own progress and development, but sooner or later result in great good to humanity. I am also fully convinced that Spiritualists will have to organize and unite their forces in one solid phalanx; before they will become anything like "a power in the land." Our opponents are not only well organized, but thoroughly drilled. We have a grand army at our command, and why not marshal its forces and meet the enemy on their own chosen ground? It is useless to expect much from individual efforts alone so long as they have to contend single-headed with such formidable bodies. Hence the sooner we organize for work the better. In ignoring creeds, we must not discard principles.

DANIEL WHITE, M. D. Girard, I. I.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained...

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.

Communications Through Katie R. Robins, 2123 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry, who has been giving a very interesting and practical course of lectures in this city, was present, and the following communication was addressed to her by THOMAS PAINE.

We are beginning to look forward, friends, to your Thursday morning circles with pleasure, for we love to meet in the circle where there is freedom and an opportunity for each one to speak their thoughts and give their ideas to the world's people.

We greet thee, sister, with feelings of love, and we know that when thou art done with this outer form, the old pioneers and martyrs of days that have gone by shall meet thee in the better world.

ELIZA HAZLETT to COL. HAZLETT, OF HUNTINGDON, PA.

Knowing that the subject of Spiritualism has awakened in my husband's soul an interest in your philosophy, I would like to answer a few questions, and will say through this medium, as I have said through another, that I still live and remember him and the dear ones that surround him in his home circle.

them of the olden times. It has made my spirit happy that in the last year he has taken so much interest in the cause of truth. I know that his influence will be for good on those around him.

There are two spirits here who were thrown out of their bodies at Atlantic City by drowning, last summer, Mrs. Sharpless, and a young lady whose name is like that of this medium.

She says when a sudden death comes to any family, it casts over them a feeling of gloom. When the news reached some of my family at home that we had passed suddenly from them, companion and loved ones sunk beneath the dark waters, all felt a profound sadness.

Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations in Milwaukee.

A correspondent says a new medium has been developed in Milwaukee of remarkable powers. This medium is able to bring to you friends who have "passed over," giving names, dates, peculiarities, and incidents of life, with great clearness and precision.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 3, which will be remembered as one of the coldest days of this unusually severe winter, this person, (divested himself of his cap, vest, coat, shoes and stockings, as is his usual custom when remaining at home, and then went to the door, perhaps for the purpose of testing the keenness of the atmosphere, when he was "controlled," and his spirit took its flight, and he appeared in the midst of his friends three blocks and a half distant, in the same garb as when he left the room in his own house, but in an unconscious state.

My informant also mentioned some remarkable physical manipulations which are produced through this medium, such, for instance, as, when sitting at a table, eating, the table frequently raised from the floor, the lamp being lifted clear of it, and the dishes, knives and forks, tea pot and cups of tea not being disturbed or disarranged in the least.

EVERYBODY can now afford to own a copy of The Bhagavad Gita, an edition of which we are now selling at the low price of \$1.75, postage paid. This edition is fully equal in elegance to the beautiful \$3.00 edition, which has been so universally praised by the press.

Kidney Disease Cured by Spirit Prescription—Mediumship Developed by use of Magnetized Papers.

Mrs. Mary G. Miller of Howard, Minn., writing to Mrs. A. H. Robinson for a prescription for a sore mouth and bad cough, on the 23d of February, 1875, says, allow me to thank you again for having cured me of a severe kidney complaint.

Mrs. Kate D. Friaby writing from Waynesville, Ill., on 20th of February, says she has by the use of the magnetized papers sent her by Mrs. A. H. Robinson, not only been cured, but is being rapidly developed as a medium.

\$1 65 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.

Business Notices.

We would no more be without Dobbins' Electric Soap, (Organ & Co., Philadelphia), in our family than without a stove. It is pure, and does its own work without the main strength of the washwoman. Try it. \$1

NEVER neglect a cough or cold, as it is the most dangerous ailment you are subject to, but get a bottle of West's Pulmonary Balsam and be cured. This balsam has few equals as a pulmonary remedy. It has stood the test for fifteen years, and to-day stands at the head of balsams for the cure of colds, hoarseness, whooping cough, or any throat or lung disease. Trial bottles 25 and 50 cents. Large bottles \$1.00. Sold by all druggists. \$1

Wanted an Honest and Powerful Test Medium.

We want a good test medium, one that can give tests that can not be disputed, for such a medium we are willing to pay well. There will be no trouble in having the proper conditions, as there are any number of firm Spiritualists here and we want a good medium for our good as well as to show the investigators, who are numbered here by a hundred. Mediums who can fill the bill please address W. B. MICHARS, Virginia, Cass, Co., Ill. 12

The Advance, on the Bhagavad-Gita—A Strictly Orthodox Opinion.

The Chicago RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE has issued a handsome edition of J. Cockburn Thomson's translation of the "Bhagavad-Gita," or, a Discourse on Divine matters between Krishna and Arjuna. Aside from the poem itself, the book contains a long introductory Essay on Sanekrit Philosophy. An instructive and deeply interesting volume. If the religious conceptions and religious poems of those ancient Aryans bear some resemblance to the Hebrew Scriptures, the contrasts between them are yet more remarkable. It is only the densest prejudice which does not turn from the perusal of these ancient religious classics to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments with a quickened sense of their incomparable superiority.—The Advance, March 4th.

Complaints of Short Credits.

We have received letters from some subscribers who have renewed, complaining that we have not given them full credit. Our explanation is this: These cases only occur where the subscriber has neglected to inclose the postage in addition to the subscription. In all such cases we deduct it from the amount sent, and credit the remainder.

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS who renew for one year must not fail to state, when they remit, that they are trial subscribers.

Big Invention.

Lloyd, the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union Army, certificates of which he published, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Lloyd's Map of American Continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the wall so as to stand washing, and mailing anywhere in the world for 30 cents, or unvarnished for 25 cents. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys to 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, &c. This map should be in every house. Send 30 cents to the Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and you will get a copy by return mail.

The Wonderful Healer and Clairvoyant—Mrs. C. M. Morrison.

This celebrated Medium is the instrument or organism used by the invisibles for the benefit of humanity. The placing of her name before the public is by request of her Controlling Band. They, through her organism, 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 a most remarkable career of success, such as 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, becoming 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 look of hair, \$1.00. (Give age and sex). Remedies sent by mail prepaid. SPECIFIC FOR EPILEPSY AND NEURALGIA. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., No. 103 Westminster St., Box 2619, 717a95118.

DEATH OF Mrs. Dr. BARNES.—It is with no little surprise that we received the tidings of the sudden death of Mrs. Dr. Barnes, of the Independent Press, of this city, on Saturday last, after a short illness. Mrs. Barnes was the address in chief of that paper, known in its columns by the nom de plume of "Hattie Carpenter." Mrs. Barnes was a lady of fine ability, whose writings have obtained considerable celebrity throughout the country.—Times, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Passed to Spirit Life, one of the truest Spiritualists that ever lived—SAMUEL B. BRAUNZINE, the writer of the history of Crown Point, died last evening—three years, Mr. BRAUNZINE left for his home beyond the veil, Feb. 16th, 1875.

Taking his son by the hand, he pulled him down to hear his feeble voice as he was about to depart. He said, "My son, I must soon leave you for the other world. Will you please say in the JOURNAL and BARNES that I once lived, to do my fellow man good. I am proud that I was the first one to introduce Spiritualism in Crown Point, N. Y. and I will come and see you on often as I can permitted." He had no enemies except the church. He loved his fellow-man. A. V. B.

Passed to Spirit Life, from Grand Rapids, Minn., Feb. 17th, 1875, ALEX. B. MONROE, aged 69 years.

The subject of the above obituary was born in Southampton, Mass., Aug. 22, 1805, and lived in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, until 1854, when he removed to Illinois. In 1855 he came to Winona county, in this State, and died in 1868 at Sauk Rapids, where he has since resided. Although "unknown to fame," Bro. MONROE was known within the large circle of his acquaintances as a kind and indulgent, being generous that he was about to depart for the Spirit-land, to meet a beloved son who had gone there before him, he desired his "Friend to write a little piece" for publication in his favorite paper (the JOURNAL), if he could be prevailed upon to do so. (and who can disbelieve?), he can revisit this world, and mingle in the scenes he was wont to mingle, and visit the places he used to visit while here in the flesh. His friend though absent in the flesh, yet present in the spirit, will be grateful for this feeble tribute to his memory.

Bro. MONROE's only daughter, and many friends to mourn his departure. It is in sadness that I pen this on the 21st of Oct., my son, a promising boy of sixteen years, passed on to the Spirit-land. He was a true and noble man, and on the 23rd of November, my husband went to join our boy in the Summer-land, hoping that Spiritualism might become a fact to everybody. If it was not for the light and truth that I get from it, I would not have believed that I could sustain myself in this great trial. The JOURNAL is a great source of consolation to me, and I cannot get along without it. EMBELINE D. HOYT.

Lake Mills, Wis.

Passed to Spirit Life, from Northfield, Vt., Feb. 19th, Hon. ALVIN BRADLEY, aged 66 years.

Judge BRADLEY was one of the most wealthy men of his town, but, unlike many men of wealth, he was universally esteemed and honored. Years ago, he was County Judge, and at the time of his departure to the Higher-World, he was President of the Vermont Bank, and also of the Vermont Manufacturing Company, both at Northfield. He had been for years, a firm believer in the doctrine of spirit-communication, and was very liberal in his contributions in all of the cause he loved, as well as all other worthy objects. A wife and lovely daughter had preceded him on that journey, and he was very long and patiently taught, there is no return. A second wife made as comfortable as possible the closing days of his earthly life. D. T. A.

Passed to Spirit Life, from Sterling, Feb. 19th, 1875, Mr. ANDREW CURTIS, aged 68 years.

Honored and respected by all who knew him, he reached a good old age, happy in his belief in our beautiful Spiritual Philosophy. His death was hastened by the presence of the immortal, who sustained and comforted him in his long weeks of his sickness. He made all the arrangements for his funeral and particularly wished it to be conducted by the Spiritualists in a quiet and unostentatious manner. J. C. H.

Last Sunday morning, at half past 1 o'clock, one of our old subscribers, Dr. WILLIAM WILKINS, passed away strong in the faith of the Spiritual Philosophy. His health had been falling for several years, and for the last two years he had looked for this change weekly.

Passed to Spirit Life, from Somerville, Butler Co., O., Feb. 25th, 1875, CHARLES H. BOURNE, aged 33 years, 1 month and 9 days.

He was a thorough believer of the facts and philosophy of spirit-communication, and to some extent the gift of seeing spirits. His departure from this life was more than ordinarily blessed by angel ministrations. Bro. BOURNE had the esteem and love of every one in his community. He has been a true and noble man, and a true believer in the doctrine of Spiritualism both by personal defense and by circulating his literature. His life and death have insured future rich harvests of spiritual growth among his neighbors. The church has been a great loser by his death, and his funeral services in— the only objection being that Spiritualists were to conduct the services. This bigoted action of the church has created an opposition that will lead the people gradually to accept more liberal teachings. The services were conducted at the house and grave, by Dr. J. L. BRADLEY, of New Paris, O., and the writer. All of the residents of the town and surrounding country paid tribute to, and their esteem for, the deceased by attending the funeral. G. W. KATZ.

Cincinnati, O.

Died, at Depue, Wis., Sunday morning, Feb. 23rd, 1875, Dr. A. B. WILLIAMS, aged 68 years.

Dr. WILLIAMS had been engaged in the practice of medicine many years in this place. He was a man of vigorous nature, and of remarkable energy, having gained a knowledge of his profession while working over the blacksmith forge. His funeral was largely attended by people from this and the neighboring towns. T. D. B.

Mrs. ANNA CARROLL FITZGERALD SMITH, widow of the late Gerrit Smith, died at Peterboro, Saturday, March 6th, 1875, aged 71 years.

Sister SMITH was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and an ornament to the cause. But a few short months elapsed after her decease, before she followed him to the evergreen shores of the Higher Life.

BABBITT'S HEALTH GUIDE!

A Higher Science of Life and Health! A Home Doctor, With Special Treatment FOR 100 diseases by nature's simple delightful methods which are far more effective than Drugs, including the Science of Manipulation, Bathing, Electricity, Food, Sleep, Exercise, Marriage, etc., etc. It is a life encyclopedia of information on the subject, including the Philosophy of Cure, and a brief but comprehensive summing up of Clairvoyance, Psychology, Stigmata, Psychometry, Hypnotism, Savantism, Mesmerism, Magneto-therapeutics, Psychometry, Pychometry, which last includes the various phases of Magnetic Healing with directions for wielding the inner soul forces, etc., useful for the learned and unlearned.

"Exceedingly valuable."—J. M. PERLES. "Worth several times its price."—A. J. DUTTON, M.D. PRICE, \$1.00. For sale wholesale and retail by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams St., and Fifth Ave., Chicago.

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The Record of this Company in the Chicago fire and throughout the West, while one of the four Companies forming the late "Underwriters' Agency," is well and favorably known.

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DAVIS & REQUA, Agents, 155 LaSalle St., Chicago.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Thrilling Narrative of a Spirit—Her early Life—Scenes and Incidents of her Childhood—Her strange Infatuation—Her Life of Shame—Her Departure from Home—Her Trials and Suffering—A Prophetic Dream—She sees Herself in a Coffin—Her Sickness—A Persecuting Spirit—He tries to render her last Moments Miserable—An instructive Vision—Her Death.

THE TRANSIT OF A SPIRIT.

There are circumstances, many times, that surround the couch of the dying, that render the transition peculiarly interesting. There stands before me a young lady, twenty-three years of age, whose life-experiences and death are stamped with many incidents of a startling nature. Her features are wreathed with a smile, underneath which seems to repose deep sorrow, as if a vestige of the troubles of earth-life still cast a shadow over her. Her eyes beam with a tender expression of delight, yet connected therewith seems to be a tinge of grief remaining. A bewildering appearance of lights and shades envelop her, yet her soul appears to be grandly illuminated, coloring which is a feeling of despondency. Over her shoulders her hair in graceful wavy ringlets falls, and resting on her head is a wreath of celestial flowers, so arranged, as to form letters which compose address! Oh! what a strange mixture of contradictory expressions in this angelic figure. Her voice has a sound of dreary melancholy permeating it, as it gives utterance to her thoughts. The mind never becomes weary in witnessing a soul so exceedingly diversified in its outward manifestations. She wants her life-experiences written and an account of her departure to Spirit-life given, that all may know how a—Magdalen—lived and died! As she breathed into my mind that word, I was startled—she, the angelic spirit who stands so near me, shedding a hallowed influence over my nature, a Magdalen in earth-life! Under the influence of that announcement, so agitated did I become, that the vision presented to me vanished for a time, but it soon resumed its original brilliancy.

(I desire to say here, that when I write under spirit influence, my mind becomes illuminated, and in that superior state, scenes, words, ideas, etc., are vividly presented to me, and conveyed to paper, but rarely do they make an impression upon my mind, that lingers there longer than while writing. While in rapport with a spirit, I seem to be on the confines of two worlds, an existence that is not wholly spiritual or material, but intermediate between the two. In the following narration, the various scenes therein described were actually presented to my mind, in vivid colors, and when I saw the cause of crime, as I peered into dark places, a spirit of forgiveness flowed in upon me, and I threw the cloak of charity over the erring, and invoked the presence of the high and holy ones of Spirit-life, to open the way for their deliverance. But to our narrative.)

Well, fair maiden, what do you desire? What do you approach me for? I have gazed on beautiful female forms before, but yours, so strangely blended with the joys of the Spirit-world and the sadness of earth, is delightful to gaze upon. No pen can accurately describe your features illuminated with such a smile, or give an idea of the sound of your sweet voice—there is a background of such intense grief reflected in both, that they baffle all my efforts to describe them. Standing gracefully by my side, I seem to forget the troubles of life for a time, and bathing in the aroma of your pure nature, life seems to be an ecstatic dream. Please tell me what you desire?

SPIRIT—Oh, child of earth, life is indeed a drama, and I was one of its principal actors. I have sought you to give an account of my life-experiences and death. I can easily place myself on rapport with you. Ah! you, too, have a sad current in your nature, corresponding with mine in Spirit-life, and I am attracted towards you on that account. Without that peculiarity which permeates your soul, you would lack the requisite elements for me to so closely approach you. Fortunately for me you possess it, inherited it from your mother, who nurtured you into life while the seeds of consumption were germinating in her nature; hence you feel cheerful one moment, and perhaps the next, a strange, weird sadness takes possession of you.

But is that strange peculiarity of my nature a permanent fixture there?" I inquired.

SPIRIT—No! Not more so than a birth-mark on the physical organism. Your spirit will feel the effects of it in the Summer-land for a certain period, but it will finally disappear altogether. Pre-natal impressions that mar the beauty and harmony of the spirit while on earth, do not remain permanently attached to it. When I smile—a tinge of sadness still sends forth its sombre hues to modify it, and when I speak a tremulous thrill moves my tongue. By and by these defects will disappear altogether! But ask no more questions now, but listen to my inner breathings, as I continue in rapport with you, and at the same time we will invoke the presence and assistance of the high and holy ones in Spirit-life, to aid us in our mutual task.

How varied, indeed, my life has been, and what a graphic picture it presents—with such diversified outlines. In my Summer-land home, surrounded with all that I deserve to have, certainly nothing, you may think, could prevent me from being perfectly happy. Happy! Beautiful world, tremulous with thrills of joy, and brilliant with ecstatic emotions, I have seen thee and tasted of thy hallowed fruits, but upon me, thou hast never showered thy richest treasures. Happy! Romantic thought, full of hopes and mystic charms, and radiant with the sparks of divinity. Indeed, I am not happy! That background of sadness in my nature, that tinges my eyes, colors my features, and moves my voice in tremulous accents, in consequence of my missteps in life, attracts me still to earth, to the erring ones there, and with them I spend a great share of my time—to see them in their misery, constitutes no happiness for me. Within my soul is a deep sympathy that ever vibrates for those mortals, who, like myself, had temptation presented to them in such gaudy colors, that they yielded thereto, and sunk deep into the purities of vice. Think me happy when the effects of my corrupting experiences still make their impress upon me, though they animate me with high resolves and philanthropic purposes? Indeed, child of earth, do you, whose sympathy is so keenly attuned, think that I can remain in the Spirit-world, and not make an effort to illuminate the darkened paths of my fallen sisters?

Each good act that I do any one, assists me in making a silvery lining to my spiritual pathway; each want that I relieve, adds beautiful gems to my character, and assists me to rise. In my early life on earth, I had kind, indulgent parents, and they still live in their pleasant domestic home, where nothing exists to disturb their enjoyment, but the thought of my dissolute career. I was educated in one of the best female seminaries, and stood at the head of my class. Always cheerful, my step over light and gay, for I was animated by the innocent, condoling spirit of youth! At the age of sixteen, I seemed like a woman, my physical system, as well as my mind, having become prematurely developed, and being what the world calls beautiful, it is not strange that I should attract the attention and admiration of the opposite sex. Such was the case. A young man, whom I will call Carleton, that I chanced to meet at an evening party, greatly admired me, and under the strange weird influence that he exerted, I was powerless. All the time, when lavishing on me his highest praise and extolling me for my varied accomplishments, I distrusted him—regarded him as a villain, yet strange infatuation! I could not dispel his subtle power, or banish his presence from my mind. He was forbidden to enter my father's residence, still he held meetings clandestinely, and I was led on step by step to the gates of ruin! Oh! how I prayed that the tempter might be removed, and the weird influence of one of earth's devils be withdrawn, but my prayers seemed to return to me in mocking whispers. Down, down, I went, gradually sinking deeper and deeper into the mire and filth of degradation, until my offense could no longer be concealed. Ah! how my mother shrieked, when the facts of my ruin had been disclosed to her. Her lamentations were indeed heart-rending, and in tones of deep anguish they penetrated my heart, and made me nearly wild! To them it was a deep disgrace to have an illegitimate child born, and they felt it so keenly, that I resolved to leave them forever. They did not drive me forth with reproving words—oh! no. After my fall, they seemed to shower on me all the strength of their love, and throw around me all those surroundings, that would have a tendency to make me happy.

My destroyer, as soon as he accomplished my ruin, fled to parts unknown, and left me alone to bear the load of shame. Feeling the heavy weight of disgrace resting upon me, sensing it plainly expelled from society, and looked upon with contempt, I was not long in making up my mind what I should do. Selecting my choicest wearing apparel, and carefully packing it in my trunk, I managed to get it away without detection, and soon found myself in a large city. I do not give names or places, as my parents still live, and I would not add one pang to their already wounded hearts. I was in a desolate, and how lonely I was. It seemed as if my heart would burst, I felt so desolate. Selecting a boarding-house, I secured a room where I remained while my money lasted, seeking some employment by which I could earn a living. Strange, my refusal to give the name of my parents, threw a shadow of suspicion over me, and I found all my efforts futile, to secure honorably employment in mid-winter.

Finding my resources gradually dwindling away, I was compelled to resort for assistance to a house of ill-fame! Then I resolved to poison myself, but was deterred therefrom by a singular dream, wherein I saw myself laid out in a coffin, and the time that was to intervene, was only two years and a half. Weary, heart-broken, and intolerably lonesome, I became reckless, adventurous, and soon found myself in a room-plying the vocation of a fallen woman. The place I occupied was not of the ordinary kind. I ornamented it with artificial flowers, rare paintings, the work of my own hands, and finally it appeared like a little enchanted palace. I then became disconsolate. True, I had many admirers, but only selected a few of those, whose contributions enabled me to live comfortably.

Oh, what a life! Carleton, your victim never forgot you, and strange to say, he never forgot her, for soon after he left her, he was shot by the

brother of a girl whom he had ruined, and his spirit was prematurely sent to the Spirit-world steeped in all manner of wickedness. But Carleton in Spirit-life still visited me, and his influence seemed like so much poison to my nature.

Finally I was taken sick, and locking the door of my room, I resolved to die alone, my real name known only to myself. And I did die. Oh! what scenes I passed through! My brain reeled, and it seemed as if the devils of hell were let loose upon me. The spirit of Carleton approached me, and with words of derision, said, "Yes, you are mine now. I have followed you day after day, and now I have you. Before a week shall have passed away, you will be with me in Spirit-life." "Back, Carleton, you ruined me, and now you want to destroy my soul. 'Back! back! help! help!'" I cried, and then the door was broken in and Charles H— came to my bedside. Oh! he was my dearest friend. In my loneliness he cheered me, and made life more pleasant than it would otherwise have been. What a sad picture I then presented. Hair disheveled, eyes streaming with scalding tears, features distorted with frenzy, while I uttered shriek after shriek in agonizing terror, as I gazed at my tormentor, Carleton! There he stood in one corner of my room, his nature distorted of its outer covering, presenting his real character in all its hideous deformity. I had a burning fever. I was wild, in one sense, insane, yet I realized all! Carleton's presence seemed to pierce my vitals with a fierce fire, and again and again did I reproach him in tones of the deepest anguish for his deceitfulness and insatiable perfidy, but he responded only in a demoniacal laugh! Said I, "Oh! look at this wreck! Gaze at your victim dying by inches, and you, monster, have come here to torment her! Look at the home you destroyed and see the sad heart-broken parents still living there! Was it not enough to stain my soul with foul crimes, to darken it until nearly every divine spark therein was extinguished? Indeed, you think not, for now you come to render more desolate my last moments. Indeed, monster, beware! A retribution awaits you. Instead of returning to me to make amends, you come actuated with the spirit of revenge. Away! I say, and let me die in peace!" My denunciations only awakened in him smiles of hate, and instead of leaving, he approached me closer, until he could almost lay his hands upon me! It was then that my piteous moans attracted attention, and caused the door to be forced open. My friend, naturally tender-hearted and humane, and whose only sin consisted in visiting a fallen woman, burst into a flood of tears, as he gazed at me, a wreck of my former self. "Claude (name I assumed), what on earth is the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh! Charles, I am dying. My brain feels as if a thousand needles were pricking it, and I must soon pass away."

He hastily summoned a physician, who administered opiates that temporarily quieted me, and I fell into a pleasant slumber, and I dreamed. I visited the home of my childhood; saw my aged parents, brothers and sisters, and the hallowed influence seemed to thrill my soul with joy. An angel accompanied me, and said, "My child, be tranquil. You will soon pass to the Spirit-world. The worst is over. You are not bad by nature! You yielded to the tempter and fell, but you have all the elements of a true woman, only they are darkly clouded. You were tender-hearted, innocent and confiding, and though led astray, and for a time a resident of the purities of vice, yet your experience will lead to magnificent results. Now being acquainted with the true condition of fallen women, you can make amends for your past conduct, by returning to earth in spirit, and ministering to them—trying to elevate them in the scale of existence. Be of good cheer, then, for you have but a few hours to remain."

I then awoke from my pleasant vision. After that I did not see Carleton again. My interior sight was opened, and I fully realized my true condition, and in a half-awake state, I saw standing before me a young lady, innocent in spirit, and pure as the snow-flake when borne aloft by the surging storm-cloud. Not a faint existed on her fair nature, and she seemed like a fairy as she moved around. Presently, she attempted to walk, and through some, to me, inexplicable cause, she stumbled and fell, and bruised her shoulder very badly. She arose, but felt the pain severely, and continuing moving, I noticed that she stumbled again, this time mutilating one of her cheeks, and thus she continued to rise and fall, until her whole system was one mass of scars—disgusting disfigurements! What a change! A lovely angelic creature, whose motions were sylph-like and whose nature sparkled with the innocence of childhood, had become a hideous-looking creature, and my soul went out in sympathy for her. What means this? thought I. Presently I saw a spirit approach her, and tell her that the scars on her person could never be erased, only by high resolves and philanthropic deeds. So this scar-covered creature went forth, and devoted all the energies of her soul to alleviating the sorrows of those that she could influence, and in proportion to the good which she did, the loathsome appearance of her person disappeared, until finally she stood forth the same pure soul as when I first saw her. "Such," said the angel visitor, "is your condition. Your spirit is covered with deep scars, and the way to eradicate them, has been illustrated to you. Be hopeful! You are soon to pass through a change called death, and relieved of your unpleasant surroundings, you will quickly progress to a higher sphere. You have stumbled, and fell, and your spirit is disfigured badly, but rest assured that you can become an angel of light, and be instrumental in doing great good."

I comprehended the lesson. When I awoke from my reverie, for such it seemed to be, I found my friend Charles and the doctor, standing over me, and I heard him remark that I could not live but a few hours. Strange creature, Charles—his soul was moved with deep emotions of sympathy for me, and he wept like a child, offering the doctor any price, if he would effect a cure. "I never knew, doctor," said he, "that I loved her so intensely as now. Had I felt this high and holy emotion before, I would have saved her." I then revived, and he said, "Claude, what can I do for you?"

"Oh! I am dying. Sympathy is sweet, even when it comes at the last moments of life. I have cherished for you a strange love, to which I never gave full expression, and now I am glad it is reciprocated. I am a fallen woman, and the world despises me. A dark cloud has obscured my pathway, thorns have pricked me, and broken glass cut my feet, and to-day I am a wreck. You are wealthy! You say you love me!"

"Yes, Claude, indeed I do."

"Then promise me one thing; that you will never visit a Magdalen, only to redeem her, to save her from a life of shame. Purity of character is a gem of radiant beauty, and it is an ornament one may well proud of. Promise that, and my love shall be a legacy to you worth more than millions of gold. Do you promise?"

"Yes, my darling Claude, I promise. You are dying an angel, if you have lived a wretched life."

"Now give me a parting kiss, Charles, and I shall die with the satisfaction that one scar is already erased from my mangled spirit."

Exhausted from my effort at talking, I swooned away, still I remember all that transpired. Oh! how I cherish in my soul that noble man who, standing by my bedside, dedicated his life to me—to save those rendered wretched by missteps in life. Each day I encircle his brow with a garland of flowers, and breathe upon him the benedictions of my soul rendered noble by good works. When I became powerless to move, my eyes gazing vacantly in space, with pure devotion he stood over me, watching for favorable symptoms. Oh! I was then dying! My high resolves had brought to my dying bed a band of angels, and their influence infused glorious feelings within me. My life, in its varied aspects of lights and shades, was spread out before me. I was not rendered bad from choice, but by conditions which were woven around me until my irreparable course in life became, seemingly, a necessity to me. I could not move my body a particle, no pain tormented me, but a strange, peaceful resignation pervaded my nature, until my whole soul seemed to be illuminated with a light divine! Every incident in my life came up before me, and the activity of my mind was grand indeed! Then I became unconscious, and when I awoke again, I was in Spirit-life, surrounded by a band of loving spirits, who with sweet music welcomed me.

Those who lead, from choice, a life of shame, weave such a dark net-work around their nature, that they must remain in Spirit-life for years before a divine spark can illuminate the same. Let those who read my sad experiences, kindly throw the veil of charity over the erring, and through the instrumentality of kindness and love try to elevate them in the scale of existence. How I suffered on earth, and keenly at times, I still suffer from the effects of my misdeeds.

Oh! would that I had a thousand pens to chronicle my experiences, and paint in vivid pictures the scenes of desolation through which I passed. My sickness was accompanied with many strange experiences. The one who ruined me, is far beneath me in Spirit-life, but I have forgiven him, enveloped him with a bright halo that ever emanates from a soul actuated by pure motives, and soon, too, he will advance to a higher sphere. Through a fallen woman, my death, the final transit was painless, and accompanied by many pleasant circumstances. My high resolves before the final separation, however, was a grand step in advancement, and attracted towards me high and holy influences. Oh! death to me was a desirable change, and no one who sincerely wishes to be good, need fear it.

How true it is, that when a misstep is made, and human beings are whirled into the vortex of licentiousness thereby, and being partially unbalanced, and bewildered, and smothered under the full appreciation of their disgrace, they continue to sink deeper and deeper in the cesspools of vice—then society condemn them, and it is almost impossible for them to rise. While on earth, yearning with all the impulses of my soul to lead a noble life, and weave a web of purity to conceal the scars that had appeared on my moral nature, the stigma that rested on me, shrouded there by those who had not sinned, because they had not been tempted, created a black, damning dismal cloud, through which my vision could not penetrate, and which I could not dispel. Oh! mortals of earth, dissipate all such clouds of dark condemnation, for in an unguarded moment any one is liable to sin. Nature's flowers send forth their heaven-born fragrance and develop

their beautiful colors, in the garden of the Magdalen, equally as well as in the fields of the millionaire. The sweet-scented breeze of heaven does not avoid the doors of the low and vile, but bathes them in its heaven-born influence. The genial sun does not withhold its rays from any one—it condemns none. Suppress the flowers should fade, or frown, when one sinned, or the bounteous stores of nature's blessings be withdrawn, or appear disgraced, what encouragement for reformation? Oh! you of earth should imitate the flowers, and as they surround the fallen with their divine aroma, so should you envelop them with a net-work of charity and love, and regard them with the highest degree of tenderness.

Now in the Spirit-world, breathing its pure atmosphere and basking, at times, in the hallowed influence of angels, I do say that those who condemned me, spat upon me, systematically avoided me, placed themselves beneath me, and their position in the Spirit-world will not be as desirable as mine was at first, while those whose souls were attuned in sweet accord with the angels, and went forth in tremulous waves of sympathy for me, blessed be they, for them there is a crown of glory, and a grand reception awaits them here. The Angel-world can see the cause of evil, trace its origin, and understand fully its ultimate effects. The results of sin are explicable enough without having the stigma of society resting upon it, crushing all the high and holy aspirations of one's nature to reform. Nature never becomes ashamed of the criminal; her plants never blush when a lonely soul presses them to her cheek; her waters never fail to cleanse the external form—why, then, should hatred gleam forth from a human being when a fallen creature appeals for sympathy? Why agitate them, and frown them down with the finger of scorn? Nature's jewels, tinted with the choicest colors, and which exhale a heaven-born fragrance to delight the senses of mortals, are sometimes to be found in the debris of your backyards—they come up through the stench of matter; the little tangle, when first in the dark ground, were scratched with broken glass, obstructed by old junk bottles, in their search for light; tramped upon by the rude thief stealthily looking for an opportunity to plunder, but by and by they reached a higher sphere, and under the guardianship of sunshine and rain, they bore upon their stems beautiful blossoms! Ah! in Angel-land are many pure spirits that have ascended thither from the low dens of vice on earth, and they, too, had to contend with obstructions thrown in their way by the "pure" mortals of earth. The finger of scorn emits a more poisonous influence than the fangs of the cobra, and those who raise it against another, injure themselves as well as the one to whom it is directed. Sympathy is the sweetest, purest, holiest flower of the garden of the soul, and could you behold the tremulous waves of its beautiful leaves, when moved with the spirit of compassion for the down-trodden, you would rejoice, and could you see them droop in sadness, and their beautiful tints fade when any one is contemptuously stigmatized, you would shed tears of sorrow. But now I must leave you for the present.

Her narrative is true to the letter, and demonstrates the fact that all can reform and become angelic in nature. The experiences of Claude resemble, in some respects, those of Sarah Gladstone, who resided in St. Louis, Mo., several years ago, the following account of which was published in the *Republican* of that city, and as it is of peculiar interest, worthy of being recorded in the pages of history, I present it here—

The facts connected with the death of Sarah Gladstone have been kept

quiet and away from the public, but have excited a very deep interest among the few medical men and others acquainted with them. There appears, however, no object in further secrecy. The unfortunate woman has been dead several weeks, and it is pretty well established that she has left no near relatives whose feelings need be considered in connection with the matter.

Sarah Gladstone belonged to that class of prostitutes, called by the police "privateers." Her home was a small room in a tenement building, which she kept furnished with great neatness and taste. It was never the scene of drunken revels or unruly gatherings, and, in fact, Sarah's visitors were so few that it was often said she had some private means of her own. A month or so ago Sarah was taken ill. The fact was first discovered by a young man, a clerk who was in the habit of visiting her. He went to her room late one Saturday night and found Sarah kneeling on the rug before the fire-place, her face buried in her hands, and weeping bitterly.

The young man states that she endeavored to persuade her to tell him what was the trouble, but that she seemed bewildered, and persisted in passionate entreaties that he should leave the room. Her agitation increased, and finally, fearing the sound of her voice would attract attention, he went away.

The following Sunday, feeling curiously interested in the state of the unhappy girl, he again went to her room. He found the door locked, and could gain no response to his knocks. On Monday evening he went to the same place. He knocked, and after waiting some time, she finally admitted him. He states that he found her the picture of misery. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes bloodshot with tears, and her movements indicated extreme weakness. The following is his report of the conversation that took place:

"You are sick, Sarah," I said. "I will get a doctor, and you will be all right in a few days."

"It's of no use, Henry; nothing can save me. I've been called, and I must go. My strength is ebbing away fast, and by this day week I will be dead. I'm not sorry," she continued slowly, as if talking to herself; "my life has been a bitter, bitter struggle, and I want rest. But, oh God!" she cried, starting to her feet and walking up and down the room, wringing her hands, "why should he be the one to call me? He ruined me; he stole me away from happy Stamford, and made a wretched strumpet of me. He left me all alone with my dead child in the big city, and laughed at my prayers and tears. I heart he was dead long ago—shot himself down South—and I felt God had avenged me. But no, not he has haunted me when dead as when alive. Curse him! curse him! my evil star. And now he takes my life. Curse him! curse him! he'll hell forever!" She hissed those last words through her teeth with terrible emphasis, and gank on the sofa panting and exhausted.

"I left her for a short time and procured two of my medical friends, and returned to the room."

The remainder of the particulars connected with the girl's death are gathered from the physicians who attended her. They stated that they found the patient in a state of extreme lassitude on their arrival.

She seemed possessed with the idea that her death was approaching, and it was evident that she considered she had a supernatural intimation of the fact. She had been called, she frequently said, and then knew she must go. "We could detect no specific ailment, and treated her as we considered best to allay nervous and mental excitement, and to support the physical strength. On Monday and Thursday she seemed better, but on Friday alarming and most singular symptoms were developed."

It appears that on this evening, when the two doctors visited Sarah together, they found the young man, Henry, in the room. As they approached the bed they observed a change had occurred in the patient. Her eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and her cheeks were flushed with a crimson color. Otherwise, however, she appeared calm and self-controlled. "Tell them, Henry, what I have told you," she said to the young man.

He hesitated, and finally she continued: "This poor boy, doctors, won't believe me when I tell him I shall die to-night at 12 o'clock."

Henry was weeping, and she said to him:

"Were you fond of me, really?—fond of the wretched girl of the town? Oh, Henry, God will bless you for your kindness and love to me."

She continued to talk rationally and affectionately to her young friend until about 10 o'clock, when she closed her eyes and appeared to sleep.

The night was one unusually sultry and warm for April, and between 11 and 12 o'clock a thunder storm broke over the city. Sarah had continued silent for over an hour, and except the whispering conversation of the three men the room had been quiet. A crash of thunder which shook the building startled her, and she suddenly sat up in bed. The physicians state that they approached and found her trembling violently. She caught hold of the arm of Dr—, saying, "You are a good, strong, brave man; can't you save me? Why should a poor girl like me be persecuted in this way? I have been suffering all my life, and now I am dying at the bidding of this dark, stern man. Oh! save me, doctor! save me, for God himself has given me up."

As she spoke, she clutched the doctor's arm with desperation, and a fearful earnestness was expressed in her face. The young man, Henry, at this time, overcome by the scene, left the room. Sarah did not notice his departure, but continued to talk wildly at some coming peril. All at once, when the doctors were endeavoring to compose her and induce her to lie down, she turned her face toward the door and uttered a piercing shriek. In a moment she had become a raving maniac. Her eyes were fixed on the door as if they saw some terrible object there. "So you've come," she said; "you've come, James Lennox, to complete your work. But I've got friends now. I am no longer at your control. Oh, how I hate you, you bad, wicked, bloody-minded man! You ruined me body and soul, but now I'm free. Keep off, you villain!" As she spoke she sprang out of bed and ran behind the physicians, muttering to herself. They put their arms round her and lifted her into the bed again. She resisted like a wild beast, and seemed to think herself struggling with a deadly foe. She heaped imprecations on the head of her haunting persecutor, and doled him, alluding incoherently to scenes in her past life. For more than half an hour she remained in this way, and then suddenly became quiet and seemingly composed. Her eyes closed, and she seemed asleep. Her breathing became regular, but very low and faint, she opened her eyes and smiled sweetly. She muttered, and one of the doctors bent down and heard the words, "It's almost morning now." And Sarah Gladstone died as the clock was striking twelve.

The *Spiritualist* of London, Eng., gives the following:

"Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit circles in their own homes, with no spiritual or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household."

1. Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, but neither warmer than warm—let arrangements be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five, or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands in contact with its top surface. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table it sometimes, but not always, very considerably delays the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation, or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circles gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and make it more difficult for the lower spirits to get near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let one person only speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who in the medium? When spirits come asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body."

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate, and genial nature, and very sensitive to magnetic influence. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are strongly bound together by the affections, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestation is a reborn of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles, with no strange persons, are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps, may make their appearance.