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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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SPIRITS MAKE WINE.

Wonderful Manifestations at Mrs. Stewart's Seances at Terre Haute, Indiana.

SPIRITS SHOW THEMSELVES ON THE INSTRUMENT AND TALK AUDIBLY.

BR. JONES.—Having left the citizens of Mulberry Grove, Ill., wide awake on Spiritualism, from a course of lectures I delivered there after returning from the "Mott Seances," I now find myself at the residence of the noble-hearted Dr. A. Pence, Terre Haute, Ind., interviewing the ancients through the mediumship of Mrs. Annie Stewart, of this place, who for mediumistic powers, I believe, is without an equal in the world. My arrival here was on Monday, March 8th, 1875. On making my business known to the Doctor alluded to, I was readily introduced to Mrs. Stewart as one wishing to interview the spirits, withholding my name, however, by the Doctor's suggestion, which was revealed by the medium. In about half an hour, Mrs. Stewart and I retired to the seance room with view of obtaining a message from the bright immortals, on a slate, under the following prescribed rules: I wrote a question on a small slip of paper, folded it up closely and placed it on the surface of the slate with a very small piece of pencil on it. The medium (Mrs. Stewart) without knowing the contents therein, places the slate and contents to the bottom of a center stand, with a spread extending some four to six inches below the edge of the stand, thus leaving

so arranged by hinges as to open wholly, or by parts, as the controlling influence may require for the exhibition of phenomena, greater or less, as conditions may warrant. In other words, this arrangement of the shutters enables the entire audience to see into the cabinet when the active spirit is before, the aperture, and the medium occupying her seat in trance state; except at such times as the spirit may lead the medium out onto the rostrum, which is a carpeted platform about seven feet square. When this is done, the beautiful angel, standing

conversing freely and intelligently, through immortal lips, all suspicion banishes from the minds of the audience, and the converted skeptic instinctively asks himself, "Must I doubt my own senses, which tell me I am a man?" Owing to the philosopher, he goes home a convert to dream the remainder of the night, "It was good to be there." Well the audience is now collected, numbering some twenty persons, ladies and gentlemen with brains in their craniums, arranged into three semicircular tiers before the platform and cabinet, when the light is lowered to a twilight softness, and music, either artificial or vocal by the circle, salutes the ear of all, thus preparing their souls through strains of melody, to look into the temple of immortality, once more. Don't get impatient, dear reader, the gospel will come by and by. The controlling band of Mrs. Stewart's seances,

CONSISTS OF TWELVE SPIRITS,

with one Charles Smith as master or superintendent. The medium's immediate control is an Indian spirit, calling herself "Minnie." The active spirits of seance number are, Miss Belle, Alice Belle, Pervis, and a young man by name, Charles McKenney. All things being now ready, with the lamp trimmed and burning, a voice, spoken in the cabinet, remarked audibly and distinctly, "What you folks, em want me doem for you?" This was the voice of Minnie, the Indian spirit, through the organism of the medium, and will account for the peculiar diction ending so frequently with em. Mr. Hook responded, "We want you to give us a good time or show to-night," when Minnie replied, "Me guess em medium gone dead. Me fool em to-night." This was said in a jocular manner, Minnie being full of her pranks. After a few minutes conversation between Minnie and Mr. Hook of Terre Haute, a spirit-form was seen to move before the aperture, with a beautiful bright appearance of countenance, said effulgence being produced, perhaps, by the aura emanating from the spirit's own brain. A few graceful movements before the aperture, by Miss Belle (for she was now the spirit), and the door was softly opened, when she (Belle) stepped out onto the rostrum in full developed form, from a beautiful crown of light brown flowing hair, to a pair of neatly formed feet clad in slippers and white stockings, having for her general costume, a fine white substantial fabric, well fitted to her person. Belle's manner of speech is that of a free and easy flow, toned with modest reserve, humor and sweet temper. In truth, she is an angel. She readily announced that she was going to give a test, and asked, audibly and distinctly, if any one wished

A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

Mr. Hook, myself, and others replied "yes," when she said, "Give me a pair of scissors." Mr. Hook having a pair in his possession, reached them out toward her, when she advanced forward, took them into her hand, and cut from the upper part of her left temple, a beautiful lock of wavy hair, saying, "I will put it onto a white handkerchief on the rostrum, if none of you will touch it until after the seance is over." All agreeing to comply with her wish as expressed, she spread a handkerchief near the front of the rostrum and placed upon it the

CURLING LOCKS.

and then stepped into the cabinet, calling our attention to them, when to our astonished gaze, the locks began to move in the direction of the cabinet door, slowly and steadily until finally they became to us invisible. Joking us a few minutes, and asking way we did not keep the lock of hair. She agreed by request, to try the experiment again, taking this time a lock from her right temple, placing it on the handkerchief, not however till after she permitted me and one or two others to feel or handle it, by agreeing not to take it away. I tested it fairly, and here declares it felt very like hair. Suffice to say, the experiment was attended with similar result. Mr. Hook asked her if she would try the experiment with one of her slippers, to which she replied, "Yes, if you will give me a little time to get it better materialized." All assenting, she stood in the door of the cabinet moving her foot slightly some minutes, walked out near the edge of the rostrum, slipped her shoe off and stepped back to the cabinet, partly closing the door, when in a trice the shoe turned partly around, moved off sideways into the cabinet onto the foot of Miss Belle. She then picked up the handkerchief, worked it with her fingers, as if she were giving it a magnetic manipulation, walked into the cabinet, threw it out onto the rostrum, and bade us watch it. In a trice the handkerchief began to move from the floor at an angle of 45 degrees, passed through the aperture out of sight, until thrown out again by her. All being anxious to know the philosophy of this strange phenomenon, a few suggestions were made by some of the party. I asked the spirit (Belle) if she

DREW THOSE ANTIQUES

to her, by her will force. She laughed and said, "Why, no, sir, I didn't will it." Feeling in my mind, that if she declared the truth, my

philosophy of "Will Force," was, after all, a mere hypothesis. I remarked again, "Belle, do you say you did not will these things to move towards you?" She replied, "No, sir, I did not will them to move." I then inquired impressively, "Did Charles Smith, the Superintendent spirit of the band will them thus to move?" Belle laughed and said, "Yes, sir." It is a fact, then, that will force in some form or other is the mighty lever power by which worlds are evolved into being. Next in order was the cutting into pieces her beautiful white dress, and throwing it out onto the rostrum, piece by piece, telling us not to touch them, and joking by saying, "I don't like

TO EPOCH MY DRESS

this way just to please you." But the greatest mystery of this dress cutting, was, it left no hole or break where the piece was taken from. I remarked, Belle, I would be much pleased if you will be so kind as to give me a bit of your dress to keep or carry with me, to which she replied, "I will give you a piece, and suited the deed to the promise, she cut from the bosom part of her dress, a piece about four inches square, and shaped it up into the form of a beautiful dual or double heart; walked to the front edge of the rostrum, handed it to me, saying, "Wear this near to your heart." To which I replied, "It shall ever bind my heart to thine as friend." She then gave to Mr. Haskell of Chicago, a similar formed piece, and distributed other bits to the audience and retired from our vision.

Minnie, the Indian spirit, now spoke in audible tones, saying, "How do em that gentle em with red shirt em, like em show em." I having on my person a shirt suiting the description, replied, "I like it first rate," to which she rejoined, "Me don't know em what you mean em." Well, said I, "The show is very good." This seemed to please her, and she joyfully remarked, "Me want em you to get a little dog em, to make em bite Belle when she comes."

After this, a young man began whistling in the cabinet a pensive like tune, titled, "The Old Hickory Cane." In a few minutes he opened the cabinet, walked to the edge of the rostrum, shook hands heartily with two ladies (relatives) and said, "I want you to sing the Old Hickory Cane." The audience began, when the young man joined them, singing excellently well, and as loud as any of them. Having been hip-diseased when in the earth-form, he called for a cane, and on presenting one he received it, retired to the cabinet a few moments and returned with the cane, having but one leg. This was to identify himself to those who knew him in earth life. He retired however, with two sound looking legs. But I must not forget to tell you the important part of the seance. Miss Belle remained materialized out on the rostrum quite active for at least a full hour, bringing out with her at one time the medium,

BOTH STANDING SIDE BY SIDE,

for twenty minutes; and when she returned the medium to the cabinet, she left the shutters open so that she (the medium) could be distinctly seen at any and all times.

SECOND SEANCE, DARK CIRCLE. Some twenty persons were present, with hands joined, seated so as to form a ring as possible, with medium seated in the center, holding in each hand a full measure of flour, as a test condition, which I may here state she had in her hands at the close of the seance. Inside the circle were strown along a list of musical instruments, consisting of guitar, drum, tambourine, bells, etc., for the spirits as they see proper to use them. A colored gentleman (in form) being secured as violinist, he began his soft melodious exercise, and in a minute of time, he was joined by the thrumming of the guitar, ringing bells, sounding tambourine, etc., by spirits. And now the music was elevated, and by means of phosphorus, the guitar was seen to float swiftly in all directions over the room, frequently touching the ceiling above, the height of twelve feet; with continual thrumming by spirit fingers. During this time the medium's occasional conversation and cough showed that she kept her position in conscious state. Minnie, the Indian control, now became an actress and added much to our astonished joy by keeping up a continual conversation in her jocular Indian manner; while Bill, a negro spirit (one of the band) kept the guitar floating like and wolian harp over us, and tapping us occasionally with it on the head with considerable force, and keeping us laughing humor by his many witty sayings. He now placed the instruments on the laps of some of the circle, giving me the guitar. Taking some little time to recruit his power, he remarked, "Massah Pence, I ze a guine to do something new." Allow me to say, that a gentleman, large and strong, unthoughtfully violated the rules of the circle, by grabbing the tambourine while Bill was playing it, which gave rise to his idea of doing

SOMETHING NEW.

On speaking the words, "Massah Pence, I am just as mad as I can be—dat fellow had no business to grab my instrument, sah."—Here he seized the fellow who had committed the depredation, and floored him in much less time than it took the "angel" to dislocate the Patriarch Jacob's thigh. Coming off victoriously, Bill remarked, "He thought he'd do as he pleased, but he can't come it over this niggab." This, however, was done in the best of humor. Turning to me, Bill remarked, "Massah Mendenhall, how do you like this here show?" "Very well, Bill," I replied. Can you not do something else to beat it a little? "What do you want, sah? Does you want to see the Devil, sah?" rejoined Bill. "Yes," I replied, "in his very worst features." Whereon Bill called for more phosphorus, and rubbing it over his face

and hands, called out, "Here comes the Devil, sah." And such sight I never before beheld as he darted at me several times in the most caricatured shapes, snapping his mouth, striking with his glittering hands as if to grab me, and throwing into my face his frey darts, etc. After thus saluting me, he gave

A GENERAL SERENADE.

somewhat similar to the circle, Minnie playing her part as actress at the same time. Minnow, Minnie's husband, (spirit) now appeared, rushing into business as if he were monarch of all he surveyed, pushing every chair and person (medium excepted) back to the wall with herculean force, to give himself plenty of room to perform his feats in. Adjusting the instruments by placing them on to the laps of the circle, he opened the ball by a few keen, loud yells, very like Indian in exultation over prospective success; and had there been a dozen persons in form, all in action at one and the same time, I think they would have fallen far short of representing Minnow in his

GYMNASTIC EXERCISE.

His voice was as loud as any man's could be. He hoisted me out of my chair as though I were but an infant in his hands, turned a Mr. Haskell, of Chicago, a somersault, and took a general tussle with the gentlemen present.

Miss Belle, the actress alluded to in the former seance, now came upon the stage of action, and after salutation, remarked, "I come to purify the air," speaking in her modest, reserved style. We were saluted by a general fanning, as though there were some one before each member of the circle swinging a fan, so as to produce the most delightful sensation on and over the face. I asked Belle if she could materialize the

"LOAVES AND FISHES."

that, as we wished to complete with Bible Spiritualism, we would be pleased to see this feat performed. She replied, "Yes, sir, and will at some future time." Addressing herself then to either Mr. Hook or Dr. Pence, she continued, "We will do something else." "What?" replied the Doctor. "We will melt or dissolve metal in your sight, when we get things right," replied Belle. While she continued talking, Minnie came to me and said, "Chief, wantem feelen squaw's arm?" "Yes."

"Well, chief, you may feelen." At this she lifted my hand from one with whom it was joined, permitted me to handle it fairly, threw her arms over my head and around my neck, giving me such a hugging as I had not been recently favored with. Then she remarked to the audience, "Me hugem chief with red shirt em." Calling to Dr. Pence, she remarked, "You don't know what me getem to-night?"

"What is it?" said the Doctor.

"Polcatem."

On being asked by Mr. Hook, I believe, if she could

MANUFACTURE HOME WINE

(this having been previously done), she replied to the affirmative, and that she could even more. She was requested by myself and others to do so. Let me say here that Mr. Stewart, as the last thing he did previous to extinguishing the light, brought in a white pitcher, holding it mouth downward that all might see there was nothing in it, and placed it inside the circle. And again there was positively no fluid of any kind inside the seance room, except one tumbler about half full of pure water; and the doors were all bolted, and every person in the house in circle with hands joined, save the medium, who sat inclosed by circle, and the violinist, who kept his violin in unceasing exercise. Well, Minnie said, "Me goem to makem some fire water, and makem drunkem." After a few minutes she remarked to Dr. Pence, "Me gotem." Then came across the circle to me and said, "Chief, guessem what me got." I replied, "I can't; what is it, Minnie?" To which she rejoined, "Smellem, drinkem, won't hurt." At this instant I felt the side edge of a pitcher's mouth touch my lips, with the word, "Drinkem," repeated. Having been an advocate of temperance all my life, a thought occurred in my mind as to whether I should violate my long established idea of temperance life, i. e., "touch not, eat, but as Adam ate the 'apple,' when offered by Eve, I concluded to take the cup and risk the 'fall,' and drank of the pure stuff, called by Minnie "fire-water." I have saved

A SMALL BOTTLE OF IT,

that it may be tested by competent judges as to its properties and quality. After this, Minnie passed the pitcher to each person present, slighting not even the "siddler," holding the vessel to their lips with her own hands, and I presume that each had a taste of the good wine that Christians are expecting at the "Father's table." We were then ordered by Minnie to close our eyes, when she gave us a good sprinkling with fire water, and said,

"I AM THE GHOST."

Minnie now spoke and said to me, "Chief, squaw come, lots squawem come." A hand now lifted mine from the lady's on my right, grasped it affectionately, then threw her arms around my neck, embracing me most tenderly, and impressed a kiss upon my brow—one that I think I could have recognized without hearing name; but at this instant the name Mattie Mendenhall, my wife (spirit) was announced in tones fully recognized. On my asking her if she were happy, she replied, "Yes, dear, I never was happier in my life." While I was thus enjoying the sweet interview of my loved one from "over the river," the lady on my right was similarly favored by the greetings of her son Charlie, and Mr. Haskell, of Chicago, was receiving from an angel mother and

enter the affectionate kiss and other caresses. Minnie all this time was engaged in her peculiar manner of conversation, saying, when mother kissed me, "White squawem kisseem Chief right over him eye," which was correct. Minnie then asked me if I wanted to feel her feather, which she had materialized. I answered yes, and in an instant there was a feather of huge size but soft texture drawn several times over my face. Now, I have been thus particular in stating in words of truth unvarnished, as to what was spoken by spirits, and other things performed at this seance, and yet the half thereof which occurred, and witnessed by twenty persons, remains untold, and must be witnessed to be realized. Charlie Smith, the master or superintending spirit of Controlling Band, now called the attention of those present, and in clear and distinct tones thanked them for their good behavior, and bade them good night.

SEANCE NUMBER THREE; LIGHT CIRCLE.

About twenty-five persons were present. All things in order, Minnie announced that "New squawem goin' to come." Soon the cabinet door was opened, and a lady spirit presented herself, making movements by which to be recognized. On third effort, she came out with costume of a grayish color (quite unlike the medium's) walked to the front of the rostrum, and shook hands heartily with Mr. Haskell, of Chicago, then retired to the cabinet and wept loudly. Mr. Haskell thought probably it was his mother, but not positive. Minnie exclaimed, "Squawem cryem cause she not knowem." After this a female face appeared at aperture, whom I recognized as Mattie. She opened the door, called my name, and then announced her own in full, and walked to front of rostrum, reached out and shook my hand heartily and affectionately, then retired, but soon came out again and stood on the rostrum, that I might take a good look at her. It was Mattie (my wife) appeared in white, with dark belt around her waist, and black ribbon arched her neck. I remarked, "Mattie, we will meet after awhile over the river, when she assented and retired. Next a young man appeared at the aperture, threw his arms out, strangely beckoning to a lady on front seat, who walked up the rostrum, shook hands affectionately, and called him son, when he replied, "Yes, mother, [this is Willie Wright. Mother, I am thankful for this opportunity. Long you have contended with the storms of life, and now you are getting your reward. Good-night." The next scene was the materialization of a pair of nude feet, sticking out at the aperture, with heels down and bottoms outward, remaining thus, in moving posture, some minutes. Now came Miss Belle, with massy, flowing hair, asking if any one wanted a hair test. On Mr. Hook and others answering yes, she took a pair of scissors and cut a handful off, remarking, "I'll give you nearly all I have." The lock or bunch cut off was about twelve inches in length, but as she manipulated it by drawing it through her fingers, it became attenuated to full twenty-four inches, measured by Mr. Hook with rule. Belle then placed it on a handkerchief, stepped into the cabinet and partly closed the shutter, when the bunch of hair skipped, as it were, into the cabinet after her. She remarked that this was not her natural hair, but some that she had materialized. She then

INTRODUCED THE MEDIUM,

by bringing her to the door, having her (medium) to swing the shutter to and fro, while she (Belle) clapped her hands many times forcibly together. Then the two walked to near the center of platform, stood for some time, that all might compare well the two personages, and then they returned to the cabinet. The spirit then returned upon the rostrum, walking to and fro, turning round often, exhibiting her heavy mass of flowing hair, and conversed with all freely who queried her on various subjects. On her retiring, a female face appeared at the aperture, whom it was difficult to identify, when Minnie remarked, "Me knowem squaw; her name Julem Beechem" (Julla Beech). This spirit passed to the Spirit-land when four years of age, and is now about eighteen. A Mr. Allen W. Beech, of Eaton, Ill., informs me this, and that the spirit resembles closely his sister in form. At this instant an elderly lady spirit appeared at aperture with white turban on her head or forehead, and called excitedly for a glass of water. Allow me to here state that much of the audience to-night consisted of new arrivals, consequently there could not be that blending of magnetism, or soul aura, that is so essential to render spirit phenomena free and easy. The great anxiety of all, perhaps, to see their particular friends, together with a willingness on the part of the spirits or angels to favor their friends in earth-form with all they could ask for, led them to draw too heavily from the system of the medium (four of the materializations being strange or new), consequently the medium became, perhaps, dangerously exhausted. This lady spirit with turban was her mother, who had come to her daughter's relief; and with her angelic skill and dexterity in the use of water, and perhaps other auxiliaries, the medium was restored, when Minnie spoke through her organism, saying, "Me gotem medium now. Squawen thoutem goem to Spirit-land." After which, seance closed.

N. B.—Since writing the above paragraph, I am informed by Dr. Pence that the spirit-mother alluded to, is acting sentinel for the medium when entranced, and can be readily materialized in case of emergency.

SEANCE NUMBER FOUR; DARK CIRCLE.

Some twenty persons were present. It was stormy; the electrical elements too uncontrollable for spirits to perform well, as announced by Bill, negro member of Controlling Band.

(Continued on FIFTA Page.)

FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN;

Viewed in the Light of Astro-Theology.

BY W. SCOTT.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

THE TRANSFIGURATION. "After six days (six months) Jesus went up into a high mountain with his disciples, and was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And there appeared unto him Moses and Elias" (Caster and Pollux). On the twenty-first day of June, the sun, after traveling six months, enters Cancer, the high mountain—the Mount Sinai of Moses. Near by are Caster and Pollux, representatives of Gemini.

THE WORM THAT DIETH NOT. The worm that dieth not is the great Dragon of the pole, extending one hundred and eighty degrees in length. In Egypt, and in latitudes further northward, the Dragon is visible during the entire year; hence it is said that he never dies. The fire that is not quenched is the solar fire. The solar heat is not quenched, but merely decreases in intensity during the sun's journey through the dominions of the Dragon.

WOMAN OF SAMARIA. The woman of Samaria is Virgo. It was about the sixth hour when Jesus sat on the well and the woman came to draw water. About the sixth Jewish month the sun enters the constellation of the Virgin. South of Leo and Virgo are the well and water-pot. Boyd, in his Bible Dictionary, styles this well the well of the lion, or seven. And seven is the number of stars in the water-pot. Jupiter once sent a Mr. Corvus, Esq., to this well for a cup of water; but, being of a vagrant disposition, he returned without the water. The woman of Samaria also left her water-pot at the well. The woman had five husbands—the one she was then with was not her husband. Those five husbands were the five planets known to the ancients. The sun, being a god, was not recognized as her husband.

FEAST OF TABERNACLES. "Then Jesus, six days (six months) before the Passover, came to Bethany, where Lazarus was, who had been raised from the dead." Here they celebrate the feast of Tabernacles. "Next day, much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming, took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet him. And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon, as it is written. Fear not, daughter of Zion; behold thy king cometh, sitting on an ass's colt." Some information on the ass's colt may be gleaned from Genesis, XLIX., which reads thus: "Judah is a lion's whelp. . . . The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from beneath his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be. Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes; his eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk." The story of the Theban Bacchus may throw some further light on the subject. In the expedition to India, Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, is represented in a state of intoxication, riding on the back of an ass. Two shepherds finding Silenus intoxicated and asleep, bound him, while a nymph painted his cheeks with the juice of red berries. In the celebration of the mysteries of Bacchus, a free use was made of wine and milk. Bacchus was the son of Jove and Semele, and was begotten in a manner contrary to nature's method. At his death, he descended to the infernal regions, and brought from thence his mother, a star in the constellation of Virgo (Vindicta Matrix), which rises at the time the sun commences his ascent from the winter solstice; or the hell of astro-mythology. He subsequently ascended to the abode of the gods. "And there were certain Greeks among them that came to worship at the feast. . . . And Jesus said unto them, The hour is come that the son of Man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it bringeth forth much fruit." This passage has direct reference to the story of Ceres and Persephone. And it is at the autumnal equinox that the "corn of wheat" is placed in the ground.

PRESTO. At the end of the feast of Tabernacles, Satan entered into Judas Iscariot. "Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. Judas then went immediately out." This going out and being bedeviled, on the part of Judas, necessitates a change in the panorama. It is evident that the Pagan gods were crucified at the autumnal equinox, while the time for the celebration of their death and resurrection was placed at the vernal equinox. For certain reasons, obvious to the minds of the biographers of Jesus, the scene is shifted, sub rosa, from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. By this change, Peter escapes being Beelialized, and Judas is deprived of the honor of becoming the morning star. Even thus, it is difficult to decide which of the twin was the worse bedeviled. "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he might sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." The conversion of Peter has reference to the change made in the panorama. Peter answered, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison and unto death." Then said Jesus, "I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day before thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me." The shifting of the scene was what might be called a hoax—it was, and yet was not shifted. It was a ruse resorted to for the purpose of concealing the astronomical character of the new Savior. It would have been unpopular to have had a god resurrected on any other day than Easter. And perhaps it is not generally known that Easter is the name of an ancient Saxon deity, who arose from the grave on the same day that Christians celebrate the resurrection of their god. Again, without even consulting Euclid, we might experience some difficulty in killing a god in September and resurrecting him in March, by allowing him only three days in hell.

THE BETRAYAL. The son of Man is betrayed into the hands of Autumnus. The betrayer is Spica, who, at the autumnal equinox, rises and kisses the dawn-bearer. When Spica is seen rising at dawn, just before the sun, we may know that the autumnal equinox is at hand. And it was by the position of certain stars, that the ancients observed the return of the seasons. At the autumnal equinox, Spica, the Judas of theology, hangs himself, or rather his light is extinguished at the rising of the sun. But if we transfer the crucifixion to the vernal equinox, at the morning dawn we will find Spica falling down a steep place, or disappearing below the horizon. These two theories will account for the contradictory testimony concerning the death of the traitor. At the vernal

equinox Spica rises in the East as the sun disappears in the West. In either case, the position of this star would indicate the time of the sun's crucifixion. It would literally betray the sun's position, which is all that theology claims for Judas Iscariot.

CROWING OF THE COCK. While Peter was beneath in the palace (in Ptolemy's), a mid saw him and accused him of being a disciple of Jesus, but he denied the charge. With an oath, he denied the charge again and again—and the cock crew. The crowing of the cock denotes midnight. In this case it implies the middle of the Jewish ecclesiastical year, which is at the autumnal equinox. Celestial longitude is also reckoned from the first degree in Aries. At the crowing of the cock Peter is badly bedeviled, for when the sun enters Libra, Ptolemy becomes Beelialized. But if we suppose the crucifixion to have occurred in Aries, then Peter is secure, while poor Judas is doomed to play the role of a church devil. And being a conscientious devil, he resents the indignity by hanging himself—on a church steeple.

JESUS' ARRAIGNED BEFORE PILATE AND HEROD.

Pilate sends Jesus to Herod. He is catechized but answers not a word. Herod, with his men of war, sets him at naught. He is arrayed in a gorgeous robe and again sent to Pilate. "And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends; for before, they were at enmity between themselves." Pilate and Herod are synonymous with Hera, whose archetype is the atmosphere. Hera, inspired by jealousy, sought the destruction of the infant Hercules. Herod, actuated by the same motive, threatens the life of the child Jesus. The Herod who attempts the life of Jesus, and the Herod before whom he is arraigned, are one and the same, and that one represents the northern atmosphere during the sun's journey through the Southern hemisphere. Pilate personates the atmosphere of the North during the time the sun is northward of the equator. It was at the autumnal equinox that Pilate and Herod were made friends, that is, the difference between the atmospheres of summer and winter was equalized. It was Herod who arrayed Jesus in a robe of purple, then sent him again to Pilate. This is in accordance with the theory that the crucifixion took place at the vernal equinox. First he was delivered to Pilate just before the autumnal equinox; then he was placed in the custody of Herod, who decks the foliage in robes of purple—and Jesus being a representative of nature, as well as the god of day, as were the heathen deities, how significant the saying that he was arrayed in purple. At the vernal equinox, Herod again delivers him into the hands of Pilate.

BARABAS. Pilate releases from prison one Barabbas, a murderer and robber. Barabbas was related to Herod by the ties of consanguinity, and was a distant relative of the first son of Adam. He is now known by the name of Jack Frost. He is held in prison during the summer months, and released at the autumnal equinox. It was Barabbas who mocked Jesus; and Barabbas was the bear that wounded Adonis.

THE CRUCIFIXION. In this great solar tragedy there are three crucifixions, and in the scriptures we find reference to each. The one I shall now notice is that which occurs at the autumnal equinox. It will be observed that Jesus was crucified about the sixth hour, and that he lived until the ninth hour. At the expiration of the sixth Jewish month, the sun crosses the equator, at the autumnal equinox, where he is literally crucified. At the end of the ninth month, or December the twenty-second, the old year's sun dies, and mythology consigns him to a place called Hell, where he remains three days and nights. At the end of three days, or December twenty-fifth, he rises again and resumes his journey through the Zodiac. At the expiration of the twelfth month he arrives at the vernal equinox, where he is wedded to his bride, the goddess of Spring, at which time is celebrated his death and resurrection. It is recorded of Jesus that he was crucified about the sixth hour—that there was darkness over all the earth from the sixth hour until the ninth hour—that the sun was darkened—that the veil of the temple was rent in twain—that the earth quaked—that the rocks were rent—that the graves were opened, and many of the saints which slept arose. That the foregoing is purely figurative, we can have no reason to doubt, from the fact that nowhere, except in sacred history, can be found a record of such astounding phenomena. To give this story a literal interpretation, Jesus could not have been "three days and three nights in the heart of the earth," for then he must certainly have died on Friday at three o'clock P. M., and been resurrected on Sunday at six A. M., making in all not more than thirty-nine, instead of seventy-two hours. If any one doubts the correctness of this calculation, let it be tested with the "square and bevel."

THE VEIL. The reading of the veil of the temple refers to the veil that separates the two worlds, that is, Jesus, in rising from the grave, parts the veil that separates Hades from Olympus. The tabernacle built by Moses was separated into two apartments by a veil. The first was called a holy place, the second the most holy. The priest offered daily sacrifice in the first. Into the second the high priest entered alone, once a year, to offer a sacrifice and to make atonement for the sins of the people. The high priest, after confessing the sins of the people over the head of the "scapegoat," had the goat turned loose in the wilderness, bearing on his head the sins of all the people. This ceremony was performed at the beginning of the seventh month, or at the autumnal equinox. It is claimed by theologians that the "holy" represented the Jewish, and the "most holy" the Gospel dispensation. If so, why did they make an atonement once a year? Was it not because the sun gods of the Pagans were crucified annually, and that, too, on the day of atonement?

THE RESURRECTION. It was while the sun was in Cancer that the serpent beguiled Eve. In Virgo, as Adam and Eve pass out of Eden, a promise is made that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. The constellation of the Dragon is one hundred and eighty degrees in length, extending in longitude from Cancer to Capricornus. On the twenty-fifth of December the sun passes the head of the Dragon. It is here he bruises the serpent's head. And according to the best authority, it was at the winter solstice that the god Osiris gained a victory over the serpent Typhon—Apollo over Python—Orus over the Adder—Bacchus over the Giants—and Christ over the serpent Calya-Naga. On the arrival of the sun at the vernal equinox, he is greeted with manifestations of sorrow and of joy—sorrow for his sufferings, and joy for his return. The body of Jesus was placed in a sepulchre hewn out of a rock. On the first day of the week, at the rising of the sun, Mary Magdalene and the other Marys made the discovery that the Lord had risen. In the case of Tammuz, it was women who mourned his death and rejoiced at his resurrection. And these women may be found in

the constellation of the Virgin, which rises at the time the sun begins to ascend out of hell. And the sun, to be in the hell of mythology, must be in the nadir at the time of his greatest declination south—from which point we find him rising at midnight on the twenty-fifth of December, at the time of the rising of the constellation of the Virgin. Hence it is that women are present at the death and resurrection of this god.

Jesus rose from the grave three days after his death. The event of his death and resurrection was celebrated by the early Christians on the twenty-fifth of March, or three months after the death of the solar deities. The day fixed for the commemoration of his death and resurrection has since been changed to Easter, or the Sunday following the first full moon after the sun passes the vernal equinox—the time of the celebration of the return of the god of light, and of the goddess of Spring. The word Easter signifies the coming light, and is the name of a Saxon deity. The feast of the Passover is also held by the Jews at the time of the first full moon after the sun's passage over the equator, at the vernal equinox.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

Spirit Hands.

Captain J. James, of Jersey Villas, Tottenham, has favored us with the following description of the materialized spirit-hands, which he saw while sitting alongside the medium, Mr. Bastian, at a recent public seance at which we were present. It will be noticed that he testifies to have seen hands not the duplicate of those of the medium, and that he gives the strongest possible evidence in favor of the fact of materialization. He was in the best position for observing the hands, which were visible to all the spectators when they were thrust over the top of the shawl:

One evening in the month of September, 1874, I attended a spiritual seance held by Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, the American mediums. Towards the close of the dark seance the spirit "George," who constantly presides over the seances held by the above named gentlemen, said, "Light the room, and let Captain James sit with the medium." This was a privilege I had long desired, as I could not feel absolutely certain that the persons I had hitherto seen chosen were in collusion with the medium. I had never observed anything suspicious in his conduct, but felt that it would be more satisfactory to me were I to be entrusted with the custody of the medium. I therefore gladly consented, as, in case there should be any materialization of spirit hands, I should, from my position, be able to satisfy myself as to the genuineness of the phenomena.

I seated myself close to Mr. Bastian, in a corner of the room, holding his hands, my left foot pressed against his right, and can truly certify that he never once moved during the whole time we sat together.

A dark cloth was then hung in front of us, nearly as high as our shoulders, and the ends of the cloth were tacked to the two walls, forming the angle or corner of the room, the company, including Mr. Taylor, being seated at a distance of about eight feet. As I sat turned half face towards the medium, I could see distinctly the whole of the space behind us, down to the carpet, on which was placed a musical box and a small bell. The first thing that occurred was that the box began to play, but soon stopped. The bell then rose, and with great velocity flew past my face and fell into the middle of the room. Hands of various sizes darted, or rather glided, over my left shoulder, and as they reached to about the center of my chest, were plainly visible to the whole company.

Some of the hands I observed to become materialized about half-way between my left shoulder and the floor; some came from behind the medium, some from behind me. I heard, after the conclusion of the seance, that a bare arm and hand were seen above my head, but of course, from my position, they were invisible to me. Occasionally a hand would rise, play with the medium's shirt-collar, and then suddenly melt away. The hands were quite human in appearance, but their motion very peculiar; I can only liken it to the lambent motion of an advancing flame.

I could observe a marked difference between three of the hands, two of them being apparently the hands of females, one having delicate, tapering fingers, and a wrist covered with a piece of black silk or velvet, or it might have been the end of a sleeve. The other female hand was small, but the tips of the fingers were much spread, as if their owner had done a great deal of work during her lifetime; the nails were very short; I could not perceive any wrist attached to the hand. I observed also a man's hand, long and bony, and, as far as I could judge, nearly half as large again as the hand of the medium.

Finding myself in the position of "master of the ceremonies to the ghosts," I thought it a good opportunity for testing the intelligence of the force now existing. I accordingly requested one of the company to come close to me, and to hold a ring on the open palm of his hand. A gentleman came forward with his ring. I then said, "Please take the ring." A hand suddenly darted over the curtain and carried off the ring. "Please return it." The ring was instantly replaced in its owner's hand. The bell was placed on my shoulder, and at my request carried away. I then said, "Please pull my ear." I immediately saw a hand materialized, which, gliding upwards, pulled my ear and patted my face; this was observed by every one in the room.

I may here observe that the medium never once interfered or objected to any of my experiments; and this fact, joined to the evident display of intelligence shown in the movements of the hands, seems to me a satisfactory answer to those who might attribute the phenomena to the work of machinery; and as regards collusion, I must at any rate have been the best judge as to the force of that charge. Possibly the experiments did not carry conviction to the minds of many of the spectators; to me they were absolutely satisfactory.

At a subsequent seance the room was crowded, there being about twenty people present. The heat was very great, the medium much exhausted by the dark seance, and the manifestations in the light were comparatively weak. I was again chosen by the spirits to sit with the medium; the hands were materialized, and were seen by the spectators, but there appeared to be a want of power, as they never reached nearly as far over the curtain as they had done on the previous occasion; and although at my request a hand attempted to pull my ear, it only succeeded in just touching it. It was observed on this occasion that some of the hands appeared under the curtain, and that they handled one or two small objects; and this circumstance was probably rather convincing to some of those present, as that feat evidently could not have been performed by either the medium or myself without immediate detection.—London Spiritualist.

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Spiritual Manifestations in Austria.

BY THE BARONESS ADELMA VAY.

(From the London Spiritualist.)

On the occasion of a brief visit from my cousin, Count Wurmbrand, who was very anxious to witness something in the way of spirit manifestations, Mrs. Pucher, the medium of whom I wrote in my previous communication, was again invited to our house, and sat four evenings for materializations. The extemporized cabinet previously described was again brought into requisition, and each evening we had the appearance of the lights, which increased constantly in distinctness and interest throughout the seance. No full spirit form appeared, as in the former manifestation; but several times the moving light, which was well defined and came out quite beyond the edge of the door, would elongate as if taking the form of an arm, and if beckoned to, without a word spoken, would respond at once, and brighter as if with delight. When it was asked to move up or down, or outwards, it always suited the action to the word, one time moving a foot or more beyond the edge of the door, leaving the intervening space quite dark. The last evening, during the whole of which the light was unusually bright and distinct, I asked it to show how rapidly spirits moved in the universe, and it passed immediately, almost as a flash, from the bottom to the top of the door in full view of all present. Each evening during the manifestations my cousin sat not more than six feet from the opening, and the other observers present were but little farther away, and one or two could look quite into the cabinet. The space within was so small that the slightest move of the medium was audible. She, however, as before, was quite unconscious during the manifestations, and saw not a single light the whole time. We are deeply interested in the results thus far obtained, and look eagerly for more remarkable to follow as the development of the medium proceeds.

BARONESS ADELMA VAY.

BARON VAY (Captain).

Gonobitz, Jan. 19th, 1875.

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BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

A Queer Book.

TEN YEARS WITH SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS: An Inquiry concerning the etiology of certain phenomena called Spiritual. By Francis Gerry Fairfield. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 123, 12mo. 1875. For sale by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago. Price \$1.25.

This book is issued by one of the leading publishing houses of America, and will be hailed with joy by the opponents of Spiritualism, as they have hailed a score of like works before. Why it was written, why published, is problematical. Most authors think it necessary to have their facts support their theories, and call them more or less unscrupulous for that object. Not so with Mr. Fairfield. Few works in defense of Spiritualism present a more solid array of unanswerable facts, all of which he vouches for, and then draws his conclusions in direct opposition! His boundless credulity in accepting facts, such as no Spiritualist for a moment believes, is only equaled by his skepticism in rejecting what they regard as self-evident.

We infer that Mr. Fairfield has recently studied medicine, and his mind is in that common larval condition of the medical student, who thinks high-sounding words explain everything, mistaking the barbarous patois of the physician for the language of truth. It is hence necessary for the ordinary reader to be supplied with a Webster's unabridged, and a heavy medical dictionary, in order to get at his meaning. He delights in anatomy and pathology, and parades his learning like a student at his first dissection. He thinks, like the investigator of Spiritualism should arm himself with a microscope and set himself to "investigate the various phases of morbid function," and after a "few years" at that, "he is competent to investigate the nature and relations of morbid physical phenomena, and will long mightily dissect the cerebral and nervous organism of a spiritual medium, by way of determining its pathological condition!"

This is all very fine. Mr. Fairfield belongs, if anywhere, to the list of fine writers. It is a pity some medium does not offer himself a sacrifice to gratify this lofty longing for scientific knowledge! As a specimen of fine style, we quote a few sentences: "Theoretically and observationally, it seems to me evident that the psychical phenomena, associated with Spiritualism, are the exponents of nervous lesion; also that this lesion belongs to the epileptic type, to which as a center is tethered a startling circle of weird sensorial impressions, and of apparently preternatural states of consciousness, involving in its nocturnal aspect premonitory dreams, and in its diurnal the elements of presentiment and prevision." What Mr. Fairfield intends by "nervous lesion" it is difficult to determine; by the latter half of this sentence he appears to mean—what? It has a nice sound. His account of mesmeric sleep is equally brilliant:

"In this morbid condition... the nervous system accepts and correlates as intelligence the varied operations of the molecular force instrumental in envolving natural phenomena." This is quite clear, only we do not quite understand how nerves can transform "operations" of "molecular force," "envolving natural phenomena" into "intelligence." It strikes us as a difficult "correlate!"

Mr. Fairfield hastens in his preface to state that he has "accepted only verified testimony," and that all his facts "rest either upon observation and experiment personally conducted, or upon the veracity of accredited scientific witnesses." What will then be the reader's surprise to find that these facts are gathered up from all sources, and not a tithe of them elicited by direct experiment. In the whole book there is not a single record of a crucial test or experiment of any kind. Half of these facts are as old as that of Capt. Denmore, of Bath, Maine, who saved his ship by obeying a voice he heard out of the storm, which fact has done good service in works on psychological subjects for many years. The captain always heard this voice in time of danger, and heeding it, was invariably saved. But Mr. Fairfield has one idea in his head, and that is that all psychological and spiritual phenomena are results of epileptic tendency. Not that epileptic fits are present, but their liability is indicated by the phenomena under discussion. Thus in the above case, he is not troubled by the "voice," he finds that the captain had an "epileptic predisposition."

A. J. Davis is easily disposed of. "He became subject to spontaneous attacks of trance," but of late years "his nervous system has in some degree recovered its tone," and these attacks are less frequent. Judge Edmonds, by overwork, induced a "mental depression." "His disorder took the form of an almost monomaniacal persistency in discussing the subject of death and future destiny." Hence his mediumship is easily accounted for. Could a more foul slander than this be published? At this very period he was conducting a law business, involving immense interests, and his income from his profession was, as he told the writer, \$25,000 a year.

Inspirational poetry is simply the result of disease. This is scientifically proven by Mr. Fairfield, who produced several poems under the influence of sulphuric ether! One of these effusions he bestows on his readers, who thank him for not giving more. He thinks it resembles Poe's writings so much that some may accuse him of plagiarism, and he asserts he had never read the poems he imitates. Nor was it Poe's spirit; it was "sulphuric ether," writing through Mr. Fairfield, and not very intelligent or poetic "sulphuric ether" either!

Prof. Crooke's experiments are all admitted, but they are vitiated because Miss Cook "lies in a deep trance, bordering on catalepsy." Just where others see a test of truth, Mr. Fairfield is met by his own idea—"Epilepsy."

"Spirit photography he does not stop to elucidate," because they have no "psychic significance," i. e., are not "epileptic," and hence without interest.

He discovers the startling fact that "powerful physique is characteristic of physical manifestations, and 'cephalic type' of 'trance.'" He has "notes personally jotted of over fifty mediums," to confirm this wonderful fact.

All the dark circle manifestations he gives the go-by, because they are not epileptic! This truly is a scientific method. All facts which do not square with his theory are summarily ignored.

latter without visible hands play exquisite tunes. This was in broad daylight. At another, out of the luminous cloud a hand formed and wrote with a pencil and wrote a message. At another a phantom hand wrote: "Matter and soul are the two poles of one and the same reality." This, Mr. Fairfield says, is worthy of Emerson, who he naively admits it had been floating in his own mind for months unshaped, and probably Mr. Fairfield praises one of his own ideas.

Raps he has heard without number. He has witnessed wonderful phenomena which he dares not question. He believes everything, and accounts for everything with a grace that in these stern days is refreshing. He knows mediumship exhausts the "nervous energies," for when Mr. Hawkes, of Liverpool, placed his hand on an iron sink, embedded in the masonry, the spirits tore it out completely; but poor Hawkes fell dead, his "nervous energy" completely used up. So "Home is an invalid at forty," and we may remark everybody else is well at forty!

He has discovered how heavy bodies or mediums are lifted into the air. He tested with a sheet of paper and found a strong current of air. This current being under the control of the medium, he can, by "projecting it downward," "lift himself from the ground!" a feat quite equal to lifting himself by his boot straps, which would not be doubtful if he was "epileptic." But when bodies, as tables or pianos, are suspended, do they "project a current downward?" or are they subject to "larvated epilepsy?"

He believes everything. Even the famous "Katie King" of the Holmeses is sauce for him, and he doubts not, only contenting himself with the sage reflection, that "Mr. Holmes... is a person of considerable physical force."

The most singular feature of the book, as the reader will agree, is that after all these admissions he concludes: "I must be permitted to say that the association of either class of facts with the agency of departed spirits is quite unwarrantable and gratuitous." This is his conclusion, without even an attempt at demonstration, or a fact in support. All his facts point in an exactly opposite direction. We are inclined, first to regard the book as written in the name of Spiritualism, by one who fully believed in it, but employed this peculiar method to reach an unbelieving public. It is the only feasible explanation we can conceive, and we still entertain a doubt of the good faith of the author.

Whether he has written under this motive or not, he will accomplish the same work. "And is this the best Science can do in overturning Spiritualism?" will be asked by many a reader. "There is more of it than we had dreamed!" will remark others. "Epilepsy" is a dream of Mr. Fairfield, and before he reaches the end of his book, is simply a ridiculous croquet. If it can do so much and so well, one had better be "epileptic!" Who can say that Mr. Fairfield would not write better in an epileptic fit, than under the influence of "sulphuric ether?" He has collected facts, theories, and opinions from countless authors, thrown in a smattering of physical and psychical science, all of which an epileptic fit might have moulded into form. If the world owes to "epilepsy" the genius of such men as Mohammed, Scott, Hugo, Byron, Coleridge, Poe, and countless others, as he claims. As it is, Mr. Fairfield has not given time for his material to become digested in his own mind, and hence he writes without aim or purpose, unless we accept the theory already stated, that he writes in behalf of Spiritualism, to show how strong it is, even in the hands of an opponent, and how poor a defense can at best be made against it. The work is incomparably better than the little booklet on nearly the same subject written by the blatant ex-Surgeon General Hammond, which for ignorant conceit has never been surpassed. It is better because its author does know something about his subject, while Dr. H. in the outset states that he does not. This, however, is at best faint praise, for in one respect the book is worse than Dr. H.'s booklet, for the latter did know which side he was on; he did know enough to keep the dissecting table out of sight of his readers, and not to state a fact favorable to Spiritualism. To Mr. Fairfield, the dissecting table is a sweet morsel; the scalpel, the philosopher's stone; he is not certain which side he is on, what he desires to prove, or how he should prove it; he is certain of but one thing, and that, "Epilepsy!" It is his hallucination. He is obsessed by it. It is the "Old Man of the Sea" he can not shake off. Go where he will, it stares him in the face. He is a fine illustration of his own theory, and there can be no question, if "inquiry" be made, as he suggests of Foster, it would be found "that he undoubtedly inherited nervous disturbance from his paternal ancestor," and "as thus 'epileptic,' it is his disease runs on and becomes 'larvated,' which term we presume he understands, out of it yet may come something brilliant, or at least consistent."

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The continually increasing demand for books of this character prompted the compiler to prepare this book. The more good books we have of this kind, the better for the young folks. The press work and binding of this edition are hardly as good as they should be, and no doubt will be improved in future editions.

DANGER; OR WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND. By T. S. Arthur, author of Ten Nights in a Bar-room, etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddard & Co. Chicago: Western Publishing Co. 12mo. 346 pp., price 2.00. Sold by subscription.

Mr. Arthur has been before the public for over a quarter of a century as an author. His books have been read by millions of people, and he needs no introduction to our readers. His last effort is written in the interest of the radical wing of the temperance movement, who believe in the total abolition of all alcoholic beverages, including wine and beer. He believes the home where these are offered to the guests is more dangerous to the public than the licensed liquor saloon. The story is fascinating and highly dramatic, and so many will appear as an irrefutable argument for the cause it sustains. The book is produced in attractive style and will have large sale.

INHALATION; or How to Cure Catarrh, Asthma and Consumption. By N. D. Wells, M. D., Cincinnati, Ohio. Published by the author.

The name of this author is already cherished by many of our readers for the great service he has done them and the cause of Spiritualism, in his remarkable work entitled *Starting Facts in Modern Spiritualism*. Many years before he became known to the Spiritualistic public as an honest, careful, and competent investigator of its phenomena, he was well known and esteemed by thousands of patients who had been yearly attracted to him by his constantly increasing fame, growing out of his success in his practice of treating the nose, throat and lungs, which he has made a specialty for twenty-two years. This little book of some seventy-five pages embraces the results of his ex-

perience in treating these organs, and in compact shape contains much invaluable information for all. A fine steel engraving of the doctor embellishes the book, which is gotten up in attractive style.

Magazines.

THE WESTERN for March. Contents: Shakespeare's King Lear, by D. J. Solder; Stella, a poem, by F. E. Cook; J. J. Rousseau, by S. E. Cole; Dante, by T. F. Saldan; Editorial Department, etc. Published by Western Publishing Association, St. Louis, Mo. P. O. box No. 2122. We would suggest to the publishers the propriety of putting the city of publication on the outside of the cover. Also that the merit of the articles deserve much better press work than the present number exhibits.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1604 and 1605, of *The Living Age*, bearing date March 9th and 13th respectively, have the following among other good articles: Life of the Prince Consort, *Quarterly Review*; The Journals of David Livingston, *Macmillan's Magazine*; Leopold de Vinci, *Edinburgh Review*; On the Limits of Science, by Wm. Forsyth, *Q. C. M. P.*; Fraser, Early Kings of Norway, by Thomas Carlyle, *Fraser*; German Home Life, by a Lady, *Fraser*; Thoughts about Thinking, *Forhill*. Littell & Gay, Boston, Publishers.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH for April is on hand, and has with much other valuable reading the following articles: What I Know of Doctoring; A New Old Theory of Fever—How to Get Well and Keep Well; Popular Physiology, illustrated; Way our Women Fade so Quickly; Motherhood a Labor of Love; Babies and Baths. Single copies 20 cents. S. R. Wells, publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL. Bright, handsome and entertaining, this magazine appears in advance of most others, with a fresh installment of Oliver Optic's serial, "Ocean Born," or The Cruise of the Clubs, illustrated by W. L. Sheppard; two chapters of Herbert Newbury's serial, "Aunt Betsey's Treasure," illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey; four chapters of Eliza Kellogg's story, "Wolf Run, or the Boys of the Wilderness," illustrated by C. G. Bush. Lee & Shepard are the publishers, at \$1.00 per year.

"THE GALAXY" for April contains installments of three serial stories, four or five poems, several essays and sketches. Of the latter class, the picture of Louis II., the eccentric King of Bavaria, is most entertaining; and as it is written by the French General Eli Reclus, a credible authority, we are obliged to accept the facts, strange as they are, and wonder whether the occupant of the Bavarian throne is more a fool or a madman. Dr. T. M. Coan, in his essay entitled "A New Country," presents a very clever analysis of American character, which cannot fail to have a good effect upon those who have exaggerated ideas of the national development and importance in the world. The departments of science, literature and gossip contain their usual varied attractions for the general reader.

Medium's Column.

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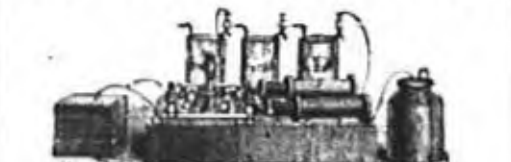
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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

Have You a Taste for the Subject?

RELIGIOUS KISSING, AND OTHERWISE.

Salutations are common among all classes of people—widely different, however, in their characteristics. Certain islanders affectionately clasp the hand or foot of those they salute, and press their face thereon, like a cat purring around your limbs.

In this country, the fashionable method of salutation, however, is by shaking hands and kissing. Kissing, too, plays a prominent part in religion, the Bible giving various graphic accounts thereof, claiming (Prov. 27: 6) that "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

It is very difficult to trace the origin of kissing. Adam and Eve probably never invented it. Having no courtship, no strolls by moonlight, no opportunity for amorous glances, while single, and never having read the N. Y. Ledger, the probability is that both passed serenely away, without knowing the luxury that Jesus had showered down upon his feet in such profusion.

You may think that we should not devote so much space to so trifling a subject as this, having a distaste therefor, and doing so you may consider is an imposition on our readers.

Henry III., and Anne Boleyn, which have shaken an empire or destroyed a religion. And then the author might have added in illustration, "that there have been kisses that have had the disastrous effect of causing one foot to rise in supreme majesty, and coming in contact with the spinal column of the aggressor, assist him gracefully into the street."

It will not do to let "kissing" passively rest under this load of stigma, for our readers would rightly infer that this discovery has proved an affliction rather than a blessing to mankind. Look at the maiden who with an affectionate kiss greets her affianced, and showers down upon him the rich treasures of her unsmiled soul! See the tender-hearted, loving woman salute her companion for life as he returns from his daily toil!

It is in religion, however, that kissing plays such an important part. Eccentricities are keenly manifested there. The Catholic lovers do not marry, yet they are great lovers of kissing. The Shakers neither marry nor kiss. It was not many years ago that a distinguished Shaker, to whom pouting cherry lips had a special charm, a sort of bewildering fascination, tried to work a reformation among his sect, and allow kissing to be introduced.

Ever since the Magdalen of ancient times kissed the feet of the Savior, there have arisen blatant female religionists, whose minds have dwelt upon the anticipated time when they should meet him in the courts of heaven, and be kissed and caressed by him. Mrs. Van Cott, a distinguished Methodist revivalist, said in a sermon in this city, "that she expected to sit in the lap of the Savior, and receive kisses from his lips."

In regard to kissing, we have no opinion to give. Endorsed by religionists generally, indulged in by crowned heads, sanctioned by Christ, taken by Jacob, enjoyed by Ruth, and on rare occasions practiced by Spiritualists, we are not prepared to say that this is all the result of a depraved taste.

Mrs. Compton, Materializing Medium. The above named medium is a lady forty-six years of age, the mother of nine children, and resides at Havana, Schuyler Co., New York.

maintained there four days, during which time they attended four of her seances, and the following is a brief report of what they saw. Mr. Compton has a small seance room with a cabinet in one corner. The cabinet is about three by five feet, with no opening into it but a door in front and a small opening above the door, fifteen by twenty-four inches; this has a black curtain over it.

The medium is placed in the cabinet and confined to the satisfaction of skeptics and then the cabinet door is closed, the audience being seated in a semicircle around the cabinet, with a mellow light, yet sufficiently brilliant to show everything distinctly in the room.

Immediately hands and faces are seen at the opening over the door—then the door is opened and spirits come out into the room in plain view of the audience. Some of the spirits are friends and relatives of the member of the audience, and some are Indians in Indian costumes. Some speak in a distinct audible voice and some in distinct whispers—often two voices of spirits are heard at the same time in the cabinet.

Mrs. Murphy's mother with a baby in her arms (a deceased babe of Mrs. Murphy), her little boy and her first husband came out and conversed with her, giving positive evidence of their identity. To Mr. Murphy a spirit came showing one arm amputated, whom he knew in this life. A spirit by the name of Katie Brink caressed and sat down in the lap of Mr. Henry—while sitting in his lap she rubbed her veil which she had materialized, over his face.

These seances are often prolonged for four hours, during all this time spirits are continually showing themselves and giving tests of identity to each member of the audience.

WM. L. HENRY. JOHN MURPHY. MRS. E. MURPHY.

Moses' Ark and Modern Cabinets.

Admitting the existence of Abraham, Job and Moses, it is very evident that they were mediums. Human nature is strikingly similar in all ages. The orientals in holding communion with spirits, made use of the "Urim and Thaumim," the "Ark," tripods, tables and imitations; something as modern mediums employ cabinets, planchettes, dials and tables.

Jehovah, tutelary god of the Hebrews, and the "familiar spirit" of Moses, commanded the construction of an "ark" sacred to spirit-communication, "of wood, naturally strong and that could not be corrupted." (Josephus, c. vii, p. 88). In a further description this Jewish historian, says, "But in the holy place he placed a table like those at Delphi; its length was two cubits, and its breadth one cubit, and its height three spans. It had feet, also, the lower parts of which were complete feet, resembling those which the Darians put to their bedsteads, but the upper parts, toward the table, were brought into a square form.

From these tripods, literally tripple-footed seats, priests and priestesses delivered their trance messages and oracular prophecies. And now mark, Josephus, eminent by authoritative among Christians, informs us that Moses put in the "holy place a table like those at Delphi," thus indicating its purpose.

DEITY.

The Convention to Promote the Recognition of God and the Christian Religion in the Constitution.

The Orthodox have been holding a God in the Constitution Convention, at Columbus, Ohio. Prof. O. U. Stoddard said:

"It is the duty of Christians and good men to set the State right before God. What more fit than the nation should recognize in its organic law Him who has ordained the nation? Men do falsely when they speak of liberty and scruples of conscience as reasons for not honoring God, for these are themselves the gifts of God, and should be devoted to His service. Liberty can allow us to do nothing except that which is in accordance with the will of Heaven, and when men ask us to use that liberty for the purpose of ignoring Deity, they ask us to do that which is destructive to liberty itself. Where shall we find that well interpreted? In the Bible. If any one has better authority, let him produce it. Conscience may recognize right from wrong, but there must be some standard by which conscience can judge. That standard is the Bible; that Bible is the word of God and foundation of all right. Civil law, therefore, the first of all civil laws, the Constitution, should recognize the existence and sovereignty of God. Only His hand can preserve the nation, and His bright image must not be turned to the wall, lest irreligion and immorality rush in upon us like a flood and overwhelm us in destruction. Conscience, which is of God, can not be appealed to in favor of dishonoring Him, in favor of excluding His word from the schools, or in favor of keeping His name out of the Constitution. These things may be favored, but conscience has nothing to do with it. We are not fanatics in this matter. We simply act as patriots and as men. We believe the country that we love demands the change we advocate. We would not have fall upon our country the judgments that sooner or later overtake the nations that forget God. We must not lose our reverence for duty, for in a crisis the men to be trusted are those who reverence Jehovah."

Why didn't this convention unite in prayer to have God speak on the question? On several important occasions, he has yielded to the importunities of mortals and opened his mouth, and manifested his wishes. He caused the Aas to speak, and why not settle this question himself by giving utterance to his views? We shall wait anxiously to hear from him.

Universalist Items.

As a mere system of faith Universalism is really pleasant. But unfortunately for its progress denominationally, the thinkers of this age prefer knowledge to faith. The Gentile apostle very sensibly said, "Add to your faith knowledge." This, the "fog" part of the sect, has refused to do, and accordingly the Rev. Mr. Bell, of New Bedford, Mass, has recently left the denomination. Others had so done before him. And others still will leave, unless the denomination accepts the phenomena and leading principles of Spiritualism.

A late eastern paper has this paragraph: "The Rev. M. H. Houghton was ordained on Friday as pastor of the Universalist church in Bath, Me." Dr. Houghton was for many years a trance speaker and healing medium. Though ordained a clergyman, he has not renounced his Spiritualism. The Rev. Moses Ballou, and others in the denomination, are avowed Spiritualists. A late California paper has this:

"At the installation of Dr. Rexford, a Universalist minister, in San Francisco, prayers were made by Unitarian and Presbyterian clergymen, the Scriptures were read by a Jewish rabbi, and the sermon was preached by a Congregationalist minister."

Evidently, if the Hon. S. J. Finney had been in the vicinity of San Francisco at the time, Mr. Rexford (formerly of Columbus, Ohio), who, if not a Spiritualist, is very favorably inclined to it, would have invited him to take a part in the installation. True, the Rev. Dr. Miner, of Boston, and a few others in the sect, want God "put in the Constitution." Among the misfortunes of the denomination it has a creed, the first article of which reads thus:

ART. I. We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest and final destination of mankind.

Did Mr. Houghton subscribe to these articles before being ordained?

Materialization in New Jersey.

We learn from the New York Sun, that the spirit of J. W. Avery, the murderer, has been stalking at midnight in the Hackensack jail. It was no less than the actual appearance of his materialized spirit, which was seen and heard by nearly all the prisoners occupying the cells on the eastern corridors.

The unbelievers in the ghost theory kept up their fun; but on the following Tuesday morning they had hardly finished breakfast when they learned from the early risers of the town that the materialized spirit had made another call upon the prisoners, and that it had been recognized as that of John W. Avery, a young man who was executed there in 1873. The ghost was now the general topic of conversation, and as the interest in it had in no measure abated, a representative of the Sun determined to go to the jail and learn from the prisoners all that could be learned touching the appearance of the mysterious visitor.

He called on the Sheriff. He was absent, but his deputy, Mr. Bogert, received him courteously, and on learning the object of his visit ushered him at once into the jail, where he found several of the prisoners earnestly recapitulating the events of Sunday and Monday nights. Selecting a large fine-looking man, as being the most intelligent of the pris-

oners, he entered into conversation with him.

WALTER SMITH'S STORY. Well, sir, on Sunday night, just as it struck twelve, I awoke suddenly. My cell was filled with light, and on the gallery outside I heard footsteps. It was long after hours, and I wondered what could have brought the Sheriff into the prisoner's department—for, of course, I thought it was the Sheriff I heard. So I jumped up and went to the door. The footsteps approached, and in less time than it takes to tell it, that ghost, or whatever else you please to call it, passed by me. It was a shadowy form, seemingly that of a young man. The head did not seem to be solid, but transparent like, and from the eye sockets there emanated a dull, bluish light that illuminated the whole apartment. While I was gazing at the figure, little Dick there (a boy prisoner) began to yell, I asked him what was the matter, "Why," said he, "where does the light come from, and who is that man? I believe it's a ghost." By this time all the other prisoners were up. Those on my tier sprang each one for his door, and all saw the ghost. It passed on down and went to the wash room. In a moment we heard the water running. After three or minutes it came out of the wash room and went up to the first cell in the upper tier, opened the door, which has always been kept locked, then closed the door, and all was silent.

Letter from Wisconsin.

S. W. S. of 412 Jackson St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

Through the kindness of a friend, I have for the last three months had the privilege of perusing the interesting pages of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I am not what is usually termed a Spiritualist, but I have for a long time most fully believed that the spirits of departed friends may come to us in the earth-life, and communicate with us under favorable conditions.

When your paper came to me, I thought, surely, the long wished for time had at length arrived for me to investigate and learn how much of truth the new religion contains. I have read it without prejudice, and I most candidly state that I have been deeply interested and instructed.

The series of articles on DEATH, OR THE PATHWAY FROM EARTH TO SPIRIT LIFE,

is worth the price of the paper.

The bold and decided stand you have taken in exposing, and showing up to the world the fraud and deception which has been, and is still being used by unprincipled, so-called mediums, is worthy of the highest praise. But there is one feature that materially mars the beauty, and I believe also, the usefulness of your otherwise able, and well conducted paper. Pardon me if I speak plainly for I am a sincere inquirer after the truth. There has been exhibited at different times, by some of your contributors, a spirit of the meanest intolerance and egotism. And since the new religion assumes to be the best, the broadest, and most charitable, taking in, elevating and ennobling the whole human family, is it reasonable or just to try to tear down, or treat with contempt or ridicule those agencies, which have for ages, been the means of bringing comfort and solace to millions of weary, tolling mortals? And may I ask, what good can come to the cause of Spiritualism, by its advocates denouncing the churches, and every other organization which with all their drawbacks of human frailty and mistakes, have been the means of bringing such vast numbers of the erring forward to the path of virtue and peace, and made, even of drunkards and prostitutes, good citizens, and useful members of society?

Messrs. Bastian and Taylor.

The London Spiritualist says:

"On Wednesday night, last week, at a public seance, given through the mediumship of Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, at 3, Vernon-place, Bloomsbury-square, London, about twelve or fifteen persons were present. At the dark circle the manifestations were very good, and of the usual description. Musical instruments floated about with considerable velocity, touching the various sitters gently in their flight, thus proving that the spirits carrying them had the power of seeing in the dark. Most of the sitters were also touched by materialized spirit hands. Mr. Taylor, who is a clairvoyant medium, could evidently see accurately what the spirits were doing, because he would occasionally state what they were about to do the instant before the act was performed. He says that when his spiritual vision is thus opened, he can not see those portions of the bodies of the spirits which are materialized; thus, if a hand is materialized, he loses sight of the hand of the spirit, and it is just the same with a head. This agrees with Swedenborg's statement, that when he entered the Spirit-world the spirit stroked upon him as an apparition, for they could see him when he was in a spiritual state, and not when he was in his normal state. After the dark seance was over, a sitting for recognizable spirit faces was held, but the light being low, so as not to illuminate the faces strongly, and being so placed that it was not screened from the eyes of the spectators while they were gazing at the cabinet, we could not see the features of the spirits with sufficient accuracy to be able to say much about the manifestations.

James H. Choate, Westward Bound.

This young speaker, writing to a friend in the West, says: "Spiritualism sits abroad in the temple, with foes within and foes without, anxious to snatch her robe and her crown. To me Spiritualism is the new Christ, arrayed in the purple splendor of the present, and haloed with the divine possibilities of the future."

Mr. Choate, who speaks in the trance state and gives tests in circles, proposes coming West soon, with California in view as the destination. Address him 83 Lafayette street Salem, Mass.

Letter from A. Dunlap.

CLEVELAND, March 17th, 1875.

DEAR JOURNAL.—I am instructed by our lyceum to send the result of our recent election of officers to the JOURNAL and BANISHMENT OF LIGHT; also to say that the Spiritualists of Cleveland, under the auspices of the lyceum, are making preparations for a grand celebration of the 27th anniversary, on Wednesday, the 31st inst., to consist of conference, addresses, lyceum exercises, etc., etc., to conclude with a sociable in the eve. All friends are cordially invited to attend. A pleasant time is guaranteed. Our officers for the ensuing year are as follows: Conductor, F. C. Rich; Guardian, Miss C. E. Thompson; Treasurer, George G. Wiley; Secretary, A. Dunlap. Secretary's address, 63 Whitman street. Yours for progress. A. DUNLAP, Sec.

(Continued from first page.)

However, musical instruments were used freely, a guitar being floated over the room as on former occasions, general fanning of the audience by spirits, and conversation freely by Bill and Minnie. All at once a tremendous rapping over the head of a gentleman (so to speak) from St. Louis, with the guitar by Bill, disturbed the harmony of the circle, when Bill cried out, "Massa Pence, he tried to kick me, sah. Ise a gwine to break him in, sah." Here Bill and Minnie expressed an anxiety to know if the audience thought he (Bill) did right in bursting the guitar over the intruder's pate, and on being told we thought he did just right, if the fellow deserved it, they expressed their thanks, when Bill remarked, "Massa Pence, the conditions are too bad, you will have to excuse us, and bid 'Good-night.'" We hope that all persons will learn a lesson by this, and when they attend a seance for demonstrations of their immortality, they may expect to comply with rules, and conduct themselves with that decorum the purpose merits. J. H. Mendenhall.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 124 Race St., Philadelphia.

Evolution, Re-Volution and Progress

In the name of Spiritualism as a science and a philosophy, we demand the right to coin any new word which may seem to be required to express a definite idea, leaving its acceptance to the judgment of our readers.

It seems to us that we need the word evolution, from the Latin *evolvo*, from *ansolvere*, the will. The word evolution, to turn out of, does not convey the idea we wish to express. The thinking minds of the age, the real philosophers, have settled certain questions; for instance, the theological idea of the creation of this world, or of anything out of nothing, is an absurdity; second, the absolute and universal law of law, precluding all the so-called miracles.

It has been frequently announced from the Spirit-world that matter is the result of force, and force is but another expression for intelligence, or spiritual power, which has two attributes, namely, intelligence, or the power to plan and design, and will, or the power to execute. These are the essential attributes of Deity—attributes assigned to this Being, more or less intelligently by all classes of minds who have any conception of such a central power. From the same source we learn that all power, as well as all the endless variety of forms of matter in the universe, are subject to the action of law—that there is nothing outside of nature—that spirit is imminent in all things, and that by evolutions innumerable the changes which have taken place have occurred, and have resulted in the production of all the endless variety of forms of matter, from the mote that dances in the sunbeam to the mightiest orb that rolls through space in its appointed sphere—from the tiniest organism of a monad, invisible to the human eye, to the grandest monarch that roams the earth or swims the ocean.

Volumes have been written to describe many of these evolutions. We quote an instance from the "Golden Age":

"M. Jules Michelet says of the nymph or chrysalis that in truth it is a thing to confound and almost to terrify the imagination to think that a gnat, at the outset no bigger than a thread, should include in itself all the elements of its moultings and metamorphoses, should contain its triple and even octuple envelopes; nay, more, the sheath or case of its nymphs, and its complete butterfly are folded up in another, with an immense apparatus of vessels—respiratory and digestive—of nerves for feeling, and muscles for moving. A prodigious system of anatomy! first traced out in complete detail in Lyonnese's colossal work on the Willow Gnat. The two-fold monster, endowed with a strong grub-stomach for the destruction of innumerable hard leaves, will possess, ere long, a light and delicate apparatus for extracting the honey of flowers. And yet the clothed creature, which contains in its organism a complete silk manufactory, will almost immediately sweep away the complex system. One knows the gentle manoeuvres by which Nature conducts the young of the higher animals from the embryonic existence to the independent life, adapting the old organs to new functions. Here this is not done. It is not a simple change of condition. The destination is not merely different, but contrary, with a violent contrast. Therefore, instruments fitted for an entirely novel existence are required, and the abolition and definite sacrifice of the primitive organism. The revolution which, for all other beings is so well concealed, is here entirely thrown open; and we are enabled to scrutinize with our eyes this astonishing operation in numerous grubs which undergo the great change in the light of day, suspended to the branch of a tree by a silken cable. The effort is worthy of our admiration and pity. To see yonder nymph, short and feeble, soft and gelatinous, without arms or paws; contriving, by the skill with which it expands and contracts its rings, to escape from the heavy and rough machine which it was at first, and—once hardly dares to record the fact—throwing off its body and rejecting many of its principal internal organs! This little body, when it has thus escaped from its long heavy mask (living, nevertheless, but a moment since a life full of energy) will dangle and grow dry and skillfully ascend to its silken fastening. There it prepares to fix itself in a new 'me' as a nymph, while its former 'me' tossed about by the wind, is speedily driven, I know not whither. All is, and ought to be, changed. The legs will not again be the legs. It will need lighter organs. What can the child of the air, which can balance on the point of a blade of grass, do with these coarse short feet armed with hooks, vent holes, and so many heavy implements?"

The above is a plain case of evolution by the infinite. The student of nature meets with these on every hand; they are the basis of all his studies. Let us take an illustration of man's evolution. An engineer wishes to construct a locomotive. He must have some knowledge of the power of steam, and the mode of its application, as well as the various substances which are used in the construction of this wonderful machine. He then forms an ideal locomotive in his mind, which, when clearly defined, he communicates to the different workmen either by drawings or otherwise. He provides the iron, the steel, the brass and wood, and other substances which are required in the construction of this, and by the use of various machinery, aided by human skill and ingenuity, the locomotive stands out before us in all its beauty and power. We have in this a finite illustration of the action of the infinite mind in the vast domain of nature. Man, made in the image of his maker, is en-

abled by a similar process of the will, guided by intelligence and bound by law, to bring out that which in former times was called a creation, but which we now understand to be only an evolution.

As the perfection of these results depends, first, on the intelligence which plans them; secondly, on the perfection of the will that executes; and thirdly, on the materials that are operated upon, so we might naturally suppose there would be great advantage in re-volutions, or repetitions of these evolutions; and so we find everywhere in the broad domain of nature repetitions over and over again. Thus we have the various grades of life, rising step by step, till we come to man, the crowning work. Thus through the manifold evolutions, and re-volutions in nature, we have the evidence of that great and universal law of progress which marks every department, and there can be no doubt that by this same process throughout the future, by this law continue its operations. From the will of the Infinite, aided as it will be more and more by that of man as he progresses into higher conditions, and acquires more power, will these continued evolutions and re-volutions operate in the higher spheres with more power and grandeur, displaying greater beauty and utility with each ascending step of life, thus revealing to us the fact that man is to a great extent the arbiter of his conditions; that as a center of force, working in conjunction with the beautiful and continuous evolutions of Deity, he will acquire a power which is at present unknown to him, an extension of the faculties which now call forth our admiration in that which is but a feeble and imperfect prophecy of that which is to come when man shall not only govern and regulate the forces within himself, but many of those around him, so that he shall indeed be entitled to be called the son of God. By the observation of these things, and especially by studying well our own powers, shall we be enabled to profit by these lessons, and attain that power which is desired by all, in which we shall be able not only to receive the benefits, but to bestow blessings innumerable upon others.

Church and State in Germany

The complete secularization of marriage in Germany is a great step towards the goal to which the Empire is hastening—the complete divorce of Church and State. Formerly, the religious ceremony was essential to a marriage, and the civil ceremony was optional. The present law exactly reverses this. No marriage is valid unless performed by the civil power. The employment of priest or parson is optional. It adds nothing, in the eyes of the law, to the validity of the contract. Since the new law took effect it is said that only 50 per cent of the marriages in Prussia are celebrated with religious rites.

Under the old system, no man or woman could be lawfully married without presenting certificates of baptism, vaccination, and confirmation. To be confirmed, it was necessary, of course, to take the communion, and thus the holiest rite of Christianity had to be taken by an unrepentant sinner before he could get married. Avowed infidels took it, and justified themselves on the ground that they wanted to be married, and the State therefore forced them into profane mockery. Confirmation, moreover, was not the prerequisite for marriage alone, but for any occupation. Licenses to practice any kind of business were granted only to holders of a confirmation paper. So far was this carried, at least in Berlin, and probably elsewhere, that no bad woman could ply her wretched trade without first taking the communion and then getting the requisite permit! As if the denial of marriage and employment to the unconfirmed were not enough, they and their parents were liable to heavy penalties. A Prussian parent who did not have his child baptized by minister or priest, or failed to have him confirmed before his sixteenth birthday, was fined and imprisoned. There is a case on record in which a baby was taken from its beretic father by a squad of soldiers and so "baptized at the point of the bayonet." All these ridiculous customs have ceased to exist, thanks to recent enlightened legislation, but the end is not yet. The State still supports ministers and priests, and still taxes the whole people—Lutherans, Catholics, Dissenters, Jews, Free-Thinkers—for that purpose, and still teaches sectarianism in its schools. These things, too, must pass away, before the divorce between the civil and the religious power can be complete. A church which depends on the State is no glory to God. The effect of an "Established Church" is seen in the materialism, rationalism, and skepticism which pervades Germany, as well as France and Italy, to-day. The main evil, however, is in the schools. Dogmatic instruction is out of place inside the doors of a State schoolhouse. At present, it is often farcical in its nature. Two years ago, youthful Saxons were being taught religion in State schools after a most original fashion. A boy learned that Christ's miracles were all explainable by natural causes, while his sister was instructed that they were miracles indeed! When the State Church shall have been put on a perfect equality with all others, and when the State schools shall have been secularized, then Church and State will be divorced. United, they are apt to fall; divided, they will stand.—Times.

Financial Honesty of the Woodhulls.

The Boston Index, a journal devoted to the interests of "Free Religion," has in a recent number the following pithy paragraph:

"But I wish to protest against the action of Woodhull, Cladin & Co., as the hugest disgrace of all. This notorious firm profess to be liberals of the liberals; and yet for the sake of a few dollars and cents they resort to the most shameful trickery. They raise a hue and cry for freedom, and yet violate its most sacred principles. What is the use of liberalism, if this is the end? Better stick to the old superstitions and be honest, than sweep the country with 'new ideas' and have 'chase come again' where rascality wins the day. The popular impression is that Orthodoxy, even if false, conduces to morality. So long as that impression remains, so long will Orthodoxy remain, and liberalism will be left out in the cold, as it ought to be, if it cannot make men more honest than Orthodoxy. This is a radical trouble with liberalism. It is too much a mere hurrah for freedom. It is not a struggle for more honor, nobility, and manhood. Too many liberals cheat and lie, and do all sorts of mean things. Give us the grim morality of the Puritans, if we can have nothing better. Our modern sweetness and light are a shame. If they do not make us pay our debts fairly and squarely, John Calvin burning Bertrava with an intense conviction to back him up, is infinitely preferable to our 'new rights' putting an 'atheist' out of court as a witness for the sake of a mere legal advantage. The 'Religious Freedom Amendment' is not the main thing, though of vast importance, nor perfect freedom, nor new truths, however glorious; but that liberals be honest, wise, and regardful of the rights of others. If we have

new truths, put them into new virtues, new nobilities, new honesties, new purities, and new excellences."

Mr. FRENCH lectures in this city have attracted large and enthusiastic audiences. He is doing a grand good work for the Harmonical Philosophy.

Wm. ALCOCK, of Buckland, Mass., has entered the lecturing field. He lectured first at Greenfield.

We are informed that J. J. MORSE is having the fullest measure of success in Bangor, Me., where he is at present lecturing.

Dr. J. K. BAILEY has been lecturing, since his last report to the JOURNAL, in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and lately at Virginia. His lectures have been well attended, and much enthusiasm was manifested.

Mrs. MATTIE BULETT PARRY, the eloquent and gifted lecturer, is not the one whose impositions were exposed in this city a short time since. She has been lecturing with great success in Wisconsin and other places. Her permanent address is Belmont, Wisconsin.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., writes: "We will celebrate the 27th anniversary of Modern American Spiritualism, on Wednesday, March 31st, in the Unitarian church, north-east corner of Eight and Plum streets, Cincinnati, day and evening. All friends of the cause are invited.

FRANK ANDREWS gives an account of a "show" held at Hastings, Mich., where a mountebank pretended to expose Spiritualism. He would only allow himself to be tied in one way, while the mediums he referred to will submit to any method of tying.

A. A. NOL, the Spiritualist lecturer, called upon us, and stated in reply to Mr. Pitkin, of Memphis, Mo., that he intended to pay him the amount that he borrowed of him, but was unable to do so from some unforeseen contingency arising. He says he intends to act honestly towards all, and will not intentionally wrong any one.

"SPIRITUALISM INDICTED, AND A MOTION TO QUASH," will be delivered before the Music Hall Society of Spiritualists, in Beethoven Hall, Sunday afternoon, March 21st, by Dr. T. B. TAYLOR. If the decided expression of approval he received from his audience last Sunday is any indication, he will have a full house. It is an interesting subject, and will be handled with ability.—Banner of Light.

Dr. H. P. FAIRFIELD, the clairvoyant physician and trance-speaking medium, has been obliged to move to Greenwich Village, Mass., on account of the ill-health of his aged mother, but he will continue to make clairvoyant examinations of the sick, and lecture wherever his services are required. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE for April. We are in receipt of this number of Dr. Watson's periodical, and find in it evidences of constant improvement. The contents this month are of especial interest, and now that the editor is recovering from the long and tedious confinement caused by his broken limb, we shall look for still greater improvements. We shall be pleased to receive subscriptions at \$1.50 per year, or furnish single copies at 15 cents; or our readers can send direct to S. WATSON, 225 Union street, Memphis, Tenn.

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This is a book which sheds more light upon the subjects of which it treats than any we have ever read. We heartily recommend it to those who wish to look into antiquity in regard to the religious views of a most remarkable people.—Spiritual Magazine for March.

Please Look to Your Accounts.

Those of our subscribers who are indebted for this paper as well as those whose time of prepayment has nearly expired, will oblige us very much by prompt remittances. Our necessities for funds are very great. Those who promptly respond to this call will put us under renewed obligations of gratitude, and inspire us to renewed efforts to make this eighteenth volume of the JOURNAL, which we have just entered upon, superior to any of its antecedents. Please act promptly, friends, and do yourselves and us justice. We never knew a true Spiritualist to regret doing to others as he would be done by, under similar circumstances.

Contents of the Little Bouquet for April.

The following is the contents of the LITTLE BOUQUET for April. This is the last number of the second volume, and it contains many choice articles:

A Hint, The Spirit Savior; Little Sunshine, Smile and Bless Me; A Cute Little Girl; Meeting of Rebekah with Abraham's Servant (illustrated); The Traveler's Dream; Why; Wanderers of Dreamland; Ettie Eastman; Twice B-scued; Children; A Touching Story; The Bees (illustrated); A New Eden for Children; Training Children; Eddie Williams; Remember, Boys Make Men; The Cat (illustrated); A Plea for the Flies; Truth Lies at the Bottom of a Well; "Psycho"; A Plea for Baby; Sagacity of a Dog; A Race with Death; Warners; The Philosophy of Life; Who Did It? Preferring to go to Hell; Haunted People.

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Mrs. E. A. Blair the Spirit Artist.

Sister Blair the spirit artist has so over-taxed herself during the present winter that she has been compelled to refuse all further orders for spirit paintings until further public notice.

Hon. J. P. Whiting of Detroit, Mich., urgently requested her to spend a few weeks with his family—old acquaintances—until she should recuperate her health. She accepted the invitation, and can be addressed to his care until further notice in this paper.

Business Notices.

Why should any one buy a soap half rosin or clay, when Dobbin's Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia) is for sale? It costs but a trifle more, and will go five times as far. Try it.

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SPIRITUALISM AS A SCIENCE.

A Trance Address, DELIVERED BY J. J. MORSE. Trance Medium, London, Eng. RECORD THE BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS' UNION. Price, 5 cents each, or \$5.00 per 100. *For sale wholesale and retail by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams St., and Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Letter From Our New Boston Correspondent.

BRO. JONES.—THE BANNER OF LIGHT has devoted some six or seven of its columns in a report of the lectures of Rev. Bell and Strickland in Bethoven Hall, before the Music Hall Society of Spiritualists, and in an editorial, it discourses sweetly thusly of the efforts of these somewhat distinguished reverends: "One of the most significant signs of the times, is the gradual drifting out of the church of some of the boldest of its ministers. Bethoven Hall, Boston, has been the scene for two Sunday past, of the appearance (as spiritual lecturers) of two clergymen. The Rev. W. S. Bell (Universalist), and the Rev. E. F. Strickland (Baptist), who have severed their connection with their denominations, and put on the broader liberty of the new dispensation. Mr. Bell's lecture delivered on the 1st, will be found on the second page, and Mr. Strickland's on the eighth page of the present issue. These gentlemen are destined to do much good work, and we trust that the Spiritual societies throughout the country will see that they are kept steadily employed. Parties desiring to make engagements or to inquire for particulars, can address their care at this office."

And is it not remarkable that in every phase of its wonderful history there is made manifest a counteracting and controlling power, that in one way or other redounds to its honor and glory? No sooner is it kicked down and damaged in Philadelphia, then straightway two new champions start up in Boston. You know there is a great deal in surprising folks, as a general thing. But the man who undertakes to astonish the natives of "Ye Hub," must be made up of that peculiar stuff not dreamt of in common people's philosophy. Bump "that same" has been done, and done effectually. Of course "you Western people" are astonished at nothing; people who have done, and are doing, such wonderful things as you have accomplished in Chicago, would take it as a matter of course were the whole

ARMY OF PARSONS to marshal themselves in your office and become converts to common sense and propriety, by each and every one of them incontinently subscribing for your valuable paper. But you see, it is different with us; when two clergymen, whom the Christian world delighted to honor, boldly step out of the ranks of theology and bigotry, and occupy the platform of Boston's chief society of Spiritualists; when such things are done, people talk and wonder while the orthodox growl is heard from pulpit and vestry, both loud and deep, and the Hub runs its eyes and ears as the great bolts of truth are being forged, welded and clinched by these two sturdy "renegades," who handle their subjects with unglowed hands, and a will that proves them masters of the situation and workmen that need not be ashamed.

Well, Bro. Jones, I assure you it was rather a startling serio-comic kind of thing; and as somebody writes of Jonney Gilpin's celebrated ride, "I would that you had been there for to see," and feeling that the cause may be aided, and the natural curiosity of your thousands of readers should be gratified, I will, as Othello has it, "A plain unvarnished tale relate" how all these things have transpired, which "they by parcels have somewhat heard, but naught distinctly."

The Rev. W. S. Bell is a gentleman of some 45 years experience on this stage of life; good looking and striking in appearance; a graduate of Newton; a Universalist and late pastor of a society in New Bedford, "who feeling he could no longer occupy a position in the ranks of theology, demands a broad and independent platform, and bravely declares his adherence to belief in our beautiful philosophy. His address on the "Resurrection of Christ" was well rendered, and he has succeeded in winning "golden opinions," from all kinds, and conditions of men, outside of his late faith add order.

The Rev. Elder F. Strickland, late a Baptist clergyman, and pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Westley, R. I., and who for nineteen years has been a common disturber of the Close Communion Baptist denomination in consequence of his peculiar and liberal doctrines, is 48 years of age; a graduate of an English university; a man of vast experience, having traveled all over the world, declared before a convention of Baptist ministers in Tremont Temple that he could no longer be identified with them who believed in three Gods, the total depravity of the human family, the Divinity of Christ, foreordination, predestination and the everlasting damnation of the "unconverted," and before them all declared his conviction that he could not longer (consistent with his honor as a gentleman) associate with a body of men whom he knew by practical experience, were "deceived themselves or deceivers of others."

The document specifying his reasons was handed by Mr. Strickland to the reporters present, and the next morning all Boston was startled from its propriety, by the public press announcing the fact that the Rev. E. F. Strickland had seceded from the Baptist Church with his reasons for doing so, whereupon a fearful howl of angry indignation and denunciation (not unmingled with fear) arose from the army of Reverends, and Right Reverend and wrong Reverend of every degree and order.

Well, Bro. Jones, we all know that "poor human nature" is rather an odd kind of compound, and does not smell sweet as a general thing, because when said human nature gets its back up and waxes fat and kicks, it generally hurts itself in a variety of ways, but on my soul (excuse the term) when some 200 or 350 black-coated saints, the majority of whom insist on calling each other Doctors of Divinity get mad, then is presented a "spectacle" big enough to make merriment in hell, for then comes the old, old Devil of cruelty and malignity; then is seen the denouncing, the lashings, the fury, the stonings, the scourging, the slanders, the vilifying and the crucifying as of old. Alas! that the old, old evil spirit should still reign supreme in the hearts of these priests, who have charge of the people's religion, and who, when one withdraws publicly and openly from them, can find nothing but vile insinuation and blasphemous denunciation, presenting to the world a page in the black book of clerical history that degrades poor humanity when blinded by super-pretension, even to the lowest notch of degradation and barbarism.

Well, it was a good sight to see, and to the angel-world sublime, this one brave solitary man occupying a position against the whole army of his peers, knowing that not one, from that day forth, but would turn from him, and denounce him a vile traitor, a hell-bound, and hell-deserving wretch, whom each and all of the elect would do God service in crushing, defaming and oppressing.

that prayed (for every good desire is a prayer) that this new "great heart" might hold out faithful to the end, and finish the work he is called on to do.

I may no longer intrench on your limits. I will, if you think proper, continue in my next letter further particulars relative to this matter. I will only say that both gentlemen have all their Sundays engaged up to the end of March. The Rev. Mr. Strickland is prepared to negotiate with societies for April and May. The address of Brothers Bell and Strickland is BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston.

Another Artist and Test Medium.

LETTER FROM GEO. GATES.

DEAR SIR:—As I am a constant reader of your paper, I take the liberty of dropping you a few lines to let you know how we flourish up here in Wisconsin in regard to spiritual matters. We are but few in numbers, but a tower in strength, if faith constitutes strength.

We were visited on the 3d and 4th of this month by C. H. Preston and lady, of Battle Creek, Mich., both good mediums. Mr. Preston gave us some very remarkable tests. He reads, writes, and draws profiles, flowers, fish, etc., while blindfolded, and at a circle held at my house, when there were about twenty ladies and gentlemen present, he produced the raps, loud and plain, that spelled out by means of the alphabet the names of four of my children that had passed to Spirit-life over thirty years ago, and they gave long and satisfactory messages in the same manner.

The same evening Mr. Preston evoked the aid of a higher class of intelligences that took possession of him, and went back to the years of my birth and related to me all of the most striking events of my life, giving the date of each occurrence correctly, and I will add that he is an entire stranger to me. He also told something to all present, giving the place of their nativity correctly in every instance, the time that all were married, the number of children born, and the date of birth, and how many each had lost, all of his assertions being correct. He takes up the case of all in the room at once, telling one a few years, and then going to another and doing the same, until he has each one started on the journey of life, and in coming around he never fails to take up the thread just where it was left off. Now the mystery to us is, how one mind can retain so many different subjects and not get them mixed? I may add that it is one of the best proofs in the world to a skeptic, of Spirit power, when all their past is so clearly delineated. In my case, he told me before I had any conversation with him, that he saw a cradle marked "1800, George Gates." That is my name and the date of my birth. Then he said that he saw a coffin inscribed "1890, Geo. Gates." That is to come; but how did he know the past. I know that he did not know my age, and I know that he did not have any means of learning it. Such demonstrations ought to convince any one. I will add that all of his manifestations are invariably produced in the fullest light. We have a class of church-going people here that will not listen to anything unless some of the Spiritualists will say all the facts. Then they are eager to see and here, but we have done this so many times that we are tired of it, and have made up our minds to let them alone, for they are joined to their idols.

Oakfield, Wis. GEORGE GATES.

Another Medium.

DEAR SIR:—Being a reader of your valuable JOURNAL, and having failed to observe any notice of the progress made in the development of spiritualistic manifestations in our city by your paper, I thought a few lines on that subject (albeit they come from one who, as yet, is only a seeker after knowledge) might be of some interest to your readers. The medium, Mr. William F. Peck, through whom all of the highest forms of manifestation have come, is an old resident of this city, having lived here some eight years, and is well known to most of our citizens, and his character for probity and honor place him above the reach of suspicion, and it is through him alone that materialization of spirit-forms has been produced. At first only faint and shadowy outlines were seen, but latterly the manifestations have been more satisfactory, having progressed from an indistinct outline of a hand, to a full and

PERFECTLY DEVELOPED FACE.

Mr. Peck has been cruelly fettered by those of us who have doubts of ultramundane intercourse, but strict observation has only convinced us of one thing, that the stronger the manacles, the more ingenious the test; the more critical our scrutiny, the fuller and more complete the materializations; and after a careful examination of everything connected with the cabinet seance, it is my deliberate judgment, with some little extraneous bias, however, that it matters not what our opinions are, touching the nature and origin of these phenomena, they do exist, and that, too, without the help either of jugglery or imagination. In my own experience at these seances, I have seen many hands, and seen them write while I held the tablet; have been touched by them while looking at them, and the manifestations at the dark seance simply beggar description. The results produced at these seances may be entirely scientific, and may spring wholly from the operations of natural forces; if so, they certainly are of enough interest to warrant calm and thorough investigation; if they proceed from "ultramundane agencies," their claims are certainly entitled to our respectful consideration, for sooner or later their influence upon the world will surpass in power and effect all others of which mankind has ever known. SKEPTIC.

TOPKA, Kansas, March 1st, '75.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.

"Spiritual Manifestations" through the Medium Slade.

The editor of the New York Truth Seeker, who is a non-believer in Spiritualism and a hard-headed Materialist, recently visited the medium Slade. He gives his experience as follows:

"We met there, by appointment, as a friend; and after a few minutes conversation with the Doctor, we entered his back parlor, (some twenty feet square, and lighted by two large windows. Near the center of the room was a good sized walnut breakfast table. We examined it closely, and found no machinery or wires about it. With the leaves opened, its surface is some five by five and a half feet square. This is the table where the Doctor and his visitors sit. We at once took our positions, Dr. Slade on our left hand and our friend on the right, occupying a side each. The Doctor sat near our corner, and somewhat sideways, with his feet toward us and in our sight. When he had them under the table, our feet were placed upon his so that we might be assured that he was not using them.

We placed our hands in the center of the table, and touching each other. Within a minute a sensation somewhat similar to a current of magnetism from a magnetic machine was perceptible; light and heavy raps occurred, apparently on the under side of the table, some of them were so heavy as to visibly jar it. In response to questions, raps were promptly given, indicating yes or no, in answer to questions.

Dr. Slade handed us an ordinary slate, we examined it closely, and found it clean without any writing on it, and we held it under the table, firmly up to the leaf, no hand touching it but our own, and a sound like writing was distinctly heard. Upon looking at it a few lines of writing were plainly visible. This was repeated two or three times, and at no time when writing on the slate occurred did Dr. Slade touch it at all. On one occasion it lay on the table three feet from either of us, but plainly in our sight, and we heard the pencil writing as before. As the slate was held under the table by a force we nearly wrenched from our grasp, by a force we could not see. Once it was taken from our hands and it immediately appeared on the other side of the table, where no one was sitting, and stood in the air in a perpendicular position and disconnected with anything, and at least five feet from us, after which it returned under the table into our hands.

An accordion was handed us. It was not unlike an ordinary instrument of the kind. We held the lower part with one hand, and some invisible force pulled the other part, it seemed to us with a force of five or ten pounds; the keys were manipulated, and music from it was discoursed, with no hand touching it but our own, and that not within several inches from the keys. A popular air was played—we can not play a tune ourselves were we to use both hands.

We frequently felt gentle but distinct tapplings upon our knees and other parts; once our coat was forcibly pulled, and twice the chair in which we sat was pulled suddenly back from the table and turned nearly quarter around by an unseen force. An easy chair several feet from the table and from us, was suddenly moved around, and a center table, with marble top, standing apart by itself, wheeled around in a curious manner.

We then placed our hands upon the table again, and it raised immediately twelve inches from the floor, remaining thus suspended some seconds. It next tipped toward us, and while all our hands were still upon it, it continued tipping until exactly bottom upwards, the legs pointing up, after which it returned to its position without our aid or dropping to the floor. The table is rather heavy, and this operation seemed rather curious. We know not what force produced the results we have mentioned. We say not that it was spirits, or that it was not; but this we assert, it was in day time, the room was light, we saw or touched the Doctor's hands or feet all the while and we are sure no trickery was used in our presence.

Voices from the People.

HARVARD, NEB.—M. D. Kellogg writes.—I like to hear what Spiritualists are doing nowadays, and I have never found any better way to do so than to take the JOURNAL.

TOWER HILL, ILL.—M. B. Martin writes.—When I first ordered the JOURNAL, it was for 3 months, on trial, but instead of sending you 90 cents, I sent you 75 cents; but I feel it is worth to me the regular price, and far more.

WINNECONNE, WIS.—W. H. Byman writes.—I like your paper and hope to be able always to take it. I should like to investigate your doctrine, but I have no opportunity to do so. There is no medium here, but a number of Spiritualists and a great many Free Thinkers.

MENDON, OHIO.—Ella Parrott writes.—Early in the history of Spiritualism, I was converted to its heaven-born truths, although much of the time since, I have been entirely isolated from congenial surroundings. Thanks to the good angels and the precious old JOURNAL, I have not fallen by the wayside, but find my faith sufficient for every opposition.

FARMINGTON, OHIO.—Sarah French writes.—Your JOURNAL might gladden the hearts of many a home circle, as it has ours for years, bearing ever upon its pages the golden truth. All hail to the glorious day of the good time coming, so long foretold by our angel ministrations, and may those, who, like Bro. Jones, have so long borne the heat and burden of the day, live to reap the golden harvest of their untiring zeal.

SHINGLE HOUSE, PA.—Mrs J. B. Peasall writes.—I shall continue to take the JOURNAL as long as it keeps on in its present course; defending the right and uprooting and exposing fraud and error, deceit and meanness everywhere found among those of whom we had expected better things. I honor you for the course you have taken with social "free lusters."

FRIENDSHIP, N. Y.—Francis S. Fry writes.—I watch every opportunity to get a subscriber for the JOURNAL, and I find stationary and pay postage in order to do so, as part payment for your liberality in furnishing it for so small a sum to trial subscribers. As I have before said I have for many years been an invalid, and not able to pay three dollars for a paper, and again you are the only one who has not felt themselves under obligations to uphold everything, no matter how corrupt, that was done under the name of Spiritualism. I know that you have greatly increased the number of your subscribers by the course you have pursued.

BIG LAKE, MINN.—C. M. Thompson writes.—We want the JOURNAL to come right along, for we can not do without it. It comes regularly each Monday morning, and always brings something new, which feeds the soul and clears the mind. We feel grateful to you for the noble stand that you have taken in putting down fraud wherever you find it. We have one daughter who is a test medium. Our spirit friends manifest themselves to us in different ways, and almost daily we hear them, feel them, and see them, and thanks be to our angel friends we know that the spirit does not die nor sleep in the grave.

ALBION, MICH.—N. A. A. writes.—The Spiritual and liberal element is pretty well wrong here, but we labor under a great disadvantage in not having a place of our for public speaking. About two years ago we were better provided for. The disciples built a new house and were begging money to pay for the same. Of course you know that at such a time a Spiritualist's or Liberalist's money is as good as anybody's. So one of our best liberal thinking men put in a good sum with this promise, that he would have the use of the house, when not occupied by themselves, which they agreed to. Now this past fall and winter we have been testing their honesty, which proves to be a very poor article. Last fall we made arrangements with Bro. A. J. Fishback for a course of lectures and made all necessary arrangements with the elders of the church. Bro. F.'s first lecture was a very good one, but he told some anecdotes, and among them one concerning a Methodist and Universalist. After the lecture a Disciple minister (not then but soon after located on the charge) took it up for the Methodists, and wanted to have the doors locked. This, however, he failed in doing, and called down the jeers of the people, for his love of so sudden growth for the Methodists. Last week we had Mrs. Morse, one of State Missionaries to speak to us. We made arrangements as before for her to have the church. And after everything was settled, and full consent obtained, the Disciple preacher, said if they did not go back to their own, he would not enter their pulpit again. Mrs. Morse is a good, true and noble woman doing the work of angels.

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Death, or the PATHWAY from Earth to Spirit Life—Conversation with a Spirit—Continued—No. 20.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lucretia gives his Vices on Death—The gradual Death of the Molecules of his Body—His Visions—The Presence of Spirit Children—Incurables, should they Commit Suicide?—Narration of Capt. Mowbray—His Strange Delusions—His Vision to Earth with Franklin—The Difficulty of Spirits Communicating—The Power of the Wise Sages in Spirit-life—That Which...

CONVERSATION WITH A SPIRIT.

LUCRETIA, A SPIRIT—I have come to you to respond to your questions. INQUIRER—No subject is more worthy of the attention of mortals, than that of death, and I desire such information from you as you may wish to impart. You, of course, passed through the change called death.

LUCRETIA—Most assuredly, sir. None can escape that efficient transition from the material to the spiritual side of life. My transition to spirit-life was effected by consumption, and I gave the various stages through which I passed a careful and critical examination. Under the influence of that disease, my mind retained its ordinary brilliancy to the last—indeed, at the same, at times, grandly illuminated, and I caught a glimpse of the Spirit-world, though I regarded the scenes presented to my vision, as fancies of the brain—illusions, resulting from extreme nervous prostration. I died gradually—like the fading of a glorious summer day, or the expiring of a lighted taper, and in proportion that my physical system became weak, my mind beamed with heavenly grandeur.

INQUIRER—Indeed, sir, your experiences are worthy of being recorded in the pages of history.

LUCRETIA—During my sickness I learned an important lesson. When first prostrated by disease, I weighed 175 pounds, and after suffering several months, I only weighed 93; and before my spirit was freed from its prison cage, I was reduced to 75 pounds in weight. 100 pounds of my body had already disappeared away, vanished, no one knew whether! This gradual waste consisted in the escape of the molecules that composed my system, through regular disintegration. In health, they are harmoniously wedded; but in sickness, they are placed in discordant relations, and slough off. One hundred pounds of my system, at a certain period of my sickness, no longer existed in connection with my organism. Mortals would say, then, that only 75 pounds of the original 175, died, for I weighed the former amount when I finally passed away. The molecules of my body continued to disintegrate so long as my spirit remained attached to it, when finally the vital forces were completely exhausted.

INQUIRER—Please explain what you mean by a molecule.

LUCRETIA—Sir William Thomson, the distinguished scientist, introduces a very pretty example of the size and nature of a molecule. He imagines a single drop of water to be magnified until it becomes as large as the earth, having a diameter of 8,000 miles, and all the molecules to be magnified in the same proportion; and then concludes that a single molecule will appear under these circumstances, as somewhat larger than a shot and somewhat smaller than a cricket ball. Each molecule may be composed of two or more atoms, and it is the smallest portion of matter that can exist in a free or uncombined state. Now, imagine, if you please, that the body is composed of particles of matter the size of a marble; continue to dwell upon it with the mind's eye, diminishing it in size, until it disappears from the natural eye, but through the instrumentality of the microscope you are still able to prove its existence. Continue to decrease its dimensions until your microscope will no longer render it visible. Though reduced in size and not visible to the eye aided by the microscope, it still exists as a molecule, of which the human organism is composed. Like a house constructed of bricks, each brick as a molecule, could be seen by the eye; but those which compose the body, when separated, become invisible. In the aggregate, you can see them, as you can a drop of water. You deal altogether with matter, we with both matter and spirit—and when I tell you that the human system is composed of innumerable molecules, and that each molecule contains several atoms held together by attractive forces, and that all of them are subservient to the controlling spirit of the body, then, even, you can hardly realize the fact. Within the system animals are constantly being evolved. Some of them are plainly visible to the naked eye. Others can be brought to light through the aid of a microscope, while there are millions so very small that the mortal eye will never be favored with a sight of them. There is not an animal in existence that a form resembling it, can not be found in the physical organism. Could you see them in putrid fever, gaze at their maneuvers in loathsome ulcers, or behold their various motions when the system is in perfect health, you would be astonished. Please bear these thoughts in mind, for I shall frequently allude to them hereafter.

INQUIRER—What were your sensations during your sickness?

LUCRETIA—Peculiar, indeed. My mind grew brilliant in just the proportion that the molecules left my body. When 100 pounds of them had vanished, gone on other missions, my mind was, at times, beautifully illuminated, and I not only saw spirits surrounding me, but I beheld the magnificent scenery of the Spirit-world. Those molecules of my body were warring against each other, they were unbalanced, resulting in my sickness.

INQUIRER—Did you realize that you saw spirits and the scenery of the Spirit-world?

LUCRETIA—No, not at the time. I thought that it was all an illusion. During my sickness, I lived in dream-land, as it were. Birds of beautiful plumage and gaudy colors; celestial beings dressed in elegant attire; and picturesque scenes of different kinds, were constantly before me. In proportion as I grew weak, my mind became illuminated. When the body is dead, as you term it, the spirit can by no possibility remain attached to it. Muscular contraction is no evidence of life that is suitable for the abode of the spirit. The last I remember in connection with my disease, I heard my attendant physician declare that I was dead. I seemed then to sink down—to descend, as it were, as if falling from a high mountain, and in a moment I became unconscious. When I awoke, I was surrounded by my friends in the Spirit-world. Since that memorable period, I have witnessed many deaths.

INQUIRER—Was not your death accompanied with great pain?

LUCRETIA—No, none, whatever. Generally a person is unconscious when passing through certain stages of death, though not always. While on earth, the spirit is materialized; is compelled to wear a dress corresponding with the plane on which it lives. You are simply a materialized spirit—so substantial is its outer form, that it only vanishes through gradual disintegration or decomposition. When a spirit returns to earth and enters the sphere or aura of a physical medium, it becomes a central attractive point. Allow me to say that there proceeds from each person an emanation, partaking of every characteristic of each organ of the body. That emanation I call the sphere or radiating influence of each one. In physical mediums it is very dense. I cite that sphere, and each organ of my spiritual body, attracts to it material from the emanation of the medium, which corresponds with each physical organ. Around my spiritual eye, a retina, cornea, and optic nerve, etc., is formed, leading to the brain. In connection with my spiritual ear, a material auditory nerve is constructed, which enable me to hear different sounds. This process continues until I have a genuine physical system corresponding with the plane on which you live. Now, when that organism disintegrates, it returns to the medium from whom I procured it. When your physical system disintegrates or decomposes, it returns to the earth, whence obtained. In neither case is it death—it is simply divesting yourself of a dress which the spirit wears for temporary convenience. I have often assumed a material form since I passed from earth. In so doing, I can come in contact with matter, which I can not do in any other way. When I surrender that form to the proper person, I am then immediately transferred to the Spirit-side of life,—but in no case is it death. When conditions are favorable, it is as easy to form an outer physical covering for the spirit, as it is to make water from invisible gases. Water, you well know, can be decomposed, rendered invisible to the eye, yet in a flash, it can be brought back to its original state, and adapted to the use of man. You can perform the wonderful experiment of forming water from invisible gases; we are more skillful here, and from substances not seen by you, can mould a complete physical organization for temporary use. The scientists in the Spirit-world can form every condition and quality of matter, from the invisible (to you) elements; from water up to the most beautiful piece of gold quartz.

INQUIRER—You, then, take the position there is really no death.

LUCRETIA—Most assuredly, I do. The world, to-day, in some respects, at least, reasons to very little purpose. The opinion entertained that death is something terrible, is a most fallacious idea—without a particle of foundation. It is a most desirable change, transferring each one to the Spirit-side of life. During my sickness, my dreams and visions were delightful. The grandeur of the Spirit-world frequently burst in on my enraptured vision, and my soul seemed to float in the aroma of spirit bowers. Angelic music thrilled my soul, and gave me a foretaste of Spirit-life. Little angelic children came and spread flowers on my bed, sang their sweet songs, and enveloped me with their hallowed influence. In fact, it was delightful to die. The presence of these children, so pure, lovely and innocent, shed over me a silvery light that only spirit eyes could see.

INQUIRER—But what has that to do with dying?

LUCRETIA—Indeed, much. Nothing so assuages the agonies of the dying, as the presence of spirit children. They come with songs of welcome; their features are radiant with unsullied love; their voice is musically sweet and their appearance angelic. Their influence corresponds with their nature. Often when nervous, weary and completely exhausted by my sickness, they would come, and with their soothing songs, lull me to rest.

INQUIRER—But such is not the lot of all. You were mediumistic, hence sensed their presence. How about those who could not?

LUCRETIA—Each one, more or less, is subject to spirit influence. Angelic guardians are ever near you. You may not realize their presence; you may not sense their genial influence; nevertheless they affect you in a

great variety of ways. They surround the bed of the sick, and watch with tender solicitude every symptom of the disease. They are ever anxious to do good. They always superintend the new birth; attend to the wants of the new-born spirit, and occasionally are required to take it to a hospital in Spirit-life to recuperate. The spirit is often very weak when the transition is effected. When held for a long time in contact with a putrefying body, it suffers greatly therefrom; it can not be otherwise. The natural home of the sick is not in a body wasted by disease, and when liberated therefrom, it feels the effects thereof for a long time. Supposing such a spirit should be ushered into Spirit-life without any one present to render assistance, it would be miserable indeed.

INQUIRER—That, indeed, is curious. I did not suppose that the effects of disease extended to Spirit-life.

LUCRETIA—The new-born babe is not more helpless than many new-born spirits; nor do they require less care. There are physicians in Spirit-life as well as with you, and they direct their attention to those requiring it.

INQUIRER—Is it well to prolong life under certain conditions? I wish to present the following, from Chambers' Journal, to you, and ask you if it would not be better for them to die: "Not long since we paid a visit to the Hospital for Incurables established on Putney Heath, in a house which was once the residence of the Duke of Sutherland. Glancing at some of the patients strolling about the grounds, and looking at interior arrangements, there seemed to be a generally diffused cheerfulness. 'Have you been long confined to bed?' we asked of a pleasant, neatly capped old lady, who was propped up in bed by pillows. 'Seven years, sir,' she replied; but added cheerfully, 'but I do not suffer much, thank God.' After visiting a few more wards, seven years of bed appeared to us, by comparison, but a moderate confinement. Shortly afterwards, we found ourselves talking to another old woman, who had been for no less than five-and-thirty years in bed! Spine disease, coupled with an internal malady, had kept her there. There was no propping up with pillows for her; a rope, suspended from the top of the bed, with a little wooden handle for her to clutch with her hand, and turn herself in bed. 'Five-and-thirty years; but it can not be long, now, sir; it must soon be over now.' Poor old woman! For many years she used to receive the visits of a son and daughter there; but now the daughter is dead, and the son is himself struck down by hopeless illness, so the poor old soul is left alone, and consoles herself by thinking that 'it can not last long now.' The visit of a stranger—especially one of the male sex—to these wards is a pleasant excitement to the inmates; the presence of an outsider appears for a moment to bring them into communication, with that great world from which they are so helplessly cut off. They love to hear some talk of the things which are being done and spoken of there, and then poor old souls—it is touching to hear them turn from these things to themselves, and pour into the listener a veritable torrent of their own sufferings. There are those whose blessed privilege it is to go to such bedside as these, carrying with them words of comfort and consolation; but this is not given to all, and it is something for us, rank and file, to know that even without little worldly accomplishments, we can divert or cheer these sufferers for a moment. Surely, too, there is a lesson for us in the deep gratitude which these poor creatures express for the slightest alleviation of their lot by a drop of oil for us, who fret and grumble at all the little trifling wrongs which beset us in our everyday life. At the end of the long corridor on the first floor, we came upon the case which I have just mentioned. It had a bed placed in the corner of a pretty cheerful room, so as to command a window on each side, a girl, with a beautiful and intelligent face, lay stretched upon her back. A profusion of light brown hair surrounded her head and covered the pillow—also the hair never being gathered up to adorn that shapely head. From her neck down she is helplessly paralyzed; not a limb can she move, not a finger can she raise; with her whole body stiffened, as it were, into stone, she has lain there for twelve years, upon her back. Everything that considerate thought can devise has been done to mitigate her lot. Two large looking-glasses are so arranged over her head as to reflect the view from each of the windows, and show the pleasant Surrey landscape stretching away as far as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is a skillful method of bringing before the eyes of the invalid the green fields and lanes in which she will never walk. A girl yet—she can not be more than 30 years of age—she has lain there motionless for twelve long, weary years. The male wards present much the same appearance as the female, except that the male patients are in a considerable minority—about one to three. Men are always more patient than women; but here even the men are cheerful and contented. An elderly gentleman, blind and paralyzed, after a very animated talk with us, related how, on the day before he had celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of his admission to the hospital. 'Yes,' exclaimed another man, who was stretched on a wretched couch unable to move, 'and I had come in just a fortnight before!' Very touching is the intimacy and friendship which exists between some of those occupying the same rooms, who have been, perhaps, united for years by a common bond of suffering, and who know that they will still continue to be neighbors until one or other of them shall have been released by death. Such, then, is a glance at one of the more prominent of the hospitals for the reception of incurables. About the good work it is doing in assuaging the last stages of human suffering, there can, we think, be little doubt; and, looking to the nature of the institution, we can hardly class it with those charities which seem to create a demand that tends to weaken a wholesome, independent exertion." Would not the incurables be justified in committing suicide?

LUCRETIA—However forlorn your condition may be on your plane of existence, you have experiences which can not be easily obtained in the Summer-land. To sever the thread of life, is taking advantage of nature's intentions, and cutting short a fission on earth. The experience of the king and that of the incurables, is alike essential. Pain sometimes teaches a lesson equally as important as that imparted by pleasure. The experience of those called incurables on earth, will ever be a benefit to them in Spirit-life, and animated by philanthropic purposes, they will go forth as messengers of light to prevent others from becoming like them. This earth is the rudimentary stage of existence, and primary lessons should be learned here, and the spirit will realize benefit therefrom throughout all eternity.

INQUIRER—But does not Nature—God, perhaps—destroy human life through the instrumentality of fire, storms, epidemics, volcanic eruptions, lightning, inundations, etc.? Are not such deaths premature? Are not earth experiences lost thereby?

LUCRETIA—Most assuredly, the operations of nature often prove destructive to human life. They are irresistible. Death by accident, by epidemic disease, etc., is quite different from committing suicide. A tree might be blown on you, and laterate in a fearful manner your body, but that would not confer on you the right to mangle or cripple your person! Accidents are unavoidable. Death by the operations of Nature's laws must frequently occur, but that gives you no right to commit suicide. The ponderous wheels of creation move on unceasingly, and in their diverse operations, human beings are crushed like a fly beneath the feet. Nature in her manifold operations can not deviate from her accustomed path to save human life. If she transfers you prematurely to the spirit side of life, she alone will promptly furnish compensation; but when you assume to act for her, she responds very tardily to your demands. Under no consideration is suicide justifiable.

INQUIRER—Is it possible for one person to be twice on earth?

LUCRETIA—Why do you ask that question?

INQUIRER—I will read the following narration of a spirit published in the Universe, and I desire your views thereon.

"It is the soul that nerves the arm that strikes the blow that gives victory! Man on this earth is composed of soul, spirit and body. The soul is the life of God, the spirit is the man himself which endorses the life, and the body is that by which the spirit acts on material objects. The body is derived from nature, and like everything material is subject to the laws of matter.

"Much has been written about spirits materializing themselves that they may be seen by mortals, but as a satisfactory statement, one that can be easily comprehended by people of ordinary endowments, has not yet been made, I will, in a plain way, give my own experience, which, I think, will be instructive as well as interesting.

"I was known in earth-life as Captain Marryat, author of Peter Simple, and other books. Having been endowed by the good Lord with a genial, loving heart,—and having labored zealously to better the condition of seamen; when called into another state of being, I found myself surrounded by hosts of friends. Of course I carried with me into the new life, many errors, but as I was always open to conviction, experienced little difficulty in ridding myself of them. I observed, after the lapse of a very brief period, that the great love which I had entertained for my fellow-men, literally burned out my personal peculiarities, and the light in which I began to live was gloriously bright. With increasing wisdom and love, it occurred to me that I still might be of use to mankind, if I could but find the means of communicating with them. While on earth, or rather while I occupied my natural body, I had occasionally seen spirits, and had thought much on the subject of ancient and modern Spiritualism, and it occurred to me, in my new state, that I would make an effort to re-visit the earth for the purpose of doing good. The beauty of spiritual life is, that when a person has an ardent desire for anything, the means to obtain it are always at hand.

"I re-visited earth in spirit, but felt its noon-day light, compared with the light of the world of spirits, the very thickness of darkness, and although I was never troubled much with fear, I felt a kind of shudder steal over me, at the idea of again mingling amid the scenes of earth. But the idea of doing good, soon overcame this sensation, and I began looking for the means of making myself visible on earth. Dr. Franklin came to me, and I became his pupil. He showed me the process by which I could readily im-

provise a material body, and retain it as long as I pleased, but stated that the moment a spirit clothed itself with matter; it became subject to the laws of matter,—felt heat and cold, hunger and thirst, sickness and sorrow, and that a process analogous to death had to be endured, when the body was thrown off. As I never dreaded death, and was pretty familiar with the trials of a material body, I dared all that the learned doctor said was incidental to taking on a material body. We then went to work, and after many experiments, I became master of the science, and found myself a man mingling in the busy scenes of life once more. The doctor and myself made many visits, in company, to poor people and helped them, and they knew no other but that we were mortals.

"But this was not the height of my ambition; I felt a yearning desire to reform the world, which the good doctor perceived, and smiled at my ardor, while he explained that other means than those to which we were having recourse, were then in progress by advanced spirits. He had merely gratified my curiosity by showing me the process of clothing myself with a natural body. Weary with walking and hungry, the doctor suggested that we should rest under the shade of a tree, and throw off our material bodies; but, being near the banks of a river, I preferred to jump in and be drowned. We separated; I took the water, and soon found myself in the world of spirits, but the doctor proposed to die where he was. We met, however, in the world of spirits, and then he explained to me that man must be reformed in freedom. The various angelic societies were operating on mortals, to make the conditions more favorable for their being able to receive truth in a rational way and of their own volition. He over-estimated that he had entertained the same ideas as myself, of working among men, but was shown that it was not in the order of Providence.

"The Lord had permitted the present influx of Spiritualism for two reasons: first, to convince those who desired to be convinced, that man does exist an intelligent, rational being, capable of immortal happiness, independent of the natural body, and to give the poor and oppressed hope to buoy them up when cast down by the darkness of earth-life. Many spirits can clothe themselves with natural bodies, but it causes them great pain, for frequently the diseases of which they died attack them, and all the sorrows of their first departure are repeated. We know that earth-life, at longest is but a troubled dream, and, knowing this, we are less anxious about the wants of the body—for these constitute the principal ills of life—more than you would be apt to suppose. Having no fear of the pangs of death, I frequently embody myself and walk among the crowds of earth.

"The angels of the Lord, His messengers to do His will, possess powers of which we who have recently left the earth know but little. They can appear at any time they please without being subject to the laws of matter, and can do anything that may be required of them, because their will is merged in the will of the Almighty.

"The people of earth, who have a longing desire to see their friends, ought to reflect on the probable pain they would have to endure. This is apparent, even in the case of mediums, when taken possession of by spirits. They exhibit the contortions which marked their departure from earth. Besides, let the bereaved remember, that to see their friends would not be enough, they would wish them to remain with them, and be to them what they were before death. This would not only be contrary to the Divine order, but would be an unmitigated evil in itself to the spirits who had escaped from the sorrows of earth, to a world where neither sin nor death can enter, and where the redeemed of the Lord live in His presence forever.

"But spirits are making great progress in simplifying the means of communication with mortals, so that in the lapse of a few years every family will be able, under certain conditions, to hold intelligent intercourse with their departed friends. Some of the genuine spirits predict that they will be able to appear in our parlors and lecture rooms, and speak with wisdom from on high for the uplifting of humanity. From all that I can see and hear to the world of spirits, it is evident to me that the oppression of the poor by the avaricious is drawing to a close, and that a new order of social and political life is close at hand. Let mortals, therefore, take courage, and trust in the Lord, and do good, while they pray. Lord, as in heaven, on earth they will be done!"

"It may be necessary to add that most of the spirits who appear at circles draw their covering from the parties by whom they are surrounded, but do not build up bodies from external nature like those with which Franklin and myself clothed ourselves. The means, however, by which spirits make themselves visible and tangible are so various and numerous, that even Franklin himself, with all his knowledge, could not describe them. Some can flash themselves, quick as thought, into view, while others have to labor long and assiduously to produce even a simple rap on a table. But let our friends on earth be sure of one thing, and that is this, that all heaven is interested in their welfare."

Any one would infer from the above that a spirit could pass through the death-scene as often as desirable. What is your opinion in regard to this matter?

LUCRETIA—I have never known a case of this kind. Although I have heard it frequently discussed in the Spirit-world, I do not believe it impossible; indeed I have long since ceased to cry humbug at even the most exaggerated declarations and statements in reference to what could be accomplished! The power of the wise sages of the Spirit-world is very great. Glance for a moment at the mechanism of a sheep. It rams over the rich pasture, nips the tender blade of grass, laves its thirst in the running brook, and breathes the fresh air, and strange to say a coat of snowy whiteness comes forth on its body. The complex chemical laboratory of the animal, manufactured the wool from grass, water and the atmosphere. When a little lamb it only weighed five pounds, but now it weighs seventy. From those three sources, its chemical laboratory manufactured sixty-five pounds of mutton. This is, indeed, astonishing, how an animal weighing only five pounds, can finally become such a self-acting manufacturing establishment, making from ten to fifteen pounds of wool a year. Now, in elucidation of my subject, I desire to say that the chemists in Spirit-life, go direct to the elements, spiritual and material, and make wool. You one animal, who does the same to form various fabrics, must procure sheep to eliminate it for you. They go to the grass, etc., for it; and were you wise enough, you could go there too. Look at the butterfly with its gaudy colors; at the birds of the air with their beautiful plumage. Each one carries a different chemical laboratory. That which can create, generate or form a bird, must as a natural sequence understand all about the chemical apparatus it carries, and must be superior thereto. That which can construct the butterfly with its variegated hues, must necessarily thoroughly comprehend the blending of colors. That which can mould a cow which can extract milk from grass, must be able through a direct chemical process to do the same things. That which can bring into existence a seed that can germinate and unfold a beautiful blossom, must be a most excellent florist. In fact, that which creates animals that can produce from grass, wool, milk, soft fur, beautiful feathers, etc., must be able to accomplish the same thing, himself, herself or itself. Now, I do not need to go as far as that which, the great Creative Power. Chemists in Spirit-life already understand that process. When this earth shall have become so densely populated that animals must be dispensed with, that knowledge will be imparted to earth's children which will enable them to go direct to the source for a supply of milk, butter and meats of various kinds. That intellect must indeed be narrow in comprehension, that does not consider the human mind superior to the body of the sheep, bird or cow. Indeed, I know that it is possible for the spirit to assume a physical organism, which it obtains from certain elements, and which, under the influence of light, is gradually dissipated. The time will come, I think, when it can be so materialized as to be retained indefinitely. Materialization is yet in its infancy. Ten years will work marvelous changes. If a spirit assumes a physical organization, it must be dissipated before it can again enter Spirit-life. Of course, such would be death to the body organized.

INQUIRER—Your ideas are peculiar, sir, in relation to this question. You seem to coincide with the article.

LUCRETIA—Puny child of earth, how narrow your comprehension! Of the sublime realities of the advanced sciences, you and the denizens of earth know comparatively nothing. If Mr. Field of the Atlantic Cable notoriety, could stand in New York, and with a battery no larger than a thimble and with only one drop of water, move a piece of iron in England (the hammer for telegraphing) what estimate do you put upon the power of him who has been in Spirit-life for 100,000 years? Indeed, it is towering—grand!

INQUIRER—Will the time ever arrive, when death will not occur?

LUCRETIA—That period will exist, but it is far in the future, when the earth will become so spiritualized and refined, that when death takes place the consciousness will be retained throughout. This earth is intensely gross yet, and the emanations therefrom are not favorable for advanced spiritual growth and development. The conditions, however, are just what are absolutely required. The ancient saurian monsters could not live in the atmosphere of to-day a single moment. Their gross natures required gross conditions. Those human beings who first inhabited your sphere, living in caves and holes in the ground, could not survive a month if alive at this time. The physical condition of this planet is gradually improving, and as it advances, the human race steps forward and assumes a higher condition. The physical force of to-day is far less gross than that which existed twenty thousand years ago. That is entirely owing to the elements surrounding it becoming more refined. Physical man has nothing whatever to do with motion of the earth in space; nothing whatever to do with its advancement in spirituality, or in the refining process which has always distinguished it. But he moves grandly along advancing just as rapidly as its physical condition will permit. The time will arrive when the exterior body will become so spiritualized, that there will be but little resemblance between it and those possessed by mortals at present. Death then will lose all of its terror.

How to Develop Mediums.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let a room be selected that is secluded from all disturbing noises, and one that can be rendered totally dark, if desirable.

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

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

Good singing aids much in harmonizing the circle and making each person sensitive, and comparative thoughts of all but the words sung, and the musical tones of the voices. Music from a good music box is better than no music, but the magnetic effect of good lively tunes and expressive words, are far preferable.

Some one will soon feel an irresistible desire to move a hand, speak, write or pat the table with the palm of the hands. Raps may be heard; the table may tip or some other demonstration may be witnessed, or some one may be entranced and "blest." Have no fear of consequences, whatever it may be, and under no circumstances resist the influence cheerfully, with a sincere faith that your spirit friends will allow no harm, nor anything to be done which is improper.

The first demonstrations being imperfect, the spirit control is often very eccentric. Hence we have advised that in forming circles, none should be admitted but such as have a sincere desire for truth.

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

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