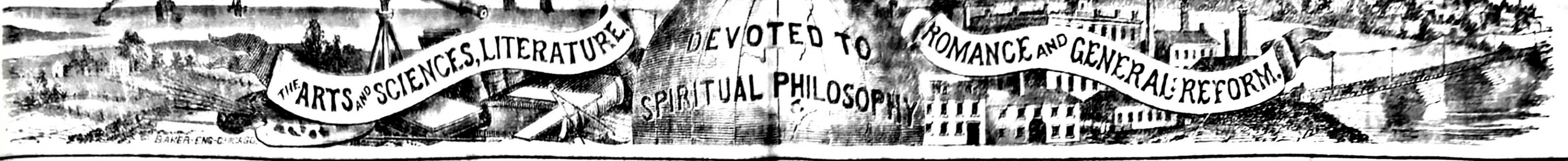


RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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

[SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 16, 1865.

VOL. 1.—NO. 12.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. November Chimes.

The steady patter of the rain,
I hear on roof and window pane,
And northward turns the weather vane.

All day long the autumn rain
Has pattered thus on roof and pane,
And northward veered the weather vane.

No glint of sunshine lights the sky,
Around my home the quick winds sigh,
And angry gusts go sobbing by.

I look out o'er the distant plain—
Dead leaves are strewing all the lane,
And on them falls the autumn rain.

The sound in dropping on them seems
To mingle with the waking dreams,
As music with the flow of streams—

The plaintive music of a wind
That oft has found the world unkind,
Yet feels to any fate resigned.

I seem to hear the leaves complain,
And wonder why the autumn rain
Should pelt them thus and turn the lane.

The naked trees in turn make moan,
The song birds from their boughs have flown,
And all their leafy pomp is gone.

The rose-tree by the garden gate
Is drooping now disconsolate,
As if to mourn its leafless state.

Dead flowers lie prostrate on the walks,
Or tremble on their withered stalks,
And o'er their forms the bleak wind talks.

Upon a sturdy rustle beech—
His pulpit out of human reach—
A crow is making noisy speech.

His comrades, circling round him, seek,
Discordant cries that seem to break
The echo that his voice would make.

The distant hills with sober mien
Have doffed their varied robes of green,
And wear instead a sombre screen—

A mist, that seems to rise and fall,
Now rests above them like a pall,
Hang in some vast funeral hall.

It is, indeed, a dreary scene,
And dark and dull the day I ween,
Yet I am calm—my thoughts serene.

I look out o'er the distant plain,
I list the dropping of the rain,
Yet have no thought or sense of pain.

It was not thus in years gone by—
Then every cloud that crossed the sky
Waked in my weary heart a sigh.

And when the dreary days drew nigh,
And Autumn came, with tearful eye,
I watched the forms of beauty die.

But now I view the glowing scene,
With bow unclouded, thought serene,
As summer in her brightest sheen.

Life's stream with me flows calm and deep—
No more in hopelessness I weep
O'er forms I love, but cannot keep.

O'er every ill I find a balm;
Each trial brings to me a psalm,
That shows me how to grow more calm.

My inner life is full of peace,
Hence all my outer joys increase,
And sorrow finds a sure recourse.

Oh! why this change—what magic art
Has wondrous spells about my heart,
And left me free from sorrow's dart?

Now sweet I hear the angels sing:
"Tis love that makes our cares take wing—
Such love doth always sunshine bring."

The secret they have told, 'tis well;
The heart that owns so bright a spell
Need never blush its powers to tell.

With rapturous joy I here confess
I've felt the tender, soft caress
Of love that brings me happiness.

Within my heart I feel its fire—
It glows along my soulful lyre,
And quickens every soul desire.

I love, love truly. Would ye know,
Oh! friends, toward whom my feelings flow—
What object waked their fervent glow?

In whispered words of purity—
And heart aglow with charity,
I answer, 'tis HUMANITY.

For her I ply my songful art;
'Twas she who sped love's shining dart,
And left it quivering in my heart.

I reverence her in every guise—
The young, the old, the dull, the wise—
Each form is sacred in my eyes.

Something of good and truth I find,
In every grade and class of mind,
As pearls within the soul enshined.

"Tis well, 'tis well," the angels sing;
"Such love that makes our cares take wing—
Such love doth always sunshine bring."

And something more, I hear them say,
That gives me joy where'er I stray,
And mingles thus amid my lay;

"We dwell above earth's clouds and storms,
We bow no more to creeds or forms,
When love of Truth our Spirit warms.

"When comes to us the habitude
Of thinking all things wise and good,
Then is our soul with strength endued.

Then do we drop our load of fear,
Or rising to a higher sphere,
We breathe a purer atmosphere.

There are no dark or dreary days
To those who tread love's shining ways,
But all are bright with wisdom's rays.

No falling flowers or autumn rain,
No wailing winds or desert plain,
Can give them thought or sense of pain.

Not o'er the sea and withered leaf,
For summer hours that seemed too brief—

Can mar the soul-felt harmonies,
That with our thoughts and feelings rise,
When love reveals his cloudless skies.

The outer and the inner life
Doth lay aside its ancient strife
In every soul where love is rife.

And Nature fair, in every mood,
Will wake our heart's best gratitude,
And give us joy, when understood.

The heart that, like a trusting child,
To all things here is reconciled,
Hath passed thro' sorrow's tangled wild—

And gained a land whose skies are clear,
With love's best sunshine all the year,
Where nothing is to harm or fear."

Thus oft I hear the angels sing,
"Tis love that makes our cares take wing,
Such love doth always sunshine bring."

Adelphi Institute, Nov. 20, 1865.

NARRATIVE OF

* * * * *

NOW IN SPIRIT LIFE.

GIVEN BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

INTRODUCTORY.

The writer has constant applications from persons in the interior life for an opportunity to give their experiences to the world. They come to me by night and by day, and if there were not some overruling and restraining power, I doubt not but that it would produce great suffering and distress, for I am made to feel more or less the conditions of all these persons. But, as I am fully conscious of a protecting care and wise guardianship, I have but little concern about it. I say to these eager applicants: "If you can get the consent of my friends in the inner life—my good and faithful guardians, you are welcome to come, and I will hear what you say, and write it for mankind."

Sometimes these spirits come several times, before anything is communicated; at others, as in this case, they begin their story at once.

On the morning of the 28th of August, 1865, this spirit appeared to the writer, and several pages of the narrative were written in phonography; then some ten days elapsed, when he returned and gave nearly as much more. After another interval of about the same length of time, he returned and concluded the story.

As an amanuensis for spirits, it is only necessary for me to be faithful and correct in reporting what they say, yet I find them using my own phrases at times, and an careful to correct the grammar, and occasionally the structure of the sentences—in which their ideas are clothed—and for which they are responsible.

CHAPTER I. EARTH LIFE.

For months past, I have been preparing a narrative of my experience on earth and in spirit-life, stimulated thereto by a promise that I should soon have your aid in presenting it to the world. I am the individual to whom Mrs. Brown referred as "a suicide who would come to you," for this purpose. I did not give my name, nor can I give it to you now. Perhaps it will be revealed sometime, as there are many persons to whom these narratives will be more real and emphatic when the person giving them is identified.

I was the only son of my parents, who were blessed with three daughters—would that I could say, and one son. But regrets are vain. I have sometimes fancied that, had one of my sisters been of the same sex with myself, it would have been better for all of us. I do not think so now, still when I go back on the wings of remembrance to my childhood, thoughts which then impressed me return, and I give expression to them.

When I say that I was a complete specimen of "a spoiled child," you will be willing to excuse me from entering into details which are neither pleasant nor profitable, and as most persons have frequent opportunities of seeing the manifestations of such children, I will gladly pass over this.

On arriving at the age of manhood, I had succeeded in establishing a very strong feeling of disgust between all my family and myself, so that when I left home, as I did about this time, there was but little regret on the part of any, save my mother, who ever retained her strong maternal feelings,

which are more extended and embracing than charity itself, and cover a multitude of sins.

I left my home and soon found myself among entirely new associates. For a time, my relations were very pleasant and harmonious. It is scarcely possible for a person to become so ill-natured as to quarrel with entire strangers. Sooner or later, the mask which new surroundings and temporary associations throw over human character, begins to be laid aside. So I found myself first differing and then quarrelling with many of my associates, and soon these became enemies, for I had neither wealth, position nor influence of any kind to restrain the torrent which now rushed in upon me with great fury. This only irritated me the more, and as one by one of these left me, I became more and more misanthropic, and when I was thirty-two years old, after a very bitter and venomous quarrel with my last and most intimate associate, in which we parted cursing each other in terms much more strong than polite, in a fit of frenzy, I, for the first time, conceived the idea of committing suicide.

I was a coward, although this idea had fastened itself firmly upon me, that I could not for a moment cast it off, and the only desire was to find some means to throw off the "mortal coil," without pain or suffering. For three days I racked my brain to find this, and adopted at least a dozen different plans, each of which I now sooner formed than abandoned, by which I might pass over the Stygian pool into the dim unknown beyond. Hanging was vulgar and mechanical; drowning was cold and shivering; the immediate effects of the various poisons were so uncertain, that I found strong objections and ready arguments against their use. No one who had succeeded in making them the bridge over the great and fearful gulf of death had given a definite report of their action, and as it is a wise maxim of law that the accused is always entitled to the benefit of a doubt, so I being judge, juror, and accused, took advantage of all these doubts.

I do not think the idea of committing suicide was so firmly fixed in my mind that it might not have been easily removed, had I had a single friend upon whom I could have leaned, and in whom I could have confided in this, my hour of deep trial. But I was alone in the world! Think of it, ye children of earth, who are surrounded by kind friends—solitary, amid thousands, more lonely than in the deepest recesses of the desert, because no soul beat responsive to mine own, no heart throbed in unison with mine. The thought is fearful, and none but those who have realized it can appreciate the deep and unutterable woe of such a state.

I am now realizing the fundamental and important truth, that every effect is the legitimate and inevitable result of an appropriate cause. I see now that the terrible condition to which I have referred, commenced far back in life by turning to gull and bitterness the streams of pure affection that flowed so naturally and beautifully toward me, from my relatives and friends in my early childhood. One by one these streams became polluted, like the waters of *Marah*, and as they turned upon me, I became more bitter.

And habit, oh, the dreadful thing of repetition! source of power to bless or curse in every department of life, had fixed its cruel fangs deep within my nature, so that I could not turn to either hand and escape its potent influence. I stood alone, hated, despised and scorned by all men, and in turn, hating and despising all men. Was suicide a crime of deepest dye to me, or was it a mere bubble on the ocean wave of life, as much the natural and legitimate effect of my condition, as is love and affection the result of a true and virtuous life? The world blames and curses the one and blesses and praises the other, not realizing that each is the natural result of conditions, and that until these are changed, the others cannot be.

My death was partly accidental, yet the motive for it was so real that I cannot claim any exemption from the guilt of it. I occupied two rooms, one quite large and well ventilated, and the other small and close.

In my bachelor life I had procured a chafing dish, and on the evening of the fourth day after I had become fixed in the idea of committing suicide, having eaten but little during that time, I procured some food, and prepared it over a charcoal fire in the small room. Having partaken of this food, I laid down upon a lounge, and the thought flashed across my mind, that if I filled my chafing dish with charcoal, and closed the room door, I might pass off unconsciously. I did so, and the last conscious acts of my life on earth were making the fire and closing the door.

CHAPTER II. EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LIFE.

I must have fallen into an unconscious state very soon after the events narrated in the last chapter. And I have learned since by a comparison of dates, and from some of my friends in spirit life who were with me at the time, and were conscious of my condition and the changes that were going on, that four weeks elapsed before I became at all conscious.

My first impressions and perceptions were extremely vague and indefinite, as much so as the most imperfect consciousness of a dream. This uncertainty was not only in reference to my surroundings, but also to myself. I seemed to have been blotted out of existence; my experience in this is somewhat peculiar, as I learn from those to whom I have mentioned it, and I shall endeavor to give it to you as clearly as I can.

The popular idea, that in drowning, all the events of a life time would rush before the mind in rapid and almost instantaneous succession, was reversed, and I lived over the events of my life almost as slowly as they had occurred on earth. I was a child again without the consciousness of ever having been anything else—perhaps I acted the scenes and incidents of my early childhood with more facility from having had an earth experience, and at times I had a vague idea that I was merely recalling and living over scenes that I had already enacted. I have since discovered that certain trains of events naturally grouped themselves together and were not re-enacted in precisely the order in which they occurred on earth.

Thus for a long period was I retracing the devious course of my earth life, and I now perceive that there were two influences ever operating upon me just as there had been in my former condition, and this is a common and universal experience of all mankind, which, in ancient times was described under various names, as good and evil influences. I believe I was under influences which favored the action of my better nature more than they had ever done on earth. There was more wisdom among my associates here, and this enabled them to direct the chain of influences within and around me so as to help me along in the right direction. I was apparently doing nothing new, merely re-enacting my former life. I have since learned that the great difficulty which I had to overcome and which affects all suicides in a greater or lesser degree, resulted from the fact, that in my case, there was a complete break in the line of consciousness, and all this labor and suffering which cost me years of painful effort and delay, were for the purpose of bringing together and uniting the broken and separate ends of my conscious life, so that my identity might be clearly established throughout the whole.

This fact of continued identity is a point of the highest importance to our happiness, and one which is very little understood by mankind.

What is immortality to a human being, if he does not know that he is the same being? Of what value are early experiences, if we are changed in the twinkling of an eye, and lose them forever?

The only thing which gives real value to immortality in man, above anything else, is an unbroken and continuous line of consciousness; without this, man's immortality is nothing more than that of the lowest and most gross forms of matter, for these are all indestructible, and in that sense immortal.

There are few of earth's children who keep the line of their identity so perfect in their passage from one sphere to another, that there are not some broken strands in the cord which must be spliced, and which cost some effort and leave a mark on the character.

But where all are broken, as they were in my case, it becomes a very difficult task to unite them. Like the ocean telegraph cable, it may be necessary to go back to the shore, and raise the whole of it slowly and carefully, in order that the ends may be joined. I am impressed by your friends here now, to say that few, indeed, are the cases where the line of identity is entirely continuous and unbroken; only where man lives out the full measure of time allotted to him and fills up in a good degree his mission on earth, which is to become acquainted as far as practicable with the laws of nature, which are operating on the various planes—that lie one above the other—as your good friend and brother, Adin Ballou, has presented to you, and the most perfect knowledge of each plane is obtained by passing through it, or coming into contact with it. He well said it is the introduction of phenomena from the higher planes that have always produced what are termed miracles.

Phenomena just as natural upon the plane to which they belong, as the most simple operation of nature upon any plane. The eagerness to ascend to higher planes, and bring their manifestations down to our own, has produced much of the suffering which has existed in the world. My own life was an unhappy failure, mainly because from my earliest recollection, I had strong desires for those things which belonged to higher planes, and from the effort on the part of my parents and friends to gratify me with those things which were beyond my capacity to enjoy properly, and which consequently increased the desires in that direction.

But to return to my story. Gradually and by slow degrees, I was enabled to connect the lines of my identity back, even beyond my earliest experiences of earth life. It was not merely soul identity which, however, is the basis of an intelligent immortality, on which all others are laid, but I was enabled to make up the identity of my entire being, mental and physical, which was thus connected and made one continuous and unbroken line.

Years of earth-time have rolled away, and I have had many beautiful experiences, and have long desired to give an account of these to the world, knowing that by so doing, if I helped others, I should help myself; and now, in returning my sincere thanks to you for the aid you have given me in this work, I ask you to conclude my narrative by giving the figure which I heard you recited to the friend above alluded to, and which you received through the mediumship of Mrs. Foster, of Lowell, Mass. This figure was given in a long personal communication, and the spirit said, "you seem like a great broad river, as clear as crystal, and on the surface are floating beautiful flowers, the fragrance of which perfumes the atmosphere with sweetness; at the bottom of the river is a bed of gems, and as waters are kept clear and pure, these gems are seen by men and angels; the latter move about through this river, and gather up some of the jewels and take them from one river to another, and thus the

poor are enriched, and the rich make themselves happier and richer by depositing these gems in those rivers where they can do the most good."

There is an interior work, it is the river of your life interiorly; it is so calm and clear that I can see all that is in it; no turbid waters hide any of the jewels. There is beautiful exchange, and every one that needs a gem of truth that you have, sends it and it is given to him freely, and for every one you give away the angels bring a brighter and more lovely one to you.

Thus are the angels continually placing gems in the rivers of humanity, and many of these are so turbid and muddy that these gems are not seen, or if seen are so covered with impurities that they cannot be recognized. But we know that the impurities from all these will sooner or later be filtered away, and that which accumulated upon and covered the gems of beauty and truth, will be removed, so that their real worth will be manifested.

But brother, the good angels are always attracted to the pure and limpid streams in which truth is unadulterated, and error finds but little foothold. Seek, therefore, not only to keep this state yourself, but to impress upon all around these the importance of keeping their streams clear and pure, so that when the living fountains of inspiration are opened they may flow into your souls and be received in a condition as near to their original state as may be. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks," so do every soul in its better moments, pant after these true and living waters, which when thus received, "shall be in us as a well of living waters springing up into everlasting life."

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.—LECTURES BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.—The Spiritualistic movement, which was interrupted four years ago by the war, has taken a new start in this city, and yesterday morning and last night, the new Philosophy was ably and eloquently expounded and explained in two lectures by Andrew Jackson Davis, one of the founders of the Philosophy. A full abstract of his evening's lectures will be found in another column. The attendance on both occasions was quite large, the small library hall being more than crowded, and many persons were unable to find even standing room. The character of the audience, and the profound attention with which every one listened to the remarks of the speaker, are proofs that a large portion of the most intellectual men and women of the city are attracted by the promulgation of Spiritualistic views. Mr. Davis had but little to say about the meaningless mummeries of "mediums"—the tipping of tables and fantastic tricks which chamber furniture has been made to play in a darkened room; but he addressed himself to the reasoning faculties of the audience, and however visionary his views may be regarded by strict church members, there can be no dispute about the fact that he fixed the attention and enlisted the sympathies of many clear and philosophical minds.

In view of the increasing interest which is manifested in Spiritualism, it is the province of the Democrat to give the teachers of the doctrine a fair and impartial hearing through its columns. Whether it be true or false, good or bad, an understanding of its leading ideas can harm no one, but may induce many to do their own thinking and form their own opinions.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

WHO ARE THE VICTIMS?—A celebrated pickpocket, who was sent to the State prison for his misdeeds, being noted for his marvelous adroitness in pocket-lifting, was requested to reveal the secret of his success. When the following, among other disclosures, was made. We publish them, as they are likely to be useful to those who are willing to take the hint:

"I never," said the pickpocket, "attempt the pocket of an old resident of the city, but uniformly strangers and countrymen." But on being asked how he distinguished them, replied, "very easily," and gave the following list of persons who were the regular victims of this "craft":

"Persons in an omnibus who take out their pocket-books after the stage stops, are sure to be countrymen. Those who stop to converse on the sidewalks or thoroughfares, or to take out pocket-books at the box or pit office of the theatres, or steamboat offices. All those who stop to gaze at shop-windows, or count money or show pocket-books in the street, or call at the Funk auction rooms. All these," said he, "are our common victims. If I find a man eating oysters or fruit, or carrying an open knife in the street, in nine times out of ten he is green, and we victimize him. Persons who stand up in the theatre, or stand on cross-walks, are generally country folks, and we make sure of them."

The shrewdness of these observations of the pickpocket must be obvious to all city people, and accounts for the remarkable fact that the city residents seldom suffer by the operations of the light-fingered gentry.

FROM WORDS TO CLOCKS.—Ingenious men of all ages, from Archimedes, 200 years B. C., to Wallingford, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been cited as inventors of the clock. The fact is, that the clock, like almost every other useful implement, gradually grew to perfection; one man suggested the wheelwork; another the weight for maintaining or driving power; another the balance for regulating the expenditure of that power; another the dial and hands; another the striking parts, and so on; and at last one man combined all together in one machine, and gained the credit of making the first clock. This man appears to be one Henry de Vick, or de Vick, who placed a clock in the tower of the palace of Charles the Fifth, about the year 1384, which clock is the most ancient of which there exists any particular description. The principles upon which it was constructed were essentially the same as those of the clocks of the present day; that is, there was a moving power and a regulating power. The moving power was a weight hung to a cord, wound around a barrel; the unwinding of which, by the fall of the weight, gave motion to a train of wheels that moved around the dial. The regulating power was a balance wheel, springing back wards and forwards after the manner of the watch balance, so familiar to us all.—*Shilling Magazine.*

Napoleon, a descendant of an obscure family in Corsica, was Major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobacco-merchant of Martinique.

What countdrums are always at home? Those that are never found out.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. (Cleopatra.)

Here is a picture of this notorious Egyptian queen, which seems to me to be the most truthful one I have ever seen. It was written by William W. Story—whose Cleopatra in marble is one of the wonders of modern sculpture—and contributed to Blackwood's Magazine.

We find in it the Egyptian idea of transmigration, and are struck by the queen's revelry of the past time, when she was a "velvety tiger." What could suit her better? Think of her beauty, her cunning, her supreme selfishness, her treacherousness. Remember how, almost the first favor she asked of Antony, after he was fairly in her power, was the assassination of her younger sister Arsinoe. How she poisoned her brother, fifteen years of age, because he, by Julius Caesar's decree, was to share the throne with her. How self-indulgence led her to investigations to find the easiest death to die, in case she chose to end her existence.

Picture her, beautiful, unflinching, cold, with an assembly of criminals around her, on whom she is experimenting for the case of her cowardly heart. She is causing all the different kinds of poison to be administered, to see how they operate. They do not suit her. The victims writhe, struggle, suffer too much. Then she causes all the venomous reptiles and insects to be brought. One must bare his arm to the deadly scorpion, another to the asp, and so they die, one after another, while Cleopatra eagerly looks on the scene. She is satisfied at last. The asp venom is the most desirable, and what matter about criminals suffering, so a queen die easily!

Her betrayal, too, of Antony!—weak, foolish Antony, who followed and led a round of the most voluptuous pleasures the records of history ever traced; who forgot everything but her—who lost everything but her love, and that love not worth the trying after. But here is the picture, the merit of which is truth.

EMMA TUTTLE.

Here, Charmian, take my bracelet, Thy hair with a purple stain My arms: turn over my pillows— They are hot where I have lain; Open the lattice wide to me— A gaze on my bosom throw, And let me inhale the odors, That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony, And in his arms I lay; Ah, me! the vision has vanished— Its music has died away— The flame and the perfume have perished— As this spiced aromatic paste! That wanders the air, and its odor Is now but an ashy haze.

Scatter upon me rose leaves, They cool me after my sleep, And with fondle they soothe me— Till into my veins they creep: Reach down the lute, and play me A melancholy tune, To rhyme with the dream that has vanished, And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight, Lingers the slow, smooth Nile, Through slender poppy, that cover The sleeping coddle; The lotus lolls on the water, And opens its heart of gold, And over its broad leaf-pavement Never a ripple is told. The twilight breeze is too lazy Those feathery palms to wave, And you little cloud is as motionless As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature Oppresses my heart and brain! Oh! for a storm and thunder— For lightning and heroic rain! Fling down that lute— I hate it! Take rather his buckler and sword, And crash them and clash them together, Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty— My cockatoo, creamy white, With roses under his feathers— That flash across the light. Look! listen! as backward and forward To his hoop of gold he clings: How he trembles with ceaseless quivering, And shrieks as he madly swings! Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony! Cry, "Come, my love, come home!" Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!" Till he hears you, even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber That wretched little gazelle, With its bright black eyes so meaningless, And its silly tinkling bell! Take him—my nerves he vexes— Or, by the body of Isis, I'll snap his thin neck in twain! Leave me to gaze at the landscape Mistily stretching away: When the afternoon's opaline tremors O'er the mountains quivering play; Till the Hercei splendour of sunset Fours from their tops their fire, And melt, as in a crucible, Their earthly forms expire! And the bald bear skull of the desert With glowing mountains is crowned, That burning like molten jewels Circle its temple round.

I will lie and dream of the past-time, Zones of thought away, And through the jungle of memory Loosen my fancy to play: When, a smooth and velvety tiger, Ribbed with yellow and black, Supple and cushion-foed I wandered, where never the track Of a human creature had rustled The silence of mighty woods, And, free in a tyrannous freedom, I knew but the law of my moods. The elephant, trumpeting, started When he heard my footsteps near, And the spotted giraffes fled wildly In a yellow cloud of fear. I sucked in the noontide splendor, Quivering along the glade, Or yawning, panting and dreaming, Backed in the tamarisk shade, Till I heard my wild mate roaring, As the shadows of night came on, To brood in the trees thick branches And the shadow of sleep was gone; Then I roused, and roared in answer, And to my arms from my cushioned feet My curving claws, and stretched in, And wandered my mate to greet.

We toyed in the amber moonlight, Upon the warm flat sand, And struck at each other massive arms— How powerful he was and grand! His yellow eyes flashed fiercely As he crouched and gazed at me, And his quivering tail, like a serpent, Twisted curves so nervously— Then like a storm he seized me With a wild triumphant cry, And we met, as two clouds in heaven, When the thunders before them fly. We grappled and struggled together, For his love, like his rage, was rude; And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another sutor— For I was flexible and fair— Fought for me in the moonlight, While I lay crouching there; Till his blood was drained by the desert; And ruffled with triumph and power, He licked me and lay beside me To treat the bite of a vast half-hour. Then down to the fountain we loitered, Where the antelope came to drink; Like a bolt we sprang upon them, Ere they had time to shrink. We drank their blood and crushed them, And tore them limb from limb, And the hungriest lion doubted Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for! Not this weak human life, With its frivolous bloodless passions, Its poor and petty strife. Come to my arms, my hero, The shadows of twilight grow, And the tiger's ancient fierceness In my veins begins to flow. Come not cringing to sue me, Take me with thy sword and power, As a warrior that storms a fortress! I will not shrink or cower. Ere we were women or men, When the tiger passions were in us, And love as you loved me then!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Spiritual Journalism.

With hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists in the United States, thousands of mediums, and tens of thousands of genuine spiritual manifestations, based upon the elements of a philosophy which correlates the forces of the physical and spiritual universe, and unites in the bonds of holy fellowship, the mortal and the immortal spheres, we have not yet had an adequate, well sustained, and successful representative Spiritual Journal. Many high toned and ably conducted spiritual papers have been started, but not one has been of long duration, or has been able to boast an adequate subscription list. Secular and secular journals are, in many, if not in most cases, successful. Literary monthlies, some of them at least, are eminently successful; but not one Spiritual journal is as old as modern Spiritualism. Nor do I forget that "modern" Spiritualism is still young. But with its infinite resources and its wide spread influence, it seems about old enough to have one able, amply sustained, and representative journal.

And besides, when one remembers that modern Spiritualism is an enlargement and improvement on the Spiritualism of all nations and ages, a fresh illustration of the nearness of the arisen generations of souls, and a second edition of all the real seerships and true Spiritual experiences of the centuries, revised, improved and corrected, it seems strange that it has not yet strength and influence enough to master the press and keep a foothold on earth by the side of secular and secular journals.

Why is not Spiritual Journalism a success? What are the causes of its oft-repeated failure? And how can it be made successful in the present and future?—are questions which it is quite time to ponder.

I do not underrate those post mortem Journals. They did much good—but they "passed away." A truly representative Spiritual Journal ought not to pass away until Spiritual Philosophy itself shall die, or until all souls are grown beyond the necessity of intellectual commerce, through mediate channels, with their fellow souls. And that hour is yet far away.

Three things are indispensable to successful Spiritual Journalism, viz.: First—Adequate and available resources from which to draw the elements, ideas, thoughts and principles of a true Spiritual philosophy. Second—A demand or necessity in the public mind, heart, conscience and condition, for those ideas, etc. Third—The ability in the journalist to work those resources up into shape to supply that demand, and to fill that necessity. Whatever else may be useful and beneficial, these three conditions are indispensable. If only one of these is lacking, the others are useless. Of what use is an infinite fountain of ideas, if there be not one to work it properly? Or of what avail to work it, while there is no use for its truth after it be worked?

Is the want of resource the cause of this journalistic failure? Let us consider our Spiritual resources.

The resources of Spiritual Journalism may be classed under four general heads, viz.: First—The Historical; Second—The Scientific; Third—The Spiritual; Fourth—The Philosophic. Under the head of "Historic" we include all authentic records of seerships, ancient and modern; all true prophecies; all clear manifestations of the superintending care and guardianship of angels or "spirits"; all clearly Spiritual healings by the laying on of hands under evident Spiritual dictation and control; and, in short, all those peculiar manifestations usually called "Supernatural."

The Scientific resources include all those facts and truths of the physical world which confirm, illustrate, and demonstrate spiritual laws, ideas and facts. And since the Spiritual philosophy regards spirit as the basis of the visible universe, the fountain of eternal ideas from which all the visible forms of nature spring, it regards all possible science as contributing to, and demonstrative of, all spiritual verities. In its idea, the external universe is a vast and sublime symbolism of the spiritual universe. External forms are only images of the eternal ideas, of infinite reason or spirit. The visible Cosmos is the divine ensemble. Hence, no truth of science can be at war with a truth of the soul. Hence, the whole realm of physical sciences is open as a resource to Spiritual Journalism. More, the very genius of Spiritual Philosophy urges the true journalist to work these shining quarries of suns and stars, for it is there that the modes of the operation of spiritual forces are made visible and tangible to sense. And farther, science is thus rendered divine, and warm and attractive to the soul of man.

Under the head "Spiritual," we group the whole immortal realm, and all its arisen spirits, also the spiritual intuitions, and Theosophic powers and tendencies of each human spirit.

Under the head "Philosophic," we mean that power in man which correlates "matter" and spirit, and explains, or aims to explain all things. Genuine philosophy is eminently spiritual, for since reason is compelled to refer the world to an adequate cause in Eternal Intelligence, it must regard that Intelligence as spiritual, and not "material."

Now these are some of the resources from which the Spiritual Journalist can draw his forces. History, Science, Religion, and Philosophy—have secular or secular journals any other or more extensive sources of ideas? Spiritualism has all the sources of all the sectarian religions of the whole world and of all time, for it is essentially cosmopolitan, while not one of the six great forms of historic religion is. Each of these old historic religions has limited its historic resources to its own career alone, thus cutting itself off from the testimony of all the other equally credible faiths. Spiritualism scans all the historic plains of the world, and by reason of its philosophic elevation, and the agency of eternal analogies, finds the law of spiritual unity running like a shaft of solid light through them all. It can shake hands across the ruined temples and altars of religions with all their devotees, for in each it finds the same divine aspiration, the same spiritual wonders, the same central ideas, and the same ultimate goal.

Wherever an angel has appeared and spoken, and died, wherever a great seer has appeared, walking thousands of years before his time, and lifting the soul of generations into a higher civilization, there is an element of historic authority for Spiritualism. Spiritual philosophy is the living Gospel of all time. Its priests are such souls as Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato; Jesus, Swedenborg, and Joan of Arc; Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Newton; Leibnitz, Descartes and Laplace. These have been the ministers of an ever advancing religion, whose ideas and discoveries have given names to entire epochs of thought. Members and chiefs in God's Infinite Spiritual republic are they, from whose souls whole civilizations have sprung. The historical authority behind Spiritualism is equal to that behind all the thousand and one religious sects of the whole

world. It is more. It is all those revised, enlarged and reduced scientific proofs, in modern manifestations.

The brightest pages of the world's literature are radiant with the light of Spirituality. Take, out of any of the "sacred" books, the spirituality thereof, and what have you left? Take the Spiritualism out of the New Testament, and no soul or life would remain. From Homer to Shakespeare, the finest poems are kindled at the central fires of spiritual ideas. We are sometimes asked, "where is your Spiritual literature?" And we can truly answer—It is the immortal literature of all time. Indeed, there is not a page or passage in the literature of sects, that challenges admiration or quickens our souls, that is not in some way an expression of the common sense, the common consciousness, and therefore of the common and universal spiritual nature of mankind. The literature and creed of Spiritualism are impersonal—like the spiritual cares of the world—the property of humanity, and not of any man. Hence its resources are bounded by no lines of latitude or longitude, and limited to no age of the world. And are not here ample fields for the spiritual scholar and historian? Spiritual Journalism has never yet exhibited a title of its historic strength, for want of the application of that learning which can alone bring forth the ancient things from its treasure house. This needs to be done. And until it be done, one of the great quarries of our strength remains unworked.

Again, science yields no strength to any sectarian theology in the world; for while those theologians were conceived before the dawn of science and still remain as they were ages ago, science has gone on. Theologies are "dead," while science is flowing. Hence, at each new advance of science, some dogma of theology is overturned. The "churches" cannot use the vast laws of science to enforce and illustrate their creeds; hence, science yields no strength to them. But the Spiritual philosophy is no punctum stans—no fixed fact; but a punctum fluens—a flowing fact. It consequently moves on with science. These are twin branches from the same great tree; parallel currents from the same great fountain. A true system of theology should move abreast, or perhaps a little in advance of civilization. Spiritualism does this. No other theology does. Hence its vast advantages over all the other historic forms of religion. This fact should be a tower of strength to the spiritual scholar. And the scientific resources should be made to yield vast treasures of truth for Spiritual Journalism.

Third. The spiritual resource is inexhaustible. Consider the numberless millions of souls who have arisen to the Summer-land, and who, during countless ages, have been gaining knowledge, power and wisdom. Now, no person who believes in immortality, can consistently cut loose those spiritual millions from all love of, or sympathy with, earth-life. Nor can one conceive that it is either natural or just, to make man immortal, and then destroy all relation between the earth and the Summer-land. Every spirit that rises to that world of light, stretches a new cord of sympathy between the two worlds. This idea and fact should be made fully available by the Spiritual Journalist. Hence, the inspiration from the Spiritual world is an exhaustless source of power, to be wisely and judiciously used in our press. Let us uncover our heads beneath the spiritual heavens, and wait until the voices of the blessed guide our souls and our press. The attitude of the true Spiritual Journalist should be reverent, high-toned, Spiritual, and not merely Spiritualistic. It is not enough, however, that he seek inspiration from angels. There are diviner qualities in each spirit, diviner aspirations which can be fed and quickened only by the very life of Deity. There are religious powers in man, which lay at the very basis of his being, and which can be kindled only at the central fires of the universe.

It is well to hold converse with Socrates and Jesus, but it is far better and holier to hold converse in eternal discourse with the Infinite Father and Mother of all souls. It is blessed beyond description, to "list to voices from spirit land," but far more blessed is to hear the enunciations of eternal and super-personal Reason. The absence from reformatory journals of the spirit of lofty theosophy, of sublime worship, has always been a source of weakness to them. We should break idols, only to lift the souls of their devotees, to the worship of the divine, justice, love and beauty. Mere negativism never did, and never will, inaugurate any great positive ameliorating movement among men with spiritual intuitions. It is not given to negations to move the world. The central faith of all souls, is an inevitable trust in the idea of the divine beneficence and wisdom. Spiritual Journalism can, and should reach and quicken this native faith. And is not here, also, an exhaustless resource of power and influence? If our press speak the native tongue of the soul, will not the soul respond? When our journals speak the language of "ideas," generations will listen. Only then will our speech become Heaven's vernacular. God's vernacular is the language of the universal heart.

Our last resource is Philosophy, and Philosophy is the last arrival of human thought. Its sublime function is, to correlate the historical, scientific and spiritual words; to identify the one law running through them all; to utilize the non-divided realms of thought; to interpret history by the laws of reason; to inspire science with the spirit of theosophy; and to kindle, in its cold, granite bosom, the fires of reverence and worship, and pour on its pathway the golden warmth of a divine love and wisdom; to correct unaided spiritual emotions; to banish superstition from religion. Science, divorced from Spirituality, shivers in the shadows of materialism; religion divorced from science, has no eyes or light; no guide or correction, but degenerates into superstition and devilism. Philosophy must lead science to the altars of religion and baptize it into the life of divine ideas; while, in return for this service, science must translate the sunbeams into timbers of solid light, and lay them reverently down beneath the temples of religion as eternal foundations thereof. Let the Spiritual Journalist rest assured there is no war between the truths of science and the truths of the spirit. One Infinite Reason over-arches suns and souls. One law runs through all spheres; one life pervades all departments of nature; one goal is the aim of all systems of religion, science and philosophy—and that goal is "perfection and truthfulness of character for man." Is not philosophy, then, an exhaustless resource?

It is clear, then, that in the resources of Spiritual Journalism, there is no reason for failure. Its resources are infinite. They only need to be worked.

The second condition of successful Spiritual Journalism, is the necessity and demand in the spiritual conditions of the public mind for Spiritual ideas, and the reforms which grow out of those ideas. And on this point but little need be said. The necessity for some fresh revelations of

spiritual truth is patent to the most careless observer. The fact that the creeds of popular theology are only so many different and contradictory renderings of the impugned dogmas of the earliest and darkest ages of the human mind, is, of itself, a sufficient reason for more light from the Spiritual department of nature. It is a lamentable fact, that though our political institutions are essentially American—native to the American soil, our creeds are foreign importations from Mesopotamia and the "Dark Ages." Church theology is far behind our political polity. A Judaized Christianity usurps the altars of religion, which should be ruled by the freshest inspirations of the age. The past, alone, solitary, dark, gloomy, and grim, sits on the ecclesiastical thrones of modern Christendom, and essays to dictate the faith of the nineteenth century. Theology needs to be brought up abreast of science and of politics. It is now far behind all the other departments of modern thought. And Spiritual philosophy is the only great popular effort to do this. There is no other modern form of religion whose central ideas logically compel men to bring their religious views up to the standard of the last and highest ideas and discoveries of the age. Spiritual philosophy is the only native American religion. It springs from the great Anglo-American heart. Like our Declaration of Independence, it is the spontaneous voice of the American genius. It is native and to the manor born. In any other nation of the world, modern Spiritualism itself has been dragged with a thousand superstitions to its one in America. French Spiritualism is to-day clad in the shadows of a dominant Romanism—or at least, is darkened by the prevailing atmosphere of Roman theology. As a true and permanent Republic could be reared only on the virgin soil of a New World, and in an atmosphere uncontaminated by the pestiferous breath of king-craft, so a corresponding spiritual religion can rear its first temples of worship only in a New World of ideas, whose air is uncontaminated by priestcraft. Priestcraft has no more right to rule the soul of America than king-craft has to govern its politics. Both are foreigners, and should be pushed off our shores. This New World belongs, by the authority of God's historic Providence, to the New Age. Jewish theocracy with its polygamy and concubinage, and all its other mentionless villainies, has as much right here as Jewish theology. If we are to import our theology from four thousand years ago, why not our science and machinery? Hence, here is seen the vast and crying necessity for a vigorous and courageous Spiritual Journalism. The people are to be brought to perceive the new demands and new ideas of the age. The press is one of the most effectual means of doing this.

And besides, a chilling materialism pervades the church. Henry Ward Beecher told the truth in a lecture, when he said, "there is more infidelity in the church than out of it."

Never was there a moment in the history of man when such opportunity for a heroic Spiritual literature offered itself. And especially is this the case here in America. The Republic has just been emancipated from an oligarchy; liberty has ultimated its logic in the victories of the battle-field and the Senate; the great popular heart has declared for the equality of all before the law; an industrial Democracy emerges from the smoke and flame of war, battle-scarred, but still brave, bearing in its arms the ark of the covenant of the rights of man; our country is classic with heroic deeds, and sacred to the American heart, in the blood of our martyred President, and his arisen associate heroes; the very atmosphere is instinct with the spirit of intellectuality as well as political liberty; and as if to complete the grand revolution of the old into the New Age, the golden portals of the Summer-land are opened, and the two worlds are put into holy alliance and fellowship. And all this is significant of the aims of Divine Providence—the providence of law and of progress. The signs of the times furnish ample stimulus to the truly progressive press. The necessities of the hour are almost measureless. A new energy seems to possess us. It should be guided into the channels of a philosophic Spiritual religion, else it will sink away into materialism, or a State religion.

The revolution which has just passed through the State must soon roll its waves through the church. Liberty is a principle, and so must dominate churches and creeds, as well as States and nations. The great contest of ideas is soon to be fully opened in America. Romanism on the one hand, Spiritualism on the other, and Evangelicalism between, these are the great parties to the contest. Both Romanism and Evangelicalism have well established and ably conducted journals; while Spiritualism has not one journal which is not still an experiment and a question of success. It is quite time the Spiritualists of the United States awoke to the conviction that it is quite time to build up and sustain, and sustain amply too, first class Spiritual Journals. How will the great Spiritual party appear in this contest without a press? How will its ideas reach the masses whom it is laboring to emancipate? A few occasional lectures are far from sufficient. We must have adequate journals, or sink into public contempt. Our resources are exhausted, and our necessity widespread and pressing. Let the spiritual public reflect, and rise to a level with this great occasion, or soon see our movement the object of ridicule and scorn.

The third great condition of successful Spiritual Journalism is ability to work those quarries of eternal ideas, and so to work them as to be able to reach the public mind where it is. All classes and conditions are to be reached and elevated. Vast versatility and variety of journalistic talent is therefore requisite to this immense task. Spiritual Journalism should take its cue from the many-sidedness of nature. She grows beasts, birds, men and angels, and feeds them all on appropriate food in due season. She allows no monopoly of blessings. She pampers no intellectual aristocracy. If, therefore, we would elevate all, we must reach all. Adaptation is the great condition to journalistic success. But no one mind can fill this programme. An impersonal editorship alone can fill the measure of this necessity. Hence the plan of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. But I do not conceal that it is difficult to secure that amount and variety of editorial talent which is essential to a great success—such as Spiritualism really deserves. Nor can it be done at all, except on the basis of an ample and permanent subscription list. And this again, rests, ultimately, on the adaptability of the journal to the necessities and wants of the people. But it does seem as if there ought to be sufficient unity of spirit in our ranks (if we have any ranks) to secure this early to a good journal. But here again we find ourselves in front of a serious obstacle, viz.: the want of any real esprit de corps among us. Perhaps it is yet early to look for this. At first a regiment of newly recruited soldiers lack this. It needs that they serve and suffer together; that their spirits are melted into unity in the fires of the conflict; that the memories of trials, of defeats, and of victories shall evolve, as it were, a regimental consciousness,

ere they can move, and march, and charge as one man. Perhaps we must first pass through this great conflict of ideas now impending, and serve and suffer together, ere we, as Spiritualists, shall possess that spirit of unity which can move us in solid mass successfully upon the seats and centers of ancient prejudice and wrong. But I hope not. If we can awake to a clear consciousness of what is before us, we need not wait till the last dead look shall come, ere we can work solidly together. There are, however, certain signs of blessed promise visible among us. The dawning, though faint, spirit of unity seen in the last National Convention, and that other fact—the Children's Progressive Lyceum and the readiness of the people to adopt and organize it, are full of hope and encouragement. The necessity for fraternal unity and social rectitude begins to be felt and to be operative among us. The Spiritual Journalist should be a public sentinel standing on the watchtowers of thought, and warning the whole horizon of the hour, warning the masses of approaching danger. The organic work so grandly and successfully begun in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, needs to be pushed on to completion. A Spiritual press devoted, in part at least, to this blessed work, is indispensable to success. That system of education growing out of the great spiritual idea, needs to be discussed, illuminated, and pressed home upon the hearts of the Spiritualists. It is time we began to do something positive instead of continually running after beds, and receiving communications from the departed. It needs a substantial, permanent, widely extended, and lofty spiritual press, to push on this great work to a worthy success. And each Spiritual Journalist ought to have a subscription list of at least several hundred thousand names. A truly representative Spiritual journal cannot be run without money. Men and women of talent, of genius and of inspiration, cannot work gratis and find themselves. The benevolent may do it for a time, but unless they have fortunes they cannot, and will not continue it. And besides, any movement that has to be kept in the world of thought, cannot be worthy of any great success. Cripples and unfortunate, or mal-formed persons may be allowed to beg; but journals of a spiritual and philosophic sort ought not to be public mendicants. The business of the world is carried on by exchanges of value, and value means labor. Labor is worthy of compensation in kind. Talent cannot clothe itself against frost, fire and starvation in a dress of moonshine. While in the form, genius is subject to the law of earthly latitude and longitude. Hence, our spiritual press cannot be successfully run without money; and the true resource for money is subscription. There is a false, morbid, and even wicked notion, extant among a class of Spiritualists, called a "free Gospel." Oh! it is so grand to have a religion that does not cost anything—that is, that does not cost the hearer or reader anything, but only the speaker or writer, or printer. There is a price to everything valuable. And if we do not pay that price, not that thing, but something else is obtained. A law of costs is the rule of all exchange, physical or spiritual. If you get the "Gospel" cheap, it is a cheap "Gospel" you get. Hence, if Spiritualists would have a talented, educated, learned, high toned journalism, they must pay for it. Pay for all you receive, is a divine law. How can cultivated minds be induced to spend talents and substance for the public? Only by offering it such compensation as will secure it against oppressive want and grinding poverty. A free journalism is free nonsense. Editors, printers, paper and ink manufacturers, etc., must and should be paid. The reader is the person to pay, for he receives the ultimate fruit of all this toil. A large subscription alone can insure a large journal.

Many of our most talented Spiritual writers have left the field because they could not support themselves out of their incomes. Many other equally talented persons refuse to enter the field as writers and speakers, because they cannot afford to beggar themselves, and neglect the interests of their families. Our very best talents are, perhaps, still unknown for this reason. Oh! how long will selfishness delay this great work among us? There are tens, yea, scores of thousands of openly recognized Spiritualists in the United States, most of whom do not subscribe for a Spiritual paper. And some of them spend money enough each month for tobacco to pay for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, or the Banner of Light a whole year. Let us say to the Spiritualists of this country: Come, for once, try if you cannot so sustain your journals, as to encourage the best talent and genius in our ranks, to come forward and raise the standard of Spiritual literature so high, and make it so permanent that it shall no longer go begging, or sink beneath the contempt of the whole literary world. Let us rally together in solid mass, and give the remaining Spiritual journals ample and special support. Let us give each a subscription list of one hundred thousand names; and then, if after a full and complete trial, these journals do not come up to the true standard of success; if then they fail in ability to reach and instruct and elevate the people, let them die. If, then, we cannot erect sufficient intellect and inspiration to make our press a truly representative one—representative of the ideas, thoughts, facts and reforms native to our blessed philosophy, we can abandon the editorial Fellowship Spiritualists! there is both genius and inspiration in our ranks, of the highest grade and character. But to be available it must have new to evolve its ideas and thoughts. It must be able to direct itself to the work of Spiritual literature, at least a certain portion of its time. Casual articles from lecturers, all the time on the wing, compelled to write as they ride, are not sufficient. Haste, incompleteness mark all such efforts. They disgust, stuff, unfit for the public eye, and useless for the public good, is the legitimate fruit of all such work. And already our so-called Spiritual literature is piled up cords of such useless and injurious stuff. The very article you are reading, dear reader, is written under precisely these circumstances, and bears the marks of haste and imperfection. But those who give time, labor—all for this cause, and others, driven by other pursuits, fails the labor of inaugurating a new literature. It is not strange that our articles should be below the standard of even an ordinary literature. But give us the time which only money can purchase, (because we live in a world where we must eat, drink, and be clothed, and we will pledge you a literature worthy of the great cause.

And let me add in conclusion, unless Spiritualists rally to the support of our journals, our journalistic literature will prove an utter failure.

Ess. J. A. E.

The Committee of the Harvard Alumni Association have selected Col. T. W. Higginson to prepare the proposed Memorial Biographies of Alumni who have fallen during the war—nearly one hundred in number—and he has accepted the trust.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was a son of a linen draper.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Sonnets.

BY MR. HARVEY A. JONES.

FIRST—MORNING, 1865.

The horizon gurgles with unrolled flow, Under the sea by the river's brim; Sunshine is hid by the clouds of snow That fill the space of the horizon dim.

SECOND—MIDNIGHT.

Its breath all cool with evening dew, That rest on plain and spray, That in diamond dew-drops wept the close Of the dim bright April day,

THIRD—DARK DAYS—JULY, 1865.

Not alone is this chill from the solemn sky, Dull and grey with unshed tears; Green the earth's face, but the colors die,

FOURTH—FOOTSTEPS OF AUTUMN.

Each hour I see the maples grow More gorgeous in the yellow air; Brown foot-prints in the grass-plots show

Spirit Communications.

The following questions were asked by a gentleman present, and answers given through a medium sitting on a circle:

Q. Has each planet its own heaven or spheres?

A. By that you would wish to understand if they are each a separate nationality and individually I shall answer that question according to my conception of its existence. So far as their nationality and form of government exists, different from ours, it must ever remain a separate existence, as much so as one human organization ever remains an individual. Yet the laws of affinity and investigation in the human soul cause it to go out and investigate other natures and mingle with other associations.

Q. Now, why this inquiry or feeling out into far-off nature?

A. Because there are primates and atoms in that organization that are in harmony with an organization on that planet.

Q. What planet do you refer to?

A. The planet I cannot individualize now. Hence the condition of the atmosphere has awakened a latent form of thought within the human brain, and ignited the brain of the spirit on the planet and through the electrical wires, arousing expressions of that thought. These it brings us, I acting as the communicant, conveying to your earth the desired information; and, as I have the three brains—the brain of the medium, the inquirer's and my own—to hold, as it were, in three steady places, I am compelled, by force of conditions, to convey to these ideas as best I can, ever holding before myself the standard of truth.

out in thought, seeking the unwritten pages of nature, up to God. So far as I have been able, I have answered the question concerning the material plane, and I can only add that there is a heaven or spiritual sphere in harmony with the law of duality, for that which is spiritual is not first, but that which is natural. It is a well-attested fact that progression is the great motive power of life; and, as a sequence, there must always be a higher, throughout all the endless ages of eternity. And as the higher is only produced by change, and as you pass from material to spiritual, you must have a higher condition to live in—which is heavenly or spiritual spheres. We know that the human mind, in its infantile condition on the earth plane, must ever picture to itself the location of a sphere, or dwelling place of the spirits; and while we know that few, yes very few, have the right or correct idea, yet that is not our basis of controlling media to enlighten them as to the exact relation to the world, knowing that we can never impart to them its reality as regards its location. To illustrate: You may go into a room, and you will see it according to your standpoint of vision, and I according to mine. The condition of your spirit will color that room according to your taste. If there is your natural location or gravitation, it will be a heaven of beauty. You will find room enough, and just enough. All that pertains to your qualification, you will find there. Should you expand and demand another condition, then if you were to give a delineation of that room, you must give it from another standpoint; and, as we both entered that room together, I, in describing it, would have portrayed it differently. Thus you cannot possibly get a true conception of a continual heaven, conceiving of continual change. And we would have you understand that change is the grandest attribute of Deity. And though you may enter spirit-life to-day, without losing your consciousness for one moment, and were you able to communicate the fact to your friends in earth-life, the power of that change over your system would render it utterly impossible for you to convey to the human mind a correct idea of your location. In the natural world, if a friend is away from you, in writing to you he generally gives you some idea of his situation; you being upon the plane of change in ratio with him, the information satisfies the demand; but change with us is so much more rapid than with you, that you cannot keep pace with us. Hence, in communications with you, we are giving you lessons that it will take some time to learn, and for the principle to permeate the brain. What we give you to-day must, as a sequence, be to you a matter of study. When we have once performed a mission, we have conveyed to the brain we are in harmony with all that that mind can digest; for man wants a great deal, and loses sight of what he needs. This would seem to be a digression from the main question; but I wish to explain the difference between a need and a want. When the human system is diseased, it wants manifold conditions to satisfy that want, whether physically, spiritually or intellectually demonstrated. And its needs, could they find utterance, would differ as far from his wants as there is difference between the gold and the crude mineral substance known to your earth. And that is the way humanity is wrecking its own aspirations after light. Were we to administer what each one needs, we would fall to gratify the external sense, and he becomes dissatisfied with the application. Hence it is that like ever begets like. There are very few minds that knock at the doors of scientific knowledge, which have not entered into their own souls and asked themselves the question, What do I most need to harmonize and centralize the highest faculties of my being, that I may be able to secure the greatest amount of light? And, as minds are as varied as are all atoms in nature, it must be still admitted by each and every one of you, that all minds endowed with human reason have aspirations; that is, according to their development. If the developments of the earth plane or spheres in which they exist do not answer that aspiration, then they go out into nature for a supply; and as no mind can live separate from intelligence, it is answered back according to the demand, be it high or low, or, in other words, developed or undeveloped, for all cannot conceive of so great a distinction as high, or low, or evil. Hence the questioner who came to us this morning, the developments that surrounded him failed to answer his aspirations, and the result was, he touched a chord in harmony with the mind in a sustained condition of nature, and it responded as best it could to this demand.

Notes by the Way.—No. 1.

DEAR JOURNAL:—According to promise, I now send you No. 1 of my "Notes by the Way." My labors for the winter of 1865 and '66 have commenced in your State Capital, Springfield. Here I was most cordially received by a host of kind hearts, who have received and cherished the sacred truths of our Divine Philosophy.

Our noble brother, John Ordway, took me to his home, and cared for my physical needs, where I was privileged to become identified with his dear family circle during the continuance of my labors.

I have also to express my high esteem for Brother Tyndal—the Hon. Secretary of State, for his kind cordiality and hospitality.

While here last spring, the first steps toward organization were taken. Officers have been elected. The Hon. Secretary of State is the President of the Society, Brother Worthen—the State Geologist—and Brother Ordway, Vice-Presidents.

Last evening was appointed for perfecting the organization by adopting a form of Declaration and By-Laws. I think the form of organization adopted in St. Charles, as it appears in the R. P. JOURNAL, will with, perhaps, a slight alteration, be adopted.

A comfortable lecture room is secured for the present, in which every Sunday morning a conference is held, open to all who desire to take part in conversation and debates. I think many months will not transpire before Springfield will see a Spiritual temple, to which all may repair and worship.

I had highly respectable and very intelligent audiences, steadily increasing towards the close of the course.

Seven lectures in all were delivered, and not without good results. While here I received a letter, of which the following is an extract:

"Curiosity and chance took me to hear your lecture last evening, and where I expected to hear mysticism and nonsense, as the world defines these words, I was not a little surprised to hear reason and philosophy, proclaimed with a grandeur that my own weak faith in the dogmas of religion, had always heretofore pronounced heresy." It came from the hand of a professional gentleman, signing himself "Student." I would that many other students would break loose from their bonds, and hear what we have to present. Like this gentleman, they would find to their astonishment reason and philosophy in the place of expected mysticism and nonsense. How much does the bigot rob himself. May

chance or curiosity lead many to the light of truth; to the Inspirations of Nature.

I am now delivering a second course of lectures in Warsaw, of which I will speak in my next.

I have been expecting to hear from Springfield, Missouri, and unless I do hear in two weeks, I shall have to pass on without visiting that location.

Friends in Illinois, Missouri and Iowa will notice that I shall be in Decatur, Ill., up to December 6th, and in Havana to the 18th, and address me accordingly. JOHN MATHEW.

Warsaw, Ill., Nov. 26, 1865.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Notes from the Convention.

BY H. T. CHILD, M. D.

Remarks of Mrs. Nellie L. Whitale, in the National Convention, Tuesday evening, Oct. 17th:

MY FRIENDS: We have assembled on this occasion as Spiritualists, and spirits in and out of the body. We have come together for the purpose of uniting our energies and blending our influences for the establishment of a fundamental basis of future action.

As Spiritualists, we are prepared to recognize truth, from whatever source it may come, or through whom it may be given forth to the world. We come here in earnest, laboring for the cause which we have espoused, and not fearful of the consequences, though there may be diversity of opinion and conflict of views. We know that the truth will ever be victorious, and that they who work for it will succeed, whilst they who have it not, and do not work with it, should not succeed.

Who are Spiritualists? Persons who have within themselves a moral obligation, that lays its influence upon all their acts; that leads them to establish truth, by bringing forth facts to demonstrate it, and who accept the great truth of the life hereafter, when it is thus demonstrated. Such are Spiritualists, and they belong to every phase and class of society. If we are true Spiritualists, we demand for ourselves, and accord to others, the right of free thought and free action, when governed by principles. We demand justice for all, high and low, rich and poor, black and white. But we know that each and every one must bring forth his own individual influence, and labor to fulfill his own peculiar and appropriate duties. It is not necessary that, because an individual thinks alone, that he must act alone; it is well for us to come together, and present our thoughts and ideas, so that we may stimulate each other to noble deeds, that shall bless ourselves and humanity. Let each one seek to bring those truths that are adapted to his condition.

Every earnest thinker and laborer perceives the necessity of action, and there is an influence that goes out from him that awakens and inspires those with whom he comes in contact; and, whether he belongs to the same form of faith or not; whether he conforms to the same theories, or accepts the same manifestations of Divine truth, we must acknowledge him as a worker in the great vineyard of God and the world. Everywhere people feel his influence, whether they acknowledge it or not.

Spiritualists have learned to accept every fact as it comes to them, and to endeavor to give it its true value. They accept the Bible just as it is. They accept the great Bible of Nature as a revelation of God's inspiration to man through his works. They accept truth, whether it comes through any of the myriad forms of creation in the great temple of beauty, or whether it springs up within their own souls. They do not fear that the surroundings of a truth will contaminate it; for they know that truth is born of God, and like its immortal and Divine origin, must ever remain pure, wherever it is found.

Friends, we have come together now to endeavor to place before the world the corner-stone of a new temple, on which is to be erected a new and beautiful structure. That corner-stone must be laid in justice to all humanity. We believe, as a people, that God reigns, and we acknowledge His power, as exhibited in all His works; and hence, acknowledging the Fatherhood of God, we must believe in the Brotherhood of man.

Tom. S. S. Jones took the Chair, at the request of the President, who rose and said:

MY FRIENDS: When you did me the honor of appointing me to this office, to preside over the deliberations of this Convention, I told you that I was not fit for the place. Not because my heart was not in the work, but because the infirmities incident to fourscore years have disqualified me for the discharge of the duties of this position. It is exceedingly unpleasant for me to occupy any place in which I feel that I am not competent to meet successfully the duties. My hearing is deficient, and my eyes are dim, and I cannot always distinguish, in the midst of this audience, even those that I know, and when members rise in their places, I cannot distinguish one from another.

There is one point in which I feel I have done my duty, and that is to limit the speakers to their time. Before the Convention adjourns, I desire to resign the position to which you have called me, and in doing so I wish distinctly understood that I believe in, and am satisfied with the progress of our cause. Within the last sixteen years there has been more Spiritual literature sent out to the world than there was in eight hundred years after the inception of Christianity. And the seeds of Spiritualism have thus been sent broadcast over the world. I believe that Christianity has been kept back by what has been termed its institutions. Christianity is not, and never has been, an institution. It is the spirit of Christ, and where that has been, there has been true liberty. The world is in comparative darkness to what it would have been had Christianity been left free from its institutions, and had the spirit of its founder been more fully appreciated.

Dr. H. T. Child remarked that he hoped our venerable friend who had so ably presided over the various sittings of this Convention, would not press his resignation. We are about to close our labors for this year, after having had a very satisfactory and harmonious meeting; and while, in the course of events, it was not probable we should all meet again, and we know it is uncertain who among us shall remain in the form until the meeting next year, yet we know that if the sands in the hour-glass of time for us are not passed out before another meeting of this Convention, we shall surely be present on that occasion. It would be particularly pleasant to me, and I believe it will be to every member of the Convention, and to the Spiritualists of the entire country and the world, to have the name of our venerable friend enrolled and to remain during the year as the first President of the permanent National Organization.

The Hon. S. S. Jones remarked, in a very feeling manner, that he also hoped that the venerable gentleman would reconsider and withdraw his request. While we who are here present may understand very well the motives which actuated and prompted him to make such a request, the world would not

know these, and there were those who would be glad to raise the cry that he had abandoned our cause; that he was unwilling to remain with us, and it would be impossible to convince many who heard such reports that there was no truth in them. Nor did he think there was any ground for the resignation. The dignified manner in which the Chair had been filled by the President had been entirely satisfactory to the Convention.

The remarks of the speakers were warmly applauded by the meeting, and Mr. Pierpont withdrew his request.

Near the close of the session of Saturday morning, Dr. H. T. Child rose and said:

MY FRIENDS: It has been highly gratifying to witness the harmony which has prevailed in the several sittings of this National Convention. As Spiritualists, while we accept all the truths of the past, we are called upon to take a step in advance of those who have gone before us, because we not only accept the truths which they held, but have our own revelations of truth. It was a glorious triumph, in the early days of our country, when old Roger Williams went forth into the bleak wilderness of New England, and proclaimed the duty of religious toleration, and suffered banishment and privation, rather than yield his opinions. It was another, and an important step, when William Penn, the illustrious founder of the State and city in which we are now assembled, declared that "no man should be molested for worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience." And Thomas Jefferson expressed the same grand idea when he uttered those memorable words, that "Error of opinion might safely be tolerated, when reason was left free to combat it."

But, my friends, it is not toleration alone—mere permission to think and act as we believe to be right—that we, as Spiritualists, owe to our fellow-men who honestly and sincerely differ from us, it is more than this, it is respect; and every individual who is honest in his convictions, and is willing to suffer for and defend these, should be respected. No matter how erroneous may be a man's belief, if it does not interfere with or trample upon the rights of others, his right to it should be sacred. As Spiritualists, we must, sooner or later, take this stand before the world on the broad platform of truth, as it is revealed to every child of God. Then, and not until then, will persecution and denunciation cease, and mankind come to live together in fraternal accord as a true brotherhood—seeking only each other's welfare and the diffusion of the highest truths on the physical, mental and spiritual planes. Then will our religion and philosophy be recognized as a high gift, and a blessing from the common Father, through the angels, who bend low to whisper in the ears of humanity the truths of the inner life. May we all labor for the coming of that glorious day when, as one of the old prophets said, "The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea."

Mr. M. B. Dyott, Treasurer, presented the following report, which was accepted, and he was continued as a member of the Executive Committee for the present year:

Table with financial entries: M. B. Dyott, Dr. To cash received from tickets sold, \$254.77; To cash received from collections in meeting, 40.00; Collections from Dr. H. T. Child and others, 34.00; Total, \$328.77.

Table with financial entries: By cash paid for rent of hall, \$253.50; Car hire for moving organs, 75; Board of Delegates, 14.00; 1,000 tickets, 5.00; Bill of Dr. Child for books, stationery, etc., 15.00; Total, \$328.25.

Balance in hand, 40.61; Total, \$328.86.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies.—No. 9.

BY C. BARING PECKHAM.

Says Max Muller: "There is a law which runs through nearly the whole of nature, that everything which is struck rings. Each substance has its peculiar ring. We can tell the more or less perfect structure of metals by their vibrations, by the answer which they give." Well, then, what is the sound given out by our various Biblical theologies? What is the ring of our Sunday sermons? Are they not rather suggestive of loud snoring, and can we expect the Word in full volume, when the expounder has only qualified himself for hire, and has no heart but to perpetuate the dead level wherein he lives, moves, and has his being—the level of the pews, and the approbation of ignorance and bigotry. What is the compass of the tinkling cymbal, mellowed out of the brass of the atoms of Israel, when the instrument is utterly out of key in our church theologies? Where the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, and cornet, flute and sacbut, so melodious in their true keys, are made to ring out the croakings of so many frogs—from the mouth of the theological Dragon, the Devil and Brazen Serpent, from which they have constructed a meaningless tumbrel to ring out discordant over Egypt's dark sea, with a side-thawck at old Typhon, so that according to Henry James, in his "SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW," "No more grovelling swine exist figuratively speaking, than those which are fattened upon the spiritual husks that go to constitute the body of any existing ritual, Christian or Pagan, and are content with that base nutriment." We occasionally indite our monk-anthems as nuisances, because they swindle the public into the purchase of stuffed watches. But our bogus theologians who systematically convert the fine gold of the Gospel into glittering tinsel, and sell it for lucre, occupy the highest seats in our synagogues, receive the profoundest greetings in our market places, and are devoutly called of men, Rabbi! Rabbi!

"I deny this pinchebeck evangel in toto. It is an outrage and an insult to all goodness and truth. So far as it becomes a working principle in us, a principle of life and action, it turns us intellectually into idiots and paralyzes every generous throeb of our bosoms. And surely that cannot be a Divine Truth whose legitimate tendency is to soften the brain and harden the heart." The Church leaves her votaries more stupidly blind to the spiritual depths of life than she finds them. Talk to a religious man of what he conceives to be the highest themes, and you will learn to your astonishment, that God takes no interest in universal questions, that is, in those economical, political and social questions which interest all good and wise men in proportion to their goodness and wisdom; but only in some fiddling private question of the 'salvation' of this, that and the other individual soul, etc., while the Pickwickian church of the Unitarian and Universalist 'cultivates the customary sabbatical sulks, and tries to look as decently morose on their way to church as the more hardened sects; but in vain. You always detect a deprecatory wink."

More at large and freely interpreted, friend James would seem to say:

Shrimp holes in pulpit and long ears in pews Still find us to the letter of the Jews— Because, in this they may continue dumb With bird in hand worth more than two in dumb, Through Mammon's flesh-pots, and may thus do so

And dily wink the Babylonian whore. In many ways and upon the letter, With shrill of gurgles wanting nothing better, And world, with Aaron, who the calf out Of Chaos rescued six miles or thereabout, Rather than strike a deeper vein of life— Let the new light descend upon the old to spill— Not in dark corners would they penetrate And search out the hidden things of life; For now to lift the veil, which Moses read, Would surely strike the unbeliefers leaders dead, As when to try the Ark at Bethshemesh To see the method of the Word made flesh, Some fifty thousand who, thus sought to stand Before the God of Israel, lit the land, Let milk for butter continue—meat for man; And secret cakes be brought from Bethlehem, Whose star, when seen within the night, Would surely put the groundlings to flight, And knowledge of the tree of good and evil, And packing all the clergy to the devil.

On this state of the church, brother James' hand comes down rather heavy like that upon "them of Ashdod," and says, "It is this insane root of self-seeking, a self-seeking so fanatical as not to rest till it has bound God himself to its helpless servitude, which makes the distinctively religious mind everywhere bring forth such unnamable fruit, and as damnable as is the Romish Church." Protestant men and women, those who have any official or social consequence in the church, are apt to exhibit a high-flown religious pride, a spiritual flatulence and sourness of stomach, which you do not find under the Catholic administration. The church-spirit is now precisely what it was at Christ's advent, the concentrated spirit of hell in all its true volarities; so that we daily see the truth of Christ's words illustrated on every hand, when he said that at his second or invisible spiritual coming, the opposition he should encounter would be not from the world, but from the church; for those who having always been the most eager to cover him with their slavering personal adulation, while they were utterly recreant to his spiritual obedience, would gnash their teeth in unaffected rage, at finding themselves passed by, and the technical infidel and worldly welcomed." Our friend thinks that the "clergy, heterodox and orthodox, alternately cuff and clout God's sacred word, as if it were some puny brat of man's begetting, some sickly old wives' tale," and that our priests being destitute of all power Godward, are unable to communicate any sacredness to our rulers man-ward. Our priests are mere popular orators, having not the slightest authoritative claim upon any man's attention or regard, and that according to Swedenborg, who witnessed the last judgment about a hundred years ago, this external church, with its priesthoods and devotees, were dumped into hell with Corah, Dathan and Abiram.

One of the best chapters of Mr. James, we regret to say, was left unpublished, as in some respects it would have shown a greater independence of his own position in reference to Swedenborg than would be inferred in "Substance and Shadow," and other writings. Still even in the suppressed chapter there are remains showing the powerful sway of the Swedish Seer who has so many things philosophically Spiritual, as to be very apt to swamp, in toto, through the dense forest of his grosser surroundings, in the same way that we see Bibliolators swamped by the Bible.

Dr. Mackey, in speaking of a Swedenborgian Lodge, founded in Paris in 1775, says, "It was compounded of the Masqueu reveries of Swedenborg and Paschalis, and distributed into twelve classes or chambers of instruction." Even though it be admitted that the Swedish Seer "compounded Masonic mysteries," yet we doubt not that he was largely in rapport with the Spiritual world, though doubtless much at fault through the medium of his cloudy surroundings, and very fallible as to his Word, which was so much engineered to his foregone commissions of Biblical authority. Some late numbers of the London Spiritual Magazine, have put Swedenborg in rather "evil case," as were the children of Israel in making bricks without straw. The Seer is shown to be much at fault in his vision of the Hebrew tongue, and is otherwise larruped for stowing David and St. Paul away in his heels. However we must take Swedenborg's mediumpship for what it is worth, subject to his physiological and psychological conditions, and qualify his Word to the far more progressive measure of the present Spiritual unfolding.

"The philosophical degrees," in ancient religion or Freemasonry had an "explanation, which in the inferior degrees, receives a moral signification." We understand this—it was the milk for babes where there were many things to be said, but you cannot bear them now. Therefore the entered apprentices and for considerable time through the lesser degrees, very properly take their first lessons in mother Goose, and that as children, they grow like Topsy. Instead of being called out of Egypt by the Sublime Master of the Luminous Ring, where the weary and heavy laden should have rest. This was in the Pythagorean degree—the strong meat for men, while the children were left to grow in wisdom and stature from the asparagus bed, instead of being flooded out of the great river of Egypt. But waxing strong in spirit and desirous to be filled with wisdom, they would leave the Milky Way of the fond mother, and partake of the stronger meat. It is then that the children full of young confidence suppose themselves able to go three degrees or "three days journey into the wilderness to sacrifice to the Lord our God." But alas, how this struggle of life has proved to us all "a waste, howling wilderness"—how the Land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey, continually recedes while we are called to do battle with the Hittites, Ammonites, Perizzites, Hivites and Jebusites till worn and wasted the weaklings, like ourselves, become weary, and faint, and we hang our heads upon the willow and weep when we remember Egypt and would to God that we had died by the hand of the Lord there, as when the soul is dried away, and the cucumbers and melons come into our minds. No wonder that Moses, Job, Jeremiah and many other God-men of old time squawked terribly under the burden of the Lord, and would that He had killed them "out of hand." We have many times wished the same, but since we have been born into "kingdom coming, and the day of justice" we find ourselves in the degree of Isaac or Laughter, hence "blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted, and blessed are they that weep for they shall laugh." Well, we thank God for our comforter as we go marching on to the delectable city.

The ancient pilgrims, as they went marching on in the way of life, bore with them apt emblems of the mysteries in woolly, shell, and sandal shoes, and staff—but neither purse nor "greenbacks." It was enough that they were deemed worthy to be the servants of the living God—the Light—the Truth—the Holy Spirit. They were the regenerators and the redeemers of the world who stood in the latter days upon the earth, and whose kingdom of heaven was within themselves, as well as transcribed on the skies. The skies, indeed, with their very much cattle on a thousand hills, furnished the symbolic

Landmarks for the many headed tropes which the bards and seers rolled as sweet morsels under their tongues. All was spread out on a sea of glass, or paved work of a sapphire stone, wheel within wheel, as per Ezekiel, by the river Chebar, and cattle, "ring-streaked, speckled and gray," with stately fore and hind quarters, as per John at his observatory in Patmos—nor were wanting Moses, Isaiah, David, and all the Biblical God-men, to know how to trip with beautiful feet the landscape of sky mountains—to walk between the pillars of the Porch the Spring and Fall equinoxes, and to ride with the Holy One of Israel in 20,000 chariots of excellency on the sky—the heavens declaring the glory of God and the firmament showing His handwork, with day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night showing knowledge—Joachim and Boaz being pillar and post to uphold all these things in the Hiz Sir of the Lord, "as the Sun shineth in His strength." It was between Pillar and Post that Hercules performed his astro-physiological twelve labors, the same as Samson, or *Sem sem*, a name of the Sun, who, at midnight, took the Posts of Gaza and set them upon the hill of the June Solstice when the Sun was in the full strength of his "Seven Locks," the seven crack months of the germinal and fruit-bearing seasons, with apt esoteric bearings in the Word. As Samson loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah, so was Hercules cable-towed to *Omphalos*, or to *Omphale*, Queen of Lydia as Solomon to the Queen of Sheba. Even to this day our almanacs present the esoteric symbols of the ancient heavenly hosts—the Sun as Lord God of Hosts, "the point within a circle," the emblem of the ancient Phallic Shaddai, Jah or Jehovah, the Phallus being symbolized in the spires of four churches as per R. W. Mackay in "Progress of the Intellect." The planetary symbols are not only physiological, but are alike significant in the kingdom of Flora, and in the night blooming Cereus as in Aaron's rod which budded, blossomed, and bore almonds.

In all the ancient religions the Phallus was the symbol of *pater omnium inventum*, or father of all living, hence its significance in the congregation of the Lord, as per 28d Deuteronomy. Says Dr. A. C. Mackey, "This emblem, (the point within a circle) is in every well regulated Lodge, and is explained as representing the point, the individual brother, and the circle the boundary line of his duty. But that this was not always its symbolic significance, we may collect from the true history of its connection with the Phallus of the ancient mysteries. The phallus as I have already shown under the Word, was, among the Egyptians, the symbol of fecundity, expressed by the male generative principle. Among the Asiatics, the same emblem, under the name of Lingam, was in connection with the female principle worshipped as the symbols of the Great Father and Mother, or producing causes of the human race. . . . The female principle, symbolized by the Moon, assumed the form of a lunette or crescent; while the male principle, symbolized by the Sun, assumed the form of the Lingam, placed himself erect in the centre of the lunette, like the mast of a ship. The two principles, in this united form floated on the surface of the waters, during the period of their prevalence on the earth." This is the story, as believed in India, of the general deluge, as quoted from Oliver's *Signs and Symbols*—but is equally applicable to Noah's deluge and his Ark. When Noah began to be a husbandman and planted a vineyard, he produced some rather curious literal fruit in the Lord-theology of Dartmouth College, and of the New Jersey Princeton from the root of the matter in "Cursed (be) Canaan." Even before Abraham was, the "I Am" in antediluvian mysteries moved upon the face of the waters, as in Genesis, and in Miltonic phrase, "dove-like sat brooding on the vast abyss and madest it pregnant." Throughout the Bible there constantly appears the parabolic reference to "the generations of the heavens and of the earth," and often in the triad male and dual female of the Egyptian formula, or in the language of Isaiah "five cities in the land of Egypt shall speak the language of Canaan, and swear by the Lord of Hosts; one shall be called the city of the Sun," otherwise translated "the city of destruction." "An altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord, for a sign and witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt," also fetches a compass to the point within a circle, and the mystical Cross in *Saltire* of the Pythagorean five.

Dr. Hodge, while deriding Modern Spiritualism, deprecates the "penetrating into dark corners, and disemboweling sacred mysteries." But by these Biblical mysteries, the clergy make merchandise of the bodies and souls of men. How then shall we enlighten the people, but by lifting the veil where Moses is rood to the sight of all Israel and the Sun. The people at large cannot afford to take the thirty-three degrees of American Freemasonry, or the higher number in Germany. Besides, the women in ignorance and in perverted religious sentiment, are the mainstay of the churches without knowing the significance of their darling Christian symbols in their origin. But if we "speak right out in meeting," so that they may eat of the tree of knowledge, to know good and evil, so as to become as one of us and put forth her hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live forever, then but little basis would the church have for its fashionable tomfoolery. No wonder the Pope has sent forth a present Bull against the Freemasons, and with the horns of unicorns to push the people together to the end of the earth, knowing that the Freemasons of the high degrees have the keys of all the earlier religions, and of church mysteries from the root of the matter to the cope-stone of Mount Sinai, Mount Zion, and all other delectable mountains; and know the Cross of Christ in the Phallic symbol of "Our Saviour." No wonder that Dr. Hodge protests against the unrobbing of Egyptian mummies by which may be discovered the way of the ancient Word in embowled mysteries, and the art of embalming Joseph by the physicians after he had been skinned by Mrs. Potiphar, in the symbolic Word. Our churches have been putting forth the ancient religious dramas as veritable history, and soon the Protestant church in full, like the Romish, will be sending forth its Bull with seven heads and ten horns, *bellum multorum capitum*, to push together the people to the ends of the earth, roaring like the bulls of Bashan, for opening the inner chambers to the framings of their bullocks, for "penetrating into dark corners and disemboweling sacred mysteries."

Horace Greeley's editorial staff once joked the Old Man because in an article he had spoken of champagne and Heidelberg. "Now, did I?" said the veteran; "well, I reckon I'm the only writer on this paper who could make such a mistake!"

Here is a golden sentence, sparkling like a diamond, among Gæthe's aphorisms: "A higher standard, even if it be not fully obtained, is better than a lower one whose demands are entirely satisfied."

The rain has one disreputable fault; it is an eaves dropper.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Reform.
 BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Since the beginning of history the watchery of the vanguard of the race, has been Reform. This word was shouted as eagerly by the Assyrian dwelling in cities buried by the sands of the desert for forty centuries, as to-day, and will be as loudly shouted forty centuries hence, by unknown races.

Why is this? Can we never reach the goal? Can we never get the old sin—the old folly overcome? Certainly. Evil after evil disappears, but what we before thought good, becomes evil in its turn. What satisfied our fathers, as their highest ideal of good, is not satisfactory to us. We have actualized their ideal, and find it fraught with error, and crying for reform to be formed over again; moulded to the wants and aspirations of the present.

Ideals seek to become concrete. They fashion themselves into creeds, codes of faith, and as they are never absolute truths, but only temporary expressions of truth to individual minds, however well they satisfy the needs of those individuals, are weak staffs in the hands of succeeding generations. So far from being helps, these concrete ideals in the end become detrimental to the growth and development of those who seek their guidance. Hence the necessity of reformers; men who will not compromise with the old, but mark out a path for themselves. These are original men, who set themselves on a level with those who instituted the old, which they condemn, and by the new light beaming in on their own souls, become inspired with the comprehension of the wants of their own times, and produce for it a concrete ideal.

They are of all ages, of all races, and all climes. Not always, if ever, understood in their own day, but always worshipped by loyal posterity. There they stand. Pharosian Lights gleaming along the shore, of the troubled past, many still guiding our voyage, many become useless, except to point out the wake of our progress. Their biographies are the history of mankind. They are the pioneers following each other in close succession, and their influence extends far beyond their own tribe, nation or race. The influence of Confucius, Christ and Mohammed in the religious world cannot be measured; of Romulus founding a Rome; of Luther heralding Protestantism; of Napoleon overturning empires and creating a new political atmosphere in the decayed remnants of medieval barbarism. Their history is the history of the world.

We all exert an elevating or degrading influence over a vast circle. Man holds a mysterious connection with man; a connection so intimate that his slightest thought affects all other men. There is sympathetic telegraphic system throughout the universe, over which minds are brought *en rapport* in proportion to their susceptibility.

If we strike the earth with the lightest hammer, every atom of its huge mass vibrates, and the force is felt in the farthest star on the coast line of space. As mind is superior to matter, having its connections and inter-relations more subtly and intricately blended, it must, in a far greater degree, respond to disturbing causes.

Individuals are telegraphic offices, to which connections centre from every point where a mind exists, and hence are foci-cogniscent of the thoughts and feelings of mankind, and each stands representative of the race. The degradation or education of one mind is felt throughout the vast series. The efforts of noblest man to elevate his brother, are felt far away in the most distant star shining through the benedict blue.

Whether we will or not, we all are reformers in some sense. From the coral in the sea building stony mountains, to the beaver in the forest, damming the course of rivers; from the bee among its comb, to the eagle on its vire; from the savage in his hut, to the noble in his palace; from the Indian in his canoe, to the white man in his iron steamer; from the peasant working for bread, to the philosopher grasping at the infinite; from man in his noblest model to the angel of celestial brightness, there is from the formation which exists, perpetual re-formation into new, better, and more beautiful forms.

The primitive condition of man was extremely rude. He is a being of development. He has come up the ladder of progress, step by step; the strong helping the weak. The vigorous and energetic, those who feel the fires of inspiration burn on their heart's altar—on whose countenances beam the divine light, are reformers, and the act of helping, is reform.

This is the philosophical view of man's position. The theological view is the exact reverse; man to its bedusted eye, is on the downward way from the perfect state which he enjoyed in the beginning.

The past has been a series of gigantic experiments, for reason could dimly see in the dusky night of ignorance, and hence went supinely feeling its way in the darkness. He at first did not understand the simplest operations of nature. He sought to found governments, rules of conduct, to recognize the Deity, but influenced by blind impulse, he failed in everything. He was unguided. His path led through an unknown country. A child of the elements, he sprang forth, vigorous and strong as an animal, but weak and idiotic as an angel. All the noble and God-like perceptions were yet to mature. So he ran in the wilderness of ignorance, often towards, often from the light.

Some became superior to others. These became leaders and the mass followed willingly the dictation of these chiefs. Men love their rulers. The masses detest self-reliance, for it subjects them to the severe task of thinking and acting on their own responsibility. They much prefer some one to whom to look for information, and regard as infallible. This is more conspicuous among rude people, than civilized; in ancient than modern times.

The ancients regarded their learned men with awe and adoration, and often when they passed away, their respectful countrymen deified them, and enshrined their truthful words as oracles from God. This extreme has passed, yet superiority is always found and always applauded.

Mankind may be grouped into three classes: The first, who give exclusive action to their moral faculties become bigoted, cold, and grim as icebergs in a sea office. They behold no pleasure in life, misery in death, and God a cruel being, as cold and stern as themselves. The fairest prospect is a grim glance of melancholy, clouded with goblin shapes; the universe a bad place to live in, man an excessively bad being to live in it.

The second give intellect the pre-eminence, and are cold and unhelpful of everything but the acquisition of knowledge. They are the leaders in material science.

The third class embraces a great majority—the masses who toil night and day for subsistence, until physically bankrupt, and expiring as the brute dies, uncaared for and unknown. They give little heed to the cultivation of their mental faculties, resigning that department to the previous class. Toil is the end of their lives; all their energies are expended in brute efforts, and the mental lassitude thus en-

gendered, makes them willingly led by commanding minds. This class embraces all trades and departments of manual labor, although not all the individuals belonging to these. Reformers are derived from the two first classes, and their greatest mission is to harmonize the three into one; taking the extreme burden from the one, and dividing it with the others. They are, and always have been the leaders; they have gone ahead, surveying the route and laying down a chart for those who come after. They are easily divisible into levelers and builders. It is thought wise by the former to wage open war with error, slashing away with axe and fire, turning poor humanity homeless and shelterless into the domain of Nature; to build with new material such a structure as pleased it best; while the latter advocate that it is best to use peaceful means, building a new structure by the side of the old, using so much more skill in construction that the old will be deserted.

There are few men who cannot see at least one side of a subject, and the tenacity with which they adhere to their views increases with their oneness. Few there are who can grasp with all embracing comprehensiveness, a subject in all its bearings, undisturbed in its proportions. Hence it is, that they dispute and wrangle over differences of opinions, and only can we arrive at what one mind should be, by taking the aggregate of all. As few think unbiassedly, the distortions of others become necessary, as counter checks, and we take the voice of the masses as the expression of mankind. The leveler as well as builder, conservative and radical, have a place.

When the old house becomes decayed and falls to shelter from wind and rain, we tear it down to make room for a new. So in this great world. Theories, ancient systems, superstitions and traditions must be leveled before better things can be enforced. As at present, we cannot expect to find more than one qualification in the same individual, reform works by division of labor, one class sets itself against the crumbling fabrics, and hews away, cutting down and burning with lightnings, while the other close at hand, builds up a beautiful temple into which the fugitives from the old, frightened by the terrible thundering, flee for safety.

Have you not heard those of the first class? Those of the second you can hear every day—only now and then one who has courage to join the first. There is too great danger in the conflict, and they succumb to the terrible din of the battle.

Let us honor these pioneers, for their task is an arduous and unenviable one. The man who clears away the rubbish is rarely the man who reaps the harvest. Ages after, the ripened grain gladdens the harvesters.

There is always that in humanity which causes the present to be received as the ultimatum, and the new to be treated as an intruder. The good new time is not talked of, it is the "good old." This predilection necessitates the leveler, imposes excessive burdens on his shoulders, and too often sends him down to the grave covered with dust and mire, unknown, unless to be scorned.

Fear not, oh, leveler, rabid radical planting seeds of truth; coming generations will emblazon thy name in the firmament, amid constellations of stars. And modest builder, coming after in the calm and peace following the storm of passion, after prejudice is dead, and fanaticism has rolled its dark clouds from the sky, thou too shalt be honored, even in thine own time. But build carefully. Do not, because the steaks of the scattered old are ready framed, curiously carved, and deftly fashioned, be inveigled to use them in thy temple; else there will be a necessity for new radicals, and another struggle between truth and the concreted old.

Letter from Dr. H. T. Child.

Our good brother, Charles A. Hayden, has just closed a very able and eloquent course of lectures at Sanson Street Hall, in this city. Mr. Hayden is quite young, and was formerly known as the "Boy Medium." But as boys are not immortal; or are not, as I once heard an Orthodox minister say, of the spirits of the departed, that they were "in a state of eternal fixedness," so our young friend has made a move on the chessboard of life, and now occupies a place among the living men of the day. As an inspirational speaker he stands very high, and when he is before an audience we could almost see the streams of divine influx pouring down upon him, and as the avenues of his soul are beautifully opened for the reception of these living streams, he hands forth rich clusters of fresh and sparkling truths from the vitæge of the angel world, ever new and attractive.

Our hall has been crowded with large and intelligent audiences, and the cause of Spiritualism never was so firmly established among the people as it is to-day. The high moral and spiritual tone of the lectures we have had this season, has made them well appreciated. Our course was opened by our excellent friend and brother, the Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, Mass., in the month of September. He gave us four practical and impressive lectures, which were well received by large and appreciative audiences. He was followed by Lizzie Doten, and during the five Sundays of October we listened to the inspirations which flowed through her. Two original poems were given in these lectures, one of which, entitled "Facing the Sunshine," has been published in the *Banner*, and the other, "As Thy Day, so Shall Thy Strength Be," you have given to the world. During the past month we have listened to the silver lute of Bro. Hayden. After completing his course he was invited to give a lecture at the First Spiritual Church, in Thompson street, in our city. I can give you the prayer offered on that occasion, as I reported it:

Infinite Father and Divine Mother, through nature and spirit birth, we enter into the inheritance of life, and feel the pulsations of thy soul, that mingle in and bear us onward into higher circles of eternal truth, while our natures feel themselves exalted, and through the avenues of communication we enter into and hold intercourse with these higher circles of life, breathing the purer atmosphere of Thy universe, which comes to us like living coals of fire that touch our lips with purest thought, and open up the deeper fountains of our nature, to feel and know the greater and better things which are revealed through a spiritual insight.

Again would we walk with and hold communion with these celestial influxes. Again would we breathe in the atmosphere of thy life and love, as hand in hand with the celestial guardians we walk through the eternal council chambers of thought, and can clasp hands with angel life. Again, as we enter into the sacred sanctorum of Thy universe, and behold from that eternal fountain the circles of life moving forward; as the planetary worlds and stars in glory are blending and mingling in forming the great circles of the universe, singing down from their eternal corridors, giving the anthems of the celestial hosts, which in themselves give to us a feeling of aspiration and of true devotion; we thank Thee, not for especial favors, not for particular blessings, but for the

great universal good which is bestowed upon all. That our own natures may be more fully blended with the harmonies of mother Nature and Thee our Father God; and while we blend with the body of our material mother, we may gain a richer experience, and know more and more of the harmony administered in Thy divine government; and thus would we thank Thee for all the blessings bestowed upon us, for the progression of the race, for the advancing era of thought, for the radiant influx of truth and inspiration, and for that mantle which is floating down from heaven and covering humanity with love and power, to breathe upon it anew, and to open up and unfold to it the richer revelations of immortality. Thus do we thank Thee for all these many and manifold blessings which are bestowed upon us, for the flowers, for the trees and the birds, for these temple hills of mother earth, that are as guardians of thy sacred and eternal thoughts. Thus is the eternal cathedral of Thy universe seen from its centre to its circumference, from the boundless circles down to the smallest atoms that give us an idea of life, and we thank Thee for the glory here manifest, for we know that Thou art the living centre of soul and spirit, and natural life which giveth unto us the prompting influence of a higher and holier spirit, and thus would we move onward with the destiny of perfection going on forever and ever.

Bro. H. goes West from here, and is to speak in Cleveland in December. I have no doubt he will find many warm friends in the West, who will welcome him to their homes and hearts, and I doubt not his labors with these, as with us, will be blessed to himself and to the people among whom he labors.

Truly yours,
 HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
 624 Race Street.
 PHILADELPHIA, November, 1865.

Religio-Philosophical Journal
 CHICAGO, DECEMBER 16, 1865.

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Mediation.

A mediator is some person or power, called, agreed upon or accepted, to settle by interposition, some dispute or difficulty between two or more parties, who are at variance with each other, and who consent to that mode of settlement.

It is said in the Scriptures, and believed throughout Christendom, that Jesus Christ is the mediator between God and man—God and man are the parties at variance.

What is the cause of the dispute or matter of variance or contention?

It is said in the Scriptures to have been an attempt of the Creator to regulate the diet of Adam, with regard to the fruit of one of the trees in the garden of Eden, called the tree of knowledge of good and evil—of which the Lord commanded him not to eat; but he disobeyed the command, and did eat.

This is stated to be the cause of the difficulty in dispute, and which the Mediator is deputed and called upon to settle. It is also further stated, that thus eating the said fruit, it so tainted and corrupted the nature and constitution of Adam and Eve, as to make them not only miserable in this life, but to subject them and all their posterity to the remotest generations, to endless torment forever.

This consideration is given as the reason or cause that made necessary the aforesaid plan of mediation, to save mankind from the awful punishment of hell torments, through the agency and supervision of his Satanic majesty, the devil.

Such alarming and incomprehensible promises demand some serious examination.

The first inquiry naturally be, whether there could have been any such conversation between the Lord and Adam and Eve. And next, after placing such temptation in their way, could He have given such an absurd command? They disobeyed the command, and the consequence was their eyes were opened, and it disclosed to them their condition, their wants, and the necessity of providing for them.

They had evidently improved their condition. In proof of this, the Lord himself says of it: "Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil." To become as one with the Lord, could not be a very bad condition, unless the Lord himself was in a bad condition.

We have seen what is the alleged cause of the difficulty, and the fatal consequence of it. This sad state of things produced so much unhappiness to the Creator, that after many years of reflection, he devised a way to settle the difficulty by mediation. He, therefore, appointed "His only Son" as a "Mediator between God and man." It will most probably be noticed that none of the requisites in this appointment for settling disputes between parties at variance, were observed. Was the party, man, consulted in reference to such settlement? Is there any evidence that man knew anything about it? It is evident there was no knowledge or consent on the part of man to any such movement. In truth, man did not know that there was any such dispute, or even any difficulty between him and the Creator. Nobody pretended there was except Moses and the Jews, and the Jews were a very small part of the party, man, at that time, and they have been ever since continually growing less. Suppose we look for a moment at some of the absurdities and falsehoods of this mediation story.

In the first place, Moses' story of the creation is false from beginning to end. He neither knew nor could know anything about it.

The Lord never gave any such command to Adam as alleged, and of course, no consequences of disobedience could follow. Any such command under such circumstances would have been the height of absurdity itself.

The most lamentable consequence of "Adam's fall," is the fall of Christendom. A fatal fall would seem a poor foundation to build upon, but does not Christendom rest entirely upon it?

Remove but this one fundamental, and where would belts whole superstructure? "Leveled with

the dust," "blown to atoms." Yet this "corner-stone" of Christendom rests wholly for its authority on the "say so" of Moses, who could not, by any possibility, know anything about it.

Christendom believes in it, rests upon it, dogmatizes with it, in opposition to reason, science, truth and common sense. Upon the very threshold of inquiry, another fatal error shows itself, viz: that the Creator was defeated, and failed in his government of Adam, and that Adam was greatly profited, improved and blessed by his disobedience, as proved by the word of the Creator himself, who said, "he has become like one of us, knowing good and evil." As it regards the necessity of a mediator between God and man, to settle the consequences of the defeat of the Creator in his government of Adam, it is too absurd and visionary to be seriously considered. Everything in the whole course and process of this mediation story, as is alleged, has been devised and conducted by one Power, in its case and its consequences, viz: the Creator.

Its cause, the ineffectual attempt of the Creator to govern Adam, and the concluding consequence—the most cruel murder of his own procured and appointed mediator, "by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God." The immediate steps in the procurement of this mediator as it regards the character of the Almighty, in the false story of the "Immaculate Conception," are the most disgraceful, degrading, debasing and beastly. The whole story is every way, from beginning to end, scandalous, slanderous and infamous as it regards the Creator, meanly disreputable to man, and awfully disastrous to the mediator. It lacked the essential element of truth, and even the qualities of possibility or probability. It began in falsehood, was continued in fraud, and must necessarily end so. But Christendom yet believes in these errors. The present age should discard them, and assume the advanced condition that should belong to it. It should rest upon the true foundation that the government of God is perfect, conducted in Infinite Wisdom, and that no wrong, failure or disastrous result can possibly follow.

It is an expression of an obvious truth, to declare that there never was, and never can be, between God and man, any dispute, strife, contention, quarrel, opposition, difficulty, antagonism, ill will, disobedience, disappointment, discord, or even dissatisfaction. Instead thereof, all things are right between them, and will forever continue to be right, having always been right.

God being the sole Governor of all things, his attributes being infinite, cannot, by any possibility, permit the existence of any wrong.

It will, therefore, thus be seen, that there never was anything to mediate, arbitrate, or anything left unsettled, or to be in any way arranged, but by the natural course and progress of all things, according to their original design.

Germs.

Philosophers tell us that the germs of the lower and more simple plants live under circumstances that would seem calculated to destroy them. The cell of the common mold, dried to an impalpable and invisible powder, floats until it finds a suitably nidus or soil, in our conserves, our paste or pastry, our ink, or some of the thousands of articles adapted to furnish sustenance for its growth and development. Not so, however, with the more complex plants; they cannot be thus dried and scattered to the winds, without being lost.

So it is with the germs of truth—the simple and elementary ones are floating everywhere, and, like the mold, they only need a proper soil to become manifest by their growth and development. That soil is the human mind, and, as in the case of the germ of the plant, there is an attraction by the proper soil for these, and hence we find, in the former case, almost every substance in which the plant can grow, gives the evidence of its presence. So with the human mind; some germs of thought find a lodgment in every one; but as some minds are not so well adapted to attract these as others, and do not support and sustain the elements which fall within them, so well the production varies, and many minds seem to add very little to the common stock of known truth, others better adapted to nourish these germs, present even simple truths in such a garb that they become attractive to all. These more developed minds combine and arrange complex systems of philosophy which grow from the simple germs of truth, which are brought together by various minds. Truth is immortal, and man, by his immortality, comes to a recognition of it.

The simple elements of truth, like the germs of the lower plants, to which we have referred, may live and float around us unperceived, and may be revived again whenever they fall under proper influences; but the more complex systems of philosophy, like the more perfect plants, will perish, unless they are kept under proper conditions and surroundings.

The old Oriental story of man being placed in a garden is reversed; for we find that the garden is placed in man, and not only does man receive general truths, but each organ of man's mind is a garden of itself, adapted to the reception of peculiar and specific truths appropriate to itself. Thus the mechanic receives the germs of truth on that particular plane in the soil of constructiveness, and they are there combined more or less perfectly. So in all the different organs, germs of truth are received and nourished, and as these are combined and developed, ideas are brought forth, more or less perfect, according to the culture they receive, and the soil in which they have grown.

This view is important in its bearing upon the subject of Education. The agriculturist knows that, while it is important to have good seed to cast into the soil, the successful return as to quality and quantity, will depend very much upon the character and culture of the soil into which the seed is placed. True education consists in preparing the soil of the mind, so that it will receive and nourish the germs of truth, and bring them forth as fresh and vigorous plants. When we see the beautiful germs of truth, that sparkle out with so much freshness and spontaneity from little children, before the processes of education have perverted and contaminated the virgin soil of their minds, we are always delighted; and if education was devoted, as it should be, to the proper culture of the soil of the mind, so that the germs of truth might continue to grow as freely and naturally as they do in the early days of innocent childhood, we should have a very different condition in the world to-day. Many of the old systems of philosophy and religion would be weighed in the scales and found wanting, and the light of truth shining across the pathway of humanity would bless the world with newer and higher revelations than have ever yet dawned upon it.

Robert Dale Owen.

We publish, by request of Dr. Child, a letter to the New York *Avesing Post*, by R. D. Owen. The spirit of the letter is worthy the author and worthy our consideration.

Who is the Author?

Mrs. Griswold, of New York, writes us the following note:

In the number of the R. P. JOURNAL, bearing date Oct. 21st, is a poem attributed to Tennyson, called "Unwritten Poems." In a July number, 1864, of the New York Daily Tribune, Robert Dale Owen says: "I picked up the other day, on a friend's desk, a tiny volume of poems, which he said had dropped down there, he scarce knew how, from Germany."

"About two-thirds of the volume are translations from the German; the rest, some twenty odd brief, original pieces—Wayside Blossoms, they are called by the author—and also give her name (an unknown one) as Mary H. C. Booth, from Wisconsin."

"Among the original, Mr. Owen cites this—the unwritten poem—and says: here is an idea not new, but was it ever so gracefully expressed?"

"Shall we trace this little waif across the sea to the poet laureate, or find its birthplace a woman's brain, dwelling in that unpoetical place, a few miles north of you, known as Milwaukee?"

We rescued the little gem from the waste-basket and sent it to our readers, hoping it would call forth other "poems that ripple through lowliest lives." Mrs. Mary H. C. Booth was the wife of Sherman Booth, of Milwaukee, Wis. She spent several years in Germany. She returned to this country in 1864, and died in New York, the 11th of April of that year. If "Unwritten Poems" is in her collection, there is no question of the authorship. There was a mistake in giving Tennyson credit for the poem.

Mrs. Booth was one of the rarely gifted children of song. We trust that her songs are not all sung, and that she has found in the Morning Land the rest for which she prayed.

The Decline of the Church.

The "decline of the churches" is the subject of many a serious article to be observed in the serious papers. They complain that, with the exception of certain fashionable churches, nearly every temple of Christian worship is experiencing a rapid decline in the number of its members and in the regard of those who remain. They assert that the popular mind no longer reverences the church as it once did, and no longer entertains for religion the same profound respect. This is doubtless the truth. But what is the reason for this change? Is it not because the house of God has been degraded into a political lecture-room? If ministers of the Gospel will conceive it their duty to preach partisan politics from their pulpits, it is surprising that church members, entertaining different views lose all affection for them, and all taste for their ministrations? If a preacher persists in destroying the sanctity of the church by discoursing therein of subjects that men grow familiar with in bar-rooms, need he wonder at the irreverence he has created? Ought he to complain of the indifference for sacred things he has cultivated?—New York Sunday Times.

It is true that "the popular mind no longer reverences the church as it once did." But it is not true that the reason of the change is "because the house of God has been degraded into a political lecture-room," for it is a tolerably well settled fact that the greatest decline is in those churches where politics are not preached, while men like Henry Ward Beecher, who do preach politics, and are up to their throats, find no difficulty in filling their churches to overflowing. No, the true reason may be found in the persistency of the church in adhering to obsolete ideas and ancient creeds, old articles of faith, either without meaning, or with a meaning which is palpably absurd. The education of the human race has advanced to that stage where it demands something more than the old dogmas and doctrines which were well enough, perhaps, in the Middle Ages, and suited to the semi-barbarous times when men could neither read nor write; but in this age of progress, in this day of intellectual development, creeds sit but lightly in the minds of men—there is no longer a reverence for the fables of antiquity, which was prevalent a quarter of a century ago.

There is no longer disposition to believe in the stories of the creation; of the flood; of Jonah and the whale, and the like; in the doctrines of original sin; the fall of man; the vicarious atonement; and the eternal punishment by fire and brimstone; these things are becoming obsolete, they do not satisfy the progressive, inquiring mind of man, and hence the greater truth is sought and the old creeds abandoned. Of all the wonders and miracles attributed to Spiritualism, it has worked no greater wonder than this. It has cast asunder the horoscope of man's life and destiny, it has liberalized the old church, uprooted old theories, destroyed old creeds, and opened new avenues of thought to the world, and is unlike the Delam and Aethism of a former century, which, while they destroyed old creeds, left no standing room for man. It opens wide the gate, and points with unerring certainty to the Way of Life Eternal. For broad is the way and wide is the gate which leads to God, and narrow is the way and straight is the gate which leads to ignorance and superstition. So we hold.

Clippings and Comments.

SPiritUALISM.

Twenty years since, who would have believed that thousands and thousands of intelligent men and women, in this enlightened age, so called, would have so far departed from the teachings of Jesus as to claim that, "they are not fit for the developed mind of the nineteenth century?" Yet such infidel expressions have become so common, as hardly to attract attention, and men who make or believe them are among the honored members of society, who hold the first positions of office in our nation. Where will this thing end? These sentiments are rapidly advancing in all directions. Those who think otherwise are not acquainted with the facts in the case. We might as well say the waters of the Niagara cease to flow after they have passed the cataract, because they are not accompanied by as mighty a roar as when plunging over the precipice. The facts in the case are, the world as a whole, has already made the Niagara plunge into Spiritualism.—The World's Crisis.

The Oracle has asked an important question, and acknowledged several solemn facts. But the editor mistakes in saying that we have "departed from the teachings of Jesus." Departed? Wherein have we gone astray? Jesus healed the sick by the on-laying of hands; the spirit mediums do the same. Jesus had no faith in the popular doctrines of the times, neither have we. Jesus' associates were among the fishermen and working women; our religion teaches us to regard people for their soul worth, as He did. He did not pander to the prejudices and caprices of the people, but spoke out as the spirit of truth prompted him to speak; in this respect, some among us are like unto the good Nazarene. No, no, brother Grant, we don't ignore the teachings of the young Hebrew; we do not claim that they are not fitted for the developed minds of to-day. We claim that Spiritualism is Christianity, and if we are not Christ-like, it is because we are not developed to the high moral standard of Christ. It seems a little strange to brother Grant, that honored members of society are in our ranks. We see in this nothing remarkable. The world is too old to be frightened by the hue-and-cry "Infidelity!" Great living souls are independent thinkers; hence the "infidels" in high places.

"Where will this thing end?" Well asked, A few years ago, men thought to talk Spiritualism

down from the pupil; to write it out of existence; to smear it into oblivion; to annihilate it by falsehood and foul calumny; all these things have failed. Now the Oracle cries in despair, "Where will this thing end?" End in converting this heathenish nation to a recognition of the principles of justice. It will end in the overthrow of our unrighteous institutions; in renovating our anti-Christian temples; in demolishing the false gods we have long and ignorantly worshipped. It will end in the establishment of a humanitarian temple upon the earth. To this temple Infidel and Christian will come, shake fraternal hands, acknowledge our Father, and work together for a common good. Where will Spiritualism end? End in God, where it had a beginning.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORRESPONDENCE WANTED.—A Christian lady with means, wants a Christian gentleman with means, aged from 35 to 45. Good references given and required.

We clipped the above from one of our city papers, omitting the address.

The case is not quite clear: "A Christian lady wishes to correspond with a Christian gentleman." Is there any particular subject upon which she wishes to write? Is she in a theological fog, and has sent out this call for assistance? But why does the lady advertise herself a follower of the human hearted Nazarene? We doubt the piety and purity of trumpet blowers.

The lady has "means," and wishes a like blessing to attend the gentleman with whom she corresponds. What has money to do with letter-writing? The gentleman must be a Christian. Who shall decide what constitutes a Christian? Must the correspondent represent some one of the numerous sects claiming to be Christian? Or may he not be one of the many unpretending Christians whose religion is without sign or ceremony, save in good doing?

The lady limits the age of the correspondent, but she does not stipulate as to social conditions. Would she care to correspond with a gentleman, young, rich, and a Christian, if he happens to have a dear, devoted wife? May not the whole truth be told in these few words: some person too indolent to work, too cowardly to beg, too stupid to steal, has taken this infamous means to secure a maintenance?

Book Notices.

VOICES OF THE MORNING. A new volume of Poems. By Belle Bush. \$1.25, postage free. Belle Bush has written much and well. She is a Spiritualist, and many of her poems were written in her hours of deep inspiration.

The National Union says, in a notice of the Voices of the Morning:

Belle Bush writes with a refreshing freedom in these days of forced versification, and that which she writes appeals to the heart, and is characterized by depth of thought and intensity of feeling. She evidently writes because she cannot very well help it, and yet she writes not without an object—that object being to cheer the desponding, give hope to the hopeless, and heal the wounds of the almost broken-hearted.

"To brothers, sisters, friends and neighbors all, Who drop beneath the weight of sorrow's pall," she dedicates her little volume, and to such it can but prove a welcome visitor, for there are words of good cheer on its pages—words which, being spoken from the heart, cannot fail to reach the heart. The volume abounds in patriotic and soul-stirring poems, and should be in the library of every true lover of his country, and those who desire to keep alive the memory of those heroes who yielded up their lives on the battle-fields where they so nobly fought and fell.

Christmas is at hand. Everybody will want to make somebody a present. What will be more acceptable than a copy of these sweet Voices? They are for sale by Tallmadge & Co., Box 2292, Chicago, Ill.

THE WESTERN IRISHMAN, published weekly by O'Brian & Co., No. 5 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

This new candidate for public patronage has been started in Chicago. The Editor says:

The Irishman relies for support upon the entire Irish population of the Northwest, and it will be the constant endeavor of its editor to give them a paper worthy of their patronage.

The Irishman is a respectable looking paper and may be worthy the patronage of the public; but we don't admire the tone of the paper. It denounces negro suffrage. Ireland has sent to us her famishing children. We have given them homes, work, citizenship. It does not then become these oppressed children of Ireland to deny citizenship to the American-born citizen—to the negro, who has nobly fought in defence of the institutions of our country, which accord equal rights to native and foreign born citizens, to the oppressed and down-trodden, with the wealthy and most haughty.

Notice of Meetings.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D Streets, near Pennsylvania Avenue. Cora L. V. Scott lectures during December. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

WARREN CHASE lectures during December in New York and Brooklyn. Address 274 Canal St., N. Y. During January, in Washington, D. C. During March, in Philadelphia. Will come to Ohio in April, and spend next summer mostly in Illinois.

Mrs. A. A. CURRIER will speak in Smith & Nixon's Hall, in this city, the Sundays of December.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d Street, near Broadway.

The speakers already engaged are, Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, for the month of December; Miss Lizette Doten, for January; and Mr. J. G. Fish, for March.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday School, meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 6670, N. Y.

Personal.

A. J. DAVIS.—This pioneer apostle of the Harmonical Philosophy made us a call on his way to St. Louis.

Mr. Davis will speak in St. Louis the remaining Sundays of December. He is doing a good work by organizing Progressive Lyceums.

His present address is, care H. Stagg, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. A. A. Currier is engaged to lecture in St. Louis the Sundays of January.

Elijah Woodworth is engaged to speak on the Sundays of December and January, in Middlebury, Elkhart Co., Ind., and vicinity.

To Our Patrons.

We refer especially to our subscribers whom we have been furnishing an account of "The Progressive Age," (Moses Hull's paper)

Knowing that Mr. Hull's subscribers are expecting us to make up the deficiency on their subscriptions, we are doing so at a very great loss, with no other compensation than the expectation that those friends will renew their subscriptions so soon as their time expires for the Age, at an equitable equation of time, which will be found duly estimated and printed on the margin of each of those subscribers' papers.

We hope our friends will renew these subscriptions before the expiration of the time thus noted on the margin of their paper.

We keep no other accounts with subscribers, consequently it is at considerable expense that we distribute the type and re-arrange the same for a subscriber who does not renew his subscription until after his old one expires.

It would be manifestly unjust for those subscribers to wait until we had distributed the type and re-adjusted our mailing apparatus before sending in their money for the renewal of their subscriptions.

There are several whose time has passed, for renewal, but we have continued their names on our mailing machine, and sent them the JOURNAL, in hopes they would soon send in their subscriptions.

We aim to publish a newspaper, in every point of view, unsurpassed in any part of the world.

Our machinery is abundantly competent to the task—not only for the mechanical part of our JOURNAL, but for all kinds of work known to the art.

We command the best talent in the reformatory schools of the age. Indeed, we are especially favored in every particular to produce just such a paper as Spiritualists and other reformers throughout the world are in need of and most ardently desire.

A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

Notice.

Dr. Henry Slade, of Jackson, Mich., the well-known clairvoyant and test medium, will be in Chicago, at the Sherman House on Monday, the 17th, and prescribe for the sick on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 18th and 19th insts., also hold circles in the evening.

Dr. Slade will examine the sick in person, or by the hair, and give such remedies as the influences which dictate him may direct.

On File for Publication.

"Human Destiny," by Albert Brisbane.

"The False and the True," a lecture, by H. T. Child, M. D.

"Why am I a Spiritualist?" by Rev. A. J. Fishback.

"Report of the meeting of the Friends of Progress," held in Corry, Pa.

"Short Sermon," by Warren Chase.

"Landmarks of Old Theologies," by C. B. Peckham.

"A. J. Davis' Lecture," delivered at Mercantile Library Hall, Sunday, December 3d, 1865.

A Hall for the Freedmen.

Mrs. L. M. Child, in a note to the editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, writes:

"I have just published a book for the emancipated slaves, entitled 'The Freedmen's Book.' The service is entirely gratuitous on my part, and by the kind assistance of Ticknor & Fields, I am enabled to furnish the freedmen with the books at the mere expense of paper, printing and binding.

"Though prepared expressly for them, and carefully adapted to their degree of education, it is calculated to diminish prejudice against color at the North, and thus to promote just views on the suffrage question. It is 1 vol. of nearly 300 pages, and will be sold to all, except the freedmen, at the usual price of books of that size, in order to defray necessary expenses."

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.—A. D. Richardson, correspondent of the New York Tribune, gives the following description of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, and the character of its inhabitants:

Victoria, well built of brick and stone, with a population of five thousand, owes its growth solely to the Frazier river gold mines. It is peopled by English, Americans, Chinese and Indians. Yankies who have resided here but five or six years have quite lost the cadaverous, eager, American physiognomy, and exhibit that full, florid face which is the English type, the climate of New York, San Francisco, in latitude of Richmond, has the productions of Savannah. Northwestern America, too, is the home of old romance. Here ingenious scholars have placed the Atlantis of Bacon; here that greatest of navigators and explorers, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, discovered the kingdom of Brodignag.

At the elegant government buildings of Swiss-German architecture, we called upon Governor Kennedy. It is curious and characteristic, that while New York, with four millions of people, pays her governor but \$4,000 per annum, the executive of Vancouver's Island, whose population is only seven thousand, receives \$15,000. Parliament sits ten months in the year. The fifteen members of the lower house are elected. Of the seven who compose the upper, three are named by the crown, and four ex-officio members, including the colonial secretary, treasurer, and chief justice.

Sir James Douglas, the former governor, married an educated half-breed lady, and his children have strong Indian features. In his ample garden we found in full bloom many varieties of rose, dahlia, pink, nasturtium, verbena, California poppy, and other delicate flowers, with ripe currants and cherries in abundance. On the Pacific coast the isothermal line bends abruptly northward. Victoria, far north in Quebec, has the climate of New York. San Francisco, in latitude of Richmond, has the productions of Savannah. Northwestern America, too, is the home of old romance. Here ingenious scholars have placed the Atlantis of Bacon; here that greatest of navigators and explorers, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, discovered the kingdom of Brodignag.

Business Matters.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON'S SBAANCES.—Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the medium, through whom the communications are given, found upon the sixth page of this paper, in the hands of the members of the Society of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, Lombard Block, (first building west of the Post Office, Chicago), from 2 to 4 o'clock, P. M., and from 7 to 9 evenings, Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, excepted.

Admission tickets can be procured at Tallmadge's Book Store, on the left hand of the front entrance to Lombard Block. At which place, also, all kinds of Spiritual and other Reformatory Books can be found.

CHURCH'S SBAANCES.—Mr. W. T. Church, physical and test medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 822 Wabash avenue, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Persons wishing to attend either the seances or developing circles, will find it to their interest to call upon him at their earliest convenience, and procure tickets to the same. Chicago, Nov. 17, 1865. 10-1f

Mrs. C. M. JORDAN, Writing and Prophectic Medium, 78 North Dearborn Street, Chicago. 10-1f

A New Book.—Just published by the "Religio-Philosophical Association," entitled "The Biography of Satan," or a historical exposition of the Devil and his Dominions disclosing the Oriental origin of the belief in the Devil and future outcast punishment. Also, the Pagan origin of the scriptural

terms, "Bottomless Pit," "Lake of Fire and Brimstone," "King of Hell," "Chains of Darkness," "Everlasting Punishment," "Casting out Devils," etc., etc. With an explanation of the meaning and origin of the traditions respecting the Dragon chasing the woman—"The Woman clothed with the Sun," etc. By K. Graves, author of "Christianity before Christ, or The World's sixteen Crucified Saviors." (Fear hath torment. Read! Read! Read something new and something true," and be saved from the fear of endless damnation.

The "Biography of Satan" will be found to be a work of rare novelty, curiosity and value to the general reader, and of the most important and momentous interest to the far-bound professor of religion, of every name and nation in the world. It contains a very extensive, rare and compact collection of historical facts upon the several points treated on. The following list of its contents will furnish some idea of the work, viz.: "Address to the Reader. Chapter 1st. Evil and Demoralizing effects of the doctrine of endless punishment. Chapter 2d. Ancient traditions respecting the origin of Evil and the Devil. Chapter 3d. A wicked Devil and an endless Hell, not taught in the Jewish Scriptures. Chapter 4th. Explanation of the words Devil and Hell in the Old Testament. Chapter 5th. God (and not the Devil) the author of evil according to the Christian Bible. Chapter 6th. God and the Devil originally twin brothers and known by the same title. Chapter 7th. Origin of the terms "Kingdom of Heaven, and Gates of Hell," also of the traditions respecting the dragon chasing the woman—the woman clothed with the Sun, etc. Chapter 8th. Hell first instituted in the skies; its origin and descent from above. Chapter 9th. Origin of the tradition respecting the "Bottomless pit." Chapter 10th. Origin of the belief in "A Lake of Fire and Brimstone. Chapter 11th. Where is Hell? Tradition respecting its character and origin. Chapter 12th. Origin of the notion of man's evil thoughts and actions being prompted by a Devil. Chapter 13th. The Christian twin brothers and known by the same title. Chapter 14th. The various retributive terms of the Bible of Oriental origin. Chapter 15th. The doctrine of future punishment, of Heathen and priestly origin, invented by Pagan priests. Conclusion: 163 questions addressed to believers in post mortem punishment. Appendix: Origin of the traditions respecting "The War in Heaven." Fallen angels being transformed into Devils, and an explanation of the terms Hell, Hades, Gehenna, Tartarus, Valley of Hinnom, The worm that never dies, etc. Concluding Remarks.

For sale at this office. Price 50 cts.

DR. PERSONS, "THE HEALER."—We copy the following from the Milwaukee Daily News of November 18th:

WONDERFUL CURES AT THE DYNAMIC INSTITUTE IN THIS CITY.—The attention of the public here and elsewhere has been called at different times to the wonderful gifts some individuals possess in the healing of disease, and the press has been called upon to give publicity to their deeds. Eastern operators have been here and in Chicago, and crowds have called to be relieved. We desire to say that we have one of these noted doctors in our midst—Dr. Persons; one of the proprietors of the above named Institute whose cures place him in the front rank of all the operators who have as yet presented themselves to the public. If you visit his office you find in one corner a pile of canes and crutches taken from those who were obliged to use them from five to twenty years, all cured in from five to twenty minutes. Stepping to his desk, he will hand you more certificates of cures than you would find time to peruse. He gave us a few copies of some performed within a few days, and for the benefit of the afflicted, we publish them. We are satisfied from what we saw that the doctor takes no certificates without the cure is certain. Read the following:

For the benefit of afflicted humanity, I desire to state that my wife, Mrs. A. B. Thomas, has been a sufferer from Prolapsus Uteri, or falling of the womb, and spinal affection with general prostration of the nervous system, at times unable to feed herself. This has been her condition for the last six years, for five years wholly unable to walk, having to be drawn about the house in a chair. I brought her to the Dynamic Institute, Oct. 9, 1865, and in ten minutes' treatment by Dr. Persons, she arose from her bed and walked off without help. She has regained her health, energy, and now takes lengthy walks, free from any difficulty. Her speedy recovery has gladdened the hearts of her many friends, and we cannot refrain from advising all sufferers to go to the Dynamic Institute and get healed.

CYRUS B. THOMAS, Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1865.

A remarkable case of deafness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 26 years of age, has been deaf from her earliest recollection, so much so as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation, always suffered from running sores in her ears. In this condition she came to the Dynamic Institute, and in one treatment of a few minutes by Dr. Persons, could hear very well and after the second treatment her hearing was perfectly restored.

R. G. SAWYER, 201 Spring St. Milwaukee, Oct. 28, 1865.

I hereby certify that my son Rudolphus A. Smith, has been afflicted with nervous spasms for the last five years, having as many as twenty spasms daily, rendering him insensible five minutes at a time, and never free from them for a single day. He came to the Dynamic Institute, Nov. 13th, 1865, and in one treatment by Dr. Persons, he was entirely relieved.

My post office address is Chleakuck, Door County, Wis. JOSEPHINE B. SMITH.

The above Institution is located on Marshall st., No. 587, and within 300 feet of the street railroad.

Deaths.

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the worn sandals, and give the weary rest.

Mrs. ABELIA, wife of Samuel Smith, passed to spirit life, from Rockford, Ill., November 18th, aged 25 years.

Mrs. Smith was a firm and devoted Spiritualist. Just before leaving the earth form she called her husband to her bedside, and told him she was confident of being welcomed by angels to the home of the soul, and calmly assured him that she would return and comfort him and her five little ones. Truly,

"There's no such thing as death. That which is thus miscalled Is life, escaping from the chains, That have so long enthralled."

"'Tis a once hidden star, Piercing through the night, To shine in gentle radiance forth, Amid its kindred light."

The services were held at the Unitarian Church, and attended by the writer, E. C. DUNN.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

MR. AND MRS. J. MANSON ALLEN, Rockland, Me.

W. P. ANDERSON, Spirit Artist, Address P. O. Box 2521 New York City.

Mrs. N. K. ANDROSS, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill.

REV. ADEN BALLOU, Hopdale, Mass.

C. C. BLAKE, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture in different parts of the West upon Grecian and Roman Spiritualism, as compared with modern. Address, until further notice, Dubouque, Waverly Co., Iowa.

Mrs. E. A. BEE, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Portland, Me., Dec. 17, 24 and 31; in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 7 and 14; in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN'S post office address is drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN, West Brattleboro, Vt.

Miss LIZZIE CARLEY would like to make engagements for the late fall and winter months with the friends in New York and Pennsylvania. Address, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL will answer calls to lecture. Address Forestport, Ontario Co., N. Y., care of Horace Parley, Forestport, N. Y.

DEAN CLARE, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Hartford, Vt., P. O. Box 110.

L. K. COOPER, a Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant will lecture and hold in Marshall, Missouri county, until further notice.

Mrs. LAURA COOPER's address is San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. ANNE A. CURRIER will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West during the winter. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass., or at home.

IRA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

APRILIAN JACQUES DAVIN may be addressed, as usual, at 274 Canal street, New York.

Mrs. LAURA DE VRIES (senior), Haverhill, Mass., care of C. E. Olinson, Vt.

H. METZLER PAY is open to receive engagements to lecture in the New England States up to the publication of the coming winter. Religious, philosophical, and other subjects, in the line of modern Spiritualism, and reform of the day. Address, Boston, Mass.

Rev. JAMES FRANKS will lecture in Northern Illinois, Northern Missouri, and up as far north as Wisconsin for several months. Address, Warren, Ill., care of Dr. H. M. Way, Mill further notice.

Mrs. M. L. FRANKS, inspirational medium, will answer calls to lecture in the West during the winter. Free circles Wednesday evenings. Address, Washington Village, South Boston.

J. O. VINE will speak in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hammonston, N. J.

C. Augusta Pith, trance speaker, box 1236, Chicago, Ill.

S. J. FINNEY'S post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. DR. D. A. GALLUP will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects addressed by Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk, Iowa.

N. S. GREENLEAF will speak in Haverhill during December; in Plymouth, Feb. 11 and 18. Address as above, or Lowell, Mass.

JACOB P. GREENLEAF will make engagements in Maine, Massachusetts, or elsewhere, for the fall and winter lecturing season. Address Exceter Mills, Me.

I. P. GRIGGS, Magnetic Physician, will answer calls to lecture and heal the sick. Address, Brantsville, Wis.

D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction of the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonston, N. J.

J. B. HARRISON, formerly minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, Kendallville, Noble Co., Ind.

Dr. Jos. J. HATLINGER, Trance Speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, or to organized circles during week day evenings, in any part of this country. Will also organize Lyceums, and speak, either entranced or in his normal condition. Can be addressed at 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Cleveland, O., during December; in Chicago, Ill., during January and February; in Sturgis, Mich., during April. Will make engagements to speak week evenings on the routes in the vicinity of Sunday engagements. Address as above.

Mrs. LOUISA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON, Rutland, Vt.

M. H. HORTON will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the remaining fall and coming winter months. Will also answer calls to speak week evenings and attend funerals. Friends wishing his services are requested to apply immediately. Address West Paris, Me., care Col. M. Houghton.

Mrs. EMMA HORTON will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., during December and January. Would be happy to make further engagements in the West.

MOSES HULL will speak in Grand Rapids, Mich., during December. Will answer calls to lecture the remainder of the winter.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through Mrs. A. W. Robinson.

A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

INVOCATION.

Let us pray! Not like unto the Sadducees, neither like unto the prayers of the theologian, would we call upon Thee, oh, God, but as a mysterious, unshakable and unchangeable law, which permeates and governs all things. Unto Thee, as such, we would pray.

We recognize Thee as a perfect law—perfect unto Thyself, and perfect in the unfolding of every human soul, alike perfect in a grain of sand and in the tiny dew-drop, as well as in the rolling ocean—alike perfect in each and all things, in nature.

Looking unto Thee in that sense, we do not exhort Thee to change anything from its natural course. Yet at the same time we feel that it is in accordance with the law Thou hast allotted unto us, that we should pray, and pray, too, without ceasing. Not in vocal utterances alone, but with our whole being, at all times and in all places. With that sense of Thy perfection, we would prepare our souls that they may be in a receptive condition, and be enabled to accept all truths as they may, from day to day, be unfolded unto us.

We would that all—aye, we feel that all will be brought in due time to look upon Thee as Thou hast been in the past, and now art and ever will be—perfection unto Thyself.

And when we say Thyself, we feel that we comprehend earth and all that has, is now, and ever will exist.

Thus we will pray, and with a like sense of Thy perfection, may we ever continue to pray.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. When deaf and dumb persons pass from this to the spirit world, are they deaf and dumb there?

A. No, they are not. It is not the spirit or the spirit body that is defective. The cause is a defect in the material organism. When it is taken into consideration that it is not a defect in the spirit or spirit body, it will be readily perceived that when the material organism is removed, the cause of the deficiency in speech and hearing is also removed.

Q. Where is the home of the spirits? Is it a location like our earth?

A. The spiritual plane of existence is an outgrowth of the material one. It is right here. You deal with the material plane—we with the spiritual; both are right here. The material and spiritual are both visible to us, while the material alone is visible to you.

You might as well think of going far down for the spirit world, as far up for it. The idea of going far away is derived from the theological idea of a far-off heaven!

Q. Do not spirits often go to considerable distances above the surface of the earth—and if so, how do they do so?

A. I have said the spirit sphere is an outgrowth of the earth. I mean by that, it is an outgrowth that may be compared to the perfume of a flower. Now we do not mean to be understood that spirits walk on the surface of the earth, but that the home of the spirit is real and tangible, and is on that which is an outgrowth of the material. Like that which corresponds with the perfume of the flower afloat, that outgrowth is real and tangible to the spirit, yet it appears to the spirit, often, when first entering spirit life, like something that is intangible—something that he would be in danger of stepping through. That feeling soon subsides and he finds it as real and tangible as the earth he has just left.

Q. During the time that the medium is entranced, what is the condition of the spirit of the medium? Is it conscious or not? If conscious, is it on the material or spiritual plane of existence?

A. In case of an unconscious trance medium, the spirit controlling simply closes the external senses of the medium. To the external sense this is so much lost time. The life-principle of the medium is necessary to enable a spirit to control.

We deal with the spirit of a medium just as a mesmerizer deals with the spirit of his subject, with this difference, in degree only—we have a greater power over the medium than the mesmerizer does over his subject.

Q. Are those who lived in accordance with their material desires in earth life, the best fitted for the spirit world, or otherwise?

A. The infidel who expects nothing, but enjoyed the world as he went along, and did good for good's sake, is the best fitted for spirit life. He will enjoy the spirit life all the better, because it is more than he anticipates.

Those who are persecuted by being charged with immorality, and receive nothing but the frowns of the world, will be all the more happy on entering the spirit life, for the simple reason that they will receive the smiles of friendship, while the individuals who make professions of virtues they do not possess, and frown upon others, will feel on entering the spirit life that their secret thoughts are visible to all.

Hollow pretensions will be of no avail in that life. The good acts of individuals will illuminate the background, and the shadows produced by the bad or evil acts will eventually be hidden by the brilliancy or halo of goodness which truth and love cast over the scene of life.

As we rise in the scale of intelligence we also rise in goodness. As individuals, however base, pass from the physical life to the spiritual, they become more susceptible to the higher spiritual influence of those who are continually exerting such an influence over their minds, for the purpose of raising them into a nobler atmosphere or plane of purity.

Q. If we have been individualized entities for thousands of years, and now find ourselves upon this planet, for the purpose, perhaps, of discipline and experience, may it not follow that we shall go to other planets for a similar purpose in the hereafter?

A. If the author of that question has the slightest idea that he or she has been an individualized entity for thousands of years prior to his or her existence upon the earth plane, and that his or her existence upon this plane was necessary for their further unfoldment, "perhaps" it will be necessary for them to pass through a similar experience to the earth plane which they now occupy, for further unfoldment!

But now to come to the point. I would not have any one think that I have the slightest, the most remote idea, that any one ever had an individualized existence prior to that on the earth.

Q. Our life on earth is one, and so far as we know, the first stage of our existence, as conscious beings. Our spiritual life, after the death of the body here, is the second grand stage of our existence. The inquiry is, whether there is, or will be, another and higher stages as distinctly marked as the second is

from the first—and if so, what will be their character, and how and when will they take place?

A. I do not speak of any one's experience but my own. I have only passed the one great change, and never saw any one whom I knew who had known but the one; and to my perception it is not in accordance with nature to look for a second and third change as marked as the one that takes place in passing from the earth plane to spirit life, called death.

After that it is a gradual development or unfolding of the faculties. There is no disease in the spirit life, no decay, nor growing old, except in experience.

Q. Is it desirable and beneficial for persons in earth life, to put themselves under and depend on the advice, warning and influence of guardian spirits, and what is the requisite condition to be attained, to most successfully receive such advice and influence?

A. True guardian spirits desire individuals to rely upon themselves, and never to lay aside their own individuality and rely upon another's.

When they rely upon themselves, they do rely upon their guardian spirits, because they are prompted and guided by their intuitions to do what their own impressions or desires dictate.

Q. As all spirits do not view all things alike, do they have contentions and disputes, and indulge in passion and ill will?

A. I would advise those who desire an answer to that question to sit down and reason upon the subject. I do not call an exchange of thoughts and ideas a dispute. We do not all think alike. We express our views and exchange our ideas. Another dispute nor see others dispute—and know of none who do make use of unpleasant language.

The true motive of each is mirrored upon his face. That being the case, I see no opportunity for any one to disguise his real thoughts, consequently no cause for dispute can arise. Each sees the true motive of the other, consequently there is no reason for indulging in ill will.

Q. What is the measure or degree of spiritual influence and control of guardian spirits over the objects of such desired or intended influence and control?

A. First—it depends upon the power, growth and development of the spirit who acts as the guardian of the individual. Second—it depends upon the condition of the organism and surroundings of that charge. Taking these things into consideration, it would be impossible to judge of the influence or power a guardian could have over his charge.

NOVEMBER 20.

Q. Do cold and heat affect the atmosphere of the spirits?

A. I did not come for the purpose of answering questions; but I will say that when a spirit controls a medium, heat and cold do affect the spirit. I find your room excessively warm.

I come, sir, for the express purpose of communicating to my friends.

Perhaps, in time, I shall be enabled to find an organism subject to my influence nearer to my former home.

I have a dear mother, three kind and loving sisters and two noble brothers, who are yet on earth. Although they are not what you call Spiritualists, yet I think they will read what I have to say with much interest.

As bright and beautiful as my home is, dear ones, it were impossible for me to content myself were I far away from you. Yet it is enough, so that I have not to contend with the inharmoonious conditions incident to earth life.

I did not leave you because I desired to, but because the nature of my disease was such that it was impossible for me to remain longer with you. In our conversation in regard to my leaving you, we consoled ourselves with the idea that it was the will of the Supreme Being, and my condition would be better and happier. My condition of body and mind did not change for the better, after being freed from disease. My spirit was, of course, free, inasmuch as it had not longer to struggle with a diseased organism, which I find is common in earth life only.

The full extent of happiness, we talked so much of, I have not yet realized. Not that there is happiness, and sufficient, too, for all who are here, and, as it appears to me, for all who are yet to come. I desire them to investigate the subject of communion with departed ones—spirits. Not because it will add to their happiness here, but it will add to the happiness of the life they are now living.

(I desire to say that it is either the condition of the lungs of the medium or the condition of my own system at the time of my death—consumption—but I am unable freely to control. I feel an irritation of the lungs.)

[Here the spirit lost control, and another spirit controlled the medium, and described the appearance of the spirit who lost control. Said it was a lady—tall, with dark curly hair, dark blue eyes—slightly built.]

[The foregoing communication of November 20th was resumed by the controlling spirit.]

DECEMBER 5.

I thank you for getting that which I had already given, as it will save me the trouble and the time of giving again that which I had already given; and also the happiness of those who, like myself, were compelled, by disease, to leave the material plane of existence.

I will leave you to judge of my anxiety to communicate to you by your own feelings and desires to know of my condition. And then the instructions that we may be enabled to give you, from time to time, will be such as to lead you to look upon the bright side of nature, and also of your own experiences. Believe me, when I tell you, that if I had known that the way was open for me to return and tell you that which I have already told, the change, death, could not have caused the grief that it did at our parting.

You know I always thought that God was goodness, yet I perceive that the ideas that I had of Him were far from being correct; and now see the necessity of educating the youthful mind to look upon Deity as the embodiment of all things, whether they are seemingly goodness or otherwise. Educate them to deeds of kindness, and not to revenge. I can perceive that now which is truthful to me, and it is this—the necessity of educating the youth, the infant mind, not to look upon God as a revengeful Creator, one who will punish in the severest manner every one for his misdeeds, and thus inculcate into the young mind that feeling which we deplore so much, and that is, revenge! And if we would educate it to deeds of kindness and love, we must instil into the minds that grand and noble principle that God is love. I feel that to be truthful, and I think when you look upon it, you will receive it as an undeniable truth also.

I have a brother in Hopedale, Vermont. His name is Samuel Wincliff. I desire all my friends to listen to the voice of reason, and give me an opportunity of conversing with them through some medium, whoever it may be, through whom I can converse, and I will tell them many things which I do not feel at liberty to say here.

My name is Maria M. Wincliff.

dium, whoever it may be, through whom I can converse, and I will tell them many things which I do not feel at liberty to say here.

My name is Maria M. Wincliff.

DECEMBER 3.

HARRISON NEWCOMB.

When I was sick in bed, (I was sick a long time,) my father used to sit and reason with me—what he called reason—upon nature, her various changes, etc. He said also that I was about to die, and that after death, I would be able to see that what he had said to me was true. That is one reason why I came back to communicate. I did not like to disbelieve my father, and yet I could not accept all he said.

I am not exactly certain whether my mother believed him or not. Sometimes she talked as if she did—at other times she spoke as if she did not. One thing she did say, and that was: "Harrison," that was my name, "you will have it in your power to come back and enlighten us upon these things. Now will you promise me that you will do so?" I said, "Mother, I don't believe I can." I did not believe it. She said, "It may take you a long time to arrive at that condition, but keep trying, and I am sure you will succeed. I promised her I would. Now according to that promise, you see, I am on hand, don't you? [It appears so.] Well, I guess it is so; yes, it is so.

I did not have to try very long. I will reply to what my father said to me, first. He said I would remember what he had told me, and see that all he had said was true.

One thing I will tell you that he said. He assured me we contained within our physical bodies a part of everything below us—a part of the mineral, the vegetable and animal life, and that we had passed through changes innumerable—that we had progressed from one point to another, until we had arrived at a conscious state of existence on the material plane of earth, and that when we progressed sufficiently we could remember from early childhood our experience on earth. He said, as we remember our experience while here, so we would be enabled to remember and recall each step we had taken previous to our earthly life. He said after death we could recall and see such ante-earth experience.

Now, I will admit that the composition of our material bodies is as he stated. It has been demonstrated by science. But that we had a conscious existence before our birth into the material world, is a great mistake, so far as I can see. He was a pretty clear reasoner, but he was mistaken on that point. It may be he will be able to see it, but I think not. Perhaps when he comes he may be able to show it to me. I will wait patiently till he does arrive, but it is my opinion I shall have to wait a good while longer, before I discover what he thought I would.

Now, mother, you said you know I would come back and tell you things by which you would know it was me. That all our family may know that it is me, I will tell where we lived, and where they do live now. It is in the city of Rochester, New York. I never did anything but go to school.

I was eighteen years old the June before I died, which was on the 17th of January last, almost one year ago. My name is Harrison Newcomb. They always called me Harry. My father's name is William; that of my mother is Josephine.

I promised to tell mother whether I was happy or not. I am happy and well suited—just perfectly suited. Although I don't see that I came from a grasshopper to a toad, and up that way, yet I am just as well suited as if I did. I suppose father and mother both believe that, but I could not believe such preaching; and do not yet find it true. I think they are mistaken.

I did not believe I could come back, but I was wrong in that, and I admit it by coming. There is a friend of mine named Nate Miller. He is sick, and is going to die with his present sickness, but I suppose this will get there first, if it reaches them within a week. Do you think it will? [Yes, in about that time.] He lives in Rochester. We went to school together.

They used to accuse me of not having much feeling. May be they were right. But I am glad Nate is coming. I have got feeling enough to take care of myself. I don't believe in feeling bad because other people do. I don't rejoice because others do, but I go in for myself.

I think I have given enough. They will know me from what I have said. Father will know me from this, for the subject of creation was his hobby. I am obliged to you and also to the medium. I will bid you all good day.

DECEMBER 5.

HENRY WURZ.

Sir: I would like to say a few words upon the subject of capital punishment. I will endeavor to be as brief as possible, and at the same time speak clearly and to the point, though I may not be understood.

In the first place, then, from whence comes the right that seems to be invested in man to take the life of his fellow-being?

I know, sir, that most of you recognize that power as being lawful and right. That it is in accordance with law, is true—that is, man-made law. But it is not in accordance with the laws of nature, nor the laws of right.

I know, sir, there are many who looked upon my execution as a just act, as richly merited for the many deeds of cruelty that I had practiced upon others. My conduct while a prisoner—my protestation of innocence, will not be taken into consideration, and I do not expect by what I may say, to in any way change my condition. Just so far as you had it in your power to go with me, you have already gone. That I was changed by that punishment in any way for the better, I cannot see. That my conditions and surroundings are better, you will readily admit.

I commenced by saying that there is no right for the infliction of capital punishment, and I say so still; and still farther, that any man or body of men who will in their cool and rational moments pass the sentence of death upon any one, commits a greater crime than it were possible for the condemned to commit in moments of excitement.

We do not expect reason from any one in the heat of excitement of any kind. But, sir, we do expect it of men in their dispassionate and rational moments.

That I did at any time or in any place act in any other way than in accordance with the will and approbation of superior officers, I can clearly and truthfully say, that I did not.

My suffering at death was nothing to be compared with what I suffered during any one hour of my trial. Yes, sir, to see men get up, and with revenge pictured upon their countenances, and give their statements, which they knew as well as I did, to be absolutely false, and then to see those statements and know that they were received as truths, caused greater suffering than a thousand deaths. And, sir

as false as their statements were, it is equally false that you have the right in justice, to inflict such capital punishment upon any one.

I am aware, sir, that these truths, for truths they are, will not make as deep an impression upon the minds of the people of earth as they would were they given by some one, as they will by one who died an honorable death. I say, sir, if such deaths are not honorable, then why in the name of all that is good, of all that is true—yes, in the name of God, why suffer such a death to be inflicted upon the unfortunate child of earth?

I suppose, sir, by this time, you have an idea who I am. [I may snaffle.] No doubt your suspicion is well founded. I find, sir, that it is a fact, that we have power to influence the minds of earth to some extent, and I feel that it shall be my mission; something that I will devote my entire energy and what power I may possess to do away with—to slink into oblivion—that power of punishment.

It is a disgrace to an enlightened people. Yes, I had much rather be the victim, than the one to pass the sentence, or to be the executioner. [Do you blame the officer whose duty it was to pass the sentence of the law, or to inflict the execution required by the law?] In a certain sense. Then again, it is the law that I would blot out of existence, and when that was done, there would be no need of any one to pass sentence, nor any one to carry it into effect.

My sister, sir, plead well and nobly for me, through this medium a short time ago before my execution, and although the truths she gave utterance to will not be received by all, yet, sir, they will have their effect. She is a bright, intelligent spirit, and I thank God that I have such a sister. I will again express my gratitude to those who showed me many marks of kindness. I would also express the same to you for your kindness in noting down what I have said.

With the permission of the circle of spirits who have charge of this organism, [the medium,] I will come again and give you further ideas upon the same subject.

HENRY WURZ. [During the utterance of the preceding communication, the medium assumed the appearance and tone of voice of deep depression of spirits.]

EMMA MAY.

I have a dear father, and it is to him that I would speak, and if possible, rouse him from his present gloomy state.

Mother and myself were taken from him about the same time. He feels that his light has gone out, and that life is no object to him since those who were so dear have been taken, and his home left desolate. I could say to my dear father that we are not far away, and also to prove to him that we are near in his hours of despondency and at night, when he sits and thinks of us and at times speaks and says: "Why can I not go to them—I know they cannot come to me? Oh, God, let me die. My sorrow is too great; I cannot linger to live." At such times, dear father, could you but see with clear sight, what we now see, you would see mother and me closely by you.

We grieve, dear father, because of your deep sorrow. Were you happy, we should know nought but happiness.

Our homes are beautiful; and father, do not look upon death as a ruthless destroyer and a severer of all those endearing ties which bound us so close to you; for it does not lessen or in any way diminish our affection for you. We are only conveyed to a more congenial clime, where you will soon come.

The frosts of one more winter, the glory of all nature, another spring—the perfecting influence of another summer's sun, and then when autumn shall come, and the husbandmen gather in their stores, and all are provided for, you, beloved father, will also be gathered into our lovely home, where the frosts of winter can never come.

Do not suffer the few remaining hours, days and months which are left to you, to be spent in sorrow at our separation, for we are with you and will continue to be until you join us in our home of beauty. Then we will never more be parted. Then let me beg you, dear father, to wait with patience—rest assured that mother and Emma, your daughter, will be true to their promise, and that we will soon be together.

My father's name is Melvin E. May. He is at present in Washington, D. C.

JACKSON NATHAN.

My name is Jackson Nathan. They called me Jack Nathan. I used to live right here in Chicago.

Do you let anybody talk here who used to drive a dray? [Yes, we make no distinctions on that score.] I had not much education. I died seven years ago. I have got a sister, and she is married and lives on Halsted street, on the West side. Her name is Mary. Her husband's name is Neftus. He is a German. My father was from Scotland, and my mother was Irish. I was twenty-seven years old—I had no family. I was hired to drive a dray by a lumberman. If I were to say something for my sister she would not know enough to believe it, so good bye.

THE HIDDEN GRIEF.—Every man has his own grief and sorrow. Where will you find a heart that has no secret sadness lying heavily upon it? It may not press with equal weight upon the soul—it is well that it does not. But it is there, ready to stir the depths of our sorrow in moments of loneliness, when afar from the noise and busy haunts of men. Then memory is awake; then association is linking us to all the past. Then we live amid the scenes, the thoughts, the companions of days gone by. A cheerless, rainy day, a solitary walk in the quiet country, the funeral of a friend, an hour's meditation at the eventide, may awaken the tender and fearful memories of the past.

How many and how various are the causes of sorrow! How soon the early dream fades away! How rapidly perish the cherished visions of our riper years! But it is our portion here that we must have sorrow mingled with our joys. Few, in deed, are without them. Look at the crowd that passes along the gay thoroughfares. Follow them to their solitary chambers. Question them alone in the still hour of the evening. How many of all that crowd, apparently so thoughtless, have a burden and a sorrow lying upon their hearts! Friends have died. The loved ones of home are far away. Many, many are the tears that fall in secret over the bitterness of the heart, of which the world knows nothing.

Australia has produced another seventy ounce nugget of gold.

Circular.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress everywhere:

In accordance with and furtherance of the views and sentiments of the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Illinois, from the 9th to the 14th of August, A. D. 1864, inclusive: We, the National Executive Committee, appointed by said Convention, do most respectfully, but urgently, recommend the immediate formation (without creeds or articles of faith) of societies or local organizations, for associate efforts by Spiritualists and all progressive minds everywhere. To this end we present the following form of Articles of Association—comprehensive and liberal—and such as leave individual rights entirely unimpaired. Under these Articles societies will be entirely independent of each other, yet they will possess an inherent power for general associative effort, so neces-

sary for a National expression of the great Principles now being evolved by the most progressive minds of the Age.

Your committee only assume to recommend; believing that, when uniting for an associative effort, we should be especially careful to guard sacredly individual rights.

Societies organized as recommended, can be incorporated under the general laws governing Religious organizations in the several States, as well as the Canadian—our rights being equally sacred in law with other religious bodies.

It will be understood that each local organization can assume such name as may be deemed advisable by the individuals composing the society. We simply propose a name highly expressive of a type of Religion, based on sound philosophy, one which will stand the test of reason, and that for which Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, and all progressive minds boldly contend.

- B. S. JONES, Chairman, St. Charles, Ill.
WARREN CHASE, Battle Creek, Mich.
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 624 Race Street, Philadelphia.
W. F. BICEY, Elkhart, Indiana.
MARY F. DAVIS, Orange, N. J.
BILDEN J. FINNEY, Pisto P. O., Ohio.
H. B. STOEKER, Boston, Mass.
MILO O. MOTT, London, Vermont.
Y. L. WADSWORTH, Secretary National Executive Committee of Spiritualists, Chicago, August 15, 1864.

PLAN RECOMMENDED—RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED being desirous of promoting the great and sublime principles of the Harmonical Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the noblest of Humanity to a due appreciation of the attributes of Deity, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable us to appreciate a common Paternity and Brotherhood, do unite ourselves into a Society, under the laws of this State, by the name and style of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

And for the better execution of the will of said Society it is provided that it shall meet every year, on the first Sunday in January, or as soon thereafter as convenient, elect from their members a President, Vice President, Clerk, Treasurer, Collector, Janitor, and Five Trustees, which Trustees shall be styled the Trustees of "The Religio-Philosophical Society."

The duty of which officers shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other organized bodies, and especially the following duties, viz: It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Society, and preside at all meetings of the Society or Executive Board, if present, and act as the general corresponding and financial agent of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform all of the duties of the President in his absence, or inability to act. It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep accurate minutes of the doings of the Society and Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all money belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and if it be from the collector, to receipt to him therefor, and pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board.

It shall be the duty of the Collector to collect all money subscribed or contributed, and pay the same over to the Treasurer immediately, taking his receipt therefor.

It shall be the duty of the Janitor to take charge of the meeting house, and perform all such duties as are incident to such office, in other bodies, and act as the general messenger of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Trustees to perform all such duties as the law, under which this Society is organized, requires.

VACANCIES—HOW FILLED. In case a vacancy in any office in these articles provided for, shall occur, either by death, resignation, removal to a distance, or inability to act, it shall be the duty of the Executive Board to appoint some member of the Society to fill such vacancy until the next ensuing annual meeting; and any office may be filled by subscription, in case of the temporary absence of the regular incumbent.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND THEIR DUTIES. The President, Vice President and Clerk shall form an Executive Board, and a majority of them may transact business in the name of and on behalf of the Society, but subject to the approval of the Society, when an amount exceeding Fifty Dollars is involved.

The Executive Board shall report all their doings at the next annual meeting of the Society, and whenever required by a vote of the Society, in a business like manner, when approving the Society, the Clerk shall spread upon the minutes of the Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Trustees to receive all money belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and if it be from the collector, to receipt to him therefor, and pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board.

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Our Children.

Our children, how like the gods and make it
A lot of moral beauty. Let the stars
Of knowledge, and the light of science, walk in
In richest fragrance and in purest bloom.

The Little Guest at Supper.

One night I was sitting alone at the
And a little fly came to take supper with me!
And I did not call him to go away.

Remember the Poor.

There is a paper published in New York called
the Advocate and Guardian. It is published by
the Executive Committee of the American Female
Guardian Society.

Here is a letter written for the Guardian by
a little girl. I copy it, hoping you will think what
you can do for the destitute.

Advocate and Guardian.—My birthday has again
come, and I am now seven years old. Last year,
when I was six years old, I sent you sixty cents;

Mamma wishes to know how many little girls
whose papas and mammas have not died, will deny
themselves a few unnecessary "goodies" (not any
article of wholesome food), and begin at six years

of age and give their own money, earned in this
way, until they are ten years old? See the sum;
60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 cents, making, in five years,
four dollars.

If 125,000 of us children who can—which mamma
thinks a safe estimate for the whole country—will
do that, it will buy a great many necessities and
comforts for the needy little ones who are
caring and finding homes. Half a million of dol-
lars in five years added to the sums that other older
people will love to give, will do a great deal of
good, but not more than will be needed.

Milwaukee, Wis. FANNY L. M.
You may not all have sixty cents to send to the
Advocate and Guardian, but you may have six or ten
cents to give to the child of some widow, whose
husband was killed in battle.

If you can do anything for these dear children,
do it, and you will be abundantly blessed by blessing
those in need. FRANCES BROWN.

The Wonders of Nature.—No. 7.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.
THE AGE OF SHELL FISHES.

It was a warm summer day, the air was parching
hot, and water within the heated walls of a room
not to be thought of. Rosa desired me to walk out
to the arbor, as she said it was the quietest and
coolest place on the farm. Very well, my little
friends.

Think of us seated beneath the refreshing shade
of matted vines, from which great clusters of
grapes temptingly hung, making one wish a month
or so had passed, and the autumn sun had flushed
them with purple.

Beated there, I awoke from a momentary absence
of thought by a remark of Rosa's.
"See, papa, the water in this aquarium has
become green!"

"Ah, well then, we must place a few more snails
in it, or our fishes will die."

"I will explain to you in a few words. This water
represents a lake or pond. In the lake the water
remains pure, because as fast as the fishes render it
impure, the plants take up the impure matter. I
set this water-plant in the aquarium to purify the
water as fast as the fishes render it unfit for their
living in it. This green scum you see is a plant,
likewise, and when growing scantily is very effective
in cleansing the water; but if allowed to grow so
abundantly, it produces quite the opposite effect.

You know that I placed snails in the water. I
did so because the water-snail feeds on this green
scum, and by that means cleanses the water."

"Very wonderful; but can you always preserve
this water pure?"

"I could, if it were possible to keep this happy
balance. By watching closely, we can approximate
nearly to this result, but not hope to gain it. In
fact, Nature does not always; often we see ponds
become stagnant and fetid."

occurred; let us not ask when. Before we speak of
this period, let me revive your memory. Of the
seven miles of crust, (I told you the known crust
was of that thickness,) we have only considered the
five rocks. I told you those which were laid
down on them were filled with fossils; teeth, fins,
scales, bones of beings that once lived, but now
turned to stone, and forming a part of the rock.

American Aristocracy.

It is absurd for any man to style himself "independent." He may have unlimited pecuniary
resources at his command, but what are these
without the ministrations of other men? How
essential to his welfare is the meanness drudge, and
the very breath of those whom he despises. It is
folly for a class of people to get themselves apart
as exclusive as holding an inherent and divine
patent of nobility. Especially ridiculous in Amer-
ican society, where it is inconsistent, not only with
the mutual dependence ordained by nature, but
with our theory of man. We, in that theory, know
no impassable barriers. We repudiate badges and
uniforms. We recognize the manhood of every man.

There is a paper published in New York called
the Advocate and Guardian. It is published by
the Executive Committee of the American Female
Guardian Society. I don't much like the paper.
There are in it some things that to me seem very
wrong; but I like the object to which it is devoted.
It is very blessed to live for others as well as for
ourselves. The best and the happiest people are
those who think what will make those about them
comfortable and good—those who speak kind words
to the unfortunate, and divide what they have with
the poor.

Advocate and Guardian.—My birthday has again
come, and I am now seven years old. Last year,
when I was six years old, I sent you sixty cents;
I now send seventy. Next year, if I live to be eight
years old, I intend to send you eighty cents, and so
increase one dime each year, until I am ten years
old, when I can get it. I will send you a dollar.

Mamma wishes to know how many little girls
whose papas and mammas have not died, will deny
themselves a few unnecessary "goodies" (not any
article of wholesome food), and begin at six years
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JESUS OF NAZARETH;
OR THE
TRUE HISTORY OF THE MAN
CALLED
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ALEXANDER SMYTH.

THIS is the most extraordinary and curious book ever
published since the first printing has been invented. It
portrays to the eye the history of the remarkable career of a young
man of the East, who, with a slight
sketch of his youth. It is a book that is the natural character
of an intelligent and noble man, who fell a martyr to his
good intentions in the cause of humanity. It is entirely new
from the fragments of tradition, superstition and fiction
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Gospel.

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THE HEALING ART.

COMMENCING with the Greeks, during the lives of Socra-
tes and Hippocrates, the healing art has been
developed to the present day. The law of health and
disease. For a lapse of centuries, the profession was divided
equally among the Dogmatists and Empirics. In these latter
days, the temples of Asclepius have been rebuilt. Drugs
and poisons as remedies have been commonly used, that
the Gods of Phisike and Hygieia can put to rest every
graveyard in the land, where lie the premature dead, the
trophies of their mighty skill!

The history of the past reveals the fact that this treatment
is the only one that should be used. It is a well-
established fact, that if the treatment
is not used, it will overcome all curable diseases.
The Dynamic Institute has been in operation about one
year, during which time we have treated over 6,000 patients,
afflicted with every variety of disease. We give below a few
cases of cures to which we call the reader's attention, some
of which have never been surpassed in the world's history:

TESTIMONIALS.
THE OSSIPEE WOMAN.—The greatest surgical operation of
ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on
Mrs. J. Ossipee, of Wisconsin. She was a
woman, 31 years of age, perfectly helpless and unable
to move a joint in her anatomical system for ten years.
Dr. Kezette, surgeon of Oshkosh, administered chloroform to
the patient six times, whilst the doctor operated from two
to three hours, and she died in less than an hour.
The above was accomplished entirely with the human
hand.

MRS. C. H. DEARBORN,
INSPIRATIONAL TRANCE MEDIUM, will answer calls to
lecture. Will also give advice, clairvoyantly, upon the
Marriage question where there is inharmonious, and tell persons
what they can be remedied to, and how to be remedied,
and harmony to their friends, by letter or in person.
All letters promptly attended to. Ladies, \$1.00; gentlemen,
\$2.00. Address, Worcester, Mass. 8-1

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Without Medicine—and those Unable to
Pay, Without Money.
MANY Patients unable to visit our rooms can be healed
without medicine, and those who are unable to pay,
and are more or less benefited by this treatment.

CLAIRVOYANT COUNSEL!!!
DR. J. K. BAILEY,
Medical and Business Clairvoyant, Psy-
chometrist and Magnetist.
MAY be consulted, personally or by letter, upon all questions
pertaining to human condition. Will describe and
possessive for diseases, delicate character and suggest remedies.

HEALING THE SICK
Without Medicine—and those Unable to
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MANY Patients unable to visit our rooms can be healed
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Railroad Time-Table.
CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN—DEPT. OF WAR WARE
AND KANSAS CITY

CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.
(Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.)

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.
St. Paul Express, 9:00 a.m. 9:20 p.m.

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.
Eastern Mail, 7:15 a.m. 8:45 p.m.

CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.
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