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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Voice of Thought.

Earth's sounds are sweet—let music load the air, (That all around in viewless quiet rosts,)'
And in the heart wake feelings slumbering there,
Like young birds sleeping in their hidden nests,
Voiceless and still, their presence all unknown,
Till roused to action by some kindred tone.

Let harps their voices raise, in cadence sweet,
As fountain gushings in a murmuring wood;
Fielding rich strains as if in joy to most.
The pressure of fair hands, in mirthful mood
That wander o'er their cords with such deep skill,
They seem to touch them without thought or will

And through the mellow flood-notes of the flute Let the deep music of the spirit flow; All save the earnest breathings that are mute In weak expressions human sounds bestow; Those flowing tones fall like the evening dew, And flowers of gladness in the heart review.

Peur forth exalted strains; raise high and far The lofty melody your art affords; And let it be in soul-taught harmony, With the deep thrilling of our passion-chords; Let all the glories of high sound, at once Rush on the ear, and claim the soul's response.

But hush them all! A softer, sweeter tone,
Unearthly in its beauty, strikes my ear;
Let harp and flute be still!—for all alone,
Those rapture-giving sounds I bend to hear,
Faint and far-off the unknown warbling seems
Like the dim vision of forgotten dreams.

Deeper and nearer comes a plaintive air—
Wilder and higher rise triumphant sounds,
With depth and fervor Art can never wear.
This the soul's melody; from unknown bounds
Of viewless realms, is borne the voice of Thought,
That to the spirit's ear, comes music-fraught.

Just in the gates of fairer worlds than ours,

Thought has her dwelling place—and yet so near,

That as her voice floats through celestial bowers,

A few faint sounds are wafted to us here;

Feeble and low, yet sweeter far than all

The arts of song, that hold our hearts in thrall.

Oh! Angel-Thought! Ambassadress from heaven to earth
Beside the outer portal of thy shrine
I linger, awed by superhuman worth,
Yet chained to rapture by thy voice divine!
And gladly would I cross thy threshold fair,
And do thee homage in thy glory there.

But mortal footsteps may not trespass thus,

Not mortal ears thy full-toned accents hear;

But half-heard murmurs that are borne to us

Through spirit-sense, thy grandeur will declare;

And when our souls shall find a genial sphere,

Thy voice sublime, they undismayed shall hear.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. CHRISTMAS ADDRESS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Delivered on the occasion of a Christmas Festini, given by the scholars of the school he early mended.—Ed.]

Sholars:—In answer to your highly complimatery request, I appear before you, to present a between the present festive occasion. As I mered the room many pleasurable emotions were wikened, pleasurable glimpses of days long agone, the I, like you, within these walls, strove with men and strength to conquer the invincible arithmen and grammar. It seems this evening, that I have been, by some mysterious Aladdin's wish, thusposed across the years of the past, and am and a school boy.

such reunions as this keep bright the golden bands friendship, and by the tokens of esteem from find to friend, they show us how mutually dendent we are for all our pleasures, how dreary the world would be, if we were alone. They cure thinness, and bring forth the beautiful and shining hits of human character.

One can readily see that Santa Claus has been m! Judging by appearances he has done a fair ling! War does not appear to have changed his exition! He always remembers the children. tis inventive. This Christmas tree is a modern rention of his. He used to come down the chimand fill the dependant and expectant stockings. those days the stockings were hung to the bedand the children in their sleep dreamed of jolly old man, who, just at twelve o'clock, we a two span train of reindeers, harnessed to a gh, and filled with every kind of imaginable toy trinket—dreamed that they heard the clatter of hoofs on the roof! Only a moment, however, this same old man was compeled to visit every was in the land ere the gray and sparkling light Christmas morning appeared in the East! Then This eyes opened wide, and the contents of the okings were summarily extracted amid shouts

tanta Claus has found out a better way. He coltis some half a hundred children together here, in gives them a tree, so beautifully arranged, the each limb swaying a present—one-half believe tree has grown and fruited in a night, and inait of apples, it has yielded toys and candies, the the owners' names written thereon!

have seen many strange trees, tall pines far up mountain gorges, and white barked birches aging with ragged roots to darkling precipices, arfish shrubs in the high, snow-capped mountains drenched by clouds, yet here you have a tree at far surpasses them all; a miracle of ingenuity tast

h this pleasant season, you have unbent from

study, and yield full sway to your social feelings. I am about to recal your thoughts for a few moments again to your studies, which with a new week, you will resume. There is little doubt that by that time, many of you, like the little girl, will wish Christmas came five times a year!

The scholar has many and great duties to perform. You may think that but little is expected of you. If so, you are greatly mistaken. In a few years, the world will make great and imperative demands on you as men and women. Those few years, will pass like moments. You will scarcely realize that they have fled into the past, before you will confront the stern responsibilities of the world.

Your parents have placed you here, that you may by study prepare your minds to meet those demands, and support those responsibilities, in such a manner that you will acquire honor and respect, and what is a far better accompaniment of success—happiness.

Now I ask you—what do you study for? You meet here every day. Your progress for a single day is almost imperceptible. Many of you, I presume, have often thought that you paid dear for the very little you have acquired during the day; yet you studied hard, often crying over refractory lessons, or passing sleepless nights.

Let me say to you that the mere mastery of your schoolbooks is wide of the object which brings you here. Your arithmetics, grammars, geographies and algebras together do not form a single drop in the ocean of knowledge! They are but the elements—the a, b, c, of knowledge. It is not so much what you learn, as the training you give the mind by learning. You work a problem through, and find that you are thousands or tens of thousands from the answer. You will think that you are not benefited because you did not obtain the right answer. But you are mistaken. You have, perhaps, exercised your minds more, than you would by having your teacher "work" a dozen more difficult prob-

As with labor of the muscles, so with the brain. You have seen the smith over the way, beating iron. Notice how true he strikes. That is an acquirement of practice. He strikes the iron not only to fashion a bolt or nail, but to strike with educated arm all iron better. That is his training. You have lately trained the muscles of your arms to fashion letters with the pen. In that education, your minds outstripped your hands. The idea of the letters appeared beautiful and distinct, but ah! the truant hand could not be made to place that ideal on paper. Here the pen wavered, there it gave a heavy line for a light one! Only by long and patient trial have you acquired control of the almost uncontrolable hand. But you have at last educated it. It will now almost write of itself.

So the musician practices every day for a life-time, and then has not complete control over his fingers; yet he acquires wonderful ease. His fingers fly from key to key with the velocity of light. They almost pass of their own accord.

It is precisely so with the mind. It works slowly and awkwardly at first; but constant effort gives it strength whether the effort be made in mastering arithmetic, grammar or history, and the strength thus acquired, can be used in widely different fields. You can understand history better by the strength given by studying percentage, or percentage better, by studying grammar. By these studies, you gain a cultivated mind, a mind that will not fail you in the business of the world.

Do not understand that I undervalue these elementary studies; on the contrary, they are everything. They must be mastered before you advance a step; they are the first stepping-stones to the temple of knowledge. After long and wearisome study, you undoubtedly have pronounced your arithmetic or grammar very uninteresting books. You think so, because you do not understand them. Your books are now made much more difficult to master than they were twenty years ago. When Peter Parley wrote his geography, and Smith his famous grammar, it was believed that children attended school expressly and solely to learn their books. If so, then those books are the best, because easiest to learn; but now it is thought that you attend school for mental culture, not for parrot learning, and the books are made more difficult. This is why you have Brown's grammar and Ray's

These studies are not so dry if you comprehend their vast scope. What is grammar? The science of language—of human speech. It creates the sentences I am now speaking, and renders them inteligible to you. Think for a moment of language! What an incomprehensibly vast influence it wields over human destiny. Thoughts exist in the mind; speech gives them utterance; grammar governs that utterance. If every one spoke correctly, there would be no necessity of studying grammar. But every one does not, and hence we must have a guide. The authority for our speech is our best authors.

Speech is the expression of thought; thought depends on the phenomena of nature. Hence it is from nature that grammar draws the three moods of ability, independence, of indefinity. The three natural tenses of past, present, and future. Our language is strong, yet easy to acquire. The relations of the words of a sentence are pointed out by prepositions.

We say, "for James," "to James," "from "James," the little words for, to, from, expressing our meaning, but the old Sanscrit and Greek changed the termination of the word as though we said

Jame," for "to James," "Jamen" for "from James." You will at once see that we have a much easier language and a stronger. Talk about our grammar being difficult and dry, what would you say if our nouns changed their terminative instead of taking a preposition, through an almost unlimited variety? If the fertility of our imaginations and paucity of our ideas, gave us, like the Arabs, 6,000 names for a horse, 4,000 for a camel, and 1,000 for a house; or what if we prefixed or suffixed a syllable for every shade of meaning like the Indians, until a single word became longer than our sentences, and the least change in the relations of the syllables gave as totally different meaning as the preposition from or to, in the sentences "from James," "to James?"

Our Anglo-Saxon speech is rougher than many tongues. The Greek and Latin were smoother—the Italian is softer and more musical; but for strength, for power, for pathos, it has no equal. In it, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton sang songs which will endure as long as the race endures. Say you that the study which teaches you the laws of their songs is uninteresting? Nay, the

arid desert of grammar, if considered in this light, becomes a beautiful garden of flowers.

Is arithmetic tedious? Let us trace an outline of the wonderful revelations which flow from it. You commence by adding one unit to another unit. Then you step up to substraction, multiplication and division; the remainder of arithmetic is com-

Arabic; the figures are theirs.

The wild Bedouin Arab was once the most refined

posed of various applications of these rules. Arith-

metic was perfected by the Arabs. Its name is

mathematician of Europe.

From arithmetic to algebra is a slight step. That too, as its name imparts, is of Arabic origin. In the latter you express quantities by letters and their relations by signs. You make an equation $x \dagger y - n$, that is $1 \dagger 3 - 4$. This is very since, but by it you arise to the consideration of the state numbers of related equations.

Above algebra is geometry. Here you find the essence of refined abstract reason, which, as it ascends, leads you to trigonometry, when you can apply that wonderful instrument, logarithms. Then you pass to the integral and differential calculus and to these there is no termination. They bring you directly before the planetary and stellar bodies of the heavens. They teach you their laws and relations. Here you meet problems which require for their solution three thousand equations. Here mathematics, beginning with 1 + 1 - 9, becomes astronomy, and reveals the relations of suns, moons and planetary worlds.

Permit me in like manner to sketch the relations of geography. You think it a barren statement of the height of mountains, length of rivers, amount of population. I fear, as written in the books, your criticism is too true. But geography, or description of the earth, should be the most interesting of sciences. To our own times the perfection of geography belongs. The ancients were very ignorant of the structure of the earth. The Greeks thought themselves near the center of the world, which floated like a broad leaf on the ocean which surrounded it. On the north was the delicious country of the Hyberboreans; in the west the gardens of Hesperides, in which grew the apples of gold; in the east the groves and dancing ground of the sun; in the south the country of the blameless Ethiopians. Where Naples now stands the syrens beguiled the voyager with their songs. In Sicily dwelt the one-eyed Cyclops, and Cannibal Læstrygons. There were lotus-eaters, whose food made them forget their native country; happy fields where grazed the horses of the sun, Hydras, Gor-

Such was the geography of the ancients. Our geography reaches the very structure of the earth.

You say the continents have such a form? That is a dry fact. Scientific geography tells you that

Let us refer to the map. See you this mountain chain sweeping down from the Arctic Sea to Cape Horn, and across the Southern ocean to the Antarctic continent? On the other side of the continent, you see another and parallel chain. There was a time when the ocean covered the entire face of the earth. That was ages before man came into existence. Out of this dark and world-wide ocean, these mountains were upheaved by volcanic action.

So was the Eastern continent chalked out, as If

were, by the Himalayah, Ural, Altai and Alps.

Through the immense valley formed by the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, flows the largest river in the world.

The next longest and by far the largest river flows 3,700 miles due east along the Equator. It is 150 miles wide. How do the rains feed so large a stream? The warm equatorial winds, saturated with moisture, like an enormous sponge, sweep across Brazil against the lofty Andes. There their moisture is pressed out by cold, just as you would press water out of a sponge, and not only is the Amazon supplied, but the Orlance and La Platte roll their vast floods to the main.

But on the other side of the Andes, you see the rainless tablelands of Peru and Chili, where rain scarcely ever falls. Why? The cold mountain summits have robbed the winds of their last drop of moisture!

Every climate has its beauties, and its peculiar objects of interest. From the Polar Ocean, where the night a half year long, is lit by the Northern Lights, and the Polar bear, the whale and seal, are the only food of the Esquimaux, across the Tem-

Jame," for "to James," "Jamem" for "from James." You will at once see that we have a much easier language and a stronger. Talk about our grammar being difficult and dry, what would you say if our nouns changed their terminative instead of taking a preposition, through an where we meet objects of interest and beauty.

We learn lessons, turn where we will. Mountains ennoble our ideas by leading us to the vast and incomprehensible. Rivers, how typical are they of human life, and human destiny.

The little rill, springing from the heart of the mountain, how like childhood, as it laughs and murmurs, leaping along! The brook, more sedate, yet carelessly wandering by flowery forests, how like youth. The broad river flowing calmly along the valley, here moving the ponderous wheels of a mill, there setting a thousand looms at work; now doing the labor at a grim foundry, again that of nameless factories, how like stern and energetic manhood; and then where at last it finds rest in the bosom of the infinite ocean, how beautifully is it like old age, and that death which shows us the purpose of life is the entrance of a glorious and infi-

No study can be dry if you comprehend it. To comprehend, you must understand every principle as you proceed. You gain nothing by merely "getting through your books." You must understand them

To be brief, there are two reasons for your close application. First—Because you have great opportunities to learn. Second—Because you have great opportunities to use your learning.

We are cast on unhappy times. Almost one-half of our country is destitute of a single common school. What think you of the millions of children at the South who are growing up unable to read or

It is said, one of their Governors "thanked God that they had no common schools." We thank God that we have.

I need not tell you that your advantages to learn are great; your opportunities to use your acquirements are still greater. These are days wherein energy and talent can acquire almost any position they desire. The lamented Chief of our nation was a farmer-boy. Your Vice-President (now President) was a tailor, who, at twenty, could neither read nor write. The invincible Grant was a tanner-boy; the renowned Sherman was a newsboy, and our Chief Justice—the profound Chase—was a ferry boy. All you have to do, is to do your best, and the harvest is sure.

The avenues for distinction are wide and extend in every direction. I said your books are but the a, b, c of knowledge—that is of the known. We know scarcely anything yet of nature, of ourselves. The vast questions of the why, how, wherefore, of creation are unanswered. Perhaps some of you will yet solve these problems. There are new machines to be invented for the saving of human labor, new laws to be written, new principles to be discovered.

The field is wide, and awalts your coming. Go forth strong and determined; but remember that life is made up of trifles. Great events flow from an aggregation of them. It is said, that Newton, while walking in his orehard saw an apple fall to the ground. That was a very small affair. Men had seen millions fall before Newton's time. It was not a small thing to him, however. He asked, what made the apple fall? And his answer was, the development of the sublime law of gravitation, by which we grasp the universe, going out to the farthest star, by which we account for all their diverse phenomena, and unite the suns, planets and moons, rolling through the abyss of space into one perfect whole. The falling of that apple, so insignificant was fraught with the destiny of worlds.

There is another lesson I would impart. It is that of untiring and unflinching application. Do you remember the fable of a hare and tortoise? It was told almost \$,000 years ago by a Grecian sage. The two ran a race, but the hare ran so swiftly, that it got out of sight of the tortoise, and then lay down to rest. While resting, it fell asleep, and the slow moving tortoise not only passed it, but arrived at the goal before the hare awoke. So it is often the case that the student who learns with great difficulty, by perseverance accomplishes more than the one who learns without effort.

Scholars, you who half the time feel discouraged because you forget, because you do not comprehend your lessons, do not think yourselves dolts, and the dullest of the world! You can find more examples of dull scholars arising to eminence and usefulness, than you can of those who are called brilliant. Mind matures slowly, and it will be all right with you if you persevere. What you acquire with difficulty, you know the full value of, and can use with great advantage.

Daniel Webster was the dullest boy in the school he attended. The boys called him "all eyes," and "black Dan."

After attending a course at college, he failed to obtain a satisfactory diploma. What did he do then? He tore the diploma for which he had studied four years, to shreds, before the face of the professor who gave it to him, and began the course again at the very beginning. I need not tell you how he that time succeeded, nor speak of the tremendous power he wielded for good and for evil in the affairs of our nation.

Had I time, I should sketch an outline of other studies which are not included in your present course. Natural philosophy, which teaches you the mechanical forces of nature, and the means of making them useful. Botany and natural history,

which teach the phenomena of the vegetable and animal worlds. Physiology and anatomy, which teach of their structure and functions; chemistry, which teaches the wonderful changes occurring in the organic and inorganic realms; astronomy, which reveals the marvelous harmony of the stellar universe. From the grain of sand, scarce visible for minuteness, to the glorious sun, incomprehensible for vastness, in every atom, flower, tree, world, is written a lesson full of interest, and easily read by the vigilant student.

To whatever sphere you are called, perform your task unflinchingly, and with all your ability. In our country, it is honorable to labor. The drone is detested in our society. Your work never can disgrace you. It is you who can disgrace your work!

I have already spoken far longer than I intended. The deep interest I feel in the scholar, wherever he may labor, has led me along a wandering pathway. My earnest prayer is for your success as scholars here, for your success in that far more difficult school you will soon enter—the school of life.

Sincerely do I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and that all your Christmases may be merry and all your New Years happy.

The Ocean Bottom.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives me some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Banks," near Hayti:

The banks of the coral on which my divings were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor, in others it is studded with coral columns from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch; and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean and gazes through the deep winding avenue, he finds they will fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to these stately temples that are now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals where water had deposited the earth. They were all of a faint hae, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from any plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land! One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors and the most brilliant hues. The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from those of the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sun-fish; from those of the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the loopard to the hues of the sunbeam ; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut, when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. These were the ribbon fish, from four or five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog.

Another fish was spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male and female watch the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from four hundred to five hundred pounds.

VOICES OF ANIMALS.—There is a chapter in the natural history of animals that has hardly been touched upon as yet, and that will be especially interesting with reference to families. The voices or animals have a family character not to be mistaken. All the canide bark and howl. The fox, the wolf, the dog, have the same kind of utterance, though on a somewhat different pitch. All the bears growl, from the white bear of the Arctic snows to the small black bear of the Andes. All the cats mian. from our quiet fireside companions to the lions and tigers and panthers of the jungle. This last may seem a strange assertion; but to any one who has listened critically to their sounds and analyzed their voices, the roar of the lion is but a gigantic mies. bearing about the same proportion to that of a cat as its stately and majestic form does to the smaller, softer, more peaceful aspect of a cat. Yet, notwithstanding the difference in their size, who can look at a lion—whether in his sleepy mood, as he lies carled up in the corner of his cage, or in his fiercer moments of hunger or rage-without being reminded of a cat? And there is not merely the resemblance of one carnivorous animal to another; for no one was ever reminded of a dog or wolf by a lion. Again, all the horses and donkeys neigh, for the bray of a donkey is only a harsher neigh, pitched on a different key, it is true, but a sound of the same character, as the donkey is but a clumsy and dwarfish horse. All cows low, from the buffalo roaming the prairie, the musk-ox of the Arctic icenoids, or the tack of Asia, to the cattle feeding in our pastures. Among the birds this similarity of voice in families is still more marked. We need only recall the barsh and noisy parrots, so similar in their peculiar atterances. Or take as an example the web-footed family: do not all the greese and the innamerable hosts of ducks quack? Does not every member of the crow family caw, whether it be the tackdaw, the jay, the magnic, the rook, in some green rockery of the old world, or the crow of the woods, with itslong melancholy caw, that seems to make the silence and solitude deeper? Compare all the sweet warblers of the songster family—the nightingules, the thrushes the mocking birds, the robins—they differ in the greater or less perfection of their note, but the same kind of voice runs through the whole group - Iguari.

Cincinnatus was plowing his vineyard when the Dictatorship of Rome was offered him.

Homer was the son of a small farmer.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Free Missouri.

BT WEE MARVET A. JONES. In memory's trance. I hear the roar, Dull, heavy by Missouri's shore; I see the shifting sand bars lie. And dark, donse woods sgainet the sky:

Blue duffined, stand the Osage hills. Rank growths, the river hoftom file. While steamboat whistle shricketh back From giant crags, o'er waters black.

Full forty years since first the stroke Of pioneer axe, these forests broke, Yet here no steps by Progress traced, The rude log cabin has displaced.

Rude hands thy fruitful acres till, With stolld forms, and fettered will, And bitterer fruits spring from thy soil As harvest of thy bondsmen's toll.

By Gasconade and Osage stream, At midnight, lawless camplights gleam : And Treason's altar recked with gore From loyal hearts and asked for more.

A poison drink of death and ire, Filled heart and brain with demon fire, And fiends let loose from depths of hell Could do no deeds more dark and fell.

This land has been the robber's spoil.

From Arkansas to Ransas soil,

Can those be men, grim, fierce, that ride, Bushwhackers by Missouri's tide! Vengeance calls from bloody graves, "Leave not one traitor! not one slave!"

Brave Teutons, you the seed have sown.

Your blood baptized the land your own.

Again will luscious paw-paws hold In tawny rind, their pulp of gold: Opossums track persimmons sweet Through sparkling frosts, with climbing feet,

Winters and springs will all again, Regenerate through years of pain, Hail to the Garden of the West, With freedom's signet on her crest! Sycamore, Illinois.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Why I am a Spiritualist.

Spiritualism aims at the perfection of man, physically, socially, and mentally; but in a more special sense, it is the culture of our spiritual nature, and the communion of angels.

BY REV. A. J. FISHBACK.

It reveals the sublime truth that the departed, our fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, children and friends, together with all past generations, can return to earth at pleasure, and under proper conditions, hold a direct personal intercourse with us. And here I remark in the outset, that Spiritualists claim to have demonstrated this truth as satisfactorily as any problem in mathematics. Hence there is not a confirmed Spiritualist anywhere, who does not honestly testify that he, himself, has had this absolute evidence. Our belief, therefore, is not based upon the writings of men who lived in the past, nor upon secondary evidence of any kind; but upon that which is first handed.

True Modern Spiritualism is strongly fortified by Ancient Spiritualism. The Bibles, creeds and traditions of the past, furnish much proof of the genuineness of the manifestations of this age. In them we see facts, principles, illustrations, and testimonics which are clearly identical with the wonderful hings transpiring in Modern Spiritualism. As evidence of this, I refer to the facts of the Bible, on which Christianity is founded.

The historians of Jesus claim that he demonstrated these two things: First, the continued existence of man after the dissolution of his physical body; and secondly, the Spiritual intercourse. Thus a future state and spiritual communion is simply the gospel of Jesus, or good news which should be preached to all people.

After his death upon the cross, he came to his disciples in the power and glory of an angel, giving them satisfactory evidence of a life beyond the grave, and an intercourse between earth and heaven.

Accordingly we find this record in the Bible: "Then the same day at night when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in their midst, saying: Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He showed unto them His hands and His side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord. Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And now breathing upon them, He said, Receive ye the Holy Spirit. But Thomas, one of the twelve, was not with them when Jesus thus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe. And after eight days again His disciples were within and Thomas with them; then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith He to Thomas, reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing. And Thomas said unto Him, My Lord and my God! Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Now, if this record is true, the Apostles had unmistakable evidence of the truth of the gospel which they preached. They were personally acquainted with Jesus, they saw Him put to death; and after His death, they saw Him as a spirit. Therefore, when asked, why are you Christians? They answered, We have seen the Lord. Here, then, we have the proof which Jesus gave his disciples of immortality and spirit communion. And is it not con-

I proceed next to inquire, what evidence have we that Modern Spiritualism is true? First, there are hundreds and thousands of Spiritualists, both in Europe and America, who can testify as strongly as the disciples of Jesus, that they have in many instances talked with the angels, face to face; and in this direct intercourse, have felt them, heard them, handled them, and seen them,

Thus, the most firm infidels, who take the pains to investigate, are frequently convinced at once; the evidence being so clear as to force conviction.

And who does not see that primitive Christianity. with all its grandeur, is fairly duplicated in Modern Spiritualism. Compare the wonderful exhibitions of divine power occurring in this age with those recorded in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. As there were prophets in olden times. even so now are there many prophets. Were the Apostles so deeply inspired that they spake as the spirit gave them utterance? Even so have we, this day, hundreds who write discourses, deliver lectures, improvise poetry, as dictated by the divine

tongues, casting out demons, and healing diseases. we witness them all in this age, precisely as recorded in the Bible of ancient times. As far as I am concerned, I am well satisfied that the same divine nower of Holy Spirit manifested on the day of Pentecost has again come to us with a power and glory unrivaled by its exhibitions in any past age. What then? Modern Spiritualism is primitive Christianity. This is as clear to me now, as that God is unchan-

But, as regards myself, I now see much evidence in the incidents of my own life in favor of Spiritualism. In the first place, my religious experience began at a very early age, almost as far back as I can remember. My mother was converted from Presbyterianism to Universalism a short time before my birth; and she having a very large religious nature herself, and ever thinking and talking upon the subject, my mind was at first directed in the way of spiritual thought and culture. And with my present illumination, I see much evidence in my whole past history of the guardianship of angels, and their power to teach men the truths of heaven. and thus quicken and spiritualize the human soul

Since the advent of Spiritualism, I have investigated continually as far as my opportunities would permit. I have read extensively pro and eon; first from curiosity, and secondly, to know the truth. Among the authors I have perused with much interest, I may mention Hammond, Edmonds, Tallmadge, Dexter, Brittain, Fishbough, Tuttle, Denton, Owen, Home, and Davis. As to the manifestations, while I was not convinced of their truth, yet in witnessing them, I was frequently made to fed, and sometimes to say, "almost thou persuadest me to be a" Spiritualist. But then again dark clouds would come over my mind, and painful doubts would reign

During my ministry of seven and a half years, I was at times strangely influenced, and caused to write and speak things, the import of which I had no previous knowledge. Sometimes in the delivery of my discourses, I would be influenced to say the very opposite of what I had intended.

Therefore I was perplexed, neither understanding myself, nor being understood by my friends. And although my success in the ministry was marked, and all that I could wish, yet I was never satisfied with my own preaching. However, so far as my communion with the Holy Spirit was concerned, I was always happy. For then, as now, were the good angels with me, and gave me success. And as I now look back upon the past, I clearly see that the toilsome journey of the Children of Israel from Egypt to the promised Land is strikingly duplicated in my own hard pilgrimage from the darkness of a dogmatic theology into the light of the Harmonial Philosophy. But now, thank God, it is all over, and I am at rest. And to-day, as I pen these imperfect sentences, there is nothing which affords me more pleasure than a realization of the great truth that all the doubts, disappointments, sorrows and persecutions through which I have passed, were necessary to my spiritual development, and hence were blessings in disguise. And most sincerely do I thank God for all of them. Nor do I hold the least hatred towards any one; for I now see that all things work together for good. And forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press forward in the grand pathway of Spiritualism which shineth brighter and brighter from day to day. Again, I repeat it, I am at rest.

As to a future life, and an intercourse betwen men and angels, I have no doubt. My mind was put at rest upon this subject on the 28th and 29th of last August, at the house of W. T. Church, in Springfield, Ill., under circumstances precluding every possibility of collusion or deception.

I there and then met six angels with whom I conversed face to face; three of them talking with me in their own proper persons, using their own tongues, and expressing themselves in their own

And at two different seances, I enjoyed this great privilege, listening to the thrilling communications which they imparted to me; hearing their sweet and heavenly voices; grasping their angel hands, pressing them to my face, and beholding them in their transfiguration glory!

Nor was I alone to witness this great demonstration of Modern Spiritualism. Yet they were private circles at the house of the medium, W. T. Church, of Springfield, Ill. Nor could I have been mistaken. First, as to the honesty and goodness of Bro. Church, I have no doubt. That he is not an impostor, I am certain. He is no false prophet, but rather a son of God, pure and noble, elected by the angels to redemonstrate the gospel of eternal life, and spirit

Therefore, as the Apostles were certain that they had seen the Lord, so am I certain that I have seen the angels; and I hold that my evidence is as good

In answer, then, to the question, Why are you a

Spiritualist? My reply is, I have seen the angels. And now, having no doubts of the mighty truth of immortality, and a direct intercourse between earth and heaven, I feel it to be the great duty of my life to go forth and preach this everlasting gospel. Nor am I ashamed of Spiritualism; for it is the power of God unto salvation, first to Atheists and Deists, and then to so called Christians.

Here, then, I ask, have I not good reasons for being a Spiritualist? Having seen these things as I have seen them, and knowing them as I know them, could I be honest, could I be a man, and keep silent upon this great subject? My brethren of the New Dispensation, who have seen and do know that the dear angels are with us, have been in the field, lo! these many years, fighting bravely to unfold and establish this glorious communion with the heavenly spheres, enduring great privations, and suffering many persecutions; being hated, ridiculed, misrepresented, hissed by the rabble, and cruelly slandered by the priesthood, while hitherto I have been idle; yea, worse than idle! For my position in society was really in opposition to the onward march and speedy triumph of this divine religion. But now, having no more doubt of the truth of Spiritualism than of my own existence, every principle of true manhood and consideration of duty constrains me to buckle on the sword, and henceforth be a good soldier in the army of the Lord.

Do I love the prophets, and Jesus, and the Apostles? Do I love God and humanity? Do I love the Gospel and the inspired Christian Church? And am I seeking for my own salvation through the agency of the Holy Spirit, as given me by ministering spirits? If so, then I must be a Spiritualist; for Spiritualism is Christianity! Their oneness is as clear to me as the sun yesterday and the sun to-day; or as the fruits and flowers that succeed each other from year to year. I repeat it, the oneness of Modern Spiritualism and primitive Christianity is as self-evident as that the Almighty is the same from age to age, and from everlasting to everlasting! And furthermore, Spiritualism shall increase until all nations shall be blessed with its hallowed inintelligence. And as to seeing spirits, speaking in | fluence. The gates of hell shall not prevail against | have made application for pensions,

Advita .

The state of the

it, for its foundation is not only the solid rocks of all earths, but the eternal Rock of all truth. God is its author, truth its power, love its cement, heaven its home, and the angels its messengers.

I come now to present some philosophic reasons for my belief in Spiritualism. And first, it is pure. natural, and reasonable. Its adaptation to the wants of the human soul is perfect. Therefore, to be a Spiritualist is to be guided by the purest instincts of our hearts, and the best judgment of our intellects. It is living in harmony with one's self, which is reconciliation to God. In little children we see the best examples of Spiritualism. They are pure and natural; and hence "their angels do always behold the face of our Father in heaven." Jesus was a true Spiritualist; and therefore, he was the way, the truth, and the life. He daily communed with the angels, and went about doing good. The Father was with him, consequently he was as natural as a child, modest and sweet-hearted, and wise in his works. To be true Spiritualists, we must

Second: I believe in Spiritualism from the relation of the Creator to creation. First, God is the Infinite Mind, and is fromminent in all his works. Thus, contemplating the universe comprehensively, we see that creation is the body and God the soul. He is in all things, and sil things are in Him. Therefore, there must be an eternal union between God and His creations.

Third: I believe in Spiritualism from the relation of God to man. The Divine Mind and the human mind are necessarily in communion. We cannot, we dare not separate them. They are united as closely as electricity and the atmosphere; yea, a thousand times more so. Who can tell where the human mind terminates and God begins? If there is not a direct communication between them, how could the Father speak to his child?

Fourth: I believe in Spiritualism from the relation of man to man. How clear it is that mankind were created for intercourse and fellowship. It is our daily experience. We talk with each other, and our spirits hold the most sweet and perfect intercourse. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Their minds flow together, and their hearts are in deep sympathy. This is spirit communion.

Fifth: I believe in Spiritualism from the relation of the material and the spiritual realms. And first, I ask, is there an impassable gulf between earth and heaven? Is there no communication between the two worlds? If there is none, what hindereth-who can tell? Do not the souls of men at death pass from earth to heaven? And if there is a road from the natural to the spirit world, must there not be a road back again? If there is a road from Cincinnati to Chicago, must there not be the same road from Chicago to Cincinnat!? Consequently there must be the same road from heaven to earth, as from

Sixth: I believe in Spiritualism from the relation of men and spirits. It has already been shown that there is a union or intercourse between the Creator and all His works. He binds all things in one: His spirit unites all worlds into one universe, and all souls into one family. Heaven is His throne, and the earth His footstool; and He sitteth upon the one, and walketh upon the other. He is everywhere. Here, then, we perceive that, if God holds a direct intercourse with angels and men, that the truth of Spiritualism is inevitable. For if there is an intercourse between God and angels, and God and men, there must be an intercourse between men and angels, otherwise the harmony of the universe is destroyed. This conclusion is self-evident. Therefore if Spiritualism is not true, the whole universe is false, and there is nothing true!

Seventh: I believe in Spiritualism from the facts of history. Here we learn that in all past ages of which we have any record, that the most eminent generals, poets, philosophers, artists, and statesmen were believers in spirit communion. The biographies of great men, more especially, prove this beyond a doubt. No belief has been more prevalent, and none more precious.

Eighth: I believe in Spiritualism from the facts of all Bibles. There is not a book extant, nor writing of any kind, which claims to be a revelation from God, but proves an intercourse between men and the angels. As examples I point to the Holy Bible, Koran, Zend-Avesta, and Shaster; and especially to the first mentioned. No one can even casually read the Old and New Testaments without observing that a record of the spiritual intercourse is their most prominent characteristic. Abraham. Isaac, and Jacob; Moses, Aaron, and Joshua Samuel, David, and Solomon; Isaiah, Jeremiah and Daniel; Jesus, Paul, and Peter, and indeed every prominent character of the whole Bible, claims to have enjoyed a direct personal intercourse

with spirits or angels. As to Jesus, whom all Christendom calls Saviour his whole life as recorded in the Bible, is truly a beautiful illustration of pure and undefiled Spiritualism. Angels were continually with his parents; they inspired them, and taught them many divine lessons; they announced the birth of Jesus in a manner most sublime and beautiful; they guarded him in his infancy from the vengeance of his enemies; they paralyzed the arm that was lifted up to take his life; and from the first up to the time he entered upon his great mission, the angels were his guardians, protectors and teachers. After he was tempted they ministered unto him; and almost the first thing he revealed to his disciples was that they should see heaven open and the angels of God as-

cending and descending upon the Son of Man. He took Peter, John and James up into a mountain, and with them, communed with Moses and Elias; thus showing them the spiritual intercourse in all its transcendant glory! Who, then, can believe in Jesus, and not believe in Spiritualism? And is it not plain that as far as the professed disciples of Jesus, who now live, are in opposition to Spiritualism, they are actually at war with him whom they call Lord and Master? Yea, more. They are at war with the Bible and the Church, and God, and all the angels of heaven.

Oh, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do ! But mark : They that receive Jesus, must receive his ministering spirits.

But to conclude, let me say, that I believe in Spiritualism or the Harmonial Philosophy from Nature. Reason, Science, all History, all Bibles, all Religions, and all human experience; yet chiefly, and above all else, I believe in it from my own life experience; for as surely as the Lord liveth, I have seen the angels !

A little volume containing some five thousand verses, by Victor Hugo, is now in press. The work is entitled "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," and is divided into two parts, the first headed "Jeunesse," and the second "Saresse." It is said that the house of Lucroix & Co., of Brussels and Paris, has purchased the right of publication for twelve years for the sum of 40,000 francs, or £1,000.

LITTLE SINS, - As you are fearful to act great sins, you should be careful to avoid small ones.

Over 100,000 widows, bereaved by the late war,

Letter from a Leading Universalist.

CHICAGO, NOV. 28, 1865. DEAR JOURNAL .- Several years since, a beloved daughter was called away, with but eight hours notice, by that so much dreaded and fatal disease, cholers. Some few weeks subsequent to the apirit's release from the earthly tabernacle, a business friend, Mr. A., passing a few hours at my residence. in company with my wife and remaining children, witnessed the effects of the sad bereavement open the family circle. Especially was his attention called to the sad impression the event had made upon my wife, who passed much time in gazing intently upon an exact and almost speaking likeness of our departed daughter.

Upon leaving our house, our friend invited me to call, for a ride after tea, which I did. Upon Mr. A. coming out, I observed something unusual in his manner and mood. On inquiring the cause, he replied: "I have had a singular experience since leaving yourhouse,"-adding,-"you recollect, while in your sitting-room this afternoon, Mrs. R. held a pleture of your departed child, while weeping at her loss. Well, on returning to my room, I lay down upon my bed and commenced reading. Very soon I discovered a female form floating over me in my room, which I thought I recognized as the same seen at your house. I was then constrained to rise and go from my bed to the table, upon which lay pen, ink and paper. The same influence which brought me to the table, caused me to write, what, upon reading, seems to be a message from your spirit daughter to her mother, which I think she will readily recognize as genuine from the details it contains, none of which I could have been acquainted with, as all were strangers to me, save a brief business acquaintance with yourself, in which no mention of your loss had been made, from the fact I had not seen you since the occurrence."

Then reading the message, many facts being stated that actually occurred in the family history. seemed well calculated to make it authentic to my wife and family. To us it was real, and a source of great consolation to know and feel that though dead to the world, (she the beloved of all,) "yet speaketh" -speaketh in the same kind and loving tones which were hers while the spirit tabernacled in the flesh, all being hallowed by the thought that they came from the spirits' home, to which all are so rapidly tending. Should you deem the message worthy of publication for the comfort of any, you are at liberty to make such use of it as will best promote the interests of humanity.

Yours for Progression,

TO MOTHER.

Weep not, weep not, my own dear mother, for thy tears rob thee of strength, and turn my own sweet thoughts to sadness. Think not that I am forgetful of the dear ones left, when I say that their grief is my only sorrow. Though they cannot see me with the eyes of sense, I can see them at all times, am with them, feel their joys, and more than feel their every sorrow. Mother, let me persuade you to look upon my absence, not as a lose, for this very severing of the ties on earth but binds us the closer in spirit land, and opens even on earth new joys to you. The sorrow has come first, to pilot the way. Look upon my loss as a gain-for 'tis gain, mother, certainly, to me; probably to all. I have come a little while first to this bright shore, where soon we shall all meet, where the happy family will surely be united, nevermore to part. I saw those tears to-day, and treasured them all as dew-drops of that affection generated in thy heart. oh, mother, even before my birth, and felt now, and which will ever last. Did you realize that I was so near that I read your very thoughts? The vision of my infancy and childhood passed quickly before you; the many happy hours, the tears, the joys, the sorrows, all shot through your mind, like the lightning's flash. And then when I first left you for school, how hard it was for us to part-how sad you felt. Then, though pained to have me from you, how sweet my progression sounded in your ear! Then mother, there came another parting, when it seemed like giving me away to another-a stranger. and one who might see my wants differently, and perhaps never appreciate me as you did. All those feelings I saw and felt, and called to mind the very moment they first found existence in your bosom. Well, mother, did you ever regret either of those partings? Were they not both for my good and for yours? If then you see the truth of this, and know now that it was well ordered—that they were providential, can you not see Providence in this great and last parting? Yes, mother, methinks you can and will. Come, then, and dry your tears, and weep no more. I will be with you, and other bright spirits will aid me to stay your heart when it is weak; touch your soul when it needs rest and support, and give thee solace when all its strength could not sustain thee. Death, to many, has terrors. To me, you well know, it had none; though knowing so little of the next sphere, and being strongly attached to my family and friends, it seemed hard to part-yet when the call was known to be from God, my spirit rebelled not; but yielded to the summons. I am happy, my dear mother, for all is well. My soul is full, and no sadness comes but the regret for those hearts that feel themselves so bereft.

Father, mother, brother, sisters, husband, buds of promise, all, all,-I am and will be with you; I will not leave you; I will strew bright flowers in

Will open like most pleasing dreams, Nor dream alone will it ere prove: A glimpse of Heaven. A sunny beam, Reflecting nought but perfect love, Thy heart shall wear its golden wreath, In genial rays it power shall find; Bach sigh, each tear, and unbelief Is vanished ever from thy mind.

THY SPIRIT DAUGHTER.

Letter from John Mayhew.

DECATUR, ILL., Dec. 2d, 1865. DEAR JOUNAL: -Since my last communication, I have visited Warsaw, in this State, and delivered five lectures, in a very comfortable hall, to rather small, but appreciative audiences. Our highly esteemed Brother Wood gave me a brother's welcome, and homed me with his dear family. When I arrived, I found Bro. W. confined wither sipe las in the leg, and was enabled to relieve him entirely in about twenty minutes, very much to the astonishment of his medical adviser, when he called the following morning, to make his professional visit.

On Saturday last I visited Krokuk, lows, and spent the day in laboring in behalf of the JOYNNAL. What success attended me, you will see by the enclosed list. I found there many Spiritualists, but they have almost entirely identified themselves with the Unitarian Church, and they give their means to sustain that which they do not believe wit is our church and our minister and the lecturer who would give forth to the people that which they themselves feel to be the truth cannot be sustained: nay, even their church is closed against him. Brothren, the day is coming when you will feel and I receive a prompt response.

regret the wrong which you thus inflict on others and on yourselves.

In Keokuk I found our good sister, Mrs. Ayers. faithfully blessing humanity in the exercise of her astonishing healing powers, and thereby drawing many from the darkness and bondage of creeds, to the light and liberty of the Gospel of the New Dispensation.

Bro. A. Walcott is also doing a good work. He heals mainly by the laying on of bands. The public mind is beginning to ask, what meaneth this? and whence this power for good?

Here also resides Sister Dr. Gallion; and last though not least, our good brother, Dr. Rose, who though not permitted to labor without their permitted cutions, yet labors on in the good cause, and accomplishes many very satisfactory cures.

I am now, as you will perceive by this epistle in Decatur: have delivered two lectures in Macon Hall and shall complete my labor here on Wednesday evening, December 6th. I shall do what I can i. you here, though I fear it will not be much, size, you have already had a pretty long list of subsect bers forwarded to you by Bro, White. Here the friends have effected an organization, and I bewill soon get into good working order. On the evening of Thursday, December 7th;

shall commence a course of seven lectors, Havanna, in this State, provided that the train make connections, which is not always the case on this route. I have received an invitation to visit Springs Missouri, and shall send on their appointment

before I leave Decator. Should any friends Missouri, or the southern part of this State, design my services, let them address me, care of Dr. Hotel Springfield, Mo. With my best wishes for the JOURNAL, I am

Yours, for Truth and Humanity. JOHN MATHEW

Letter from Leo Miller.

ALTON, ILL., Dec. 5, 1985. DEAR JOURNAL: Permit me to say a few work

to your many readers on the subject of Spiritual ism, and its grand mission to humanity. I am satisfied a newer and deeper interest is being felt in the facts and principles of our philosophy than ever before. And, indeed, there is every 182

son why it should be so. The terrible convulsion of the past four years have not only revolutionized the nation politically, but they have stirred the deptiof our religious and spiritual nature, as nothing else could. The sacrifice of our first-born through out the land, the tread of armed bosts, the smoke of battle, the roar of cannon, the groans of the wounded and dying, and the dark habiliments of mourning in every place-all these things have sobered our people, and made them more thoughtful It is impossible, amid such revolutions and

changes, that men should not grow reflective, and begin to inquire if there be not another life, more real and enduring. It is impossible that half 2 million should be torn from us by the ruthless storms of war, and we not be eager and anxious to know where they are and what is their cond tion! The church gives no answer. It dares no: send them to hell; though, if its theology be true the greater part must be there, for nothing is more evident than that most of them were "uncorverted." This war has wrung silent admissions from the church, which are leading thousands and millions to question the whole "plan of salvation." Lincoln goes up from a theatre, in an "m converted state," a place which the church hastyled "hell's recruiting office," and forthwith all the world canonize him as a martyred saint. A these things are a blow at existing theology; ther stagger the world, and lead to much reflection and change of opinion.

These are a few of the numerous causes which induce a more general interest in the great facts and philosophy of Spiritualism among the masses now than ever before. And I think our speakers will everywhere bear testimony to this fact in large and more attentive audiences, wherever they go. spoke in Detroit two or three Sundays ago, when they had not held meetings for more than a verand where people generally supposed Spiritualiswas "dead," and one of the largest halls in city was filled by a deeply interested andience not less than a thousand persons. A. J. Deropened the meetings in St. Louis last Sunday, when there had been no meetings for more than fr years, and so large was the crowd that many were obliged to go away without being able to find eve standing room in the hall.

And the interest which is manifested is quite ferent from the interest displayed in the inferof our cause. In years past, many were attracted to our meetings from a mere curiosity, from novelty of hearing a woman speak, or because : speaker was entranced.

Not so now. Novelty and curiosity attract few. The great masses are earnest seekers are truth. They are famishing for a religion that a refull of inconsistencies; one that will saddres :: reason of the head, and the affections of the hara religion that is all-embracing and practical a well as theoretical; one that will benefit the v :.. by making man more manly, and womer no womanly.

Now, in view of this increased interest is a giorious cause, how important is it that we co work and spread the table with the bounteers of Spiritualism, and invite the hangy and in thirsty to come, and est and drink. Call you meetings, circulate our excellent journals, heal no differences, and go to work with renewed interest and more brotherly love. You have the whole at: world at your back to help you on, and the hear future to crown you with the giveious fruit victory and success.

I started out by stating that I would speak of the mission of Spiritualism, but I find my article is grown so long that I shall be obliged to defer the subject for another letter.

Let me say a word about myself. For the past four years I have been much in the political field. (my last work being to bring New Jersey back into Union,) and also in teaching physical culture union the admirable system of Dio Lewis' new gymnastics But I feel that duty calls me back to the Spiritui rimerant to habor.

I am now giving a course of lectures in this cit. where an apparent indifference among the friends has so long existed, but here as elsewhere, a ner life is manifested; hundreds listen with breathless attention, and manifest a deeper interest in the subject than I ever found before. New life and a healthier growth of Spiritualism will mark the future.

I shall spend the winter in the West, and though I shall not entirely abandon the subject of Physical Education, I shall make it secondary, and persons desiring my services to speak on the principles of our heaven-born philosophy, will please address m at No. 22 Market street, Chicago, Ill., and they will LEO MILLER.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Retrospection.

ST MES. RESTET A. JONES. were flowers pale and morest in the moonlight, floated age upon the firer, and their do greater things that once one in our breasts, and near our hearts, flow from us to as Birrini Sonn."-Little Direct.

the strong, untatored heart of shildhood. was besting with high hopes and dreams; not the years from new heights of good, That far beyond thy first goal seems. The and smile that mocks the meet. The tipt of rose that colored allthe treasure comes unsaught at last. But cannot the dream recall and thus do greater things than these "Flow from us to the Eternal Seas."

We tread between the orchard rows And mark a mossy seat of yore, Look back a vista to dischase-Some sim that thrills you there no more: Some arrowy of baffled hope-The keepest pang thy life has known : Through years of memories you grope To find those hopes you have outgrown. Hunting no more the orchard trees. "Gone out to the Eternal Sean."

Some cohe of the coan wild. That beats upon the shores of sense. The sunset clouds of glory piled Against the unfathomable immense: The starlit vault whence finite thought Receils with dixxy throb of pain. Some dire conceptions here have brought. How much of life we yet must gain: The hopes that sour as high as theses. "Go with us to the Eternal Seas." Sycamore, Illinois.

Spirit Communications.

The following questions were asked by a gentlemen present, and answers given through a medium risiting our circle:

Q. It is generally understood that some kind of eligion is necessary with which to enter the other world, and by religion I mean some kind of theolog, in which is included progress, adoration, etc. Now be kind enough to tell us whether religion consists in worth, or is a science, being merely the understanding and living up to natural laws?

A. In answering that question, we must answer from our own standpoint of what we believe religion to be; we cannot take the experience of another to answer comprehensively questions to

There is a germ within the soul that acknowledges higher centralizing power, which we have all been taught to call God, not by books, not by old theology, neither by history; but by our interior voices, which call aloud for this adoration, and we all pray in secret to something that we believe controls the destiny of all mankind, and when we pray we pray for that which we most desire and demand.

I was no Christian or religionist, as the world terms it; I was an infidel. I find nothing in nature that did not harmonize with my soul when I entered into its secret chambers, and there found that Infinite Being, for I must localize him according to my perceptions of his infinitude.

In passing through the different grades of natural life. I ever had before me the end of external life, knowing I must pass through the change called death. I did not fear death, but it ever hung over me, a vague, uncertain journey. I believed that my spirit or soul must live forever, and that the principle had so divinely outwrought from crude matter, a body so beautifully formed and shaped, endowing it with a living spirit-an immortal essence which I call soul, giving me two principles, paramount to all others, sensation and motion, crowning all with a still diviner attribute, reason. I was called upon then to act according to the dictates of that reason.

I set myself to work out my own salvation, determining not to pin my faith or belief upon the creed or ipse dixit of any human being or beings; therefore, in passing through the earth existence, I was oftentimes demanded by those believing external forms of religion, evidences of an omnipotent God. I could not fear Him and love Him at the same time, was my answer. And while I knew that they accosted me with all the kindly feelings of their timid natures, yet so strong was that interior religion of my own, that I listened to them with a sense of pity: and when asked if I prayed, I said yes, day and night; and the burden of my prayer is: "O, thou divine principle, well do I know that I am a part of Thy Divine Spirit, and though I feel that my neighbors are shackled and enslaved by some dark and sombre picture, reflected upon the tablets of their souls from a negative organization, yet I know there is a principle all-powerful and divine, and though Thou hast not endowed me with the power to let my light shine upon them, Thou hast the power to open the windows of their souls and vitalize their reasoning faculties so that they shall cease to fear Thee; but shall worship Thee as I do, in spirit and in truth."

Now, I do not wish you to infer from this that I was righteous and all divine, for if we were perfection when we entered the spirit world, then Hades were paradise to your earth plane, for in entering the spirit world, we find our advancement has kept pace with our capacity and capability of understanding natural laws. And I do not and cannot blame any one for their opinions; and while I know all must differ, not only religiously, morally and physically, vet, as far as my experience goes, I am satisfied that my mode of living was in adaptation to the laws which created or brought me into existence.

Q. You say you are satisfied with your manner of thinking and living in the earth life. Now are you satisfied because you find your present condition more favorable or happy than those believing in the dogmas of theology?

A. When I say satisfied, I mean I was satisfied with my development, knowing that I had done all that it was possible for me to do, by harmonizing myself, by believing that an All-wise Being or Principle, if he could not endow me with power here in your world, sufficient to alleviate the sufferings of the mind would permit me to exercise my influence when I crossed the river called death; for I knew I had an innate desire to invoke the intelligence beyond. To invoke that intelligence I must centralize it upon some being or object, and the one presenting itself must be the one for which the tie of friendship was the strongest-such as mother, brother, elster.

Hence I reasoned from that standpoint, that I should occupy that position some day, and then should be able to remove the faults and misdirections I then saw upon earth, and I have found that strictly true. And the reason that I am satisfied is this: when I inhabited the earth life, the light of Spiritualism was not known, only by that luterior feeling of freedom, innate in every human soul, yet unuttered for fear of eternal damnation. And I would have it understood that ye are not to walt as I did until ye come here, to exercise

your God-given powers to extricate the mind from the dark mythologies of the past. Ye are blest now with the light, that I had to pass through the change called death, to realize,

And I would have the children of earth understand their own beings and the laws pertaining to their developments, so that, in reaching out into nature they receive bread, and not stones, for the natural demands of the human soul are all in perfect harmony with the divine heart of nature. The confusions in nature or in the demands of their natures, are incident to the diseased causes that lie in the human organization, and never, until the marriage relation is religiously understood, will these clamorous calls be silenced. When I say religiously understood. I mean that persons entering into that relation should pray without ceasing that every act and emotion of their lives may be a demonstration of harmony, charity and good will; and I would have them know that every feeling of their being is ontwrought and mirrored in their offspring; and until they understand that principle, motes in their brother's eve they must not bemonn, but cast the beam out of their own; for the time has come when the demands of the human soul must be answered. Truth is the only lever with which to balance appreciation of its own interior development and growth, and we have now arrived at that condition of unfoldment, where matters pertaining to individual welfure will be touched upon, regardless of public opinion; not that we shall attempt to deride any of the old ideas of theology, knowing that all things have served their time, filled their missions, performed their work, in accordance with the law that produced them. Nor will it do to denounce any principle of religion of the past, and attempt to cast a shadow over the misdoings of the present, by holding up theology as the parent of confusion to-day.

Q. Are there any means in the spirit world more than in the earth life of proving up principles by existing facts, or is the only mode there as here, by reason and analogy?

A. Principles are proved here, but to find means through which to convey them to earth, we must first find the brain and then find the mind adapted to understand them; for be it known, you receive no faster in the earth life than you are being unfolded to understand. It is futile to give you anything until you are ready. Every demand made of the spirit world comes just as the demand is made; only as ye know, shall it be opened unto

Q. Permit me to cite one example: We in earth life are unable to prove or disprove the personal existence of a God. How would you go to work to prove or disprove it in the spirit world?

A. Only by the demands of your natures. I demand a centralizing force to which to pray or to ask strength from.

I know I derive strength from every fountain adapted to my condition, yet when I am strong and full of love, I must have a centre to which I can give forth from my soul praise and thanks-to pour out my word of praise for his loving care and control of me and my destiny; for there is no joy so great, no love so divine, as the reflection of having imparted strength and love to others, and then knowing that we owe that to the fountain of eternal love, for we must impart if we would receive, and it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Q. The question arises, do you receive those blessings in and through Nature, or do you ascribe them to a personal existence?

A. We have no conception of a body, soul or spirit God. We know that it is too small to cover the infinitude of a God, yet we are all so constituted that there muit be a mysterious beyond; call it whatever principle ye may, it is an intelligence. It is something in nature that responds to the call within the human soul. A something that beats in unison with our own desires, a something that answers us in the lonely midnight hours: a something that assures us by a voice unmistakable, that though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, that we need fear no evil, for the voice that speaks to us assures us that we are a part of that divine principle.

His Word said to us that he would comfort and support us, and that our good actions unto ourselves and neighbors would make our dying bed more soft than downy pillows, and that the reflection of these acts should light our pathway through the dark valley of death. There is a sentinal star given as an evidence that earth life actions precede us to the other world.

FLORA WRIGHT, BEDFORD, MASS.

I left your earth in the springtime of life. Everything that could make life pleasant and wed a mortal to earth I had; ushered into life in the social atmosphere of congenial parents, surrounded with love and kindness, the rude words of discord and contention I never knew, for not a breath swept the chords of my nature, yet I suffer when I come to earth life and mingle with its scenes of anguish. When I stood an invisible spirit by the side of my gentle mother and my loving father, with no power to wipe away their tears, the sufferings which wrung my heart at that time, language falls to express; but soon light dawned upon me, and I saw that the sundering of that link externally was natural, and that the great love I had for them would soon enable me to bring to them peace and a balm for every wound. I found that realized. and now I would tell you of suffering more intense than that. When I look about among those of my age, and see bright and buoyant spirits crushed by the iron heel of tyranny, all the joyous springs of their natures forced into channels that give forth nought but sounds like the noisy cataract of public opinion, I feel an intense desire to cry aloud for reason to unlock the chamber doors of their souls, and give them a right to wrestle with ignorance and misdirection. I now see why I ever deplored their condition of humanity. I was reared as I said, in the bosom of love, and that is the highest attribute of my nature; and while I know that I shall see the wisdom of all that now is, yet I could never be happy unless I was continually wrestling with the conditions that enslave the mind; and all the happiness that I have or expect to enjoy, I owe to the great divine law of Progress. Though the pall of ignorance and misdirection hangs like a dense cloud around many in the earth life, yet there are rays of light that are penetrating its folds, and the day will come when in its stead ye will be enveloped in the mantle of charity, whose ample folds will enclose the down-trodden, the weary and the heavy-laden. The great law of universal love speaks in my ear, and wakes an answering tone, which I send to earth in gems of thought and I see them penetrate the dark chambers of the oppressed and lonely ones. As seeds sown, I know they will spring up, and I shall see an abundant harvest; for the hand of Almighty Love is my strength and my tower.

LEE RUCKER. I feel a desire to come to earth life and offer a few

thoughts in regard to my situation here, my antrance into this sphere, and how I found things after

I was a Spiritualist, and as I thought, understood many of the phenomena of that day, and while I can positively say that Spiritualism robs the grave of its victims, yet it is little understood, even to-day, for I was one among the first acknowledged believers in its teachings. I expected on reaching this world to meet my friends as I thad in the earth-life, but in that I was disappointed; not sadly though, for I found I went wheresoever I was attracted, and into whatever scene was congenial to my development. Now it is supposed in earth life and believed that if a father, mother, brother, sister, wife or child, pass to the spirit world before you do, that upon entering that world, your first effort is to find them : but I found it far different with me, and as far as my experience goes it was different with others; for while we may be members of one family, yet the tie existing between us may be wholly a natural tle, reaching no farther in our natures than blood-not penetrating the soul nature. Hence, when we leave the condition or relation, if it is natural, we lose the obligation of continuing that earth life attrac-

I do not wish to be understood that we do not recognise father, mother, etc.; for if the conditions were congenial between our parents and us, and we were soul germs instead of material and begotten by the passions, then the link of consanguinity remains perfect and unbroken; then we meet those that are co-associated with us inspirit. Yet those meetings are not always the most blissful, for spirit life unfolds to us a new era, and our love branches out into different directions, and we find ourselves traversing through nature in search of happiness. So far as my experience goes, my happiness consists in investigating all the hidden mysteries that I am capable of understanding. Yet I would not have my earth friends feel that I have no interest in them, for I have, and feel deeply interested, and many whom I could name in the old town of St. Louis are still climbing the ladder of progress; and it shall be one of my joys to assist them in developing themselves so that the light of Spirituslism may shine more brilliantly upon them than it ever has before. When I was among them, could they see as I do now, they would say, Behold what a great matter a little light

Those who knew me, will recollect I kept a livery

WURZ

I wish to say I do not blame humanity for the punishment inflicted upon me, for the effect will deal much more harshly with them than it were possible for me to.

Could the world see how great a mistake they make when they send spirits out of the world by the law of force, they would cease that mode of retribution; but only by the law of growth will humanity learn to modify its criminal code. Yet it is painful when we see so great a wrong as they inflict upon themselves through the law of ignorance.

Letter from a Friend.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Dec. 5, 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL :- I wish to say to your thousands of readers, and to the friends of progress everywhere, that we have been enjoying in our city a great and glorious feast. Our good Brother Wilson has been with us nearly a month, as he said to me, resting; but lecturing nearly every evening, from two to

three hours at every public effort. He is THE MAN to move the vast multitude; he never uses hard or unkind expressions, wounds no man's feelings; he is without doubt, one of the best lecturers in the United States. Being a man of sweet and gentle spirit, all his efforts must-they

will take hold of the public mind. He described the spirits of a great number so clearly and positively that they were at once recognized by their friends. He took each one by the hand i. e., to whom he went, and then gave them all the leading events in their lives. One man, a minister, he took by the band, and then told him much of his past life. Let me name one point in his own words: "I see this man in a small room, in which I see an old fashioned low bedstead, a chair or two, with three garments hanging against the wall, and he is on his knees with his face buried in his hands, and resting on the bed, where he remains for a long time-for more than an hour struggling with God, in mighty prayer for direction what to do-whether to turn to the right or to the left. This was some years ago." When he had concluded, the minister,

like an honest man said, it was all true. Now do let me say, I wish we had more Wilsons in the field; so many of our speakers use such hard words and are so bitter against theology and theological men, that they wound the feelings of the honest seeker after truth, and he says if this is his mode of procedure, I will hear him no more. They speak of the ministers holding the people back from the truth, etc.; that may be, but he is as much bound as they are. God bless'you, he is as fearful to go one inch beyond the books, as the people are to go beyond the pulpit.

Oh, brethren, be kind, be gentle, be patient: the Christian world feels that there is an eternity of heaven or hell at the end of the race, and they fear to make haste; and well they might in such a condition. I again entreat you do be kind to all the sons

Yours in a progressive bond, PHILOMEN.

Letter from K. Graves.

I wish to state to my fellow members of the Spiritual brotherhood that a new turn in my affairs will detain me from the field of vocal labor a few weeks longer, but they will undoubtedly hear from me (health permitting) through the papers before the blooming of another spring. My health is so far restored through the agency of that powerful medium "the Positive Powders," that I am able after a long suspense, to appear again in public with but little inconvenience; and hence am now engaged in delivering a course of lectures in my own town, on the Oriental religion, to the best audiences that ever assembled in the place. Persons gather to hear me who were never known to attend public lectures in the town before. Thus the ball is rolling. My new work "The Biography of Satan," is going off like "shell in the battle field." It is having a great run here. Although I have not been more than five miles from home with the work, the package you sent me of 150 copies is more than half sold in one week, and the interest is still increasing. The historical facts which it contains excites a high degree of interest and curiosity in all who read it, as do also the 163 questions covering the logical and moral grounds.

Perhaps the best omen for the success of the work is that the priests are denouncing it from the pulpit. Yet I make two converts to their one. Thus Truth and Reform are onward, in conformity with the prayers of your brother, K. GRAYES. Harveysburg, Ohlo.

Letter from S. J. Finney.

RICHMOND, IND., November, 1865. DEAR JOURNAL: After six weeks of severe chills and fever, I am at length in the field again, and fairly at work here in Richmond. And though my physical has been chilled, my soul has not. The missma of swamps no longer infeats my spirit,

I came to Richmond in time to attend the yearly meeting of the Friends of Progress, and a good time we had. But semi-occasional meetings of this nort are found inadequate for the great business of Spiritual reform. "Good enough, what there are of them, and enough of them," unless we can make them weekly gatherings. These spasmodic exer. tions are not sufficient. Permanent organized efforts are now demanded. It is found that the Harmonial Philosophy contains ideas, has a new method of procedure, and must institute these ideas, and evolve this method into new and fresh educational institutions, or fall to make any great permanent impression on the world. Feeling this, the people of Richmond have called for and instituted the Children's Progressive Lyceum. One large-hearted brother, whose name and nature is Free, came forward and authorized me to send for all the equipage, books, etc., for the Lyceum, and pays the whole bill himself. To such as are able, elsewhere, this example says, "Go thou and do likewise." This Lyceum is in full march for the field of conflict, where ideas are to master the institutions of the world. The officers, leaders and members of this Lyceum are getting full of enthusiasm, are catching the spirit of the New Age, and feeling the fresh inspiration of a refined and divine social life, so long needed among us. On the second week of the Lyceum, we had eighty children, twelve leaders and eleven officers. The institution is fully organized here, and bids fair to soon equal those in the East. From this beautiful city of the Westthe Great Free West-we send cordial, heart-warm greetings to our sister Lyceums in the East, and stretch our hands across the intervening distance to receive the fraternal welcome into the great army of emancipation and education, This is the sixth Lyceum I have started and or-

ganized, since its advent from the beautiful hills of the Summer Land. But one thing discounts the entire success of this work, viz: the short term of engagement in which an immense amount of work is to be done. One month-four Sundays in which to organize a perfect Spiritual Republic, for such the Luceum is! Three months is the shortest term consistent with the interests and complete success of the Lyceum. Six months, or a year, would come nearer the true requirements for full and complete success. When will the public learn their true interests in this regard. The people here wish me to remain longer; but Noblesville, Kokomo, Delphi and cities in the East are expecting me. I must go to these places. It is getting very hard to leave a people and a Lyceum, after blending our souls together in the atmosphere of spiritual and social life. United in a divine work of such vast proportions, and of such spiritual character, souls grow rapidly into the measure of a lofty manhood and womanhood; they soon forget the little meannesses of an unemployed spirit and tongue, slander and petty jealousies disappear, and each soul comes to possess and to feel the strength and goodness of the whole Society. Each spirit then seems to embody the entire power of the combined moral purposes of the whole brotherhood, just as he who keeps his head poised over the moral centre of the world, is armed with all the gravity of the moral purposes of God. Here, in this blessed work, is centred the spirit of unity. No annual conventional mechanics can evoke the spirit of unity, or make it operative among us. It cannot be brought from afar, not even from the Summer Land. It must come, if it come at all, from the heart of our humanity. And it will and can come, only when tempted forth by worthy and soul-evoking work. The spirit is so constituted that it puts forth its deep and holy powers only in work worthy the gods. It will not peddle tin when republics are to be saved; nor will it unbosom its infinite wealth of social and spiritual unity at the beck of ambitious party leaders. It will enfold like a holy halo only the self-forgetful toiler, who finds his place above personalisms in aims for the elevation of humanity. In such work, conducted after this high fashion, there is no possibility of failure; for the moral laws of the universe are engaged to the same end and pledged to the same purpose. Such a spirit would soon "convert the Furies into Muses, and the hells

Never have I known a fuller or a sweeter inspiration, than when organizing these Children's Progressive Lyceums. It is in this blessed work that my heart grows warm, as well as my head. How often have I felt the need of inspiration, when pressed and driven into my intellect by the constant questionings attendant upon my public life and relations. And, though I might be able to meet and master these questions intellectually. I have found a sweet and holy rest of spirit only. when, from the very centre of fraternal love, my answers have been clothed in the golden rays of affection. And this experience illustrates the saying, "First seek that which is good, and that which is true shall be added unto you." Nature yields her richest and holiest secrets to the intellect, only when warmed and softened by the deep-drawn aspirations of the heart. 'Tis only to the sweet voice of love, that Mother Nature opens the Shekinah of truth. She will allow the intellect to pound the "fossils" of truth out of the hard rocks of the earth; but 'tis only to the affections that she will yield the life, the soul, the spirit, the essence of truth—the very truth itself. No wonder that true woman's heart shrinks from while it is drawn into the cold blaze of the masculine intellect. A man of gigantic intellect, unwarmed by the fires of fraternity, is the best possible prototype of the Miltonian devil. The rays of light which issue from his brow are like moonbeams reflected from an iceberg's freezing frosts, which fall upon you only to dazzle and to chill. No matter how large the intellect, if the heart be equally large. But to divorce them, is to divide and shatter the spiritual unity and wholeness or beauty of man. Dear Journal, I write from my own experience.

SELDEN J. FINNEY. Truly thine,

Marriage should always be a question not of necessity, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a loveless union stamps upon her as foul a dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether-and that, however dark, tollsome and dreary a single life may be, unhappy married life must be ten-fold worse, an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death.

A Sign.—It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity to his fellows. It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it. It is a good sign to see the color of health on a man's face. It is a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose. It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes. It is a bad sign to see them filling holes in his window.

Care and carrots will make butter yellow.

Randolph's Letters-No. 5.

Chaos has not come again, but, in some respects, the surface of things generally, is in a rough and tamattaros condition.

The Conservative party, as might have been expected, carried everything before them in the late election, but whether that election will be regarded as a finality, or be looked upon as the "Reconstructive" election, remains to be seen when the elect knock for admission at the deer of Congress. The colored people cast some ten thousand ballots in "boxes" of their own for H. C. Warmouth, an exindge, a friend, apparently, of the oppressed race, and a young man of fair ability, a good speaker, ready debater, and one well calculated to help his constituents if too strong to be bought up by the enemy, which he is said to be. Our schools are in a precarious stage of their existence, for want of funds, which we hope to raise by a voluntary capttation tax on all colored males of twenty-one and upwards. It would be a direct injury to civilization to let the spiendid system of colored schools in this State go down. But I hope and feel that they will not, mainly because God still lives, and General Howard has got a great big soul, full of love for all mankind. He is as is his representative here—Gen. Absolom Baird-a second Abou Ben Adhem. May the tribe increase!

Since I read No. 1 of your JOURNAL-the only conv I have yet seen-there has been a slight indication that the Harmonial Philosophy vet has a footing in the Crescent City; for a few nights ago. I heard that a Religio-Philosophical Society had been organized here. As I know one of the members to be an active and energetic man, I have great hopes that something in the right direction will be speedily achieved.

The world is a great deal better than it was one year ago. Millions of barbarian men and women have died, and their places have been filled by millions with larger brains, finer bodies, better organizations and loftier tendencies; and while God and the Right have gained, the wrong and false have lost ground. And even in the apparently adverse reaction against the negro, is seen, by clear eyes, the certain guaranty of swift justice. God never sleeps! And at present His glorious eyes are wide open, attentively watching His dark-complexioned children, in whose behalf He lately shook the globe. He never stops half-way! Revolutions never go backward. If they did, to-day we would see the people crouching with fear of, and at the hereafter, instead of snapping their fingers at hell. and fairly laughing the devil out of countenance. Fearless and free, Progress plays sad havoc with the old insufficiencies, and goes straight ahead.

What a splendid world this is! but what will it be, when its inhabitants strike hands, and mind their own business?

The devil's dead, and I am glad, He's lost the hold they thought he had, To regain it nevermore:

Not much poetry in that, but a mighty sight of truth-and a sort of truth most valuable. The Star in the East rose in Rochester. Fools

said it was a rushlight, but it proves a sun rising on man never to set again. And, therefore, I am very happy !-- an't you? P. B. R.

New Orleans, November 20, 1865.

lowship shall be sent you.

Nov. 29, 1865. BROTHER JONES: I shall "correspond" shortly. I am a minister of the true "Gospel," but have no credentials, albeit I was ordained before I was born. I want my name registered as a member of the Religio-Philosophical Society, and desire credentials therefrom. I have read the Articles of Association, and heartily subscribe thereto. Please give me the necessary documents, that I may have an additional weapon to fight barbarism with.

I am trying to rebuild on a firm foundation these schools for freedmen, and of course shall succeed, because God is not asleep, the devil is dead, hell is played out, and truth triumphant. Then who's P. B. RANDOLPH. afraid? Not us. [EDS. NOTE.—Brother Randolph,—Letters of Fel-

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts-No. 1.

Luke 3: 38-last sentence. "Which was the Son of God." This text, from the infalible Word of God, through his servant Luke, does not apply to Jesus of Nazareth. "Which" was, and is, by our and some other nations, considered or admitted to be, THE Son of God, and the only Son he ever had, but is here applied to Adam, as placed at the head of seventy-five generations, which brought God's lineal descendants down to Joseph, whom Luke says (or somebody else for him) was supposed to be the father of Jesus, by which lineage he is proved to be the Son of God and of David also, who stands in the column, the thirty-third generation in descent from God, and forty-second from Jesus. How or why this makes Jesus more the Son of God or of David than any one in the line, I do not see, but suppose it is owing to my rank infidelity, which blinds my view to the mysteries of Scripture. But if I understand the history of Jesus, and the acceptance of the churches, Jesus was in no sense and no way the son of or connected with Joseph, but by this authority he was the Son of God and Mary, who was a virgin, and, at the time of conception, unknown to Joseph, but this certainly cuts him off from being the son of or from the seed of David, and that Scripture fails to be fulfiled which is only fulfiled by these genealogies of Luke and Matthew, neither of which trace him through Mary, but both through Joseph, who was only a reputed father, and not a real one; and yet Matthew asserts in his narrative, that he was the son of David, the son of Abraham, and which he makes but twenty-eight generations from David to Jesus. Luke makes forty-two-making fourteen more, and in the two accounts no two names alike -showing plainly both were written to fulfil a passage of Scripture, and not to record a fact, and to conform to the prejudice and enstem, and not bring Mary in, (for she was not immaculate then;) as it was a disgrace to be the son of a woman, or to have a genealogy through one, Joseph had t taken as the convenient person at hand to be the reputed father of Jesus. But I did not take this text to enter into this snarl of confused and confounded knots which none but a priest can untangle. and he only by the mysteries of incomprehendbility, but rather to inquire why we should not deify and worship Adam, since he is here declared unqualifiedly to be the son of God, and how, or why, Josus should deserve more of our worship than Adam, since the latter was wholly God's son, having no mother to be a partner, and share the parentage with him as Mary did of Jeens, who was thereby only a domi, or semi God, being the joint child of the Ghost and Mary if the story be true,

and even if the Ghost was hely, or was God him-

solf, still Jesus could be only half divine, by natural

laws of physiology. Is it not time we gave Adam

his due share of devotion, and own that God has

more than one Son, according to the holy Scriptures?

November, 1863.

WARREN CHASE.

letter from Br. J. P. Bryant Spiritnalism at Coldwater, Mich.

The Spfritmilists of this place have erected a beautiful church, which they exit "Hope Chapel," upon which they have expended \$7,500. It is sufficiently completed to enable them to hold services in the basement room; but the church proper is far from finished. They lack \$2,500 to complete it, and have morigaged the property to secure the funds. Among the most able and faithful workers of the Society. are Hop. E. G. Failer and lady (formerly Miss Lizzle Carley); Mr. N. T. Waterman and Mrs. Turner /sister of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of the Rg-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,) and her daughters. They have a flourishing Children's Progressive Lycenta, and, as a general thing, regular services in the chapel each Sunday.

During November, Mrs. Nellie Wiltsie was their speaker. She is very popular, draws large audiences, and through her organism her hearers obtain a "feast of fat things" from the spirit land. Yet, with all their seeming prosperity, I fear they are not able to prevent a foreclosure of the mortgage upon their church without assistance, and I take the liberty of asking the friends of progress everywhere, who have an abundance, if they will not come to the rescue of the Spiritualists of Colds water, and contribute something for their cause. All who desire to contribute, and thus aid the cause of God and humanity, can remit their funds by mail to the address of Hon. R. G. Fuller or N. T. Water man, Esq., Coldwater, Mich. Any amount, however small, would be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged. In soliciting these contributions, I do it upon my own personal responsibility, and have not been requested to do so by any member of the Society. Will the friends of the cause everywhere respond?

The RELIGIO-PHYLOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a favorite here, and they say they "can't keep house without it."

I opened rooms at the Southern Michigan Hotel on the 25th of November, for the "healing of the sick" by the laying on of hands; and through faith and works many are made whole. I close my labors here on Saturday P. M., December 9th, and shall open rooms at Chicago, January 15th, 1866, remaining there till June following.

With earnest prayers and good wishes for the success of the Journal, as well as for the spread of our beautiful philosophy, I remain, truly thine,

J. P. BRYANT. Coldwater, Mich., Dec. 6th, 1865.

Letter from Mrs. Ballou.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal :

Being one of your readers who "read and reflect," as an article in No. 4, from the pen of E. V. Wilson requests, I find in that article ideas, which seem to my comprehension, vague and unfathomable. Knowing something of Bro. Wilson's radicalism, I trust my inquiries may meet with explanation on his part, for some of the phenomena of his "life experiences.'

How objects can be pictured on the brain and retained in the memory, such as "flowing streams," "granite rock," "whirlwind" incidents, such as mentioned in the case of the writer's parents' conversation and names of persons during the "antinatal existence," I cannot understand. True, the outward surroundings of the mother affect the whole lifetime of her offspring; but is it not through the nerves telegraphic communication from the natural to the dependent germ?

If Bro. Wilson's theory is correct, how far is it possible to trace the memory of spirit, and who can know as to when its identity began?

In my own observation of the infant mind. I have noticed a vagueness in its very existence, in fact a dream life, and have thought that everything was to be learned, even the recognition of the parents.

When we look upon the utterly helpless condition of the newborn babe, and watch so many tedious days the developments of mind and body, with all in the surroundings to further growth and advancement, and see how slowly the chaotic degree is passed, it makes those "anti-natal" episodes in the history of our Brother's experiences still more undefinable.

Not wishing to question the writer, save for a more explicit explanation of his peculiar views, may I be allowed one suggestion, trusting I am doing no wrong in offering it.

In my own experiences there are three conditions which so nearly resemble each other, that in times past, when less acquainted with the mystical, it was with difficulty that I could distinctly separate the one from the other.

First: Clairvoyance, the superior and present mood which untwines the past as well as the present, as the different solutions in the artist's use bring out and flx the invisible impression on the

Second: The backward glancing over the mirages in memory, differing from clairvoyance, whereas that sees objects and surroundings which never met the senses of the seer in physical effect, or as we understand the magnetic influences of our contact with outward things, while memory only serves as the reservoir of such experiences distinctly our own. Clairvoyance introduces us to our associates in their inner or soul condition, their emotions, their past good and bad traits, as well as the tracing of the chain of circumstances in connection with our own experiences, and their bearing upon our present, in the "anti-natal" or period before the brain was sufficiently solidified (if I may use the term,) or developed, as to retain for after reflection, the memory of events.

Third: The over-reaching or inventive, the wandering out and gathering up of fragments, and misplacing or replacing into foreign relationship, things that were derived from separate combinations, the

These three emotions, if they may be so called. are strongly akin to each other, and what I wish to suggest is this:

Bro. Wilson is mediumistic, clairvoyant and impressive, gives tests to much satisfaction, giving names, etc., to quite an extent.

what he calls "anti-natal memories" are only the result of "clear sight," or clairvoyance.

Many of our best media were such before Spiritualism, Magnetism, or Mesmerism had a name: the fact of their discovery has not changed the organizations formed years before. Then may not his (Wilson's) rehearsal to his father of what he calls his "first memories," be impressions, after all?

For investigation and truth, I am, truly, Mankato, Minn. ADDIR L. BALLOU.

EARTHLY TREASURE.—If thou hidest thy treasure upon the earth, how canst thou expect to find it in heaven? Canst thou hope to be a sharer where thou hast reposed no stock? What thou givest to God's glory and thy soul's health is Jaid up in heaven, and is only thine; that alone which thou exchangest or

hidest upon earth is lost. BE FIRM .- If the waves threaten to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

Religio-Philosophical Nournal

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 23, 1888.

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are the terms of subscription see Primertus on righth page "The Pen is mightler than the flword,"

To Postmasters.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces All Fostmasters in the limits for this paper—to receive and are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and result subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain reary cents of each \$3.00 subscription, and Twenty cents of mch \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

To Our Patrons.

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To Our Subscribers.

We appeal to our present subscribers to exert themselves to extend the circulation of the Rentato-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: You know its worth, and by this time must feel that you are warranted in saying to your friends that it is a paper not only worthy of patronage, but financially sound, and that subscribers will be sure to get the paper for the full length of time for which they subscribe.

As an inducement for a renewed effort in our behalf, we make the following offer: Every old subscriber who will send us the name of a new subscriber, full paid, \$3.00, for one year, shall receive K. Graves' BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN, or Emma Hardinge's volume of Lectures on "Theology and Nature," with a fine steel engraving of the author, free, by return mail. Here is an inducement for every subscriber to do a good thing for themselves as well as for us and the cause of Spiritualism.

Jesus of Judea.

According to history, there once fived in the town of Nazareth a plain and very respectable couple-Joachim and Anna. This man and woman divided their wealth into three parts. One part they gave to the church; one they distributed among strangers and the poor, reserving one-third for themselves.

As was the custom of Joachim and Anna, they went up to Jerusalem to attend the yearly feast. While they were there an angel came to Joachim, and said, "Anna shall bear you a daughter, and you shall call her name Mary. This child shall not eat or drink any unclean thing. She will be educated in the temple, and she will be the mother of a son who will be called Jesus, signifying Saviour." This same angel afterward appeared to Anna, and repeated the prediction made to her husband. A few years later the child was born, according to the promise. The parents of Mury, according to the spirit prediction, educated her with reference to her holy mission. They foresaw that in her was vested the fate of millions.

It is no wonder that Mary was an amiable and rarely gifted child. It is not strange that she was impressed with the idea that her son was to be the Saviour sent of God, to teach the waiting world the way to heaven. The impression was ante-natal. And then she was a medium. She conversed daily with angels, and received strange visions of the

When Mary was about eighteen years of age, she was betrothed to Joseph, a resident of Bethlehem. He was poor, old, and a carpenter. The match did not seem altogether desirable; but the young girl accepted the husband as one divinely appointed to watch over her and to care for the promised child.

A few months subsequent to the betrothal, Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem, the native city of Joseph, to pay their taxes. The public houses being crowded, they took lodgings in a barn. During their stay there, Jesus was born.

Herod, who was at that time King of Judea, knew that there was an old Hebrew tradition concerning the coming of a person especially delegated to rule Israel; he remembered, too, the promise made to Joachim; he feared, therefore, that his kingdom would be given into other hands. To retain his power, Herod sent out his emissaries in search of the young king. Joseph, being a medium, received instructions from the spirits how to escape the wrath of the king, thereby saving alive the fu-

Jesus, doubtless, was like most Hebrew children. That his spiritual nature was highly developed, there is no doubt, and very likely he had great faith in the prediction made to his grandparents-regarding himself as the especially sent of God. In early life he worked with his father at the carpenter's bench. At the age of twelve years he manifested powers somewhat remarkable for a lad of his years. He controverted the old theological opinions of the priests, thereby subjecting himself to their dis-

Jesus, at the age of thirty, left the saw and plane, to preach the Gospel, "Love your enemies, bless and curse not." He may have made a mistake in cursing the unfruitful fig tree; but his moral code has never been exceled—never equaled.

Had those professing to be followers of the young carpenter loved his teachings-had they been inwrought in their souls and out-wrought in blessed deeds, gibbets, wars, dungeons, would never have had existence in lands claiming to be Christian.

Jesus was the best medium of his time. He imparted the healing gift to his disciples, and sent them out into the world to heal the sick and to preach the new religion to the people; but, for some reason, they were not able to perform the wonderful cures promised to the true believers. The fame of the prophet, healer, seer, called together vast multitudes. The rich fetched him costly gifts, the common people spread their garments in his path, and followed him with hosannas. But his kingdom was not of this world. He had no respect for authority, Now, is it not possible, and more probable, that none for the laws, where they conflicted with the laws of Nature. He denounced hypocrisy in high places, and drove the thieves out of the temples, These sins against public opinion were not among those to be forgiven. The crew, that found their craft in danger, set about devising ways and means for destroying Christ. The tide began to set against him; with it turned some who, in prosperous days, yowed eternal fellowship with the founder of the New Church. Judas seemed devoted to the young master, and looked into the future, hoping to have place and power in the new kingdom; but when he learned that he was not in the popular current, he, like modern Iscariots, betrayed his dearest friend. Peter, too, was a little cowardly; he stood by at the betrayal, denying the very name of the condemned. Pilate, not unlike some later-time judges, found in Jesus no cause for death, so he sent him over to Herod. Herod did not like to stain his

again to Pilate. These two men had been enemied, but the Jows eatled for the cenefficion of Jesus, so they met, shook hands, condemned the hero-hearted Christ, and gave him into the hands of the populare to be crueffled

The mortal of the immortal Jesus died, but the kingly soul, brave in danger, childlike in faith and trust, cornest in every good work-Jesus, the martyr, liver. His enemies turned in ellence from the death seene. Peter went away and wept; to Judas, life was no longer of worth; Herod and Pllate vainly tried to find excuse for the blood upon their guilty hands. The friends of Jesus turned from Calvary, tearful and heavy-hearted. They repeated again and again the story of the blameless life of the martyr; the betrayal, the denial, the mock trial, the Jeers and insults that darkened his last hours; his torture and agonizing prayer; the calm confidence, the unfaltering faith, that characterized his last moments; his forgiving spirit, and his commending his gentle, weeping mother to the care and protection of beloved John.

More than eighteen confuries have passed, yet the brave and blessed words of Jesus live. The cross has been glorified, the thorn-crown sanctified by a boty life and triumphant death. The twenty-fifth of December will be a memorable-a sacred day, so long as the life, teachings and martyrdom of Jesus are holy heart-memories.

Human Wants.

PART I.

Effort and action, are the munifestations of life to satisfy the wants of life.

Want is the source of will human action. In its most extended sense. It is the cause of all action or motion, being a demonstration of the principle and necessity of progress. In its nature it requires change of condition, and that condition to be improved by the change, Such is its nature, and such is its tendency. Its operation in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdom, is very visibly to be seed as such. Is it not more emphatically so, in regard to the physical, intellectual and spiritual condition of man? Are not the wants of man the true source of all his actions? Does he act in obedience to any other influence or power?

There is an almost endless variety of wants in human nature, of different kinds, shades and degrees.

Want arises from some inability, disease, ill-nature, deficiency or imperfection in condition, either real or imaginary, and is a desire to remedy such imperfeet and unsatisfactory condition.

Want has been defined as something not possessed, but desired for some purpose. That desire produces the will and effort to satisfy the want. The strength and power of that effort depends on the ability of the individual and the urgency of the want. Where there is no want, there can be no will. The will is the determination and effort to relieve or satisfy some want. Want, therefore, is the origin of the will. What is the cause of the will? Evidently some want. The want, therefore, precedes the will, and the character of the will depends on the character of the want. Do not wants produce thoughts, and do not thoughts lead to and prompt action to satisfy such wants?

The great error has been to consider the will to be an independent power in human agency, for the exercise of which the person was thus accountable even for his future salvation or damnation, involving the dogma of free agency, which declares that the individual has the power in this world, to make himself endlessly miserable or endlessly happy in the next. This makes the individual his own saviour, a saviour from a condition that is imaginary and the result of ignorance and fear. God, the Creator, is our Saviour, all else are means, instrumentalities.

PART II.

In infancy, we are all dependent for the continuance of our existence upon the support of others, and make our strongest efforts to satisfy our inevitable wants, being effort and action to live.

In youth, our wants continue and are multiplied and increased, and the ability to partially provide for them, begins to be developed. Everything to them being new, curiosity is excited, and inquiry and research stimulate action, exertion and effort to know and to do. Action is still the pivot upon which the present as well as the future of life

In manhood, the universal theatre of human action is apparent and its action predominant. Many of their efforts to live as they will, are directed to take the life of others, and those others are excited to defend and protect their own lives, and in so doing, to destroy the lives of their assailants. A very great portion of the actions of human beings, according to their views, their feelings, their interests, their prosperity and safety, consists in injuring and murdering one another-in short, to help as many into the world and out of it as possible, and to make their stay in it as unhappy as possible. This is one great part of human action in its manhood, in the season or stage of its greatest activity.

Instead of the "will" of man being an independent power in governing his action, it is but the offspring or result of some human want, and is subject to, and dependent on its parent want, and the prevalence of physical and phrenological organiza tion, for its strength of action and its degree of character. Thus human wants prompt human

All human action is caused by a desire to supply or satisfy its wants. Are then, human wants rightly and justly, good cause for such action and gratification? Are not all such wants as disturb and destroy general and individual peace and harmony, to be disciplined, corrected and rightly controled? As it is, our wants control our actions. If our actions are not right, then our wants are wrong, and whatever is wrong should be righted.

All this action, with all the other modes of human action, for different objects, consequences and results, is to satisfy or subserve the wants of life.

The character of these wants is as various and numerous as are the actions made to gratify them. It must be admitted, that many of these wants are unnecessarily selfish, indiscreet, unjust, despotic, brutal, every way unwise and wrong, as generally considered and understood, and that the efforts to satisfy them, as such, produce much suffering, cruelty and misery. The remedy for these wrongs, is to educate our wants, and subject them to their proper regimen and condition, so as not to trespass upon the peace and rights of others, or injure ourselves. Is it not an important truth, that all human action, all the doings of mankind are necessarily made, executed and done, to satisfy some human or inhuman want? Is not such our life, the action of life? May not this same principle be extended and applied to all animal life? May it not, also, reach vegetable life, and although an unconscious want, may it not comprehend all matter, as all matter is said to have motion and life? If so, then what a hands with innocent blood, so he referred the matter | world of want, of innumerable wants. To satisfy

and snawer all such wants, the whole world, all in and upon it, is actively and endlessly put in motion and commotion? A practical lesson from the view of all this, will naturally lead us back to the constderation of our own wants. They may, possibly, need some little regulation.

If we can, measurably, control our wants and limit them within proper and safe bounds, we may he sure our actions will correspond and conform to such limits. If we do thus, we may in some degree, according to our capacity, live a well regulated life: As our actions make our character, we have only to observe them critically, to learn their origin-our wants. Character, then, shows the nature of action, and action, in common expression, is a real tell-tale, showing the genealogy of want. As before named, our wants need a right education to enable us to live to the best advantage, to make our life most valuable, abounding in the most rational enjoyment.

As a kind of corollary to the foregoing premises, it may be inquired, whether we ever do, or can do any act that we do not want to do, "on the whole everything considered," or rather, often very little, If any, considered. It very often happens that in some way, we are called to do what we do not want to do; and we also very often do those acts which we did not want to do, if we could avoid them. Now, why have we done those acts? The answer is, because we wanted to do them to avoid something we disliked more. It does not follow that we siways judge right. But we do choose, eventually, what we most want to do, or not to do.

Our whole lives are passed in regarding our wants and the means and efforts to modify and evade them. or to gratify and satisfy them. Human actions are the keys to unlock and open to view, human wants. If these keys do not at once, in all cases and at all times, sufficiently unlock the mysteries of human actions, and clearly disclose and expose them to the light, a little time with other and additional acts will be sure to dissipate whatever of mystery may remain in obscurity. Cannot our wants be so schooled, disciplined, restrained, enlarged, encouraged, increased, multiplied, strengthened, and established, as in a great measure to be so diverted, changed, taught and improved, as to be subject to our wholesome control?

Wants may be changed, suppressed, or weakened and obliterated, and old habitual wants displaced and forgotten by the introduction of new and advantageous wants. They may be modified, new ones created and useless, victous and improper and unimportant wants discarded, and their indulgence and gratification wholly denied. In all these instances of numerous and prolific wants, action and effort will be made to qualify and satisfy them of whatever nature, according to their degree of strength and importunity.

Christmas.

Our readers are no doubt, making ready for Christmas. Unfinished slippers and dressing gowns are being made by stealth; caps, boots, cloaks and numberless nick-nacks are held in reserve for this blessed gala day.

Our readers are not only remembered by those of their own households, but by our contributors also. The children have not been forgotten. Hudson Tuttle has sent them and us an excellent sermon. But let not those be forgotten who have nothing to give, save the acknowledgement of favors. The poor are about us. They nestle in the nooks that are protected from the storm by palace homes; they take shelfer under church-porches; they are in the cellars, garrets, cottages. They have a claim upon our charity, our sympathy. No matter what has fetched them to poverty. This is not the time to question and comment. We celebrate the death of a poor man-an humble carpenter who had not where to lay his head. It is a shame to us if we eat and drink to the memory of this apostle of the poor while his brothers and sisters are starving in our sight. If we would render him worthy service; if we would bring acceptable gifts to the Christ-altar, let us manifest our love and veneration by obeying His commands-"Give to the poor." Let the beggar rejoice in our bounty; the needle-woman rest on one day without fear of starvation; let the poor of all classes have good cause for blessing the day that the star in the East heralded the birth of Jesus. of Nazareth.

From St. Louis.

We are pleased to know that the secular press are giving the cause of Spiritualism a fair hearing. They are generally beginning to understand that there is a potency in our philosophy that will carry it triumphantly over all opposition and that opposition comes from a selfish priesthood or from the babblings of ignorant, superstitions fanatics and blind devotees to an unnatural and unphilosophical system of religion. We copy the following from the St. Louis Demo-

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS' LECTURE TO-MORROW. -We presume the many hundred persons who failed to get seats last Sunday at Mercantile Library Hall will be rejoiced to know that Mr. Davis will lecture at the same place again to-morrow morning and evening-the morning discourse to begin at half-past ten, as usual, and the evening at half-past

The public very well know or ought to know, the character of these discourses. They assume that the religion of the churches, as at present existing, is unnatural, monstrous and untrue, and that it is not only every man's privilege, but his solemn duty to investigate, himself, all questions of as much moment to him as his condition in a future eternal existence, and the bearing of the physical acts and conditions of this life upon the other. As this is eminently an era of progressiveness in all departments of being, we certainly agree that it is well for all men and women, in pursuance of their individuality, to decide this vexed and many phased question of after life each one for him and herself. In this connection we suggest that it may be well to go early, in order to get a good seat.

Another from the St. Louis Republican: ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS .- The series of free public lectures on matters of religion and theology, which is now being delivered by Andrew Jackson Davis, founder of the Spiritualistic school in this country, is well attended by intelligent and respectable audiences, including, besides those who adhere to his doctrines and look upon him as a teacher, multitudes of free thinking, liberal minded men, as well as numbers who are attracted by the anticipated novelties of the lecture, or by curiosity to see and hear a man of reputation and the founder of a theological school. The hall last evening, as on the preceding Sunday, was densely crowded at least a half hour in advance of the time for the lecture to commence, and the fact that many were turned away, unable to procure seats or standing room, forcibly suggested to the Lecture Association the propriety of securing the large hall hereafter during Mr. Davis's stay in this city, which he forms us, will be until New Year's.

Mr. Davis' lectures are, in substance, purely pallosophical, being devoted simply to the interpretation of the religious sentiment and of man's sport tual existence, as he sees it. He gives the truth according to his view of it, and expounds a system of philosophy independent of anything hitherto said or printed. In many points his gretem recombles that of Emerson Carlyle and Threatere Parker. Like all original men, he is carnest and entertaining. his language being always simple direct, natural and forcible, and his manner casy and anothered. Many who can't see the philosophy are pleased with the rythmic flow of good English, so characteristic of Mr. Paris' style.

Clippings and Comments.

ALMSGIVING.

Weadmire the great grace, the simple heartedness of Jesus. He said many precious things worthy a place in our hearts—things we would do well to out. work in our lives. We like vastly his theory of hestowing charity: He said-perhaps as a rebuke to some one who bestowed gifts with trumpet sounds-

" 1. Take heed that ye do not your aims before men, to be seen of them : otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

"2. Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do, in the synagogues, and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verlly, I say unto you, They have their reward.
"3. But when thou doest aims, let not thy len

hand know what thy right hand doeth. This command is not of recent translation; but we called it to mind while reading the following

note to a New York Christian Journal : "I would like this study gown to fall into the hands of some poor invalid to whom it may be a comfort. It is solled and much worn, yet I cannot help feeling an attachment for it. My husband, who is a minister, has worn it these eight years. It has witnessed many prayers, and much earnest study. I am just making another to take its place."

Perhaps the "gown has witnessed so many prayers," and done so long "study" service, it is bardly worth the room it may occupy in some invalid's seven-by-mine bedroom. Pity the good wife had not kept the precious race and, Jesus-like, given in ellence some more acceptable and comfortable garment.

This gratuitous hint is merely suggestive.

SUBSCRIBERS WANTED.

There are various ways of obtaining subscribers for newspapers. We give a commission to agenta and ask friends to interest themselves in behalf of our JOURNAL.

The New York Independent has offered Grover & Baker's sewing-machine, for tecesty-two new subscribers. This is very well; but the Second Advent Messenger offers the same machine for thirty-two new yearly subscribers, and for this unheard of generosity (1) gives the following reason:

"Believing as we do that 'the end of all things is at hand,' and that it is our duty, in consequence of the light now shining upon the prophetic serip tures, to do all we can to spread the light in all directions, among all classes of mankind, we feel anxious that all who are interested should help us in this good work of scattering light and truth far and wide. But as few of our readers feel able to spend any extra time in this work, we make them this liberal offer as part pay for their services in getting new subscribers for the Crisis. Let every man, woman, and child, take hold of the work in earnest, and we think great good may be accomplished, with but little sacrifice.

If the world is near its end, the sewing machine will be of little account. Would it not, then, be well for the Second Advent friends to seatter light with greenbacks, and let the getters up of clubs devote their time to the development of their spiritual natures?

LADIES' DRESS.

There has been a great deal of complaining in regard to the abominable style in which our women dress. The question "who is at fault?" is asked. The ladies often answer "The men;" they insist upon our keeping pace with Paris. To do so, we must wear long skirts, rats, mice, and every other shockingly foolish thing that is invented in the

Some sensible woman, in the Golden Era, has come to the rescue of the masculine gender. Hear her:

"Dress to please men! We don't do it. It's downright scandal; and any man outside of Stockton, or any other madhouse, ought to know better. Why, don't we know the men don't like to see us parade the streets, in what, at one time, they considered their own indisputable rights; and don't we persist in doing it? Don't we display hats, costs, collars, cravats, and canes, daily, before their eyes, perfectly regardless of either their smiles or frowns? And don't we know that our trails are abominable in their sight; (and honestly I would not wonder if they were in the sight of the Lord,) but ain't we going to wear them; at least till our fashion-maker can invent something more distressing? And don't we know men had rather see women with their hair arranged in some becoming manner on their heads, than to see it stuffed out with rats and mice, er hanging in a sack on the back of our necks? And don't we know they don't like to see the bright eyes of serpents, lizzards, butterflies and bugs, peering out at them from the midst of a variegated arrangement of flowers, lace and ribbons, perched on the back of a woman's head a la mode? Don't we know that a man had rather have to exercise considerable engineering in order to get a peep at a pretty face, than to see them boldly exposed, as is the style now a days? And don't we know that any gentleman would prefer an accidental glimpse of a neat little foot and ankle, than to have them exhibited, free gratis, by modern improved patent skirt elevators?

Don't look very modest," our grandmothers would say, but they were old fogies, and had no idea of the improvement time would develop in patent leather, nor the female understanding. and don't we know, too, that we have reached a climat in point of dress, that is the perfect agony of every sensible man? And ain't we going to hold to that point, regardless of modesty, neatness, taste, expense, or men's opinion? Of course we are. We men dress to please the men! They don't do it any more than the men chew tobacco, smoke, drink swear and gamble, to please the women !

GAIL HAMILTONISMS.

Gail Hamilton is forever stumbling upon contraband doctrines; she is always saying just what sham piety and mock modesty do not wish to bear. And then she will not be silenced. The more you scold her, the more you protest against her peering prying and ventilating unwholesome places, the more she will unmask and give them a gratuitous airing. No matter who does the wrong, nor what the character of the crime, the little audscious voman megloves her fair hands, and sets about picking, pulling at the covering, sin has not on. She will not rest nor give rest to her adversary, till he is the

roughly disgusted with his cant and unclearness. She hears the hiss of the serpent, and the roar of the lion, but she will not be warmed thereby; but. poor thing, she hails the semi-human sounds as

omens of unrest-an august other life. She marches, untádéen, into the ten the Lord, and turns out those who speculate in human sonis. Then you next bear her proclaiming against our old and time honored statute code élecat pity that some masculine pen dives not send out a hint regarding the "sphere of weeman." Miss Gail might, perhaps.

read it, and he persuaded into womanly stience. These thoughts were suggested by an article of hers in the December number of the Atlantic. We

make the following extract: " I cannot but suspect that a great deal of human depravity comes from human misery. The destruction of the poor is his poverty. Little sickly, fretful, erring babbes, beits of worn nerves, flerce tempers, said hearts, sordid tastes, half-tended or over-tended, hi on poison by the hand of love, may, sucking revision from the breasts of love, trained to insuboralmation, abused by kindness, abused by crueltythat is the human nature from which largely we generalize, and no wonder the inference is total depravity. But human nature, distorted, defiled, degraded by centuries of misdealing, is scarcely

button nature. Let us discover it before we define it. Let us remove accretions of long-standing moral and physical disease, before we pronounce sentence

against the human nature. If it ever becomes an established and universally recognized principle, as fixed and imquestions ble as the right and wrong of theft and murder, that it is a sin against God, a crime against the State, an outrage upon the belplos victim of their ignorance or wickedness, for an milealthy man or woman to become the parent of s daid, I think our creeds would presently undergo modification. Disease seems to me a more fertile source of evil than depravity; at least it is a more tangible source. We must have a race of healthy children, before we know what are the true characteristics of the human race. A child suffering from serofola gives but a feeble, even a false representation of the grace, beauty, and sweetness of childhood. Pain, sickness, lassitude, deformity, a suffering life, a lingering death, are among the woful fruits of this dire disease, and it is acknowledged to be hereditary. Is not, then, every person afflicted

the Almighty from becoming a parent? Every principle of honor forbids it. The popular stolidity and blindness on these subjects are astonishing. A roung woman whose sleters have all died of conamption, and who herself exhibits unmistakable consumptive tendencies, is married, lives to bear three children in quick succession, and dies of consumption. Her friends mourn her and the sad paration from her bereaved little ones, but console themselves with the reflection that these little ones have prolonged her life. But for her marriage, she would have died years before. Of the three soldren born of this remedial marriage, two die in carly girlhood of consumption. One left, a puny infant, languishes into a puny maturity. Even as a remedy, what is this worth? To die in her youth, to leave her suffering body in the dust and go quickly to God, with no responsibility beyond herself, or to pine through six years, enduring thrice, besides all her inherited debility, the pain and peril, the weariness and terror of child bearing, to be at last toru rickently and prematurely away from those beloved little ones-which is the disease, and which the remedy? And when we look farther on at the helpless little innocents, doomed to be the recipients of disease, early deprived of a mother's care, for which there is no substitute, dragging a load of weakness and pain, and forced down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death before years shall have blunted the point of its terrors, or religion robbed them of their sting-it is only not atrocious, because so unwittingly wrought.

Andrew Jackson Davis.

This worthy brother is now engaged in lecturing to crowded houses in St. Louis. There is a general interest feit in that city upon the subject of Spirit

It is a fact that wherever the car of progress moves the most rapidly, there we find the most devoted Spiritualists—the greatest demand for the philosophy of spiritual intercourse. St. Louis and the State of Missouri at large, are now taking the lead in general reform. Bro. Davis is just the man for the time and place, and they could not possibly have made a better selection. We recognize in Bro. Davis the great thinker of the age. His books and lectures are making a deep and lasting impression upon the world. He is making the Children's Lycenm a speciality wherever he goes, and will answer no calls to lecture, unless the friends are prepared to make an effort to start one. This is right. Bro. Davis ought not to spend his valuable time at any place where the friends will not co-operate with him in carrying out this important speciality in his

L. Graves' New Book-" The Biography of Satan."

Like everything else that comes from the pen of this able writer, "The Biography of Satan" is deeply interesting to the reader. It is a compendiam of facts, showing the origin of the theological idea of his Satanic Majesty's existence.

Bro. Graves, in this pamphlet, has done what the various churches have been trying to do (professedly) for many centuries. He has routed the "Old Boy," horse, foot and dragoons. The myth has been exploded. Theology, which long since went to the devil for support, being too weak to stand alone, has received a blow from the well-laid on stripes of Bro. Graves, which will altogether overthrow and forever loosen its power over all who read "The Biography of Satan." See advertisement in another part of this paper.

Address to the World.

The National Convention's Address to the World is now ready-in neat pamphlet form-for distribution. Several contributions to the fund to pay for printing the address, remain unpaid. The Committee, in good faith, procured the printing

done, and relied upon the subscriptions to defray the bill. A longer delay in making payment will be a manifest injustice to the Committee.

Remittances should be made immediately to H. I. Child, M. D., 634 Race Street, Philadelphia, Chairman of the Committee on Publication.

Gone.

Seth Hinshaw, of Greensborg', Ind., passed retently to the other life. He was a devoted Spirimalist. Earnest and honest in search for light and bruth, we remember him among our faithful friends, and hope his guardianship is not ended.

Personal.

John Murray Spear has returned to his old ad-146 Albany street, Regent's Park, London,

Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, London, England. Mrs. A. A. Currier closes, with the year, her

Miss Emma Hardinge's address is, Manor House,

course of lectures in this city. She is engaged to speak in St. Louis the Sundays of January. Fred. L. H. Willis is engaged to speak in Boston

the last two Sundays in this month. L. Judd Pardee will speak in Buffalo, N. Y., the

remaining Sundays in December. J. M. Peebles is about returning to his home in

Battle Creek, Mich. He is soon to commence a two months' lecture engagement in Cincinnati, Ohio." Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene is speaking in New York Her husband is engaged as salesman in the

fatnous house of H. B. Clatilin & Co. Dr. J. P. Bryant has gone to his home in Brookby, N. Y., to pass the holidays with his family, and

to recuperate preparatory to his intended visit to

Book Notices.

LESSONS ON ELOCUTION. With Numerous Seleclions, Analyzed for Practice. A Text Book in Reading and Speaking for Schools, Seminaries and Private Learners.

This is the title of a new work by Allen A. Griffith, Professor of Elocution and Principal of Batavia Institute. It is published by Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago; Barnes & Burr, New York, and A. Whittemore, Milwaukee, Wis.

This work is, in our opinion, well adapted to the how existing public demand. It abounds with useful diagrams, illustrative of proper attitudes in publie speaking, and vocalization is treated as an indis-Pensable requisite, to be thoroughly studied by those who would become proficient in public speaking or reading. The selections are good and accord with the modern style of thought and expression.

This work will doubtless find a general welcome in schools and academics throughout the United blates. Teachers will do well to give it a thorough

Notice of Meetings.

WASHINGTON, D. C .- The Association of Spirit salists of Washington hold meetings and have leeinresevery Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 71/2 P. M., Iti Senton Ball, 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

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 Obio 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 Lizzie Doten, for January; and Mr. J. G. Fielt, for

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

Speakers wishing to make engagements to fecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5079, N. Y.

DR. MATHEW WIll lecture in Quincy, Ill., from 19th to 25th December; Hannibal, Mo., from 26th to January 1; Springfield, Mo., from January 4 to 10. As he is agent for the Journal, the friends are requested to exert themselves to give him as large, a list of subscribers as possible in each place.

Any friends desiring his services will address to either of the above places, and he will respond to their wishes and send them appointments which he will fill on his return journey.

Write early as his route for the return Journey. will be laid down on Jan. 6, and applications after that date will be too late.

On File for Publication.

Letter from Europe, No. 2: by Eureka.

Santa Claus! Sollioquy; by Emma Tuttle. Thanksgiving Addresses; by the spirits of Prof. Edgar C. Dayton and Theodore Parker, through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster and Cora L. V. Scott, of Washington, D. C.,

To Our Patrons. We refer especially to our subscribers whom we have been furnishing on 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 these 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 Jour-NAL, 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.

Responsibility.

The editors of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL do not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments expressed by correspondents. Believing in freedom of thought and the right of expression for ourselves, we would hot deny the same right to others.

We only ask correspondents to base their thoughts upon principles that will be of benefit to the reader; to write clearly, pointedly, well.

A Good Answer.

We find the following in the Investigator: MR. EDITOR :- As I understand you have lately been quite sick, I would ask you a question and beg a straightforward, decided answer, if you see fit or have the courage to reply :-What do you think will become of Infidels hereafter when they see, in the light of eternity, the vileness of their doctrines and the iniquity of themselves?

A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

It will depend on circumstances, probably. If "A Christian Friend" should have his way about it, Infidels will all be sent down to—the other place! But if they are to be judged by a wise, merciful, and just Being, who decides impartially and rewards those who think honestly and live uprightly here, they will be exalted in Paradise far above "A Christian Friend," or any other bigot.

UNFAITHFUL CHURCHES. - There have been

churches that have tacitly resolved to save their denominational or ecclesiastical life, let what would come in the politics of the nation, or the civilization of the world. To this end, they would have avoided everything political and secular. But the same fine instinct which made the Bible close when opened at the prophecies, because they were so full of moral indignation against oppression and misrule, made it re-open at the place where Paul sent back the slave Onesimus. The fairness, in the main, was all upon the side of the oppressor. Everything is magnetic in a time like this, and men are bits of steel. If they are not caught up by one party, they are at the mercy of another. If they do not care to choose sides, then sides are chosen for them. So that practically there has been no difference. The churches that have not been with liberty have been against her, and such as have not gathered with her have scattered their seed abroad. They have sprung up in the furrows of treason, and have borne the fruits of violence and murder, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold. But many of you are standing here who shall not taste of death till history passes judgment on churches that have set their popularity above the needs of Justice and the demands of truth. They have thought to save their life, and they shall lose it. It shall fade and wither; it shall shrivel away. They would have stripped the wings of freedom bare of all their plumage to feather their own nest, and lo! the tree on which their nest was builded, is blasted by the lightning of God's swift indignation .- Rev. J. W. Chadwick.

Mohammed, called the prophet, was a driver of

LESSON FROM A SPITIRIL King Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day reconnoitering the army, lay alone in a barm In the morning, still reclining on his pillow of straw, he saw a spider climbing up one of the rafters; the insect fell, but immediately made a second attempt to ascend; and the hero saw with regret the spider fall a second time; it then made a third unsuccessful attempt. With much interest and concern the monarch saw the spider battled in its aim treeles times; but the thirteenth eseny was successful; when the king starting up, exclaimed: "This despicable insect has taught me perseverance. I will follow its example. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the superior force of the enemy? On one fight more hangs the independence of my country." In a few days, his anticipations were realized by the glorious victory at the battle of Bannockburn, and the defeat of Edward II.

FROZEN KINDNESS. The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the fire warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks on the hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these trees; if you had no means of get-ting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters, happy: if they keep it a profound searct, as if it was a crime. they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the home will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there, you will envy the dog, when any one calls him "poor fellow."

Jolin Jacob Astor once sold apples in the streets of New York.

Business Matters.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON'S SEANCES .- Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the medium, through whom the commupications are given, found upon the sixth page of this paper, will be found at the reception room, (No. 87) 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

EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.—This book contains Six Lectures given through that highly developed and well-known trance-medium, Miss Emma Hardinge, besides much other very interesting matter. The following subjects are treated of in a mas-

terly manner, viz. : Astronomical Religion. Religion of Nature.

The Creator and His Attributes. Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny.

Sin and Death. Hades, the Land of the Dead. Together with the outline of a plan for human enterprise and an Autobiographical Introduction with an Appendix containing the sayings and senti-ments of many well-known Spiritualists and other

reformers. This volume also contains a fine steel engraving likeness of the author, by Donelly.

For sale at the office of the Religio-Philosophi-CAL Publishing Association. Post Office Drawer 6325, Chicago. Price 75 cents. Forwarded by mail on receipt of the price, free of

CHURCH'S SEANCES .- Mr. W. T. Church, physical and test medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence. No. 862 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. MRS. C. M. JORDAN, Writing and Prophetic

Medium, 78 North Dearborn street, Chicago. 10-tf. 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 a Devil and future endless punishment. Also, the Pagan origin of the scriptural terms, "Bottomless Pit," "Lake of Fire and Brimstone," "Keys 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 intense and momentous interest to the fear-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. Evils 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 Devil-whence imported or borrowed. 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 Novem-

WONDERFUL CURES AT THE DYNAMIC INSTITUTE IN THIS CITY.—The attention of the public here and elsewhere has been called at different times to notice 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 Chleago, 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 hersolf. 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, 1965, and in ten minutes' treatment by Dr. Persons, she arose from her hed and walked off without help. The has regained her health rapidly, and new takes lengthy walks, free from any difficulty. Her speedy rectivery has gladdened the hearts of her many triends, and we cannot refrain from Myisting all sufferers to go to the Dynamic Institute and get healed.

CYRCA B. THOMAS! Westfield, Marquetta Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1895.

A remarkable case of desiness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 26 years of age, bas been deaf from her earliest recollection, so much so as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation, always suffered from running sores in her cars. 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.

Milwankee, 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 Chicaktuc, Door County, JOSEPHINE B. SMITH.

The above Institution is located on Marshall st., No. 587, and within 200 feet of the street railroad.

Marriages.

By marriage we meen the anion of souls—the joining of two life-streams for a stronger, diviner flow to the eternal sea.

At the residence of George A. Bacon, Esq., in Washington, D. C., on Friday evening, December 5th, by Rev. John Pierspont, Col. N. W. Dantells, of Louisiana, and Miss Cora L. V. SCOTT, of New York.

The foregoing announcement, clipped from a Washington paper, will doubtless interest thousands of the readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, who have heard or read with rare delight and profit the inspirations given through our highly-gifted mister, Cora L. V. Scott. She is so well and widely known as among the earliest and ablest advocates and teachers of the Spiritual Philosophy, that any notice of her here beyond the announcement given above, would be a work of supererogation.

The gallant Colonel is an able member of the legal profession, and he has also a proud military record, having been the first Colonel commissioned by President Lincoln to raise and command a regiment of colored troops at New Orleans. Ho is an earnest, energetic worker in political, social and religious reforms—a progressionist of the highest and best stamp, and is everywhere well and favorably known.

This union is evidently one of hearts, heads and hands. Brother and Sister Daniels propose to extend their labors in the future more especially to the cause of the freedmen; and we are sure that the sincere good wishes and hearty "God speed" of unnumbered thousands, both on this and on the other side of life, will follow them in their labors in the cause of truth and humanity wherever they may go, here and hereafter.

Father Pierpont, the venerable poet, philosopher and reformer, now in his eighty-first year, who of all men in the country, seems to have discovered and drank deepest of the fountain of perpetual youth, officiated at the marriage ceremony with all his characteristic grace, vivacity and good

Deaths.

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

Left the physical form, November 15th, after several weeks of illness, SETH HINSHAW, Sen., of Greensboro, Ind., in his 79th year, leaving an aged companion and two daughters, sustained by the fact of his immortality.

Thus has passed on to the "Higher Life," fully matured

for its usefulness, one of humanity's truest friends, an honest man, whose well attested characteristics of sobriety, truth. and justice, have long and faithfully been devoted to the cause of Freedom, without regard to color, sex or condition. Early educated in the "Society of Friends," and identified with them, until a division occurred, when his reason and benevolence demanded a broader sphere of action, untrammeled by sectarianism, when, accepting the anti-slavery position, he has maintained an unflinching integrity to the cause for upwards of twenty years; making practical his conscientious views upon the subject, by excluding from his business such articles or products, as were raised by slave

Uncompromising in his principles to do the right, without regard to pecuniary advantages or popularity, he was considered somewhat eccentric by those who did not discern the undercurrent of his truthful, sympathetic nature, full of simplicity in expression, yet ever strongly attracted to the poor, the suf-

fering and neglected, at home or abroad. The many children of the neighborhood, who gathered around the grave and threw upon his coffin some token of affection, speak in the eloquence of deeds, treasured up in the grateful memory of those he loved. The many poor whom he has blessed, have vividly inscribed upon the inner tablet of gratitude a tribute of affection, to his memory which neither time nor experience can efface—the various recipients of his home and hospitality-of the "Harmonial Philosophy," can refer with pleasure to his congenial nature, and unassumed philanthropy—as a fearless advocate of Spiritualism for the last fifteen years-which "Gospel of the Doing Good," only quickened the Christ principle within; whose ministry he fully reciprocated, with an unswerving fidelity to his latest hour-because he had preached its progressiveness, in the consistency and justice of a daily life, and prayed for its success with an open, outstretched hand of charity; whose private and public character could not be questioned even by the opponents of his faith, for unmoved by the tide of opposition or prejudice, he calmly smiled with the spirit of forgiving love, " Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The many convincing tests from spirit friends, and thedemonstrated facts of Spiritual philosophy, seemed to be his chief delight. Various were the spirit pictures of identity, sent by distant artists to his home, and communications from mediums he had never seen, besides evidences of the clearest character revealed to his own susceptible nature, of which he could no more doubt than the fact of his own ex-

Having arranged for his funeral several years since, he looked forward with perfect tranquility to the change called death, having had foreshadowed the process of the spirit's birth, as but the "harbor wherein he should anchor his timeserving bark, and enter upon the shores of immortality."

"For that grand Eternal City, Where the angel hearts take pity, and the For the sins which men forgive not, Or inactively deplore."

The funeral discourse was delivered by the writer to a densely crowded audience, at Greensboro, December 3d, at the "Progressive Hall," erected and dedicated by Brother Hinshaw, to the cause of Spiritualism, four years ago. The occasion will long be remembered by the relatives and friends of our faithful Pioneer, whose works and influence still remain. who in reality is not dead, but liveth in the "Summer-land."

"There to drink fresh inspiration From the source which he adored."

ALCINDA WILHRLM, M. D. Chicago, Ill., Dec. 12, 1865.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

agents for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Mr. and Mrs. J. Madison Allyn, Rockland, Me. W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521

New York City. Mrs. N. K. Andross, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass. C. C. Blake, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture

in different parts of the West upon Grecian and Roman Spirt-tualism, as compared with modern. Address, until further notice, Dahlonega, Wapello Co., Iowa. Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Port. land, Me., Dec. 17, 24 and 31; in Wornster, Mass, Jan. ; and

14; in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer state. Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centra, Va.

Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, West Brattlebow', VL Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to becture. Address.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 6M Kace street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell will answer calls to lecture. Address Forestport, Onelia Co., N. Y., care of Horace Farley,

Warren Chase will lecture in New York and Brooklyn during December; during January in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer

Mrs. Jeanstie J. Clark, trance speaker, will answer calls,

when properly made, to lecture on Sundays in any of the towns in Connecticut. Will also attend funerals. Address, Pair Hasen, Com. Dean Clark, impirational speaker, will snewer calls to lec-inte. Address Entland, Vt. P.O. Ecz 110.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefentaine, O. Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address in Fun Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Augusta A. Corrier will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during Incomber. Will snewer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter, Address less 815, Lorsell, Mass., OR.

Ira H. Cartie eyeaks appea questions of government. Address, Startleys, Cont. Audrew Jackem Davis can be addressed, as second, at 214 and street, New York. Mrs. Laura De Vorce Gordon, Houlton, Me., care of C. E.

Rev. James Francis will lecture in Southern Illinois, Northern Missouri, and as far north as Minnesota for several months. Address, Warren, III., care of Dr. H. H.

Way, till further suntees Mrs. M. L. French, impirational mediano, will answer calls to lecture or attend circles. Free circles Wednesday exe-

nings. Address, Washington Village, Scotto Postors J. G. Fish will speak in Providence, R. I. dering Decem-

ber and Pebruary; in Lowell, Mass., during January, Address, Hammonton, N. J. C. Augusta Fitch, trance speaker, box 1825, Chicago, 111. 8. J. Finney's post office address is Ann Aries. Mich.

Mrs. Dr. D. A. Galilon will answer calls to lecture, under quirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Kookuk.

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

Isaac P. Greenleaf will make engagements in Maine. Massachusetts, or elsewhere, for the fall and winter lecturing season. Address Exeter Mills, Me. L. P. Griggs, Magnetic Physician, will answer calls to

lestore and heal the sick. Address, Evansville, Wis. D. H. Hamilton will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, 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 Lycemas, 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 Chicago, during January and February. Will also make engagements to speak week evenings in the vicinity. Address him care of the RELEGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Mrs. Lovina Heath, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. Mrs. S. A. Horton, Rutland, Vt.

M.H. Houghton 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.

Miss Emma Houston 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 De-

Will answer calls to lecture the remainder of the W. A. D. Hume, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. Sasie A. Hutchinson will speak in Stafford Springer

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md. W. F. Jamieson, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich.

Mies Susie M. Johnson will speak in Worcester, Mass., Dec.

17,24 and 31; in Haverhill during January. Miss Sophia Kendrick, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address Lebanon, N. H.

George F. Kittridge, will answer calls to attend public circles and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Address, Grand Rapide, box 692

Mrs. E. K. Ladd, No. 140 Court street, Boston, Mass., will Dr. B. M. Lawrence will answer calls to lecture. Address. 12 Lincoln street, Boston, Mass. J. S. Loveiand will answer calls to lecture, and will pay

A Idress, Banner of Light office, Boston. Mrs. Elizabeth Marquand, inspirational and trange speaker. 97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J., will answer calls to lecture.

especial attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Box:778, Bridgeport, Conn. Leo Miller is once again in the field, and is ready to answer calls to lecture on the truths of our philosophy. His address

is No. 2! Market street, Chicago, Ill. Dr. James Morrison, lecturer, McHenry, Ill.

L. Judd Pardee, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

A. L. E. Nash, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals in western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y. Miss Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Woodstock, Vt., Dec. 10, 11 and 24: in Stafford Springs, Conn., during February. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich. J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich. George A. Peirce, Auburn, Me., will answer calls to speak

upon the Sabhath, week day evenings, and to attend funerals. Miss B. C. Pelton, Woodstock, Vt. J. L. Potter, Trance Speaker, will make engagements throughout the West to speak where the friends may desire.

Address Cedar Falls, Iowa, P.O. Box 170, until further notice. G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lucture. Address, Brodhead, Green county, Wis. W. K. Ripley will speak and heal in Plymouth, Mass., from Hec. 24 to Jan. 1: in Essex from Jan. 7 to 11.

A. C. Robinson, 15 Hathorne street, Salem, Mass., will answer calls to lecture. J. T. Rouse may be addressed P. O. Box 305, Elkhart, Ind. Cora L. V. Scott will lecture in Washington, B. C., during

December. Address to care of Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney Miss Belle Scougall, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill. Austen E. Simmons will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the

first Sunday, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt. Mrs. Susan E. Slight, trance speaking and singing medium,

will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends may desire. Address, Portland, Me. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass.

Mrs. Mary Louisa Smith, trance speaker, Teledo, O. Mrs. H. T. Stearns will lecture in Bockland, Me., and vi cinity, during December. Permanent address, South Exeter,

H. B. Storer, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Martha S. Sturtevant, trance speaker, 72 Warren

Elijah R. Swackhamer will answer calls to lecture on Communitary Life, the Commonwealth of the New Dispensation, Spiritualism, and kindred subjects. Address, 97 Walmus street, Newark, N. J. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, Inspirational Speaker, 36 Bank

town, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C. in March. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in the New

Benjamin Todd, Normal Speaker, will lecture in Charles-England and Middle States. Address as above, or care of

Banner of Light office. Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Worcester, Feb. 15 and 25; in Troy, N. Y., during March; in Philadelphia, Pa., &c.

Hudson and Emma Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

street, Cleveland, O.

F. L. Wadsworth lectures in Sturgis, Mich. Sunday moreing and evening, until further notice. Address accordingly. Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker may be addressed at Liverpool A. E. S. Wheeler, Inspirational Speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Banner of Light office.

N. Frank White will lecture in Battle Creek, Mich. Dec. 3d. 10th and 17th; Dewitt, Mich., Dec. Stat: Milwankee, Wit. through January. Applications for week evenings and unce gaged Sundays for the rest of the winter and spring will be responded to Apply immediately.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., would nearly the friends of Western Ulinois, Southern Iown, and Northern Missouri that she can be addressed, care of Jan Thomseen, Ben 150 Pares-port, Iowa, until further notice.

Mrs. Mary J. Wilconson, Hammondon, Atlantic Co., N. J. Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker, Bream, Wass. Dr. F. L. H. and Love M. Willia Address 182 West 27th street New York.

E. V. Wilson, will leave to Lought M. Tr. during Ber comber. Will answer calls to become week adulate within fifty miles of this pince. Mrs. Masty M. Wood will speak in Lowell Mace, during Becomber: in Wiveneter sharing March. Will amove calls to lecture in New Superior up to the testing in Address as above.

Bijich Westinger, Impropriate Swaler. Address, Leslie, Theham (It, Mich. Mrs. E. M. Without it contented to speak ball the time in Panty Vr. Will receive calls to speak in Verment, New Hampshire, or New York. Address as above, or Rochester,

Houry C. Wright will answer calls to lecture. Address Anto Morest Roder South Van Sticke Maple Rapids. Mich., will answer calls to

Mrs. Frances T. Young trance speaking medium, No. 12

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

" He shall give His augels sharps concerning thee,"

All communications under this head are given through Mrs. A. H. Robinson. A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to -- the spirit world.

INVOCATION.

Infinite Father, again we feel to call apon Thee, and offer unto Thee our most sincere thanks for every conceivable form of life, wherever it may be: and although we do not find Thee as we had expected, as a personified being, whom all should some day see in glory, majesty and power, according to Biblical history, yet although we do not see Thee as an individualized being, we do see Then in every form of life, for we feel, oh, God, Thou art life, and that Thou dost permeate everything that we can believe possesses life—animate or inanimate, Thou art the great motive power, the all-pervading force which carries on and moves the mighty wheel of progress, for we feel that it is mighty, and that it will over continue to revolve upon its axis, until every restige of oppression and wrong shall be obliterated from the face of the earth, and still by Thy almighty power, it will continue its majestic work of development, unfoldment and progress, to all eternity.

We speak of wrong, because there are many things that seem wrong unto us, yet, our Father, when we realize that Thou art within all things, and that everything must of necessity have its beginning in Thee, and that it is in accordance with Thy will, then it is that we feel that the imperfections are within ourselves; and feeling thus, we ask of Thee more perfect understanding of Thy laws-a more perfect knowledge of our own souls-that we may be better fitted for the work Thou hast given us to do.

We praise Thee, our Father, because Thou art ever with us; for the light Thou hast given us; for all the sorrows and joys Thou hast allotted unto us; because we realize, oh, Father, that Thou art with us alike in joy and sorrow; and as we advance in knowledge and wisdom, our sorrows will diminish, while our joys will increase.

Infinite Father, we would not crave Thy blessing for a few, but for all; and we ask that every one of us may be brought to a realizing sense of Thy goodness, of Thy ever-watchful care, and of Thy everabiding love, and that one and all we may thank and adore Thee, forever!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Q. Can the feared prevalence and effects of the

cholera in the United States, be foretold, and if so, what will be the extent of its doings here?

A. Those who have marked the conditions which have preceded the cholera heretofore are the best judges of the probability of its prevalence, and the effects it will be likely to produce in its onward march.

It behaves every one to attend to his own physical condition, and the purification of the atmosphere, by general cleanliness everywhere. It would seem that the people have hitherto been sufficiently warned to induce them to provide and make conditions so as to be enabled to avoid the scourge; but the fact is they are so engrossed in matters of speculation and everything else but that which pertains to their highest welfare, that it seems as though a scourge must periodically come to arouse them to a realizing sense that they have a higher mission to perform than the mere accumulation of wealth.

Do you not know that most of the victims of cholera are persons above the age of ten years? [I had not thought of the subject, but perhaps it is so.] While considering this subject, I propose to give my views upon it more fully than the question would demand. Yet I would have it understood that I speak only from my standpoint, and not in a dictatorial spirit. Nor would I influence any one who does not recognize the truth of what I say, but after what I say, there will be many who will readily perceive the truth of my statement, which is thisthat the mind has much to do with the condition of

We will call the mind the positive—for it is so and the body the negative. Consequently the body is subject to the will of the mind. Now, to come to the point I propose to make. The mind, having much to do with the physical condition of the system, or, in other words, the mind continuing to hold its power over the body, as the positive does the negative, it is seldom, if ever, that such persons die of cholera, or any similar disease. Now, if that law was more generally understood, all persons would readily perceive that the power is within themselves to escape the effect of the disease which they so much fear.

Why is it that persons who are most subject to that disease are above the age of ten years? I answor, it is from the fact that they have arrived at that period of understanding that they know the symptoms of the disease and its locality, and fear is the result of that knowledge, and by fear the system is thrown into a negative state, and consequently a receptive condition for such diseases; and as the symptoms develop themselves, the mind becomes the negative and the disease the positiveand goes on with its work of destruction until death

is usually the result. The fact that some persons are able to nurse and take care of hundreds of others, who die with cholera, and never take the disease, is indicative of the known fact that such persons are in that calm, positive state of mind that is requisite to the continued control of the mind over the body. As a requisite to making conditions favorable to that calm, positive state of the mind so necessarygeneral cleanliness, not only in cities and towns, but a purification of houses, and especially of each individual, will induce that confidence in the public mind that will repel the disease, so that little fears need be entertained of the cholera, or any like

QUESTIONS FROM A GENTLEMAN IN ROCK ISLAND

Will the controlling intelligence at your public circles please to answer the following questions:

Q. Is the Book of Mormon of divine or simply of human origin? The late Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, published said book in 1830; he declared it to be divine, having received the original, engraven on golden plates, and delivered to him by the hands of an angel. These engravings he translated, he says, by the gift and power of God.

A. The first question is, What is divine? When we speak of anything of divine origin, we are very apt to look upon it as coming direct from Deity or God, but when we take into consideration this truth? that Deity is the embodiment of all things, then we shall say that it is of divine origin, inasmuch as man is a part of divinity. Thus far we perceive it to be of divine origin, and no farther.

Q. Are the revelations purporting to come to him direct from Christ, and published in book form, entitled "The Book of Doctrine and Covenants," ----ing or spurious?

A. No doubt they are genuine to the individual, husamuch as he considers himself the special chosen one of Christ to convey such important messages to low and degraded children of humanity.

We question not the sincerity of the author of said book, but we do question whether he was inspired by Jesus of Nazaroth, who is said to be the embodiment of perfection. Such are our ideas of the genuineness of the work referred to.

Q. How is the spirit of said Smith now occupied in the spirit spheres? and to which sphere does be belong?

A. Not being personally acquainted with the spirit in question. I cannot state his employment or the sphere to which he belongs.

Q. What is the future of Mormonism, with its Pretensions to saintliness and divine authority so great, and the flagrant crimes of its present principal leaders so many ?

A. Mormoniam, as well as all other isms, excepting Spiritualism, will eventually pass away; as the minds of men become unfolded they will be enabled to see and appreciate higher truths, and they will not only be the recipients of such truths, but will advocate them as strongly as they do their present isms. We said Spiritualism would not pass away. The teason it will not is, that it is the child of a natural parent, and founded upon immutable principles-consequently can never pass away or die.

Q. In the system of polygamy, as taught and practleed by the Mormons, right or wrong?

A. It is right to their condition, inasmuch as the human family has to pass through every kind and form of experience, for the purpose of the development and unfoldment of every faculty of their beings. Our friend must take into consideration this fact, that all is not ovil that seemeth evil to him.

It is the condition and surroundings of the judividual that causes bim to do that which scemeth evil to others, yet it is seeming good to the individual—this condition.

Our friend, the inquirer, will receive so much of what we have said in answer to his questions as seemeth good to him, and no more.

DECEMBER 9. ORLANDO FISHER.1

[Orlando Fisher could not control to speak for himself. Spirit Henry spoke for him, and said:] His name is Orlando Fisher, and he belonged to company K, 9th regiment infantry, Indiana volunteers, and was killed at Atlanta, Georgia, July, 1864. His captain was also present, and tried to control, but could not. He was killed at same time and place. Orlando Fisher was a private, and a little above medium height; rather slim, erect form; dark hair, dark hazel eyes, and dark eyebrows-not very heavy; was about thirty-five years old. He was

ANDREW MORTON.

I want you to say every word exactly as I say it. [That we endeavor always to do.] I am going to say just this: that when people deal more justly with the supposed dead, they will be more at e with themselves and with God.

The idea that people have grown into, that as soon as we are dead, we have no care or thought for what is said or done—that we are either so far away that we don't know anything about it, or if we are near, that we are dead to all sense of right, or going still further, that if we do know, we can't help ourselves—is the whole of it false!

Now, sir, I want everybody to know, that ever knew anything about me, that I not only hear what they say, but see what they do. There are several, too, in particular, that I will give to understand, if they don't come a little nearer to what is right in regard to the things which I left with them, I will either, through this organism or some other, expose them in the whole of their lives from beginning to end. Their names I will not give now. My own name and the names of some of my family will be sufficient for them to know it is me; at least it is all I see fit to give. If they do not make it sufficient for them, the time will come, perhaps, that

they will wish they had. My home was in the city of Rochester, New York. I was a carpenter by trade-poor, but I thank God I was honest. I trusted too much in the honesty of man I find, too. I did not feel it necessary to take a man's note. My own word was as good as my note any time. But if I had taken notes instead of men's words to leave with my family, it would have been a good deal better. But I will let them know that Morton is not dead-if he is dead to their sight, he is not to the needs of his family; and the interests of his family are his still.

My wife's name is Amanda Morton. We have four children-two boys and two girls-the eldest and youngest are boys. I will give you my name and age, and that will be sufficient. On the whole,

I will state when I died-that will be a little better. My name is Andrew Morton. I was thirty-seven years old when I died. Have been dead about a year and a half. Now, if you will carry that into the columns of your paper, you will confer a favor on me. Good bye.

ELIZA MASON.

As women are gifted for talking more rapidly, I suppose I shall talk more rapidly than the gentleman who last spoke. My story is short, and will be very soon told. It is rather humiliating to me to make use of this mode of communicating to my friends, for the reason that I said so much against mediums; but my anxiety to communicate to them is strong enough to overcome everything else. My parents reside at Rock Island, Ill. My father's name is James Mason. All I desire is to have him know that I can come back, and when they are apprised of that fact they will certainly give me an opportunity nearer home. My name is Eliza Mason. I was 17 years old in the May previous to my death, which took place in August. It is one year last August since that event. My disease was typhold fever. Dr. McGee was my physician. I have nothing to say against what he did for me. I think he did the best that could be done. I am very much obliged to you, and hope you will prosper.

MILO FERGUSON.

I am ahead of her a little, you see. [Laughing heartily.] I believed in this thing. It is fun that one so prim as she used to be had to come here to | ing to pack all thefts and wrongs off upon returned communicate. [Still laughing.] That was richwell seasoned. It is good for such folks. [Still laughing.] I would not give a snap of the finger-[suiting the expression to the act]-for a heaven where I could not laugh and have fun over such folks. You could not see her, but we could. Well, everybody is coming to it; if not on your side, they have to when they get here.

My folks believe in this thing-Spiritualism. They live in Dubuque, Iowa. We used to have circles at our house, so I know all about rapping, table-tipping, etc. Father said the beauty of this belief was, it robbed death of its terrors, and that instead ef folks being dead, they were in fact alive, and could see just as well after they lost their bodies, as they did before. Believing that myself, I did not think it lived through the struggle and come home, don't lectual culture are greater, better, than on earth, a cabin boy.

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would be much if I was shot down or exposed and got sick-it would be all right with me, for after death our advantages were just as good for pleasure and happiness. Feeling that way, I packed up and started off for the army. I went into the 17th Indiana, company M, (cavairy) had a good time. Got wounded in the shoulder, and died. I fived about alx weeks after I was wounded. I got shot while on picket, and sure enough I was all right. I was never afraid to give the lipys my ideas about the future. I told them I believed I should go right into the other world lust and left this, and that if I did go, and the time came found favorably, I would come back and let them know what I was doingwhether I was driving a mule team or carrying a musket, or whatever I was doing. [Laughing.]

Well, now, boys, until the war closed I kept close watch of what was going on in the field. When our side carried the day, I had a good laugh. So time passed on, till the war closed up. I did not understand things well enough to help much. I guess if I had, I could have helped them more than I did. Since that time I have been roving around to see what I could see, though I can't give a minute description, for I have not the power. I find things similar-most everything is similar to what I did see on earth. On the whole, everything is calculated for the happiness of us all. I don't find anything to complain of, and I shall be right glad to see all my relatives and friends when they come here. They may just reckon I was glad to see the war closed, but I was mighty sorry to think Old Abe had to die in the way he did. I would liked to have had him live and enjoy it with the folks on

I am no preacher, but I must say this you know some think it was a punishment meted out by God to die the way so many others did. I don't see it so. I don't see any punishment in it. If it were possible for God himself to deal ont such a punishment, I would say it was not right, after Old Abe did so nobly as he did.

My name is Milo Ferguson. My age was twentythree years. My father's Christian name is George.

DECEMBER 4. MIKE RAMSAY.

If I understand right, this is a kind of post officea post office of the supposed dead? [Yes.] Then I am all right. I want to get a letter to my friends. That is exactly what I want. I am going to give it to suit myself, too, in my own style-my own style, and nobody else's style. It will not be appreciated by those for whom it is intended, if I do not.

[To a gentleman present.] Have you got a little girl on our side? [Yes, I have two of them.] Yes, she is not little now, but she was when she left you. [Yes.] She is a nice young lady now.

Well, now, for my folks. My name was a funny one-Mike Ramsay. I died in the army; I was sick and died-sick and died. I got cold-I was not used to camping out. I got cold, and it hung on to me awhile, and I tried to stave it off. I did the best I could-Cap knows that, and all hands know that, but it at last got the upper hands of me. After a hard pull and a long pull, I had to succumb-I had to die. The disease was too much, and it laid me

I belonged to the 8th Missouri, and everybody knows we had a hard time. I did not suffer as much as some of them did. We had been in about twenty-two months, that is all, when I died. There were fourteen months left for me-we went in for three years, you know. So I did not have to suffer so much as some did whe lived to serve their time

[To a gentleman present.] I guess you never went soldiering. [No, I never did.] Well, we went in to fight, and we did so. But I was sick and died, and that ended all my fighting.

I want this to go to my father and mother. My folks live at Leavenworth, Kansas. They don't really know whether I am dead or not. They think I will surprise them some day by coming in. But I will surprise them by coming in this letter, through this post office, telling them that I am dead-what they call dead-yet doing pretty well. I used to think folks died-but if anybody does absolutely

die, they find something different from what I do, I think soldiers have done enough for you to be privileged. Some sick, some crippled, and some dead. But I did not go in for freeling the nigger, though, but by George, he has got free!

What do you have it so hot for here? This is the most like the hot place of anything I have found yet! [We happen to have on a pretty good fire just

I will tell you one thing just now, and that is, the only time that I really wished or desired that there might be such a place, was when I saw those fellows—the Secesh—standing up in arms bidding deflance to the laws and institutions of our country, and in deflance of us who were brought out to put down the rebellion. I then wished there was a hell to put them in. [You were a little Orthodox, about that time, were you not, in your desires? I just believed if there had been a hell, with a cover over it that could have been removed and let them in, it would then have sulted me. I felt so at that time. There are a good many that will say, when they read what I say, that the war had a bad influence-bad influence—on the soldiers!

Admitting that to be true—that it does have a bad influence upon them-instead of thinking of the bad influence, they had better think of the cause for which we suffered and received the bad influence, before they condemn. I would like to know if it was not for them, who staid at home and speculated out of the condition of the country, and made themselves rich-and now talk about the bad influence of the soldier's life!

Talk about preparing yourselves-guarding your property, for fear it will be taken by the returned soldiers, who have become so morally depravedmorally depraved! They had better never have talked that to me-no, sir-it would never have done! I hear a good many talking, and they talk in this wise: "We are not safe since the soldiers have come home-since they have been discharged and come home-for they have become so habituated to stealing and murder that they would not hesitate a moment, a single moment, for ten dollars -for ten dollars." There are plenty who are willsoldiers. Now I want that class of folks to think and take into consideration what their condition might have been had these very same soldiers they are talking about staid at home as the complainants did, and let those merciless Secesh sweep over your country? They would not have spared even your lives-they would not only have taken your money and everything they could have put their hands upon, but they would have taken your lives-the lives of men, women and children. I think these sympathizers had better think of these things. Don't you see what would have been the result if they had been successful? And they would have

been successful, if it had not been for the soldiers. Then instead of being afraid of the boys who

look upon them with auspicion because they have been soldiers. They went away, many of them, boys, and came back men. Look upon them with respect, as noble boys who did their duty.

All the boys who lived to get home of my company-company I-they will know it is mo-they know I despised the sympathizers more than I did the out and out Secesh, and I do so atill.

Now about my folks. Mother cautioned me to take care of myself, so as not to get sick. She said If I did get sick, to be as patient as I could, and do as the surgeon said, and try hard to get well. That I did, but it was no go. I don't regret it at all, I am a good deat better off, though I could have enloved myself first rate if I could have had the good luck to have got home again. I don't want my folks to feel bad because I did die. There is one lucky thing-I can send a letter to them through this kind of a post office. I have spun a pretty good long yarn, haven't 1? [Yes.] You won't be afraid to put it in your paper, will you? [No.] My father's name is Nelson Ramsay. When I come again, perhaps I can do better.

I thank you. Perhaps it is the business of the

If so, I am obliged to the office.

DECEMBER 6.

I heard a man ask to-day, if spirits came back, and for the purpose they claim to come, why are they not truthful? Well, now, sir, if you will just set yourself at work and make every spirit truthful before it enters upon the spiritual plane of existence, then I will assure you that every communication from the spirit world will bear truth upon its face.

MILO BARNES.

Another thing: It does not follow that the experience of any one spirit is not true because we have not experienced the same ourselves. [To a gentleman present.] Do you understand that? Now, sir, if I have been rightly informed, this medium is to sit for the express purpose of giving us an opportunity of sending or giving messages, to be sent to our friends. Am I correct? [Yes, we publish what spirits are pleased to give through this mediam in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and forward the paper to such persons as the spirits communicating may desire us to.] Thank you. What I am about to give is for my friends, and for their special benefit.

I want them to know my condition, and the fact that I have power to come back to earth and give them considerable advice, and such advice as they are always willing to listen to, and, as I think, profit by. I suppose there are a good many who will think it strange that I should take an interest in the financial matters pertaining to my family. But to that class of individuals I would simply say that although we are lost to their sight yet their interests are ours, because we have the same anxiety for their welfare that we had before death. So far as in our power lies, we are always ready and willing to converse with them upon every subject, whether it pertains to their material or spiritual

If I had had any idea that I should have been called away from home so soon, I should certainly have arranged my affairs very differently.

There is a good deal that I could have collected that would have helped my family-my wife and five children-very much. I now see they will never get much-it will be a dead loss.

I never talked with my wife much in regard to my business matters. I thought it sufficient for me to know, and bear the trials incident to business life, without perplexing her mind with them. What I failed to do in earth life, I will endeavor to make up now. I suppose you are familiar with the name of Sandusky City, Ohio? [Yes.]

There are mediums there, plenty of them. The only trouble is in getting my folks to listen to them. I have watched them, and heard them converse upon this subject, and it seemed to me, with all their anxiety to know of my condition, and all their feelings of affection for me, as husband and father, they would sooner lay them aside than to dispose in any way of their prejudices-they will cling to their old ideas instead of listening to anything that a medium might say.

Perhaps I am somewhat to blame for that. I perceive I am, because I should have looked into this matter of spiritual communication, while I was on earth, more than I did. However, that time has gone by, and we have yet to make the best of it. Like a day that has been misspent, we can never recal it and do our acts over again, but we can do

better to-morrow, the next day, and so on. As I was saying, there are plenty of mediums there, and I have faith to believe that after reading this, they will be desirous to hear and know more about it, and in order to do that, if they do not come out and make a plain statement of facts, nevertheless they will come out and visit mediums, and give me an opportunity of conversing with them in regard to many-yes, many things.

If you will be kind enough, sir, to send one of your papers to Elizabeth Barnes, you will very much oblige me, Milo Barnes.

DECEMBER 8.

F. K. WILLIAMS.

If I had not been told this was the place, I should hardly think it was. I do not see anybody I would have taken for a reporter; however, I shall not feel satisfied unless I say what I have desired to so long: that is, to tell my folks that the road is open, smooth, the scenery by the roadside pleasant, and all they have got to do to see me, is to take a walk. They need not go the length of the road either, for I will meet them a good half way. I will not tell them of my condition, but I will bring other friends, acquaintances and relatives to meet them. I don't know as they ought to expect us to do everythingprepare the road, and walk in it ourselves, with no certainty of their meeting us at the end! I believe in doing the fair thing, so I will point out the road. and tell them as plain as I can, so that they may be able to walk in it, and then if they do not, it will be their own fault.

The idea that we come in possession of such wonderful powers immediately after death, and ought to make use of them, and that use to be for their special benefit, regardless of ourselves, I don't exactly believe. I am willing to do what is fair-that is, inasmuch as I am the one who has gone the journey, I will write the first letter. If they have a mind to answer it, by receiving me either at their own house or at any other place where there is a medifim that I can control, I will communicate to them, and save all this trouble of writing and printing. If they do not do that, I will wait till their desire gets strong enough, so that they will do so, or come where I am.

We have the means of communicating to them, and so we should have if we were only separated by a journey of a hundred or so miles. The means of communicating in both cases are subject to the control of the parties. Our advantages here for intel-

and so some places are lighter on earth than others, People here seem to have a better appreciation and better comprehension of one another, consequently there is less trouble than on earth. With the exception of these things, I don't see wherein we possess greater power after death than we did before. We have greater power to take advantage of things which exist, but this comes by experience. the same as experience gives power on earth; con. sequently I don't see why our friends should expect such great things from us while they do nothing themselves. I never find fault and complain of conditions. We ought not to expect more than

It is seven years since I left earth-or died. Yet my folks still live in Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, where I left them. My name is F. K. Williams. I was twenty-three years old when I died. I think I have said enough to them so that they may, if they are so disposed, provide the way for me to talk with them. I have one brother and four sisters in earth life, and two brothers and one sister in spirit life. Now, if my friends have a wish to meet me, all right-if not, the same-all right.

I bld you good day.

WILLIAM DOLTON.

Good day, sir. I will detain you but about five minutes. I was in the 7th New York infantry.

My name is William Dolton. I was shot through my left hip. [Manifesting pain in that region.] Died from the effects of it, but I guess if I had had better care I should have weathered it. My home was in Detroit; my parents are there. I have been near my mother ever since my death. She says my death has filled her cup with sorrow to overflowing: that she would be willing to leave father and all the rest, if she could go to me. Now, I want her to remember what she told me when I left her, and those words, if I had lived a hundred years, I should never have forgotten, and I shall never forget them as it is. They were these: "My son, you have enlisted in a glorious cause, and although it is like severing my very heart-strings to part with you, yet our beloved country is in danger, and calls for you as one of her sons to stand by her in her hour of peril. Stand up bravely for your country's rights, and if it be God's will that you should fall, it will be in a noble cause. But think not that we part forever," and with her finger pointed toward the sun, "so true as the setting of yonder sun, we will meet

in heaven." The love of our country brightened her countenance, although the tears were trickling down her cheeks as she spoke. Now I would say, mother, your words went with me, were ever ringing in my ears, when the battle raged the flercest. I heard them when I fell. I heard them, too, when I lay wounded upon the field, and mother, I hear them yet. And as you said to me, be brave in every hour of trial, I say now to you the same. We will meet in heaven, and although not the heaven you talked to me of in childhood, yet it will be sufficient for our perfect happiness. Now, one and all, be brave, fear not what people may say in regard to the fanatical ideas concerning Spiritualism, but give it a careful hearing, and when you have done so, you will not look upon me as being far away.

I cannot hold control longer, so I will have to bid you good bye for this time.

Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

There's a voice that speaks within us, If we own ho craven heart, As we pross along tife's pathway Taking our appointed part; And it bids us bear our burden, Heavy though it seem and feel, And with strong and hopeful vigor

Put your shoulder to the wheel.

What though clouds are darkling o'er us, They but hide a tranquil uky; Or should storm-drops fall around us, Never doubt and faint and falter; Heart, be stout and true as steel, Fortune smiles on brave endeavor-Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Folded hands will never aid us To uplift the load of care; "Up and stirring" be your motto. Meek to suffer, strong to bear.
Tis not chance that guides our footsteps, or our destiny can seal; With a will, then, strong and ready, Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Men of worth have conn'd the lesson, Men of might have tried its truth, Aged lips have breathed the maxim In the listening our of youth; And be sure throughout life's journey Many a wounded heart would heal, If we all as friends and brothers, Put our shoulder to the wheel.

Song of Erin.

It's sailin' I am by the dawn of the day, To my brother that's over the say: But it's little I'll care for my life anywhers,
For it's braking my heart will be.
But a treasure i'll take for audi Ireland's sake, That I'll prize all belongings above; It's a handful o' earth from the land of my birth, From the heart o' the land that I love.

And won't the poor lad in his exile be glad, When he sees the brave present I bring? And won't there be flowers from this treasure of ours, In the warmth of the beautiful spring? Och, Erin Machree! tho' its partin' we be, It's a blessing I lave on your shore: And your mountains and streams I will see in my dress.

Till I cross to my country once more.

HARD TASK OF THE PRINTER.-None but some poor printer who has been the victim of bad MSS. can fully appreciate the justice of the complaints so often made against it; who, after vainly studying his copy and hunting through the dictionary, is obliged to resort to the foreman, and at last call's general consultation of the compositors, in hopes that some one may hit upon the happy word that will translate the hieroglyphics, so as to fill up the lack of meaning in the sentence; or some poor, half-pay apprentice, who sees the "fat takes" and readable MSS. coolly appropriated by his seniors in the trade, as if it was theirs by the right of preemption-while he must take the blame of misprinted articles, and often finds himself obliged to set up his own condemnation for ignorance or carelessness

Another fault is: writers often seeing the injune tion to write only on one side of the paper, go to work, with a self-satisfaction, no doubt, that they are obeying orders; accordingly they huddle on one side of foolscap what four would comfortably and decently hold, but remembering to leave one side blank; this has no resemblance to handwriting at the distance the copy should be from the compositor to enable him to work with convenience and facility; so he must either use a magnifying glass, (which has not yet been introduced for that purpose) or spend a great deal of his time in bringing It to him; and consequently on Saturday night the

poor printer, etc. Authors, writers, contributors and friends, if you have any respect for the memory of Franklin-if you wish to save printers from being "hard cases," suicides, and believers in total depravity, send them good manuscript, and you will have at least one class to admire and appreciate your writings.

Mr. Hull says: Will our exchanges please notice that there are two CLLEIONS published in Decatur? As we no longer belong to that firm, we would have our exchanges come to Hull's Monthly Cherien. That will prevent all mistakes at the Post

Sir Cloudely Shovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards

COMMUNICATIONS PROM THE HINER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee," All communications under this head are given through

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

INVOCATION.

Infinite Father, again we feel to call upon Thee, and offer unto Thee our most sincere thanks for every conceivable form of life, wherever it may be; and although we do not find Thee as we had expected, as a personified being, whom all should some day see in glory, majesty and power, according to Biblical history, yet although we do not see Thee as an individualized being, we do see Thee in every form of life, for we feel, oh, God, Thou art life, and that Thou dost permeate everything that we can believe possesses life-animate or inanimate. Thou art the great motive power, the all-pervading force which carries on and moves the mighty wheel of progress, for we feel that it is mighty, and that it will ever continue to revolve upon its axis, until every vestige of oppression and wrong shall be obliterated from the face of the earth, and still by Thy almighty power, it will continue its majestic work of development, unfoldment and progress, to all eternity.

We speak of wrong, because there are many things that seem wrong unto us, yet, our Father, when we realize that Thou art within all things, and that everything must of necessity have its beginning in Thee, and that it is in accordance with Thy will, then it is that we feel that the imperfections are within ourselves; and feeling thus, we ask of Thee more perfect understanding of Thy laws-a more perfect knowledge of our own souls-that we may be better fitted for the work Thou hast given us to do.

We praise Thee, our Father, because Thou art ever with us; for the light Thou hast given us; for all the sorrows and joys Thou hast allotted unto us; because we realize, oh, Father, that Thou art with us alike in joy and sorrow; and as we advance in knowledge and wisdom, our sorrows will diminish, while our joys will increase.

Infinite Father, we would not crave Thy blessing for a few, but for all; and we ask that every one of us may be brought to a realizing sense of Thy goodness, of Thy ever-watchful care, and of Thy everabiding love, and that one and all we may thank and adore Thee, forever!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Can the feared prevalence and effects of the cholera in the United States, be foretold, and if so, what will be the extent of its doings here?

A. Those who have marked the conditions which have preceded the cholera heretofore are the best judges of the probability of its prevalence, and the offects it will be likely to produce in its onward

It behaves every one to attend to his own physical condition, and the purification of the atmosphere, by general cleanliness everywhere. It would seem that the people have hitherto been sufficiently warned to induce them to provide and make conditions so as to be enabled to avoid the scourge; but the fact is they are so engrossed in matters of speculation and everything else but that which pertains to their highest welfare, that it seems as though a scourge must periodically come to arouse them to a realizing sense that they have a higher mission to perform than the mere accumulation of wealth.

Do you not know that most of the victims of cholera are persons above the age of ten years? [I had not thought of the subject, but perhaps it is so.] While considering this subject, I propose to give my views upon it more fully than the question would demand. Yet I would have it understood that I speak only from my standpoint, and not in a dictatorial spirit. Nor would I influence any one who does not recognize the truth of what I say, but after what I say, there will be many who will readily perceive the truth of my statement, which is thisthat the mind has much to do with the condition of

We will call the mind the positive—for it is so and the body the negative. Consequently the body is subject to the will of the mind. Now, to come to the point I propose to make. The mind, having much to do with the physical condition of the system, or, in other words, the mind continuing to hold its power over the body, as the positive does the negative, it is seldom, if ever, that such persons die of cholera, or any similar disease. Now, if that law was more generally understood, all persons would readily perceive that the power is within themselves to escape the effect of the disease which

Why is it that persons who are most subject to that disease are above the age of ten years? I answer, it is from the fact that they have arrived at that period of understanding that they know the symptoms of the disease and its locality, and fear is the result of that knowledge, and by fear the system is thrown into a negative state, and consequently a receptive condition for such diseases; and as the symptoms develop themselves, the mind becomes the negative and the disease the positiveand goes on with its work of destruction until death is usually the result.

The fact that some persons are able to nurse and take care of hundreds of others, who dle with cholera, and never take the disease, is indicative of the known fact that such persons are in that calm, positive state of mind that is requisite to the continued control of the mind over the body. As a requisite to making conditions favorable to that calin, positive state of the mind so necessarygeneral cleanliness, not only in cities and towns, but a purification of houses, and especially of each individual, will induce that confidence in the public mind that will repel the disease, so that little fears need be entertained of the cholera, or any like epidemic.

QUESTIONS FROM A GENTLEMAN IN ROCK ISLAND

Will the controlling intelligence at your public circles please to answer the following questions:

Q. Is the Book of Mormon of divine or simply of human origin? The late Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, published said book in 1830; he declared it to be divine, having received the original, engraven on golden plates, and delivered to him by the hands of an angel. These engravings he translated, he says, by the gift and power of God.

A. The first question is, What is divine? When we speak of anything of divine origin, we are very apt to look upon it as coming direct from Deity or God, but when we take into consideration this truth? that Deity is the embodiment of all things, then we shall say that it is of divine origin, inasmuch as man is a part of divinity. Thus far we perceive it

to be of divine origin, and no farther. Q. Are the revelations purporting to come to him direct from Christ, and published in book form, entitled "The Book of Doctrine and Covenants," ----ine or spurious?

A. No doubt they are genuine to the individual, inasmuch as he considers himself the special chosen one of Christ to convey such important messages to low and degraded children of humanity.

We question not the sincerity of the author of said book, but we do question whether he was inspired by Jesus of Nazareth, who is said to be the embodiment of perfection. Such are our ideas of the genuineness of the work referred to.

Q. How is the spirit of said Smith now occupied in the spirit spheres? and to which sphere does he

A. Not being personally acquainted with the spirit in question, I cannot state his employment or the sphere to which he belongs.

Q. What is the future of Mormonism, with its pretensions to saintliness and divine authority so great, and the flagrant crimes of its present principal leaders so many?

A. Mormonism, as well as all other isms, excepting Spiritualism, will eventually pass away; as the minds of men become unfolded they will be enabled to see and appreciate higher truths, and they will not only be the recipients of such truths, but will advocate them as strongly as they do their present isms. We said Spiritualism would not pass away. The reason it will not is, that it is the child of a natural parent, and founded upon immutable principles-consequently can never pass away or die.

Q. Is the system of polygamy, as taught and practised by the Mormons, right or wrong?

A. It is right to their condition, inasmuch as the human family has to pass through every kind and form of experience, for the purpose of the development and unfoldment of every faculty of their beings. Our friend must take into consideration this fact. that all is not evil that seemeth evil to him.

It is the condition and surroundings of the individual that causes him to do that which seemeth evil to others, yet it is seeming good to the individual-this condition.

Our friend, the inquirer, will receive so much of what we have said in answer to his questions as seemeth good to him, and no more.

DECEMBER 9.

ORLANDO FISHER.I

[Orlando Fisher could not control to speak for himself. Spirit Henry spoke for him, and said:] His name is Orlando Fisher, and he belonged to company K, 9th regiment infantry, Indiana volunteers, and was killed at Atlanta, Georgia, July, 1864. His captain was also present, and tried to control, but could not. He was killed at same time and place. Orlando Fisher was a private, and a little above medium height; rather slim, erect form; dark hair, dark hazel eyes, and dark eyebrows-not very heavy; was about thirty-five years old. He was shot.

ANDREW MORTON.

I want you to say every word exactly as I say it. [That we endeavor always to do.] I am going to say just this: that when people deal more justly with the supposed dead, they will be more at ease with themselves and with God.

The idea that people have grown into, that as soon as we are dead, we have no care or thought for what is said or done-that we are either so far away that we don't know anything about it, or if we are near, that we are dead to all sense of right, or going still further, that if we do know, we can't help ourselves-is the whole of it false!

Now, sir, I want everybody to know, that ever knew anything about me, that I not only hear what they say, but see what they do. There are several, too, in particular, that I will give to understand, if they don't come a little nearer to what is right in regard to the things which I left with them, I will either, through this organism or some other, expose them in the whole of their lives from beginning to end. Their names I will not give now. My own name and the names of some of my family will be sufficient for them to know it is me; at least it is all I see fit to give. If they do not make it suf-

they will wish they had. My home was in the city of Rochester, New York. I was a carpenter by trade—poor, but I thank God I was honest. I trusted too much in the honesty of man I flud, too. I did not feel it necessary to take a man's note. My own word was as good as my note any time. But if I had taken notes instead of men's words to leave with my family, it would have been a good deal better. But I will let them know that Morton is not dead-if he is dead to their sight,

he is not to the needs of his family; and the in-

ficient for them, the time will come, perhaps, that

terests of his family are his still. My wife's name is Amanda Morton. We have four children-two boys and two girls-the eldest and youngest are boys. I will give you my name and age, and that will be sufficient. On the whole, I will state when I died—that will be a little better. My name is Andrew Morton. I was thirty-seven years old when I dled. Have been dead about a year and a half. Now, if you will carry that into the columns of your paper, you will confer a favor on me. Good bye.

ELIZA MASON.

As women are gifted for talking more rapidly, I suppose I shall talk more rapidly than the gentleman who last spoke. My story is short, and will be very soon told. It is rather humiliating to me to make use of this mode of communicating to my friends, for the reason that I said so much against mediums; but my anxiety to communicate to them is strong enough to overcome everything else. My parents reside at Rock Island, Ill. My father's name is James Mason. All I desire is to have him know that I can come back, and when they are apprised of that fact they will certainly give me an opportunity nearer home. My name is Eliza Mason. I was 17 years old in the May previous to my death, which took place in August. It is one year last August since that event. My disease was typhoid fever. Dr. McGee was my physician. I have nothing to say against what he did for me. I think he did the best that could be done. I am very much obliged to you, and hope you will prosper.

MILO FERGUSON.

I am ahead of her a little, you see. [Laughing heartily.] I believed in this thing. It is fun that one so prim as she used to be had to come here to communicate. [Still laughing.] That was richwell seasoned. It is good for such folks. [Still laughing.] I would not give a snap of the finger-[suiting the expression to the act]-for a heaven. where I could not laugh and have fun over such folks. You could not see her, but we could. Well, everybody is coming to it; if not on your side, they have to when they get here.

My folks believe in this thing-Spiritualism. They live in Dubuque, Iowa. We used to have circles at our house, so I know all about rapping, table-tipping, etc. Father said the beauty of this belief was, it robbed death of its terrors, and that instead ef folks being dead, they were in fact alive, and could see just as well after they lost their bodies, as they did before. Believing that myself, I did not think it lived through the struggle and come home, don't lectual culture are greater, better, than on earth,

' L. D. C. H. Core : (ree', I billed blokelplad, Pa.

would be much if I was shot down or exposed and got sick-it would be all right with me, for after death our advantages were just as good for pleasure and happiness. Feeling that way, I packed up and started off for the army. I went into the 17th Indiana, company M. (cavalry) had a good time. Got wounded in the shoulder, and dled. I lived about six weeks after I was wounded. I got shot while on picket, and sure enough I was all right. I was never afraid to give the boys my ideas about the future. I told them I believed I should go right into the other world just as I left this, and that if I did go, and the time came round favorably, I would come back and let them know what I was doingwhether I was driving a mule team or carrying a musket, or whatever I was doing. [Laughing.]

Well, now, boys, until the war closed I kept close watch of what was going on in the field. When our side carried the day, I had a good laugh. So time passed on, till the war closed up. I did not understand things well enough to help much. I guess if I had, I could have helped them more than I did. Since that time I have been roving around to see what I could see, though I can't give a minute description, for I have not the power. I find things similar-most everything is similar to what I did see on earth. On the whole, everything is calculated for the happiness of us all. I don't find anything to complain of and I shall be right glad to see all my relatives and friends when they come here. They may just recken I was glad to see the war closed, but I was mighty sorry to think Old Abe had to die in the way he did. I would liked to have had him live and enjoy it with the folks on

I am no preacher, but I must say this you know some think it was a punishment meted out by God to die the way so many others did. I don't see it so. I don't see any punishment in it. If it were possible for God himself to deal out such a punishment, I would say it was not right, after Old Abe did so nobly as he did.

My name is Milo Ferguson. My age was twentythree years. My father's Christian name is George.

DECEMBER 4. MIKE RAMSAY.

If I understand right, this is a kind of post officea post office of the supposed dead? [Yes.] Then I am all right. I want to get a letter to my friends. That is exactly what I want. I am going to give it to suit myself, too, in my own style-my own style, and nobody else's style. It will not be appreciated by those for whom it is intended, if I do not.

[To a gentleman present.] Have you got a little girl on our side? [Yes, I have two of them.] Yes, she is not little now, but she was when she left you. [Yes.] She is a nice young lady now.

Well, now, for my folks. My name was a funny one-Mike Ramsay. I died in the army; I was sick and died-sick and died. I got cold-I was not used to camping out. I got cold, and it hung on to me awhlle, and I tried to stave it off. I did the best I could—Cap knows that, and all hands know that, but it at last got the upper hands of me. After a hard pull and a long pull, I had to succumb-I had to die. The disease was too much, and it laid me

I belonged to the 8th Missouri, and everybody knows we had a hard time. I did not suffer as much as some of them did. We had been in about twenty-two months, that is all, when I died. There were fourteen months left for me-we went in for three years, you know. So I did not have to suffer so much as some did whe fived to serve their time

[To a gentleman present.] I guess you never went soldiering. [No, I never did.] Well, we went in to fight, and we did so. But I was sick and died, and that ended all my fighting.

I want this to go to my father and mother. My folks live at Leavenworth, Kansas. They don't really know whether I am dead or not. They think I will surprise them some day by coming in. But I will surprise them by coming in this letter, through this post office, telling them that I am dead-what they call dead-yet doing pretty well. I used to think folks died-but if anybody does absolutely die, they find something different from what I do.

I think soldiers have done enough for you to be privileged. Some sick, some erippled, and some dead. But I did not go in for freeing the nigger, though, but by George, he has got free!

What do you have it so hot for here? This is the most like the hot place of anything I have found yet! [We happen to have on a pretty good fire just now.l

I will tell you one thing just now, and that is, the only time that I really wished or desired that there might be such a place, was when I saw those fellows-the Secesh-standing up in arms bidding deflance to the laws and institutions of our country, and in deflance of us who were brought out to put down the rebellion. I then wished there was a hell to put them in. [You were a little Orthodox, about that time, were you not, in your desires?] I just believed if there had been a hell, with a cover over it that could have been removed and let them in, it would then have suited me. I felt so at that time. There are a good many that will say, when they read what I say, that the war had a bad influence-bad influence—on the soldiers!

Admitting that to be true—that it does have a bad influence upon them-instead of thinking of the bad influence, they had better think of the cause for which we suffered and received the bad influence, before they condemn. I would like to know if it was not for them, who staid at home and speculated out of the condition of the country, and made themselves rich-and now talk about the bad

influence of the soldier's life! Talk about preparing yourselves-guarding your property, for fear it will be taken by the returned soldiers, who have become so morally depravedmorally depraved! They had better never have talked that to me-no, sir-it would never have done! I hear a good many talking, and they talk in this wise: "We are not safe since the soldiers have come home—since they have been discharged and come home-for they have become so habituated to stealing and murder that they would not hesitate a moment, a single moment, for ten dollars -for ten dollars." There are plenty who are willing to pack all thefts and wrongs off upon returned soldiers. Now I want that class of folks to think and take into consideration what their condition might have been had these very same soldiers they are talking about staid at home as the complainants did, and let those merciless Secesh sweep over your country? They would not have spared even your lives—they would not only have taken your money and everything they could have put their hands upon, but they would have taken your lives-the lives of men, women and children. I think these sympathizers had better think of these things. Don't you see what would have been the result if they had been successful? And they would have been successful, if it had not been for the soldiers.

Then instead of being afraid of the boys who

look upon them with suspicion because they have been soldiers. They went away, many of them, boys, and came back men. Look upon them with respect, as noble boys who did their duty.

All the boys who lived to get home of my company-company I-they will know it is mo-they know I despised the sympathizers more than I did the out and out Secesh, and I do so still.

Now about my folks. Mother cantioned me to take care of myself, so as not to get sick. She mid if I did get sick, to be as patient as I could, and do as the surgeon said, and try hard to get well. That I did, but it was no go. I don't regret it at all. I am a good deal better off, though I could have enloved myself first rate if I could have had the good luck to have got home again. I don't want my folks to feel bad because I did die. There is one lucky thing-I can send a letter to them through this kind of a post office. I have spun a pretty good long yarn, haven't I? [Yes.] You won't be afraid to put it in your paper, will you? [No.] My father's name is Nelson Ramsay. When I come again, perhaps I can do better.

I thank you. Perhaps it is the business of the

If so, I am obliged to the office.

DECEMBER 6. MILO BARNES.

upon its face.

I heard a man ask to-day, if spirits came back, and for the purpose they claim to come, why are they not truthful? Well, now, sir, if you will just set yourself at work and make every spirit truthful before it enters upon the spiritual plane of existence, then I will assure you that every communication from the spirit world will bear truth

Another thing: It does not follow that the experience of any one spirit is not true because we have not experienced the same ourselves. [To a gentleman present.] Do you understand that? Now, sir, if I have been rightly informed, this medium is to sit for the express purpose of giving us an opportunity of sending or giving messages, to be sent to our friends. Am I correct? [Yes, we publish what spirits are pleased to give through this mediam in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and forward the paper to such persons as the spirits communicating may desire us to.] Thank you. What I am about to give is for my friends, and for their special benefit.

I want them to know my condition, and the fact that I have power to come back to earth and give them considerable advice, and such advice as they are always willing to listen to, and, as I think, profit by. I suppose there are a good many who will think it strange that I should take an interest in the financial matters pertaining to my family. But to that class of individuals I would simply say that although we are lost to their sight yet their interests are ours, because we have the same anxiety for their welfare that we had before death. So far as in our power lies, we are always ready and willing to converse with them upon every subject, whether it pertains to their material or spiritual

If I had had any idea that I should have been called away from home so soon, I should certainly have arranged my affairs very differently.

There is a good deal that I could have collected that would have helped my family-my wife and five children-very much. I now see they will never get much-it will be a dead loss.

I never talked with my wife much in regard to my business matters. I thought it sufficient for me to know, and bear the trials incident to business life, without perplexing her mind with them. What I failed to do in earth life, I will endeavor to make up now. I suppose you are familiar with the name of Sandusky City, Ohio? [Yes.]

There are mediums there, plenty of them. The only trouble is in getting my folks to listen to them. I have watched them, and heard them converse upon this subject, and it seemed to me, with all their anxiety to know of my condition, and all their feelings of affection for me, as husband and father, they would sooner lay them aside than to dispose in any way of their prejudices-they will cling to their old ideas instead of listening to anything that a medium might say.

Perhaps I am somewhat to blame for that. I perceive I am, because I should have looked into this matter of spiritual communication, while I was on earth, more than I did. However, that time has gone by, and we have yet to make the best of it. Like a day that has been misspent, we can never recal it and do our acts over again, but we can do

better to-morrow, the next day, and so on. As I was saying, there are plenty of mediums there, and I have faith to believe that after reading this, they will be desirous to hear and know more about it, and in order to do that, if they do not come out and make a plain statement of facts, nevertheless they will come out and visit mediums, and give me an opportunity of conversing with

them in regard to many-yes, many things. If you will be kind enough, sir, to send one of your papers to Elizabeth Barnes, you will very much oblige me, Milo Barnes.

DECEMBER 8. F. K. WILLIAMS.

If I had not been told this was the place, I should hardly think it was. I do not see anybody I would have taken for a reporter; however, I shall not feel satisfied unless I say what I have desired to so long; that is, to tell my folks that the road is open, smooth, the scenery by the roadside pleasant, and all they have got to do to see me, is to take a walk. They need not go the length of the road either, for I will meet them a good half way. I will not tell them of my condition, but I will bring other friends, acquaintances and relatives to meet them. I don't know as they ought to expect us to do everythingprepare the road, and walk in it ourselves, with no certainty of their meeting us at the end! I believe in doing the fair thing, so I will point out the road, and tell them as plain as I can, so that they may be able to walk in it, and then if they do not, it will be their own fault.

The idea that we come in possession of such wonderful powers immediately after death, and ought to make use of them, and that use to be for their special benefit, regardless of ourselves. I don't exactly believe. I am willing to do what is fair-that is, inasmuch as I am the one who has gone the journey, I will write the first letter. If they have a mind to answer it, by receiving me either at their own house or at any other place where there is a medium that I can control, I will communicate to them, and save all this trouble of writing and printing. If they do not do that, I will wait till their desire gets strong enough, so that they will do so, or come where I am.

We have the means of communicating to them, and so we should have if we were only separated by a journey of a hundred or so miles. The means of communicating in both cases are subject to the control of the parties. Our advantages here for intel-

and so some places are better on earth than others. People here seem to have a better appreciation and better comprehension of one another, consequently there is less trouble than on earth. With the exception of these things, I don't see wherein we possess greater power after death than we did before. We have greater power to take advantage of things which exist, but this comes by experience, the same as experience gives power on earth; con. sequently I don't see why our friends should expect such great things from us while they do nothing themselves. I never find fault and complain of conditions. We ought not to expect more than

It is seven years since I left earth-or died. Yet my folks still live in Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, where I left them. My name is F. K. Williams. I was twenty-three years old when I died. I think I have said enough to them so that they may, if they are so disposed, provide the way for me to talk with them. I have one brother and four sisters in earth life, and two brothers and one sister in spirit life. Now, if my friends have a wish to meet me, all right—if not, the same—all right. I bld you good day.

WILLIAM DOLTON.

Good day, sir. I will detain you but about five minutes. I was in the 7th New York infantry.

My name is William Dolton. I was shot through my left hip. [Manifesting pain in that region.] Died from the effects of it, but I guess if I had bad better care I should have weathered it. My home was in Detroit; my parents are there. I have been near my mother ever since my death. She says my death has filled her cup with sorrow to overflowing; that she would be willing to leave father and all the rest, if she could go to me. Now, I want her to remember what she told me when I left her, and those words, if I had lived a hundred years, I should never have forgotten, and I shall never forget them as it is. They were these: "My son, you have enlisted in a glorious cause, and although it is like severing my very heart-strings to part with you, yet our beloved country is in danger, and calls for you as one of her sons to stand by her in her hour of peril. Stand up bravely for your country's rights, and if it be God's will that you should fall, it will be in a noble cause. But think not that we part forever," and with her finger pointed toward the sun, "so true as the setting of yonder sun, we will meet

in heaven." The love of our country brightened her countenance, although the tears were trickling down her cheeks as she spoke. Now I would say, mother, your words went with me, were ever ringing in my ears, when the battle raged the florcest. I heard them when I fell. I heard them, too, when I lay wounded upon the field, and mother, I hear them yet. And as you said to me, be brave in every hour of trial, I say now to you the same. We will meet in heaven, and although not the heaven you talked to me of in childhood, yet it will be sufficient for our perfect happiness. Now, one and all, be brave, fear not what people may say in regard to the fanatical ideas concerning Spiritualism, but give it a careful hearing, and when you have done so, you

will not look upon me as being far away. I cannot hold control longer, so I will have to bid you good bye for this time.

Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

There's a voice that speaks within us, If we own to craven heart, As we press along life's pathway Taking our appointed part; And it bids us bear our burden Heavy though it seem and feel, And with strong and hopeful vigor Put your shoulder to the wheel.

They but hide a tranquil sky; Or should storm-drops fall around us. Soon the sunshine bids them dry. Never doubt and faint and falter; Heart, be stout and true as steel, Fortune smiles on brave endeavor-Put your shoulder to the wheel. Folded hands will never aid us

What though clouds are darkling o'er us,

To unlift the load of care: " Up and stirring" be your motto, Meek to suffer, strong to bear. T is not chance that guides our footsteps, Or our destiny cun seal; With a will, then, strong and ready, Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Men of worth have conn'd the lesson, Men of might have tried its truth, Aged lips have breathed the maxim In the listening ear of youth: And be sure throughout life's journey Many a wounded heart would heal. If we all as friends and brothers,

Song of Erin.

It's sailin' I am by the dawn of the day; To my brother that's over the say; But it's little I'll care for my life anywhere, For it's braking my heart will be. But a treasure I'll take for auld Ireland's sake, That I'll prize all belongings above;
It's a handful o' earth from the land of my birth,
From the heart o' the land that I love.

And won't the poor lad in his exile he glad,

When he sees the brave present I bring? And won't there be flowers from this treasure of ours, In the warmth of the beautiful spring? Och, Erin Machree! tho' its partin' we be, It's a blessing I lave on your shore; And your mountains and streams I will see in my dreams. Till I cross to my country once more.

HARD TASK OF THE PRINTER.-None but some poor printer who has been the victim of bad MSS. can fully appreciate the justice of the complaints so often made against it; who, after vainly studying his copy and hunting through the dictionary, is obliged to resort to the foreman, and at last call's general consultation of the compositors, in heper that some one may hit upon the happy word that will translate the hieroglyphics, so as to fill up the lack of meaning in the sentence; or some poor, half-pay apprentice, who sees the "fat takes" and readable MSS. coolly appropriated by his seniors in the trade, as if it was theirs by the right of preemption-while he must take the blame of misprinted articles, and often finds himself obliged to set up his own condemnation for ignorance or care-

Another fault is: writers often seeing the injunction to write only on one side of the paper, go to work, with a self-satisfaction, no doubt, that they are obeying orders; accordingly they huddle on one side of foolscap what four would comfortably and decently hold, but remembering to leave one side blank; this has no resemblance to handwriting a: the distance the copy should be from the compostor to enable him to work with convenience and facility; so be must either use a magnifying glass, (which has not yet been introduced for that peroose) or spend a great deal of his time in bringing it to him; and consequently on Saturday night the

poor printer, etc. Authors, writers, contributors and friends, if you have any respect for the memory of Franklin-if you wish to save printers from being "hard cases," suicides, and believers in total depravity, send them good manuscript, and you will have at least one class to admire and appreciate your writings.

Mr. Hull says: Will our exchanges please notice that there are two CLARIONS published in Decatur. As we no longer belong to that firm, we would have our exchanges come to Hull's Monthly Clerica. That will prevent all mistakes at the Post Office.

Sir Cloudely Shovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin boy.

HEALING WITHOUT MEDICINE -- REMARKABLE CURRE OF CHHONIO DIRRANE. We are decidedly averse to giving credit to statements that are in direct opposition to the general experience, and especially touching the matter of healing the sick, where the field for humbing and imposition is so wide, and where such sad consequences are likely to result from the employing of ignorant and reckless quacks in the treatment of diseases that are threatening to destroy life. But it is incumbent on us to give the strictest heed to the mets that are passing, that we may be able to determine what is the true system of healing the sick and to distinguish who are the quacks and who are real physi-

In accordance with these considerations we visited the rooms of Dr. Higgins, at the Huntington House, during the past week, observed his method of treating diseases without the use of medicines, and we must acknowledge that we were decidedly aston-ished at what we there witnessed. A young man came in from Darke county, Ohio, who had lost the use of his log, from the hip down, some four years ago, the flesh being almost entirely shrunk away, leaving the limb very little larger than the bone itself. In other respects the young man was apparently in perfect health. But he was totally mable to lift as left foot off the floor. He submitted to Dr.

Higgins' treatment, in our presence, which lasted probably twenty minutes, and at the end of that ime the patient was able to lift his foot into a chair, with apparently little difficulty.

Another still more remarkable oure was performed hy Dr. H., in the case of Mr. John Riderkin, a man seventy-seven years of age, and who is well known by every resident of this city. Mr. Elderkin has suffered constantly for many years with a peculiar disease of the bladder which compelled him to rise from his bed twenty or thirty times during the night and even in the day time, the difficulty from this cause was not less annoying. He had tried the medicines of many of the best physicians, without obtaining relief. When Dr. Higgins came to this city two weeks since, he determined to seek a cure at his hands. The result was, he obtained immediate and perfect relief. He now sleeps soundly, is able to attend to his business—that of dray man—as well as he ever did in his life, and in a conversation with him, in our office yesterday, he said he felt every way as strong and active as at any time during the last twenty-five years. It must be acknowledged that this is an extraordinary cure, especially when we consider the age of the patient.

Dr. Higgins has treated many other cases, since his sojourn in this city, with as remarkable success as either of the two cases we have mentioned; but our space orbids reference to them at this time. that to-day concludes the Doctor's visit to this J. - Richmond Telegram, Od. 28, 1865.

Circular.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress every-

where: 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 do we present the following form of Articles of Association—comprehensive and liberal—and such as leave individual rights entirely unmolested.

Under these Articles societies will be entirely independent of each other, yet they will possess an inherent power for general associative effort, so necessary 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, should be especially careful, to guard sacreary INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS.

Societies organized as recommended, can be incorporated under the general laws governing Religious organizations in the several States, as well as the Canadas—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. July S. S. JONES, Chairman,

St. Charles, Ill. WARREN CHASE, Battle Creek, Mich. HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., W. F. SHUEY,
Elkhart, Indiana. 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Plato P. O., Ohio. H. B. STORER, Boston, Mass. M. M. DANIELS,

Independence, Iowa. MILO O. MOTT, Brandon, Vermont.

F. L. WADSWORTH, Secretary National Executive Committee of Spiritualists. Chicago, August 15, 1864.

S. Bear

PLAN RECOMMENDED-RELIGIO-PHILO-SOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION. DECLARATION.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED being decirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the minds 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. OFFICERS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

And for the better execution of the will of said Society, it is provided that it shall, each and 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, Jantor, and Five Trustees, which Trustees shall be styled the Trustees of "The Religio-Philosophical

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 offices, 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,

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, if necessary, be filled pro tempore 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 Dolburs 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, which report, when approved by the Society, the Clerk shall spread upon the records of the Society for future reference. The Executive Board shall be qualified to give Public Lec-

turers Certificates which shall endow them with fellowship as "Ministers of the Gospel," -such Ministers of the Gospel as are referred to in the law under which this Society is organized; and authorize such Lecturers, in the capacity of such Ministers of the Gospel, to solemnize marriages in accordance with law; which cartificate may be as near as practicable in the following form:

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that the Religio-Philosophical Society, reposing] especial confidence in our as a public

as a "regular Minister of the Gospel," to solemnize marriages in scoorrecognise and as such authorise dance with have. , this Given under our hands at

day A. D. 18 PRESIDENT Executive Board PRESIDENT of the OLERK | Religio-Philosophical Society. OF MEMBERABLE

" We hold these truths to be self-reident," That we are all childrep of a common Parent who, through the kind care of Mother Nature, and the instrumentality of Angelia Messongers, ever holds the lowest, or least developed, as well as the highest of His children in his loving embrace, and provides impartially for their every want, and is continually bringing them to appreciate His unfailing love for all: Therefore it is of this Society to receive all who desire to unite herewith, by subscribing to these articles, each individual alone being responsible for views entertained or uttered, or acts performed or approved. And for these reasons no complaint or charge against members of this Society shall ever be entertained, nor shall any member of this Society aver be simple.

pended or expelled from membership.

As all things in nature are subject to change, so the mind is governed by the same law; and what appears to be truth and right to-day, may appear otherwise to-morrow. For these reasons, any person becoming a member of this floridty, is at any time at liberty to withdraw therefrom, and have his or her name stricken from the roll of members, on application to the Clerk, without imputation for so doing.

That man is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the internal forces of his own being and external surroundings; it therefore becomes the duty of every brother and slater to extend the hand of charity to all, and use their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties by onlichtening. enlightening the mind of humanity, and especially of the

enugatening the mind of humanity, and expecially of the etring, downtrodden and oppressed.

That the most highly developed inhabitants of earth, are intermediate between those angelin beings of expanded intellects, who fong since passed from earth, and now inhabit the "Saminer Land," and the lower races of humanity, who according to the saminer Land, and the lower races of humanity, who according to the saminer Land, and the lower races of humanity, who according to the saminer Land, and the lower races of humanity, who according to the saminer land, and the lower races of humanity, who according to the saminer land, and the lower races of humanity, who according to the same land, and the lower races of humanity and the same land. cupy the sudimental plains of this sphere of existence; and that, as the Angelic World tender their kindest offices to us for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and impriness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our brothers and sisters of every grade, alike, for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness.

To "err is human;" "no man liveth and sinneth not," there-fore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow man in well-toing, and to chide and judge not, as all in turn need

encouragement, and not consure and reproach. MODE OF DOING BUSINESS. A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravend

those articles, shall govern. PINANUES:

All money required for the furtherance of the great objects contemplated, and to be used by this Society for any and all purposes deemed expedient, shall be raised from free donsproperty owned by the Society—but never by taxation of its members. tions, voluntary subscriptions, and rents and profits or sales of

LEGISLATIVE POWERS.

This Society may from time to time adopt such By-Laws at meetings duly called for that purpose as shall be deemed expedient, provided that they do not in any manner contravene or conflict with the true intent and meaning of these articles, or the laws of our country.

ON AMENDMENTS OF THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION. These Articles of Association may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Society present at a meeting called therefor, provided such amendments shall have been submitted in writing, at a regularly called meeting of the Society, at least ten days before being acted upon. And provided further that such amendments shall in no wise infringe upon the largest and browlest interpretation of these articles in favor of individual rights, freedom of action-thoughts, and expression thereof. And no amendment shall ever be made allowing complaints to be entertained against members, nor for their censure, suspension or expulsion, nor in any wise to restrict or hinder any person from uniting with or withdrawing from this Society in the manner herein before

FIRST BOARD OF OFFICERS.

And, lastly, it is agreed that the following named persons shall constitute the Board of Officers, provided for in the foregoing articles of association, until the first Sunday in January, A. D. 18— and until their successors are duly s ected and enter upon the duties of their several offices, viz

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THE HISTORY

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will be practically recognised, and universal harmony reign over the willingly obedient to the Divine law, lie but a short distance before man and the present generation; and, if this generation so wills it, it can attain them. But in the opinion of the author of this book, no individual can attain those fields of delight who believes that the writings of Moses are Divine Inspiration, or in his faith maintains the popular religion of the day. It was under the influence of a settled conviction of these facts that THE HISTORY OF MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES was written; and it is for the purpose of removing these impassable obstructions from man's pathway to those fields of divine pleasure, that the book is published, and is now offered to the reading public.

The book contains some 370 duodecimo pages; is printed on new type, (Brevier) and on good paper. Retail price, bound in cloth, \$1.50. For sale at the office of publication, and at the Book Store of Tallmadge & Co., 100 Monroe street, Chicago, and by the undersigned at Genesco, Henry Co., Ill. [11-tf] MERRITT MUNSON.

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Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it.

A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews.
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it.

In richest fragrance and in purest buck; Per soon the gathering hand of death will break it From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose All power to charm; but if that lovely flower Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain, O who shall my that it has lived in vain?"

Mother's Work.

Tolling at noon like busy bee, Teaching the little ones A, B, C, Henring the older ones read and spell, Smiling and praising when all goes well, Washing and brushing, 'twist work and play-Such is a mother's work, day by day!

Sowing good seeds in their path along, Sowing by action, by word and by song; Never once pausing to count the cost, Knowing that much that is sown is lost; Rearing a prayer in her heart alway-Such is a mother's life, day by day!

Robing each form for its nightly rest; Hearing the faults of the slay confessed; Thus at her knee, as her flower-buds nod. Scaling and giving the day to God. Now many good angels her watch essay

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. How I Spent a Christmas Eve.

Memory reverts to bygone days of Joyous childhood. A few weeks previous to the events I am about to relate, my parents promised me the pleasure of spending Christmas eve with my most intimate friend, Nelly. Now imagine you see the good old family sleigh, drawn by our swift pet steeds, gliding over the snowy highway. While seated by my father, I listened to the music of the merry bells; after enjoying a ride of several miles, my father asked no the question: "Why is tomorrow called Christmas?" "Because it is the birthday of Christ," I answered. "Can we not best celebrate it by following his example," said he, at the same time pointing to a low roofed cottage: "there dwell some poor children, whose mother is very sick; if she has no one to watch her to-night, will not my daughter remain with her. and like the good man Jesus, make sacrifices of worldly pleasure for the sake of comforting the afflicted?" Would that I had the language to describe my feelings at that moment; the gay, pleasant scenes of the prospective visit, the music, the plays, the bright boys and girls gathered at Nelly's home, all arose vividly to my girlish mind. I had anticipated so much pleasure; must I give it up?

My eyes filled with tears as the sleigh halted before the poor woman's door; but I brushed them away and said, "We will go in and see her." There the sick woman lay, pale and thin; her little ones weeping about her. The struggles in my bosom were over. The angel of kindness had gained the mastery. How the faces of those children brightened as I prepared their evening meal; and with what joyous hearts they repeated their prayers when retiring to rest. All night long I watched by the bedside of that suffering one, doing all in my power to add to her comfort. Think you I was alone? No; I felt the presence of friends in the spirit life. How happy and beautiful to me was that Christmas morning; the gemmed icicles hanging from the wintry boughs, and sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight, were not more brilliant than the gems of joy beaming from my soul. The words of that thankful mother were to me a sweet reward. "Oh, you have done me so much good, the angels will bless you.!

We should be willing to make sacrifices for the good of others. If we have sorrow, let us remember the words of the poet:

"Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief? Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold? Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief; Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold." SADA BAILEY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

To the Children.

You may be looking for a Christmas story. No doubt you will find one. The invitation has gone out in your behalf, and the many hearts in sympathy with you will remember you during the merry Christmas days.

Little ones! while so many dear friends are planning and working for your enjoyment, is there nothing that you can do? You are not only to be receivers, but doers. We read that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

I almost hear you say, I have nothing to give. Just think of the many pretty story books that you have read so many times; they no longer interest you, and all that curious lot of toys, long since laid away in old trunks and closets.

You will be much happier if you will gather together these relies of happy days-no matter if they are time-worn and minus some parts, and distribute them among the poor, neglected little children that have no money to buy toys or story books, and try to be satisfied by shying around the corner and looking in shop windows.

Then you can ask your mother for that pair of pants, shoes, dress, or apron, that you have outgrown or laid aside for new and better ones. Take as many of these as you can, and with a kind word -that costs you nothing-go to the homes of these half-clothed little creatures and distribute your gifts, and see if young hearts are not made glad, and you the happier for having done good.

Remember that many of them often go without suppers, so do not forget to carry them a part of your nice Christmas cakes.

Perhaps some of you have money that you wish to spend during the Christmas days. How much of it would you be willing to spare for the benefit of children who, almost homeless and friendless, wander about the streets, looking wishfully and imploringly at the comfortable looking people they meet.

It is only a look—their misery has well nigh scaled their lips. Some of them haven't courage to ask for help. They have been spoken to unkindly so many times that they shrink within themselves.

They tire at last of hearing the glad, gay voices and watching the happy faces, and feel their way through the darkness up some rickety stairway into a lone garret, where their shivering forms and aching hearts often find relief in tears. But the good angels come to dry their tears and soothe them to sleep, and whisper to them of better days. which may come through the ministration of your own little acts of kindness.

Geneva, Ill.

MRS. C. D. TODD.

A little two-year old girl fell the other day, and striking her head, cried at the top of her voice. In the midst of her tears she chanced to see from the window a poor old horse, with drooping head. Instantly checking her sobs, she asked him, in the kindest tones, "What'se matter, hossy? Bump '00 head too?"

Affectation is at best a deformity.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Wonders of Nature .-- No. 8.

BY RUDSON TUTTLE. THE AGE OF FISHES.

"I cannot speak of the countless swarms of beings, a majority of which left no record of their existence, while others left but a tooth or a scale. You will think we pursue a dark study; but the unity of plan, which unites living beings, both past and present; renders our path as easily followed as though our guides were heaven lights high as suns. Here I have a fragment of mountain limestone, a rock of an early age. You see this black, arched ridge, and these slender, curved and pointed spurs, forming a row below it. This is all that we have to tell us that a numerous class of fishes existed. This black ridge was a jawbone, and where these curved bodies are, were sharp and terrible teeth. It was a formidable adversary.

"I pass by the many shell-fishes of this age, at once to its more conspicuous beings. There are now 8,000 kinds of fishes known, dwelling in the lakes and oceans of our earth. About 1,700 fossil species (kinds) have been discovered. Agassiz estimates the entire number of species which have lived during the geological ages, at 30,000. Fishes are found in all the ages, but during the first they were unrivated, and attained a supremacy which they lost in the next period. Not one of these 30,000 is now living in the ocean; all have perished, giving place to new forms.

"The Pterichthys, or winged fish, was a very singular being. Its body was covered with bony plates, which were still further protected on the outside by enamel. like the hard, shining coat of a tooth. Its head joined the body by a very small neck, like insects. You know a fish can scarcely be said to have a neck. In the fly you see the head almost severed from the body. The neck of this fish was like the fly's: on each side a long moveable spine projected, to which a fin was attached, leaving the ends projecting as powerful weapons of defence. It had a long tall, which was its chief organ of

"The Cephalaspis, or "buckler-headed," was, perhaps, a still stranger form. It was small, only about seven inches in length. Its body was shaped like a suddler's knife, and where the handle joins the blade, a long, tapering tall was attached. On one side of the blade, about mid-way, was the mouth. It was curiously covered with scales, which were arranged exactly as the tiles on the roof of a

"I would here point you out one fact which is of great consequence, and will lead you into new paths of thought from what the books will autho-

"You would not have me wholly guided by my

"I would not, most assuredly. Books often err. You must call the facts of Nature, and although books may assist, they should never control your decisions. I would not have my words do so. You must think deeply, and arrive at your own

"The fact I would here show you is, the compound nature of these early beings. The Pterichthys for a long time was considered by naturalists as a strange insect; they judged from its narrow neck. The Pamphractys for a long time was considered a trilobite, which it very much resembles.

"Almost all the fishes of this early age were covered with large plates of enameled bone. Their skeleton, so to speak, like that of the lobster, was on the outside of their bodies. They had need of such protection from rapacious enemies and the rocky seas. Fishes are the most rapacious of beings; they seem to endure the pangs of hunger, even when gorged with food; and in those early days there were species of great size, and furnished with powerful tearing teeth. There were swarms of great sharks, fleet as the wind, and powerful to destroy. From these the slow, bony-clad fishes could only hope to escape by the solidity of their

"An observer could have seen little life in the world, had he gazed from some high pinnacle. Nothing but a black sea would have spread beneath him. Could he have possessed the power to look down into the deep, however, a scene of wonderful activity would have broken on his astonished vision. He would have seen the beginning of life, and the first great step in its advancement.

"Above the jaw is a white ridge, that is known as spine, or the ray by which the fins of these fishes were held as desired. To tell you the whole story of a myriad tishes from this block of stone is more wonderful than any fiction, not excepting the Arabian Nights; but geology tells it to you, and as a sample of countless others she teaches, I will read this story.

"Why do we not find more complete remains? Because these fishes had a skeleton formed of cartilage or gristle, just as sharks now have, which is so soft it cannot be preserved. Their jawbones, teeth and fin spines were bone, and hence remain. If we search the present ocean, in Australia we find a shark with such teeth and spines. When it dies it leaves nothing but these after its decay. By observing the habits of this fish, we learn the habits of those that left this jaw and spine. This shark, or shall I say survid, for so these early beings are named, is extremely voracious, and swift as a dart. It has enormous flus, which are firmly supported by the spines. These are inserted at the edge of the fin, deep into the flesh, and have strong muscles attached to them, by which they can be instantly raised or lowered, and this thin fin, which is attached like a sail to a mast, can be folded or used as desired. When pursuing its prey the fins guide its course, and when you consider that the shark can swim three miles in a minute, as some observers inform us, you will at once understand how necessary instantaneous command of these must be.

"Such is the tale this spine tells us, of a swift fish gleaming in a line of foam through the water. The teeth tell us of power, of a savage nature never sattated. All this is very simple to you now. You see how little liable we are to err.

"Ah," gleefully exclaimed one of my little auditors; "the lecturer the other evening said he could read the character of a person correctly, by simply seeing their hand. I suppose his was a similar method by which you read us this wonderful tale from a tooth or a spine."

"Yes, for both depend on the unity of life. The child's hand is not like the callous palm of the mechanic, nor is the hand of the artist like that of the farmer. So the law and tooth of the shark is different from that of the horse, and is perfectly stamped with its own individuality.

"Such was the ocean which cradled the fishes and rocked their early life! Not fishes like these two sporting gems in the aquarium, but strange and grotesque forms, low and undeveloped in the scale of being. There was not one like those of the present."

"Why so, papa?"

Those fished of which Lapeak, liave grown through I cannot tell how many millions of years to gain the stature of our living thaties, and of course, should be different in their infancy to what we see them at maturity.

"Vegetation was no longer confined to the depths of the sea, but the shores were green with ferns and mosses. The plants of which I shall speak in my next lesson, the gigantic vegetation of the coal began to shade the shore and prophesy the speedy conversion of the barren surface into tangled

Only Moved to Heaven.

"Wouldn't you like to see grandma's flowers, auntie?" asked little Nellie, on the afternoon of my arrival at her father's house.

I looked into the child's upturned face inquiringly. Her grandma, my own dear mother, had been dead nearly two months; what had she to do with earthly flowers?

"Perhaps you think I haven't any grandma," said the child, apparently comprehending my look; "but I have, she has only moved to heaven; she went last spring, before the flowers came, but then she has them all the time up there;" and her face brightened at the thought, for she knew how granding loved flowers, and she loved granding "Yes, I will go," I said, taking the proffered

"Allie, go see gamma's flowers too," lisped a wee thing, scarcely two years old, who came tod-

dling toward us, with outstretched arms. So another they hand was clasped, and we three went "Those are grandma's," said my little attendant. pointing to the flowers that pordered the walk we were just entering. "She planted them all herself,

just before site went to the 'promised land' to Those flowers, then, my mother had planted with her own feeble, trembling hands. It was her last work-a work she had always loved; but this time slie had done it for others, for she knew she could

"Don't cry, auntie," said the child, "for she has all the flowers she wants now, and she is never

not watch their growth, she could not see them bud

tired, and will never be sick say more."
"Who told you all this?" I inquired, stooping down to kiss the flowers, and the sweet little faces that looked so sympathizingly up to mine.
"Why, grandma used to tell us about it every day, until one morning she went to sleep, and they carried her away. And she said we might come and live with her too, by and by, if we were good

in their clear, sweet voices :---"I have a grandma in the promised land;

children; and we are going sometime, ain't we, Allie?" And the two went down the walk, singing,

My grandma calls me, I must go?" a verse of their own rendering, which they had added to the hymn:-

"I have a father in the promised land."

I had mourned a dead mother. Bitter tears and anguish of heart had been poured out, as I thought of her dark, cold, dreary rosting place. But there was no grave, no dead grandmother, to these trustful, hopeful little ones. I accepted the lesson. My tears were dried. I have no dead mother, I said. She has only "moved to heaven." She lives in the "promised land."-Independent.

Advice to Young People-Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above anything else. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

Credulity has as many cars as rumor has tongues,

Spiritualism In New Zealand.

On sufficient payment, the tohunga will even undertake to call up the spirit of any dead person. We give the story of a young chief who had been killed in battle. He had been very popular, and much respected in his tribe, and at the request of several of his nearest friends the tohunga promised to evoke his spirit, that it might answer certain questions they wished to put. The priest was to come to the village of the relations, and the interview was to take place in a large house, common to all the population. The chief was the first of his tribe who could read and write. He kept a register of any remarkable event that occurred in his The book containing it could not be found, though his friends had searched unceasingly for it, both for its own interest and its writer's sake. The hour appointed by the tohunga came, and at night all those interested met the priest in the house agreed upon. Fires were lighted, which gave a flickering light. The priest retired to the darkest corner. All was expectation, and the slience was only broken by the sobs of the sisters and other relations of the dead man. They were heart-breaking in their violence, while the grave silence of the men showed that to them it was a serious interview. The brother of the chief now and then wiped his eyes, as they filled with tears.

About thirty persons were seated on the floor, among whom was the Englishman who relates the scene, and who found his incredulity giving way before the solemnity of the occasion. The fire gradually burned down to mere glowing charcoal, and the light was little better than darkness, when suddenly a voice came out of the gloom: "Salutation! salutation to you all! salutation! Salutation to you, my tribe! Family, I salute you! Friends, I salute you! Friend, my pakeha friend, I salute you!" The feelings of the assembled persons were taken by storm. A cry, expressive of affection and despair, such as was not good to hear, came from the sister of the dead chief, a fine, stately, and really handsome woman, of about five and twenty. She would have rushed in the direction from whence the voice came, had not her brothers forcibly restrained her. She lay then, fainting and moaning on the ground. At the same instant a young girl, who was also held back by main force, cried out, "Is it you? Truly, is it you? They hold me, they restrain me, they watch me; but go to you. The sun shall not rise-" She fell nsensible on the rush floor, and with the other girl, was carried out. Then the spirit was heard again, "Speak to me, family; speak to me, the tribe; speak to me, the friends; speak to me, the pakehal" At last his brother said, "How is it with you? Is it well with you in that country?" The answer came in strange, melancholy accents, like the sound of wind blowing into a hollow vessel, "It is well with me; my place is a good place," The brother asked him if he had seen persons whose names he mentioned. "Yes; they are all with

There were some more questions and replies, and directions by the spirit as to the disposal of his gun, and his large, tame pig. Then the pakeha asked where the missing book could be found. Its exact position in the thatch over the door was given. The chief's brother rushed out and found It, and brought the book in his hand. Soon after, the spirit said suddenly, "O tribe, farewell! My family, I go." A general cry of farewell arose from all present. "Farewell," again cried the spirit from deep below the ground. "Farewell!" again from high in the air. "Farewell!" once more came moaning through the distant darkness of the night. All the people present dispersed, and quiet had been restored to the village, when the report of a musket broke the silence. The villagers, hastily armed, rushed toward a flame which was springing up, where a shed had been set on fire to make a light. In the verandah of the house next to it an old man supported the dead body of the young girl who had said that she would follow her chief to the other world. She had secretly procured a loaded musket, pulled the trigger with her foot, and leaning on the muzzle, "Simply because the child is not like the men. | she had destroyed herself.—Cornhill Magazine.

A BROKEN HEART.—The following interesting case of a literally broken heart was related by a distinguished medical professor of Philadelphia to his class, while lecturing upon the diseases of the heart. It will be seen, on perusing it, that the expression "broken-hearted" is not merely figurative.

In the early part of his career, Dr. Mitchell, accompanied, as surgeon, a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our southern ports. On the return voyage, soon after leaving Liverpool, while the doctor and the captain of the vessel, a weatherbeaten son of Neptune, but processed of uncommonly fine feelings and strong impulses, were conversing in the latter's state room, the captain opened a large chest and carefully took out a number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon a table. Dr. M., surprised at the paraphernalla of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the Captain his object in having made so many valuable purchases. The sailor, in reply, said that for seven or eight years he had been devotedly attached to a lady, to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was as often rejected: that her refusal to wed him, however, had only atimulated his love to greater exertions; and that finally, upon renewing his offer, declaring in the ardency of his passion that, without her society life was not worth living for, she consented to become his bride upon his return from his next voyage. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a marriage from which, in the warmth of his feelings, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually alloted to mortals, that he spent all his ready money, while in London, for bridal gifts. After gazing at them fondly for some time, and remarking on them in turn, "I think this will please Annie," and "I am sure she will like that," he replaced them with the utmost care. This ceremony he repeated every day during the voyage; and the doctor observed a tear glisten in his eye as he spoke of the pleasure he would have in presenting them to his affianced bride. On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than his usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible, to hasten to his love. As he was about to step into the carriage awaiting him, he was called aside by two gentlemen, who desired to make a communication, the purport of which was that the lady had proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in her, and had married another with whom she had decamped shortly before. Instantly the captain was observed to put his hand to his breast, and fail heavily to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his room on the vessel. Dr. M. was immediately summoned, but before he reached the poor captain, he was dead. A post mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate decease. His heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous propulsion of the blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end. The heart was broken.

COLLEGES IN THE UNITED STATES.—Prior to 1800 there were eighteen colleges in what are the United States; nine before, and nine after the Declaration of Independence. The first was Harvard University. Cambridge, Mass., incorporated 1638, eighteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It had been in progress fifty-three years, 1691, when William and Mary's College, Williamsburg, Va., was founded, and sixty years, 1700, when Yale was established in Killingsworth, Conn.; thence removed to Saybrook, in 1707, and in 1717 to New Haven, permanently. Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J., was the fourth, 1746, Columbia College, New York City, was founded in 1754, and the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, in 1755. Brown's University, Providence, R. I., was the seventh, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., in 1770, Kutger's, New Brunswick, N. J., and Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn., 1783. Charleston College, Charleston, S. C., and Franklin College, Athens, Geo., in 1785, Vermont University, Burlington, Vt., and the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1791, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., 1793, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and Greenville College, Greenville, Tenn., 1794.—The California Leader.

DEATH OF SAM SLICK .- Among the late advices from England is an announcement of the death of one of America's earliest and most successful humorists-Judge Haliburton, the creator of "Sam Slick, of Slickville." Hallburton was born in Nova Scotia. in 1803. He adopted the profession of law, and practised for many years in his native place, where he was honored with the position of judge. His first work, an historical and statistical account of Nova Scotla, appeared in 1825. He began his career as a humorist writer in 1835, by a series of articles published in a Nova Scotia weekly newspaper. In these he satirizes the character of the universal Yankee in the role of a vender of clocks. His writings soon became popular, both in the United States and England. Of late years Judge Haliburton has resided in England, and in 1859 was elected to the House of Commons, as a member for Launceston, Cornwall.

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