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Apostrophe and Prayer.

Oh, God, our Father and our Mother God!
Thou source of love and wisdom, life and light;
Whose power hath spread the starry worlds abroad,
Filled with eternal life and beauty bright!
Since Thou hast made us creatures of Thy might,
Let Thy all-powerful hand preserve us still!
Inspire our souls with universal love;
Our prayerful hearts with thoughts of wisdom fill!
And as with strengthening steps we upward move,
Bear us from mortal life to happier worlds above.

Oh, Nature! sun and moon, and stars of night!
Oh, earth and mountains, hills and sloping vales;
Lakes, oceans, rivers broad, and streams bright
Ye fruitful gardens, flowering meads and dales
Ye conscious forms of life that heaven regale;
With vital breath, and frames with high designs;
As matter's self looks upward and inhales
Eternal Fire, we claim, and yield the line,
Cognate in all, of pure descent from parentage divine.

Ye angels! spirits that have risen from life,
Through death's dark door, to the supernal spheres,
Triumphant o'er a world of peace and strife,
Of joy and grief, contending hopes and fears,
Now marching up the path of endless years;
The chain of love still binds us, and our hearts
Turn to the bonding flames, amidst smiles and tears;
Not wealth, or fame, or place, or all the arts
Of life, can give the joy your presence still imparts.

Oh, Man! endowed with mind of heavenly birth,
Enriched superior o'er the world below,
Fired with ambition that o'er spans the earth,
With energies to do and powers to know,
Let thy whole frame with living virtues glow;
Let truth and wisdom all thy counsel be;
Love, justice, mercy upon each bestow;
And for thy soul, when death shall seal thee free,
Cherish the hope and faith of immortality.

Then Power Supreme in nature, angels, man!
Hear now our voice of prayer, thanksgiving, praise;
Praise that Thy bow of peace and love doth span
Our country's brow, and crown with happier days;
And thanks for every gift Thy love dispenses;
Thanks for our conscious being, its joys, its light,
Its woes, its darkness, mixed in mystic maze;
For conscience, truth, and comfort for the right;
For home, friends, kindred, spirits, and angels bright.

Breathe through our hearts the spirit life divine;
Lead us our neighbors, as ourselves, to love;
Direct our souls to work with heaven's design;
That deeds of charity our faith may prove;
Send us Thy watchful guardians from above;
Teach us our earth-born vices to destroy;
Discerning clear the "serpent" and the "dove,"
All gifts and graces may we so employ,
That, when the birth of death shall come, it come with joy.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

Its Observance by the Association of Spiritualists.

TWO ELOQUENT ADDRESSES AND A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

In accordance with the announcement, that addresses appropriate to the occasion would be delivered through the mediumship of Cora L. V. Scott and Thomas Gales Forster, by the spirits of Rev. Theodore Parker and Prof. Edgar C. Dayton, a large and intelligent audience assembled in Seaton Hall, on Thanksgiving evening, December 7th. Among others, the venerable Rev. John Pierpont, President of the National Convention of Spiritualists, occupied a seat on the platform. The following is a report of the exercises of the occasion:

J. A. ROWLAND, Secretary.

Address

DELIVERED IN WASHINGTON, D. C., ON THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 7, 1865, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF THOMAS GALES FORSTER, BY THE SPIRIT OF PROF. EDGAR C. DAYTON.

MY FRIENDS:—In 1611, history tells you, Gustavus Adolphus ascended the throne of Sweden. During the years 1629-33-32, the Emperor of Austria, aided by the King of Spain and the Pope of Rome, waged a war of persecution against the Protestants of the Free States of Germany. Sweden was a Protestant realm, and her philanthropic king determined to take up arms in defence of the persecuted. In 1631 he gained a victory over the Catholic forces. In 1631, after forming an alliance with the Saxons, he overthrew the opposing army at Lelispic; and in the same year succeeded another victory, at which the commander-in-chief of the Catholic forces fell. Wallenstein, one of the most renowned generals of the first half of the Thirty Years' war, was then placed by the Emperor of Austria, in command of the Catholic forces; and in November, 1632, the Swedish king fought his fourth battle in defence of his religion. At that battle he fell early in the engagement, but his troops succeeded in obtaining a most celebrated and decisive victory. The Plymouth Colony celebrated their first Thanksgiving Day in commemoration of that event. From that period to the present, a portion of the people upon this continent, under either gubernatorial or presidential proclamation, have celebrated Thanksgiving days.

But, my friends, to the reflecting mind, no Thanksgiving Day has ever dawned so suggestive to the American people, of gratitude, as the present one. It has been well said, that history assumes its adequate significance only, when regarded as a grand intellectual and moral method—a continuous demonstration of which God constitutes the premises and God the conclusion. Most emphatically may

this be said in regard to the history of the United States, both remote and recent. But this day has been set apart more particularly with reference to the manifestations of the presence of Deity in the recent history of this country. To these, let us briefly revert.

But a few short months ago, and Sherman was pursuing his successful pathway through the Southern States, leaving a wake of desolation behind him; but a few short months since and Sheridan was lighting up the valley of the Shenandoah by the blaze of burning barns and haystacks; but a few short months since, and Grant, with the indefatigability of Hannibal, when crossing the Alps, had established his position, and was making his demonstrations around Richmond and Petersburg. Alternately the people of the country were depressed with apprehension or elevated with anticipation. At times your Eagle was hovering above the land with a broken wing, and almost every harp in the country had a broken string. At other times, joy sat triumphant in the bosoms of the loyal people. At length the more advanced minds amid the opponents of the Government, concluded that it was useless to continue their attempts to overthrow a Government that was deeply rooted in the hearts of the majority of the people. The consequence was, that peace was declared, and the joyful news was received at the Capital. From thence it extended far and wide. Mountain tops from distant mountains caught the flying joy, and the breezes of the valleys and the prairies, rolled the glad hosanna round. But the rejoicings of the people ceased for a time, in order that the nation might bathe itself in tears. Abraham Lincoln, who had piloted the people like another Moses through the wilderness of confusion, like Moses, was dying upon another Plagah, in sight of the promises which had been held forth.

But, such as he was, he has gone to his garter in the sky. After life's fitful fever, he now journals securely—

"Treason has done its worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further."

"Your country saved and re-united, is Mr. Lincoln's monument—Universal Freedom, its imperishable inscription." [Applause.]

At the time President Lincoln entered upon the duties of his responsible office, what was the condition of this people? Bitter, bitter animosity had been engendered between those who should ever have lived as brethren. The seed that thirty years before had been sown, sprung up into armed forces, and desolation and war were threatening the entire country. From the bayous of Texas and Louisiana, from the savannas of Florida and Georgia, from the swamps of South Carolina and the rivers of Alabama, Arkansas and Mississippi, aye, even all along the banks of the Mississippi river, as far up as where the old Missouri, with her muddy mouth gives her everlasting kiss to the great Father of Waters, was heard the cry of the African, fleeing from the talons of the American Eagle, and seeking security in the mane of the British Lion. But what is the condition now? What is the result of these four years war? What is the result of the policy of that good man to whom I have referred, and who has left his virtues as a legacy to the nation? Your government to-day corresponds with the principles upon which it was founded. Your nation to-day presents to the admiring world what years ago was proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, which Mr. Lincoln himself pronounced a magnificent interpretation of the Divine Economy. Is there not a fruitful field for reflection here? Is there not in all this prolific source of gratitude? Can any other people point to so many evidences and manifestations of the stately steps of the Divine in the history of so brief a period?

And now, at the termination of the war, when the bright-eyed Angel of peace seems about to bestow her beneficent smile perpetually upon the future of your country, the representatives of the people have assembled together in the Capital, and have clearly indicated that in the future association of the several States, there shall be no spot of past sins retained, liable to grow up into a mountain of heresy again. [Applause.] And all the people, we trust, to-day, throughout the length and breadth of your land, some more and some less, perhaps, we trust all the people can unite with this audience in returning their grateful acknowledgments to Almighty God for your great Ship of State. I have said all the people—but regret that I must make one exception. It is that of a distinguished and illustrious Convention, recently assembled in Philadelphia, which refused to thank God that the cause of war existed no longer!

Again, what a picture does your country present to admiring and appreciative minds through the entire universe! The long mooted question of whether or not man is capable of self-government, has been tried before the world, and the people of the United States have shown the test. They of your country have shown that they are capable of self-government; and notwithstanding the terrible carnage of the four years war, and the heavy gloom incident thereto, together with the accumulated millions; notwithstanding the sudden and damnable taking away of the life of your Government; and notwithstanding the horribly brutal and cowardly attack by a perjured man, upon the Prime Minister of our other circumstances that would have prostrated our nation still stands, an anomaly in the world's history—rising like a magnificent column in the desert plain, rich in splendor, and in the beauty

of grand architecture—a glorious picture to all reflecting minds in the universe! [Applause.]

Nor is this all. The peculiarities, the terrible consequences and incidents connected with such a war, have been horrible in the extreme. War is at best a deplorable visitation upon any people; but such a war as the one through which you have passed is unparalleled, and consequently, my friends, the blessings of peace should be correspondingly appreciated. Besides, your nation being threatened with demolition, the enemies of free government in other portions of the world looked on with hope that there would be an eventual dismemberment of the nation. They lent their aid for its destruction by their influence and by their means. They dodged behind the pretext of neutrality, and labored industriously for the destruction of the Government. But all in vain. The wrath of the billow and the storm of the sky have threatened ineffectually and your nation to-day, to borrow a figure, may be compared to an immense volcano. Internal fires may seemingly consume her, but no foreign power can ever work her overthrow. These internal fires and eruptions only serve to throw off the burning lava, while the mountain will stand through all time. [Applause.] Indeed, it may be safely said, that if all the earth were overwhelmed with an ocean of political anarchy, the United States would stand like another Ararat, upon which the Ark of Humanity could anchor securely.

And, in addition to the fact that the permanency of your institutions has been established by the logic of events, and that peace reigns throughout your borders—further cause for gratitude may be found in the reviving industry and enterprise of your people. Notwithstanding the prostration of affairs in the South, as regards industrial pursuits, your brethren of that region already manifest a realization of the fact, that perseverance in well-directed industry, will yield a harvest, and that rising again as often as it falls; and that prolific soil must soon yield its hundred-fold again, under a newly organized system of labor. The great West is again pouring its riches into the common granary—while the fertility and enterprise of the North and East are still contributing to the general prosperity of the nation. The iron arms of enterprise are making their connections all over the land, whilst very soon a winged steed that feeds upon the forest and sinks from the boiling cauldron, will be heard sighing in the valley of the Mississippi, ere the telex of the Pacific have dissipated the breath of his nostrils! Our gratitude for the multiplied blessings of the hour, should be evinced in a united effort on the part of the whole people to render them perpetual.

But, my ends, I can only glance at the peculiar features of your history in the past and in the present, a suggestive of gratitude to the Great Architect: the universe—as I must shortly give place to a who will doubtless interest you much more than the one now controlling the medium.

While I advert, however, to the political, social, and agricultural blessings of the period—so indicative of divine beneficence, and so suggestive of general thanksgiving—standing as I do, the representative in part of a system of Philosophy that has been so fully advocated on this rostrum for the past few weeks, I cannot allow the occasion to pass, and I will not if I could, without adverting especially to a system, in all the force of its facts and the grandeur of its conceptions, as an additional cause for unbounded gratitude to the common Father of us all. Your country is the freest on the globe, touching any other interference with individual opinion in religious matters. No authority can prevent the people from worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences. Nevertheless, there is an undercurrent of bigotry, the result of sectarian intolerance, permeating all the interests of the general and, to such an extent, that any brighter or more faithful conception than those heretofore promulgated, with regard to God and humanity, and the connection existing between the two, is almost sure to meet with the most unwarrantable ridicule. Such is the claim of Spiritualism, and such the reception it has met with from almost every class of mind. But "the atheist's laugh is no reward for Deity offended," and can by no means affect a demonstrated truth. I therefore declare, my friends, that, notwithstanding the debt of gratitude due for the permanency of your Government, together with the multiplied and varied blessings growing out of the same, the people of the United States owe an especial degree of thankfulness to God for the religious freedom of the age—and that you, Spiritualists, should feel and manifest a still deeper sense of gratitude, that, notwithstanding the ephemeral antagonism of the many surrounded by the brilliant beauty of your faith, and relying upon the incontrovertibility of your facts, you are enabled to-day to feel that you are right! [Applause.]

Modern Spiritualism has opened up a newer and brighter light for humanity. It teaches that man has a conscious individuality beyond the grave, and that the spirit can return with the blessings and experiences of a higher life, to commune with and comfort its loved ones on earth. It teaches that man is not by nature the totally depraved and vicious being he has been represented to be, but that he has within him all the elements of individual and social harmony—that God has endowed him with all laws necessary to govern and render him happy amid all the circumstances of an earthly existence, and a future spiritual state—that he is a focal concentration of all interior harmony, beauty and use—that a free and spontaneous outgrowth of those

inherent powers constitutes the harmonious man, the good man, the happy man; and that the perversion, the restraint, or the excess of these powers, produces the inharmonious man, the man of sin, the man of shame. It teaches that man should develop himself nobly, fearlessly, and harmoniously, by outworking the divinities of his inner self into practical life. It teaches that the angels of God, the departed spirits of earthly friends, are the messengers of God to man, aiding him in this process of development under the law of universal Progress—and that this law, being a law of man's spirit, is eternal in its duration—and, if man be immortal at all, must continue to influence his being, as directly in the worlds that are to come as in this—proportioned to his own effort and desire.

It is from the existence of this law, and its unceasing operation beyond the silent river, which the Philosophy of Spiritualism teaches, and which is demonstrated by its facts, that the Spiritualist derives consolation when reflecting upon the probable future of humanity. More recently, he has derived much of satisfaction, when reflecting upon the hundreds of thousands of both armies who have been crushed out of their earthly forms by the exigencies of war. Many, very many, according to the teachings of other faiths, by the dreadful carnage of the late war, have been hurried into eternity unprepared. No one, we presume, will affirm, that a soldier, under the Orthodox system, is necessarily a better Christian than a civilian. If not—where are the many brave fathers, husbands, brothers and sons who have fallen, without that preparation so often alleged to be necessary? And who shall comfort the mourning households of the land and dry the tears upon the hearthstone, if these brave non-professors have gone to an interminable hell?

What a terrible apprehension must arise in response to such interrogatories in the minds of those who have refused to listen to the teachings of the Philosophy of Spiritualism; and oh, what consolation the Spiritualist derives from his philosophy in contrast to the dreadful imaginings of darker faiths, when reflecting upon the themes just suggested! The doctrine of personal identity and individual consciousness beyond the grave—the capability of a return to the friends left behind, together with the existence of an eternal and universally operative law of Progress—all of which are demonstrated as divine truths by the facts and the Philosophy of Spiritualism—at once obliterates all idea of a permanent hell, assuages the grief of parting, and opens a pathway to eventual happiness, for even the most rebellious of all God's great family. The fear of death, come in what shape he may, is destroyed by the profound consciousness of God's great love to his children, as exemplified in the laws of their being. The Spiritualist knows that his friends are neither dead nor damned—he feels that the elements of the soul—activity and desire—have only been transferred to another state of being; and that these friends have only gone before in the same pathway in which he himself is travelling—being, through the phenomenon of death, but a day's journey nearer their father's home than himself! Under the influence of this beautiful and truthful faith, the grim monster Death, who has been so often represented as standing on the threshold of eternity, ready to embrace all of God's children in his cold and bony arms, is converted often into a pale angel of light, hovering above the gardens of earth, ready to gather the violets thereof, in order that they may be transplanted amid the flowers of the sky. Is not a theme so beautiful, so philosophical, and so truthful, worthy of the profoundest thought, the deepest love, and the most unfeigned gratitude on this day of general thanksgiving!

And how shall the American people manifest their gratitude to God for the many and varied blessings bestowed upon them as a people? Spiritualism teaches that self-reliance is reliance upon God—and that the highest note of praise is comprehended in man's unceasing effort to outwork the inherent good within him into practical life by continued exertions for his own and the elevation of his fellow man. Thus, a wide field is presented for human effort and human action—and the reward is sure—for whatsoever is done in behalf of the least of God's children is acceptable service to God himself.

Modern Spiritualism, as it is termed, my friends, is no mere chimera—no newly-dedged idea, born of the imagination, and destined to die of the first hard grip of materialism, as some have supposed. On the contrary, the principle involved in the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, is as old as the eternal hills, and as broad and general in its application, as the free air. It is a beautiful theme for contemplation, and an ever bountiful source of gratitude and joy. May I not then, urge upon all who call themselves Spiritualists—all who have adopted this beautiful faith, as a guide to their feet, and a light to their path, to aid by every possible means, in laying it before the general mind? And to you who are skeptical—who still ridicule this glorious system, permit me to say, in behalf of every Spiritualist in the land—

"Laugh you, who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take
The harmless comfort of my foolish dreams,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do but betray our eternity."
"And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations, just as clearly fall,
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle channel of light,

Upon the inward spiritual eye,
As do things which round about them lie,
Gross and material, on the external sight."

In conclusion, so long as the waves of time in the rolling revelry of death shall continue to kiss the white shores of eternity, so long will the human family continue to swell the ranks of those who have gone before you to the spirit land. May God's beautiful angels—the messengers of his love—hover around and about this audience, and hover around and about this nation, until every man and every woman shall realize the truth and beauty of spiritual communion, the grandeur and glory of the Law of Eternal Progression. Then, when you too, are called to test the realities of earth's last trial, you will the better realize the destiny before you—upward and onward forever—rising higher and higher perpetually—glorifying in newer and brighter thoughts—reaching broader fields of action, and grasping nobler and yet more noble ideas—ascending through Love Divine, from the angel to the archangel plane—from the archangel to the celestial, and on, forever and ever, far beyond—

Where sun, systems, planets, stars, whirl through the vast expanse.
As the glorious witness of God's omnipotence!
[Applause.]

Address

DELIVERED IN WASHINGTON, D. C., ON THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 7, 1865, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF CORA L. V. SCOTT, BY THE SPIRIT OF REV. THEODORE PARKER.

FRIENDS:—For I recognize among you many whose faces I have seen before, and some whose voices I was accustomed to hear before in another place, many years ago—it is strange to be with you on such an occasion as this, in such habiliments, and controlling a frail organism, and one different from my own, the stranger as it may seem to you and to me, still I have some thoughts for your consideration which I ask you to consider respectfully, not because of the source from which they profess to emanate, but because I deem them right, just and fitting on this occasion.

In the year 1865, the worthy Executive of the United States of America startled the world with the announcement that he thinks it becoming in a Christian people to manifest their piety and their religion, and in the same Proclamation he announces that he thinks it necessary for the people of the United States to suspend their usual avocations, to lay aside their customary pursuits, and convene at their respective places of worship, and thus to give thanks to Almighty God and show that they are grateful for the restoration of peace; grateful that the evils which have been entailed upon them during four years of bloody conflict are about to pass away; grateful that in the midst of that bloody conflict, many blessings are still spared to them.

We say it is a startling announcement in the 19th century of the Christian era that a manifestation of piety is becoming to a Christian people. We say it is a startling announcement, and one that should call for your most respectful consideration, that you should be grateful to God for the blessings that have been so lavishly bestowed upon you? But without any unnecessary sarcasm upon the worthy Executive of the United States, we would respectfully ask, if it is not becoming in all people, at all times, to manifest their piety, if they have any? We would respectfully ask, if it is not becoming in times of trouble, when war and devastation, and ruin, are abroad in the land, to manifest that piety, and we respectfully ask, in looking over this country, and in calling to recollection the various occasions on which Thanksgivings have been proclaimed, whether to-day or at this hour, or this moment, there is not more cause for you to work than to stop your avocations and attend to praying; and it is not in response to the call of the President of the United States, however respectfully we may consider him; it is not in response to the fact that this day has been set apart for special consideration; and it is not, indeed, because you have assembled here especially at the instance of that call, that we appear before you on this occasion; but it is in response to the voice of humanity, to present to you something beneath the mere surface of this superficial piety which expresses itself in the form of public thanksgiving, and to show you something of the condition of the nation aside from the outward prosperity that is so dazzling and bewildering to self-congratulating politicians and public demagogues—to present to you something more worthy of your consideration than the fact which you all well know, that the blessings of Almighty God never cease, and that whatever may come by the hand of war, the sunshine of his love and the blessings of his mercy continually remain forever and unchangingly the same.

It is true, that the nominal treason of the Southern States has been quelled by the armies of our United States; it is true you have cause of congratulation in the fact that the war has ceased, provided we shall not show to you that there is more danger in the cessation of the war than in its continuance; provided that, in the seeming overthrow of the outward rebellion there does not remain a deeper spirit, a more profound subtlety, a greater intention of evil, provided that, while patching up a peace, you do not entail upon yourselves the future consequences of a worse war; and provided that in the hearts of the American people, pacified by suffering, by the dunes and turmoil of war, there remain no longer the germs of political

corruption, of political officiousness, of barefaced treason, and of hatred to your fellow-man; provided that all these things are true, you have great cause for special thanksgiving; but if they are not all true, it is no more becoming that you should praise God to-day than any other day: it is not more becoming that this day of all others should be set apart, than that each day should be devoted to duties and works of sanctity; it is not more becoming, considering the state of affairs in this country, that the business—provided it is an honest one—of any man or any woman should be set aside for the sake of nominally giving thanks to God. It is not becoming in the important epoch that is now dawning upon our country when the war of swords is transferred to a war of ideas, and when all the horrors of a civil conflict are left upon the shoulders of the American people, that those who have the nation's affairs in their special charge, and those who represent the interests of a great portion of this country, those who come from the loyal Northern States, fresh from the hearts of an earnest, throbbing and enthusiastic people, should waste their time in fruitless praises, and we may say in blasphemies, when they should be attending to the proper business of the nation. No—God does not wait on man's authority to receive His tribute of praise. God does not pause in the eternal career of His laws that he may listen to the mouthed utterances of those who seek from pulpit or rostrum or freedom to give expression to their thanks. No; the nation has just terminated a violent civil conflict; all the powers of society to their utmost center have been touched, or shall be, in the issues of this conflict, and it is useless to say that peace has been restored; it is useless to say that the cause of the war has been removed. We beg leave to differ most essentially with our worthy brother who has just addressed you, although in that difference there is no essential dispute; but we look beyond the mere surface of things that are apparent, and point you to the fact that treason is not quelled, that the cause of treason in the essential spirit of its existence is not crushed out, and that instead of this treason with a bold front of power that is conferring favor, dictates its own terms and now is knocking at the doors of the Capitol to gain admittance there.

Nay; more than this—the spirit of the cause of the rebellion is not crushed out, when throughout all the Southern States that have been in rebellion against the authority of the Government, there has been an effort, and is now an effort, not to restore chattel slavery, since by mandate of the Government it cannot be done; and, thanks to the voice of the American people, it never will be done—but although that cannot be done, the essential spirit of slavery remains the same, when man wishes to place the heel of power, judicially or legislatively, upon one of his fellow men, even though that man be a colored man, and even though he has lately been a slave. (Applause.) Is it evidence of peace when the legislatures of the Southern States refuse to recognize those men as men? Is it not evidence that the principles upon which slavery has been founded, and which caused this war that has so lately ceased—is it not evidence these have not been uprooted, when in defiance of the avowed principles of the American people and of the late Executive—we cannot speak so authoritatively in reference to the present incumbent—when it is distinctly avowed by the Northern people that the spirit of slavery is what is wrong, and not along the outward manifestation of it? Is it any evidence that peace is restored when these Southern people are now forgiven of their sins, as it seems nominally by the Executive, and returning to their places with all the power that people possess who are never supposed to have been traitors against the Government? Is it any evidence that the elements of peace are in your midst when they enact laws that place the black man in a worse position than he was before, under a new system of slave labor, that shall cause him to work for one-fourth, nay, one-tenth part of his proper deserts, and shall make the white rebel the legitimate landowner in the South, while the free and loyal black man shall be his apprentice or servant? Is it any evidence that peace is restored, when all through the Southern States the same love of caste, the same distinction of color, the same idea of the superiority of the Caucasian race, the same indefatigable spirit of persecution remains? Is it any evidence that peace is restored, when even in the halls of Congress, and in the brains of your worthy Cabinet and Executive officer, that distinction of caste still remains, and regards the Anglo-Saxon race as the true lawgivers for the black race; Is it any evidence that the legitimate influence of the slave power has ceased to operate when it has acknowledged that, although a man and woman, from the fact of color, may not be bought and sold upon the auction block; although their handicuffs are removed, and no longer bind their limbs; although the scourge under the name of slavery is known no more, still the pistol, the rifle, and the rod in the hands of executive members of the Southern States, can exercise fitting punishment according to long existing or recently adopted laws, for any political offence, making worse than slaves these people to whom the temptation of freedom has been held out?

I will remember the change of affairs since thirty years ago, when William Lloyd Garrison was stoned in the streets of Boston for being an anti-slavery man; I will remember the change of affairs since a few years ago the United States Government employed its soldiers to hunt down a fugitive slave in the streets of Boston; and though it had been my last breath, I would have fought against the persecution and capture of Burns; I will remember that a great change has come over the public mind and over the mind of the Executive, but I also remember that these changes, unfortunately, have not been so much the result of principle as of necessity. I remember that the great masses of the people of the North have by the actual pressure of their thoughts upon the Administration, forced these measures upon it. I also remember the persecution, the execution and the death of noble John Brown! The authorities of the State of Virginia under the command of an ex-rebel now, but what he will be next, we know not, put to death the noble John Brown for the avowal and execution of the very principles that the United States have since adopted. But, alas! I remember well that not the motives of John Brown have animated the Administration; I remember well that, not the powers of the Government in consideration of the rights of man, but the powers of the Government in consideration of that most ignoble of all excuses for doing right—policy, has been the secret of all those changes in public administration. (Applause.) Though to the memory of the deceased President of the United States, I would render the tribute that justly belongs to him; though the nation has had cause to weep o'er his loss, and to rejoice that such a man was given to them; though in the recognition of his virtues no man would speak higher in his praise than I, and no one perceives the guiltlessness of his soul, the integ-

rity of his thoughts, the honesty of his purposes and the justness of his conclusions more than I, yet I do well remember that even he put off duty until the time of policy should come; that the Emancipation Proclamation was in his closet for three months and more, ere he dared, as a matter of policy, to proclaim it. When Fremont in the West and Butler in the South, had almost inaugurated the same system, I well remember that the hand of the Executive was held back and his heart was changed by a question of policy.

Oh, that the time may come, that the day may dawn, when this nation shall have come to be thankful, not for things that are done in spite of the power of the Government, but for things that are done by it, through principle and love of justice! Oh, that the time may come when, instead of doing good as a matter of policy, the nation shall recognize but one policy, and that shall be justice! Oh, that the time may come when the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives in their enactments shall consult, not the policy of the Administration, but the rights of the people, the love of liberty, and the justice that they owe to their fellow man; that the time may come when, with one man whom I used to know well, that sits upon the floor of Congress, they may love truth for truth's own sake and justice for justice's sake; and love our fellow men because of their humanity! Then the President of the United States may call upon you for a National Thanksgiving that shall come from your heart of hearts, and reverberate through the departments of your Government, reverberate through the valleys stained with human blood; reverberate through the weeping, wailing and suffering groups that now cluster around the Government for protection, assistance and the recognition of their rights.

Friends, it is no time for idle words, nor for homed speeches; it is no time to tell the people of the United States that the war is ended, and that peace is at their doors; it is no time to tell them that all the horrors of the past conflict have been cast aside, and that slavery is no more. Better open wide their eyes to the existing evils—better state to them the facts, than to conceal them behind homed phrases and employ superficial expressions, that they may deceive the people while politicians shall work out their secret games behind the throne of power, and even influence that power itself. Friends, the conflict is not ended. It touches politically, morally and socially, your duties and your rights; and it is a libel upon freedom to have it proclaimed by the Executive or given forth by the authority of any of the departments of the United States, that the negro, lately a chattel slave, is free. It is a libel upon the name of justice to say that the hand of the Administration has done all in its power to make him free; it is a libel upon the earnest men and women who have for so many years been toiling and laboring in behalf of the slave, and who have now by straining the finest point of public economy, got the Executive to admit at last, that chattel slavery no longer exists, when but few of the seceded States have as yet ratified the amendment to the Constitution—and when those that have ratified it have done so under the special provision and promise that they shall make their own State laws regulating the rights of the negro in those several States; and this being done, where is the negro? Deprived of the promises that were held out to him by the Government, thrown back upon the declarations of the Emancipation Proclamation, deprived now by the returning and forgiven rebels, of the lands that they have cultivated successfully during these three or four years, and finally driven homeless and homeless to take refuge among the charitable, or receive alms at the hands of the Government, or work for the paltry sum which the slaveholder will give him, or receive the lash and scourge, the jail, the dungeon, and the gallows, at the hands of the white man who promises to give him labor—these are the interpretations of freedom which are given to these men; these are the conditions upon which he enters the field to wrestle for his manhood; these are the rights that are held out to him by the Government; these are the husks and the stones which he is told to receive—you call them bread—and be satisfied therewith. Thousands upon thousands of starving, homeless women and children of color, thousands and thousands of men who have, during the war upheld the flag of their country and fought with the land of promise, the land of liberty before their eyes, thousands of colored soldiers who have in the ranks of the Union army, unsheathed their swords for the nation; who have waited patiently, prayerfully, peaceably and without wrong or insurrection, that the day of deliverance might come, are now to be turned aside, to be put off with a word of promise. They are to be told, "you have your freedom, but you must work." This is the insult that is offered these people by the Government. The people of the North, alive to the interests of justice, will not sustain it. The people long looking to the wrongs of this race will not suffer it, the people in both Houses of Congress, representing the voice of the loyal States, will not sanction it, and they will see that the slaves who have been released from their chains shall also be released from the persecutions of slaveholders, who at heart and in mind and spirit, are covering up their sins with a false oath and pointing to their blood, as an excuse for treason.

Yes, you have cause to be thankful, but it is not in the direction that seems apparent. Pardon us; it is not because you have a conservative Executive who manages or balances finely the point between the Northern people, the Southern rebels and the freedmen of the South, and places himself on the triangular apex of which these are the three sides, and attempts to convince the three that they form equal elements that shall touch the basis of the Constitution; not in this, nor yet in the fact that the various Secretaries and members of your Government have given glowing descriptions of the achievements in arms that you have been aware of, and have represented the favorable superficial condition of your treasury, and given it as a matter of praise that the nation justly deserves, that its people are the wisest, and the best fitted for soldiers; nor yet in the fact that the war of the sword is ended, when, if all appearances are true, it were better that the sword had not been sheathed, that the Union armies had not been disbanded, the men of the South had not been forgiven and returned to their homes, if, as the price of this bribe that has been paid to the Southern Confederacy, when it was already crushed, you shall yet have to fight over again the battles of freedom, and to establish the slaves' freedom in thought, in deed and in word, as well as in hands. Our hands are of no avail, without land to work upon; our feet are of no value if we cannot possess one foot of soil that we can call our own. Is an earnest and active purpose to endeavor to obtain legislation of any value if schoolhouses, churches, legislatures and even courts of the white man's justice are closed against these people? Are all the various names of Freedom, Justice and Liberty, howsoever brightly they may

be engraved upon the centurion of the American Government, of any value to the poor black man, who, in the States which are governed and controlled by pardoned traitors, has no right to enter a court of justice, no right to vindicate his claim to manhood, and cannot own a foot of ground, and who can only labor for that white man on his own terms? And these are the things for which you are to be thankful? These are the things which the Government claims it has done, and for which it expects you to thank God. No, God does not receive praises secondhand; He does not have any such vlogerents to represent him on earth; He is not willing that the hearts of his people shall be perverted in this way. You are only to be thankful that you have common sense, justice, truth and virtue left, and power to vindicate them; you have only to be thankful that the integrity, the honesty and upright heart in the great masses of the people have not been impaired; you have only to be thankful that you cannot be deceived by any of the aphorisms of the Administration, and that the vast spread before the President's method of reconstruction is so thin that any man with half a love of justice in his heart, can see all the way through it; see all along it; see where it runs in this way, and where it runs in another way, and is called policy, and where it runs in all directions, and is called policy, and any man standing at the focus of which this is the great central power, where the diverging lines go out in every direction, can distinctly perceive without the aid of a magnifying glass, that the only point in the mind of the Administration to-day is resolved into one word—policy. That being discovered, you know what value to place upon promises of justice and liberty; that being discovered, you know when and where, and at what point to meet this enemy; that being discovered, you know, or ought to know, or should have known before electing members of the two Houses of Congress and the various departments of the government who you were electing—whether you were electing men of policy whom the Administration sustains and calls its chief supporters, or whether you were electing men of principle, whether Administration men, or no Administration men, Executive men, or no Executive men, returned and forgiven rebels, or no rebels at all, who would do justice to their fellow men, let what would come.

These are the points for consideration, and not what you are to be thankful for. You are to be thankful that you have hands to work, feet to walk, minds to think, hearts to sympathize, and souls to consider the various problems which are now being presented; and if it does not strike deep at the root of slavery, if it does not work out and purge the heart of the Administration, if it does not make politicians flee in all directions and hide their diminished heads before the avenging eye of justice; if it does not cause them to speak like cowards away, when the unjust position which they have taken shall be thoroughly sifted; if it does not present the utter fallacy of an outward recognition of justice when the heart is wrong, then your speaker is mistaken. Socially, morally, religiously, and politically, the State that have been in rebellion against the Government, and the people of the States that have inaugurated that rebellion, must learn, that not alone by outward seeming of conciliation, not alone by asking for pardon nominally, so that they may in rosy work out their own ends, and justify their eyes and keep. Pointed is the sword of Truth, and wedged, as it always is, striking both ways, and if it is sufficient that the traitors to the Government shall be pardoned and the civil rights of these people are not recognized, why then, justice will be not only the power which has pardoned them, but they who have received pardon, shall also receive their measure of justice to those who have been do-trodden; and if it is not done and done faithfully, if socially, morally and religiously, it is not done then it is not performed at all, and there is no satisfaction given.

The Administration flatters its too soon, boasts too early of its achievements, and its power of making peace; presents to the American people in the light of its joy the glorious plan of peace and reconstruction of the Union which has dawned when underneath is pollitly a nest of vipers. I have heard their hiss. They come ever and anon through the fulminations of Southern conventions, through the enactments of Southern Legislatures; and these mean peace, but war, because they mean that justice will not be done. If the war can be carried on faithful with the mouth, it is well, but if it cannot, do flatter yourselves that a race which has been pained freedom will ever be satisfied with the name without the reality; do not flatter yourselves that those who have struggled and fought thus earnestly for freedom, will take any nominal excuses that they be given by the Executive for refusing this aid in the hour of their direst peril. It is well—the ends of infinite justice that they do not rest, the power of individual man; it is well, because enactments of no body of men on earth can change, or cause for one moment the star of truth and deity to set; it is well, for liberty and justice have not yet dawned upon the nation, as they shall dawn.

A member of your Senate from my own State, the other evening in private conversation, was heard by the speaker to say that the people of this nation were infinitely wiser, better, more capable of governing themselves than the founders of the Government; and he said that the world was growing better every day, and that morality, justice and liberty were more universal to-day than in any previous period, "because," said he, "in the reports of all the departments of the Government, there has been found less dishonesty, less corruption, less stealing than was ever known proportionately before; (Laughter.) and in the expenditures of two thousand millions of dollars, but a quarter of a million has been stolen." Shades of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Clay, hear that, and then say, if only a quarter of a million has been stolen, what comparatively must have been the condition of the other period referred to? (Renewed laughter.) If there is but one-fourth of the corruption, which we are willing to believe, is there not great need, instead of the self-congratulation set forth in this bombastic manner that this is the best nation, and that the people in this day are far more moral than they were ever before, to inquire into the cause of their outward morality? In the first place, we believe that the Government has been very watchful, and of course, when persons expect to be detected every moment, they do not generally steal much; (Laughter.) and in the second place, the arrangements of the military forces of the government have been very perfect, and have been growing more so during the last four years. But even that did not prevent the decapitation of various commanders-in-chief, and the dismissal of any number of officers of inferior grades for offences more or less heinous, and the instaling of others into their places for offences still greater. (Renewed laugh-

ter.) But that is no indication that the moral integrity and virtue of this people are real. We would not give a farthing for a coin that does not cheat, because he has had detection, and who is honest because he cannot help being so; we would not give a cent for that kind of honesty which refers to dollars and cents exclusively, since all the boys in the schools in this country, ever since I was young, have been taught that "honesty is the best policy." Why would not be honest as a matter of policy? (Laughter.) Then, when the government of the United States does not hesitate to be dishonest; when the representatives of the government do not hesitate to barter and sell their souls, when there is no reluctance in reference to the dishonesty and fraud that exist in men's rights, and no consideration of the rights of humanity, and when, politically, all kinds of frauds are perpetrated upon the people from the misrepresentations of the highest authorities in the land, down to the smallest political demagogue that makes his stump speech in a country town, and throws dust in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, while the attendant barkeeper pours something else down their throats to confuse their ideas; (Laughter.) when from the highest to the lowest, or from the lowest to the highest these things occur—is it any wonder they boast of their external honesty, and of only stealing a quarter of a million of dollars, when ideas are bought and sold, pilfered and bartered by wholesale and retail? It is no wonder either that a government claiming such prowess and such virtue, arrogates to itself the right of being the best country in the world, and still can stand up in the face of the nineteenth century and of the civilized world, and say that slavery has been abolished, when in the same act and by the same hand, the slaveholder is given a home, lands, houses, and an abiding place, and the freedman is turned out of doors? It is no wonder that they boast of their honesty! (Laughter.) But enough of this.

You have great cause to be thankful that the voices which have been so long uplifted in behalf of humanity, are not silent. You have great cause to congratulate yourselves that the growing intelligence and the love of humanity, regardless of power, is pervading all classes of your people, and you have greater cause to be thankful that, if war shall come to you again, it shall be a war that will determine, not outward oppression, but all those kinds of tyranny that subjugate men's souls, and make the rights of men objects of barter and sale, and make human consciences subject to the bribe of petty office. These things shall be considered in the next conflict; whether you have a right over men's souls or consciences; whether you have a right over their intelligence and love of justice, and whether you have a right over their love to God and to man. When these shall come to the issue, hoary headed conservatism, with all the pride and power of past justification, shall rally to its hands all those people who congratulate themselves so supremely on the justice, intelligence, truthfulness and honesty of the nineteenth century, but smile to see a freedman scorned, and his enemy elevated to power! But enough; when the heart of man shall be attuned to the voice of nature; when in deeds, words and actions, he shall give forth his thanksgiving, then he may fittingly say that he praises God in his own temple, as the stars praise Him; chanting their everlasting anthems as they roll through space; as the worlds and systems, responsive to the deep heart of life, praise Him in their onward marches; as the mountains praise Him in their everlasting grandeur, lifting themselves far above the clouds; as the valleys praise Him, teeming with plenty, the handiwork of man and the spirit of Nature; as rose-lips praise Him from the fragrant breath of their sweet mouths, giving forth songs of rejoicing in their bloom, and as the eagle, soaring to his far off mountain nest, sweeping and soaring and screaming in his grandeur, praises Him in love of his young; or as the mother, fond and ever vigilant, praises Him in the deep, secret recesses of her heart and with watchful loving eyes bends above her babe—never ceasing and never tiring in her labor of love. So, when man shall look to his fellow-man in love and kindness, when truth and justice, virtue and liberty shall be prized for their own sakes, and men shall praise God, not because they are directed to do so by the hands of power, but because they must praise Him in deeds, words and loving hearts, then a national and universal thanksgiving may be proclaimed; then all hearts and hands shall join in the festal throng, and all faces—black and white—and of every hue and color shall be upturned; and tearfully streaming eyes shall be uplifted to the Infinite Father in thankfulness that peace, which is born of love and justice, which is the child of Principle, has once more taken up its abode in the hearts of men!

A Prophetic Vision.

(Given through the mediumship of COMA L. Y. SCOTT, at Washington, D. C., on Thanksgiving evening, Dec. 7, 1865.)

In the parlor, music haunting,
Kindly faces beaming near,
Kind hearts breathing words of cheer,
By the moonlight's waves enchanted,
Bathed and folded in the moonlight,
In the music and the moonlight,
Sat we there.

Conversation and sweet stillness
Clinging all our hearts around,
Blending with the waves of sound;
Such a perfect rapturous fitness—
Such a strange and perfect silence—
Moonlight, music and sweet silence
Floating there.

Suddenly the parlor vanished—
Moonlight, music, all were gone;
And upon my spirit shone
Scenes and sights I thought were banished,
In a strange, prophetic vision—
A thrilling and prophetic vision
Dawning there.

I.

stood within the Nation's Capitol:
The Senate Chamber was the scene
Jeopert interest: There to extol
the virtues of the nation were convened
The people's giant minds,
And every gallery was filled,
And every aisle was thronged,
And every heart was thrilled
As deep thoughts debated there—
"me of justice to a people wronged—
on to an angel clad in white,
a dazzling face of wondrous light,
a plumes of majesty and might,
His sheathed sword with olive twisted,
Beneath a mandorle, swept like the wind,
to the speaker's stand.

Even that seat its power could reach—
Placidity on the paper did command
By placidly on paper did command
This of you. With every word
And treat the multitude as one whole
Thought the vastness of eternity—
And though the presence of the angel
Had been a joy, yet how he had:

"A voice from North Carolina;
A true memorial from man to man—
From a people long oppressed,
From a people long distressed,
Long dishonored and betrayed;
Asking if the promise made,
Made by them with America's God,
Of justice in accordance with God's plan,
Shall be theirs?"

No voice was heard, save that of one whose form upon
And to grant the boon, when so the angel sped
And every Senator bowed low his head
In shame and fear.

III.

Again within that hall I stood,
And multitudes were gathered there,
The young and old and fair—
The scholars, wise and good,
And when faces then were seen,
And each one with a thoughtful mien
I listened attentively,
The nation's robes were seen,
And in solemn debate
Questions they of the state
Of those who had just spoken
Their voices and were seen—
When in the angel clad in white
With wondrous power and great might,
Again appeared bearing the words
Thoughtful and earnest as before,
Speaking again the words were
Come to the speaker's stand upon
And each man said, while yet
That vast assembly gathered there,
A thrill was visible, as if the air
Was filled with unseen wings,
"A voice from man to man,
Asking if heaven's plan
Shall be fulfilled on earth;
If honor and true worth
Shall find their just reward?"

Alas—alas, it was so very hard
To see that Angel bow his shining head
To see the slow and measured tread
With which it stalked away:
While one upon with swift regards
As if to speak, The angel soft did say,
Smiling on him so sweetly—"No, not yet!"

IV.

The scene was changed anew,
And slowly to my view
Appeared the shining, blooming band,
Blessed by perennial summer's hand,
Two armies—rank and file were arrayed
For battle; a wronged and outraged race
Who had so long waited, watched and prayed,
Were now about to trace
Their record on the page
Of human liberty.

Their faces colored were, but in their eyes
Gleamed the true fire of freedom's prophesies.
The angel led them on!
And myriads of those
Who long with tongue and pen
Have plead the rights of men,
In rank and file did close,
Sustaining them in deed,
Now in their hour of need
Fighting for liberty!

Arrayed against them were the hosts
Of awful power—of tyrants and of fools
Who make the hearts of men but simple tools
To serve ambition; and the horrid ghosts
Of Treason and Theology were there,
The Nation's Government had sold its soul
Until the fend of power whose mocking prayer
In waves of solemn blasphemy forever rait
Through temples built by man!

And now these hosts born of great wrong,
With Church and State to make them strong,
Came forth to crush humanity
And trail the flag of Liberty
In dust and human gore!
Over the whole bright land
O'er mountain, city, town—
Their ravages were spread;
And still the wrong true band
Of Freedmen swept them down:
Until, their leaders dead,
Their cause unjust and false,
Their hearts corrupt and sore,
They ceased to march more.

And those who fought for liberty and truth
Led by the Angel of Eternal Truth,
Beheld a new government arise,
Like that which governs all the skies;
And valleys teeming with rich grain,
Fruits, flowers, dwelling on the plains,
And man, pure, free and glorified,
His truth and wisdom then applied.
While unto him was given,
Peace that was born of Faith
Liberty, child of Joy,
Love with thought of alloy
And Justice born of Heaven!

Nothing Lost.—Philosophers tell us that since
the creation of the world not one single particle of
matter has been lost. It may have passed into new
shapes; it may have floated away in smoke and
vapour, but it was not lost; it will come back again
in the dewdrop or the rain; it will spring up in the
stems of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf.
Through all its transformations, Providence watches
over it and directs it still. Even so it is with every
body thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration,
or generous and self-denying effort. It may
escape our observation, we may be unable to follow it,
but it is an element of the moral world, and it is
not lost.

we say, if you would worship in a holy glow of spirituality. If you get nervous, sing; if you are mad, sing; if you are disappointed, sing; if you are melan-

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

OFFICE, 84, 85 & 86 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper to receive and remit subscriptions for which they will be entitled to retain...

To Our Patrons. All persons sending money orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to the order of the Secretary, George H. Jones.

To Our Subscribers. We appeal to our present subscribers to exert themselves to extend the circulation of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

The Dying Year. Another year is gone, and its low knell is tolling now over the wide ocean of the past.

Letter from Mr. Turner. Brother A. B. Whiting has just closed a most brilliant engagement with us, and to such intelligent audiences, it would have made you feel happy to have taken a peep at us, and although we meet up in the third story, there was not a seat unoccupied.

Letter from Centralia. CENTRALIA, ILL., Dec. 16, 1865. To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Permit me to trespass a little on your time, that I may tell my story, as others do.

The Proposed Congress of All Nations. We have received a condensed report of the proceedings of the Peace Congress, held recently in Boston. Still the car of progress rolls on.

Responsibility. The editors of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL do not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments expressed by correspondents.

Sailors.—The Indian names which designate so many of our naval vessels are the subject of many long words. He calls the Wissahickon the "Widow Higgins." The Miantonomah has been christened by the same authority, "My-aunt-knows-no-man."

Oh! there is ought on earth worth being known, But God and our own souls, BILLY.

The Fabulous Account of the Creation by Moses Every Way Untenable.

It is very generally admitted that the Almighty, the Creator, in all His doings, works by means—that is, by rational instrumentalities—to accomplish the objects and purposes desired and intended.

Now, according to the Mosiac account of the creation, how do the purposes and doings of the Creator turn out or result? Did not Adam disobey Him, and did not that disobedience produce a most awful calamity and disappointment? Did He not inflict punishments for it upon Adam and Eve, upon the serpent and the earth?

What is the reason given for "Noah's Flood"? The disobedience of the people and their consequent wickedness, so that the Creator felt bound to murder the whole race, except Noah and his family, who were not a whit better than the rest.

Reflecting, reviewing and comprehending, in some degree, all these powers and capabilities in man, and his consequent acts and doings, he might see that all these conditions and doings, as well as himself, were only effects of some more powerful cause.

Thus commenced the worship of the Supreme Being. This worship has continued to the present day, varying only in mode and manner, object and purpose. The views and opinions of men, various and discordant as they were, and still are, have undergone many changes, and are yet, undoubtedly, destined to further important alterations.

In the theology of Christendom, the first cause of existence is declared to be Deity, God, the Supreme Being, the Creator of all things. On this subject there are many theories. The one most prevalent, is as above stated.

They can deal in conjecture and belief. Such conjectures and belief may be satisfactory, perhaps, to those who believe them; but they do not disclose and reveal the true answer. And since this cannot yet be done, it is prudent to conclude that it is not necessary. Enough, perhaps, to reasonably satisfy our inquiries in that respect.

An Inquiry Demanding an Answer. In the whole boundless universe of spirit and matter, what else is there about which to think, speak, feel and act, except the Creator and His works?

By Fanchon, came too late for last week's Journal; but Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Todd had the young people in kind remembrance.

Cause and Effect.

The relationship between cause and effect is said to be always and necessarily reciprocal. Are not all effects in just proportion to their causes? Can there be an effect without a cause, and can there be a cause without an effect?

Who or what produced the first cause? Cause will produce effect, else it is not cause. The highest effort and moral duty of man is to trace up and investigate effects to their causes, in matters of important personal concern.

Man has called himself "Lord of creation"—that is, of all things created. The reason for which opinion was, that he believed he had the power in some way, and in some degree, to control all things to his own purpose or use, over and above any other power within his knowledge.

Religio-Political Association in New York. We are pleased to see the good work of free thought going on in the investigation of religion and religious subjects. All over the country societies are being formed upon the basis of religio-philosophical and religio-political freedom.

There are men and women who are full nine days old and have already got their eyes opened. They should not hesitate to use their optics because their neighbors are yet in darkness. We hail with joy every manifestation of the uprising of the masses for freedom.

Religious discussions and trials of all political and vexed questions of the people will be carried on from week to week at our court room at 814 Broadway, known as "the People's Court of Truth," instituted by the "Religio-Political Association," and subjected only to the Constitution of the United States of America.

Let us have more light. Free speech, a free press and free religion in a free nation. All ladies and gentlemen interested in their eternal welfare are invited to hear and receive the truth. To commence precisely at 3 o'clock each day, under the auspices of the Religio-Political Association.

Discussions Sundays, at 8 and 7 1/2 P. M. Trials Thursdays, at 4 P. M. By order of the Religio-Political Association.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions—he is neither hot nor timid.

Spiritualism in France.

We are in receipt of a copy of L'Union Spirite Nouvelle, Revue de l'Enseignement des Esprits, dated the 8th of November, and published in Bordeaux, France. The principal article is an elaborate dissertation by G. Guerin, on the origin of soul and the souls of beasts.

A good priest of the city of Valogne, named Bezeul, being invited to dine on the 7th of January, 1795, with the Abbot of Saint Peter and his monks, related to them, at their request, the following account of the apparition of one of his deceased friends that he had seen in broad daylight, twelve years before:

In 1783, said Father Bezeul to them, being a student fifteen years of age, I became acquainted with the two sons of M. Abaqueque, tax collector, who were my fellow-students. The eldest was of my age, the youngest eighteen months less, was named Desfontaines. We took all our walks and pleasures together.

Some time after, he went away with his brother. Our separation caused us much sorrow; we corresponded from time to time, and it was only six weeks after I had received one of his letters, that there happened what I am going to relate.

On Thursday the 31st of July, 1807—I shall remember it all my life—the late M. Sortoville, near whom I resided, and who had shown me many kindnesses, beought me to go to a field near Cordeliers, and help his laborers, who were gathering the harvest. I had not been there more than two hours and a half, before I felt myself all at once seized and overpowered with a weakness; I could not support myself on my hayfork; I was forced to lay down on a heap of hay, where I lay for a half hour before I recovered my strength.

Finally, the next day—the 2d of August—being on the wagon, where the hay had been put which was collected from the field, exactly at the same hour I was seized with a like faintness and weakness, but greater than the others. I became unconscious. One of the servants noticed me. I was then asked what had happened to me, to which I answered: I have seen what I could never have believed. The following agrees, however, with what I remember to have seen—a person nude to the waist—but I did not distinguish anything further.

As he did not come, I rose to go to him; he advanced towards me, took my left arm in his right, and led me thirty steps from there, in an abandoned wagon-track, keeping me all the time arm in arm. The harvesters thinking that my illness was all over and that I was going off of my own accord, returned to their work, telling M. Sortoville that I was talking to myself. M. S. thought I was intoxicated; he approached and heard me utter several questions and receive answers, that he told me about afterwards.

I was there nearly three-quarters of an hour chatting with Desfontaines. "I have promised you," said he to me, "that if I should die before you, that I would come and tell you. I was drowned the day before yesterday, in the river of Caen, nearly at this present hour. I was walking with some friends: it was very warm and some one proposed that we should bathe in the river; a weakness came over me and I sank to the bottom. The abbot of Meul-Jean—my associate—plunged in to save me; I seized his foot, but whether he was afraid that it was a fish, because I seized him tightly, or whether he wished to go up to the top of the water immediately, he struck out so forcibly that he gave me a blow on the chest, and pushed me to the bottom of the river, which is there very deep."

Desfontaines then related to me all that had happened to them in the walk, and of what they had conversed. I asked him many questions; if he was damned; if he was saved; if he was in purgatory; if I was in a state of grace, and if I would follow him soon. He continued his narration as if he had not heard me, and as if he had not wished to hear me.

I approached him several times to embrace him; but it appeared to me that I embraced nothing. I felt however that he held me strongly by the arm, and that when I tried to turn away my head, in order not to see him any more, because I could not see him without being pained and troubled, he held my arm tightly as if to force me to look at him and hear him.

HEALING WITHOUT MEDICINE.—REMARKABLE CURES OF CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA.—We are decidedly... of giving credit to statements that are in direct opposition to the general experience...

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 astonished at what we there witnessed.

Another still more remarkable cure was performed by Dr. H., in the case of Mr. John Elderklin, a man seventy-seven years of age, and who is well known by every resident of this city.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress everywhere.—In accordance with and furtherance of the views and sentiments of the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Illinois...

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

It will be understood that each local organization can assume such name as may be deemed advisable by the individual or individuals constituting it.

HEALING, CLAIRVOYANT AND BUSINESS MEDIUM.—EXAMINATION made on Lock of Hair, on enclosing \$3.00 and two three-cent stamps. No. 141, South Clinton Street, Chicago. P. O. Box 1809.

WANTED.—AGENTS to sell Goodrich's "CARD METHOD" for Tanning Furs, Peltries and Deer Skins. A single card sent to any address on the receipt of one dollar.

MRS. C. A. GENUNG.—HEALING, CLAIRVOYANT AND BUSINESS MEDIUM.—EXAMINATION made on Lock of Hair, on enclosing \$3.00 and two three-cent stamps. No. 141, South Clinton Street, Chicago.

CATARH: CONSUMPTION! SCROFULA! W. M. R. PHINCE, Flushing, New York, having discovered the elements which are the positive cause of these diseases, and for Liver, Lung, Kidney, Heart and Uterine Maladies, Hypertrophy, Rheumatism, Piles, Diarrhoea, Dropsy, Syphilis, Nervous Debility, etc., will mail his treatise on nature's remedies for all diseases, to applicants who remit ten cents and stamp.

MRS. C. H. DEARBORN.—INSPIRATIONAL TRANCE MEDIUM, will answer calls to lecture. Will also give advice, clairvoyantly, upon the Marriage question where there is inharmonious, and tell persons who are afflicted with low vitality, how to obtain peace and harmony in their families, by letter or in person.

MR. WILLIAM JACKSON.—REPUTER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, ALSO answers sealed letters. Those wishing any information upon any subject, ask any questions about their business, or wish any information from their departed friends, can obtain it by enclosing \$1.00 and four three-cent postage stamps.

WIFE WOLFF'S FRIEND, a new book, just published, by William Jackson, will go beyond all other books, which all are anxious to understand.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 79 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. J. C. HAINES, J. O. HAINES, J. O. HAINES, J. O. HAINES.

HEALING THE SICK Without Medicine—and those Unable to Pay, Without Money.—MANY Patients unable to visit our rooms can be healed by sending a description of their case, age, sex, \$1 and three-cent stamps for circulars.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum. THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED. A MANUAL, with directions for the Organization and Management of Sunday Schools, adapted to the Bodies and Minds of the Young; by Andrew Jackson Davis.

Wanted.—Persons desiring to be admitted as members of the Society, should apply to the Secretary, at the office of the Society, No. 141, South Clinton Street, Chicago.

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as a "regular Minister of the Gospel," and as such authorized to solemnize marriages in accordance with the laws of this day of A. D. 18... PRESIDENT... Executive Board... PRESIDENT... of the... RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern. FINANCES. 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 donations, voluntary gifts, and the rental of property owned by the Society—but never by taxation of its members.

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.

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THE title of a new book, written by the undersigned, and just issued from the press of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, Chicago, Ill.

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GIVEN ON SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY, THROUGH ALEXANDER SMYTH.

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In behalf of "modern civilization," the revelations of Science, and the inspirations of mankind, we venture to ply our puny arms anew in the waves of the world's advancement.

THESE celebrated powers act as carriers of the Positive and Negative forces through the blood to the Brain, Lung, Heart, Stomach, Reproductive Organs, and all other organs of the body.

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Our Children.

A child is born: now take the germ and make it
A child of moral beauty. Let the dew
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it...

A Note to Our Children.

Well, darling, what of Christmas? Did you get
baby's stockings knit? papa's slippers finished?
He may never know how willingly you toiled to
give him joy on this blessed day.

FRANCIS BROWN.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Soliloquy of Santa Claus after Christmas.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

My yearly visit is again completed, and I am
once more from my ice-bound home, where the snow
glisters in the red light of the Aurora Borealis...

The fire burns brightly in my snow house, my
empty sleigh stands at the door, and my faithful
uncomplaining reindeer are cropping the frozen
lichen a little way off.

The icicles are thawing off from my beard a little,
and my fingers are limbering up some in those great
bearskin gloves.

I gave a discharged Captain a pair of game fowls,
so he can indulge in his fighting proclivities outside
of the military profession.

I have a brilliant scheme for next year in my
head. I mean to give some of these enterprising
oil companies a lift, who are trying to bleed the
earth in a thousand different ways.

She saw children like herself, wrapped in warm
furs, carrying off loads of toys, while she had no
warm clothes to keep the bleak winter winds from
chilling her little form.

LADIES VS. GENTLEMEN.—Three things a lady
cannot do:
1st. She cannot pass a millinery shop without
stoppage.

Birdie's Christmas Dream.

BY FANCHON.

"Come, darling, it was your bedtime long ago,
so undress, get your feet nice and warm, and I
will tuck you up."

"No, and I presume he is waiting already for your
blue eyes to be shut," answered Birdie's mamma;
and so the little girl, with a farewell look at the
soft wool stockings hanging behind the stove...

The funny man was dressed differently from any she
had ever seen before. His clothes were of fur,
trimmed with what looked like leather. Fire large
sacks, plumply filled, were on his back.

"Can't you wish me a merry Christmas, little
maiden?"

"Anything else, little girl?"
"Oh, yes, a blue merino cloak, trimmed with
white fur, and a pair of girl's red shoes, and a
bracelet that sparkles just like aunt Lizzie's—I
guess that's all."

"Then they jumped out of one of the bags a little
old woman, who, from some mysterious source,
produced eatables, clothing and soothing drinks.

"This time he stopped in the street, before a large
priestly dwelling. Upon the steps, overcome by
cold and weariness, lay a newsboy, his clothes so
faded that he must perch that terrible, terrible night,
unless help came to him.

"I am not afraid; you would get the worst of it,
m'am," said he.

"I am not afraid; you would get the worst of it,
m'am," said he.

Virgil was the son of a poor farmer.

Remarkable Case—A Child Suffering from Hydrophobia Manifests Unnatural Symptoms.

Some time ago, a farmer living near El Paso had
a daughter about ten years old. While playing
with her one day she snatched and bit on the
arm of the cat, acting queerly, was killed.
Several days passed, and the wound in the little
girl's arm healed. One day, while at the table, she
suddenly fell into a state of convulsion, giving
unmistakable signs of the hydrophobia.

Peace Conference in Boston.

A conference of the friends of peace was held
in Boston on the 12th inst., at 10 a. m. A good
number was present, among whom were noticed
many distinguished reformers.
The meeting was called to order by Edward
Draper, Esq., and after reading the call of the
Conference, Joshua P. Blanchard, Esq., was chosen
Chairman, and Lyander S. Richards, Secretary.

Railroad Time-Table.

Table with columns for various railroads including Chicago and North Western, Michigan Central, and Chicago and Great Eastern, listing routes and schedules.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL
THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the
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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

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