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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

This Day.

BY D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

This day, this day, this present day,
What of it shall be said,
When we have chased its hours away,
What record shall be made?

This day, this day—how short the space,
Yet how important, too;
'Twill leave no other in its place,
Nor will it come anew.

This day, this day, how deeply fraught
With interest to all;
And yet how few to give it thought,
Or listen to its call!

This day, this day, is not our own,
Nor will it with us stay;
Whether or not our duty done,
'Twill quickly pass away.

This day, this day—if vainly spent,
Will ever so remain—
Though we ten thousand times repent,
It will not come again.

This day, this day, may be the last
That we on earth shall see;
With it our time may all be passed
This side eternity.

This day, this day, this very day,
Will fling around the soul
Whatever varied shades it may,
While endless ages roll.

Then of this day, this precious day,
What shall God's records tell?
Oh! shall we throw it a hours away,
Or shall we spend them well!

REVELATION—A SERMON.

BY A. M. WORDEN.

The opinion has long been entertained in the Christian world, that the Almighty once revealed many great and important truths to mankind, but that those revelations have now ceased forever. All that we know of those revelations, is contained in a book, called the Bible.

Talk with the Persian and he will point back to the days of the Zoroaster, when the great Ormuzd revealed many very great and important truths, and all that is known of those revelations is now embodied in the Zend Avesta. Turn to the Hindoos, and he also refers to the days of Sakya, as the day of revelation, and their revelations are now found in the Shaster. Among the Chinese, the days of Zoh and Confucius were the days of revelation; while among the Arabs, the time of Mohammed was the time of revelation; and so on, through the whole catalogue of nations. And now, all that is known of their respective deities, and of their relations to men, is contained in their various books: each nation having its own peculiar word of God.

But those books differ as widely as the nations, and their national prejudices differ.

With one nation, the sacred books of other nations are spurious, and consequently their revelations are also spurious.

But why did Deity give mankind a revelation? You answer, because mankind was ignorant of the nature and character of Deity. But are there not now as many different natures and characters attributed to Deity, as there are different revelations?

Certainly this is so. Then it is evident that all have not now a correct revelation of the nature and character of God.

Then the question arises what nation has, and what nation has not, a correct revelation of, and from God?

Here is a question that is somewhat difficult to answer, if we give each nation equal credit for honesty.

Then our decision depends entirely upon the reasonableness, or absurdity, of the various revelations. But how are we to decide upon such a question?

It is evident that we must fall back upon the decisions of our own reasoning powers.

But how can we do this? Is not reason "ear-ual?" Will it do to trust reason?

Let me inquire, how else can we decide?

Let us, then, use the light of reason and common sense.

But how is it with the Jewish revelation? Do any two denominations agree on the real nature of the revelations?

We know they do not. The fault is then either in the revelations or the reader, and my opinion is that the greatest fault is in each man embracing a creed, and then bending the revelations to sustain his creed, and if the language in its most literal sense does not sustain that creed, it is an easy matter to spiritualize it so that it will.

But how is it with the revelations of the Arabian Bible? In a book of about four hundred pages, there are about five hundred threats against infidelity, the unbelief of the Koran; this is more or less the case with the revelations of all nations.

"He that believeth not shall be damned;" but at the same time belief is not a matter of choice, but of strict compulsion.

Every man is compelled to believe, as the evidence appears to him, and cannot believe other ways, even if he would be glad to do so.

We cannot believe that a horse is a sheep, or that a dog is a man, even if we should try so to do.

Even if the preacher should tell us it was so, and

threaten us with damnation for unbelief, still we could not believe, in opposition to all evidence.

But strange as it is we are asked to believe many things which are equally absurd, and threatened if we believe not.

All those monstrous absurdities are presented to us, as the fluid extract of revelation.

In this way the minds of mankind have been turned aside from embracing the truth, as God has actually revealed it to man, and they have gone after the speculative theories of men. They have become divided and subdivided, and the spirit of persecution, hostility and hatred, has grown out of such a false condition of the world.

But at the same time reason and common sense would teach us that God cannot be an impartial being and reveal himself, or his truths, any more to one man, or one class of men, or to one nation, or one age, than to another.

The same Deity that existed among the Jews, also existed among the Persians, the Chaldeans, the Hindoos, the Arabians, the Turks, Hottentots, Africans, Native Americans and all others.

The God of the sunny climes of the south is equally the God of the frozen regions of the north, and the God of a thousand, or three thousand years ago, is equally the God of to-day, and any theory found in any book, or presented by any man, or any class of men that disputes these facts, robs Deity of the character of a God, and is consequently false.

Accordingly the revelator of a thousand ages ago, is the revelator of to-day.

God's revelations are the same in all ages, all nations, and all climes of the earth, and are received according to man's ability to understand and comprehend them.

But those revelations are darkened and obscured by the false theories and creeds of men.

"There is no object or thing in existence, that does not reveal the cause, or the source, from which that object came—its origin."

Everything that is made reveals a maker. While we look abroad upon the present, and all past conditions of the world, and consider the important truth, that man now is, and always has been, the most intellectual and wise being or creature on earth, this fact presents another important truth for our further consideration.

Every object upon which we turn our eyes, which man's wisdom and ingenuity could neither invent, shape, form or create, reveals the fact to our senses that there must be some other creator who is superior to mankind. That creator we call God or deity; a name or title expressing the nature of such a creator. While we consider that the number of such objects is infinite, this fact of itself reveals an infinite Creator; and this fact is as clearly revealed to-day as it was two thousand years ago.

And while we consider the purposes manifested in those created objects, those purposes are themselves a revelation of the purposes of Deity. While we turn to the fact of the perfect adaptation of every part to the entire system, this to the philosopher, is an unmistakable revelation of the grand harmony of the universe.

The harmony of our system is a revelation of the grand harmony of all systems.

The harmony of one world is a revelation of the universal harmony of all worlds.

Every created object is a number, or an organ, in the universal system of harmony, and even every season is a harmonious member, in the grand system of time.

Notwithstanding the seasons differ in nature and character, they are all equally necessary, and form so many harmonious links in time's endless chain, and the perfect adaptation of every part to the entire system, and the unmistakable wisdom manifested in the grand mechanism, is itself a continual revelation of the infinite wisdom of Almighty God.

The fact is accordingly revealed and established by what we see all around us: 1st. That there is a God; and 2d. That God is infinitely wise.

All the other attributes of Deity are revealed in the same way, and by the same means.

That Power which controls ponderous worlds, with all the objects pertaining to them, and which gathers the terrible storms of heaven from the deep bosom of the sea, and scatters them over the earth, and which sends the awful thunderbolt along its fiery pathway through the skies, must be Almighty.

Do we require any further revelation of this fact, than what is beheld everywhere in nature?

To me such a revelation is too plain to be mistaken. When we take into consideration the returning seasons, springtime or seedtime and harvest, and the great truth that is everywhere revealed in nature, that God opens his hand and satisfies the desires of every living thing, do we require any stronger proof or clearer revelation of infinite goodness?

To me the revelation could not possibly be plainer, and that God is just is clearly revealed in the fact that we are constantly receiving the natural consequences of everything that we do, whether good or bad.

This fact was so clearly revealed to the understandings of the patriarchs and prophets, that the fact is admitted by all theologians, that the old testament scriptures clearly and distinctly teach the doctrine of present rewards and punishments.

It needs no labored argument to convince the man of understanding, that God's character as manifested toward man, during four thousand years of the world's history, is a sample of all coming time.

That system of justice which Deity has revealed for four thousand years will continue to be revealed for four hundred thousand years, for God is in one mind and none can turn him. God's will concerning man is as clearly revealed as his character toward us. It is a fixed fact, revealed in the nature of all things, that a universal disposition exists, with every object, to make everything else like itself.

This universal disposition of nature carries on the continual struggle which everywhere exists, between apparent opposites.

Good and evil, cold and heat, alkali and acid, and all apparent opposites, grapple each other in a terrible struggle for the mastery, and if their powers are nearly equal, they are mutually overcome in the struggle.

But if one power is much stronger than the other, then the weaker power is overcome.

But even this is not accomplished without taking sufficient strength from the stronger power, to hold the weaker in subjection.

This struggle is everywhere going on between man and man.

The goodness of the good man struggles to overpower the badness of the bad man, and vice versa. The wisdom of the wise man labors to overpower and destroy the ignorance of the ignorant man, and so on through the whole catalogue of opposites. In all cases, if the power is about equally balanced in the struggle, both powers are diminished, each by the opposite.

The good man is in some degree contaminated by coming in contact with the bad man, while the bad man is reformed by coming in contact with the good man.

But in all cases the strongest power overcomes. These facts are revealed wherever nature exists.

Everything is trying to make everything else like itself, and all that is essential to the accomplishment of such an object, is to possess the necessary power.

We have seen that Deity is infinitely good, wise, powerful and just.

All His attributes are infinite. He says, "Be ye holy, because I am holy."

He says in equally plain language "be ye wise because I am wise"—"be ye powerful, because I am powerful,"—"be ye just, because I am just."

In short, be ye as I am; and Christ, in harmony with the same revelation, says, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Do as God does, for this is what God requires, and he "causes his sun to rise on the evil, and upon the good, and sends his rain on the just, and on the unjust."

This is God's revealed will, set forth in his unmistakable handwriting, in every part of the universe. How then are we to do the will of God? It is evident that we must do as nearly as possible as God does.

Christ, speaking on this same subject, says, "Love your enemies—do good unto those that hate you, and pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for He causeth His sun to rise on the evil and on the good," etc.

This is the way that God reveals His will to mankind; by doing by us as He would have us do by each other.

This will has been revealed in all ages of the world, and in all climes of the earth, and always will be revealed wherever God and man continue to exist.

This is nature's divine revelation, spoken by the Almighty's voice.

God has revealed himself in all things which He has made.

We have already seen that like all His works, He too, is laboring to make all things like himself. If there is no lack of power, or of the necessary means to accomplish such an object, then all intelligent beings are sure to be brought into the divine image.

Paul had his eye upon this great truth when he said, "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

These facts are revealed to our sight and our senses, and we can no more doubt such revelation than we can doubt our existence.

That which is revealed to our sight is worth a thousand fold more than that which is told us by others.

That which is told us we may believe, but that which we see demonstrated from day to day, we know, and man's body reveals the nature of its origin. There is no component part of man's body that does not exist in the earth and surrounding atmosphere.

From such a source it comes, and to such a source it returns. This fact is revealed to us continually, by our own formation and dissolution.

If all the angels in heaven should tell us that such is the case, we should know it no better. And in fact such information would not be worth half as much to us as a demonstration of this truth.

Such information we might believe, while such demonstration we know.

Knowledge is always superior to belief. We know then that man's body comes from the earth and the atmosphere, and returns thither again. This fact is revealed to us every day, and the testimony recorded in the Scriptures, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," though true, is not worth half as much to us as what we see and know.

This fact is just as clearly revealed to us to-day as it was to the people six thousand years ago.

This fact is now revealed, always was revealed, and always will be revealed, whosoever man is found. This nature in man reveals the nature of its origin.

The nature of a stream always reveals the nature of the fountain.

But when we turn to the inner nature of man—the internal man, we find a nature there which is not contained in the earth or atmosphere.

There we find intellect and intelligence—there we find love, will, wisdom and power.

None of those attributes and perfections are found either in the earth or the air.

Accordingly, those perfections in man reveal an origin of a kindred nature. These perfections did not come from the earth nor from the air.

Neither the earth nor the atmosphere possesses any such attributes, and accordingly we must look for their origin somewhere else.

As all those attributes are manifested by the power that controls the universe, this proves that man's internal nature is a child of such a power.

The fact that we possess such attributes in our own nature, is of itself a revelation of the existence of a God; for we could not have received such attributes from any source where such attributes did not exist.

The nature of those attributes is the nature of Deity; for the stream must be like the fountain.

As the body returns to dust, and the river returns to the ocean, and all other objects return to their original source, this is a sufficient revelation of the destiny of man's internal nature.

There is a law of affinity, or attraction, which returns all isolated objects to their origin.

If a cannon ball be fired directly up into the heavens, from the most powerful gun of modern invention, there is an attraction which struggles against that power, until it finally overcomes and brings the ball back to the earth, its destiny.

It may be taken a long way from the earth by such a power, but no power nor distance can long separate it from its origin and destiny.

So, as a power may also separate man from his God to a great distance, but no power nor distance can ultimately separate us from our origin and destiny.

There is an attraction which struggles against such a separating power, and though like the cannon ball referred to, we may apparently be cut off from all attraction, and hurried away to a great distance, still the attraction finally overcomes the opposing power, and brings us back.

This was the case with the prodigal, and Jesus says, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

This fact is revealed in everything that surrounds us, and were man an exception to the general law, all analogy would be destroyed.

Accordingly man's origin, duty and destiny is revealed in all nature. This revelation always has, and always will exist, wherever man exists.

And we have seen that the existence, nature, character, will, purpose and attributes of Deity are revealed everywhere, and always have been and always will be revealed, wherever man exists.

There never was a time where man existed, that that there was not a revelation of the existence of a God, his will, and purposes, and of man, his origin, duty and destiny.

There is no true revelation contained in any book, whether it be Bible, Shaster, Zend Avesta or Koran, that is not more clearly revealed in nature.

Those revelations deduced from nature and borrowed from the imagination, and presented by man, we are called upon to believe, while those which are presented by nature itself, we may know.

To me knowledge is worth infinitely more than belief.

Jesus said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." But when belief takes the place of knowledge, such freedom does not and cannot exist.

Where there is knowledge there is always certainty.

Where there is belief there is always doubt, and "He that doubteth is damned."

How easy a matter it is then to free ourselves from such condemnation, and be blessed with knowledge instead of ignorance. We may know the truth.

I do not ask any one to believe the truth, I ask them to know the truth, and be made free from the bondage of ignorance.

Does the teacher ask his pupils to believe the sciences?

Does he ask them to believe the languages?

Does he ask them to believe the rules of mathematics?

Are we required to believe that two and two are four?

No, we are required to know and perfectly understand such matters.

Is it a fact, then, that the truths of God, and of heaven, are inferior to the knowledge contained in our school books?

The Apostle said, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to ALL MEN LIBERALLY, and upbraideth not." God gives wisdom and knowledge; he does not give opinion. That knowledge is as clearly revealed in nature as chemistry, philosophy or astronomy. In fact those sciences form a part of God's own theology.

People are not able to understand the sciences without teachers, from which we learn and know the truths of the sciences as we proceed.

So it may ever be with the truths of all revelations.

We may need to be taught, but we should know the truth as we proceed.

It is a poor scholar that only believes that a-a-y spells bay, and it is an equally poor theological student that only believes his theology, and when we have learned and know the theology revealed in the present world, which is only the primary department, we have only commenced to learn.

When we place our immortal feet on the other side of the river of death, there will be new truths to learn, new teachers to instruct, as we journey onward up the everlasting highlands of heaven.

Social Science, Human Destiny, and a General View of Fourier's Theory of Universal Unity.—No. 1.

BY A. BRISBANE.

The name which an author gives to his work conveys frequently an idea of his fundamental conception. Come call his leading work "Positive Philosophy." The name indicates that he sought a method of study and investigation, based on a firm foundation, with the aid of which he could study the complex and obscure phenomena of society. Herbert Spencer calls his leading work, "Firm Principles," which name indicates that he sought for the elementary laws on which to rear a true scientific superstructure. Fourier gave to his principal work the title, "Theory of Universal Unity," which explains very clearly the leading idea in his mind, and general conception which guided him in his researches.

I will endeavor to explain the nature of this conception—explain what Fourier wished to achieve in the domain of thought. In doing so, I shall give some idea of the general character and scope of his discoveries.

As the problem of Universal Unity is connected with that of the Destiny of man, in fact it is a solution of it, I will glance preliminarily at this great question.

For what purpose let us ask, was humanity created and placed on this earth? what function has it to fulfil? what work to execute; or in other words, what is the terrestrial Destiny of Humanity? I do not speak of a future destiny, but of the work to be done here on this earth. This question, which has been asked at all great epochs of inquiry has received as yet only superficial answers, based on the historical experience of the inquirers and their reasoning power and experience, or on individual intuitions or prejudices.

Let us glance at two leading solutions of the problem which have been offered in the past. They come from Religion and Philosophy. We will not examine the solutions presented by the various religions which have assumed to explain the mystery of Man's Destiny, but glance only at that which Christian Theology furnishes us.

We will digress for a moment to state that religion embraces three elements: 1st, WORSHIP; 2d, THEOLOGY; 3d, ASPIRATION OR SENTIMENT. The RELIGIOUS ASPIRATION OR SENTIMENT is intuitive in man, is natural; we will call it the Divine element, as he does not create it. It is the desire, the longing for unity with the universe, for sympathy and association with the universal hierarchy of spirits, and with their supreme head or pilot—God—it is the sentiment of the Infinite and universal, and of the order and harmony which it feels reign in creation. If we trace it back to its primary and essential Nature, we may call it SPIRITUAL GRAVITATION. The finite soul gravitates to other souls, to humanity; and to God, as the particles of matter in the material world gravitate to other particles—to the earth, and with the earth, to the sun. WORSHIP consists of a system or body of rites and ceremonies, by which man manifests his association and unity with his fellow man and with God. Worship is the work of human reason; it is devised and established by man. From the complex and gorgeous worship of the Catholics down to that of the Quaker, so simple and bare, we have a series differing greatly from each other. While the worship varies, the sentiment that animates the Catholic and the Quaker is the same; it is natural and in-born.

The worship is artificial and conventional, established by man, operated upon by different influences. THEOLOGY comprises the body of doctrine and theories, which undertake to explain the mysteries which the religious sentiments suggest to reason, such as the nature of God, the immortality of the soul, the relation of man to the great whole to which he belongs, here and hereafter. Theology means literally, The Science of God. It treats also of cosmogony, immortality, human destiny, and divine government. Theological theories are formed from traditions, oracles, visions, revelations, inspirations and communications, which are claimed to come direct from God. Theology, like worship, is a creation of man. The Christian Theology was elaborated by the Fathers of the church, who borrowed their materials from a great variety of sources—from the Jewish traditions and inspirations; the Zend Avestian question doctrines brought by the Jews from their Babylonian captivity; from the philosophy of Plato and the Alexandrian school, and from the speculations of the Fathers themselves. The body of theological doctrine is then, the work of reason, of human speculation and theorizing. There is no natural theology, common to all races, as there is no natural religious sentiment. If it be claimed that there are direct and positive revelations from God to man, they are so vague and uncertain that human reason has to interpret and

explain them—and it does in its own way. That is, it creates a secondary doctrine from an original source. The Unitarian or Universalist, for example, arrives at conclusions directly the opposite of those of the Presbyterian; and so of other sects, not to speak of different religions. Thus, Theology is a creation of human reason. We have then in religion, three elements:

1st. Sentiment or Aspiration, which is original, intuitive and natural in man; it is the same in the Brahmin, the follower of Ormuzd, the Jew, the Christian, and the Mussulman. It is the soul or heart of religion.

2d. A Worship, which is the external dress or clothing; the natural means by which the sentiment expresses itself; it is, so to say, the body of religion.

3d. A Theology which undertakes to explain those universal truths or facts to which the sentiment points, or which it suggests. These truths, such as the existence of God, the unity of the universe, the existence of a plan and a harmony in it, are beyond the reach of the senses and experience; it is an intuition, inborn in man, which reveals them. Theology is the reason of religion. Thus religion is a trinity like man himself, and is composed of a body, which is worship; an intelligence or reason, which is theology; and a heart or soul, which is the religious sentiment.

We will now return to and resume our subject. Our theology, in treating the great problem of human destiny, declares in substance that man originally created upright and in the image of God, violated some Divine laws or commandments, and fell; he now lives in a state of corruption and sin, and at variance with God. A curse rests upon him, and on the earth, which is an abode of suffering and misery. The supreme object which he should have in view is to regenerate himself, purge himself of his sins, and by a proper life, effect a reconciliation with God. The present existence is a state of probation and trial; man must pass through it if he combats and overcomes evil, and the temptations that beset him; if he has faith and obeys the Divine commandments and leads a regenerate life, he is rewarded in another world, and secures eternal happiness. If he does not overcome the temptations of the world and regenerate himself, he is lost, and sinks into eternal perdition. According to this view, the existence of man on this earth is merely a probationary one, a preparation for another life, in which the solution of the present one is to be found. The human race, taken as a whole, as a collective being, has no great work to execute, no great and unitary function to fulfill—that is, no high and collective destiny to attain. Each human being has his own individual destiny to work out, which is to secure, if he can, his salvation in another world. As to the present life, it is a mere sham, an empty, vain thing, entirely subservient to securing a future state of happiness. Such a doctrine is in fact a denial that humanity has any collective destiny to fulfill on this earth, any great works to perform. It is a doctrine as sad and dreary as it is false and absurd.

Philosophy undertakes to offer a solution of the problem. Philosophy is the result of the theorizing faculty in man, occupied with terrestrial matters, which come within the scope of the senses and experience, and a few transcendental subjects relating to cosmogony. It deals with human affairs instead of Divine. It is the theorizing faculty, operating in the facts which the senses and experience reveal, instead of on the vast and mysterious problems to which the religious intuition points.

Philosophy, like religion, conceives of no collective destiny for humanity. If we take the Greek and modern schools as a whole, and examine the opinions commonly entertained, we shall find that they arrive at conclusions no higher or truer than theology. They look upon man as an imperfect being, in which the sensual instincts predominate; that he is selfish and incapable of any high moral elevation, that consequently he cannot attain to a high social state on this earth, and establish the reign of justice and harmony upon it. Philosophy does not speculate on original sin, and the fall, with their consequences, but holds that the human instincts and passions are naturally low and bad; that men are inherently selfish; and that they are incapable of any great collective, unitary and harmonious labors on the earth. His vision amounts practically to the same thing as the doctrine of depravity. Looking upon the past with the poverty, ignorance, brutality, discord, vices and crimes as a natural and permanent condition of mankind; and on human nature—undeveloped or perverted as it is in our false society—as in its true or normal state, it comes to the conclusion that social incoherence, strife, and conflict will forever reign on the globe. What the individual has to do is to practice temperance or stoicism, to discipline himself, to keep clear of as many of the evils of life as possible, and to attain to intellectual elevation and moral dignity. These views are, like those of theology, equivalent to a denial that humanity has any great work to accomplish on this earth by its genius and combined labors—any great collective destiny to fulfill. Destiny is individual; every being must work out as best he can in this life, his own fate or welfare.

Theology and philosophy look upon the past as the natural and normal state of mankind; so many ages have passed over, bringing with them about the same results, that they believe the future will be but a repetition of the past. Struck with the miseries and crimes of humanity, they seek for a solution. Theology explains this false state by the mystery of the fall; Philosophy, by the natural selfishness and imperfection of man. Neither has discovered that the human race is still in its social infancy—in the early transitional phase of its existence on the planet. The past four thousand years, of which we have historical records, are but a few months in the great life of humanity; but they appear so long to theology and philosophy, that they have concluded they offered a fair illustration of the permanent social condition or life of mankind. In this respect they have committed an error analogous to that which might be committed by some spirit, who, visiting this earth, and watching the first few months of the life of a child, and seeing no essential change, should declare that it would always be a helpless, crying creature.

The views entertained by the world at large of human destiny are those of Philosophy, trimmed down to the level of the common understanding. Men in general do not even imagine that there is any collective destiny for humanity, that it has any great collective work to perform. Man was placed upon the earth, it is thought, merely to live out a course of existence, and that all the individual has to do is, to make the most and best of it.

Having explained the views entertained by the two great leaders of human action, we will take up in our next the theory of destiny, elaborated by the genius of FOURIER.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Agnes in the Mountain.

Have you seen her since the morning? Ah! the sun looked red and lowering, But the storm-clouds gathered thickly, and the sky grew ashen gray. And she wandered off at dawning, seeking flowers upon the mountain; Now the night is falling darkly, yet she lingers on her way. She was ever wild and giddy, roaming off we know not whither, Till our hearts grew sick with terror, but she never staid so long; When the vesper bell was pealing, we would see her home returning, Pausing at the valley chapel, there to sing her vesper song. Have you seen her? We have sought her, but in vain throughout the valley; Now the night is falling darkly, and the sky looks fierce and wild; Hear the wind's low wailing moaning, and the mutter of the thunder; If she be upon the mountain, Heaven guard our helpless child! Darker fell the night, and drearer, fiercer grew the storm and wilder, While they sought the missing maiden, but their search was all in vain; For the lightning mocked their torches, and the loud wind drowned their calling, And their eyes were hurt and blinded by the sharply falling rain. So the hours passed on in terror, till the storm had spent its fury, And the first gray light of morning shone in promise of the day. Then the sun arose in splendor, filled the valley with its radiance, And upon the purple summit like a golden glory lay. Then again they climbed the mountain, searched each ledge, and clove and hollow, "Pretty Agnes! gentle Agnes! she has perished in the storm." So they spoke her name in whispers, with a reverent, tender softness, Fearing in each rocky fissure there to find her lifeless form. But a shout rose loud and thrilling, "Hasten, comrades! we have found her!" And they passed before the cavern lined with moss and lichens gray; From the cleft storm protected, sleeping sweetly as an infant, Smiling softly as she slumbered, there the little maiden lay. Strong and tender arms upraised her, bore her gently down the mountain, Laid her, still in quiet slumber, on her mother's waiting breast; Then the dark eyes opened slowly, with a steadfast, childish wonder: "Are they gone, the lovely spirits, who were with me in my rest?" Thus the peasants tell the story, how the little maiden, Agnes, Lay unhurt upon the mountain all that night, so bleak and wild; And they say the Virgin Mother, looking on a mother's sorrow, Sent the angels down from Heaven to protect the helpless child.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 10.

BY C. B. HARRIS PECKHAM.

The Egyptian or Pythagorean Five, says Dr. Mackey, was among the Hebrews, a sacred or round number, and is repeatedly used as such in the Old Testament, and says Gesenius, "perhaps passed over to the Hebrews from the religious rites of Egypt, India, and other Oriental nations." "Here then," says Mackey, "was the first outline of the point within the circle, representing the principle of fecundity, and doubtless the symbol, connected with a different history, that, namely, of Osiris, was transmitted by the Indian philosophers to Egypt, and to other nations who derived all their rites from the East.

"As an evidence of this, we find the same symbol in the Druidical and Scandinavian rites. The temples of the Druids were circular, with a single stone erected in the centre. A Druidical monument in Pembrokeshire called Y Cromlech, as consisting of several rude stones pitched on end in a circular order, and in the midst of the circle a vast stone placed on several pillars. Among the Scandinavians, the hall of Odin contained twelve seats, dispersed in the form of a circle for the principal gods, with an elevated seat in the centre for Odin. The point within the circle was then originally the symbol of the Sun, and as the Lingam of India stood in the center of the lunette, so it stands within the center of the universe, typified by the circle, impregnating and vivifying it with its heat. And thus the astronomers have been led to adopt the same figure as their symbol for that luminary."

Fellows, giving an ancient astronomical signification to this symbol, says, that "the point was Delty, the circle the path of the Sun, and the two parallels the solstices beyond which the Sun cannot pass."—Lexicon of Freemasonry.

The Bethel Stones and Ebenezer, Jehovah Stones and Teraphim, set up in Jewry, were landmarks to proclaim the way of the ancient Word. Says C. O. Muller, in "Ancient Art and its Remains," "heaps of stones proclaimed the simple type of primitive times—stones sprinkled with the oil of the tri-vice, or trinity of life. "In the temples of the charities there was a triangular which Athens herself had presented as the first work of art"—probably symbolical of the female organ or mystical tripod. The ineffable name or God within the triangle is a church symbol as well as Masonic, and like the point within the circle. It is the *iota jod* or *jot*, and equivalent to the Tetragrammaton, as presented on plate in Calnet's Dictionary. In the Cross, or male and female interchangeably, the twin is one image, one flesh or one spirit in the shepherd or Stone of Israel, the Rock of our salvation, the Phallic or tripod emblem of the "I Am," or great Architect, and in multifold variety is an attribute or branch in the trident of Poseidon. "In order to place the sign in a closer relation to the Delty single, especially significant portions were added to it—heads of characteristic form, arms holding attributes, and Phallic in the case of the generative organs. In this way originated the Herma, which long remained the principal work of sculpture in stone." The Herma Phallic or Teraphim being parabolic in the significance of the mysteries.

Four cornered heomae or covenant altar, when the phallus must not be wanting, fetched a compass to the altar of old Jewry, as per 23d Deuteronomy. Personified attributes spake the wisdom of God in a mystery. The head wedge bearded, a mantle often thrown round was no less significant than a wedge of gold under a goodly Babylonian government. Sometimes a three headed Hermes, or mystical trinity would appear as a finger post, as if pointing to the word written with the finger of God.

Abraham, which means "the father of a great multitude," was mystically the same as the father of all living, the *pater omnium viventium*, and of course included the original Jacob, the begetter of the twelve patriarchs in correspondential relations

to the Sun and his *Zodiac* children. The Lord or Sun was the bridegroom coming out of his chamber, rejoicing like a strong man to run a race in his heat and light by which the earth is made prolific and its productions are brought to maturity, as per Moses, "the precious fruits by the Sun and the precious things put forth by the moon;" hence the Sun or Phallic angel standing in the Sun, was as one in the Maker or Creator, the Holy One of Israel under the veil of the letter, when Moses or other parts of the Biblical Freemasonry are read. The creative principle or spirit of the Sun was the symbolic or spiritual presence in the testophallic Saviour, the spirit bearing witness that "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," with moral and spiritual parallelism, as per Paul; but to be seen and read of all men only so far as they were initiated to the Holy of Holies, or ineffable degrees. He was the symbolic El-Shaddai, the Lord God of their Fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob—the Mosaic Rod which was stretched out upon the land of Egypt, in that day when Egypt "shall be like unto women, because of the moving of the hand of the Lord of hosts, which he shall move over it." In this trunk and limbs of a man, shared on the allegorical plan, the *symphylla pubis* fetched a compass to the key of the royal Arch, the Ark of the New Testament, the Jerusalem above, and "the mother of us all." He also fetched a compass to the *Nymphalotos*, or water-lily in Egypt and India, held sacred as the symbol of creation.

"With sevenfold horns mysterious Nile Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful soil."

The Biblical hour in many places has a Phallic reference, as the hour of salvation, exalted hour, the hour to bend, etc., in correspondence with the Sun, Moon and Co., with their cornucopia—of course with moral and spiritual teaching in parable. When the Psalmist opens his mouth, in a parable or dark saying upon the harp, he often in this covered language sings praises to the Phallic symbol, or the God made flesh, as one with the Sun or his sign, and scarcely a Biblical page in its esoteric sense that does not point to this wisdom of God in a mystery, the letter killing, but the inner sense of the word having life. The Masonic apron—symbols of veils—typify the same thick cloud of the letter which covers all the land of Egypt—but in these secrets which belong to God, "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever." Whether the symbols were of earth or of the skies, the root of the matter, or kingdom of heaven was within you, whence treasures new and old might be brought forth by every scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven; hence within the veil of the Biblical mythologies were germs of everlasting truth as discovered by looking through nature up to nature's God. A surface aspect of the word, not connected with the root of the matter, soon withers away under the Sun of Colenso; but not so the old spiritual conceptions of growth, whose sevenfold creations included everlasting principles within the all-embracing Ark of the covenant. The Word was in parable, in symbol, in spirit and not in the cobbles of the letter, or stones of stumbling and rocks of offence against which our blind church leaders of the blind god stubbing their toes from one generation to another.

The Bible, not read in the ancient key, is a dictionary of faded metaphors—and when the Lord dwelt in the congregation of the North, he was the *Deus ex-machina* who sped Thor's hammer in the "thunder winged with red lightning and impetuous rage." He was the smasher, as when the evil appeareth out of the North, and great destruction, as per Jeremiah. There were giants in those days, whether marshaled to war on earth or in heaven. Besides Og, king of Bashan, and Samson, who ground in the mills of the Gods, there were the Greek giants known by the name of Aboda, Otos and Ephialtes, who in their pride piled Ossa on Olympus, and Pelion on Ossa, like another Tower of Babel, in order to scale the abode of the Gods, but were defeated by Apollo, as was the devil by old Shaddai. Nor was the threshing floor wanting for the threshers upon the rocky floor, or "paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were, the heaven in its clearness," though it is not said that on this floor the devil desired to have Peter that he might thresh him like wheat; but, as per Max. Muller, sometimes the corn of wheat was pounded out by "the holy mawle." "Sometimes barley was threshed in the God-mills by the pounder or smasher"—and it may have produced the barley cake which tumbled into the host of Midian, and overturned the tent as it lay along. From the Sanscrit *Mur* we have the Latin *Mars* and the Greek *Ares*, the physiological Storm God in his fierce loves or wars for Venus or Aphrodite, as in the circuit of the heavens his going forth was from the end, and like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race, as the Lord and his sign are interchangeable in the old theologies. The Sun and Love are interchangeable with nothing, hid from the heat thereof, as per Psalmist, besides the anger-kindling in the compass of the Lord. Mars in his sign of the Lord, or "the man of war Almighty in his name," was the leader up out of Egypt, "the God of Spring, the giver of fertility, the destroyer of evil"—and in those early days sometimes spoke in the sign of old *Taurus*, the sign of El-Shaddai or the Mighty God.

Muller is not yet fully up to time in the root of the matter, but is yet on his voyage of discovery on the ancient sea of glass, and is fetching a compass in the right direction to discover the way on earth as it was in heaven by a sort of anatomical dissection of the physiological Word, in which dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. If Mars was the personification of the sky as excited by storm, no less was he a personification on earth in the esoteric Word made flesh, as when two attractions rush to each other to secure an equilibrium in electro-magnetic embrace; followed with the calm of the new heaven and the new earth in equisole, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and there was no more sea—but a *mere clausura*, or a sea shut up against the commerce of the world. When the earth thus melted with a fervent heat, and every island fled away, and the mountains were not found, yet a new birth was not wanting in due season according to seed time and harvest. Thus find *Mel* in the melting mood and halcyon days, we may find *Mel* in the honey-moon and love in the Sanscrit *Smara* and in the Lithuanian *Melle*, love, &c., melting. The Greek *Melambro* means simply I loved. We may suppose that the *Mermaid* or *Marenaid* was sometimes in bitter waters like those of *Mara* or Meribah under the malignant aspect of the Stars called wormwood. These waters of *Mara* or *Mary* sometimes fetched a compass to the Mediterranean Sea by way of Messopotamia.

Solomon sings his song of God's Word to the same music of the spheres—to the same measure in the ancient nature worship which included all the fulness of the Godhead dwelling bodily with all the aspects of the old theologies. The Hebrew bards or prophets as well as the Gentile sang the Word in mystic strains where the letter draped the spirit,

the sensuous forms receiving life from the incorporated model, the meancore spiritual aura, or the Holy Ghost. Even Dr. Mackey admits that what in Biblical narrowness of some Masonic devotees is called the "Spurious Freemasonry" of the "Ancients," we shall find the parallel of all the rites and ceremonies "of the genuine or Biblical."

How contemptible then to go ducking to the church for a surface exposition which seeks to hide the original setting forth of the Word—a church which would not penetrate into the dark corners and disembowel sacred mysteries—but would rear Sunday School Topseys as sufficient measure of religious growth—nor would in any wise lift the veil to proclaim the truth from the house tops. Truth, in its universality, would have nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known, even though Bezaleel should stand within the veil to devise cunning works. How is that Spurious Freemasonry which anti-dates the Bible and furnishes the parallel of all its rites and ceremonies? Is it necessary then to speak with bated breath and whispering humbleness, if original truth should be found on Heathen instead of Hebrew ground? Let us be just to Jew and to Assyrian, to Trojan and to Tyrian, for we may find them all of one plane in discovering the oracles of God in the manifestation of the spirit, and in the word made flesh.

Even Oliver can sometimes surmount the top of the churches, and expand to the dimensions of the Masonic broad church as when he says "that Masonry is a universal system and teaches the relative and social duties of man, on the broad and extensive basis of general philanthropy. A Jew, a Mahometan, or a Pagan, may attend our lodge, without fear of hearing his peculiar doctrines, or mode of faith called in question, by a comparison with others which are repugnant to his creed, because a permanent and unalterable Landmark of Masonry is the total absence of religious or political controversy. Each of these professors practices a system of morality suited to the sanctions of his own religion, which as it emanated from the primitive system of divine worship, bears some resemblance to it, and consequently he can hear moral precepts inculcated, without imputing a designed reference to any peculiar mode of faith," etc. This is certainly more liberal than the churches. It is in this universal spirit of justice and charity that all the religions are being gathered to the light for judgment. In vain the Pope sends forth his Bull—in vain seeks Dr. Hodge to close the covenant lid of embowelled mysteries. Away scamper the infallible Popes, infallible Bulls, and infallible Bibles, before the light of the good time coming—nor will the cry of Lord! Lord! and sacred mysteries, cover their nakedness.

Says Max. Muller: "No advance was possible in the intellectual life of man without metaphor. Most roots that have been discovered, had originally a material meaning so general and comprehensive that they could easily be applied to many special objects." By metaphor the root of the matter was transmuted through branch and leaf to flow into the sincere milk of the Word—from the Rock which Moses struck with his rod—the Rock of our Salvation—and if rejected by the builders when it ought to be the head of the corner, the underpinning is rather prone to be laying round loose. "Ancient languages are brimful of such metaphors and under the microscope of the etymologist every word almost discloses traces of its first metaphorical conception"—from old Phalleg, the divider of the earth, to the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, for whose Golden Pledge all Christendom is in search, even unto this day.

The Sun loved the Dawn or Aurora, "because he follows after her as a bridegroom follows after his bride." How apt is this from Muller to the Psalmist and St. John, the bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and the New Jerusalem adorned for her husband. "From another point of view, the Dawn may be said to give birth to the Sun, because the Sun seems to spring from her lap; she may be said to die or disappear after having given birth to her brilliant Sun, because as soon as the Sun is born, the Dawn must vanish. All these metaphors however full of contradictions, were perfectly intelligible to the ancient poets, though to our modern understanding they are frequently riddles difficult to solve." See these matters from the Wise men from the East as mystically and mystically set forth in the Gospel drama where the Mother of God, Son and Holy Ghost play puss puss in the corner, with the Father of Lights. It was the ancient mode of "striking fire" with fine wire gauze of gossamer history, or tissue work for drapery, so much as accorded with the literal aspect of the times. "The commentators indulge in the most fanciful explanations of the birth, death and resurrection of our Saviour, without suspecting the simple conception of the poet, which, after all, is very natural."

"Let us consider, then, that there was necessarily and really, a period in the history of our race where all the thoughts that went beyond the narrow horizon of our every day life, had to be expressed by means of metaphors, and that these metaphors had not yet become what they are to us, mere conventional and traditional expressions, but were felt and understood half in their original, and half in their modified character. We shall then perceive that such a period of thought and speech must be marked by features very different from those of any later age." Thus the Word in its scope of being would have many namesakes. "The spring of the year, the spring of waters, the day spring, would thus go by the same name—they would be what Aristotle calls *homonymous* or namesakes." On this wise the Bible infolds in its allegories of dark sayings the heavens above, the earth below, and the waters under the earth, including the cattle on a thousand hills, and the very much cattle which Colenso found browsing on the bare rocks of Sinai. The Word being *polyonymous*, or many named, could hide a great variety of subjects in its embowelled mysteries, of which Dr. Hodge would hold the keys lest the people should penetrate into dark corners and disembowel them, and thus become as one of us, or Gods to know how to read the old theologies. "We unto you Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: Ye have taken away the key of knowledge: Ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering, ye hindered."

Of course, the surface or literal streams which flowed with milk for babes, were also from the fountains of the great deep, subject only to the parallelisms of the Landmarks; hence Paul, who was a fisher of men in deep waters, could say of him, "that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, for God has revealed unto us by his spirit, for the spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep thoughts of God"—hence through every channel of esoteric scripture flows a way of life and oracles of God in the words of the wise and their dark sayings, *Super* and *Sub*; supermundane, sublinear and subcutaneous, as given by inspiration, and profitable for doctrine, for proof, for instruction and righteousness, according as you are able to bear, and to the degree of initiation.

Randolph's Letters—No. 6.

A LATTER DAY SERMON—WHAT IS SOUL?

A land-bird on the stormy deep, Where winds o'er billows wildly sweep, And warty pinions may not sleep. A captive at the hour of Doom, Struggling through thickening gloom, And yearning, yearning for its home! A harp for angel prices strung, Whose colder hands are o'er it hung, And only broken strains are sung. A harp whose master-cord is gone, A warty bird that has but one Unbroken wing to soar upon.

Oh, soul! soul, what a mystery art thou! I am not P. B. Randolph. I am part of God himself. All personal identities are merged in Him. And yet how few realize the stupendous truth. How we fight for tinsel; how we giggle at gay-gaws; how we fling away the pearls of life, and hug the oyster-shells. Let us look at a soul. Tim Jenkins will do, quite as well as Carlyle's or Zeno's. There he is, cased up, packed for a short voyage of three score years, in a box of bones weighing a couple of hundred pounds, more or less. Poor Tim! he gets badly handled during the trip from Paptown to Gravesend. Has his eyes damned tolerably off out of the pulpit, and his soul quite as often torn inside thereof; and yet after all, the package reaches its destination in very fair order, and being unpacked, Tim's first sage remark, shaking off the dust of travel, is, that he rather thinks, guesses, calculates that in some things his mother's only son has been a fool—prefixed with a dash and two ds. Now look at Tim. What a difference there is between now and then—earthly and t'other place! And he feels it, and forthwith proceeds to cut it down in good old-fashioned Boston style, so happy is he to find that "it was not a life to live, nor all of death to die." He next begins to look out for man's enemy, the devil, and soon finds out that that old Pub. Func. expired of delirium tremens caused by an overdose of spirit, producing information on the brain, some time before Tim's advent into his new quarters.

Ten years have floated down the main, Let's look at Master Tim again.

Oh, Tim! What a change! He's been climbing up the sky, stealing the sunshine from the space, and fashioned it into garments shimmering with auroral glory. Is that the same Tim that we knew down in the dead world? Tim bears the queer smiles as his memory flashes back across the arc of time, and he says, in reply, "I reckon." He's no longer a butcher boy. He don't kill for Keyser any more; nor is he particular about blazing for 'Liza, nor cares a straw for the machine he rattles round in years gone by, down among the dead men—for he rightly considers all men as dead who have not risen to this light—

A hundred years have fled I trow, Let's look at Master Jenkins now.

What steady presence is that cleaving the ether with the speed of light, hitherward from a voyage among the distant constellations? What majesty and power! What unutterable grace; what glory flashing from his eye; what ineffable loveliness from his features! Is it an angel? No! A seraph? No! It is one of the lower apprentices of God Almighty's workshop! And his name was once Tim Jenkins. He has fairly mounted the first round of the LADDER. There are myriads more to mount. He is an errand boy in the spaces. He carries messages for the master builders of the Temple; and yet he outshines by infinite degrees the loftiest monarch earth ever held or dreamed of. He has learned that God is good—that love is human duty, and that labor is the road to glory. He knows now how utterly worthless is all human effort that has not use to man as its first object, end and aim. How little are all merely selfish purposes; how useless all earth's honors; and how sweet are the fruits, long ripening, of our varied and most bitter experiences. He has learned that love is not lust; that heaven is not a pleasure ground where tooting and harping on a thousand strings constitutes the employment of the saints. He has found out that something else besides the blood of the Lamb is essential to salvation; that the ordinance of baptism is of incalculable value; that on the earth it should be a daily sacrifice or rite, with a great deal of water and some soap; that handsome is that handsome does; that God actually made "niggers," that they have feelings; are not responsible for their color; and that dead niggers actually move in better society than their masters. He has learned that souls are like potatoes—things of growth; and like cloth, of varying degrees of refinement; that silk purses can't be made out of sow's ears; nor good Christians of damnation materials. He has learned that what he knows would make a big book; what he don't know, a large one. He has found out that whatever is of value must be labored for; that all creeds contain truth; that fences are an offence when they divide the people; that the Christian Religion is the grand human 1st Reader—the "B" primary class of humanity; that the New Philosophy is but one step onward towards God's grammar classes; and that there are academies, colleges and universities beyond. He has found out that all fighting, whether of swords or words, is folly. He has learned that humanity is not limited to the fielding of this earth; and that the entire galaxy of luminous worlds—the star-dart floating on the breast of the deep, is but a tiny island cushioned on the bosom of the Infinite. He has learned that being—with God at its centre, is an insatiable mystery, and that all attempts to fathom the unfathomable abyss is labor thrown away. He has found out that there are myriads of Gods, each of whom is as unable to trace his own genesis as a ship carpenter who took the contract to build the first great eastern for Noah and Co., of Syrian hue. He has learned that Adam had many a grandchild; that the dark complexities of Africa's sons are result from the curse of either Cain or Canaan. He has found out that things are fairly balanced in the universe; that we shall all have our kisses for our blisters; sweets for our bitter; stars for steps; sleep for our unrest; truth for our errors; light for our darkness; pleasure for our pains; our lovers, wives, brothers, friends, husbands for shadows that now obscure us; that we shall have sauce for our bread of life; and sails for our rudders; and so he telegraphs down to his old bones—does good Tim Jenkins, a song set to the tune of

There's a good time coming, boys, Wait a little longer. And while you wait, keep working. Without end, Amen. P. B. R. New Orleans, December 4, 1865.

SALLOON.—The Indian names which designate many of our naval vessels are the subject of many transformations by Jack, for sailors are not much long words. He calls the *Wassaboon* the "White Riggin." The *Maintonness* has been christened by the same authority, "My-aunt-knows-no-mat"

Edmund Halley was the son of a soapboiler at Shore-ditch.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Lines.

[Respectfully inscribed to the lecturer, Charles A. Hayden.]

BY VERITAS.

He stood within the crowded hall, and gazed upon the audience assembled there, with calmness on his contemplative brow; and in his eyes the pure celestial thoughts, that circled through his brain, shone brightly out, as if a single sentence—on a word—would give them utterance.

Slowly he began; but elevated with the inspiring theme, soon his clear and flowing words forth like water, from the crystal fount of Truth; and burning words of magic eloquence, fell from his lips, in ringing accents clear; no sect, nor creed he spared; where'er he found the evils growing out of formal rites; he had set up, he swiftly swept away the chaff of superstition, and left bare its basis, and its follies, to the mind.

Truth, nature's truth, he said, that I will seek through all the world, and bow me at her shrine. And may the time soon come, when man may stand, one hand within the grasp of mother earth, the other stretched towards the Eternal power, and draw bright inspiration from the skies, and from the nature that pertains to all. He was earnest, honest, firm, and just, his carried force in everything he said. We had learned to think, who, in their hearts, we had reflected, on the questions great, now agitating all progressive minds; and human souls were stirred, as ne'er before, and deeply felt the pure bright influence of that most noble mind so eloquent.

Oh! glorious work, to open the mind of man unto a knowledge of its future state; to teach him Death is not the thing it seems—Eternity no fearful dwelling place; for, as he said, 'tis but a laying down of nature's garment, rendered back to her. By the freed spirit, joyfully resigned. They those who fully understand and feel. They have but passed into a higher life.

Oh! youthful laborer in the cause of Truth, ne'er falter, though the path be dark and drear, and all true souls shall with heaven's blessing showered on thy young head; and angels, tried and true, shall hover near to guide thee on thy way. May heaven in infinite mercy shield thee well from all the trials and the ills of life. May thy brave spirit never know despair. Truth is thy motto—charity to all. Thy watchword, And to labor in the field of human progress is a higher fame. Than the proud ones of earth can ever claim.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1865.

Report

Of the First Annual Meeting of the Friends of Progress, held at Corry, Erie Co., Pa., October 27th, 28th and 29th, 1865.

This Association convened as per call, in Continental Hall, Corry, with (at the opening session,) a limited attendance, owing to the inclemency of the weather. But at each succeeding session, the numbers increased, so that the hall was filled on the last day to its utmost capacity.

Officers pro tem were elected as follows: For President, Elias Waterman, of Ellington, Chautauque Co., N. Y.; for Secretary, Olive H. Fraser. The committee calling the Convention, consisted of E. Wright, H. Lang, L. J. Tibbals, Olive H. Fraser, Mrs. B. A. Northrup, Mrs. H. Lang, Mrs. E. S. Tibbals—to which were added, as business committee, Chanancy Messenger, Wm. H. Johnston, Mr. Pardee, Mrs. Kinney, and Miss Walton.

On resolutions, L. C. Howe, F. L. Wadsworth, C. C. Burleigh, Mrs. R. A. Northrup, Mrs. L. C. Howe.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe being called for, made a most eloquent invocation to Deity, and proceeded to speak upon Faith. The apostles tell us that faith is the substance of things not seen, and the speaker went on to show that it is substantial life work for God, because the God within man is constantly impelling it outward. "By their faith shall ye know them," that is, by their faith made tangible in works. Theology needs a devil to sustain its peculiar principles and dogmas against the attacks of infidelity. But truth never made a soul worse.

With this, adjourned the afternoon session, to meet at seven in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

After a conference of half an hour, in which but few participated, Mr. C. C. Burleigh spoke as follows:

"We have met this evening, we met this afternoon, we meet on the two following days as Friends of Human Progress. No new amusement ever affords as high gratification as the attainment of new mental perceptions, and these are all for the highest use. Why should we seek more light if we never intend to walk thereby? Men ask sometimes why it is needful that we assemble together? A new church has just been erected in your village, which has been dedicated to-day. Why do we not go there, where we should find, perhaps, ample accommodations? Why not be Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians? Why not tread round in the well known track which leads to nowhere? Here are great numbers who go to the various places of worship. Why should we not "go and do likewise," and follow the wisdom of the Fathers? Can you pretend to set yourselves up against all which has been sanctified by the blood of martyrs? The great past! how it looms up in its grandeur! With what splendor does the aureole of centuries surround those gray locks! And will you dare to set yourselves up against all this antiquity, and against the wisdom which has been handed down to us, labeled and ready to be handed out, to each his proper portion? The other day a convocation of reverend fathers met in council, but they could not shape their words till they had visited the ground trodden by the Pilgrim Fathers. I believe in reverencing the past; I revere the Wesleys, the Foxes, and the Fentons, who have received wisdom and inspiration, and poured it out to bless nations. But I will not reverence the words simply because they are the words of the Fathers; but because they would not accept the teachings of the past, which was their antecedent, but they spoke their own loving and noble sentiments, and for that I venerate them. Shall we take it up where they left off, or shall we stop there? Moses did not roll up his wisdom in a mummy bundle of Papyrus. Jesus of Nazareth, born in a manger, destitute of all the advantages of wealth, position and social relations, spoke in such a manner, that the Scribes and Pharisees said of him, "This man speaks as one having authority." This was a living teacher. No man ever attains any knowledge without being better prepared to receive the Divine influence. I love to read the inspirations of the Prophets; but I am not willing to take them for what I can obtain at first hand. Go down to the bottom of the well, in which it is said truth is laid; but when you have done all this, lift up your head and take in the great consciousness that man is the

grandest creation in the Universe. When men talk of the wisdom of the past, I have two answers—one, that the farther back we go, the nearer we approach to the childhood of the race. The world is older than it was centuries ago. If age produces wisdom, we ought to be wiser than the generations of ages back. The other answer is, that admitting they were as wise as now, they may not be as well adapted to the circumstances of to-day. If a man wisely clothes his family in January in heavy clothes, shall his son in July imitate his father? Ages since men clothed themselves in heavy mail; should a man to-day cover himself with the same mail, and should say he did so because his father did, you would not approve his wisdom. The duty of to-day is to accumulate capital for the uses of the business of the world.

SATURDAY MORNING SESSION.

The Convention met, and enjoyed a period of social converse before its formal opening, at which was presented a resolution to the effect:

That as Friends of Human Progress, we recognize the rights of every human being to all the freedom we claim for ourselves. Mr. Howe made some remarks upon it, and was followed by Mr. Burleigh, who represented the coincidence between freedom and law at some length.

James G. Clark sang a beautiful song, entitled "Under the Tree," which followed very appropriately the resolution and remarks made upon it.

Mr. F. L. Wadsworth then opened his address, as he had been previously announced as speaker for this morning. He based his remarks on the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, We find ourselves in this world, in connection with a system of laws, the expression of which indicates the Divine method of Nature and Nature's God, and

WHEREAS, We believe ourselves to be accountable to God only through those laws; therefore

Resolved, That we accept the teachings of Nature as set forth in the highest attainments of Science, Philosophy and human experience, as superior to the so-called supernatural revelations of the past, or the theological creeds and assumptions of the present.

Mr. W. spoke of the external and internal religions—argued that God or the Divine mind expresses itself in and through all; but grandly and finally speaks Himself in the human organization. Theology disunites Nature from God, making him objective to it. Jesus of Nazareth comes as the representative of God, and mediator between him and his children; and through him, and him alone, can depraved human nature find hope of salvation. Here Philosophy differs, and claims that in human nature is the Divine essence which will redeem itself. Shall we accept this dogma, that outside of man are all the means which can be made to elevate and ennoble? If one thing more than another can curse the race, it is the belief that not in man, but outside of him and nature, exists the power of redemption. The child is sent to school to acquire something that it has not within itself. It is a false position; the child has within itself the germs of all it ever can become. The work of the teacher is to educate, or draw out its capabilities. People are said to go to church to get religion, as they would go to a bank to get money. Philosophy insists that in man is all science, all religion.

After a song by Mr. Clark, the session adjourned to 3 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Opened with one of Mr. Clark's finely selected songs—this, "The People's Advent," thrilling all hearts that beat with hope for human growth in the future.

F. L. Wadsworth read the Constitution of the Corry Association of Friends of Progress, and invited membership. Mr. Clark sang the "Rain upon the Roof."

Mr. Burleigh occupied an hour in a profound discourse, which was not reported.

Mr. J. M. Barnes, of Lockport, Pa., announced that he was agent to receive subscriptions to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

SATURDAY EVENING SESSION.

James G. Clark sang "The world would be better for it," when was offered the following:

Resolved, That as Progress means Reform, we will, as Friends of Progress, candidly examine, regardless of foregone conclusions, everything which presents itself under that name. That the American costume or Reform dress ranks foremost among the necessary changes and demands of the age, as an aid to health, happiness and spiritual growth for all time.

Resolved, That we accept nothing as true without the sanction of our highest reason; that we reject nothing as false till we shall have proved it so. That if we cannot ourselves adopt the Reform Dress, we will not throw our influence against it, until we shall have examined its merits, and found reason for opposition.

Messrs. Howe and Burleigh spoke in favor of the resolution, showing that our taste is moulded by custom, and the present mode of female costume is destitute of beauty and grace. Women are walking pyramids.

James G. Clark again sang, after which F. L. Wadsworth spoke on the Philosophy of Progress.

The speaker said there have been in the past, and are at present, three methods by which it is believed that God governs the world. 1st. That all things were created perfect, but have degenerated and become totally corrupt. 2d. That all are the same unchanged. 3d. That all are susceptible of improvement, and from the beginning of the world there has been a constant increase of the manifestation of power. Inasmuch as our institutions must be affected thereby, it is of some importance to us to know which of these is the correct view. Look back at the earlier ages by the light of history—compare in matters of Art—in Science—in intellectual attainments—in benevolence—in moral and spiritual conditions. Instance David, the man after God's own heart; Solomon, renowned for wisdom; Moses, for meekness. Compare men and generations with those of our own time, and it must result to the advantage of the present. I wish to show by illustration from practical life. In chemistry I have some half a dozen primates—the combination is of the same value as the sum of all the others, then add one of as much value as all the others, and it adds more than its own value to the sum total. Take six persons, and add to them a seventh, of greater power and activity, they would all think new thoughts. The cause of the Egyptian slaves was espoused by a man of thought and power—of iron will, irresistible purpose and unshaken integrity. You will say that he was inspired by God; but we hold that his inspiration came from his position and its demands, and his adaptation to it. Take Jesus as another example—the man who "spoke as never man spake;" beautiful in character, unequalled in power. He saved from sin. I believe; to save from sin is to save from sinning. He stood in his calm Divinity, drew to him the meek and lowly—sometimes the passionate, toward a plane of thought and action far above them. He did not, and could not save from the consequences of violating the moral law. Men

and women of thought and power stimulate and inspire all other men and women. No human being can suffer without that suffering spreading itself over all; and none can be standing upon the heights of thought, without the pulsations of that thought sweeping over all the race.

If progress has been made under the influence of some book—the reader of that book must have an appreciation, must be able to grasp it, so that the power of progress must be in himself.

After a song by Mr. Clark, the session adjourned till Sunday, 12 M.

SUNDAY 12 M. SESSION.

The meeting opened with a song by Mr. Clark, after which Mr. Howe spoke for an hour most eloquently on "The needs of the hour." Our report of so long and earnest an address must necessarily be very imperfect. He said the needs of to-day are different from those of yesterday; but there is one need which is the same yesterday, to-day and forever—the need of living truth—the need of a God. The ancient mind early discovered that there were system and order in all the creations of nature, and the qualities suggested a name. God is the universal and all-pervading good. There was a kind of power independent of the good, and it has been a puzzling problem to theologians of all ages; that man is a free moral agent, capable of acting counter to this principle of good; therefore has he felt the need of a God—the need of something that is back of the comprehension of finite man. But the need of all hours is that we shall have knowledge, for strength to prosecute our journey in the ways of mental weal. We are no enemies to the many beautiful souls that bloom in the church, to the precepts which are inculcated in the church, but simply to the narrowness.

One of the evidences of immortality is the desire; but it would not exist were it not the expression of a need. And the need of the hour is answered by messengers of love from that farther shore. They gild the passage with golden light from the mystic land of souls, and watchers there send throbs of heavenly peace upon the waiting heart.

Mr. Clark sang the "Evergreen Mountains of Life."

Mr. Wadsworth followed on the unity and universality of religion. Men do not differ intrinsically, but only in quantity and quality. The fact that we hold communion with one another is proof of this. Unity in essence, diversity in method, is the rule. It is not belief, but a harmonious culture that confers exaltation, which must be of daily care. Religion is that part of the soul which seems to relate it to the finite universe. Every person must be a child of God, for there must be a relation between God and his creatures. And there is an essential relation between every creature—a spiritual connection. There is a relationship between man and his Maker, which becomes involuntarily present with him, hence his emotions—feelings of adoration. There is a different definition of the word religion. The religious man or woman is he or she who makes a profession of religion, and unites with some body, and conforms to its rules and regulations. I am sorry that religion is confined to these. They are but some of the methods by which religion expresses itself.

The afternoon session closed with a song by Mr. Clark. His songs are all sacred and pure enough for the Sabbath, and awaken in the minds of his hearers their most elevated emotions. They give us a spiritual glimpse of the world of perfect beauty and harmony, of ideal life never yet attained on earth, of the ultimate towards which only progressive spirits can look, lest its brightness may destroy the sight only in the obscure atmosphere of our present and actual. Mr. Clark's presence tends to make these meetings far more useful, and to attract many to them, who would not come to hear our principles advocated, but who are softened by his power of song, for the reception of good seed, which may sometime germinate and bloom, to make the world the better for it.

SUNDAY EVENING SESSION.

Mr. Clark's song, "The world would be the better for it."

Mr. C. C. Burleigh made some eloquent remarks on the wisdom of man being made capable of choice between good and evil; that virtue attained, by a struggle against temptation and victory over it, is better than innocence. That to be capable of choice he must be capable of sin.

Mr. Messenger spoke to avow his faith as a Spiritualist—his belief that the only revelation of God was in Nature.

Mr. Bushnell gave some facts in his experience. Dr. Newcomer, of Meadville was called, who rose with some difficulty from the pressure of the crowd, and stated that his position was too unstable to admit of his speaking. Mr. Clark then offered the following resolution, which was adopted.

Resolved, That physical cleanliness and temperance being indispensable to a healthy, moral, mental, and spiritual welfare, we, as Reformers, discountenance the use of spirituous and malt liquors as a beverage, and of tobacco in any form.

Mr. Clark sang "The Children of the Battle-field." Mr. Burleigh called for the reading of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That as friends of Human Progress, we recognize the rights of every human being to all the freedom we claim for ourselves.

Resolved, That freedom is indispensable to individual growth and national prosperity; and that the full recognition of human rights in all who wear the human form, irrespective of color, sex, or condition, is the surest protection to ourselves, and the only promise of permanent peace to the nation in which we live.

Resolved, That freedom, both physical and spiritual, consists in obedience to Divine laws, and in repudiation of all error, whether found in ancient records or modern creeds, whether sanctioned by the custom of ages, or imposed by the fashions of the hour.

Resolved, That it is our inalienable right to employ every resource of knowledge open to us, whether it be in sacred history, the language of science, or the ministrations of departed spirits.

Resolved, That a liberal education is the need of the hour, and that we commend all Friends of Progress to labor for the rising generation; to establish schools for free instruction, to emancipate science from the tyranny of creeds, and religion from the bonds of ignorance and superstition.

Resolved, That Spiritualism, ancient or modern, in so far as it is the friend of humanity, the child of Progress, and the advocate of ennobling principles, is worthy of universal respect; and whatever is inimical to progress and moral purity, is unworthy the high name of Spiritualism, and should be discontinued by all true Spiritualists.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the weak, and pity the victims of moral perversion, and commend them to the love of all Friends of Progress, for education and strength to overcome evil with good.

Resolved, That in the reconstruction of the States lately in armed rebellion against the nation's authority, every consideration of justice, national good faith, national gratitude and sound policy, forbids the adoption of color or peculiarity of physical form or feature, as a test of the right of suffrage, and demands that all men shall be equal before the law.

The resolutions were read and adopted, with the exception of the last, upon which, after another song by Mr. Clark, Mr. Burleigh spoke as follows:

The resolution affirms that in the reconstruction of the States, it is unsound policy to shut out a portion of the people from the privileges of political liberty. These men have fed your soldiers, and have set their own breasts against the instruments of death. As soon as the call was made, 150,000 rushed to the assistance of their fellow soldiers. They have marched step by step beside their white brethren. Justice demands that these men shall not be deprived of privileges held by ourselves so sacred. I trust the promise of liberty is not a mockery. You give this to men who have been in rebellion, (for, if you only give it to legal whites, they are in exceedingly small minority.) If to men who have been in rebellion, what guarantee have you that it will not be abused? Even now one who has been a rebel General, offers himself for Congress, while the black man is treated as unworthy the rights of a man, denying him the right to give evidence in a Court of Justice. For the claim he has to your gratitude, for his devotion to the cause of our country, for his sacrifices—we may say as Sherman so well said after his repugnance to the negro had been overcome, "The man who lays down the musket has a right to take up the ballot." Should you refuse to give it to the colored man, the ingratitude of Republics will have acquired new emphasis. Europe will arise against you, and, leaning over the Atlantic wall which separates you, will point the finger of scorn at you, and pour out such hisses that your soul will wither within you.

What security have you that those men who have been rebels will be willing to pay the debt they have made? What security have you that they will not repudiate that debt, and involve in ruin not only the strong capitalist, but the hard-handed laborer, the farmer, the mechanic, who have taken their fifties and hundreds, all over the country?

But it will be said that the black man is ignorant. The resolution escapes the difficulty which seems to occur here, for it says "the colored man," and the colored man is far less ignorant than the poor white trash of the South. Give him an opportunity, and he will acquire knowledge faster than the poor whites. One word upon another point. This is called the white man's country. It is ineffably mean to say "You may pour out your blood, and give your lives in defence of the country," but we turn round and say it is the white man's country.

A question "In giving the vote to such as are under their old masters, would it not be adding their weight to the disloyal masters?"

Answer—It would make things no worse, and we should have acquired our own consciences. Another answer is, that slaves are not under the control of their former masters; that the black man has shown that he has mind and judgment of his own. It was not his master who put Springfield muskets in his hands, and sent him into battle against himself.

The resolution was adopted.

Song by Mr. Clark, "Minnie Mintum." Mr. Wadsworth said, God, the Father of the race, is in the race, and in the universe—all his works are but expressions of himself. There exists within all things—within every human soul, the attributes of Divinity, to a finite extent. Are we here in a state of probation, awaiting God's will in a new and miraculous manner, or are we here for education? I answer, for the latter; to bring out to the best advantage all the qualities we possess. The child possesses the germs of all that gives it power and efficiency in manhood. We say all things are Divine, and from within the soul are brought out the Divine capabilities.

You say that Moses was a man prepared to receive the commands of God. He was an educated man. He found it necessary to give to the people a law of God. In the habit of associating with men inferior to himself, he went away into solitude for forty days, and produced the moral code, said to have been given him on the mountains. After this preparation of forty days, were given him the commandments—all good. He finds the people worshipping idols. He breaks the tablets in a passion, and commands the sons of Levi to slay their brethren, and 3,000 were slain, as we are told. Moses on the mountain was calm; Moses in the valley, was angry—I would not insult God by making him the author of the two commands.

What a man is internally, he naturally outwardly expresses. Jesus of Nazareth, full of all calmness and beauty of soul, spake only of beautiful things. Paul was a Jew; he was converted by a strong mental influence. He was educated a Jew. He spoke of women as a man of that nation thus educated would speak. His sayings are not of God; but are Judaism, filtered through the organism of Paul. Everywhere the man who has written and spoken, has evidenced the height of his own attainment. We base ourselves upon this fundamental truth, which underlies our movements, that Divinity is within man, and only by education is it developed from within. This new era of thought embraces all the human race. It is our duty to cultivate our mental, moral and spiritual natures, and develop their faculties, and spread them and their influences over the world. We, as a class, are workers for the advancement of the human race. I speak for myself—do you accept this purpose with me? Is it not what you believe—are we laboring for the same object? Are we working for our race with all power and steadfastness of purpose?

The meeting closed with an appropriate song by Mr. Clark, and universal kindness and good feeling, with a deep sense of soul-refreshment to be carried far into subsequent days.

OLIVE H. FRASER, Sec.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Love, Will and Wisdom.

These are attributes constituting the governmental principles of God, and whenever this triune of principles governs the human family in their true and just proportions, then and then only shall peace and good will reign upon earth.

Sensation was probably the first interior evidence of life, and out of this grew love, or desire. Next came the will to gratify that desire, and last came the wisdom to govern the will.

Now, either one of the two first named principles are good in themselves, but left to themselves work positive evil; for who does not know that love without wisdom is selfish, looking alone to selfish gratification and heedless of the human wrecks it may strew in its path? While, on the other hand, if the wisdom principle is developed and they go hand in hand together, every one who comes in contact with them, feels a thrill of joy pervade his being, and suffering is never permitted to enter in, to mar that enjoyment; for wisdom, like a guardian angel, stands at the door while love enters in and partakes of the sumptuous feast nature has provided for it. Or in plainer terms, wisdom says, "Enter in and enjoy all that thy demands call for, and of which there is abundance in the storehouse of Nature; but be sure that you cause none to suffer thereby."

How beautiful then is a harmonious or equally developed organization—how gently it floats along the stream of life. Its demands are natural, and nature has provided all which is necessary for its highest good; and while there are many inharmonious organizations (the offspring of ill-assorted marriages) still there are many harmonious ones that are obliged to suffer from the laws of society and the unnatural restrictions placed upon them by that tyrant, public opinion.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Wheel within a Wheel.

It is an old saying in which there is much meaning, that "Man proposes, but God disposes," and while we have no evidence that there is a personal supervising God outside natural law, still there are intelligences far up in the realm of deified spirits from whom and through whom is transmitted intelligence of a higher order, and who have charge of human destinies collectively, and even in some cases individually. Though the wires are as yet but imperfect and the capability of man to receive as imperfect, still there is a connecting link between man and the higher spheres; and while all are not equally subject to control, owing to the lack of development or peculiarities of the organization, yet it may safely be said that we are "subject to the higher powers."

This holds good in a much broader sense than many suppose, and where to a superficial observer there seems to be no control above the sordid desire for gain. There is a "wheel within a wheel," and the higher intelligences, seeing a man who has abundant wealth but is sordid and selfish with it, have to work upon him through natural laws; for this man's organization is the result of natural laws, and hence in order to get the sordid individual to do a public or private good, they go to work to show him that it is for his best interest, that it will pay, or that it will redound to his reputation.

And when we say a public or private good, we do not limit ourselves to what might be called a charity, but to all that tends to the comfort, elevation or happiness of the race; and we include in this, for example, the man who takes stock in public enterprises, such as railroads, or any other means of transportation of people or effects of any kind. Who does not see that without these we would be back where Jacob was when he sent Reuben and his brothers into Egypt with their asses for corn. We would also include the man who builds a row of tenement houses; for while he builds them as he thinks exclusively for profit, he is in reality building houses for those who are not able to build for themselves. So it is with a thousand other branches of industry, while externally, the man seems to be working exclusively for himself, and even the spirit world may be compelled (for they can only work through and are subject to natural laws the same as we) to cater to his sordid appetites or tastes to carry out the purposes he has in view. When many who suppose they have been doing a life long work for self-aggrandizement shall go over to the other side they will find that even the "Wrath of man He maketh to praise Him, and the remainder He will restrain."

Then let us never impugn the motives of our fellow men for every one must work out his salvation in accordance with his organization, and rather let us pray that all may be assisted to live in accordance with the primates of their existence, so that when they go hence, they may be welcomed with a "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

FLUSHING, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1865.

To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I see in your paper of the 25th inst., an attempt to explain the passage in the Book of Joshua relative to the sun and moon standing still, in which a remark is made that several explanations have been proposed for this, though they are not very satisfactory.

If you will turn to the Spiritual Telegraph of Jan. 8, 1859, you will find a full exposition of the actual facts connected with this pretended miracle, and as I sent 400 copies at that time to the principal Bishops, Rectors and Ministers of the various churches, in order to court an attack upon it, which then proved in vain, I will be gratified if any one will now assail the positions and arguments I therein advanced.

Yours fraternally,

W. R. PRINCE.

Letter from Dr. Mayhew.

DEAR JOURNAL: In my last epistle, your kind readers journeyed with me to Decatur, and left me there. I will write them of my experiences there. I was impressed very favorably by the general appearance of the city. It stands at the junction of the Great Western and Illinois Central Railroads, and the amount of business done by the two roads, I understand to be about thirty thousand dollars per month. The streets in the business part of the city are in a continual bustle—thronged with teams and foot passengers—indeed, one short street reminded me of Broadway in New York. There are several church edifices, which some day will be turned to good account. At present, however, they are too holy to be used for the purpose of proclaiming spiritual truths in. Husbands only at present are dealt out by the shepherds, as food for their flocks. There is a Universalist church of which we might have hoped better things—but even this, although built to great extent by the aid of Spiritualists, is fast locked against them. It is not often that you find a Universalist church so hard in the shell as this.

There are two banks in Decatur; the principal one is that of E. O. & T. Smith, both brother Spiritualists, who liberally contribute of their means, and use their influence to further the spread of our pure and beautiful religion. There are a great many Spiritualists in this city, and I understand through the energies of Bro. White, on your behalf, you have received a list of eighteen subscribers. This is not all you will receive—several others promised that they would shortly send you on their names. A good Spiritual Association has been organized on the basis of the Rockford Society, of which Bro. E. O. Smith is the President. There are two media residing here, Mrs. Routh, a trance medium, and a Mrs. Starr, formerly of Ohio; but I believe they are both strictly private.

I made my home while here with Bro. Hathaway, to whom with Bro. E. O. Smith, White, Butler and Sister Routh, I desire to present my thanks.

The Mason Hall in which I spoke was a poor place to speak in, and of very poor acoustics, especially to ladies. The friends, however, are in treaty for a hall which will be convenient, warm, light and comfortable. I hope it will be ready for my good sister Carrier to speak in when she visits them in the last week of December. Bro. Smith intends to build a hall during the coming year, which, he informs me, will be free for all Spiritual meetings—so that in the future lecturers must bear Decatur in

mind. I expect to visit this place again in the early spring.

But, dear JOURNAL, I received a little extra pay for my labor in Decatur, and I like extra pay. I do not, however, speak of the pay which perishes in the using. If the laborer receives what is just, that is sufficient. Hospitality is well—words of sympathy and encouragement are well—invitations to return are well—but evidences of good resulting from our labors, are of far greater worth to the earnest laborer. I should have often fainted by the way had it not been for such evidences, that my labors were not in vain, and that I was not spending my strength for naught. The first extra fee was from a brother Spiritualist, who referring to my first lecture, said, "I received more light on the Spiritual Philosophy from that lecture than I had before enjoyed." My second extra fee was from a sectarian friend, who said that "I had aroused his attention, that he felt all was not exactly right in his creed, and that he was very desirous of more light in our Philosophy." The third was from an Infidel, who declared "that though he had never heard such thoughts expressed before, yet he felt that they were true, and that he had been enriched thereby." I heard of another Infidel, so called, who made a somewhat similar declaration. These are the kind of fees, dear JOURNAL, that the sincere laborer in the Spiritual field covets; and these are the rewards which stimulate him to greater efforts for the good of man.

On my journey from thence to Havana I stopped over at Springfield, called on some of the friends, and learned that the Spiritual Organization had been consummated on the basis of the St. Charles, with a slight addition to the Declaration of Principles. As nearly as I can recollect this was the addition:

"That as all Truth is Divine, and worthy of the acceptance, love and reverence of every member of the human family, so we desire to record our acceptance of love and reverence for, all the Divine Truths recorded in the Bible."

Let none condemn the brethren for this course; they have done that which seemed to them best. And may the dear angels protect this little flock, and guide them into all truth.

On the evening of the sixth, I left for this place, expecting to speak on the evening of the seventh, but from hindrances by stage and rail, I did not reach here until the ninth, and did not commence speaking until the eleventh inst. In my next I will speak of my visit here.

I shall commence a course of seven lectures on January 4th, in Springfield, Mo. I shall be pleased to receive invitations from any place near this route, addressed to me at the above place, which I will attend to as I return.

Havana, Ill. JOHN MATHEW.

Letter from A. Beatty, M. D.

DEAR JOURNAL: In looking over your correspondent, C. Baring Peckham's "Landmarks of Old Theologies—No. 6," he finds fault with Swedenborg's Correspondencies of the Symbols of the Biblical Word, and intimates that "many of his adherents, who are of that imbecile spiritual status, are readily submerged to his 'thus saith the Lord.'" Then he asserts, "that true symbolism of the Bible is Masonic."

Speaking of Job after he received the Masonic "Degree of the Flood," he is represented to "stand up and squawk in the congregation, that he was a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls." Truly, his Masonry must have exalted him to an elevated plane of intelligence!

Swedenborg's Correspondence, in my opinion, correctly explains and illustrates not only the "Symbols of the Biblical Word," but also the word of modern Spiritual communion, which I regard as a continuation of the same word. I will illustrate this by the application of his system of correspondences to a modern vision.

Recently I attended a popular Orthodox church; the preacher took his text from 1 Timothy II: 8, 9, 10. The reading of the Word made some of the fine ladies tremble for what was to come, but as the preacher never in the course of his sermon once referred to the wearing of ornaments or gaudy apparel, they were soon at rest.

A lady had a vision of the congregation, she said: "I see Mr. —, (the preacher,) holding up a black serpent on a gilded pole; the entire congregation have the cross under their feet. They are covered with lice; they bow down and worship the serpent. I see dirty black water running from the altar. The preacher resembles a serpent, and the congregation animals; such as bears, tigers, hogs, cats, dogs, peacocks, etc.: and some are represented by two or more of these, as the head and tail of a peacock and the claws of a bear; others with the face of an ape, with horns and hoofs. A bright and powerful angel appears in the heavens above with a flaming sword, he is accompanied with a host of angels and chariots; when this mighty angel came to the congregation, it appeared to sink, as by the breath of his mouth, and there is nothing left but a pool of muddy water, filled with serpents, toads, lizards and crocodiles."

I will now proceed to explain the vision according to Swedenborg's Correspondencies; the quotations are from his works:

"Serpents signify sensual principles. Man when he is corporally sensual turns from the Lord to himself, and from heaven to the world."—Apocalypse Revealed, 650.

The pole on which these sensual principles are lifted up, corresponds to the preaching of the minister; it is externally gilded with a profession of Christianity, although the cross, the true Christian emblem, is under his feet, and also under the feet of the congregation.

"To take up the cross is to fight against concupiscences, the love of evil. Every evil concupiscence presents the similitude of itself seen at a distance (in the spiritual world)."—Conjugal Love, 521. Hence the congregation was represented as bears, tigers, hogs, etc., according to their various concupiscences, which it would be their duty as true Christians to fight against and conquer, with the assistance of Christ and his holy angels.

The congregation appeared to be covered with lice, "which corresponds to evils which are in the sensual, or in the external man; and infestations by evils are signified by their biting."—Arcana Coelestia, 7419.

The worship of the black serpent corresponds to the reverence with which the congregation received the flattery which represented the ladies as demi-goddesses filled with love and purity. In their domestic and social relations the saviours of man; hence in all the churches, said the preacher, there are three women to one of the other sex. Whereas instead of this natural goodness and purity, the Bible represents both men and women "inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit. And this infection of nature doth remain; yea, in them that are regenerated; whereby the lust of the flesh, called in the Greek,

phronema sarkos, which some expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affection, some the desire of the flesh, is not subject to the law of God." This is why there are so many "cats in the church who can see in the dark."—A. R., 506. "So many dogs, who indulge in all kinds of concupiscences, especially in the pleasures of eating and drinking."—A. R., 652. So many peacocks with their flowers, plumes, waterfalls and tinsel; "so many in the love of self, which is diabolical love, continually desiring to rule over others, and to possess their goods. This love causes its lusts to appear at a distance, in hell where it reigns, like various species of wild beasts, some like foxes and leopards, some like wolves and tigers, and some like crocodiles and venomous serpents."—Universal Theology, 45. The remedy for these evils is to take up the cross of Christ, (self denial,) however heavy, and not trample it under foot. Christ will make the burden light when taken up with a strong will. "Learn of me," said he, "for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls." "Foul and filthy water" running from the altar, "corresponds to that state in which a person is when he acts on account of his own glory and renown."—Evansville, Ind. A. BEATTY, M. D.

Letter from G. W. Wilson.

The high opinion I formed of the JOURNAL, after reading the first number is fully confirmed by the perusal of subsequent issues. I am sure that noble and true friends will sustain you in your labors for the elevation and perfection of humanity.

Never was such a paper as the JOURNAL so much needed as at present; never has there been a time when it could be as well appreciated. Mankind has outgrown the old theological coat cut and made centuries ago.

Rev. Dr. Cheever expressed a great truth when he said of the churches a few years since: "Take away the respectabilities of wealth and fashion, and they would become a stench in the nostrils of the world." And a popular and reliable newspaper of that day, —Life Illustrated—quoted the foregoing sentence, and said: "Dr. Cheever is one of the most evangelical of evangelical divines; high in his own sect, eminent before the world, he knows what the churches are." Comment is unnecessary.

Give us practical and radical discussions of the great questions of the age; deal herculean blows at whatever opposes the progress of man; extend the helping hand to those who are laboring for the elevation of humanity; advocate equal rights for all without regard to color or sex, and take for your motto the immortal words of Henry C. Wright: "Reverence for human beings is the only safeguard of human rights."

We are living in an age of progress such as the world has never seen. The slaveholders' rebellion, which for four years deluged the land in blood, is at a close; human slavery, that barbarous relic of the dark ages, is in the throes of dissolution; religious superstitions and mythologies, which for long centuries have bound the human mind in servile subjection to ecclesiastical authority, are gradually disappearing before the onward march of truth; old institutions are passing away; all things are becoming new.

"We are living, we are dwelling In a grand eventful time, In an age on ages telling— To be living is sublime."

I look to the JOURNAL to carry our flag victoriously through the struggle between the religion of facts and the religion of romance.

That the angels may bless you in your labors for the elevation and perfection of humanity, is the sincere wish of
Geo. Wm. WILSON.
Auburn, O., Nov., 1865.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Mr. Church's Circle.

The Spiritual entertainment given by Mr. Church, on Monday evening, the 17th ult., was most extraordinary, although the weather was unfavorable for the materializing of spirits. It was raining, and water is a non-conductor of electricity. The idea has long since been accepted that vitalized electricity operates best when storms have ceased and warring winds have died away; and later science has taught us that vitalized electricity acts most freely in the absence of light, since light is a substance to be overcome—consequently Mr. Church's scenes are given in the dark. After being secured by fastenings, to the satisfaction of all present, Mr. Church remarked that Jesus did many astonishing works, and could doubtless have accomplished greater, but for the unwillingness of the people. He begged us to be negative to the spirits that would in all probability soon come, and let the spirits become positive to us for the time that they should endeavor to manifest themselves. Many, though not all present, understood the operation of these unseen forces, and laid aside their positiveness. Shortly Ninawakee, an Indian, materialized himself, and came bounding into our midst, and in audible voice hailed us most heartily, and declared that the conditions were quite favorable in spite of the rain, since we were all honest seekers for the truth. The good cheer of Ninawakee drove away all terrors of dealing with the dead. He quickly complied with any request made by the company, and gave test after test, by bringing information from the unseen realms. Many spirits came, and among them was a darling little Swiss girl, who caused us all to love her gentle ways. She played beautifully upon the accordion. All acknowledged that it exceeded any human performance they had ever heard. It would be pleasant to relate all that was said and done, but all must go and ascertain for themselves. The clergymen who are too slothful to investigate, yet ready to pronounce it the works of the devil, ought to go, make his acquaintance, and stop his (the devil's) career through the Lord's dominions. Surely, their chosen profession is to put the devil to flight. A. B.

HOW TO APPRECIATE WIVES.—According to the laws of the Greek Church, its clergy may marry once; but if the wife dies, they are not allowed to choose a successor, a strange interpretation of St. Paul's injunction to the young bishop of Ephesus (1 Tim. III, 2). It is said, and may easily be believed, that this gains for the lady a larger amount of respect and attention than is usually the lot of her sex in the East. A gentleman residing in Syria was exceedingly surprised, on once entering the house of a leading priest, to find him engaged in washing the linen of the household; and on inquiring the reason of such an apparently unclerical occupation, the reverend papa replied: "I do this to save my wife labor, that she may live the longer; for you know, O Kyrle, that the law of our church does not permit me to have another, and I wish to keep this one as long as I can."

A dispatch to the Boston Post says: "Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address in the House of Representatives to an immense audience. Chief Justice Chase presided, and prayer was offered by a colored minister. The speaker took ground in favor of immediate and universal suffrage, even including women, and dwelt on that position at considerable length. Several members of the Cabinet were present, as well as nearly all the Senators and members of the House. The sentiments were rapturously applauded."

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, JANUARY 6, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on right page

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

To Postmasters.

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 forty cents of each \$1.00 subscription, and twenty cents of each \$1.50 (half-year) subscription.

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. Subscribers who wish their papers changed, should be particular to state the name of the office to which they have been sent, as well as the office to which they now wish them directed. On subscribing for the JOURNAL, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

To Our Subscribers.

We appeal to our present subscribers to exert themselves to extend the circulation of the RELIGIO-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 as 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.

God Represented as a Person.

"The express image of His person."—Hebrews 1-3. "Three persons in the Godhead."—West. Catechism.

The devil is represented as a person, and also, though a wanderer, as having a location—in hell.

God as sitting on a throne, of course located in heaven and walking in the garden of Eden. Jesus Christ is represented as the image of God in many instances.

PERSONIFICATION.

A portion of ancient history, commonly called sacred, relates there was never a time since the formation of this globe of earth, in which some part of it was not inhabited by human beings. And it also represents that the first inhabitants were, in some respects, more perfect and pure than any who have lived since. That by the acquisition of knowledge they lost their state of innocence and purity, and have been constantly growing worse and more depraved. Ancient as well as more modern history, with later scientific discoveries and advancements, shows very conclusively that the earth must have remained many thousand years after its formation, without any animal existence, and especially without any of the human race. Is it not a true philosophical position, principle or fact, that all matter in existence has life and motion, and that continually it is undergoing some change and progress of some sort, tending in some degree to some certain result?

With regard to the human race, this progress means improvement in its condition—a higher and better state of advancement. To begin well, and go backward, would be a reflection on the wisdom of the Creator. The first of our race knew nothing, and had everything to learn. As they had no example, and no guide before them to help them on their solitary and unknown way, they had to learn whatever they did learn, by their own personal experience. When we compare their condition with the present condition of humanity, we cannot fail to see the great and glorious results of the laws of progress and improvement. Ancient history must then be in fault, in ascribing any degree of perfection in the first of our race. They groped their untrod way the best they could.

Our error is in looking back to the ancients for examples and guides, and authority, of what to think and believe and do, instead of exercising and relying upon our own superior condition and advancement. And more especially so, on the subjects of morals, religion, governmental polity, and any knowledge of the Supreme Being.

They were too grossly ignorant then to be our teachers now.

After many thousand years they became able to give some expression of their views in relation to events and circumstances which happened to nations, tribes and individuals, with very limited knowledge as to the causes or consequences of such events. But mostly how crude, weak and unimportant. They mostly attributed them to the immediate and personal interposition and agency of the "Lord" in whom they believed, according to their ideas, and with whose views, objects, temper, disposition, action and doings they considered themselves quite intimately acquainted. In fact, they seemed to be the most confident of that of which they knew the least. The Lord was often barely an instrument in their hands to accomplish their purposes and ends. In troubles and trials they called upon Him to do this and that, and according to their scriptural report, he mostly obeyed the call and did as requested.

The views they entertained of the Lord, and their familiarity with His character, led them to give Him the form of a person, like one of themselves. This necessarily located Him, so that He passed from one place to another, as his purposes required Him, or their wants and prayers influenced Him. Their belief in His personality was confirmed by the authoritative declaration that man was made in the express image of His person, and that He walked and traveled about like other persons, except generally invisible, although they usually understood when He was about. This was their highest conception of His personal appearance.

Are such people, in such a stage of human progress, qualified to be the teachers and authoritative guides and directors of the morals, the religious views and principles, and the theology of the nineteenth century?

The nineteenth century cannot avoid its answer. Should it be in the affirmative, it will call for another slice of the "forbidden fruit," to open our eyes.

The scientific world permits no such authority or dictation. Why should Christendom look in Egyptian darkness, to the fifteenth century before Christ, for the fundamentals of its religious knowledge and belief? This would, in truth, be progress backward.

Our nineteenth century is looking back twenty-

four centuries, to learn from the people of that age, what to think and believe in matters of morals and religion. The origin and history of "the Creation" is decidedly a matter of scientific inquiry and investigation. Indeed it is the province of science to correct and control the wild and extravagant notions believed through ignorance and fanatic zeal, and false views and pretensions, of religious profession and worship. Superstition is the natural offspring of ignorance.

How else came throughout Christendom the almost universal belief in the real existence of the being of a personal devil? A being in all his qualities and character in total opposition to the character and attributes of the Creator of all things. If there be such a Being, the natural inquiry would be how came he into existence, where is his abode, and what his sphere of action?

Was he in any sense brought into existence by the Almighty? If so, must he not be under His government and control? What could the Creator want of such a creature? His office, it is said, was to oppose, and with regard to mankind, thwart the designs and overthrow the Creator's objects and dominion.

Firstly.—The attributes of Deity could neither produce nor permit the existence of any such being, principle, influence or power. Which of His attributes could be engaged in or tolerate any such object? The inevitable consequences of any such purpose or object must be discord, not harmony. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

Secondly.—Could the devil exist as an independent, self-existent being? Then the Almighty would be at war with an enemy as powerful as Himself. This would be to assert that there were two Infinities, which overthrows all Infinity, and produces equality, which forbids and precludes and destroys supremacy.

In such case the Almighty would not be almighty.

If, then, there be any such being as a devil, he must have been created by the Almighty Creator of all things, for "without Him there was not anything made that was made."

Infinite knowledge, wisdom, power and goodness, could not, possibly, make a very ugly devil. There was no such creature wanted. There was no possible use for him, and no room for him; for the Almighty fills all space, and is every way competent and able to govern His own dominions, according to the nature of His own attributes, and would not, and could not, have a partner or an opponent, either to help or hinder Him.

What, then, must become of the poor devil, the imaginary devil of Christendom.

So, if we thus luckily lose the devil, he will as certainly lose his residence among us, and void of all further fear of his "fire and brimstone" majesty, we may regain our liberty and breathe free again, and enjoy life under a totally different kind of government. Having taken final leave of the corpse of his sooty majesty, we leave it for his dear friends in Christendom to embalm his body in fire and brimstone, for their love of mummies, to pronounce his eulogy and ornament his tomb with his epitaph.

Death is often personified as a human skeleton. Sometimes he is on a pale horse, and at others, as the king of terrors—again as an enemy. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." And "death itself shall die." It is very clear then, that when our last enemy shall be destroyed, there will be no enemy of the human race left.

The foregoing may be apt illustrations; but death can hardly be called our enemy, and if in some cases it could, it is as often our friend, to relieve us from pain and suffering. To some persons, in some way, an untimely death may be, or seem to be, a misfortune or calamity; but, perhaps unseen by us, some good purpose may be the result.

Death in reality is the absence of life, this life, and a passport to another and a better life.

So sure as cold is the absence of heat, or rest the absence of motion, or darkness the absence of light, a thousand times more sure, is the devil nothing more than the absence of the Almighty.

But as the Almighty cannot ever be absent, but is always omnipresent, and exists from eternity to eternity, just so long will be the inevitable absence of the devil. The absence and total annihilation of the Almighty must take place before the devil can make his appearance. The presence of the Almighty proves the absence of the devil. The presence of the devil would prove the absence of the Almighty, as they could not, at the same time, or at any time, occupy or fill the same space; and as Deity at all times fills all space, there can be no space left, even for an imaginary devil.

The presence of light proves the absence of darkness. Non est. W. N.

Have You Got a Cold?

We have had a most severe cold, seated upon our lungs and throat, thereby rendering it difficult for us to speak from hoarseness and almost incessant coughing. The weather for the past fortnight has been well adapted to the renewal of the cold from day to day, until it really seemed that disease was becoming permanently seated upon us.

In this condition, our attention was directed to the sign "Drs. Rogers and Hale," Nos. 18 and 19 Lombard block—the same building in which our suite of editorial rooms is situated. Yes, a great evil that we were then suffering from induced us to open our eyes and see, and inquire into that which existed at our very door, but which we heedlessly passed by many times every day.

We inquired into these gentlemen's mode of treatment, and found something new—that we liked—even though we were forced by disease to direct our attention to the subject. We are sometimes half inclined to think all the supposed evils we suffer from are blessings in disguise! And sometimes we even query whether the Orthodox devil is not as much an Angel of Light now as ever he was?

Not to digress too far from the newly discovered vapor baths, and new mode of treating bad colds as well as all other diseases "which flesh is heir to," which we commenced speaking of, suffice it to say we rang the bell at the entrance of the Doctors' apartments, and were immediately ushered into finely arranged rooms, and had the modus operandi of treating subjects suffering from bad colds fully explained to us by an experimental illustration.

Reader, did you ever enjoy anything so exquisite that you felt at the time that you would be willing to suffer anything—yea, even the tantalizing toothache—if you could be assured that it would be followed by such rapturous pleasure again?

If so, you may anticipate the delight that one experiences immediately after taking Drs. Rogers & Hale's vapor bath, and inhaling pure, vitalized air, prepared by them for such cases.

Dream of Elysian fields, or Paradise Regained; but here you have the actual realization of all you ever dreamed, and a Paradise that one would pray might last forever. You go into the bath room burning with fever and an elongated visage, which indicates that your "mind upon awful subjects dwells." You

come out all aglow with vitality, and a gentle perspiration oozing from every pore, with a visage that bespeaks your head to be level, and that you have found in vapor baths one of the good things of this life, although of recent discovery.

Among the many other things that are done by the Doctors, is the extracting of teeth, and performance of other surgical operations, without pain to the subject.

Well, the world does move, in defiance of fogies, "and in spite of erring reason's spite."

The Battle Creek Tragedy.

The public mind has been agitated recently to a little degree by the terrible tragedy enacted at Battle Creek, Michigan.

In the reports that have been going the rounds of the papers, Spiritualism has come in for its full share of slang and abuse.

Timid souls may think the cause of Spiritualism is liable to suffer very much from this fearful transaction. Such timid souls would have been very poor Christians in the early days of Christianity when that class were being persecuted and driven from city to city, and all manner of evil things were against them; and finally compelled to seek themselves and flee to the catacombs to escape the fury of an indignant and ignorant mob, lashed into fury by the papal priesthood of that day, by some real or supposed dereliction of duty of some one of their number.

Of the guilt or innocence of the parties arrested we know nothing. Nor do we know whether they were sincere believers in Spiritualism. Be that as it may, it neither militates for or against its truth, any more than the guilty acts of every culprit from the vagabond in society to the polluted rascal who wears sacerdotal robes and administers the sacrament to ignorant, credulous devotees of the Christian religion, militates against that religion. Those cases are of everyday occurrence. Among the most devoted members of the various churches, Catholic and Protestant, are found criminals of the deepest dye. Such criminals, when about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, are the loudest in their professions of a renewal of their hopes of going home to glory. Their expressions of such a belief are a guarantee from the priest of a free pardon through the "atoning blood of Christ," for the crime for which they are about to be executed, as well as all other crimes they may have committed.

These occurrences are so common in everyday life, that the public sentiment accepts it as a matter of course, and as it is popular to be thus ridiculous and foolish, no one devotes anything more than a passing comment upon the religious sentiment of the culprit, unless forsooth, he happens to be a Spiritualist.

But let a believer in the truths of Spiritualism, or even one who may have an inclination to investigate the subject, be guilty of crime and the whole mass of believers is at once arraigned and condemned as ignorant devotees of a delusion which leads to the perpetration of all manner of offences and immoralities.

We find no fault with this condition of society. We look at it in this light. There are ten thousand eccentricities and absurdities among Spiritualists as well as all other classes of people, which can only be eradicated by an exposition in a magnified light.

Let the popular Orthodox sentiment wield its power, and let the press expose the absurdities of individuals until the needed reformation is wrought.

While we would recommend charity to individuals, and hope the Moral Police Fraternity, which was instituted for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of the poor and for the elevation of the character of the depraved and unfortunate, will in all places where such institutions exist, see to it that their charities extend to the lowly, sin-sick souls who most need their help; yet we would by no means defend the acts of a class of individuals who may outrage the highest sense of propriety of an enlightened people, or that tender regard for innocent children, which is dictated by the most noble traits of human character.

The confession of the woman who poisoned her children leaves upon its face the semblance of truth, and if it be true no one but herself is implicated in the horrid deed.

She did it. The horrible act was the result of a diseased mind induced by a train of circumstances of which she is the victim. Poor creature of circumstances! Who does not pity her?

We call attention to the subjoined confession, and ask an intelligent community to read and ponder well her case, and see if she is not rather a subject of pity than of condemnation, and whether it would not be wise to wait till there is a full, dispassionate investigation into the conduct of the other parties implicated before condemning them as accomplices in so horrid a crime. If, after a full and fair hearing of the whole matter, it shall be found that all the parties implicated were equally guilty of murder, and that they were devoted Spiritualists, then how much more does their crime militate against Spiritualism, than do the crimes every day being committed by other sects of Christians, from the oldest sect down to the most modern, militate against Christianity?

This is a question each sarcastic priest will do well to answer whenever portraying the crime of Spiritualism in private conversation or public gatherings.

In conclusion, we beg leave to respectfully call upon all sympathetic souls, who believe that there is a cause for every evil that exists in society, to see the part of true philosophers, and wherever they see conditions existing that necessarily end in scenes of greater misery and degradation of human souls, to put forth their best efforts for the bettering of such conditions, or to rescue the fallen and depraved sons or daughters of humanity. Could not the Moral Police Fraternity referred to, have done a noble work by rescuing this poor and unfortunate soul from the conditions that appeared to have surrounded her?

A timely effort in her behalf might have extricated her from the terrible state of fear and suffering of mind which eventuated in the horrid deed committed by a moon-maniacal mother taking the life of three of her little children.

How noble and praiseworthy are the deeds which save the felon—the outcast from greater degradation and crimes! Give her confession a perusal, and then say, is there nothing in your hearts for her but condemnation?

STATEMENT OF THE MOTHER.

"I said to the Sheriff I wanted to go and make a full confession of the whole matter. I came to Battle Creek last spring. I left a drunken husband, with whom I and my children could have no peace, often driven out of doors after dark. As I believed in Spiritualism, I came here, hoping that I could have the benefit of the Lyceum for my children, and expecting to have my property to buy me a home for myself and my children. After I came here I found I could not get it, as I had been promised by the lawyers; and had it not been for Mr. Baker's assistance, we should have suffered more than we did."

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee." All communications under this head are given through Mrs. A. M. Robinson, a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit world.

DECEMBER 26.

INVOCATION.

Upon the face of all nature we see ascribed unto Thee praise, thankfulness and eternal adoration, our Father. While all nature is offering praise unto Thee, we would not be idle in the work Thou hast given unto us to do; but we would continue to do Thy will. We would ever praise and bless Thee. We would call every child to praise Thee continually. We would not ask them to praise Thee in vocal utterances alone, but with that earnest, sincere prayer, that constitutes all the actions of our everyday life. We realize Thy existence in every day's experience. We realize Thy blessings in the various unfoldments of the material plane. We recognize Thee as the perfecting and all pervading spirit, and the embodiment of all goodness—the bright and shining light that will eventually guide us to that pure and exalted condition so that we may be enabled to see Thee in every existing form of life. We praise Thee for Thy goodness. We praise Thee for Thy kind and loving presence. We praise Thee for the power Thou hast given us by which we are enabled to look beyond all cares and vexations to that time when peace and harmony shall reign throughout the material as well as the spiritual plane of life. Our Father, we would not ask Thy special blessing, for we realize that Thou art ever present with us, and that as we aspire to know more and more of Thee, and look unto Thee in wisdom and truth, that our aspirations will not be in vain. May we ever continue to praise Thee. And may we ever be enabled to look upon Thee as the giver of all things. May that light ever illuminate our understanding, and enable us to look upon Thee as Thou art—an ever-existing principle. May all feel that to praise Thee is to live up to the highest lights they have within them. And as Thou hast given them that light which will be acceptable unto Thee, the immutable and divine principle, may we ever praise Thee, and that, too, without cessation. May we realize that Thy spirit pervades and pervades all things; and with the assurance of Thy divine presence, we will adore and thank Thee, our Father.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Will you give us to understand more definitely what constitutes spirit guardianship?

A. That question has been presented before, and we have given our ideas in regard to it. Yet for the benefit of our friend who now asks the question, we will speak a little more fully and to the point. I feel that it is not so much for this questioner as it is for the advantage of others that the question is asked. Tell him that I feel that I am correct. I was about to speak of the laws of attraction and repulsion. When they are more fully understood individuals will then readily comprehend what constitutes spirit guardianship.

Q. Since all truths and principles are to be found in the spiritual kingdom, where is the wisdom of bringing them to earth, and giving them a material covering?

A. It is necessary that these high and noble truths should be brought into the material world so that you may take cognizance of them, and prove them. Spirits you can never see, but the covering of spirits you can see. I was here last night, and I laughed outright to hear the people say that the manifestations you received were so wonderful, so grand. They cannot see thunder, but they do not consider that very wonderful. They heard the noise of the pencil on the slate, but they did not see the spirit who was writing—they saw the writing after it was done. It is very satisfying to witness the effects. You cannot see the wind when it blows your fences down, but you are perfectly satisfied that it is no delusion when you are obliged to set them up again; you are convinced then that you have not been psychologized and deluded by the wind spirit. Many people don't believe in their own senses—think that they are psychologized all the time. I wonder who it is that psychologizes them? May the Lord bless psychology and all those who are susceptible to it.

Q. Will you give us your opinion upon what is termed the dosage of old people?

A. That is a kind of an old grandmother and grandfather idea.

Q. Are there spirits that have power sufficient to shield us from all physical danger, though not permitted to use that power at all times, lest by it they withhold from us needed experience?

A. It is not strictly necessary that persons should suffer many times. It is, however, necessary for their development that they should suffer what they many times do pass through. It is because they do not understand the laws by which they are governed, and such suffering does not give them a more perfect understanding of those laws. In many cases there are instances where they gain knowledge, and again there are many in which they are not benefited by such knowledge. Take for instance, sickness and suffering in infancy. Can you conceive wherein it benefits the spirit of a child to suffer physically? Neither is it in the power of the guardian to shield it from suffering. When you speak of suffering, you must not speak of children of a larger growth altogether. The guardianship is over infancy from the first.

Q. Do not the sufferings of infants illustrate that upon that subject, and in that way, we are better prepared to provide against the sufferings of others; and in this manner are not such sufferings beneficial to the world?

A. You, my friend, are not speaking of suffering for the benefit of the whole human race. You are speaking of suffering for the benefit of the individual alone. We cannot perceive that one person should suffer for the benefit of another. Neither would it be justice on the part of a guardian to allow such suffering.

Q. Would we have sympathy for others had we not ourselves first suffered?

A. Most certainly we would. We see it manifested in little children. They manifest sympathy without first enduring suffering themselves.

Q. Do persons in affluent circumstances sympathize with the poor and distressed like those who have been poor and distressed themselves?

A. Not in the same degree. No, you will find some who have always had at their command everything that this world can give, who do all in their power to relieve suffering. For instance, you will see the palace of the high, I won't say noble, but I will say rich man. The inmates, some part of them, would drive the poor child who was suffering, from their door with a curse, because their sympathy is not much developed. Another, with larger sympathy, would inquire and give the child whatever it

asked. It does not follow that one must experience suffering to be aroused to sympathy for others.

Q. Does not suffering tend to develop the faculty of sympathy in an individual?

A. In some it does, and in others it does not. That fact you experience in your everyday life if you are a close observer.

Q. Are the wards of guardian spirits always present to the view of the guardian spirit?

A. I cannot speak from experience. I am not the guardian spirit of any individual—that is not my work. I like children well enough, but I don't like them sufficiently well to be looking after them all the time. It would not be pleasant for me to witness all the pain incident to their lives. I have other work for which I am better adapted. I believe that every father and mother should look after their own children.

Q. Does every one follow that which is most agreeable to them?

A. Yes, sir. That is one of the beauties of the spiritual plane of existence. Individuals follow that desire for which they are best adapted.

Q. Can spirits recognize their progenitors further back in spirit life than they could in earth life. If so, how many generations?

A. I cannot say to what extent they might be traced back. Yet if an individual had a desire for that knowledge, and set himself at work to attain it, no doubt he could ascertain. Were he adapted to and felt a desire to know, he would be enabled to find out. I don't think there would be any great happiness in going back and finding that out. May be that follow wants to know who his great grandfather was. So he propounds that question.

QUESTIONS BY A GENTLEMAN PRESENT.

Q. Should we not have a much higher grade of spirit manifestations in our circles if there could be perfect concert of desire?

A. A concentration of desires for some good and noble phase of manifestation will naturally result in a higher order of such manifestations; but if the minds present are fixed upon a particular manner in which they wish the spirits to control the medium, that very concentration of thought will render conditions unfavorable for the manifestation most anxiously desired. The necessary conditions for spirits to approach and manifest themselves are subject to a law, and they can only do so in accordance with that law. That condition is a negative or passive one—consequently an anxiety on the part of the circle would render the conditions so positive that spirits could not come into that circle to perform what was most desired.

Q. Would it not be best, in order to higher development of spirit truth, to have in circles some one present to restrict its members to rules of order, as for instance, only one seeking a particular manifestation at one time?

A. Certain rules and regulations are necessary, but if you have one individual who is positive enough to keep perfect order, his influence will render it impossible for spirits to do that which they are most desired to. It is impossible to restrict the desire of any person, only by a diversion of the mind, or by some pleasant, into another direction.

If some one should attempt to engross the attention at a specified time for physical manifestations, all minds would then be directed to that individual, and all would be so positive in that direction that no manifestation would occur in the direction desired.

Q. Do spirits who departed this life in a state of intoxication return to inhale the fumes of alcohol on earth?

A. I think that would be a very poor consolation. It would be like inhaling the odors of cooking as a means of allaying one's hunger.

Q. A gentleman yesterday told me he thought he was influenced by such a spirit. Could it be so?

A. It is absurd. The idea has become prevalent from the notion of "evil spirits." It is all an absurdity. There are no evil spirits. Spirits act from motives—not for the purpose of doing evil acts, but because they imagine they are going to be happier for it. Such persons are ignorant of what is for their real good, whether they are inhabitants of the spirit world or yet dwelling on the material plane. Such persons are mistaken as to what is for their good, but they are susceptible of good instruction as you are, and as ready to receive it.

I wish to have it distinctly understood that there are no spirits in the spirit world who come back to earth life to influence individuals for evil. It shall be my duty to promulgate an entirely different doctrine to the world. The idea is an outgrowth of old theology. Those who devised the idea of a devil, to make a pack horse for their absurd acts, are often ready to place what they call evil spirits in his place. The doctrines of a devil and evil spirits are equally absurd, and both unworthy of true philosophers. They are consistent with the teachings of theologians but unworthy of Spiritualists, who think for themselves, and generally discard the dogmas of the church; but they will get over these fallacies as they reason upon the subject.

DECEMBER 19.

AMELIA BATES,

OF ROCKPORT, OHIO, TO HER HUSBAND.

I am told that there was never a communication given that would not benefit some one. The one that I wish to have receive mine is my husband. I know his intentions are good in the course he is pursuing in regard to our children, but as their mother I can see very differently. Their future happiness depends upon their instruction in youth; and to be properly taught they must receive the kind and loving care of parents. If not parents by birth, parents by adoption—those who will feel that the interests of the children are their own.

I can address myself to William, I suppose? [As you please.] You feel that I am happy, and that it is in accordance with God's will that I should be taken from you and my dear little ones. Be that as it may, my happiness depends upon the care of those children, who are a part of my very soul. I cannot see any one that will bestow that care on them I would like them to receive, but you, my dear husband; knowing that you would always listen to my advice, and accounted my judgment good in regard to the welfare of our little ones, I feel it my duty to tell you what I think it best you should do with them. I do not wish to dictate to you in any way, but when you make a decision with reference to their interests, do not be governed by an outside influence.

When I look back and see your deep sorrow at our separation, I know that you will do that which is for the best, when you think of me and know that I am near you and our children. And when you realize that their suffering is mine, you will be more cautious in the selection of those who are to take charge of them. I believed in a God, William, and I have the same confidence in him still. I thank him, too, for this privilege of communicating to you in regard to the future happiness of those that are near and dear to us both.

I know that you will desire a farther interview with me. As I am with you at all times, I will

endeavor to manifest myself to you, through whatever medium you may visit for that purpose. I know you feel delicate and sensitive about talking with every one upon this subject—I know that your motives are good, yet there are many who would not look upon them in that way. For that reason, I will not speak of many things here, but will wait until a future time, when you can be present and listen to me.

William, I am told by many here that Henrietta will soon be with me; and if it is so, grieve not for her, but rather rejoice that I have one of them with me here. I have to be brief from the fact that the medium has already been under spirit control so long. If you will be kind enough to send a paper containing title to Marian Bates, Rockport, Ohio, my husband will see it.

My name is Amelia Bates. Marian is my husband's sister. I have been in the spirit world one year next March. I was twenty-four years of age the November before my decease.

I thank you for your kindness.

MILLO N. MILLER.

I suppose it is impossible for me to communicate with the same ease and freedom that I would through my own material organism. Be that as it may, I shall improve this opportunity, and speak to the best of my ability—hoping to be identified by my friends. I have a mother, two brothers and one sister in Lowell, Massachusetts. It is to them I desire to send this message. I would inform them of my condition immediately after leaving the material plane. I would also inform them of my present condition. I wish to tell them of many things which are in store for them, yet I do not feel at liberty to give everything that I know. I will try to speak so that they will know it is Millo N. Miller. I hear people talk of happiness, and such perfect happiness, after leaving earth. Well, I have not found it. I find a world of unfoldment and anxiety, and if I may say so, cares. I find that death does not deprive me of that care and anxiety that I had for others. I had a very strong sympathetic nature, and it would be impossible for death to so change my spirit as to rob me of those feelings. I consider them the highest and noblest of my nature. I hardly know what would be best for me to say to you. But there is one thing that I do know, and that is, that I shall feel much better after addressing my folks than I did before. It is five years since I left my friends upon earth, and during the whole of that time my desire has been strong to manifest myself to them in a way that would be acceptable. It is exceedingly hard for me to commune with them, knowing their present state of feelings, yet I feel it is my duty, and believing so, I can go on until my work is done. Now I would say to you one and all, that I feel and know your anxiety, and understand something of the future life to which you all are tending. And I say to you, lay aside your prejudice and be open to conviction. Don't think more of the opinions of others than you do of your own, and your dear friends and relatives. It is hard to talk when we know that it will not be duly appreciated. Yet we look ahead and see that they will become convinced of the facts, and will be ready to listen and give us a proper hearing.

I do not feel as if it was exactly in accordance with the will of God that I should die as soon as I did. I believe it is in consonance with His will that individuals should remain upon the material plane for a longer period than I did. Thirty-two years only had rolled away when I was called hence.

That dreaded disease, consumption, was what hurried me away from earth. It was partly hereditary and partly in consequence of my own carelessness. Regrets will avail me nothing, so I will not feel them, but endeavor to make the best of what I have. My mother's name is Mrs. Elizabeth Miller. I do not know as I have anything further to say. Perhaps it would be well that I should give some other names. I have a brother twenty-three years of age—his name is William. I see that he will stand out more in regard to the truth of this than any of the others. Yet when he becomes satisfied of its truth, he will be the most outspoken—the firmest in standing up for it. In time I think they will give me an opportunity to approach them. I bid you good morning.

NELSON KNOWLTON.

Well, now, I do not see the need of putting on such a long face as that man did. The way to go to work, is to get people in a good humor. I wish you would give me a small bit of paper, or something. I like to finger and pick something while I am talking. [A bit of paper was given.] Thank you. I used to live in a city. [The Court House bell commenced striking.] Is that bell sounding for fire? [No.] Is it no use finding fault about dying, for when your time comes you have got to go. That man thought his death was not in accordance with God's law or will. I think I died just in the right time to have a good time. I believe I had a great deal rather be where it is pleasant and genial, not so frigid and frozen as it is here. I am not going to stop a very long time—just long enough to tell my folks that I am all right, and they are all right, but they will be righter when they come here. I would not complain of God after he had done so much for me. I think He took me out of a troublesome world just about the right time. But it is a question in my mind whether He takes people into the spirit land to remove them from sorrow. I incline to the opinion that He gives no thought upon that point.

I have come to the conclusion that if we want to drink from a certain spring, we must take our cups and go to it—it is no use to stand back and ask the spring to come to us. Say to my folks that I am all right—just perfectly all right. I meet a good many here that I did not expect to see. I had supposed, from the way they lived on earth, that they could not come into such a beautiful place. Still there are a good many clouds in this summer land. It is called summer land, because it is so pleasant. Many people enjoy the summer best. On the whole, I think it is the pleasantest. Inasmuch as this is a beautiful climate, it is appropriately named the summer land. If people want to find fault, and all that sort of thing, they will have a good chance, even here. Each one has an interior work to do ere he will advance. I have no particular advice to give my friends. They are doing just about as well as they can. Matters would be no better had I remained. I should like to have them understand about Spiritualism. It would be pleasant for me if they would give us a hearing occasionally, but then if they won't do it, I suppose we can get along.

Next January it will be eleven months since I left earth. I died of bilious fever—was sick a good while—got better, then had a relapse, and was obliged to give up. I have not a word to say in regard to my dying, as I am contented where I am. It is all right. There is a cousin of mine here, who died about three years before I did. It is my mother's sister's daughter. She is anxious to talk, and yet she feels a delicacy about doing so when everybody will see the newspaper. She wishes to

talk to her own folks only. When they give me a chance to come again, they may expect her to be on hand. She is in good spirits. She used to come to our house a great deal. We thought much of her. She wants me to remember her kindly to all. There is an inquiry in their minds in regard to Joshua Billings. He went into the army; they don't know what regiment—whether he is dead, or what has become of him—his own folks don't know. He is here, whether he is dead or not. I rather guess that he is to them. Joshua is not as wild as he used to be. He has had some experience, and it has done him good. I think after a while he will send word to his folks, and tell them how he happened to die. Then they will feel better; he ought to tell them any way. He says now, it would be of no use, they would not believe it was him. But I think it best to do so now—we shall be doing our part if we send the letters. Joshua is twenty-five years old. We are both from the same place—the city of Rochester.

DAVID WILLIAMS.

The wheels of time are moving on. It is a fine thing when you can have your own body through which to communicate your own ideas just as you want them. When you have to use another organism it is rather difficult to say exactly what you wish to. I have tried five times to get possession of this medium, and was obliged to give up. I shall now remain and inform my friends that I can come, and if they want me to come, all they have to do is to give me an opportunity. Rhode Island was my home. She that was my wife is not my wife now, because she has married again. It is not so much to her as to my children that I wish to talk. I never believed in the teachings of theology, and hardly in the Bible, which contained many things that everybody knew were lies; and I thought if they would lie about one thing they would about another. I want to instruct my children to take Nature for their Bible and God as they find him in Nature, for their guide. I want them to know that this is no fiction—no fancy. It is true—it is myself that is speaking. I wish I could bring them to a realization of what a struggle or exercise of will-power I have to go through, in order to give them this message—then they would appreciate it. I left them not much properly. I never had any left to me, and as money is something you cannot take with you, I think it is of but little use, except to make us comfortable on earth. It would be better to lay up something that will be of use on this side than to lay up something on their side. I have four children—three girls and one boy. The boy and one girl partake very much of my temperament. The two girls are more like their mother. They worship as others worship—not so much that they feel it to be right, as because others do, and of course it must be right. My friends—not my children—but my acquaintances, often used to say that I was getting to be an infidel. The fact was I could not find anything in the book to prove the immortality of the soul—nothing to convince me that there was a future. I found nothing in nature that convinced me of eternal life. I always told my friends that if it was in accordance with the laws of nature that we should have a future existence, then I believed there would be a way provided by which our friends should live in the future and manifest themselves so that we might know it for a certainty. I will not say anything in regard to my wife, only that I wish her happiness—I wish her well. I think she realizes that her condition was better before she was married the second time. My children are just the right age to need the attention of an observing and kind mother and a strict father; not one who would be unkind, but yet firm. It is impossible for them to realize my presence, but I would like to tell them many things—then I shall feel that I have done my duty.

F. W. BLAISDELL.

Sir—I feel better than I did at your séance last night. I do blame myself, and then again I do not blame myself, because I had passed through so many trying and severe ordeals that I have cursed the God who gave me existence. If God gave me the power of destroying my earthly existence, and the spirit to despise my experiences and surroundings, then he should not blame me because I committed suicide.

I did it and would again. Oh, there is so much heartlessness and cold feeling manifested towards one another! Why, it is enough to make a sensitive soul long to leave the earth, even if it has no future life. I felt last night as though I was not wanted. Perhaps it is the feeling that I carry with me. I felt as though you would, had you spoken your honest conviction, have bidden me go away and remain until I was farther developed, and understood better the laws by which you are governed. That was why I told you that it was useless for you to attempt to "pull the wool over my eyes." [Ans.—I did feel so, and I was sincere in what I said to you. I deeply sympathize with you and realize your condition.] Thank you. I do not believe there is a God. [Don't you believe in an Infinite Spirit which permeates and controls all things by certain principles which are denominated laws? No, I do not believe in that either. I believe that it is all chance—a world of chance. If you happen to be successful and accumulate wealth you will have plenty of friends; there will be any number of individuals ready to bow and be at your service. I do not believe in law and principles—no, indeed, not a bit of it. If there was a creative power and a principle back of all things—one that we could see and know—I believe that there would not have been so much sin and sorrow for the sons and daughters of earth. It is all luck and chance. By chance you are brought into this world and by chance you go out of it. Where is the difference? You wait for disease to take you out. I did not choose to wait and suffer from disease. Had I not a right to do that? [Is it not as much murder as it would be to take the life of any other individual.] No, because you make use of that which is your own. I took myself out of the trouble and that was what I wanted to do. [Did you expect to continue to live after you had committed suicide?] I knew I could not find a worse place. The greatest, deepest and most horrible hell that you could have pictured would not have deterred me from committing the deed. [I think that your suffering had its origin within your own being, instead of in your surroundings, did it not.] If it had then I surely had a right to commit suicide. Had any one a right to give me those conditions or that organism which would induce such sufferings? [According to our conception of such matters, your experience, however painful it may have been, will enter into your growth and you will find yourself more perfectly unfolded upon entering the spirit world.] Sir, I do not think it was right for me to suffer as I did. It will be time enough for me to assent to your remarks when I see the end. [You say you feel better than you did last night—why are you better?] Because what you said to me was sincere. [Then your experience within the last twelve

hours has tended to your happiness?] Why, yes. [May it not be safe to conclude that your continued experiences will ultimate in a high state of enjoyment or happiness on the same principle? If a little can be accomplished in so short a time, may not much be accomplished in many years?] True. A few minutes ago you asked me if I did not feel that I was committing murder, just as much as if I had taken the life of another. Now I think I have benefited my condition by that act I am glad that I have done it. I had a right to do it, because it was my own individual life that I took. It was myself that had the determination and will to change my condition, and I had the sole right; so you certainly cannot have the right to accuse me of murder. I simply changed my condition. Knowing, believing and realizing fully that it was myself and that I could not find a worse condition, I think I had a perfect right to do as I did. If you hold that all my suffering is part of my experience and necessary, then why do you talk of murder and brand me with the name of a self-murderer, without doing that which I ought not to do? [You mistake me, I did not intend to brand you as a murderer or suicide, but I do say, yet not with reproach, that I can see no difference, so far as right is concerned, whether it was your own life or the life of another individual that you took.] I think I understood you right when you spoke of my right to take my life. I answered that I had a right because my life was my own. If any body has a perfect right, I think it is his privilege to do that which he thinks best. All such persons as think I am well suffering torments, I would inform that I am not suffering a quarter, no not an eighteenth part as much as I did before I left earth. To such as would inquire if I am happy, what I am doing, say if I am sorry that I killed myself, I would say that I am comparatively happy—do not regret that I killed myself, and am trying to let my best sympathies go out towards them. [On approaching the medium to-day did that same lassitude come upon you?] No. Last night as I came nearer and nearer it seemed to me that I was not welcome. I thought so and I felt so. I did not feel at the time that I was going to impart that feeling to the medium. However much I would injure myself I would never injure another. I would not injure another with my presence. [About how long was it after you approached this medium with a design to control her, before you could do so?] I think a few hours. [Did you hear the conversation in reference to your influence upon the medium?] I did. It was said by the seeing medium that I was a tall, dark man. [Was it a correct description?] Yes, but there was one thing she did not see, and I am glad. [What was it?] I do not choose to tell. [Did you realize the lassitude and sickness of the medium?] No, I did not realize that she experienced any pain. They told me that I might approach and give whatever I desired. If there was anything wrong I expected them to tell me. But it seemed to me that the very mention of anything not quite right would have killed me. [After you finally got control of the medium did you have all those unpleasant feelings that you had at the time you committed suicide?] The only unpleasant feelings that I experienced were that I was not welcome. [We were glad to have you control, because you can give light upon this subject; undoubtedly it will be well for your happiness to come again.] My condition is better than it was previous to my death. My surroundings are better. I cannot say that I believe that my past earthly experiences were necessary. I have been in spirit life seven months. I am glad that I took possession of this medium, because I find that there are kind sympathetic hearts upon earth which go out toward me, even though I have passed away by an act of my own; in a disgraceful manner, according to the statement and ideas of many. I never expected so much as this. I do not say that it is best for others to hurry themselves out of the world, but I say that it was best for me. That is the reason why I said I did it, and would do it again. You have not yet said that it was wrong to take your own life, but I felt that that would be your feelings—hence I said that I did it and I would do it again. I thank you one and all for the kindness manifested towards me this morning. [To what do you attribute your improved condition? Chance. [Do you find any one who is retrograding in the spirit land?] Perhaps if I had the various experiences of many individuals, I might know that question. I find that many look upon me with horror; still there are a few who look upon me with love and sympathy. Inasmuch as my earth life was full of sorrow and pain, I am not comparatively happy. I shudder lest I shall again change, and woe and bitterness become my portion. When I reflect upon the first, second and third conditions of individuals, and feel that such conditions are governed by God, a wise, intelligent, kind, loving being, caring alike for the interests of every one, then I can look ahead and see happiness; inasmuch as it is impossible for me to see any sorrow is the work of a loving and supreme Being. I cannot realize that he has an existence in anything. Hence I say that I believe all to be chance. By chance you accumulate property. These are considered respectable, no matter if you are the lowest being mentally in the scale of humanity. If one has property they are met with kindness by all. On the other hand, if one has nothing the all turn the cold shoulder. People don't rush toward and inquire after his condition and circumstances. Many, many an individual will bear witness that by chance all things come about. I cannot say that I believe that there is a Being that governs, moves and provides all things. Let me thank you again for your kindness, and bid you good morning.

HENRY.

Well, that fellow has got done. I gave him a boost to lift him up and he has gone up to the top of stairs. I will boost him whenever I can, but then I will say to him come up, come up, if you want to see something nice. It is no use telling him that he has done wrong; give him a boost, send him along. It is a wonder that man did not swear some, and say by God we live and by God we move and by God we have our being. Now let us talk something more about that dog. See, I said it was an old grandmother and grandfather notion. I guess you cannot continue it to old age alone, because there are individuals so constituted that they manifest such traits during the whole of their lives. Still it is commonly supposed to be incident to old age. Old people, because they have passed through many changes, feel that they must of necessity know that which is for the best, not only for themselves but for others. Well, it is not strange if you consider a little. Their vital forces are withdrawn from the external manifestations. The spirit is unable to manifest itself.

Mr. T. J. Safford, the famous mathematician, and at present the chief astronomer at the Cambridge observatory, has been chosen astronomer-in-chief of the new Chicago observatory.

Our Children.

"A child in born; now take the germ and make it a kind of moral being. Let the dews of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it in richest fragrance and in purest hues; for soon the gathering land of death will break it from its weak stem of life, and it shall lose all its power to charm; but if that lovely flower, with all its sweet perfume, or saddest pain, or who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

From the New York Independent. A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

BY DEANE WALLACE. Claude Bumper was proud. All the boys said so, and boys are quite reliable authority in matters of this kind. Certainly he was proud; his name was Claudius Augustus Willoughby Bumper, and he was proud of that. Nobody else in school had a name that went quite across a copy-book. He was never tired of writing it, even the initials C. A. W. B. seemed beautiful to him; not one of those mingle letters that meant something to the proud of too many names, that was for his father; Augustus, that was for his uncle, the great New York banker, Willoughby, that was for his maternal grandfather, who had been a great judge; Bumper, well, Bumper did not sound quite as grand as the others, having only two syllables, but it was enough to make it illustrious, that he was called by it. The boys, to be sure, shortened it into Bump, and made it quite a point of duty to call him nothing else, especially when they saw it chafed him—for boys are seldom troubled with a great regard for propriety. "Who believes in a great name?" I don't," cried Bob, "but you've got the name." Why, Bumper, if you'd hold down your whole name—all four of them—and all the old fellows who had them before you, there wouldn't anything come out but Bump; that's the only part that has a ring to it. But it is too good for you—such a white, slim, sail-fellow as you—run to tops—like a church steeple, all up and down, and no sideways. Bump! why, Bump is a good round chunk of a name—good enough for a jolly fellow; but, as long as you don't like it, but it's particular to call you by it—all of us."

But it made no difference when they called him; he still strutted when he walked, he still held his head in a very lofty way, and put his white hands in his pockets, and stood aloof from the common fun. He felt very firm in the belief that he was not made of ordinary clay. Common people, no doubt, were made of dust; but, probably, there was a very precious lump, with nice gold dust in it, and his ancestors were made of that. He certainly lived in a grand house—and he was proud of that. His father drove a splendid horse, and his mother wore diamonds—and he was proud of that. He wore fine clothes himself, and carried a gold watch. It was something to parade that watch out before the boys who had none; in fact, it was one of the things that made life worth while. Another thing he enjoyed was talking about his father's money. He was the richest man in town, and Claude had plenty of spending-money—he liked to jingle it in his pockets; for it was a long time ago, when the country was new, and money jingled in those days. It has lost its voice now, and the notes in our pockets—or out of them, at least—not silver or gold, but they were worth so many times as much as they are now. He was proud of that, too. He liked to pretend that lessons were of no account to him, and he looked down with great scorn on plodders who worked hard.

He was proud of his looks, too. No one would have taken him as a type of vigorous boyhood; but still he had a high-bred air, that he prized very much, and his mother regarded fondly and cultivated most assiduously. As if boys needed any aids! That is the last thing they do need. They need good, honest principles; they need many right ideas as they can accommodate in their heads; they need brave, cheerful, loving hearts; they need steadfastness of purpose in what they undertake; they need always to be true to God rather than to the favor of men; and they need to have their eyes, and their hearts, and their hands, and their feet, and their whole being, for the glory of God. If you have these things, and enough vitality to keep them all working together for good in the life you are building up, you will have a grand life to look back upon when it is all over. But don't try to put on airs; they are not at all necessary to your well-being, here or elsewhere.

Mrs. Bumper did not think so, though. People and things that had an air were her delight. No wonder she was satisfied with herself—she had little else. It was a great deal for her that her son was just such a boy as he was. She wanted him proud, and had commenced his training as early as possible. She allowed him to demeanure over the servants, and never permitted his will to be crossed, for fear of breaking his spirit, he was so high-strung—all the Willoughbys were. I do not think it occurred to the lady that the course she pursued in her son's education was better than that of the famous Willoughbys had been. For it looked quite definite that this system of indulgence would develop a character invulnerable, domineering, lawless, and selfish upon any crime. Because this nourishing one's pride is like keeping a great, hungry, insatiable giant shut up in one of the rooms of your house. It takes so much to feed him, he eats up all the pleasant things of life, and then calls for more; he makes great eyes at you and threatens you, and you wish you dared turn him out of the house; but you don't; you are kind, and sacrifice happiness, and perhaps truth and integrity, in a vain attempt to keep him quiet and good natured; but he won't be quiet and good natured. It isn't in him; he grows, and threatens, and keeps you in fear all the days of your life; and when you die, it is quite likely he goes to your funeral, if it is at all a grand funeral.

I hope none of you keep a giant of this sort. Claude Bumper did, and his giant was very well fed; but the more he had the more he wanted, and there was no dainty morsel that the old beast craved more than the fatty groaning and begging for it; money could not buy it. Sharp wits and the boy had sharp wits—had maneuvered in vain for it. This was—the first place in school. Who kept it from him? Who took first prizes, and left him paltry second? Who, but Bob Curtis—a steady-purposed fellow, who didn't deny he worked hard at lessons, but said very little about it, and usually came out ahead.

This was not all, he could have stood it, if Curtis had been a quiet fellow, whom no one ever heard from out of the schoolroom. But he was not that kind; he was the most boisterous fellow in school; he was bright, and jolly, and had a way of saying things that quite turned the laugh against Bumper, and the boys, of course, were on the side where the laugh was.

On account of all this, Claudius Bumper hated him vigorously, but it seemed quite ineffectual, for he was as spiteful as he could, he could not do anything that troubled Bob very much. He hated him more and more every day. What was Bob Curtis, that he should so baffle and torment him? He was a poor boy. His father was over-seer in one of Bumper's great mills; he had not a cent but what his father paid him every Saturday night. What right had John Curtis, a man who worked with his hand and blackened hands every day, to send his boy to the highest and most expensive school in town? And what right had this boy when he was sent there, to win the honors away from him, and head the fellows against him?

What right had he? Why, if Claudius Bumper had asked me, I should have told him what right he had, and what right every one has to all that he can fairly achieve by hard work. And as for the boys being set against him, I should say it was more his own pride and self-love than the quick wit of his rival.

But the boy did not ask me—more's the pity—I being so exceedingly well qualified to give information and advice, and he so very docile and ready to receive it. He said nothing to any one about it. He laid it down as a principle that Bob Curtis had no right of getting ahead of gentlemen's sons, and he should be made to leave the school, some way or other. It was no use to try to prejudice the teacher or scholars against him, for he stood too well in general esteem; but if he could throw his father out of employment, it would be a fair means or foul. Now, when any one comes to this conclusion, you may be quite sure that the means used will be foul.

"Father," he said one day, "do you know that things are going at loose ends at the over-her mill?"

"What's that? What do you mean?" "Why, I mean just what I say. You've given that Curtis fellow swing over there, and he is taking things right out of your hands; he acts as if he owned it all."

"I have never seen anything of the sort." "Oh, no, of course not; he plays mock to you, and keeps on your blind side; but he is spending money as if he owned the town. There is more than one talking about it; and I know one thing, if I could see a man, it would be to do my work, not to spend my money; though, of course, you will do just as you want to."

"I certainly shall do just as I want to," returned his father, loftily. "You could not give me another piece of advice I should be at all likely to follow." Claude saw that he had gone too far, so he went on in a conciliatory way.

"I did not mean anything disrespectful, father; only, you are away from home so much, I did not know that you had noticed how things are going. Maybe John Curtis is honest enough. I presume he is—if he would only keep sober."

"You don't mean he drinks! Did you ever see him?" "Yes, sir, I have," Claude answered aloud; and then added to himself, "water, by the gallon."

"That's very odd; I supposed him one of the steadiest men I had. I have placed great confidence in him. Well, maybe he trifles a little—more of them do. But Claude, you never saw him drunk, so he was not responsible—did you?"

"Well, I don't know what you call it; but I've seen him every day from sober; though that's when he laughs," said the boy, spending the first part of the sentence to his father, and the last to some latent organ that had usurped the place of his conscience.

"That is news to me. I must look into it. This property is too valuable to be in bad hands." Nothing more was said at the time, but Claude knew very well that everything would turn out as he had hoped. "I've fixed you," he muttered, the next time he saw Bob Curtis; and did not let any lies either. The old man does drink—water; and he is not sober—when he laughs. It takes me to get round the Ten Commandments, and young Bumper admired himself even more than ever.

In the course of time, Mr. Curtis was discharged from the position he had so long held at the mill. Mr. Bumper did not condescend to make any explanations—only said that he "wished to put another man in the place, and in fact, would not require his services in any capacity." It was a cruel blow to the man. What could he do? It was a manufacturing village, and Mr. Bumper had control of much of the business of the town; moreover the season was dull. It was as much as the proprietors could do to keep their old workmen employed, without hiring new ones. It is an odd story, but low water came to the once happy home; the father's hands, though strong and ready for work, were useless now, and the mother was anxious and fearful all of the time. Oh, that was a long, desolate winter. If Claudius Bumper could have known a little of the trouble that his clever lies had caused, even he might have been moved to a gentle regret for the same.

But he did not trouble his head about it. He only rejoiced to observe that Robbie Curtis came to school with a very sober face, for he worked on his father's farm, and carried off, and one day he brought up his books, and told the boys he was going for his father. They were sorry, all of them, in their noisy way. "It has been a nice, jolly old schoolroom, after all," he said, glancing round the room, and out of the pleasant window.

"I don't see the jolly part of it, and if you was at the foot of the class, as I am, you wouldn't think so either. I wish I was in your shoes; no such luck for me. I expect I've got to stay fifty years yet, and my uncle is talking about it. He'll be a hundred before I get through there."

"Well, Benny, I would like to trade shoes with you. A fellow can't do what he wants to. I'd like to stay at school, and I can't; you'd like to leave, and can't. But I suppose it is all right." Poor Bob! There was a choking in his throat when he closed the school-yard gate behind him. He had played his last game there; he felt as if he had left his merry boyhood all behind him, and before him there was a life of hard work. He had never realized before how different his life must be from that of the boys who had rich fathers. His father had given him advantages beyond their station. Perhaps this was wise; perhaps not. However it was all over now; and on the morrow he was to go away to a neighboring city, and begin his new life, for he must do something to help.

The work he had to do was not particularly agreeable, but he made up his mind to never wince flinch from it, or from doing it thoroughly and well. And he stood by this principle through years of hard work.

This being errand-boy in an office, doing dirty work, and being ordered round, and scolded, and snubbed, oftentimes unjustly enough, was a very different thing from being first fellow and prime wit at school. Very different were the dismal lodgings, where no one cared for him, from the bright home and glad parents. I will not tell of all the discouragements he met with; but I will tell you that those as you had better meet yours when they come with manliness and undaunted courage. It is true he used to feel sometimes as if his work was quite beneath him. There was all his school-learning—Latin and mathematics; why, a boy who could not read could do all he had to. Surely he was fitted for something better. Robbie never had troubled himself about his unemployed talents. Nothing falls to the ground; least of all mental culture.

And when God sees we are ready for higher work, he will give it to us, and he will never wince of that. He gave it to Bob Curtis after a while, for the qualities that put him ahead at school helped him on here. Gradually his faithfulness, energy, and intelligence won the notice of his employers, and gained their esteem and confidence. He was promoted to positions of trust, and finally, though a young man, and with no capital but his own integrity and business tact, he was admitted as junior partner in the same firm where he had worked when a boy.

One day, as he was sitting alone in his counting-room, a stranger was shown in. He was a young man, not well dressed, and with a lack of confidence in his manner, as if he doubted what manner of reception he would meet. He went straight up to Mr. Curtis, who just glanced up from the great book where he was writing, and said:

"What is it, sir?" The man made no reply. Mr. Curtis looked up again.

"It is not business I have come for. You don't remember me, Mr. Curtis, though I think you would if you knew what you owed me."

"Oh! collecting debts, are you? Well, you have come to the wrong man. I am quite certain I don't owe you any one."

"But you do, sir."

"You owe me a grudge, sir—an old one, payable in mighty mean coin—perhaps you don't deal in such; but I served you a mean trick once, and I have come here to own to it."

Mr. Curtis laid down his pen at this, and looked earnestly at the man.

"I don't know your name," he said.

"Claudius Bumper."

"So you are; I did not know you. I must say you have remembered yourself remarkably well—a good deal better than I have; but you always had a good memory," said Mr. Curtis, with a laugh that was as hearty as when he was a boy.

"Well," he went on, "shako hands for old times."

Mr. Bumper did not take the proffered hand; his face flushed. "Excuse me," he said, "I had rather not. If you'll shake hands when you know what I have come to say—all right. But I did not come here hoping to be received as an old fellow; I came to do all I can to set right a great wrong I did you once."

"I don't know that you ever did me any wrong; as for the old school-boy rivalry, I did as much as you for that going on."

"You do not know what I did. I hated you. I lied about you. I maligned your father's character till he was turned out of business, and you had to leave school; this is what I came to say, and"—he stopped short, and both men were silent for some minutes.

of it. It has troubled me. I wish I had done it. I have had a good deal to make me think lately. Times are changed, you know, with me."

"I knew your father had failed. Was there nothing left?" "Worse than nothing—debts. I don't think anything else would have brought me to my senses. I was going heading into all manner of extravagant dissipation. But I have learned some lessons since then—I learned them in humiliation and poverty. I have got to begin the world again; there's very little to help me on either. Everything that I have ever been or done goes against me—like this I have just owned up to you. My very name is against me, and that is unjust enough. But I must live down this past life of mine; and I'll do it, if it takes a score of years." And Claudius Bumper said these words with an earnestness that showed he meant them, and more too.

"Bless your heart, Bump, old fellow!" said Curly, grasping his hand heartily; "you'll do it! you'll do it! I know you will; and as for the old score you talk of, that's all wiped out. A better thing never happened to me than leaving school just as I did. I did not see it then, nor you; but there is one who sees plainer than we, who knew it was all best. It was getting so puffed up with my learning and popularity that it is quite doubtful if I ever would have taken to hard work, if I had not been driven to it. I should be bookkeeper—under bookkeeper; I did not come to ask it of you," said Bumper, drawing up with a flash of the old spirit. "I thought I'd never take a favor from you; but I believe, just now, I had rather take it from you than from any other man. I do want something to do; I have come to the city for work."

"What kind of work have you done? What can you do?" "I have done very little, except to wear good clothes and drive fast horses; but I can do anything that is honest, and I will. I shall accept the first work that is offered me. I have lost enough time because this place and that place and the other did not suit my ideas. I have done with my ideas. I mean to start now with fresh ones; and if you know of any vacant place that I can fill, and will help me to it, I shall be greatly obliged."

"No need to be grateful—under bookkeeper; would you do that?" "I'd be glad to."

"It's close work, and not a high salary; not up to your ideas, I fear."

"I haven't any ideas, I told you; I will take it and thank you."

"All right, then; but it strikes me your pride has made a change of base." Mr. Curtis laughed as he said this, but he never said a truer word, for Claudius Bumper is a proud man to-day, he is prouder than he was when he was a boy, and he is prouder of the name that is honored and respected—the old debts are all cleared up now—and he is prouder of the life that has been honest and true from that time to this.

How CAMBRIDGE WAS ESTIMATED AMONG THE WHITE HILLS. Prof. Agassiz relates a very amusing anecdote of an excursion which he made to the White Mountains. The party consisted of himself, Prof. Agassiz, the naturalist, Prof. Agassiz, the mathematician, and four or five other scientific friends. As they wound their way up a steep ascent, the gentlemen left the carriage, and walking along through the fields by the roadside, examined such objects as they found interesting. One took out a hammer, and pegged away upon some mineralogical specimen; another collected rare plants and flowers. When they returned to the coach, they were all laden with the treasures which they had acquired, and with which they were delighted. One had a handful of stones, and the others had either wild flowers, moths, beetles, or caterpillars, pinned in great quantities upon their coat-lappets. Mr. Felton, alone, sat in the coach, pursuing a favorite Greek author, whose style proved more attractive to him than the ungenial exercise of butterfly hunting. "Who are those fellows?" asked the coachman, on their third sortie from the coach in quest of new objects of interest. "They are a party of us, my friend," said the Professor, wishing not to be interrupted. "Ah!" replied he with a wince, "that accounts for it, poor fellows!" A few days afterwards the party was increased by the arrival at the Mountain House, of a gentleman and lady, the former of whom told Felton that he had been driven there by the same coachman who had brought up his party. "And a very pretty character he gives you."

"Last Thursday," said he, "I drove up a set of the queerest acting fellows I ever saw. They were dressed like gentlemen, and were all of them thirty-five or forty years of age; but they kept jumping out of the coach, and like children of five or six years of age ran about the fields chasing after butterflies and insects, which they stuck all over their clothes. Their keeper told me they were naturalists; and, judging by their conduct, I should say they were—Artist Life in Italy.

WOMEN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—Many women who to-day are moving quietly and gracefully through the light and shadow of frivole life, are to be known hereafter. Their names will be gracious words to other generations. They shall have justice done them, for the nineteenth century, among other inventions and discoveries, has discovered Woman!

It was not enough that she was placed in the garden of Eden for us; she was blind for many thousand years. When the world was young, we made her fetch our wood and cook our food, and play the menial. In our days of chivalry we taught her to be a pretty Amazon, to dress our wounds, to bind her scarf about our helmet, to receive a fantastic and ludicrous adoration. Then, as if there were never to be an end to our nonsense, we fancied that she was an Arcadian shepherdess, or a lovely wood-nymph, with confused ideas of virtue. Then was the sickly, sentimental, pastoral age in full blast. Then did she tap us on the cheek with her fan, and smite and smite, and paint and powder, and wear her hair four stories high. That was the courtly age. But by-and-by she worried these follies. We began to treat her more with sense; then little by little she began to assert herself; the better we treated her the more she asserted, until at last we cried out like Frankenstein, "What monster is this we have created!" But it was not a monster—it was only a Woman! Great in her weakness, noble in her charity.

A NON-LE DAUGHTER.—An English nobleman's daughter once surprised a Philadelphia "upper crust" with whom she was stopping, by descending to the kitchen, and asking permission to prepare an English bread pudding.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the American, "our cooks will make you anything you should desire."

"But, Madam," said the English woman, "I have had much experience in the kitchen; there are few better cooks in England than mother and myself."

It seems pitiable to add that the Philadelphia lady was quite shocked at such a confession. If she expected to do anything for the aristocratic dames and maidens of England, here the wealth of parties exempt them from all personal care, is it not evident that where economy is necessary, such habits are praiseworthy?

The two sons of the late Senator Douglas are students in the Catholic college at Georgetown, near Washington. They are fine young men, devotedly attached to Mrs. Douglas, (who it will be remembered, is not their own mother,) who, on her part, has just cause to be proud of them. Their names are Stephen A. and Robert M.

There is an advertisement in the Montana Post of the "Academy of the Holy Family" for young ladies. St. Ignatius Mission, Montana. It ends as follows: "For further information, address Rev. Mother Mary of the Infant Jesus), Superiress, thirty-two miles north of Hellgate."

The St. Paul, Minn., Press says a company has been formed for the purpose of gold mining in the newly discovered regions in that State. The capital stock of the company is \$300,000, \$110,000 of which has already been paid in. The location where the company proposes to work is on the south shore of Lake Vermilion, in St. Louis county.

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