

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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

SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 13, 1866.

VOL. 1.—NO. 16.

The "Isle of the Sea."

BY MRS. HARTY A. JONES.

There's a sea-girl Isle 'mid the ocean's foam,
Of many a noble true-heart the home;
Though its sons are scattered o'er earth's broad domain,
And its daughters weep sadly, that never again
Their footsteps may press thy emerald shore,
And sit at day's fall in their own cabin door;
The heart of the exile turns fondly to thee,
Erin, matron, their "Isle of the Sea."

Oh! and is the fate of thy sons and thy strand,
Both crushed by the tyrant that wasteth thy land,
Still their hearts are ruled by impulse alone,
That never one fetter of tyrant has known;
But gush still as warmly as in the day of thy pride,
When thy chieftains won glory in the red battle's tide,
When the "gan of the ocean" was the home of the free,
Erin, green Erin, thou "Isle of the Sea."

I turn to thee fondly, for still in my veins
Flows blood that has trod on thine emerald plains;
And still in my heart the enthusiast's awe
Wakes to "Erin Maureen" and "Erin go dark."
The spirit long crushed through oppression's dark reign,
Wakes in me a descendant untrammelled again,
There's a pulse of my being that is still true to thee,
Thou home of my grandfathers, green "Isle of the Sea."

In the Briton's race still I've a larger share,
From the Briton's Isle came the name that I bear,
From England the swarth of my brow and eye,
And the spirit unbroken that life may not die—
While first in my heart is the land of my birth,
The freest, the fairest, the noblest on earth,
Still there's a chord in sympathy only for thee,
Thou land of oppression, green "Isle of the Sea."

And I hold still a share in a filial name,
The linked with their suffering, 'tis linked with their shame;
There is not a town or hamlet in Erin's green bound,
Be they high, be they low, but a Kelly is found,
Forages its pure Milesian blood did remain
From Galadonian or Sweeney's strain,
Borne by none but a Celt, and still true to thee,
Thou land of the Celt, green "Isle of the Sea."

Oh! soon may there dawn on thy long darkened night,
Some ray of a morning resplendent and bright,
The glory of the Past in thy future return,
And out from the ashes that rest in thy urn,
A new life like the Phoenix, spring up and restore
The spirit that lived in thy chieftains of yore,
That will break the fetters that now rest on thee,
And restore thee to freedom, green "Isle of the Sea."

St. Charles, Illinois, June, 1866.

The True Church and the New Religion.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The following long and elaborate article has been in my hands for some time, and feeling that the thought therein embodied, though of a somewhat novel, original, and prophetic character, is worthy, at least, of a perusal by Religio-Philosophical minds. I send it to you, hoping you may find room for it in your fresh and broad columns. It was given by a band of highly advanced intelligences in the spirit, through an unconsciously entranced medium; and as will be seen, is embodied in a clear, compact and simple style. To my mind, it is full of prophetic suggestions—pointing to a phase of thought, which, though now condemned and despised by many amongst us, is inevitably destined to impregnate and mould, as it comes forth and finds expression from heart and brain, the more advanced philosophic minds of a religious genius engaged in unfolding the celestial, as well as spiritual and natural characteristics and aims of this Universal Truth-Dispensation. It will require to be carefully read, in order that simple justice may be awarded its import, and that its eminently eclectic spirit, religious and philosophic, may be appreciated.—L. J. P.]

I. What is the Church? It is a mother. What is a mother? A mother receives, holds, transmits. To the Divine, then, the Church is a receptacle. It receives that it may distribute. The mother transmits that which she receives. The Church can only distribute what it has. A Calvinistic Church can distribute Calvinism; and a Methodist Church, Methodism. Calvinism and Methodism are useful, but one wants more than either or both. The True Church receives the Divine—receives such attributes as the Divine has to impart.

Now the Divine is just; the Divine is gracious; the Divine is holy; the Divine is merciful; the Divine is true; the Divine essentially is Love. The attributes referred to, cluster, as it were, around that central principle, Love. As there is in the live a queen bee which is all controlling, so Love is the queen of the affections, and permeates, controls and modifies all others. This central principle constitutes what may be justly called the Holy Spirit. Spirit is an emanation corresponding to the flavors which flow from the fruit, or the aroma which proceeds from the flower. It were not enough then to say that the Divine is a spirit. The aroma which proceeds from the flower is not the flower itself. The flavor which flows from the fruit is not the fruit itself. It is important to be critical when speaking of Divine and holy things. Now the true Church receives the essence, emanation or spirit of the Father.

So to speak then, there is inflowed to the Church the essentials from which a divine life is to spring. Now to have, hold and enjoy a divine life, there must be a fountain into which the person can go and slake his thirst. "My people," it was said, "have committed two evils; first, they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters; secondly,

they have hewn out cisterns which do not hold water." It would be exceedingly unwise to purposely so construct a cistern that it would leak. Such cistern never could be filled. It would be little better than a tunnel. Now the true Church must not leak. It must be so freely and so happily constructed that it will not only receive, but retain. Here are two considerations of great magnitude.

Man wants; and as man grows his wants multiply. That teaching, therefore, which may be food to his soul to-day, may not be sufficient to sustain that soul to-morrow. He ever wants new nutriment of a higher and finer character, corresponding to his internal growth. At first the mother's milk is of the simplest character, corresponding to the age of her infant. As the babe grows so does her milk increase in strength and vitality. Babes, it is said, must be fed with milk. An Apostle hath said, "When I was a child, I understood as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Now the Church, while it must have its nutriment suited to that early condition—infancy, must have, also, its strength, grandeur, greatness and glory suited to such as have come to manhood.

What, then, is the true office of the priest, the high-priest of the true Church? The answer is, to be so pure, so holy that he will attract to himself the divinities—holy, celestial, truthful, uncompromising and uncontaminated spiritual existence. It was said that when a holy man of God was alone, the ravens brought to him food. "Man's necessity is God's opportunity." The priest, then, must be an hungered, most thirst; he must hunger and thirst for righteousness; and when truly he does thus hunger, he will be filled. In seeking for righteousness, he must be perfectly willing to be reviled, misinterpreted. Nay, he must stand alone in his own glory, grandeur, beauty, individuality. Brought into this divine condition through chosen instrumentalities, the Divine can and will infuse his Holy Spirit. Unselfish, uncontaminated, refined, clarified, he holds this, as the jar holds the electric fluid. Whoever approaches him, however, receives such influences as such person needs. If the person is a spiritual babe, the priest gives him spiritual milk; if a man, he gives him the great doctrines of self-denial, speaks of an entire consecration, of indwelling, instructs him of outflowings, and of holy, blessed, and unselfish impartings. The babe is not expected to comprehend the highest forms of thought, is not expected to see at once the length and breadth, and depth and height of that love whose ocean is shoreless and fathomless. Persons who enter into the river of life to the ankles are gratified. But there are others who would go to the knees; others, still, who would bathe to the loins; and still a few who would lave in the ocean of love exhaustless.

The priest, then, is not only a receiver, but is a discriminator, an adaptationist. He learns the internal state of the person and distributes wisely. And such a priest being himself consecrated of God, becomes the channel through which other things are to be consecrated. In the exact ratio, therefore, that he receives the divine afflatus can he impart it to any and every object; such a thought as this is one of the grandest ever communicated to the mind of man. A priest of this character has a universality of influence, and blesses everything that he touches, everything he looks upon, and is capable, in degree, of celestializing a planet.

It is said that when Peter was in the judgment hall, though greatly excited, and though some of the lower passions had been aroused, a look of Jesus caused him to go out and weep bitterly. Oh, how much there is in the look of a holy, divine, consecrated one! That eye may subdue, start the tear, quicken the affections, call the nobler faculties into activity. It is not always, then, the office of the priest to speak. There is a condition diviner than speech; there is a holy silence of the mind; there is a divine equality when words are never uttered. The priest, at times, is in that condition; he cannot, nay, he would not for worlds, break the silence of the hour. Then, there is communion; then there is a divine oneness—God in man, man in God. The office of the priest is most holy; it is above all things to be coveted; it is to receive the highest, that there may be distribution to the lowest. The priest is not only cultivated—not only is his intellect expanded, his mind broadened, his heart warmed, but he is simple, unpretending as the little child. He speaks from his own internals. His deep-toned voice goes forth and reaches the kindred heart. As a priest, he does not so much reason, nor does he merely address the intellects; but he reaches into the interconscious faculties, which lie deeper than the intellects. And the heart that responds, feels what it cannot in words express. The priest to such a one becomes father, brother, friend, counselor, father confessor—and, reverently, there is obedience to his wise direction and holy guidance.

Love presupposes an object. If there were nothing to love, there could not be love. Love is an active element. It is constantly endeavoring to do something which shall promote the felicity of its object; or it desires to express itself in admiration or in devotion. Worship of some sort is spontaneous—as natural as appetite or any other legitimate desire. The savage sees God in clouds, or hears His voice in the rushing winds; and he prostrates himself reverently before the great Spirit. Heathenism has its gods; Judaism its Jehovah; Christianity its Father; Spiritualism that breathing essence which permeates all things, and acts upon all substances. There is then a prostration before the carved or uncarved image. Worship will take to itself some form, will construct its symbols, and institute its

ceremonies; it will have its sacred festal seasons, will offer its oblations; it will draw kindred souls together, and they will worship at a common altar. Worship calls for administrations, demands and must have its priesthood—persons of clean hands, pure hearts, noble, unselfish lives. And the new and true Church will thus be represented by persons of both sexes—women as well as men.

Now, in the past, the Catholic Church has declared that the priest should be an-united, as respects the marriage covenant. Perhaps this point is one of the most critical and delicate that can be presented for the consideration of such as are to become members of the New Church.

The true priest must be impartial, must distribute unselfishly, intelligently, and unto all who may need. His life must be above reproach, his affections strong, yet tender—and at the same time, the passions must be in subjection to the Divine Will. But he needs all that equalization and that inspiration which ever flow from a true, holy, uncontaminated woman. As she comes to him, in the divinest sense, she must be a virgin. She must know no other man. She must be married to him—to him first, to him last, to him altogether. Let the priest be married to an uncongenial, inharmoneous one, to one below himself, and irritations, so to speak, leakages result; and that which is inflowed to his inmost, passes off through that channel; there is a loss of spiritual power which weakens and destroys the influence of the man of God. It were better, then, that perpetual celibacy be, than such marriage relation. But unite the priest to the true priestess, to a holy, devout one, and there is no leakage; there is not only retention, but there is, as it were, a double accumulation.

On the other hand, (lacking such a companion) the priest goes forth clad in his sacred robes; ministers at the holy altar; returns to his closet—and there is no dear one whose heart pulsates with his; there is a desolation of soul, a spiritual death. But with such a one, how different! The priestess has in reserve a certain amount of the spiritual element. The priest leans upon her hearing breast; currents flow to his bosom; he is refreshed, re-inspired—the circulations are equalized; the twin repose in each other's arms—and the strength, the wisdom and the love which have come to the priest while engaged in his holy work, flow to the priestess—and her gentleness, her tenderness, her quantity flow to her husband. Oh! this is a beautiful and holy train of thought. My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this, and "sit and sing herself away to everlasting bliss."

Brought into these divine relations, the priest and priestess—for it takes both to make one—to all intents and purposes minister at the same altar, eat the same bread, drink of the same cup, enjoy the same subjects, delight in the same scenery, and bow before the same Father. Enjoying this holy matehood, each helps each, each contributes to the good, growth, and advancement of each. The graces appear; their motions become more graceful; their countenances more radiant; their loves more holy; their aspirations more lofty, and they grow into each other as the vine and the branches. Each has no will of his or her own; they assimilate to their own mutuality of will. Individual will does not and cannot appear, because they are not two—they are one. Living thus, vacuums will not be—and living thus they, in every essential sense, are at all times one. The grosser forms of expression will disappear. In their highest and divinest relations they cannot beget children of earth. The children they beget will be the loves, the truths, the mercies, spiritual children, corresponding to their state. Though there may be to a certain limited extent, a sexual interchange, yet the disposition shall be spiritual. And here words fail. There is no power to express that felicity which souls thus conjoined enjoy! 'Tis unspeakable. Enjoying this season of communion, of holy intercourse, the priest becomes prepared to associate with others, male and female. Unholy thoughts, impure desires, cannot be generated. There is no sight so beautiful to look upon as that of the union of the priest and priestess—two souls melted into one.

"Let us build three tabernacles"—such was the thought of a disciple, when on the mount of the transfiguration. It was natural to desire to perpetuate an event of that marked character. Man longs for home; he builds his structure. So the inter-conscious man longs for an abiding place. The mind needs to fix itself upon an object—needs a structure, which by association, shall call out the finer faculties. In past ages, temples have been reared and dedicated to the gods, the Jehovah, but rarely to the Father. Christianity presented prominently the Father edifice; but up to this hour it has not reared a single edifice in which the Father can be worshipped in spirit and in all truth. The sons have constructed their edifices, and dedicated them to a prescribed set of truths; but there has been a lack of that holy unction, which guides into all truth.

There now needs to be, as it were, an abandonment of one's own theories—a holy indifference whither one goes—relying only on Divine guidance—that faith which can walk as rapidly and cheerfully in the darkest midnight as at meridian. There must not be fear of results. There must be an apparent recklessness of consequences. There must be that indifference to self which shall say: "I know that God is enough for man to know. When the truly religious mind comes to this state of holy indifference, then there will be a communion with God and with saints. Growing out of that communion will be a will to be happy

constructed, beautifully decorated, thoroughly consecrated to justice eternal, love universal, growth perpetual.

Before, however, an outer temple can be reared, that temple, miniaturely speaking, must be constructed within. The body must be brought into entire subjection to the Divine will; must be brought into harmony with the angelic and spiritual worlds and divinest persons in earth sphere. There will then be interchanges, outflowings, inflowings; and the body will become the temple of the living God, holy, acceptable. The services will be such as shall aid kindred persons. Then there shall come prostrations; then abasements; then humiliations; then washings; then sittings at the feet of the truest, divinest teacher, whether it be the priestess or priest of the hour. Then there will be abstinence from worldly thoughts, worldly mindedness. Then the earthly propensities will be in subjection to the diviner powers. Then there will be holy fastings, confessions of things done, and of things left undone. The temple will show itself in the outer, precisely when the inner demands it, and not an instant before.

This thought, how beautiful! A temple thus constructed becomes the dwelling place of the Most High God! It is an emanation from God! It is the internal holy which rears the external holy.

Things are not always worthless because they are old; neither are they always valuable because they are new. While old forms and observances should be treated with the same respect that one bestows on gray hairs, yet there should not be an undue attachment to the past, or haste in accepting the new. But the religion of the present hour lacks freshness; it is not young, buoyant, free, liberal; lacks a universality of feeling; does not take cognizance practically of a universal Fatherhood. It fails to see and appreciate the goods which others have—nay, it wraps itself in its narrow mantle, and calls for all people to come to its standard. One is reminded almost daily of a passage penned by a holy one: "The bed is shorter than a man can stretch himself on it, the covering so narrow that a man cannot wrap himself in it." Oh, there is need of a universality of thought—a need of an inspiratory flow, fresh from heaven. There needs to be measurable forgetfulness of the past. There needs to be a religious present manhood, which with faith's eye can pass into the distant future. There needs to be a crawling out of the carcasses of the dead past. There needs to be instituted a monastery wherein platonic minds, a Socrates, a Zeno, a Webster and a Jesus shall, in their respective places, dwell like brothers all. And the good that each has may be appropriated to holy uses. Nay, there needs to be a vision which shall see the uses of the false even. 'Tis such a Church, such a temple, on whose walls shall be written, "Truth is immortal, and is perpetually unfolding."

Such a temple with such a motto, shall throw all other temples into the shade. There, in that temple shall be the sacraments, the purifications; there regenerative process shall commence; and there the hearts, bodies and souls of the worshippers shall become so pure that they shall take their places as holy generators. Born themselves into the kingdom of love, their offspring shall partake of their divine nature—children of God in the highest sense. No longer will parents transmit discords and diseases to the children of their loins; but they shall be so born that regeneration shall not be needful.

An apostle speaks of being naked, and yet of being clothed. The truly naked person is divinely clad. Garments are substitutes. In a high condition they are used for convenience, for beauty, and for important, practical and religious purposes. What is called by the world, shame, is superseded by that higher condition, internal and external holiness. Each and every member of the human body is looked upon with pure, holy, unselfish eye. There will come then, that condition wherein a man shall have entirely divested himself of all concealments. He will say, "Search, try me, inspect me, see who and what I am, where I am." Growing out of this holy unconcealed condition, the garments which such wear shall be impregnated and they will be holy robes.

The emanations from a person correspond to that person's internal state. Garments then will indicate the internal condition of the wearer. An individual may wear a garment; that garment may be loaned to another; and the peculiar aroma of the one shall flow into the other. When a thought of the character is first presented, the mind does not at first grasp its immensity. The Divine is ever sending forth this aroma—impregnating matter in its countless forms. So a holy woman, a divine man impregnate and favorably affect all things which come within their sphere. They become the sun of their circle. The holy man of God does not so do so clad that thoughts of a pure and holy character may be generated in the hearts of the worshippers. There is a property of odors; there is an adaptation of habitment which, when they considered, shall lead to the choice of robes to be worn at certain stated seasons, and which impregnate in certain holy offices. And yet the hour has not fully come wherein religious details can be properly entered upon. So there will be holy robes, sacred hours, when the mind shall be guided from the more externals to the internals.

Brought together in the same temple, worshipping before the same holy altar, there shall be enjoyed an external communion, a commemoration of the labors, joys and sacrifices of eminent persons. Socrates who so quietly took the hemlock cup, shall not be forgotten; Huss, who was cheerfully wrapped in flames, shall be remembered; Jesus,

who bore the heavy cross, shall have his true central position; she, who suffered many deaths, Madame Guyon, shall be counted as among the martyrs of the past. And they, who in modern times may have left their homes, friends, wives and children and honors, shall take their places, and their noble deeds and holy lives shall be recounted to coming ages. From such shall proceed streams of life eternal. The beautiful porch, the cross, nay, the hemlock, the prison, shall speak and urge man to a devout and holy life. The breastplate on which shall be engraved the twelve principles of the New Church shall be worn by him or her who has courage, and whose internal purity shall justify the incorporating of it into the daily garment of life. There emblazoned, as it were, in letters of light and golden love, shall be the true *Urim and Thummim*, indicating that the wearer has not only come to a knowledge of holy light, but to a practice of the perfections. Oh, who shall dare to wear such insignia? Who shall say: "That is truly mine?"

Before that state is reached, there will come to be a sense of divine indwelling. God will have his place in all the affections, the feelings, the thoughts, and in every act. Whether one then shall wear a garment, eat or drink, it shall be for the glory of God, and the upbuilding of a divine manhood. In due time the artist shall construct that breastplate; a few persons shall come together; and whoever feels that he or she is worthy, shall say, "That breastplate is mine,"—when one has come to that condition, Christ, in very flesh and blood of spirit, is present; and there is an eating and drinking thereof. Then the holy ones of the past can overshadow that living one. Then there is an entrance into the Holy of Holies. Then there is a coming to the general assembly and the Church of the first-born. Then the spirit of just women and holy men shall overshadow such a one; and he becomes God's vicegerent on earth—God in man, man in God. His word becomes law; his edicts, as the Theocrat, are to be obeyed, whatever may be the cost.

II.

While there is a soul's calm sunshine, a heart's joy, yet ever do the infernals seek to embody their conditions in forms. Sometimes the prayerful one prostrates himself in the dust and cries, "unseen, unseen." At other times, there is a disposition to bend the knee, and there often the soul pours out its diviner thoughts; while yet, at other moments, when ministering at the sacred altar, the priest stands before God, and offers up petitions in behalf of the worshipping assembly. Where there is a natural spirituality there will be positions corresponding to the internal state; sometimes the worshiper selects the quiet closet. At others, he wanders in the silent groves, or bends in prayer at the seaside, or communes with kindred hearts in the public assembly. It were useless to attempt to prescribe either a set of rigid forms, or to particularize positions. These will come in their time and in their natural order. However, to help to a life of devotion, some simple outline of prayer will in due time be prepared. This paper on the Church, on religion and its forms, will contain only a few hints to lead the mind in the right direction.

Now the man of God has, within himself, elements which, when brought forth, shall enable him to speak as having authority. Proceeding as his words do from the center, they shall reach the hearts, touch the finer springs of action and call the worshippers forth into active labors of the goods and truths of life. These deeds shall be to the priest, the evidences that he is known and called, and blessed and owned of God. If his teachings are heartless, if he dwells in *his* formality, his words will not be with power, his labors will be unsatisfactory to his own mind as they will be unacceptable to heaven and holy souls.

Now it will be felt that the Church was not only to have its high priests, but its ministers, its apostles, and its subordinate members. These ministers, these apostles, shall go and come at the bidding of the priest. By his they shall be inspired; by the laying on of his hands they shall be consecrated; by his embrace they shall be blessed; by his holy and divine life they shall be strengthened. There is need then, of persons representative of the twelve principles of the Church Universal. Whenever and wherever the Church shall take form, it shall have its apostles, its ministers, its officers, of holiness, of education, of grace. Oh, these shall form the beautiful circle, in that circle the priest shall be as the sun—beautiful, the glory of God. These apostles shall be of both sexes—males, uncontaminated, holy sisters—*young widows*. The eye of faith passes on, to the Jews of that holy era. Then, in a divine sense, shall the New Jerusalem descend from God out of heaven. Then the apostles shall be the twelve gates, and the principles the twelve foundations. Oh, there is a beautiful significance in the word *twain*, representative of love and wisdom, where the *twain* are beautifully, permanently interblended. The more the mind is turned to the sexes, the more will it be felt that there is a need of a divine duality of these, constituting one. In the divine order twelve tribes were; in the same order, twelve apostles, chosen of God, were set apart to commence the upbuilding of a kingdom of love. What man now needs is an interblending, a conjunction of the loves with the wisdoms; and what one lacks, the other has. It is then, in a divine sense, an apostolic marriage.

The heavens above exhibit the twelve signs, the annual revolution—the twelve months, and it will be found that the affections, when perfect, are twelve. That a Church may be pure, without

wrinkle or spot, or blemish, there must be a divine objectivity. All the passions must be under subjection to the God within. A band of apostles thus prepared, appropriately robed, shall go forth and conquer, and subdue the tiger in man. The lion and the leopard and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall safely play in their midst. There shall be no fear, no disturbance, but love and holiness shall pervade each beating heart. Oh, it is for this high purpose that divine ones are commissioned to revisit earth. It is for this purpose that women and men are being prepared—that the dross and rubbish of earth may be removed, and man be able to behold the image of God in the eye of his brother. Then there shall come the holy sisterhood, then the pure brotherhood; then the divine fatherhood, springing from a holy matchhood. One would almost sing,

How long, dear Father, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
Fly swifter on, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

III.

When one enters the presence of a holy person there is a disposition to do reverence, and there is a certain submission to his wise and pure will. The true wife bows to her companion, and her companion bows reverently to her. In so far as the twin are one, there are natural flowings from heart to heart, soul to soul. Now the soul would approach God and do Him homage. But this can only be done through mediations. There are chosen or middle persons unto whom there is to be a looking, and who are more directly to enter into the presence of the Eternal One. Each woman, each man, has a tutelary saint who watches over, guides, strengthens, encourages, leads. Unto that saint should the worshiper look for counsel, for intercession, and forgiveness of sins. It is truly a solemn thought that persons invisible to the human eye, know all the workings of the human heart; know the thoughts before they have ripened into action. When there is holiness, pure devotion, then that saint is made glad; when there is wrong doing, non commission of right, then that saint is grieved. How strong, how deep, how lasting the affection of such guardians. Oh, if man could but come to a clear view of the office of the mediators, he would see a beautiful net work running to every mind, and centering at the throne of the Eternal. Man is now in a condition where he can intelligently construct his wire, transport his message. The merchant employs the mediator—places a message in his hand; he forwards it to its destination. So in the hours of want, of struggle and sorrow, there may be prayers offered to the saints that intercessions may be.

Oh, if man could but know the harmony of the universe! Could he but see the chords which, when touched, vibrate from planet to planet, and world to world, he would exclaim, "How great is the beauty and harmony of the Divine!" Now, in the domestic circle, children come to the mother; so should men come to the Church—there make confessions, present petitions, and those petitions may be transmitted through countless minds to the grand Center of all things. It is needful, then, that divinest impartations, maybe that loving, just, and holy saints, descend upon, and bless those who are to found on the outer that divine Church of the Inner. Oh, it is a refreshing thought that the diviner magnetisms may drop as the rain, distill as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, or the showers upon the mown grass. And wherever these droppings are, even the deserts of mind shall rejoice, the flowers shall spring forth, and love, light and harmony shall appear.

Give not that which is holy to the dogs. Cast not pearls before brutes. These are important hints, and bear relation to wide uses. All persons are not equally competent to receive the same truths at the same instant. Persons, if they cannot otherwise be controlled, must have set before them the retributions, the judgments; and must be made to know that they who sow to the flesh, must of the flesh reap corruption. But as man unfolds, reaches diviner planes, can appreciate the lovely and the good, then there may be efforts to attract, and to rather draw than intimidate. Certain thoughts which have been held by the Church, in respect to retributions have been a necessity, growing out of man's ignorance of the divine love. True, it is said that "whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;" but highest conditions, purest states, neither call for chastenings nor scourgings. The voice of love is deep, beautiful, harmonious, and love has only to speak, or, peradventure look, and response ensues. Man, in the future, is to come to that condition when legislation shall not be; when statute books shall pass away; when external law shall be unnecessary; the law of love being written upon, and governing the internals. Before, however, man can reach that condition, he must pass through what shall correspond to purgatory; that is the fire of love shall be so kindled within him that his dross shall be separated from the permanent and holy. There shall be within him a fire which shall throw up and off the scum which may have gathered about him. There shall be a baptism of the holy, celestial, magnetic spirit, and of fire divine.

Brought into a holy condition, the soul asks for yet more purging, for an entire deliverance from all thoughts of a selfish, low, lascivious character. Then man shall be able internally to say, "There is neither Jew nor Gentile, male nor female, bond nor free, but all things, in the broadest sense, are just, right and holy." Even the apparent (evil) shall terminate in their circle in the goods. That one may be purged, there must be a separation from the world and its surroundings; and there needs to be a reference to monastic life—that thereby may be purifications, gathering strength to impregnate and act upon other minds. Separations, seclusions, then, are temporary, having holy objects in view. In taking any new step, in advancing any new thoughts, in countenancing new practices, the dogs and swine of earth will growl and seek to stay such thoughts and practices as to their impure vision shall seem unholy. A man and woman are one. They are made for the society of each other. They are to come together by the law of attraction—like meeting, enjoying its kindred like. The past has had its symbol of trial, of suffering; the present to be perfect, must also try persons in the closest and dearest relations. There will, then, be those who will be called literally to forsake houses, lands, wives, children—that through that form of struggle a higher state of perfection may be reached. And the tears shed, the agonies felt, the misinterpretations and persecutions which come will be of a solemn, painful character. Yet it was said that the "Captain of Salvation" was made perfect through suffering. And, how sad! A young man, in the morning of life, devoted himself to labors of love, wept with the afflicted, mourned with the suffering, sympathized with the sick, brushed the tear from sorrow's eye. His relatives would see him. With a grandeur and firmness which have rarely been matched, he cuts himself off, and

nobly says, "He who doeth the will of my Father, the same is my mother, my brother, my sister." Nay, in his earnestness he urges upon his disciples the hatred of mere blood relationship, when it stands in the way of truth. Thoughts so thorough, practices so novel, call forth the hatred of the world. Tried, condemned, the heavy cross is laid upon him—and in the hour of prayer he ascends to his Father and his God.

The New Era must have its cross. It must not look back to the Calvary of Jesus; it must and will have a present Calvary. There will be those actuated by holiest promptings, who will give their lives, if need be, for human good. The tear moistens the eye, and the prayer ascends,—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine, oh God, be done." Then there is holy resignation; beyond that a holy indifference, and the soul says, "Come what may, stripes or imprisonment, they are welcome." And yet, even then there is danger, even then there may be a self-complacency which says, "Come and see how bold I am." When the mind is thus corrupted, the cross is little better than a serpent. But in the divinest state, there are no words, but there is deep feeling. The cross is not merely worn externally, but it is imprinted upon the heart; and then all things are God's, all requirements are to be obeyed. "Thou to this condition that man is tending. And then there shall be a holy cementing, a mingling of tear with tear, soul with soul. It shall no longer be mine or thine, but ours!"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Beating the Wind.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.—TO X. Y. Z.

When Hope's warming rose pink has faded away,
And the chill shies above you wear nothing but gray;
When labors seem futile, and evil menace,
With a quiver of arrows held up in your face,
You have worried sometimes of your labors assigned,
And bitterly sighed "I am beating the wind!"

And so have we all. When the fingers of Time
Play soft on the moments a musical chime
We wist what will follow; we know a sad toll
Will herald a future, and sadden a soul,
While the tongues of the moments ring out "you are blind!"
You are fighting with shadows, and "beating the wind!"

The brave politician, with fire on his tongue,
Who has loved right the more, when the vipers have stung—
Like Giddings, and Sumner, and Lincoln—God love them!
Have sometimes seen all the bright stars fade above them,
And marking man's weakness and error combined,
Cried, what are my efforts but "beating the wind?"

When the telescope swept the first time o'er the skies,
And stars erst unknown flashed their silver replies
To the searching Italian, the joy of that hour
Was hunted and hated by bigotry's power;
He strove, but in vain, to enlighten the blind,
"To a dungeon!" they cried, "you are beating the wind!"

Leonidas! You of Thermopylae's pass!
When the Persians swept o'er you like sands through a glass,
And you faintest, at length, in the clutches of death,
Shouting Greece! Greece forever! till gone was your breath—
Did you think the three hundred in valor combined,
Had fallen for nought, "beating only the wind?"

When Socrates, steady in nerve and in soul,
Drank death in the hemlock he drained from the bowl,
Unmoved, and colossal, and firm as an oak
Which pigmies would girdle, not heeding a stroke,
We mourned over Athens, so cruel and blind,
Who cried, innovator! "you beat but the wind!"

Dear Christ! when you gave us that holy oblation,
Your life filled with love and with self-abnegation;
When you scattered truth's pearls as the night does her dews,
And were paid by the gauches which dropped the red rose,
Did your soul ever cry, when so pierced and maligned,
Oh pity me, Father! "I'm beating the wind!"

Men die like the foam bells which flash on a stream;
Years hurry like seasons, we live in a dream,
And the shrouded tongue of the future will tell
Whether life in our hands was used illy or well,
While Right marches on, leaving Error behind,
We know that all hands are not "beating the wind!"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Sonnet.

BY G. L. BURNBIDE.

I thought that who had fame must needs be blest;
And rapt with the unutterable charm
Of some heart-shaking poetry, grow warm
To emulate it with a high unrest;
And deemed who made the strain must live and rest
Airtily in a life whose sources wide
World-empathy had strangely multiplied,
Until his very sorrows found a zest
The world could not entirely ally.
Not all in vain, Great Spirit, was the thought;
For the delusive, the pursuit has brought
Knowledge that time and change can ne'er destroy.
There is no rest but immortality,
And fame and glory find their home in These.
Owego, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1865.

Letter from Tennessee.

MURFREESBORO, TENN., Dec. 14th, 1865.

To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Just take a mental photograph of the most "horrid" place you can imagine, then multiply by one hundred and thirty-seven, and you will have a better picture of this place and its surroundings, than I could possibly give you, were I to use all the depreciative adjectives in the English language. It will always live in the memory of our people, however, as the place where many of our soldiers sleep. The government is erecting a monument on the site of the cemetery, where the heroes of Stone River are buried; it is to be of granite, and is to be 24 feet at the base, and 100 feet high. A similar testimonial should be erected on the site of every battle-field and prison pen of the South, as a perpetual token to the Southern people of the affection which the Government feels for her departed heroes, and as a reminder to them of their own infamous deeds. I have been scattered around considerable lately—have only been here a few days. I find three distinct classes of people here; the thriving, energetic Northerner, the genuine Tennessee rebel, and the gentleman of fast colors. The first and last classes are thoroughly Union men, while the unionism of the other is about so-so—not much to speak of. Yesterday I asked a citizen, a man who had spent two years in the rebel army, for information as to the condition of affairs out in the country, away from the railroads, and he replied that "he didn't know; didn't take no interest now-a-days; never pestered around much lately."

I believe there are no Spiritualists throughout this part of the country—at least, I don't find any. I have not met one since I left Cincinnati. By the way, Mr. Editor, we have a pretty good working society in that city, and also one in Covington. Some of the heavy weights of the society live in Covington. "I don't speak of myself in particular,"

as John W. Fennell said, when remarking that women had more sense than men.

I took Thanksgiving dinner at home, on the banks of the La Belle river. Mr. Editor, did you have a good dinner on that day? If you did not, let me give you a bit of advice: get an "angel of the house," as A. J. Davis calls them, and indulge in good dinners, for turkey dinners are peculiarly an American institution. But I was going to give you a little Thanksgiving incident. After dinner my wife packed a basketful of what was left, and I started on a little jaunt of one hundred miles to a bachelor friend who couldn't be with us on that day; of course I had the JOURNAL with me to while away the time on the cars. Becoming a little weary, I leaned back in my seat, and let my fancy revel with all sorts of "word and ghostly shadows"—mind I said fancy, for I am neither a clairvoyant nor medium, "more's the pity." A gentleman on the seat in front of me, with a Presbyterian cast of countenance, and coat of faultless cut, seeing the paper lying all crumpled in my lap, politely requested the loan of it, and I as politely handed it to him. He adjusted his gold rimmed spectacles very carefully, cast his eyes upon the paper, and the next moment folded it carefully, and handed it back to me with the polite bow it has ever been my pleasure to witness. I inadvertently asked him "if anything hurt him?" He put on a very meek look, but deigned no reply. Was it wrong if I indulged in a little sneaker behind my kerchief? He was a minister, I judge—in future I shall always carry a JOURNAL of some work on Spiritualism with me on the train, just to study character.

Look here! I see you boast a good deal about your mailing machine; you had better give it a few lessons in orthography, for it never spells my name correctly. My name is Stubbs—probably not as high-sounding as Chesterfield, nor so well known as Smith; but certainly it is entitled to all the euphony that honesty belongs to it. I think, after all, it is the fault of the friend who took my subscription; but I should dislike, were I to go over the river suddenly, one of these days, to have my name misspelled in the obituary. G. W. S.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE—No. 2.

Dublin—Edinburgh—Scottish Lakes—Melrose Abbey—Aberdeen, Sir Walter Scott's former residence—Dryboro Abbey, his burial place—Glasgow, its appearance and manufactures, &c., &c.

When I last wrote, I was at Dublin, Ireland, and before bidding adieu to Ireland and the Irish people, I wish to say that I found much less drunkenness than I was led to expect from what I had seen of the Irish people in America. I also found them much more open to reason on any subject, religion included, than I had expected, and I think I can safely say that the priests have much less control over the people than is generally supposed. This may be accounted for by the fact that they have heavier burdens than they can bear, not only imposed by the government, but by the church, and that instead of being benefited by the church, it has done much to place them, as a nation, where they are. More than once your correspondent heard Fenianism discussed on the church steps, and the Prates damned for Tories. And so they are, for they well know that when the Irish people have thrown off one yoke, they will soon throw off another, and these two are England and the church; and it is a question whether they will ever get their rights from England until they have first broken the chains that bind them to the church, for their religion makes them all cowards.

Take the Irish people as a nation, I saw much to admire in them, and only regret that I had not the power to set them right before the world.

From Dublin we take the train for Edinburgh, Scotland, after passing over a beautiful country, that in Scotland being much the same as that already described in Ireland, with this very marked difference: the farm houses were much better and the farms much larger, showing conclusively that the owners of the land lived on it, and enjoyed the products of the soil.

In Ireland the railroad track either passes under or over all the common roads, so as to avoid collisions, and in order to accomplish this, splendid massive stone bridges are constructed, that in America would make the railroads cost as much as if they were paved with gold. The stations are neat Gothic stone structures, and each side of the road is always either paved or sodded, and in many cases at the depots and way-stations beautiful beds of flowers may be seen perfuming the air for hundreds of yards around, and even through the deepest cuts each side is either beautifully sodded or paved, so as to prevent washing as well as to beautify the view, added to which is generally to be found a beautifully trimmed hedge fence, so closely woven together that you can scarcely see through it.

After rather a fatiguing trip, we arrived at Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, and taking rooms at the Douglas Hotel, we prepared to see the sights. The first things that attract our attention, are the neatness and quietness of the city. We see many spires pointing heavenward, and as it is Sunday, we enter one of the stately edifices, and find an elderly, demure looking set of people, the minister looking even more so. The reverend divine was at prayers when we entered, and for the first sentence that caught our ears was, "O Lord, keep our consciences tender and our hearts broken;" and I judge that prayer had been answered long ago, for a more broken-hearted looking congregation I never saw, which naturally brings up the inquiry, if they are serving God, as they hope, acceptably to Him, why should they look so? We would rather think they should be the most cheerful people in the world; but they are the most woe begone. If I had to choose whether I had to be led in slavery by the priests in Ireland or the Protestants in Scotland, I could hardly tell which to choose, for if both classes (according to their creeds) are not damned, they will be saved by a miracle, or perhaps, as St. Paul has it, "as by fire," which we should think rather a hard way of being saved.

The new town of Edinburgh is a beautiful city, and well deserves the name of the Modern Athens. It abounds in statuary, the most beautiful of which is that of Walter Scott, the monument to whom is a masterpiece of architecture. It was designed by a young man of no pretensions, and when sent in to the committee he was so modest he did not affix his name to the plan, and yet it was unanimously adopted, and there it stands to-day, the pride of the metropolis.

Edinburgh castle, being one of the principal features of the place, we make our way there and find it situated on the top of a bluff or hill, enclosed by a massive wall, that no doubt, in early history proved too strong for pikes and battering rams; but in the present age of fifteen inch cannon, would not stand the second round. It is still, in accordance with the treaty between England and Scotland, garrisoned by a couple of hundred men, together with a splendid brass band, the principal business

of which seems to be to discourse sweet music to the crowd which collects in the park below.

Here, in a glass case, surrounded by an iron railing, are the old, massive crown jewels of Scotland, said to be very valuable. Many legends are told of them; among others, that they were missing for a long time, and were finally found in an old oak chest, that is exhibited, together with the jewels. Here also are rooms painted out, where children, afterwards famous in history, were born, while others were strangled, others had their throats cut. The most interesting to me was the room occupied by the James about Mary, Queen of Scots. It is a room in the east corner of the castle, overlooking a prospect of more than two hundred feet, and has still the original wainscoting in oak, dark and dim with age.

Here is also shown the bodice she occupied, part of the bed clothing, and the room in which she and her lover sat at supper when he was murdered. Pictures of the unfortunate Mary are here for sale, in various sizes, and if she was as beautiful as they represent her, she was lovely indeed. She lived in an age too much like the present, where men arrogate to themselves the right to do anything, but allow woman the right to do nothing.

In the area in front of the castle stands an immense cannon, thirty inches in diameter, which is said never to have been fired but once, when it was fired at the English, and then it burst, the latter of which is true, for we saw where it had been put together like the staves of a barrel. It is an immense thing, and if it did good execution even at the one shot, perhaps it did all that should have been expected of it. It was a question however in my mind whether it killed more of the English than the Scotch.

The new and the old towns are divided by what was once a rough, broken ravine; but is now improved so as to form a beautiful park and promenade. During the week days nurses and children congregate in it; on Sunday, large crowds of grown people assemble in it, and promenade through it, or find a seat under the shade of some luxuriant old tree, that has probably stood for centuries.

The old town stands on the side of the hill nearest the castle, and presents quite a unique and antiquated appearance, many of the houses being fourteen stories high, and having dates on them as far back as thirteen hundred. The streets are narrow and steep, and the population of the lower order, while the new town is regularly laid off, with fine wide streets, beautiful freestone front blocks, five to seven stories high, and the people, if not polite, are pleasant and dignified; here are evidences of wealth and refinement. The student can dive deep into the classics or learn from Esculapius the art of mixing medicines. Edinburgh is indeed a beautiful town, and many days might be agreeably spent in it; but a tour of the continent in six months will not admit of it, and so we take the cars for Aberdeen, the residence of Walter Scott. In our way take Melrose Abbey, a grand ruin a thousand years old, not now in use, but the walls are in a good state of preservation. A sweet young girl in a cottage near by, was sent to point out to us the chancel tombs, where Walter Scott used to sit and muse, and all this, and her company, for a shilling.

From Melrose we go by carriage four miles, to Abbotsford, and find in the center of very tasty grounds, a nice modern country villa. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the little river Tweed, and was evidently fitted up by Sir Walter with the expectation that it would become a place of resort, for he had rooms in which were shields and bucklers, in other pictures, and in others curiosities of various kinds; then, there is his library, very uniquely fitted up with an iron balcony to the second tier of shelves. Also, the identical chair he composed most of his works in. Also, the clothes he wore, including his broad-brimmed white hat. Take it altogether, Abbotsford is well worth a visit as being the home of so justly celebrated a man.

From Abbotsford we go to Dryboro Abbey, the place of his burial. This is another ruin, and much the same as Melrose abbey, and so; we shall make a description of the one suffice for the other. Now we take our way to the city of Glasgow, by the way of the Scotch Lakes, and as we have described the Irish lakes, which these resemble, we will merely remark that one of the sweetest places we have yet visited is the Troxar Hotel at the foot of Lake Lomond, and the little steamer as she glides along the lake, is a perfect picture of herself. The water in the lake is clear as crystal, and the mountains on each side stupendous, affording little opportunity for cultivation, yet presenting a scene of grandeur seldom equalled. What added to the beauty of the scene were the storm-clouds that swept along the sides of the mountains, entirely enveloping them at times, then leaving them perfectly exposed, though so distracting your senses that they seemed to be moving rather than the clouds, and apparently ready to dash themselves into the lake at your feet. It was the wildest scene I have ever witnessed.

From Lake Lomond we make our way to Glasgow, part of the way by coach and part by rail, arriving in the evening and finding it a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, but a damp, dirty, smoky city, as much or more so than Pittsburgh, or any other like place in America.

Foundries and machine shops are to be found here in abundance; indeed Glasgow is one, and not one of the least, workshops of the world. There are an immense number of excellent old buildings in a good state of repair, but all having more or less a dingy appearance.

While here, it was the writer's good fortune to attend a Scotch fair, which is a kind of holiday gathering of the people of town and country. Though it is not now observed by the upper or even the middle class, it is kept up with great zest by the lower class, who come in from the country by tens of thousands, and as a consequence there are spread out for them all manner of amusements, such as mock circuses, sham fights, monkey shows, balloon ascensions, tight-rope dancers, clowns, cock fights, and others bawling at the top of their voices, and even coming down from their platforms, and taking their dupes by the shoulders and dragging them to the stand. There were grand prizes in the center of the area, fifty feet high, with a pole at the top for any one that could reach; and though many attempted it, none reached it, and some often falling within a few feet of it, would from sheer exhaustion have to forego the prize and abandon the effort.

There were fat men, women and babies, and all sorts of cripples and maimed men, in fact every thing to satisfy the most vulgar or depraved taste; and strange to say, among all that mass of animality, women were not only looking on, but were taking part in all that was going on. It was here, for the first time we saw women's second hand apparel for sale, and it was very much to be seen, by female pawnbrokers. We had never seen any board of Dennybrook Fair, but never could have imagined it a Pandemonium like this. It is well we took the advice of a friend, and

took a policeman along, for we saw a man, born of both coat tails while there, by some expert pick-pocket, who, to make surer of his prize, cut off the entire tails, pockets and all, leaving the poor fellow only a stump of a coat.

Glasgow is on the Clyde, and it is here where many of the blockade runners were fitted out. Glasgow is justly celebrated for the building of fast sailing vessels, and though it proved a lucrative business in the early part of the war, it is a question if in the end it proved a source of profit to them, for toward the last, Uncle Sam gobbled them up, fast that it broke all connected with it.

Yours, &c., EUREKA.

An Interesting Letter.

CHICAGO, Dec., 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL: Some four years ago my wife, James M. Martin, left Chicago in the last stages of consumption, with the intention of crossing the plains to Denver, as the only means of saving his life. When he arrived at Denver his health was well nigh restored. He remained in Colorado the last spring, a year, when he made a trip of forty-five days to Virginia City, Idaho. He has just returned to Denver, and the following letter, received from him, gives a description of some of his sufferings in a terrible snow storm, between Salt Lake City and Denver. I regard his salvation from death in the terrible snow and wind storm, as a special interposition of spirits in his behalf.

WARWICK MARTIN.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE LETTER:

Denver, Nov. 18, 1865.

DEAR FATHER: I arrived here a week ago from Salt Lake City, from which place I wrote you. From the time of leaving that city, we had constant bad luck, cold weather, bad roads, deep snow, no feed for the horses, and but a poor supply of provisions. We should have made the trip in from fifteen to eighteen days; but, from the bad-mentioned causes, we were a month. We lost two horses, and were compelled to give and throw away almost everything we had so as to get through.

At Cluque Pass I had a narrow escape of death. The train passed the Military post at the Pass, in a terrible snow and wind storm, and kept on, intending to camp some miles ahead. David Smith, my traveling companion, and myself, had a horse stolen from us at the Post, and Mr. Smith remained to find him, intending to overtake me in the stage. I started for the train on horseback. Unfortunately for me, the train took a wrong road, and finding out their error, struck across the country to the right road. The snow had covered their track, so that it was very difficult for me to keep it, and I finally lost it entirely. While searching for the road, my horse stumbled and threw me into a snowdrift; and before I could catch him, he was at full speed before the storm, and was soon out of sight. This happened early in the morning of the first of the month. Being compelled to abandon all hope of recovering my horse, I commenced retracing my steps back to the fort. The road was becoming covered with snow, and the wind and snow coming from the direction of the fort, drove me away from it instead of bringing me nearer to it. After walking all day, I came to the conclusion I was lost. Trying to remember as well as I could the course had come, I made an effort to return to the point from which I had started. But night came on, and no signs of the fort. The weather was intensely cold, and I was almost exhausted. I dared not rest down, however, as I was fearful I could not get from falling asleep. I lost my hat when my horse fell, and my head was a complete snowball.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings that long miserable night. I did not think for one moment that I was going to die. I determined I would not die. I concluded it was a disagreeable life to my life experiences. When morning came I started out in a sure direction to find the fort. By the time I had become weak, and was compelled to rest frequently. I walked against the wind for hours, scarcely making any progress, when I concluded to ascend a small mountain, and if I failed to see the fort, to take another direction. After almost dragging myself to the top, I gazed anxiously around, but the snow was driving so thick I could not distinguish anything. I threw myself into a snow bank, and I think I must have slept a short time. When I came to myself the storm had abated, and I took another survey of the landscape, and to my great joy, I saw the flagstaff of the fort about five miles distant. This gave me new life. My progress through the deep snow was very slow; but in about two hours I reached the Post.

Mr. Smith was very much alarmed. I was benumbed I could not change my clothes without assistance. As soon as out of the cold I became ravenously hungry, not having eaten anything for thirty hours. After a good breakfast, which the officers kindly provided for me, I proceeded to certain damages. The result was, I had frozen my ears slightly, nose do, both hands tolerably, but both feet also rather badly. I had been but a short time in these good quarters when a delegation came in from the train to request the commanding officer to send a detachment with them to try and find my body, as they supposed had perished during the night. I was a three day wonder, and was frequently pointed out on the road as "the man who was out a day and a night in the terrible storm!"

After resting a short time at the fort I started with the train. Having lost our horses we had to take passage in other teams as far as Cass Lake, Poudre. As my feet were so bad, I concluded to make my way to Denver, seventy miles distant, on foot. I had not money enough to pay my fare on the coach, and I therefore walked these seventy miles, making my feet worse. I am now much better, but still lame. I fear it will be some time before I am entirely sound.

Well, Father, I had everything, even my clothes, but my life was saved, and I am thankful and satisfied. My old friend and manager, Mr. Langrish, received me with the greatest kindness, and immediately offered me an engagement which I accepted. I have played a few nights, and enclose a bill. I think I shall have to rest a short time. I will remain here a month or more, and perhaps all winter. My general health is excellent; my lungs do not give me the least trouble.

Your affectionate son,

JAMES M. MARTIN.

We are informed that John Sheldon, of Livingston Co., N. Y., has purchased of Mr. Stowell, of Vermont, his pure Infatado ram, "Dew Drop," for \$5,000; also, five ewes, at \$250 each, all of Wood blood." Mr. Sheldon is a well known and successful breeder.

A Roman Catholic curate at Seville, Spain, has denounced electric telegraphs, railways, and the substitution of steam power for hand labor, as "the devilish devices of Satan to aid Protestants in the perversion of modern society."

Nasco de Gama was a sailor.

The Boatman's Dream.

With long arms o'er the prairie towed,
And feet that bathed in frolic spray,
And head all white with Northern frost,
The mighty sire of waters lay;

reach, but our spirit bodies are too dense to go to other spheres; hence we are subject to the law of gravitation and cannot go beyond the slow process of natural locomotion only as we are assisted by spirits who have power to affect material substances.

I know that it is generally conceded that they have to inhabit this plane on account of their progress, but that is no criterion by which to judge of the proximity of spirits to material matter—it is only relatively so.

Question.—Then I suppose Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Booth are in the same sphere of existence?

Answer.—Certainly.

Q.—Can you come in rapport with any one on your plane as readily as we on the material plane can?

A.—We can.

Q.—Is there the same slavery of association, by one hanging on, to the complete disgust of another there, as here?

A.—Not to the same extent, for we can feel the law of adaptation more distinctly here than with you; and though we have conjugal relations here, still we outgrow them, having received and imparted all there is for us, and mutually separate as naturally as we come together.

Q.—What is the result of the conjugal relation in your sphere of life?

A.—It develops the mind and unfolds us mentally and spiritually.

Q.—You say you have to pass through the change called natural death; do you dread it as we do?

A.—No, because we have parted with the material body, and that change takes place rather by development than by suffering or decay, as with you.

SAMUEL SPEARING.

I have come to earth to give a few thoughts in regard to a great movement, the Children's Lyceum. I do hope that humanity will awaken to the great necessity there is for the movement, as it is much easier to inculcate principles of freedom in the mind while young, if well directed, than in after years, when they have become encrusted by the education of the world.

Now I cannot recognize misdirection as being the cause of so much suffering to human beings, for the reason that every man and woman is unfolded in accordance with the demands of his or her own interior being. Hence the opening flower of Spiritualism has unfolded to all their capacity for more freedom of thought and action, as they have grown able to appreciate it.

Hence the time has now come when we are able to bring to earth such principles as the young mind demands, for the development of more harmony and usefulness in the great law of progress, and it is those spirits that are in the spirit world, like myself, who have left children here whom they would save from the terrible slavery of creeds and dogmas; for in instituting and opening the channels of education, the resources lie in the fathers and mothers of children; for they see the necessity of unfolding minds to those laws of health pertaining to their physical development. If the mind is enlightened with a knowledge of its powers, it will hold in subjection the physical incongruities that are in the systems or organisms of children, and it becomes necessary to unfold the mind and educate it while the diseases that have descended from parent to child become obliterated by the physical aid of true men and women. Then let not the world become envious because the great honor may be confined to one man, of starting the car of progress in that direction.

I refer to Bro. Davis. He was the medium through whom this truth came to the earth life in a comprehensive manner. It came not until humanity was ready for it, and he was the best instrument through whom it could be perfected and brought into use. He was not actuated from any motive of self aggrandizement other than was necessary, to cause him to so throw his soul into the work that it might become a living principle. A movement of any kind can never result in permanent good unless there is breathed into it true life, and its projector its quickening spirit. In childhood's education, I would that humanity should drop the spirit of censure and take hold earnestly in the great work of self culture; for if it could realize how much the soul of a child is like a garden, if left uncultivated—how noxious weeds will grow therein, it could not look into its neighbor's garden, to the neglect of its own, and expect to see beautiful flowers spring up in its own. Then let them all labor earnestly and zealously to free their own souls from all that is detrimental to their highest peace and happiness, and then they will soon see that the flowers of love will give forth such a perfume that health and happiness will spring up in the households where weeds were wont to grow.

Letter from Peoria.

PEORIA, Dec. 20, 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL: I notice in a late issue of your paper an article purporting to have been copied from a "New York Christian Journal," in which a wife, and a wife of a minister, most generously donates to "some poor invalid," a "soiled and much worn" study gown of her husband's. I am deeply gratified to find in this "world of woe" such a pure and disinterested act of benevolence. Disinterested it most certainly is, for she says she feels a strong attachment for this same "soiled and much worn" study gown. We imagine so. Only think, what glorious and pious memories must be connected with this "soiled and much worn" study gown. For eight long years this minister had worn it—had prayed in it, and most probably had rehearsed his sermons in it. Only think, how many "hell fire" sermons have been written by this minister's wife's husband, while unwrapped in its "soiled and much worn folds."

What a sweet consolation it will afford the "poor invalid" who shall be fortunate enough to be the recipient of this minister's wife's most noble gift, if just ready to shuffle off this mortal coil, to know that he makes his exit in the "soiled and much worn" gown of this minister. A gown that he has prayed in for eight long years. Then he will not be troubled with the thought that he has deprived this minister's wife's husband of any comfort, because he is having a new study gown made. And when eight more years shall have passed away then the happy thought will console him, that some other "poor invalid" may receive a "soiled and much worn" study gown. We do not see or comprehend how the congregation over which this minister's

wife's husband presides could let such a memento slip out from amongst them. We would thus respectfully suggest that they raise a subscription to forward to the "Heathen," and so retain the precious gown.

I intended to say something about local matters, things spiritual and things temporal, but I have already trespassed too much upon your truly valuable columns. The friends of Progression are few about here as yet, but we wait patiently for the "good time coming." If agreeable to you I shall occasionally drop you a line.

Yours truly, COSMOPOLITE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Miltonian Tableau.

An exhibition with this title is now attracting crowded houses of Philadelphians, which are no doubt increased by presents of various articles, amounting to from fifty to one hundred dollars, each evening, to the holders of such numbers of programmes as are promiscuously called at the close. These programmes with the numbers are taken from the man at the door as the tickets are delivered, so there is no possibility of collusion or cheat. The fairness of the transaction increases the interest and excitement, as some of the presents are quite valuable, being a set of china, or silver pitcher, gilt Bible, etc. Then the scene itself is most interesting and instructive, and no doubt more useful than, and quite a substitute for, religious revivals. The paintings and scenery are rich and elegant, almost to magnificence, and the subjects, to a student of astronomy, geology and geography, are exceedingly valuable in showing the contrast with theology. They first present God and His Son seated on a magnificent throne in the kingdom of heaven, but, geographically, I know not where that heaven is. The Son is evidently as old as his father or mother, for in one act he is painted as an old white-bearded man, in sharp contrast with the Holy Child or fair-haired youthful Jesus of the mother church. They next present Satan and his angels in splendor, on his throne, nearly equal to that of God; and from this most perfect and happy condition, Satan rallies his followers, who, with one exception, engage with him to join one-third of heaven's hosts in the ill-fated rebellion, reminding one forcibly of the Jeff. Davis and slaveholders' rebellion, both in its inception, execution and results. Another scene presents the armies of heaven, horses, chariots and colobriads in several serious and severe battles, which are finally finished up by the appearance, skill, bravery and fighting qualities of the Son of God, who, as a General Grant, conquers, subdues, and subjugates Satan and his heavenly hosts, and drives them down to hell, where they afterwards appear lolling and lounging in apparent indifference in the raging flames, which do not seem to consume them. The Father-God did not appear in the battle-fields, but, like our President, although commander-in-chief, kept out of the fights in the retirement of the White House. Satan was once reported wounded, and many of the loyal army, comprising two-thirds of heaven's hosts, are reported as falling by the terrible colubriads and Dahlgrens; but the dead and wounded are not reported, nor is there any scene of burial of dead at the close of the battles. They ought to show us the burial ground and scenes after the battle, as well as in it, but it is a fine illustration of Milton's Paradise Lost. When these vanquished rebels are fairly lodged in hell, and get rested, Satan gets up a new scheme to perplex and torment the gods; but first we are shown a fine set of paintings of the Mosaic account of creation. God working in the dark and light evenings and mornings before the sun was made; of the immense floods of surging waters above and below the firmament [air]; the wonderful work of divine skill in making all things out of nothing, and making grass grow without seeds, and birds without eggs, and beasts without parents, and finally Adam and Eve without a mother, are beautifully presented, and graphically described by the orator, who explains the religious history and character as the scenes progress. We are next shown Satan in his second rebellion, seeking, inquiring, and finally finding his way through chaos to the earth, on which he alighted safely, as there were no picket lines set to guard it, at which one wonders after the warlike scenes just witnessed, and the character of the warriors, and especially since we are assured that God knew of the approach of Satan, and warned Mr. Adam and his wife, and then left them in their ignorance and innocence to the wiles of the devil, who had once well nigh taken heaven itself with one-third its legions against two-thirds with God and his Son both to direct them. It certainly looks like an unjustifiable neglect of innocence and weakness, and especially as we are shown that Satan deceived one of the loyal angels on his way, and got information from him of the route to the earth. Of course, it was an easy work to cheat Mrs. Adam, if not the man, with the tempting fruits; but what seems most ridiculous of all is that he should assume the odious and hateful form of a snake to persuade her by his wily arts, but probably our prejudice against snakes is inherited and educational, as they have been sacred animals. We are impressed by the picture that the snake had the same shape before as he had after the curse, by which he was ordered to crawl and eat dust. The latter part of which he has not obeyed, as he eats other food, since we know his history. Maybe he got a commutation of the sentence, since it was not the snake's fault, but Satan's, who only took one snake to deceive Mrs. Adam, when her husband was out on a walk alone. On the first landing of Satan he sees the garden of Eden fenced, at which he laughs, and jumps it of course; but we wonder who built the fence and where they got the materials; but we are surprised at many things, as we observe the passing picture representations of Miltonian and Bible history. I wondered who cut Adam's hair, and where they got combs and shears, as his was short, while his wife had very long hair, and how they sewed the fig leaves which they wore in the last appearance, as it was the only garment they appeared on the stage in. The angels are all supplied with wings, and some of them (cavalry, of course,) with horses, shields, &c. In the battles they had curious looking swords but no carbines or revolvers. The mountain and river scenery, rising sun and moon, &c., are richly painted, but where they are, geographically, we are not told; but Satan, in his long journey, appears to come through the midst of stars, comets, planets, &c., on a long and crooked road from hell to earth, and as there were no guideboards up it is doubtful if all the sinners find the way there, unless it has been straightened and changed to a broad gauge since. I have seen nothing for years that so amused me, and in the midst of the crowd I wondered whether the scenes and clerical sanctity of the orator would do more with the ignorant multitude who, Catholic-like, could see the admissibility in the exhibition, or the scientific knowledge of the utter ridiculousness of the whole fable and fables would arouse thought and tend to do away with the Christian superstition and ignorance which still enshrouds its millions.

But on the whole, I concluded it was beneficial and tended to expose absurdity and enlighten the public mind, and I therefore recommended it, and hope it will be attended by crowded houses in all the cities, and keep its price of admission down, as it is here, to twenty-five cents, so that the poor and deluded Christians of the Mother Church, and all other churches, can see the pictures of their belief. Chicago, I know, will give them a crowd, and I hope of Catholics and Methodists.

Philadelphia, Nov. 20, 1865.

Prof. Robert Hare to Dr. Wm. C. Fahnestock, of Marietta, Pa.—No. 1.

LANCASTER, March 25, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR:—The subject for this evening's investigation will be the mode in which mind or spirit acts on matter, that is, the modus operandi of physical phenomena. Let me here digress slightly, in order to be better understood hereafter.

Every human being, while on the earth sphere, has exhaling from his system a particular aroma which consists of the effluvia particles of his physical nature resolving themselves into their original parental condition, and in so doing, they necessarily envelope the individual in a sphere of this semi-decomposed materiality. The quality as well as the quantity of this aroma is varied by the accidents of health, fatigue, diet, rest, temperament, etc. In addition to this exhalation, which is purely physical, there is also another which is an emanation or illumination from the spiritual body, and may, for want of a better term, be called the mental aroma. Now, these two eliminations in the case of a living man or woman constitute their bond of union with the spirits. This mental aroma is constituted by the expenditure of thought, desire, hope, fear, and indeed, by all the passions of man's spiritual nature, and is more or less powerful in proportion to the intensity of the individual's will, by which any or all of its components may be made to act, or to remain quiescent, either on its own physical medium, or on the mental aroma of any other intelligent being, whether man or spirit. The physical aroma of man can only act on the physical senses of another, as is noticed in the particular odor of certain persons, as the African, and others of this class. The dog, with the lower animals, (to some extent) possessing a nicer sense of smell than man, by means of this physical exhalation, is enabled to recognize his master, although that master may be in the midst of persons, who, in point of dress, size, etc., are precisely like him. The mental aroma is only recognizable by the mind, and as it carries with it the entire nature of the individual to whom it belongs, it apprises those possessing a nice sense of mental discrimination of the character of its owner, even while at a distance; hence the affinity or aversion we feel to persons at first sight. This gives you at once the principle upon which spiritual affinity is founded, and you will perceive the impossibility of promiscuous intercourse or deception in the choice of associates in the spheres. The want of proper attention to the cultivation of this sense in man has been the fruitful source of fully one-half of all his earthly mental blights and disappointments. From what has been said, you will perceive that there is always being eliminated from individuals a physico-spiritual atmosphere, which, as it agrees or disagrees with spirits who may be present, enables them to approach, or compels them to recede, according to its manifest intensity. Unity in character of these eliminations constitutes the conditions known as mediumship, that is, when the mental and physical emanation is of the same nature. For example: suppose an individual, when his physical aroma, from grossness of original fibre, and the unrestrained indulgence of the appetites has become sensual and groveling. But in consequence of education or position in society, his mental elimination is of a more refined character; now you will at once perceive the discrepancy in such an individual. Physically, he could influence those you call devils; but mentally, they would be unable to approach, and spirits term such a man "a lie."

Again, suppose a person who is of a fine fibre, has lived temperately—is in the enjoyment of good health, etc.—in this case, his physical emanation is pleasing; but self is his God. He beautifies his person through feelings of vanity, and is careful of his physical being, only that his own dear selfhood may be the more admired. Such a man's mental aroma would be too little for your "devils." The only spirits it would be likely to attract, if acting by itself, would be those of idiots, or possibly those of departed orang outangs, and French dancing masters.

But to be serious: a well-balanced character in these respects, constitutes the essential pre-requisites to spirit communion, as it is through this means that spiritual phenomena are accomplished. I have just got through my exordium, and will resume this subject at another time.

ROBERT HARE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Millennium.

The Pagan as well as the Christian world is looking forward to a time when a state of universal peace, plenty and happiness will prevail throughout the world. But I find the means of arriving at that state of things are as varied as they are absurd.

The Christian idea of the Millennium is a condition of things where all shall know the Lord ("as they know him) from the least unto the greatest," and shall serve him as they do, belonging to the same church, repeating the same prayers, and wearing the same sanctimonious faces that they do. Now, which of all the churches, is to be the church triumphant, has not transpired; and which are the others, to whom Christ is to say, "Depart from me ye cursed," is not yet fully settled; but at any rate, they are all agreed that it is to be a praying, psalm singing business, never thinking for a moment that not only the large majority of mankind, but they themselves, would be utterly miserable if constantly occupied in this way. We put the question to any candid church member or regular attendant upon church, if it is not the hardest work he does, and if Sunday is not the longest day in the week?

Ah, but, says the church member, we will be changed, so that we shall then enjoy what is now, to say the least, disagreeable to us. So you will be changed, but the change will consist in the development of your reasoning faculties, so that you will see that Nature is right, and man is wrong, that the laws of God are found in Nature, and not within the lids of a book; and that to attain happiness, you must live in accordance with the laws of your being, rather than the fabrications of a clouded-brain unnatural and preposterous, of I care not what sect; for they all profess that to be unnatural is Godlike.

Where then, is happiness to be found, and what will constitute the Millennium? I answer, not that condition of things where man will be changed or

transformed into a mule; but where his body shall be free from disease and from unnatural stimulants; and where, in the vigor of his manhood, he shall have all that he desires. Then, and only then, will he be happy, contented, satisfied. I know that day is yet in the distant future, for many changes must take place in the reproduction, food and culture of man before he will be fit for that era when every man will become a law unto himself, and when it may truly be said, the lion lies down with the lamb.

J. B. CLIFTON.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Children's Lyceum Festival in St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26th, 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The citizens of this prosperous city are intelligent and successful in all their public undertakings. The population is largely impressed by whatever is broad and comprehensive and rational; therefore they naturally and respectfully accept the fundamental principles of the Harmonical Philosophy, and at once set about exemplifying their ideas.

Only three Sundays ago the Children's Progressive Lyceum was organized, and already a first-class public festival has been given with remarkable success.

The officers of the Lyceum engaged the largest and most beautiful hall in the city; a band of music was obtained; a refreshment table was amply loaded; a Queen's Bower was constructed and decorated; hundreds of presents (it was Christmas) were arranged in packages, bearing the names of members; a perfect impersonation of the old-time Santa Claus was introduced by one of the Lyceum Guards, who, when the children were all drawn up in front of the Bower, entered the hall at the farthest end, and walking up, amid clapping hands and cheering on all sides, deposited his package of gifts on the beautiful table before the Queen.

The guardian of groups, Mrs. Col. Blood, performed the part of Queen with perfect grace. In leading the marches also, she is all that the position requires. In fact the officers and leaders are all persons of intelligence and influence, and they will successfully carry through whatever they undertake.

After the presents were distributed, the "children of a larger growth" enjoyed two or three hours of dancing and other social pastimes.

The Lyceum treasury was largely enriched by this Festival. The proceeds will probably pay for all the Equipments, Manuals, and for all other expenses incident to the establishment of this new and beautiful system of education.

Your Brother, A. J. DAVIS.

Letter from Dr. Mayhew.

QUINCY, ILL., Dec. 22, 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL: I now resume the thread of my travels. Havana is a town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, lying on the Illinois river between Beardstown and Pekin. The Peoria and Jacksonville railroad passes through it, and is finished to Virginia, sixteen miles north of Jacksonville. The river is navigable for steamboats up to Peoria and down to St. Louis. It is a place of considerable business, and depends mainly on the surrounding beautiful agricultural country. I found here our earnest friend and co-worker, Dr. James Boggs, and had a cordial welcome from several other free and inquiring minds. My lectures were held in the Court House, but the extreme cold prevented large attendance. On Sunday I had my best audiences, and on Sunday evening it was large and exceedingly attentive.

I found that all the Spiritualists here were readers of the JOURNAL, so you can number the Spiritual families by referring to your list of subscribers. I had some interesting conversations while here, but not so many as usual. I found here a Dr. who has a brother, a very prominent Spiritualist, in Chicago, and who is himself a Spiritualist, but holds back from confessing himself as such, and has identified himself with the Reformed Dutch Church. How much do such persons hinder the progress of Truth, and how sad will be their retrospect in the future life.

While here my healing powers were not much exercised, though they were called for in a measure. I am now in Quincy, and I hope to be able while here to arrange with the young lady medium for physical manifestations, etc., to visit Springfield, Decatur and Havana. I have spoken with her on the subject, and the friends who requested me to do so will hear from me as soon as I can complete arrangements.

I find the friends here have engaged a hall capable of holding an audience of two hundred, and have organized into a Society financially. In Hannibal, Mo., they have also organized, and I am told Bro. N. O. Archer, the Mayor, is the President of the Society. I have not as yet learned the basis of their organization. They have engaged the services of our good brother, Rev. A. J. Fishback, formerly a minister of the Universalist Church, for six months. Success to him. May his present relations be fraught with good to himself and the friends who have engaged his services.

On account of this arrangement in Hannibal, I shall not visit that city, but shall next Wednesday turn my steps a little northward to LaHarpe, Ill., and proceed from thence to Springfield, Mo., at the time appointed. JOHN MAYHEW.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. To Miss Mary Price, Adrian, Mich.

FLEMING, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1865.

MY FRIEND: I long since cut from the Rural New Yorker your article on "The Revelations of the Telescope." I have just reperused it, and I greatly admire its general tone and comprehensiveness.

There are errors of education, which, although you who have been thus tutored are excusable for, should be erased from it, as they mar the beauty and truthfulness of this otherwise very interesting and intelligent development of existing truths, and of your bright conception of them. I will now enumerate the exceptional points alluded to.

In the first place, God did not make man "in his own image." God has no form, and never has been and never can be seen. This stultified notion of Jews or other silly people, should not therefore have been adopted as a fact. You next speak of "The poor Heathen of Ancient Mythology," who "bowed to Gods of the imagination." The Hindoo and the Chinese nations (called Heathen by Christians,) were developed in astronomical knowledge, and had their astronomical observatories thousands of years before Christianity, or what we term civilization, had even an existence. And if they venerated Gods of the imagination, so do the Christian nations and all others to this day; as no proof, no evidence has ever been presented to man of the existence of a God, except that which his imagination derives from the contemplation of the Universe, and from

Spirit Communications.

[The following communications were given through a medium visiting our circle.]

RUFUS WOODRUFF.

I have a few thoughts to utter that may be new to some and not uninteresting.

I left the form prematurely, and now exist in the spheres as tangibly as when clothed with flesh. I know that I shall remain here until the time comes when I should naturally have passed through the change called death.

Now it has been given to the world that the first sphere is inhabited by undeveloped spirits, whose aspirations do not reach higher than the earth plane, but I wish to enlighten them upon this subject. While I cannot conceive of accidents in nature, yet there are blights in human life, and I know that I did not live out my natural life time in the mundane sphere; consequently all there was for me was in physical life. I must have an experience, and I find it so with all spirits who, like myself, failed to live out all the primates of their organizations; and I would have the world to understand that there are spirits here of rare refinement, whose aspirations are as pure and holy as the love of the great Central Source of all life. The knowledge we attain from the spheres we obtain by virtue of our mediunistic powers. We can go clairvoyantly as far as we are unfolded to

The Boatman's Dream.

With long arms over the prairie loomed,
And feet that bathed in people spray,
And head that white with Northern frost,

reach, but our spirit bodies are too dense to go to
other spheres; hence we are subject to the law of
gravitation and cannot go beyond the slow process

I know that it is generally conceded that they
have to inhabit this plane on account of their pro-

Question.—Then I suppose Mr. Lincoln and Mr.
Booth are in the same sphere of existence?

Answer.—Certainly.
Q.—Can you come in rapport with any one on
your plane as readily as we on the material plane

A.—We can.
Q.—Is there the same slavery of association, by
one hanging on, to the complete disgust of another

A.—Not to the same extent, for we can feel the
law of adaptation more distinctly here than with

Q.—What is the result of the conjugal relation in
your sphere of life?

A.—It develops the mind and unfolds us mentally
and spiritually.

Q.—You say you have to pass through the change
called natural death; do you dread it as we do?

A.—No, because we have parted with the material
body, and that change takes place rather by

SAMUEL SPEARING.

I have come to earth to give a few thoughts in
regard to a great movement, the Children's Lyceum.

Now I cannot recognize misdirection as being
the cause of so much suffering to human beings,

Hence the time has now come when we are able
to bring to earth such principles as the young

I refer to Bro. Davis. He was the medium
through whom this truth came to the earth life in

Letter from Peoria.

PEORIA, Dec. 20, 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL: I notice in a late issue of your
paper an article purporting to have been copied

What a sweet consolation it will afford the "poor
invalid" who shall be fortunate enough to be the

wife's husband presides could let such a memento
slip out from amongst them. We would most re-

I intended to say something about local matters,
things spiritual and things temporal, but I have

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Miltonian Tableau.

An exhibition with this title is now attracting
crowded houses of Philadelphia, which are no

These programmes are as prominently called at the close.
These programmes are taken from the man at the door

Q.—You say you have to pass through the change
called natural death; do you dread it as we do?

Hence the time has now come when we are able
to bring to earth such principles as the young

I refer to Bro. Davis. He was the medium
through whom this truth came to the earth life in

But on the whole, I concluded it was beneficial and
tended to exhort and enlighten the public mind,

Philadelphia, Nov. 29, 1865.

Prof. Robert Hare to Dr. Wm. C. Fahnestock,
of Marietta, Pa.—No. 1.

LANCASTER, March 25, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR:—The subject for this evening's
investigation will be the mode in which mind or

transformed into a mule; but where his body shall
be free from disease and from unnatural stimulants;

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Children's Lyceum Festival in St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 20th, 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The citizens of this prosperous
city are intelligent and successful in all their public

Only three Sundays ago the Children's Progressive
Lyceum was organized, and already a first-class

The officers of the Lyceum engaged the largest
and most beautiful hall in the city; a band of music

The guardian of groups, Mrs. Col. Blood, per-
formed the part of Queen with perfect grace.

After the presents were distributed, the "children
of a larger growth" enjoyed two or three hours of

The Lyceum treasury was largely enriched by this
festival. The proceeds will probably pay for all the

Your Brother,
A. J. DAVIS.

Letter from Dr. Mayhew.
QUINCY, ILL., Dec. 22, 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL: I now resume the thread of my
travels. Havana is a town of about twenty-five

While here my healing powers were not much
exercised, though they were called for in a measure.

Spirit Communications.

The following communications were given
through a medium visiting our circle:

RUFUS WOODRUFF.

I have a few thoughts to utter that may be new
to some and not uninteresting.

his belief that this is the work of a Divine power which he terms God!

In another place you describe in most glowing language, the great central orb of the universe, and propound to the intellectual mind the thrilling question: "Is this not the location of the throne of God?" and you proceed thus, "a glorious throne and One who sat thereon, like unto the God of Israel."

Now, my friend, "the God of Israel" was one of those same "Gods of their imagination" which you had previously deplored the existence of, and for a belief in which, you had condemned and pitted "the poor heathen," Adonis, or Adonis, was the Jewish God of the imagination; and Adonis in the original, is always translated Lord, in our version of the Bible. In Dent. vi., the words of the original are, "Hear, oh Israel! Adonis our God is our Adonis." The sun of glory! the sun of righteousness! the sun rising in the heavens! was the "holy one of Israel." Sun's day or the Lord's day were identical. Indeed, Adonis, which is the Lord and the Sun, are synonymous and convertible terms throughout the Bible. The Jewish worship of the heavenly host is universally admitted, and even the Temple of Solomon was a Druidical temple, dedicated to the worship of the sun and the planetary hosts. The Jews simply varied their form of worship by an impersonation of the Host of Heaven.

There is consequently no evidence in the Bible that the Jewish nation during the whole period of its history, ever realized the existence of, or revered the true God; but the evidence is as clear as noonday, that it rendered homage only to a vindictive, vacillating, passionate, covetous and jealous God, the representative type of its own vindictive passions, persecutions, robberies, murders, mental slavery and licentiousness. NASSAU.

Accident to Dr. Mayhew.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 29th, 1865.

DEAR JOURNAL: I hasten to write these few lines, begging that you will insert them in your next issue, to allay any undue anxiety on the part of my many friends, who may read accounts of the event in other columns.

A week from last Sunday, at Havana, Mrs. Shaw, formerly of Cincinnati, told me that she saw distress very near me, but that I should get over them without much harm resulting to me. On my way to that place, I felt strongly impressed to insure myself against accident, an impression which I disregarded. On arriving here on Wednesday evening, on leaving the cars at about 9:45, the thought was presented to me: "I wonder if I shall get knocked on the head to-night?" Having traveled so many years in safety, I did not heed this idea, but started, carpet bag and valise in hand, for Bro. Ordway's, about half a mile from the depot. When within two blocks and a half of his house, directly opposite the St. Charles Hotel, which was brightly lighted at the time, I was struck by an assassin with a slung-shot, two very severe blows on the back of my head, which made me reel off the sidewalk, uttering the cry of murder! I was kindly led into the St. Charles and cared for, and then conducted to the house of my friend, who still farther cared for me, and is very affectionately anticipating my necessities, and aiding my recovery.

The blows were very severe, but were broken, in a measure, by a thick fur cap. I did not suffer much, but last night my sufferings were great, and the scalp was very much swollen this morning. Bro. Church has been in to see me this morning, and by his medicinal powers has considerably relieved me. I was somewhat apprehensive of lockjaw, but I now think that it may not supervene. I hope to be well enough to reach Springfield, Mo., at the time appointed. If not, I shall reach there as soon after as possible.

Well! what a dreadful thing, say my friends! Yes, but what a far more dreadful thing to be so badly organized, educated and conditioned, as to be guilty of such a deed. Far better to be the party injured, than the poor wretch who did me the injury. I thank you all for your sympathy; and I will say, farewell. My head will not allow me to write more. Yours for truth and humanity, JOHN MAYHEW.

Letter from Jared D. Gage.

To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The controversy excited by Mr. Hatfield's discourse is suggestive of some important principles. You say, in your issue of Dec. 2d, "We wondered that Mrs. Cowell did not remind the reverend gentleman, that those who have been behind other curtains, have hinted that all profligates are not actors and actresses." It seems to me that good taste was shown in the omission. His wholesale denunciation was too absurd for ridicule, and his discourse is only worthy of notice to the extent that it reflects the feelings of the class to which he belongs.

The love of dramatic representation is universal, and individuals differ only with regard to the subjects and mode of representation, which interest them. This characteristic may be traced from the animals, through every succeeding grade of intelligence to the most highly cultivated, and doubtless even those who are schooled to regard all such representations as wicked, find some dramatists whom they enjoy and perhaps approve.

We see animals engaging in mimic combat, pursuing imaginary prey, and in various ways making representations of such actions as they have the ability to comprehend. The child improvises dialogues, and personates such characters as he has observed, with such stage effects as he has at command, selling goods from a sofa for a counter, setting a table and entertaining company with broken crockery; and showing, without instruction, the elements upon which the theatre is based. If we trace this characteristic out, we find it culminating in the works of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Bunyan, or of some other gifted genius, whose dramas we delight to study.

It may be true, that if no one attended theatres, the actors would not play; and it may be equally true, that if no one attended church, the clergymen would not preach. We are not likely to see either proposition practically demonstrated. Men differ only in degree. If all actors are ambitious only for gain, then many preachers must have the same ambition; if all preachers wish to make their profession in the highest degree useful, then many actors must be actuated by the same desire. The fact is, every profession, the practice of which is not of itself dishonorable, has its worthy and unworthy members.

As long as man is finite, no human institutions are likely to be wholly good; but there is an opportunity for constant improvement. It is admitted that efforts have been made to improve the theatre. The power of the drama is also admitted, and its power for good cannot be denied. If, then, the hearts of men can be reached in this way, and if actors and managers have endeavored to control this influence for good, where is the advantage of

turning from them the support of those who would encourage such endeavors? How many sermons would it take to produce the same effect as Uncle Tom's Cabin?

Actors, undoubtedly, give such performances as are pleasing to their audiences, else they would have no audiences. Lecturers, writers, and preachers abide by the same rule, or suffer the same penalty. To make the truth useful, it must be made acceptable or irresistible. Most men dislike to have their own faults portrayed or their own errors criticized. Public teachers have found it necessary to yield to this feeling and portray such sins as their particular audience was comparatively free from. Hence the invectives from the pulpit against dancing, theatre-going and Sabbath breaking. Hence Northern sermons against slavery, and sermons everywhere against unbecoming offenses. If this weakness affects preachers, whose avowed object is to teach those things which shall most benefit their hearers, it must certainly be expected in actors whose prime object is to please, and whose hearers do not affect to seek anything but pleasure.

If plays are presented which any one believes to have an immoral tendency, there are probably few actors who would be unwilling to have them criticized, or who would feel any bitterness towards one who plainly and courteously told what he thought of them. If any means can be shown, by which the influence of the theatre may be improved without interfering with its prime object of pleasure, doubtless managers, actors and audiences would adopt them willingly.

Aside from the consideration of the influence of the drama, it must be that a feeling as universal as this has some use of its own, and that its indulgence is right and proper, aside from any consideration except its enjoyment. Is it possible that this feeling is given merely to combat, and that man becomes religious only as he crushes out his nature? Does any one suppose that a preacher would be any less earnest in his calling for occasionally laughing over the performance of some extravagant comedy? or that a man whose mind is engrossed in any kind of business, could fail to be benefited by the diversions of the theatre? JARED D. GAGE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Association at Hamptonton.

The Spiritualistic Association of Hamptonton still continues to hold regular weekly meetings at Ellis Hall.

Our numbers are increasing slowly yet surely. Notwithstanding the, to them, Herculean efforts of the Orthodox to crush us out, "we still live." Yours for the right. W. SAMSON.

The Brothers Davenport and the Emperor of the French.

The French special correspondent of the Star announced that the Davenports had "performed at St. Cloud in the presence of the Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial and all the Court!" and adds "that on the following day Robert Houdin (not M. Robin who has been trading on the Davenports' repute by vulgar imitations) their scientific rival, was summoned to the palace. He initiated the Court into the mysterious manoeuvres of his predecessors with such success, that both the Emperor and Empress thanked him for having unveiled the piece of charlatanerie." The facts of their visit I have from one who was present, and they are as follows: On the arrival of the Davenports at St. Cloud, accompanied by their confere, Mr. Wm. Fay, they found to their surprise that all the preliminary arrangements had been made for the dark circle. Two strong common chairs were placed in the salon and the fires had been put out to secure the necessary condition of complete darkness. The cabinet being erected in the presence of the Imperial party, under the closest scrutiny, the exhibition commenced; as it proceeded, the Emperor showed that he was not only intensely interested, by repeated ejaculations of "How extraordinary!" "How wonderful!" but he readily complied with every condition, and insisted upon perfect quiet being kept. Two persons who were laughing and making skeptical remarks, were reproved, and reminded by him that if they felt no interest in the exhibition they might find more amusement in the billiard room. The Marquis la Grange having entered the cabinet with the Davenports, he extended his arms, and was fast bound to each of the brothers in the usual way. The instant the doors were closed the noise and confusion which was heard within the cabinet surprised the Imperial party extremely; when the doors were thrown open and the Marquis was seen with his cravat removed, a bell stuck in his waistcoat, the violin and guitar fantastically arranged about his person, and the tambourine upon his head, the Emperor threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily at the grotesque appearance of the helpless and somewhat frightened Marquis, who on his part seriously and emphatically assured the company that the brothers had not moved a muscle.

During the dark circle the Emperor and Empress frequently exclaimed, "a hand is touching me." A watch being held by the Emperor in the palm of his hand, it was at his request given to the Empress, and upon her asking that it might be taken to the Prince Imperial, it was instantly conveyed a distance of 60 feet to the young Prince, who threw it from him, exclaiming: "It was so hot, he could not hold it!" When Mr. Fay's hands were tightly bound behind his back, the Emperor gave his seal to impress the wax with which the knots on Mr. Fay's wrists were secured. In an instant Mr. Fay's coat was whisked from his back, and was seen flying through the air. The Emperor satisfying himself that the cords and seal were still upon him, Mr. Fay's wrists, he exclaimed again and again, "Most wonderful! most extraordinary!"

At the close of the seance the Imperial party asked many questions, the Emperor saying that he was not surprised at the excitement which such an extraordinary exhibition created in a large assembly. It was, he thought, imprudent to attempt to show such phenomena to many persons at one time, who could not test for themselves their reality. After many expressions of their entire satisfaction the Imperial party withdrew at half-past one in the morning, and the Davenport party sat down to a sumptuous supper which had been provided for them at the palace.

On the following day the Emperor marked his further appreciation of the exhibition by sending to the Davenport party an unusually munificent gift for their services.

At the Davenport's suggestion the Emperor sent for M. Houdin who exhibited his imitations, and without any comment being made by the Emperor, he was dismissed and paid the usual fee of 300 francs, and his expenses.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Death of Mrs. Scripps.

Our city was startled yesterday in the midst of its festive enjoyment of the New Year's Day, by the sad announcement that the wife of our honored fellow-citizen, the Hon. John L. Scripps, formerly editor of the Chicago Tribune, had fallen dead while engaged in receiving the visits of her friends at her residence on Michigan avenue.

Mrs. Scripps was in the enjoyment of her usual health, and, in accordance with the time-honored custom of the country, had thrown open her house for social New Year's calls; and while in the midst of a pleasant party of visitors, among whom were the Hon. N. B. Judd and J. Y. Scammon, Esq., she fell back suddenly in her chair and died in an instant, without a struggle or word. The news of this mournful event spread rapidly from house to house, and east a deep shadow upon hundreds of happy gatherings where this estimable lady was known.—Republican, Jan. 2d.

Immense bones have been found in Adams county, Miss., which medical men believe to have belonged to a giant thirty feet high.

Theodore Tilton is paid \$4,000 a year as editor of the Independent.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, JANUARY 13, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 2d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE H. JONES, Secretary, and H. B. JONES, President.

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth 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 us the name of a new subscriber, full paid, \$1.00, 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 if sent as an inducement for every subscriber to do a good thing for themselves as well as for us and the cause of Spiritualism.

Reform and Reformers.—No. 1.

A conservative, while listening to a radical, emphatically exclaimed: "What would you have us do? Where would you have us go?"

"I would," was the reply, "torn humanity out into the broad fields of Nature. I would demolish the old, rotten structure which now shelters it, annihilating every vestige which remains; I would not leave a log, a stick or a stone under which it might find shelter, but torn all drift, and let the tempest beat on them until they founded a new structure, adapted to their wants."

"Then," queried the conservative, "we are adrift—no standard, no star to guide?"

"Yes, we are adrift, without a standard, but we have a guide which will conduct us through the most fearful storms of life; which no cloud can obscure, and that guide is the living truth, intuitively revealed to the conscience of man."

Such are the radicals, levelers, revolutionists. Their more conservative brethren cry, "Let us build a temple, and prepare the new before attacking the old."

Both classes are necessary, but the reformer, combining the qualities of both, would accomplish far more than either.

It is not well to yield to innovations before their necessity becomes apparent, but when this necessity is conceded, it is the height of obstinacy to hold out against them.

But men are fearful; the results of revolutions are generally terrible, and they do not wish to enact such scenes again. Thus with individuals, thus with nations; all their efforts have been towards reform, an aspiration after something better than their present. Monarchies have been overthrown by republics, and tyrannies arose on the ruins of republicanism; and these have crumbled to give place to other governments, but all these turns and overturns have been efforts to gain a higher state. An omnipotent principle underlies human history, bearing events on its resistless tide, towards one result.

In each new government, some higher principle was recognized, and even when the worst forms of tyranny prevailed, the nations have only been nerved to a greater and mightier struggle for freedom.

We regard Napoleon with horror, as a remorseless red-handed slave to ambition and lust for power, but he was a reformer, and left the world far better than he found it. The rotten systems of the old world needed renovation, and he, in a measure, accomplished that task.

He gave the world a lesson, but it was dearly bought. The scholar must wade through blood, hear the roar of cannon, the dying groans of thousands, and see the smoke roll lurid to the heavens over his native land, but he can learn in no other manner.

We exalt the individual who appears to be the leader of a revolution, far too highly, and make no sufficient allowance for the day in which he is placed. If Bonaparte had been born fifty years before, he might have been a successful general in the French army; but he would never have acquired the name he now bears. To be Bonaparte he must have been born in that very year, and surrounded by the identical circumstances that surrounded him.

If you will attentively read his history, you will perceive how he was moulded by circumstances. He called himself the Child of Destiny, and truly, for he was a bubble not directing, but borne onward by the revolutionary wave. He did not make the revolution; the revolution made him. He, by superior sagacity, looked ahead of his contemporaries, and conformed to the conditions he saw must inevitably come. He thus became the man for the age. Europe was all combustible, and he but applied the torch to set it in a blaze.

I cannot see how Luther could have acted differently from what he did. When we read the history of his times, we find that he but anticipated the thoughts of his contemporaries, and while they stood gazing on the immense mass of bigotry, superstition, and error—rubbish which previous generations had gathered—vainly hoping some one might be called to the van, he boldly walked to the front and applied the fire. He was organized the exponent and leader of that revolution, and was pushed forward by its flood tide. In the conflagration that followed, he was scorched and burned; but not more than the most timid of his followers.

We should respect Luther, Melancthon and those stirring spirits who towered up in front to receive the thunderbolts, the whirlwind and the storm, but we should not turn hero-worshippers and deify them. You know how much it took to arouse Luther to action. Perhaps if the sale of licenses had not been carried on to such an extent, directly under his observation, he would always have plodded on, thinking Catholicism wrong in many things, but better than anything he could invent. But he was guided to desperation. He saw the frightful depravity of

the "Holy Church," and was nerved to the act of rebellion.

We know the result. If such a foolish act of the church had not raised the heat so high, he would have been in all probability laid aside with his fathers, and moral depravity gone on increasing, until it found some individual organized to be thrust forward as the leader, and interpreter of his age.

Everything moves toward a crisis good and evil, attain their maximum and then decline, performing a perpetual oscillation. The planet departs from its orbit, the world varies in its motion, but a deviation in one extreme is counterbalanced by a deviation in the other, and through a perpetual oscillation the world moves in a given orbit around the sun.

So with the inhabitants of the world. Like a ship crossing the ocean, driven hither and thither by storm and current in many a devious wandering, but as a whole making a straight course to the destined port.

Underneath the superficial dress, is an omnipotent principle, which none can resist or gain say. By the force of this principle, the race moves faster or slower in proportion to the number at the oars, and the vigor of their exertions.

Great men—leaders of the race—are thrown up from the waves of the intellectual sea, and mounted on the highest billow's crest, not so much by their own exertions, as by the irresistible undulations of that sea. It is not difficult for them to lead, but the easiest thing in the world. They lead because they cannot help it. Some enter one sphere of action, doing good, some another. All are for their place and season.

Mohammed's reform was as much in place as Jesus of Nazareth's. Confucius was to the Chinese what Christ became to the world five hundred years later. Zoroaster was a Saviour to the ancient Persians. Whoever wrote the Shaster, wrote a holy book for the Hindoos.

Sensual and crude as the doctrines of Mohammed are, the beliefs before him were more sensual and depraved. He had a far more ignorant and animal race to reform than had Christ, and hence it was impossible for him to institute the transcendental doctrines of the Nazarene. Had Mohammed appeared in Jerusalem, he could have worked no reform; had Christ appeared in Mecca, his sublime visions of universal love and wisdom would have been lost, for the sensual Orientals could not appreciate such transcendental ideas. They would far exceed the perfection with which he invests his God. But Christ in his place, and Mohammed in his, were where they should be to do the most good. Each taught ideas far in advance of his age.

Christ taught a people who from immemorial time were renowned for their connection with Jehovah, their prophets, their oracles, and who had the clearest view of heaven, the hereafter, of any of the ancients. To them he spoke not in a strange tongue; his words had no unusual sound, but seemed to echo the voice of the prophets of old. He drew the essence from their teachings, and spoke the words of the absolute right.

The heaven of Mohammed was not a very elevated conception it is true, but it was the highest incentive to his countrymen. Small difference is it whether men believe heaven a golden city, or a haven perfumed with musk, if it induces them to act the best they can, fulfilling their duties and obligations to their fellow men. The Mahometan heaven is the only one appreciable by the Orientals, and capable of holding them to a better life. The Koran it may be possible to improve, but it enforces superior moral precepts, and is vastly better than no system at all.

History exhibits the plainfact that Chinese civilization took an important advance with the writings of Confucius. Not that he spoke the absolute truth, for in regard to our day, his whole system is false; but he spoke the truth for his age. He stood far in the van, and by him, the Chinese are far superior to what they would have been. But they committed the fatal mistake of deifying their teacher, and making an idol of his books, and so they stand today just as he left them before the Christian Era began.

Reformers may introduce and sustain a few fundamental truths, but the great mass of their teachings must necessarily be erroneous. None are borne so far in advance, as to see the absolute right. Their words in consequence are comparative; as the ages pass, the ideas of yesterday become obsolete, giving place to the new of to-day, which are destined to become old to-morrow.

There was a time when it was considered as axiomatic truth, as the will of God, to persecute for opinions' sake, and glut the horrid instruments of torture with human blood. That was an unquestionable truth in its time, but it was outgrown and then considered a diabolical error. Slavery the right of the master to own humanity as a chattel, was once viewed as truth, now it is scorned by the world.

There are a few principles which are established here for time and eternity; but the mass of knowledge styled truth, is only true for its time, and liable at any moment to be outgrown. There is a class which desires to make this imperfect truth, eternal truth, by preventing mankind from outgrowing it. These are the conservatives; poor men who have their eyes turned backward, looking the wrong way. Against these, reformation must wage open war.

While the reformer would have mankind throw off the garments of boyhood; cast aside the top, the doll, and toy which pacified its babyhood, and occupy its mind with manly things; the conservative would compel it to wear its infant dress, clinging for safety to its leading strings, and delight itself with gawgaws and tinsel. Even its new clothes must be cut after the old infantile pattern. But despite the stoutness of the seams, human minds will grow. They cannot arrest their own growth, though they strive ever so hard to starve themselves into mental dwarfs. Reform takes even these, and though they remain afar in the rear, they are moved along.

I said there were levelers and builders, and that both were useful. The radical utters his thoughts in so rapid a form—is so cutting, harsh, and vindictive, and comes down on his hearers with such crushing force, they become angry, and will not hear him. He misses the mark, for men, when excited by anger, lose reason, and refuse persuasion. They cannot be driven into a new belief, but a well known call they will follow anywhere.

The builder comes along and finds a state of confusion left by the leveler. He sets himself at work to heal the laceration, applying balm and healing ointment. His words are so sweet, that although new, they are palatable, and men begin to accept them. He comes not with the grim battle-axe and brand, rushing to the fray with clang of arms, but gently as a south wind reviving the drooping flower, he stoops over fainting humanity, and speaks cheerfully of a better life, and more exalted aims. My heart is with such. The temple's spire of their construction glitters in the sunlight of peace and love.

Great changes can be wrought in peace, or by concentrating great forces in confusion, convulsion and

ruin. Niagara's stream, in its never ceasing flow, little by little undermines and wears the rock away, but should we concentrate the work of ages in a single effort and compel the waters to plow out that channel at once, the mighty rush would sweep clear the country from Erie's tide to the Atlantic main. So if we would destroy long standing institutions, however erroneous, we must proceed by degrees, else disorder and the horrors of anarchy result.

Obstacles in the Way of the "Reform of Woman's Rights."

The present may be considered an age of reform. Intellectual and resolute independent effort is necessary to success.

When the practicability and beneficial use of any reform is satisfactorily demonstrated, it would naturally be supposed that it would at once be adopted. But such is not the course even in this reformatory age. The force of old habits holds it back, and at least for a time keeps it in abeyance. Prejudices put on shackles. Conservatism is loth to move, and loves to hold progress in suspense; and thus a forward movement is held in check, and for a time compelled to remain in "stagnate quo," against light and knowledge, and even undisputed conviction.

But there are other obstacles in the way of progress in reform. The tyranny of fashion and long usage holds powerful sway against change and advancement, in both thought and independent action.

All these are discouragements in the way of all reforms, and especially so in the reform of woman's rights. What seems to be a principal want for true and prompt progress is, intelligence, moral principle, independence, and a disposition to discover and act upon valuable, practical uses and improvements. The complaint against women is, that they so easily yield to the influence of reputed fashion in matters of dress, where good judgment and just taste and extravagant expenditures are disregarded, and delicacy, health and morals are grossly violated. Comfort, convenience, economy and decent and practical propriety are neglected and outraged. There is an evident want of cultivated independent judgment and consequent and corresponding action.

The general inquiry with them is, not about these qualifications, and a true and correct judgment and action in relation to them; but "what is the fashion?" That one point asserted, no further inquiry is considered necessary. The next object then is to obtain the materials, at whatever cost, to be in the fashion, so far as the articles of dress are concerned. The next step is to show them. They must be seen by others, and by as many as may be otherwise it would be money and labor lost. Other people's eyes must be consulted and gratified. The time and expense to do all this is considered of little or no account. And what exuberant pleasure and gratification is felt when arrayed in all the articles and appendages of a full fashionable dress, completed "in the pink of the mode."

Do not all these efforts to embellish the outward appearance of their person, detract so much from their time, expense and application to study, as to prevent much progress in the cultivation of their intellectual faculties, making that a secondary object, instead of storing their minds and memories with the most important facts and truths? Frivolity, gadding and gossip are some of the consequences. If the rights of woman should be on an equality with the rights of man, the obligations of such standing should be well understood, and the requisite preparations made to rightly discharge them.

The cost and consequences of such a passion for fashion and dress, are ruinous in the list of family expenses, and often fatal. The tyranny of fashion has its influence over the habits and conduct of men, but not much in the article of dress, so costly and impoverishing to women, both in purse and intellect.

A few instances may serve as illustrations.

First—The long dress, trailing behind the feet, indefinitely in length, like the tail of a comet—gaudy show, like that of the peacock, needing a waiter to carry the last dozen yards within halting distance. A Navarine hat of the size, shape and use of a windmill.

Second—Wearing an excuse for nakedness. A full dress for parlor or dance, the neck, arms and shoulders naked to a very low figure, and all being a drapery of white muslin—furnishing a prelude to a skeleton.

Third—Tight lacing. Being an attempt at superlative beauty by the aid of the tourniquet and stout assistants with hempen cords, with the help of the pulley, to compress the waist to the size of a common pipe stem, about cut in two, so that a slight circular impulse to the head and shoulders would set them whirling round like a top, while the feet kept their steadfast position. This was made the upper and lower halves strangers to each other and introduced them to new acquaintances by the names of disease and death. Is it not remarkable that while the Flathead tribe of Indians of the Rocky Mountains, by some process, flatten the top of the heads of their infant children, and the Chinese cramp and cripple the feet of their female infants, who continue through life, so that they never can walk, or run, or dance, the American women, to be outdone in foolish and fatal absurdity, take the most vital parts of the human system, and attempt to cut themselves in two, after the fashion of the wasp, without a sting at either extremity, for offence or defence. Which of these three modes of fashion shows the most wisdom, or is the most desirable of it? Where does the comparison place us? Most certainly in the superlative degree, one way or the other.

Fourth—The tournure claims its share of attention, as to personal appearance. It may be allowable in cases of bad natural or accidental defect or deformity, some ugly protuberance or depression, when ointment, balsters, compresses and pillows may be used to cover and conceal the obnoxious condition, and render the personal appearance more acceptable. That such patching and concealments should be the origin of a fashion for well persons of common sense to adopt is rather humiliating, where there is any common sense left.

Fifth—Next comes the Clamshell Bonnet. It would speak, if it had a voice. It wouldn't say much for a hat little or no self-esteem, and is out of the hearing of all conversation, and out of the sight of all objects except the back part of other bonnets. It is a very unsocial, lonesome animal, very desirous of changing its residence, and living in some sort of society. The fashion, probably, came into existence when some forlorn old widow was just about leaving the world, who had nothing in the back part of her head, and nothing in the forepart to balance it. In her last moments, her bonnet fell back, and as she was never buried, it remains there, just so, to this day.

Sixth—What is to be said of the fashion of wearing hoops?

It must undoubtedly be full of science, as there is rather a scarcity outside. This fashion evidently belongs to the higher order of mathematics. It

teach the measurement of superficies and solids, and how to ascertain the contents in cubic feet as well as the square root of cones, and many miscellaneous bodies, so as to reduce them to their proper mathematical dimensions. And it manifestly must tell how to square the circle or measure an ellipse. It is also familiar with heights and distances, and the art of navigation and surveying. It must understand the steam engine and all kinds of engineering. In due time it may display the tactics in the art of ballooning, and all atmospheric computations. Having figured so extensively on the fashionable mathematical stage, it must, necessarily, be thoroughly acquainted with figures. In short, there is hardly anything in mathematical science it may not do. It would not be surprising, as it relates to its own duration, if it should in its exploits erase all the significant figures from the left hand column of the sphere of its own existence. Its epitaph may then be written, with tears, sobs and sighs. The fact. Hoops fall.

These are some of the instances in which the good women of America, in the article of dress, are controlled by the tyrant fashion. Instead of governing fashion, they are governed by it. This is a consequence of the want of independent judgment and a corresponding action. This easy and universal yielding to the constant change and dictates of fashion in the article of female dress, is a dead weight in the progress of the reform of Woman's Rights, because it shows a great want of independence and self-respect. Items very much needed to fit them for an equal station with man in all the common affairs of life. A knowledge in many instances of the origin of a fashion, and by whom and what it became so, would be so dignifying and forbidding as at once to end its career. This obstinate and intense adherence to the influence of fashion in dress has a very similar effect against the reform in Woman's Rights that the Scriptures give against the inordinate love of this world for a truly religious life—both wrong and fatal in their consequences, so far as they have consequences, and to the full extent of such consequences. W. N.

A Few Questions.

Mrs. Sarah Haviland, of Battle Creek, Michigan, has poisoned three of her children. She was a believer in Spiritualism, she attended our meetings, read our books, and took the R. P. JOURNAL. These facts have been gathered, and brought to the public tribunal as positive evidence against our holy faith. Most of our exchanges have published the frightful homicide, and with but few exceptions, have charged the crime upon Spiritualism.

Is there anything in the communion of spirits, in the doctrine of angel guardianship, that would prompt or sanction this unnatural murder? Had Mrs. Haviland been a communicant of any one of the Christian churches, would editors and ministers hold said churches responsible for the murder?

Two men were executed in Chicago the other day. They were members of the Catholic church. Was that church at fault?

One of our city papers, in speaking of the guilty mother, took occasion to make thrusts at our faith in a future life. In the same paper there were accounts of two other murders, an elopement, four robberies, two street brawls, and of a variety of domestic feuds; but not a word regarding the religious belief held by any member of this iniquitous band. Would it not be well to ascertain what views of the future life these persons hold? It might possibly interest scandal hunters.

We occasionally hear of "fallen women," and of men, who do not exemplify in their lives all the commandments in the decalogue; wonder if they are not Spiritualists. A Christian clergyman not unfrequently goes astray. Hasn't he been investigating our philosophy? Were there any sinners before the advent of modern Spiritualism? Who will answer?

Seriously, are there no souls to sympathize with this poor, misguided woman? She says that a brutal husband cursed her life—drove her to desperation. This is true; her statement is well authenticated. She says, too, that she and her children have not received the assistance and the sympathy which their needs and natures demanded. Very likely this statement is also true. Who of us help as we might, souls struggling against wind and tide? Who of us have not been ready to "cast the first stone?"

May the good angels watch with tender care this soul, sick with the leprosy of sin, for she has great need of consolation. And the dear God grant that the accusing angel may never again write our names among those who stand afar off, and cry "unclean!"

Progressive Lyceums.

The angels were wise in inaugurating a Children's Lyceum in the Morning Land, and in presenting their plan of organization to A. J. Davis.

The Lyceum has become a popular institution in the land. Indeed, the children have demonstrated the fact that progressive Sunday meetings can be sustained.

Mr. Davis, Leo Miller, F. L. Wadsworth, and S. J. Finney are willing workers in this department of progress.

Mr. Wadsworth planned a Christmas festival for the Lyceum children in Sturgis, Mich. The Sturgis Journal, in speaking of the festival, said:

"The Children's Progressive Lyceum, which came off on Monday evening, was a financial success. The exhibition of Tableaux was complete in all its parts and far exceeded anything we had expected. The whole entertainment of the evening, which consisted of songs, recitations and tableaux, was very interesting and satisfactory to all, as was evinced by the good feeling manifested on the occasion. The children seemed to enjoy it well. Everything was conducted in good order and the best of order was manifested by the audience during the whole evening. Great credit is due to those who have been active in getting up this grand entertainment for the children. A large number of presents were distributed to the children. We are informed that the value of the presents is not less than \$500."

But it is not absolutely important that the organizers of Lyceums should be lecturers; neither is it necessary that there should be Sunday service aside from the Lyceum. Let any competent person call together the children of reformers, and inaugurate a Lyceum; and there is no doubt of the co-operation of the children.

Mrs. Lizzie Carley Fuller has demonstrated this fact in Coldwater, Mich. We recently visited her Lyceum, and have seldom seen so happy a group of children as she had gathered about her. The services consisted of marches, recitations, speeches, music and singing.

It was proposed that the older members of the Lyceum write essays to be read before the school. To encourage the undertaking, a premium was offered for the best composition. A committee to judge of their merits was chosen. The prize essay, and the name of the writer is to be sent to us for publication.

The influence of these Lyceums will be for lasting

good. The men and women of the future will bless the hearts that planned these progressive entertainments, and the hands that led their young feet into pleasant places.

Spiritual Lecture.

Mr. Warwick Martin spoke in Opera Hall, Sunday, Dec. 31st, in the evening. He took for his text, "If man die, shall he live again?"

To prove the soul's immortality, Mr. Martin quoted the writings of the Hindus, Egyptians, Persians and Chinese, and down through the records of later days, that at all times the idea had prevailed that man did live and could make known his existence after he is separated from this mortal body. He examined the Old Testament, the teachings of the ancient Hebrews, in proof of man's immortality. He related the interesting incident of the woman of Endor in her communicating with the spirit of Samuel.

He then concentrated the minds of the audience upon the spiritual and material kingdoms, and by the law of correspondence, proved clearly man's immortality; yet as human reason was weak, it was impossible to rest satisfied with that deduction unless spirits came back and told of unknown realms. The various phases of spiritual manifestations were carefully considered, and many of them were endorsed, especially the mediumship of the Davenport Brothers and William Fay. In regard to Mr. Eddy, he said that he was perfectly convinced that that man was a medium; that he could not have done what he had known him to do, without spiritual aid. He must defend spiritual manifestations, since he was perfectly convinced of their truth. He thought Mr. Church, of this city, the best medium for physical manifestations, and that he was without guilt. Twenty thousand dollars had been offered him if he would desist in giving spiritual entertainments, but he could not be bribed.

In further proof of the soul's immortal and individual existence, Mr. Martin cited his own experience. The fact came home to his own consciousness; he had seen his child dead, and seen his risen spirit.

The large audience seemed intensely interested in the discussion of the important question, "shall we live again?"

The Chicago Times.

We take especial pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the following comments in the daily Chicago Times, of December 20th, upon the subject of the late tragedy at Battle Creek, Michigan.

The comments are just and will be duly appreciated by the large number of intelligent readers of that ably conducted paper.

Bigots in either religion or politics we hold to be the most contemptible of all contemptible creatures, and especially so when this intolerance is shown in the columns of a secular paper, which receives its support from liberal minded people, often more largely, than from the narrow, close fluted sectarian.

We are happy to know and so state to the public for the benefit of our many thousand readers that the two leading daily papers in this city, the Republican and Times do not belong to that time-serving, cringing class, which deem it necessary to violate every principle of integrity and manhood, to gain the newspaper subscription of a religious or political bigot.

The following ably written article is worthy of a careful perusal:

LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE.—A telegram from Detroit, Mich., contains the following: Mrs. Haviland, of Battle Creek, who murdered her three small children by poison, has confessed the deed. Dr. Baker has been indicted as an accessory. Other inmates of the house are held as witnesses. They claim that everything was done by direction of the spirits.

A young man named Charles Windreck fell dead in a ball-room last night, while on the floor, dancing a polka. In a certain sense these two paragraphs are in happy conjunction. There are a good many people who, in the first case, will denounce Spiritualism as the cause of the murder of these children. Precisely the same spirit which will charge this homicide to Spiritualism, will find, in the second case, a "judgment against dancing." There was a time when the latter conclusion would be very generally endorsed by the religious world; but that time has passed, and there are now few, if any people, who regard dancing a sin so heinous as to be worthy a special judgment from heaven.

If the latter common sense of sects refuses to believe that a death in a ball-room is a "warning" from an offended Deity, it has no more reason for believing Spiritualism guilty of murder in the present instance. They are exactly similar cases. Spiritualism and dancing were the occasions, and not the cause, in the one case of murder, and in the other of the sudden death of the dancer.

This defence of Spiritualism were unnecessary did it not happen that so-called orthodox religious newspapers are already denouncing Spiritualism as the cause of the murder in this case, and as such amenable to law and proscriptive legislation. Nobody but Mr. Burroughs believed Catholicism responsible for the murder committed by Miss Harris; and nobody at all is prepared to invoke the aid of legislation to suppress the Episcopal church, because the adulterer, Strong, and his incestuous brother, and his adulterous incestuous murderous wife are all members of the Episcopal denomination. This world lacks greatly the sublime quality of charity, and nowhere more than among its religious sects. These sects have the most unbounded charity with reference to themselves, individually; so much so, that they resist to the utmost all attempts to unmask the hypocrites connected with themselves. But let any set get upon the track of any pretender or criminal in any other sect, and the sleuth hound becomes, thenceforth, the only proper type of their vigilance in the pursuit.

It is not unnatural that these denominational newspapers should defend itself against attack. It is not, however, proper that it should be equally active in assuming the offensive against some other unit. Providence may look with leniency upon a Baptist unit which is thoroughly determined in its defence; but the same power will not regard with leniency the Baptist unit marching in battle array against the unit of Spiritualism or the unit of Methodism.

We would advise each of these sects to use its own purgatives and emetics, and not attempt to force them down the throats of the others. By doing this, harmony will be promoted in the churches, and the world spared many painful developments of scandal, bickering and recrimination.

Personal.

F. L. Wadsworth, who has been successfully laboring since the first of June in Sturgis, Mich., closes his engagement there the last Sunday of January, and goes to Milwaukee, Wis., for February. He will make engagements after that time, preferring to remain more than a month in a place. He is one of the first workers in the Lyceum movement, and is competent to give full instructions regarding the plan of organization, and its practical workings.

Flora and May Turner, we learn, gave great satisfaction with their songs at the late festival and exhibition, at Sturgis, Mich. They have gone with their parents to make a home in Kentucky. Their music will be missed at Coldwater and Sturgis.

Read James Martin's letter to his father. Wasn't he heroic?

To Our Correspondents.

We hope our many contributors will not feel aggrieved because their articles do not appear immediately after being sent to this office. We feel under deep obligations to them for their able contributions, and the friendship so zealously manifested for our Journal, and hope they will not discontinue their efforts in our behalf on account of seeming delay in publishing; all good articles will appear in due time.

We are unable to decide upon their merits, and cannot say whether articles will be accepted or rejected, until we have time to carefully peruse them. In a few instances, through neglect of this kind, articles have found their way into our paper to our sorrow.

We intend to make our paper what its title indicates. If we succeed in doing that, we know it will perform its true mission, and meet with that hearty support so necessary to its existence.

It is impossible for us to be responsible for the return of rejected manuscript. Again we say to our friends, be patient and believe we are doing the very best we can to give you a hearing at an early day. Keep on writing, and you and the world will be the better for it. Good thoughts never die. Our Journal only helps to accelerate the speed of their circulation.

New Year's Greetings.

We are in receipt of many letters of congratulatory and happy New Year greetings.

These kind words give us renewed strength, fervor and zeal with which to push forward in the great and glorious work before us.

The earnest co-operation of old subscribers in extending the circulation of our beloved RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is proof positive that our labors are truly appreciated.

We return our heartfelt thanks for these tokens of friendship, and assure our friends that our paper shall continue to deserve a hearty welcome from all.

Apology.

We have to apologize to our readers for a very palpable error published in our last issue. While we do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of correspondents upon subjects about which there may be a shadow of doubt, we do not intend to allow any one to put forth in our JOURNAL a palpably false proposition in natural philosophy.

The correspondent alluded to in speaking of Mr. Church's circles, said "Water is a non-conductor of electricity." An error, of course, and our only excuse for allowing it to go uncorrected is we did not see the article until the whole edition of the paper was worked off.

Prince Joseph Bonaparte bequeathed the greater part of his fortune to Madame Ristori.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON'S SPACES.—Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the medium, through whom the communications are given, found upon the sixth page of this paper, will be found at the reception room, (No. 87) of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, Lombard Block, (first building west of the Post Office, Chicago), from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M., and from 7 to 9 evenings, Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, excepted.

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

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

The following subjects are treated of in a masterly manner, viz.: 1. Astronomical Religion. 2. Religion of Nature. 3. The Creator and His Attributes. 4. Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny. 5. Sin and Death. 6. Hades, the Land of the Dead.

Together with the outline of a plan for human enterprise and an Autobiographical Introduction with an Appendix containing the sayings and sentiments of many well-known Spiritualists and other reformers.

This volume also contains a fine steel engraving likeness of the author, by Henry Jones.

For sale at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, Post Office Drawer 6825, Chicago. Price 75 cents.

Forwarded by mail on receipt of the price, free of postage.

CHURCH'S SPACES.—Mr. W. T. Church, physical and mental medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 802 Wabash avenue, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. Persons wishing to attend either the seances or developing circles, will find it to their interest to call upon him at their earliest convenience, and procure tickets to the same. Chicago, Nov. 17, 1865. 10-1f

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

MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Merriman Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination \$1. for medicine \$2. The money should accompany orders. 15-1f

DR. PARSONS' "THE HEALER."—We copy the following from the Milwaukee Daily News of November 16th: WONDERFUL CURES AT THE DYNAMIC INSTITUTE IN THIS CITY.—The attention of the public here and elsewhere has been called at different times to notice the wonderful gifts some individuals possess in the healing of disease, and the press has been called upon to give publicity to their deeds. Eastern operators have been here and in Chicago, and crowds have called to be relieved. We desire to say that we have one of these noted doctors in our midst—Dr. Parsons; one of the proprietors of the above named Institute whose cures place him in the front rank of all the operators who have as yet presented themselves to the public. If you visit his office you find in one corner a pile of canes and crutches taken from those who were obliged to use them from five to twenty years, all cured in from five to twenty minutes. Stepping to his desk, he will hand you more certificates of cures than you would find time to peruse. He gave us a few copies of some performed within a few days, and for the benefit of the afflicted, we publish them. We are satisfied from what we saw that the doctor takes up certificates without the cure is certain. Read the following:

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

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

A remarkable case of deafness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 30 years of age, has been deaf from her earliest recollection, so much so as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation,

always suffered from running sores in her ears. In this condition she came to the Dynamic Institute, and in one treatment of a few minutes by Dr. Parsons, could hear very well and after the second treatment her hearing was perfectly restored. R. O. BROWN, 203 Spring St. Milwaukee, Oct. 20, 1865.

I hereby certify that my son, Benjamin A. Smith, has been afflicted with nervous prostration for the last five years, having as many as twenty spasms daily, rendering him incapable five minutes at a time, and never free from them for a single day. He came to the Dynamic Institute, Nov. 10th, 1865, and in one treatment by Dr. Parsons, he was entirely relieved. My post office address is Chicago, Dear County, Wis. JOHN W. B. SMITH.

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

Deaths.

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

Frederick M. Flinck, an old, wealthy, and much respected German citizen, of Chicago, died in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 28th ult., aged 62 years.

Mr. Ehrenfels was a gentleman of fine culture and of good education.

Four years since Mrs. Ehrenfels passed to spirit life. He has, since her death, devoted much of his time to reading Spiritual publications and visiting mediums, for the purpose of communicating with the angel nearest his heart.

Death was welcomed by our brother. In his last hours the veil of materiality was put aside, and he saw his angel wife waiting his coming. "I am very glad to go," he said, "my wife waits me."

Mr. Ehrenfels' remains were brought to this city and deposited, as he had requested, beside those of his wife. Pleasant be thy future, friend.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Passed on to the higher life from her residence, in this city, on Monday, the 10th of December, 1865, in the fulness of the eternal spring, not alone with a hope of evanescing bliss and rest, but with a knowledge that labor and accomplishment would be even more successful than in the vale of mortality. Miss Maria J. Bennett, M. D., in the thirty-fourth year of her age.

To a very large circle of friends, who have known and loved this dear sister, the announcement of her departure will cause a momentary regret. But as we remarked on gazing upon that beautiful face, as her form lay enfolded before us, it is and to part with so beautiful a creature—then the thought came that the soul which had for more than thirty years dwelt in that form, had already made for itself a still more lovely one, and it was well now to return the worn out cloak to our common mother earth.

But solemn as is this occasion, it is not one in which we have come to drap either our homes or our hearts in the weeds of mourning and gloom, but we feel that it is rather a festive occasion on which we have met to celebrate the birth of the spirit, and as we stand here now, our sister comes with solemn tread and says, "Yes, my friends, I would have you rejoice, for I am free," and as we listen to the echoes of her voice she exclaims, "It was a glorious meeting when my friends here greeted me on the shores of the summer land. Like the knights of ancient times I had gone forth on a crusade, equipped with a coat of mail, and armed with heavy armor, in the form of a frail, physical body, which anchored me to earth, and which was a necessity for the time, to bring me in contact with the elements of earth. Now I have laid aside that shield and armor that I have long felt to be a hindrance to the free flight of my aspiring soul, and I know that every part that has passed through my quivering frame, has marked itself upon my character, and given me a strength now which nothing else could have given, and I rejoice and bless God for all that have endured; and now as I gaze forth over the beautiful land that lies around me, and see the vast labors that open clearly on the future before me, I can turn back hopefully and lovingly to the field of humanity, and see that the feeble efforts that I made to relieve suffering humanity, have been doubly blessed, first to myself and then in the dawning light of a better era to the world."

"It is a glorious age to live in, one in which there is work for us all. Jesus declared the things that I do and greater things shall ye do, because I go to the Father." Now I see that I can help you all, and as I urge you to labor on with me, I would not have you go to any one in the form or out of it, but look within yourselves, lift the veil there and see what is the proper and appropriate work for you to do. Seeing this clearly we will not stop to measure the powers of our physical natures or the probabilities of success, but putting the sickles into the already whitened grain of the great harvest field, we shall gather sheaves, large or small, that we may feed the sheep, feed the lambs and all the multitude as we pass along through life, and may carry some of our sheaves with us into the garner land of the future. I see the sheaves which I have brought up with me, and they are a staff and support to me now in my new journey of life. I have many things to say to you, but I cannot now. I would have all of you gird up the loins of your minds and go forth to the work that is appointed for you, fearing not, save that you should fail to do your duty, standing firm on the rock of eternal principles, amid the buffeting waves of time, and as the storms beat hard and heavy upon you, you will ever find, as you turn within yourselves, a haven safe and sure. Rejoice then, oh my friends, ye loved ones who have gathered around me so often, that I am free, and that the strong, earnest and ever abiding prayer of my soul has been answered, and that freedom which I have sought for humanity and for myself is now mine, and as I stand in your midst and realize these things, my first desire is to wipe away all tears from your eyes, and bid you join me in rejoicing and giving praise to Him who is mighty and everlasting, and whose love binds and enfolds the universe together so that to the purified and freed soul all is one grand and harmonious whole in which we may dwell together in unending peace and happiness."

The above is a very meagre and imperfect abstract of a long discourse which was given through the writer on the occasion of the funeral of our sister, which took place on the 27th instant.

I feel that it is but a feeble tribute to the worthy and excellent woman who has fought valiantly and suffered intensely that she might bless humanity, and now rests from the turmoil of her earthly labors.

HERBERT T. CHILDS, M. D., December, 1865. 634 Race street.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday at 11 A. M., in Section Hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, near Pennsylvania avenue. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

WAGNER CRUISE lectures during January in Washington, D. C., during March, in Philadelphia. Will come to Ohio in April, and spend next summer mostly in Illinois.

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

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

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

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. B. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 8678, New York.

DR. E. C. DEXS, P. O. Address, Rockford, Illinois, will speak in Dubuque, Iowa, from the 9th to 14th of January; in Indianapolis from the 14th to 19th; from thence will go to Waverly and other points in that section of country.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. Madison Allen, Rockland, Me. W. P. Anderson, Spiritist Artist, Address P. O. Box 2321 New York City.

Mrs. N. K. Andrews, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill. Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass. C. C. Blake, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture in different parts of the West upon Green and Roman Spiritualism, as compared with modern Spiritualism, until further notice, Dehobogue, Wapello Co., Iowa.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 1st and 1st; in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury, Vt.,

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer 8220 Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, West Brattleboro, Vt. Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell will answer calls to lecture. Address Putnam, Conn. H. Y. Newer calls to lecture. Address Putnam, Conn. H. Y. Newer calls to lecture. Address Putnam, Conn.

L. K. Coffey, Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant, will lecture in Yonkers, N. Y., on 1st and 4th Sundays of February. Address Yonkers, N. Y., until further notice.

Warren Chase will lecture during January in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

Mrs. Jeannette J. Clark, trance speaker, will answer calls, and will give lectures on Sundays in any of the towns of Vermont. Will also attend funerals. Address, East Haven, Conn.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Rutland, Vt. P. O. Box 119.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O. Mrs. Laura Coffey's address is San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Augustus A. Corfield will lecture in St. Louis, Mo., during January. Will answer calls to lecture in any of the towns of the West. Address Box 915, Lowell, Mass., or at St. Louis, Mo.

Ir. H. Corfield speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn. Address Jackson Davis can be addressed, as usual, at 234 Canal street, New York.

Mrs. Laura De Vore, Gordon, Scotland, Me., care of C. F. Gilman. Rev. James Francis will lecture in Southern Illinois, Northern Missouri, and as far north as Minnesota for several months. Address, Warren, Ill., care of Dr. B. H. Way, till further notice.

M. L. French, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture or attend circles. Will lecture on Sunday evenings, Address, Washington Village, South Boston.

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

C. Augusta Fitch, trance speaker, Box 1826, Chicago, Ill. B. J. Finney's post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. Dr. D. A. Gallion will answer calls to lecture, under strict control, upon disease and their causes, and other subjects, in any part of this country. Will also answer questions, and speak, either entranced or in his normal condition. Can be addressed at 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

Charles A. Hayden will speak in Chicago, during January and February. Will also make engagements to speak week events in the vicinity. Address his care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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

M. H. Houghton will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the remaining fall and coming winter months; will also answer calls to speak week events and give lectures. Will also answer questions, and speak, either entranced or in his normal condition. Can be addressed at 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

Miss Emma Houston will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., during December and January. Would be happy to make further engagements in the West.

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

W. A. D. Hume, Cleveland, O. Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson will speak in Stafford Springs, Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Sprague St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md. W. F. Jamison, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich. Miss Susie M. Johnson will speak in Haverhill, Mass., during January.

Miss Sophia Kendrick, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address Lowell, N. H.

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

Mrs. E. K. Ladd, No. 140 Court street, Boston, Mass., will answer calls to lecture.

Dr. B. L. Lawrence will answer calls to lecture. Address, 12 Lincoln street, Boston, Mass.

J. B. Loveland will answer calls to lecture, and will pay attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maryand, inspirational and trance speaker, 97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J., will answer calls to lecture. Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

Leo Miller is once again in the field, and is ready to answer calls to lecture on the truths of our philosophy. His address is No. 22 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. James Morrison, lecturer, McHenry, Ill. A. L. E. Nash, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals in New York. Address Rochester, N. Y.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

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

INVOCATION.

Unto Thee, oh, Spirit of Truth, we would direct our thoughts at this hour. We would pray for a more perfect understanding of Thee—that Thou mayst be recognized in every place—in every city, village, town and hamlet, upon the face of the globe, and in the hearts of every immortal being. We would ask of Thee to be near every child in his darkest hour. We would implore Thee to manifest Thyself in every law by which individuals are governed. We would ask that all should realize Thy presence—that darkness and sorrow may nevermore find a resting place within the hearts of our brothers and sisters. We feel that Thy spirit hath power to obliterate all evil, and that where Thou doth exist love also dwelleth. We know that in time Thou shalt be recognized and sorrow will be unknown—yet when we see the sufferings of our brothers and our sisters, from time to time, and feel that it is because Thou art not recognized, we become almost impatient for the time to arrive when Thy spirit shall permeate and govern all human hearts. Thou Spirit of Right, unto Thee for a more perfect understanding of all nature—for a more perfect understanding of ourselves, we would pray. We would ask Thee to be ever with us—that every word and deed may be hallowed by Thy love.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Do spirits recognize a Supreme Being outside of the immortal life and the laws governing the universe? A. We recognize in every immortal soul a law unto itself, and yet subject to the laws governing the universe, and susceptible to the external influences by which they have been controlled. A combination of these laws makes a unit; and when you have the unit, you have an all-pervading spirit that you term God, which governs all things. Q. We recognize in every immortal soul a law unto itself, and yet subject to the laws governing the universe, and susceptible to the external influences by which they have been controlled. A combination of these laws makes a unit; and when you have the unit, you have an all-pervading spirit that you term God, which governs all things. Q. Is my mother living? A. Not knowing your mother, it is impossible for me to say whether she is on the material or spiritual plane of existence. That she is living, there is no doubt, from the fact that no one ever dies. Q. Have I a sister in the Summer Land? If so, does she ever visit me? A. My brother's ideas, methinks, are in keeping with the seven by nine heaven, where everything is so precisely arranged that it is a very easy matter to become perfectly familiar with every face, and not only the face, but the origin of each one, and the condition and whereabouts. He is impressed oftentimes with certain ideas that he cannot account for, yet it does not follow that they must of necessity come from relatives. When he thinks of the spiritual plane of existence as being larger and numbering many million times more inhabitants than there are on the face of the globe at the present time, he will not think that spirits can all know each other. Q. Is my sister my guardian angel? A. No, she is not, from the fact that the guardian angel is one that commenced its loving care from the very first moment of your existence on the material plane. Consequently she is not your guardian. Q. Can you tell me anything about my deceased wife? A. The answer to the previous questions should prove that I do not know anything about his spirit wife. Q. Do spirits retain their earthly passions and appetites after entering the spirit land? A. In a measure they do. There are appetites which seem to us to be unnatural from the fact that they are detrimental to the health and life of the human organism. Such appetites are carried with them, yet in time they are overcome. What we call passions, when you look upon them in their true light, it is hard to tell which are proper or improper, or what should properly be called passions. Q. If God is everywhere, is not goodness everywhere—and if goodness is everywhere, where is evil? A. That God is everywhere all will admit. And that God is goodness you will also admit. But that all conditions and acts of individuals are good is hard for some to see. I hold that all is good; but that what is good to one individual is evil to another. That which seemeth evil is oftentimes real good in disguise. Every man and woman judges from his or her own individual standpoint; hence that which seemeth evil to one is good to another. Truly, God is everywhere, and in everything—hence all is good. Q. Can good and evil both exist in the same place at the same time? A. Certainly they can, according to the conception of the individuals. All do not see alike. We would naturally say that that which gives pain to a person is evil. For instance, a limb becomes diseased—amputation is necessary, for the purpose of prolonging the existence of the individual upon earth. Is it wrong for the surgeon to perform that operation? We answer, most certainly not. Although it may cause great suffering at the time, yet it is the best course that can be pursued under the circumstances. You would say that it was evil to cause pain and suffering to an individual, and yet it is right, you would say, to save life. You will readily perceive that that which is seeming evil and that which is also good, can both exist at the same time. Q. Is it true, as A. J. Davis teaches, that there is no actual evil? A. Yes, we perceive that to be true, and as great a truth as ever Jesus of Nazareth gave utterance to, although, like his truths, they are not received by all at the present time, still they will eventually be looked upon in the true light. God is unchangeable. If He had the power to inspire Him who gave utterance to high and noble truths many hundred years ago, He has the same power to-day, and ever will continue to have the same. Strange is it that the theological world looks upon Deity with such reverence, and then can think for a moment of limiting His power and goodness to His children. Q. If there is no actual evil, then how can we progress in goodness? A. There is no such thing as progressing in goodness. You progress in knowledge and more perfect understanding of the laws by which you are governed. The term goodness is merely an active expression of love and truth. The farther advanced we become in knowledge, the better we are enabled to judge of the conditions of others, and at the same time manifest kindly feelings toward them. Q. Is not every man a Jesus, in that he is a Saviour and Christ to the full extent of his spiritual goodness? A. Well, inasmuch as he is a saviour unto himself, each individual is responsible for his own acts, and it is unto himself alone that he is accountable.

DECEMBER 23. WILLIE STERRINS.

Please, lady, will you let little bits of boys come here? I am only just a little bit of a boy—just seven years old. My papa and mamma live in Memphis. This lady's body is bigger than mine was. I want to tell my papa and mamma that I have many nice little things. I am not sick at all. Uncle Willie, my mamma's brother, is here. My Uncle Willie took me right in his arms from my little bed when I was so sick. I saw mamma and papa cry. Uncle said that they cried because little Willie was dead. I did not know that I was dead. I was just living like I was before. I was just the same when Uncle Willie took me—living all the time. My throat was sore; they put blisters upon me. I had the diphtheria, and it made me almost choke. Uncle took me to his house, and takes care of me until my father and mother come. He gets me lots of nice things. I want my mamma to know all this. Uncle Willie says my mamma's name is Hattie. My papa's name is George. It is one year and five months since I had the diphtheria. Mamma thinks I am dead, but I am not. What makes that bell ring? [It is the Court House bell striking eleven o'clock.] I want to send a kiss to my mamma and papa. Will you write that Willie sends a kiss to his papa and mamma? Tell them that Uncle Willie will bring me again some day. Mamma will be glad to hear from her little boy. When she used to put on me nice clean clothes she would say, "Willie is mamma's nice little boy." Tell her that there are lots of big men here, just like there was in our city.

M. S. WILLIAMS.

I have many kind and loving friends in my spirit home, and also upon earth. I am anxious to manifest myself to my friends. I shall feel much better if they will give me a chance. I know that it will be hard for mother to realize that it is me. I know my husband will hardly think that it is possible for me to return after having passed through the great change called death. The God in whom we trust, and who causes our varied experiences upon earth—who so orders it that we who have passed through this change, may be happier, has also wisely ordered that we should return to our friends for our happiness and theirs also. I am, dear mother, happy, since my dear babe is with me. I think I could not have been as happy had I left it upon the earth. It is well that it passed away before I did. And you, my dear husband, when you told me that I must go, I grieved not. When you are at rest I approach you—lay our darling babe upon your arms or by your side, and yet you don't see or feel it. You dream of us—feel sure that we are near, and so we are. I send you this, that you may know that I can return, and that as soon as practicable, and you will give me an opportunity to communicate, I will do so. Amelia, your sister, is with me. She, having been here longer than I, is of great service to the in manifesting myself to you. That you may know it is me, I spoke of our babe. But five days did it remain upon earth, when its little spirit was borne away. Little did we think that I was so soon to follow. I left a world of trouble, and it is to cheer your lonely hours that I return. I want you to give me an opportunity of conversing with you. Eighteen summers had rolled away when I was called home. It was a short time on earth. I had been married but fourteen months. To my mother I would say, mourn not my loss, for it will be but a short time at the longest before you will come to dwell with me in our spirit home. My love to you all is still strong as when on earth life. I bid you good morning.

RUFUS L. MAYHUE, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

It is not a year since I died. Never have I yet found the spiritual world to abound in such pleasures that I have not had a desire to come back and tarry longer upon earth. My nearest and truest friends are upon earth; and it is in accordance with nature that we should be attracted to those nearest and dearest to us. Consequently it is not strange that I should be attracted to earth. There are many spirits that come here and talk, and their friends receive what they have to say. I shall give what I think best, and if received, I shall be glad; and if not, I shall feel that I have done my part. Now to father and mother, Louisa, Nelly and Harrison, I will say, that death did not separate me from them. There are many here that tell me that if I would seek for that which is beautiful upon the spiritual plane of existence, that I would feel better. Perhaps I might, but I don't think so. I don't feel so; I feel happy only when in my home—the best spot on earth or in heaven. I do not feel that it was right that I should die. I do not think that the doctor did well by me. I think that he cared more for others than he did for me—did not pay me that attention that my disease and condition demanded. Mother feels this, too. But, mother, don't feel too bad—don't grieve over it, although you feel as I did—that it was not right that I should die. It did not bring me back. This is the first opportunity I have had of speaking or influencing this medium. I think them all very much for it, and I will try and improve my time here. I do not believe that it is right for any person to die while he is young. Do you? [To a gentleman present. "I do not know, brother, but that it is right—still I do think an earthly experience and well matured existence beneficial upon entering the spirit life."] It don't seem to me that it is right at all. After persons have lived long enough to appreciate their friends and enjoy the conditions in which they are placed, and then suddenly, by disease, to be taken away, seems to me hard. I wanted to let you know that I could come back. It is not coming back either, for I have not been far away. It is not in my power to manifest myself and tell you what I wished to. My grandfather, my mother's father, is here, and says that mother will feel bad if I talk in this way. I do not talk for the purpose of wounding or grieving her. I only tell you exactly how I feel about it, and let you know that I can talk, so that when the time comes when you are willing and glad to listen, I will come and talk. It would do me more good than anything else to converse with my mother, and have her tell me what she thought was best. I feel that she was one of the very best of mothers that ever breathed on earth. I do not say this boastfully, but it is just what I feel to be true. I know that you are grieved that I should be taken away from you, and I do not think it strange either. I shall be twenty-five years old next June. Now I don't want you to feel bad about what I said. I said that I did not think that I ought to have died, and I still feel so, and I could not help telling my dear mother. Her name is Mary E. Mayhue.

DECEMBER 27. M. MAYNARD, OF MILTON, MA.

Justice—well, if this is justice, then I do not know what you would not call justice. Not to let a body live half his time out. Maybe it is justice. I do not think so, however. Is this the only post office of this kind in this city? [Yes, I think it is.] There are a great crowd of spirits present, and the one

that gets in first is the best fellow. Will you write a letter for me? [Yes.] Then be sure to put down every word just as I say it. I will address my letter to my mother. She can read it herself and let others read it if she likes. She felt very badly when I was taken away. Mother, you will hardly believe I saw you weeping over my coffin. I saw you, too, after you returned home from the grave; saw you when you sorted or looked over my clothes, and picked out those that you wished to keep and those which you intended to give to the poor. I saw all that. I saw the tears that you shed over my garments as you looked at them and thought of him who formerly wore them. I saw all that, too, and also your anxiety to know more of me. You wonder if Spiritualism is true; and if so, why I don't come back. You are sure that I would if it were possible for such things to be. I have known your desire. I have felt that it was strong, and in accordance with that feeling I have come to this place, to send you this message. I know you will feel better when you get it, and know that I am not suffering. I left all that behind with my old clothes and new clothes, and my sick bed—death bed. I find, mother, that suffering, except that of the spirit, cannot enter into this plane of existence or this place of existence. I call it plane, because others call it so, and I know not what else to name it. I wish you could know how I am situated. I will tell you this, inasmuch as our letters have to be short, that I am happy, comparatively speaking. I think people on earth would be happier if they did not have to contend with the ups and downs of life—the disappointments and privations, and all such things. I believe that by-and-by I shall be able to explain to you those things which I cannot now make plain to you. Having passed through death, I know what there is on this side, and from what I see I think it a better place than earth. Everybody has to come here who sees death—no matter whether he is black or white, rich or poor, high or low. It does not make any difference. I have watched a good many, to see if their experience on coming here was like mine. I like the things I see here, but I like to come back to my home, because I was accustomed to it—accustomed to see you, mother, go around. It would not have been home without you. And mother, it seems it cannot be home without you, here. There is nothing in particular that I am obliged to do—perhaps there will be in time something. You know that I have not been here but a little while. You could hardly expect me to become familiar with the ways and conditions of everything, though what I have found is very pleasant and agreeable thus far. As I communicate from time to time, I shall tell you what I have to do. Now, mother, I have said more than I intended. I could talk all day to you, if I had my own body. I suppose we ought to be thankful for the privilege of using another person's organism to speak through. I don't know but I am grateful, and I don't know, too, but I am a little selfish. I would like to stay a long time. I have so much to say I hardly know when to stop. I shall see you when you read this. I shall see its effect. I know that you will shed tears, and will lay down the paper that contains this, and put your handkerchief to your eyes, and weep as you did at my death. But you will not grieve as long as you did then; your anxiety to know more of me will cause you to dry up your tears, so that you may see what else I have got to say. It is only about seventeen months since my death. I find some persons who have been here seven, eight, nine and ten years, who have never yet sent a message to their friends. But they will some time, if they can get composed enough to say what they wish to. I was a little over eighteen years old when I died. Good bye.

THOMAS WILSON, OF RUTLAND, VT.

You will find out after a while that all sorts of folks come here. My speech will not be quite as long as that of other fellows. [Spirit yawning often.] I am sleepy. I was very sick, and the doctors gave me stuff to make me sleep, and I did sleep, on and on. When I woke up I found myself on the other side of Jordan. I am not sleepy now, except when I endeavor to control a medium. I wish the doctor had not given me so many Dover's powders. If he had not given me so many sleeping powders I could have said more. I never would have believed that I would have felt so sleepy again. But then instead of lying down and going to sleep I will hurry up and get out of this body. It makes me feel drowsy to come to this body, just as I did after I had taken the powders. The doctor said that I had typhoid fever. I know it was a fever strong enough to lay me out. I was thirty-two years old. My name is Thomas Wilson, Rutland, Vermont. Since I have learned how this thing is done, I guess the next time that I come I shall not be so sleepy. Now my folks will know that I can come, I don't care about their sending notice to this printing house that they have heard from me. I do not care anything about that at all. If they will only give me a chance, I will be satisfied. They surely would have given me one had I not died. This paper that you print goes there. I died the 7th of January. Good bye. I shall not be able to go to sleep when I get away from here.

CAPTAIN LORENZO WALKER.

How do you do? Short road is soon traveled. Short story soon told. Small rooms readily filled. Few wantions gratified. All I want to say is, that I can come back and talk—that navigation is open. I wish that fellow had staid away, for he has left sleep on the medium. Is not that what you call this woman? [Yes.] I used to run a steamer. I have got a "Capt." tacked on my name. I am Capt. Lorenzo Walker. I run the steamer straight through the water, and I have run my lifeboat straight through the waters of death. I am now able to steam straight ahead, and say something to my folks. If they will listen to me I will run into port most any time. I used to run a steamer on Lake Michigan. I run several different summers. I have steered straight here just to let you know who I am. I was forty-five years old when I went into the last port—death. Many wishes for the success of this lady. Give my regards to the Captain of this paper boat. Tell him I will be on hand to help him when I can. I believe in praying, but a good word now and then is better than all the prayers.

LUCRETIA MAYBROOK.

Me only little bit of a girl. Papa be here with me. He be come to send a letter to mamma. He be come to tell her all about these things—to tell her what me do, and what a nice little girl me be. I lived in the city of New York. Was you ever there? [Yes.] That is where my mamma lives. My mamma says. My mamma has a machine. I see that there is nobody here to hurt me. I was a little afraid. My mamma gets tired, and when she goes to bed she cries—she has too much to do. One old woman she did talk naughty words to my mamma, cause my mamma did not have a piece of work did as she liked it. My mamma is a good mamma. Papa said me might talk my little story, and that he would come another time. He said

that mamma would like better to have me tell my story first. Don't cry, dear mamma, 'cause pretty soon you will come to our house to stay all the time, day and night. Then you won't have any sewing to do. We don't have to make dresses here. This is a happy place. My mamma's name is Lucretia. There are good folks here—they don't scold and say naughty things. Lady, will you please kiss me? [Oh, certainly.] Good bye.

ARMINDA E. WHEELER, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Well, I find that there is one very nice thing about this Spiritualism; that is, women have a chance to talk and say what they think best. It is very often the case that the ideas of women are a little nearer to what is called right than men's are. I see that you are not of a religious turn of mind. I think that all should be Christians and members of churches, and become useful members of society. I think there is little danger of any one becoming too good. I never saw any one upon earth whom I thought was too good. I like churches that are liberal enough in their sentiments to let a woman speak. Being one myself, it is very natural that I should like to tell them what I consider best for humanity. I do not think there is any danger of searching the Scriptures too closely, as you could not bring anything out of the Bible but truth. I know that it is not in accordance with the views and ideas of this establishment. It thinks that there are a great many things in the Bible not true. I always believed it to be the best book—full of truths and good truths. God has marked out a road in which every one should travel in order to attain happiness. I am very thankful that I walked in it. I know that there are a great many spirits who come here to talk against the Bible and Christianity. But I tell you the way to do is to live up to a true and pure religion. Now I do not believe in Spiritualism. I don't believe in calling this kind of communicating Spiritualism, for I believe there is a great deal of evil done under the head of Spiritualism. I think there is very little sense in that word. Every one who is dead knows that there are two worlds—two places of existence. One you have always been accustomed to call this world—the other is the world that you go to after death. Of course I call this communicating with earth, but I do not call it Spiritualism. We are no more spirits now than we were before death—we are individuals—persons. It is true I did not find things exactly as I expected to. I had an idea that God had an existence in the other world. I have been told by persons who have been here much longer than I, that they have never seen Him. But I believe in time that He will reveal Himself to us in an unmistakable manner. We shall yet realize and know His presence. My home was in Hartford, Connecticut. My husband's sister is here. She wants to talk. I do not think because we have passed through death, that we must consequently be spirits. I am no more of a spirit now than I was when I was in your world, or upon your earth with you. I have the same form or body, therefore I cannot see that I am a spirit any more than I ever was. That is why I don't wish to call this doctrine Spiritualism. I do not see any propriety in calling things by false names. I always believed in a future state of existence and the justice of God. I never thought that God designed that this world should be our only place of existence; hence I believed in a future state. My friends will readily see that my ideas are in many respects the same that they were before death. I belonged to the Episcopal Church. I died of pleurisy fever. Forty-seven years is my age. If I had the power of writing out what I have to say on paper, I should feel more at ease. I shall be glad to come again. Good bye.

SAM.

Well, missus, dis chile neber knows much about dis kind of business, and my massa never believed in it. My massa lived in Kentucky, and kept slaves. It am a very fine thing, dat institution swept away. Now, there are lots of massas think they are going to have their own way yet, and not give us a chance—my race. They think that they are going to have their own way in arranging matters, and not gib my people a chance to vote. But if they don't let us vote, war will come again, sure. I have got one sister—she is half white. She is in St. Louis. I never had any other name but Sam. There is a good many of my people got killed in the war. This sister of mine she would make a good medium. If she would sit down to a table when the spirits come they would influence her. We have not both the same mother, but we have both the same father. My master's name was Martin Wilcox. Much obliged to you.

ELIZA M. KENNEDY.

I don't want anybody to think that I believe in Spiritualism, because I come here and send this communication to my folks. I never did believe in it, and do not now. The way that we have to talk with our friends after death is a very good one. I do not say this is Spiritualism, for the reason that I do not want any one to think that I believe in it. I would not advise any of my folks to become Spiritualists, either. I would like to have them give me a chance to talk to them at home, through somebody that I could approach and influence. If they will do that, that is as far as I want them to go in Spiritualism. My friends, I want you to think of me just as little as possible. When you do think of me, however, believe me to be all right. It will not be very long before you will see me, by some means, or rather by some instrumentality—I cannot tell how; at all events, the way is open so that I can talk to you pretty near as well as I ever did; that is, if I have a mind to. The Spiritualism which knocks tables around and turns things upside down, I don't think there is much sense in. That is what I call Spiritualism. I don't want to bring you out before the world as Spiritualists, but if you are disposed to give me a chance, I would like it. A good many people talk about the wonderful and strange things that are done. Now, I don't want you to have anything to do with them. Matthew and Harry are both here. Matt was in the army. Harry was sick and died after he came home. My name is Eliza M. Kennedy. I went to California against the wishes of my friends. I died at San Francisco. Does this paper go there? [I think it does.] I was twenty-five years of age. I have not any regrets in regard to the course I took. I do not wish anybody else to have any. You will be kind enough to send this to your office for publication?

NELSON WARD.

My folks belong to the church, and I want to send this so that they will be sure and get it. Which is the best way to do so? [I think the paper may fill his folks' hands—perhaps some one seeing your communication will take it to them.] Is there anything about the paper that would indicate Spiritualism—if so, what am I to do? What do you call this paper? [The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.] Well, you may just say that Nelson Ward has been

in the spirit world some time, and is very anxious to communicate with his friends. I died of consumption. They thought me a little out of my head. At times I saw bodies—forms. Persons seemed to be floating around over my bed. They thought I was insane, or something of that sort. I did see them; and I have seen the same persons since my death. So I know that it was no fancy. I saw a young man and described him to them. I told them that I knew that I saw him. He was the first one that I took by the hand after I left the form. Oh, dear, I guess I won't say much this time. I will wait and see the effect. It does not do too big a dose at first. I will let it rest this time. [You have not given your place of residence.] No matter.

WALTER NEWMAN.

I will not trouble you but a few moments. I desire to let my friends know that inasmuch as things are possible with God, it is quite possible for me to return to them. I never found perfect peace upon earth. I have not found it here, neither do I think that any one will find that. My home was Steuben, Pennsylvania. I was a carpenter by trade. My family are three children—have a wife and child on earth—three children with me here. Hattie, whom we parted with, she was a little child, is now a young lady. My wife looks upon her as an infant still. I should have known her had I not been told who she was. She will give a communication soon. I do not want you to be afraid to show this to any one, or admit that it is your thorough conviction that came from me. Sophia Newman is my wife's name. My name is Walter Newman. I died in May, 1865.

ORLANDO DODGE.

I was seventy-three years of age when I died, but then age has nothing to do with assisting me to control and give communications. If I had not been able to have found it out, I had several children upon earth. My wife and the children are with me here. I have a son in New Attleboro, Mass. Will you be kind enough to send these few remarks in your paper? If so, you will oblige Orlando Dodge. My son's name is Orlando Dodge. There is a great deal that I wish to say here. Perhaps it is not best to give attention to here, from the fact that he will think that I am not, through the columns of a newspaper, having his feelings I will wait for a chance to talk to him alone, and then I will make known what is my most desire to.

LUCRETIA S. WHEELER.

Perhaps you will wonder at my coming here when I tell you that most of my friends are with me here. My parents are with me—they died when I was an infant. I was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler. They were as kind to me as my own parents could be and I loved them—was as strongly attached to them as I am to the parents who are with me. My mother Wheeler is a member of the Baptist church. I regret that I did not comply with a request to join that church. It would not have harmed me and it would have given her great satisfaction. As it is she hardly knows whether I am happy or not. It is to relieve her mind upon the point and to let her know of my true condition, that I give this communication. I remember she used to say to me that my parents were members of the church and in good standing in society, and that she knew that it would be in accordance with their desires that I should join some church and become a bright example for young friends and acquaintances. I have wanted to say against her advice for I believe that it is the best that she could give. If I had realized how anxious she was, I think for her sake I should let my prejudices go and complied with her request. I endeavored to be a dutiful daughter. I think am thankful for all their kindness towards me. We used to talk much about spirits manifesting themselves. At that time I did not believe in the doctrine, but I find it to be perfectly true. I will remember that I said if it were possible for me to come back that I would endeavor to do so and manifest myself in such a manner that I would know that it was really me. I think that I have already said what I wish to satisfy her upon that point. My name is Lucretia S. Wheeler. I always went by the name of my adopted parents. My father's name was Marshall Wheeler. My name is Lucretia S. Wheeler. Eliza, N. Y. is my home.

LAURA SHERMAN, DARTON, OHI.

is enabled through the goodness of God to communicate with her friends, and is anxious to do so. You will send this you will very much oblige me. I was sick but a very short time—my disease was lung fever—was eighteen years of age—was here three months. My mother's name is Lois Sherman.

NEED.

I do not know that it is any use to be particular and precise as that lady was. If it is necessary to be, then this is no place for me. I have no one to be myself, and if I should smooth everything all out there is not one of my folks that I would think it was me. I don't come up to their ideas, a perfect angel. It would not be at all as I was before I died. I think I had better give it just as I feel it is a mighty fine day. New Year commences right. The war is all over, etc. This is what I want to say. It smoothes everything that is a little good out. I was a blacksmith by trade, but I do not follow that I want to be a blacksmith. My name is Need. I do not have much to do; there don't seem to be much that I can set myself about. I used to live to work like Sam Hill when I was on earth. I have been here six months. I had fever and ague and this year child which ran me into pleurisy fever—that laid me out. It laid me in the cellar. I call a hole in the ground a cellar, but I have been brought out all right up in the parlor. I call this up in the parlor. I think it is a great shame that we could not have understood these things long ago. They would not have been afraid to die. We supposed that we had really got to enter a state of death, or some place, we could not tell where. Name the ministers, they could not tell either. If a fellow went and asked them where it was, they could not tell a thing about it. I know my mother thought I would feel a good deal better if I had the minister come and talk and pray with me. He came and got down on his old marrow bones and talked all about my going off into another place. After he got up he wanted to know how I felt. I told him I still felt sick. He said he meant spiritually—said if I felt fit for kingdom come, I should be happy. Then I asked him where kingdom come was, and by thunder he could not tell—could not give me any kind of an idea of it, only that it was heaven, but that did not satisfy me. When you are going anywhere you generally want to know where it is. When you come to understand the way to go, and where you are going, there will be no trouble. Tell them not to fear death; they will feel better when they get here, because they will not have to

Our Children.

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

A Little Child's Query.

This world is very fair, Mother, Its beauties so complete, With streams and forests wild, Mother, And flowers so gay and sweet...

A Story.

We promised our children a story this week, but Hudson Tuttle and Mrs. Kimball ask a hearing. Fanchon, therefore, like other children, will wait till the older ones have told their stories.

Letter From Mrs. Kimball.

DEAR CHILDREN: The day is fine; the air is free from fogs which often come at this season to warn us of approaching rains. Now, if you please, we will take a trip to Point Lobos, or SEAL ROCK.

You learned the way to Lone Mountain in my last letter; so here we will leave the cars and take a seat in an omnibus for the remainder of the distance. Every one hurries to get a seat, and indeed people hurry for everything else as well as for seats, even when you can see no possible need for haste.

"Ah, it looks like a little saw," exclaimed my little girl. "Very much. It is the skeleton of a sea-plant." "A skeleton—do plants have skeletons?" "In those early days they did. Vegetable and animal life were strangely confounded then.

"Here is a round stem, which we can break into pieces, with a glassy surface. This is the stem of the lily encrinite, or stone lily. It belongs to a class of animals extremely rare at present, but when it flourished in its greatest vigor it built up mountain masses with its remains.

"I will first introduce this one to you. It is called a Trilobite, from the three-fold division or lobing of its body. It belongs properly to the lobster family, but was lower and more undeveloped.

"As it is against the law of the city to shoot any of these animals, they are undisturbed, and probably feel as if they had acquired their rocky territory by long and peaceful possession.

"For THE BOYS.—This story, so fraught with meaning, we have often met with, but it will bear frequent repetition. Will our little readers con it over?"

"True, father, but the boys are there still!"

The Wonders of Nature.—No. 9.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. BY HUDSON TUTTLE. AGE OF FISHES. "The system of rocks lying directly above those I last described are called the Devonian. They were formed immediately after the other.

"These are called ammonites. Their shells were like those of a gigantic snail—being sometimes six feet across. They were fierce and destructive. They were provided with long arms, covered with hooked spines, and they used them with great dexterity, winding them around their prey.

"CLEAN HANDS.—When I was about six years old, a gentleman, who had called on my father to transact some business, perceived that my hands were dirty, and those of my brother Fred in the same condition.

"GOING TO BOSTON.—A sweet little girl in New Haven, only three years old, was promised one evening that she should accompany her parents to Boston on the next morning. She was much elated at the prospect of the journey, and when she had finished repeating her little prayer, she laid down to sleep, she said with the most exquisite simplicity, 'Good bye, God—Good bye, Jesus Christ—I am going to Boston in the morning!'

"Spiritualism in India. Mr. M., a gentleman who has recently returned from India, where he lost his wife suddenly by cholera, in 1861, a few months after her death, reports to me that Mr. Wilson, a valued friend, informing him that he had been influenced by a spirit purporting to be his (Mr. M.'s) wife to write a message to her husband, Mr. Wilson scarcely realized the power and begged his friend M. to receive it for what it was worth, assuring him, however, that he was impelled by an influence he could not control to write the following words:

"I indeed you are influenced, dear Mr. Wilson, by the spirit wife of your friend. Tell him that I have guided your hand. It will rejoice his heart to know it. He will not doubt as you do! Your doubts keep you back. Yet we cannot blame you. But we will try to remove your doubts; when we last conversed together it was far from the thoughts of either of us that it was last time we should do in the body. It is well! The Lord sees differently to poor fallen man. Could I converse freely with my beloved partner, he would soon be convinced that it was all for the best that I have been born into the spirit-land. There are great difficulties to be overcome before I can converse freely with my loved ones. Write to M., it will do him good, tell him his loving wife advised you to do so. Yes, it is truth, dear Mr. Wilson, do not doubt.

"REMARKABLE CURE.—Mr. A. J. Wickler, an old resident of this county, called on us in our office on Tuesday afternoon and informed us that his wife who has been unable to walk or even sit up much of the time for the last eighteen months, being afflicted as was supposed with rheumatism, was operated upon on Friday last by A. J. Higgins, an old and experienced physician, who was assisted by several of his friends, and says it has been a source of great solace and consolation to him.—London Spiritual Magazine.

"REMARKABLE CURE.—Mr. A. J. Wickler, an old resident of this county, called on us in our office on Tuesday afternoon and informed us that his wife who has been unable to walk or even sit up much of the time for the last eighteen months, being afflicted as was supposed with rheumatism, was operated upon on Friday last by A. J. Higgins, an old and experienced physician, who was assisted by several of his friends, and says it has been a source of great solace and consolation to him.—London Spiritual Magazine.

"REMARKABLE CURE.—Mr. A. J. Wickler, an old resident of this county, called on us in our office on Tuesday afternoon and informed us that his wife who has been unable to walk or even sit up much of the time for the last eighteen months, being afflicted as was supposed with rheumatism, was operated upon on Friday last by A. J. Higgins, an old and experienced physician, who was assisted by several of his friends, and says it has been a source of great solace and consolation to him.—London Spiritual Magazine.

could not turn his head to bring his eyes to bear in all directions. But to compensate for this want, it had eyes looking in all directions. It dwelt in the shallow and warm water, and when it died sank to the bottom, became enveloped in mud, and was converted into rock.

"The nautilus now dwells in the warm tropical sea. Many fables have been told of it: how it rose to the surface, extended its arms for oars, and spread a thin membrane for a sail, and thus was wafted over the waves by the breeze."

"Yes, I read in a story-book that it knew, while nestled in the dark recesses of the ocean, whether it was calm or stormy on the surface; and if, while sailing on its voyage, a tempest arose, long ere it broke, the little boatman furled sail, drew in its oars, and quietly sank down, down into the soft and quiet embrace of its mother sea, among the sparkling coral groves, where mermaids rooked it to sleep."

"Much of this, child, is fancy. I spoke of the nautilus because its ancestors were among the oldest inhabitants of the globe. It is a living fossil. It has endured all the changes of the earth, and the only change effected in it, is that it dwarfed. It is a Tom Thumb now, compared with its ancestors, which dwelt with the Trilobites.

"These are called ammonites. Their shells were like those of a gigantic snail—being sometimes six feet across. They were fierce and destructive. They were provided with long arms, covered with hooked spines, and they used them with great dexterity, winding them around their prey.

"CLEAN HANDS.—When I was about six years old, a gentleman, who had called on my father to transact some business, perceived that my hands were dirty, and those of my brother Fred in the same condition.

"GOING TO BOSTON.—A sweet little girl in New Haven, only three years old, was promised one evening that she should accompany her parents to Boston on the next morning. She was much elated at the prospect of the journey, and when she had finished repeating her little prayer, she laid down to sleep, she said with the most exquisite simplicity, 'Good bye, God—Good bye, Jesus Christ—I am going to Boston in the morning!'

"Spiritualism in India. Mr. M., a gentleman who has recently returned from India, where he lost his wife suddenly by cholera, in 1861, a few months after her death, reports to me that Mr. Wilson, a valued friend, informing him that he had been influenced by a spirit purporting to be his (Mr. M.'s) wife to write a message to her husband, Mr. Wilson scarcely realized the power and begged his friend M. to receive it for what it was worth, assuring him, however, that he was impelled by an influence he could not control to write the following words:

"I indeed you are influenced, dear Mr. Wilson, by the spirit wife of your friend. Tell him that I have guided your hand. It will rejoice his heart to know it. He will not doubt as you do! Your doubts keep you back. Yet we cannot blame you. But we will try to remove your doubts; when we last conversed together it was far from the thoughts of either of us that it was last time we should do in the body. It is well! The Lord sees differently to poor fallen man. Could I converse freely with my beloved partner, he would soon be convinced that it was all for the best that I have been born into the spirit-land. There are great difficulties to be overcome before I can converse freely with my loved ones. Write to M., it will do him good, tell him his loving wife advised you to do so. Yes, it is truth, dear Mr. Wilson, do not doubt.

"REMARKABLE CURE.—Mr. A. J. Wickler, an old resident of this county, called on us in our office on Tuesday afternoon and informed us that his wife who has been unable to walk or even sit up much of the time for the last eighteen months, being afflicted as was supposed with rheumatism, was operated upon on Friday last by A. J. Higgins, an old and experienced physician, who was assisted by several of his friends, and says it has been a source of great solace and consolation to him.—London Spiritual Magazine.

"REMARKABLE CURE.—Mr. A. J. Wickler, an old resident of this county, called on us in our office on Tuesday afternoon and informed us that his wife who has been unable to walk or even sit up much of the time for the last eighteen months, being afflicted as was supposed with rheumatism, was operated upon on Friday last by A. J. Higgins, an old and experienced physician, who was assisted by several of his friends, and says it has been a source of great solace and consolation to him.—London Spiritual Magazine.

"REMARKABLE CURE.—Mr. A. J. Wickler, an old resident of this county, called on us in our office on Tuesday afternoon and informed us that his wife who has been unable to walk or even sit up much of the time for the last eighteen months, being afflicted as was supposed with rheumatism, was operated upon on Friday last by A. J. Higgins, an old and experienced physician, who was assisted by several of his friends, and says it has been a source of great solace and consolation to him.—London Spiritual Magazine.

treatment, and thought there was no doubt but she would soon be thoroughly restored to sound health. Dr. Higgins has been at the Edwards House for over a week past, and during that time, we are informed, he has been visited by persons afflicted with various diseases which are generally considered incurable, and some relieved altogether. Among other cases he has cured was one of a lady afflicted with gonorrhea, and another of a man afflicted with stammering.

"We do not pretend to give any opinion of our own in regard to Dr. Higgins' system of cure—he gives no medicine—but merely state facts, and let others form their own conclusions.—Plymouth (Ind.) Republican.

An immense block of iron buildings weighing 50,000 tons, has just been raised over two feet, in Chicago, without the least injury to the buildings, or without disturbing the occupants.

Let your honor be without a stain.

BOARDING HOUSE.

296 State Street, Chicago. MRS. W. A. POSTER has opened a Boarding House for day and weekly boarders, with or without lodgings. Her accommodations are good, and she will be pleased to receive the patronage of Spiritualists and other friends residing in the city.

DR. J. G. ATWOOD, THE original and remarkable Healing Medium, of Lockport, N. Y., is now in a regular and successful practice, at No. 18, Mark's Place, New York City.

MR. & MRS. FERRIS, MEDICINS for Physical manifestations, can be addressed at Coldwater, Michigan, care of Alonzo Bennett, 14-ct

CATARRH! BRONCHITIS!! SCROFULA!!! W. M. R. PRINCE, for sixty years proprietor of the Lintonas Nurseries, Flushing, New York, has discovered the plants which are

Nature's Sovereign Remedials For the above and for all other inherited and chronic diseases, which have proved refractory to all previous prescriptions, such as all Liver, Lung, Heart, Kidney, Stomach and Eruptive Diseases, Protruded Uteri, and the whole chain of female maladies; Constipation, Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism (rheo), Piles, Asthma, Dropsy, all fevers, Spermatorrhoea, Syphilis, Nervous Debility, &c. He has prepared the

Eclectic Fluid Compounds, And will prescribe full information to those who transmit a diagnosis and \$1.00, and will mail his treatise on all diseases on receipt of 15 cents.

A NEW BOOK. Just published by the "Religio-Philosophical Association," entitled

THE BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN; Or a Historical Exposition of the Devil and his Dominion; Including the Oriental Origin of the Belief in a Devil and the Jewish Rituals in connection therewith. Also, the Origin of the Scriptural Terms, "Bottomless Pit," "Lake of Fire and Brimstone," "Keys of Hell," "Chains of Darkness," "Everlasting Punishment," "Casting out Devils," &c., &c.

With an Explanation of the Meaning and Origin of the Traditions respecting the Dragon Chasing the Women.—The Woman Clothed with the Sun, &c. By K. GRAVES, author of "Christianity Before Christ," or "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviours."

(Fear hath torment.) Read! Read! Read! "Something new and something true," and be saved from (the fear of) endless damnation.

"THE 'BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN' will be found to be a work of rare novelty, curiosity and value to the general reader, and of the most intense and momentous interest to the far-sighted professor of religion, of every name and nation in the world. It contains a very extensive, rare and compact collection of historical facts upon the several points treated on. The following list of its contents will furnish some idea of its worth to the reader.

Chapter 1st—Evil and demoralizing effects of the doctrine of endless punishment. Chapter 2d—Ancient traditions respecting the origin of Evil and the Devil. Chapter 3d—A wicked devil and an endless hell not taught in the Jewish Scriptures. Chapter 4th—Explanation of the words Devil and Hell in the Old Testament. Chapter 5th—(And not the Devil) the author of evil according to the Christian Bible. Chapter 6th—God and the Devil originally twin brothers and known by the same title. Chapter 7th—Origin of the term "Kingdom of Heaven and Gate of Hell" and the traditions respecting the dragon chasing the woman—the woman clothed with the sun, etc. Chapter 8th—Hell first instituted in the skies; its origin and descent from above. Chapter 9th—Origin of the tradition respecting the "Bottomless Pit." Chapter 10th—Origin of the belief in "A Lake of Fire and Brimstone." Chapter 11th—Where is Hell? Tradition respecting its character and origin. Chapter 12th—Origin of the notion of man's evil thoughts and actions being prompted by a Devil. Chapter 13th—The Christian Devil—whence imported or borrowed. Chapter 14th—The various retributive terms of the Bible of Oriental origin. Chapter 15th—The doctrine of future punishment, of Heaven and presently origin, invented by Pagan priests. Conclusion—163 questions addressed to believers in past mortal punishment. Appendix—Origin of the traditions respecting "The War in Heaven," Fallen Angels being transformed into Devils, and an explanation of the terms Hell, Hades, Gehenna, Tartarus, Valley of Hinnoom, the Worm that never dies, etc. Concluding remarks. For sale at this office. Price 50 cents.

THE HISTORY OF MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES.

IS THE title of a new book, written by the undersigned, and just issued from the press of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, Chicago, Ill. The design of the work is to expose to popular comprehension the character of Moses' writings; to reveal the unphilosophical character of Moses' writings; the criminality of his conduct; and the impurity of the source of that conduct. All these positions are plainly demonstrated in this book. The book contains some 500 disconnected pages; is printed on new type, (Brevelier) and on good paper. Retail price bound in cloth, \$1.50. For sale at the office of publication, and at the Book Store of Tallmadge & Co., No. 28 Dearborn Street, Chicago, and by the undersigned at GEORGE W. BERRY, No. 17-18 N. W. MERRITT, WISCONSIN.

DR. J. P. BRYANT, WILL HEAL THE SICK

153 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL. Commencing Jan. 15, 1866.

CHRONIC DISEASES cured with the speediest! No Medicine given! No Surgical Operations performed! 15-ct

HEALING THE SICK BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.

THE LAYING ON OF HANDS, OR THE DYNAMIC INFLUENCE, has been prepared to receive all their ailments, and is a combination with pleasant surroundings, and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground, overlooking the lake. The past success is truly marvellous, and daily the numbers are increasing. The Institution is supported by REV. W. W. WALKER, WISCONSIN. The Institution is located on the corner of Division Street, and within one hundred feet of the street railroad. Post Office Drawer 177. DR. P. PARSONS, GOULD & CO. No. 17-18 N. W. MERRITT, WISCONSIN. 15-ct

CLAIRVOYANT COUNSEL.

ADDRESS DR. J. N. BAILEY, Jackson, Michigan, for a list of names, Suggestions on Business and other Questions. Send no questions or a lock of hair, \$2 and 3 letter stamps. 15-ct

Railroad Time-Table.

Table with columns for Chicago and North Western, Depart, Arrive, Day Express, Night Express, etc.

Table for GALENA DIVISION, Depart, Arrive, Fulton and Cedar Rapids, Fulton and Iowa, etc.

Table for MICHIGAN CENTRAL, Depart, Arrive, Detroit Express, Detroit Express, etc.

Table for ILLINOIS CENTRAL, Depart, Arrive, Day Passenger, Night Passenger, etc.

Table for CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY, Depart, Arrive, Day Express and Mail, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS, Depart, Arrive, Eastern Mail, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, Depart, Arrive, St. Paul Express, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND, Depart, Arrive, Day Express and Mail, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, Depart, Arrive, St. Paul Express, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, Depart, Arrive, St. Paul Express, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, Depart, Arrive, St. Paul Express, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, Depart, Arrive, St. Paul Express, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, Depart, Arrive, St. Paul Express, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, Depart, Arrive, St. Paul Express, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, Depart, Arrive, St. Paul Express, Night Express, etc.

Table for CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, Depart, Arrive, St. Paul Express, Night Express, etc.

PROSPECTUS OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to ARTS, SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will advocate the equal rights of Men and Women, and will plead the cause of the dying generations. Its object is to make the one journal, common to all, and to tend to the advancement of human knowledge, and to the interests of the people.

It will be published every Saturday at 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—IN ADVANCE. One Year, \$3.00. Six Months, \$1.50. Single Copies, 5 Cents each.

CLUB RATES: Any person sending to \$20.00 shall receive ten copies of the paper, and one extra copy for the postage of the same.

POST OFFICE ADDRESS: It is desired for subscribers to send their names and addresses to the Post Office, and to be allowed, wherever they are, to be deducted from their subscription, and to be sent to them by express.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Inserted at TWENTY CENTS per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent line.

AGENTS: All the principal Wholesale and Retail News Agents throughout the United States and British Provinces will supply the paper for the country News Dealers, and News Vendors in the cities and on the cars.

LOCAL NEWS DEALERS IN CHICAGO: Tallmadge & Co., Lombard Street, next building west of Post Office.

AGENTS: J. C. PARKER, Washington, D. C. Post Office News Store. BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Brounfield Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS: J. C. PARKER, Washington, D. C. Post Office News Store. BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Brounfield Street, Boston, Mass.