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

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 20, 1866.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Orphan's Monument to its Mother.

BY EMNA TUTTLE. Sick of the city's holsy din. And bodies with no souls within, I sought the city of the dead With longing heart and aching head.

Oh, city where we all must go! Your basement stories cold and low Let each a deathless angel through, To live for age in heaven's sweet blue.

Into the twilight's rosy breast, Throwing a lambent flood of light Over the graves, with doors so white. I read the record's opulence

Tells on the grave's magnificence. I saw the marble spires arise, Writ thick with praises, toward the skies.

Urns hung with garlands fresh and rare Told that a mourner had been there To beautify the mournful spot, Though the mute sleeper heeded not.

I stopped beside a new made mound In a cheap corner. All around The ground was marked with wee bare feet, Until a circle was complete.

Upon the grave an untaught hand A touching monument had planned: Written with pebbles, rudely placed, The sweet word "Mother" there was placed!

Tired little feet! which ran all'day In circles round her precious clay; Who now will help them press along O'er mangling thorns, and weeds of wrong?

> Poor little head ! where will it rest Since death has chilled her loving breast! Poor little heart! born unto grief; May angels give it sweet relief.

I know not where that child may be, But oh, how many times I see, In dreams, a tiny, untaught hand Writing out " mother" on the sand.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by Dr. J. A.

Address to Colored People.

Delivered by Mrs. Daniels, (late Cora L. V. Scott,) in Israel (Colored) Church, Washington, D. C., Thurs-day evening December 14, 1865, "On the Rights, Needs and Qualifications of the Colored Race."

FRIENDS :- It is with great regret that we call your hearts and attention away from the usual religious themes that are deliberated upon in this Church-since the things that pertain to the soul and concern the welfare of the spirit, are of far more importance than those which bear relation to outward life. But you live in a world of material things, and you must go away sometimes from the sacred altar and temple of religion into conflict with matters outside of spiritual things; and we shall call your attention this evening to a few thoughts of grave import concerning yourselves and the race which, lately freed from their bonds, are now entering upon a new stage of life; and if we shall speak of the past condition of your people, you will understand that it is not done in disparagement of yourselves or of them, but only to remind you of what your condition was, and is, and

to point you to a better and more glorious future. One of the greatest philanthropists of this day has said that in the eye of Heaven, and before the face of a just humanity, there is no difference in manhood, whether existing in the slave or in the highest throned king. Therefore we speak to you to-night, friends, as men and women, fully conscious that your comprehension and thoughts, your ideas and aspirations, are equal to those of any like number of people that might be assembled at any time or place; and we speak to you in the full conselousness that the great theme we are about to consider will be taken home to your hearts, and that you will act your parts in life, so that in the future you may exemplify the great blessings which are dawning upon you. There is great rejoicing among your people, and throughout the land; because of the removal of what has heretofore been known as chattel slavery; but we would respectfully remind you that you do not owe the removal of those bonds to any position or power vested in any individual man, and we would call upon you to remember, and remember well, too, that you are not to render your tribute of thanks to any man or any body of men especially, but to the great Ruler of human events, and to those noble laborers, who for many years have struggled for the welfare of your people who were in bondage, and pleaded with the government to release them from their chains. You are to remember that this conflict has been going on for more than a quarter of a century-it was inaugurated in the birth of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which struck the first effective blow upon the institution of slavery in this country, di chaloung ofono aki la andam o

William Lloyd Garrison has long labored for the release of your people from the thraidom of slavery, and to bring the government of the United States to a just comprehension of the enormity of the sin it was perpetrating. As the struggle went on that most infamous of all instruments, the Missouri Compromise, was introduced into the laws of the country, and its repeal brought forth ideas and santiments in legislation which were death blows seek at the hands of man, but you must demand to the institution of slavery . Wondoll Phillips | the right to exercise the freedom already given you

assisted in removing the institution, and many of the gentler sex have aided also; they have pleaded for the wives and husbands separated from each other; for the families broken up, and for those subjected to the lash, for no other reason than that of being born with a skin of a different hue. These things culminated, finally, when the slaveholders brought on a war against this government; and through that war, simply as a matter of milltary policy, the United States government carried into effect that which it had been petitioned for years to do, and you are now called upon to give thanks to the government for your present position, and asked to consider and remember with proper gratitude, the late President of the United States, who at heart was a friend to your people; you are requested to conform to the conditions of freedom which that government is said to have brought to you in its great kindness and charity !

Friends, you are not to mistake your position, nor to believe everything that you are told by a white man's government, nor even by those who have claimed to be your friends. You are not to render your thanks to those men as friends of your race who, under the guise of humanity, and for the sake of preserving the white man's government, resort to emancipation and the arming of the negroes of the South, and to confiscating the property of rebels, only that they may secure their own advancement, and when that is done restore again to the traitors their property and homes, and leave your race to perish in the cold or go begging at the doors of government for right, justice and humanity; shilling nayd negod bill codawned -

We now ask you to consider what are your rights, not as slaves, not as freedmen, but as men and women too, though even in the white man's government, white women have as yet no voice; but I trust that by and by you will be accorded the right of joining your pleas with the gentle tones of those women who have joined so eloquently in protests against the wrongs of your race. The rights of your people, without reference to their past condition or present circumstances, are what you have to consider. You are not to regard yourselves as mendicants at the shrine of power; you are not to go begging for favor at the hands of the government that has released your brethren as a matter of policy and military necessity, but you should ask in the name of the rights of men. Neither more nor less than this will answer your purpose. It is not enough that they shall tell you that as a matter of policy and military necessity, they have cancelled their obligations by releasing your people from bondage. It is not enough that in all the States of the South there has been put upon record a nominal change of their laws, for we shall presently show you that these laws have been enacted in their endeavor to restore to white men what they regard as his legitimate possession and power, while they leave those who may be tinted with even a shadow of color, to fight their way as best they can, through all manner of difficulties. You have to thank the great God of the universe for the little freedom and liberty you now possess-that through the true hearts of the nation He caused ideas to be introduced which resulted in the Emancipation Proclamation-that through the glorious mind of John Brown was commenced a work in Virginia which even yet has not ended in the entire subjugation of the rebellion in the South; that through the great struggle on the Kansas and Nebraska questions, when an attempt was made to introduce slavery into those States, philanthropy was awakened, and crushed out, the attempt to extend that slavery into these new States, and through all these things has resulted a system in which chattel slavery exists no more. To-day you have rights as men, as you always had. It does not change your position in the eye of Heaven that you are now simply removed from yassalage, when those who held your people in slavery were more enslaved themselves than you; their souls were deeper in degradation than they could render you, by subjecting you to outward servitude. It is not enough that you are released from chattel slavery, under which it was the interest of the masters to treat their servants as well as they would any other beasts of burden. But while the government has released you from outward bondage, you have been, through recent enactments in the South, placed in a worse position. The outward bonds are removed, but there is no motive of self-interest left upon the part of the master to prevent his driving your people from their homes, or obliging them to labor for a small pittance that will not procure their daily bread, or from making laws under which punishment by the lash or imprisonment or servitude may be inflicted for the slightest offence. In I so we would been

No, friends, you are not in the best position which could be desired; you have taken one step and that step has not been taken by the full consent of the instruments of the government, but rather from the irresistible force of the great voice of justice speaking through those who were friends to your people, proclaiming their rights as a question of humanity, often in defiance of the government itself, and even when the officers and soldiers of the United States were called upon to enforce the my

in reference to slavery. of a protect will be store Isoyo If you are to have liberty and justice in their highest and best sense; if freedom is to be given to your people at all, it is not a gift that can be bestowed by mant, Nor is it a gift that you should government to bestow freedom upon any people; it is not in the power of any human legislation to give any soul the right to inherit freedom; for that commencement of time, by the hand of the Infinite God upon the eternal laws of creation, and you possessed the right to freedom before this government or any of the governments of earth were inaugurated. You are to ask these things, and your white friends are to ask them for you, not because it is in the power of Congress or the Executive to bestow freedom upon you; but because you possess the right to freedom, and it should be its will and its pleasure to recognize that right; and because they have not recognized it in the past; because this government has failed to perceive that right; because upon any portion of God's people it has permitted burdens to be placed that might have been avoided, so it has reaped the fruit of that negligence, of that injustice, in the struggle which has just passed with its long and bloody array, and which may not be wholly over. They have failed to perceive and acknowledge that these rights are inborn, and that the just punishment of their sins has come upon them. But that which is their sin and their punishment is your opportunity, and may eventually prove your salvation.

But do not make the mistake in any of your thoughts upon this subject that your souls have been enslaved; do not make the mistake that your manhood or womanhood has ever been in bonds. The disgrace that belongs to slavery rests upon America, upon Great Britain, and upon those nations that inaugurated and encouraged it, and the great black stain will never be forgotten until they have wiped it out with their own blood. It is the white people that have been in bondage, not you; it is the Southern slaveholders and their friends in the North who have been chained, not your people. These people have been enchained in sin and soul bondage for worse than any scourge or lash or prison or dungeon that the slave master could inflict upon you. Envy not the white man's freedom; envy him not those political conditions which are the result of his being in his own opinion superior to you. Rather preserve the freedom of your souls from guile, deceit, hypocrisy and ambition. It is better to have that charity, that kindness, that fellowship, that brotherly love which exists among your people, than to have the highest scat in the white man's government, or any other privileges that might be given to you. If you can have these only at the price which the white man has paid for them, do not accept them. If you are to have the freedom of suffrage, the privilege of voting, and the right of naming who shall be your law makers and administrators of law, the privilege of entering courts of justice, halls of legislation, of holding estates in your name, and every privilege that the greatest and noblest among the citizens of this country possess, and it is to be purchased at the expense of the virtues that adorn your race, and make you far superior in our esteem, and in your own consciousness, to those that have oppressed you, then refuse these privileges and preserve the integrity of your souls; but if, with the preservation of your manhood and without parting with your honesty you can attain them, and if also they are granted as the legitimate right of your manhood, then you are to demand and possess them; and if they are not given when you demand them, we may not be too rash in saying that you will enforce them; for a people possessing the inheritance of freedom by right from Heaven, may be outraged, oppressed, and a long time persecuted, but the time ever does come when the fires of freedom are enkindled upon the altars of their souls and are anned into a living, burning flame, that finally shall sweep away oppression and make them free indeed, as they are by the gift of their Infinite Father.

We say, therefore, in regard to your rights, that if any men, or class of men, have rights under this government, you have them; if any men have the right of suffrage you are entitled to it; if any men have a right to testify in courts of justice you have; if any men are eligible to office, under proper control and laws, you are; if in conforming to the laws of the government there are certain conditions required and made by State laws, then you have a right to avail yourselves of them; if you have a right to be taxed for the sustenance of the government that has oppressed you, then you have a right to representation as well as taxation. Nay more than this, if you have a right to be told that freedom means to work, and if you have a right to be told by the government through its Executive, that freedom does not mean idleness, that it does not mean disgrace, nor immorality, then you have a right to avail yourselves of these conditions, which the white man often fails to do. Show that you are willing to work for proper compensation; willing to live virtuous lives, (which the white man often fails to do;) willing to legislate justly, which, alas, is not even done at all now-a-days.

If you have the right to be told as men and women that you are to lead virtuous and pure lives with the consent and protection of the government of the United States, you have also the right to claim that, leading those virtuous and pure lives; you will be setting the administrators of that government an example which they much need, and also he instructing your former masters in a code of morals that they have practically but little knowledge of and if you have the right to be told that the government of the United States has freed you and your people from chains, but that it can do no more for you, then you have the right to

selves, which to your honor and credit you are capable of doing, if they will but give you an opportunity. You are capable of establishing schools right has been engraven long ages, even with the and places of worship, as, this church testifies; capable of having societies and associations for the improvement of your fellow beings; capable of holding conventions and drafting resolutions through which your voice goes forth to the government of the United States expressing a claim to those rights. You are capable also when those rights shall be given you of setting a good example, and showing that when your just rights are obtained you will not, with the possession of power, also acquire a love of tyranny, and employ those rights against any class whatsoever of human beings. These being your rights, which every one clearly recognizes, we will now express to you what we consider something of your needs. You have, during the conflict that has just ter-

minated between the United States government and the rebels of the Southern States, occupied various stages and painful positions, from bondage to an indefinite state between freedom and bondage; and from that indefinite state to actual nominal freedom; and now the great need of all of you of every condition and age is, education, so that you may have knowledge and information concerning yourselves; and we are glad to perceive such an active interest among your people for the attainment of knowled ; for we tell you that, greater than the armed power of the government, greater than the vast military force that has been exerted to over come the rebellion, has been the arm of knowledge which has caused the people of the North to understand and comprehend the true meaning and enormity of slavery; and if you would have your people thoroughly comprehend their own natural rights, let them be encouraged in the pursuit of that knowledge. If you would have them love liberty and justice, and all the happiness they may bring, let them have knowledge; if you would have them really elegated to the proper position to which they are naturally entitled, but which they are not permitted to occupy in consequence of the wrongs inflicted upon them by the white man's government, then let them gain knowledge. The great key of civilization is in the alphabet which the child fisps in the schoolroom, and the great means of your power in the future, shall be that you have the proper knowledge to know your own needs, and comprehend your own position. With this knowledge your people will know that they are not beggars, but that they justly must receive at the hands of the government either the permission to labor for themselves, or else the proper support in the absence of that permission. With this knowledge your manhood is strengthened, and the consciousness of your power is maintained; you will comprehend the relations between yourselves and the government of the United States, and you will then appreciate that it is in your power, not alone to ask favors of your government, but by your voice in the government to cause it to bestow favors. Since the government is created by the people, and since you are a part of the people, you shall force the government to recognize you as a legitimate part of it, and in that way exert your

You need also that which this cruel war has deprived you of-homes and firesides-that which slavery has long robbed you of ; proper physical protection and sustenance. We know there are multitudes of your people just freed from bondage, who are perishing this night with cold. There is many a poor mother who with her shivering form is endeavoring to give nourishment and protection to her child, but both of them must perish for the want of proper nourishment and shelter. We know that notwithstanding the great efforts of those who show charity and benevolence towards your people, multitudes of them must die for lack of proper shelter; and this because-just think of itthis because you have been in bondage and are now released! In many instances your people are without the necessary shelter, because the government of the United States has restored its enemies-your former masters-to their houses, homes and landed estates, and these enemies have turned your people from their quarters, turned them from the lands which they cultivated for the past year or two. turned them from the cabins that were their sacred altars and firesides, and compelled them to go forth to seek shelter elsewhere, or else to toil for a miserable pittance that would not give their wives

In consequence of this many of your people have fled from the plantations to the crowded cities where they cannot get employment, and thus a greater suffering has been entailed upon them.

Perhaps it is quite as well; because if those who were traitors are to have their former rights, and their homes restored to them, and to have exclusive control of your people's labor, they would not give you shelter and protection. It is true that many of the former masters of your people were humane men, but the changes in their political position, and the conflict that has been going on during the last four years have changed their humanity into cruelty; and by their acts and their legislation they enforce conditions on free labor, as they term it, which are worse than actual sharery.

Allow us to impress upon you most strongly that you have need to demand by memorials, by delegates from conventions, by the united voice of your people in all your associations and assemblages, and through the public press, and all the channels that you can reach, that freedmen shall have the and your own Frederick Douglass and Remond have by Heaven. It is not in the power of any human | claim the privilege of doing all the rest for your | right of suffage; and to insist that your claims shall

be recognized, as are all similar claims of other classes of people in this country. You are to insist that you are men ; that you have the rights of men, and that under proper qualifications you shall be entitled to all the privileges that the white man enjoys. Then with your knowledge, with the rapid system of education that is developing itself in your schools, and the unanimity of your people, you shall find that you have great power; and you are not to pause or falter, under a false interpretation of the promises made to you; not to pause under an idea that, you have freedom when you are without the instruments of freedmen, which would be like being in the air without the power of flying, since with neither wings nor anything to guide you, you would fall to the earth and be destroyed, No, you are not free in the political sense in which freedom has been defined, until you are recognized as possessing every right of citizenship, and all the rights of all citizens. You are also to insist upon and to enforce your claims upon the government of the United States, not because of your past agonies -those speak for themselves-not because of your long suffering and patience-under oppression-those also speak for themselves-but because of your manhood. On no other ground should you for one moment consent to ask for admission to any of the rights which any of the people of this country

You need also those among you who shall constantly, openly and fearlessly advocate these measures in your religious meetings, in your pla of devotion, thanking God for those blessings He has bestowed on you, in spite of human persecution

It is useless for the administration to say it is powerless to aid you; it is useless to say that it has done all it can to assist you; that it has made you free and now you may make yourselves everything else. Thank God that you are able to do it. If voice and tongue and pen, and the assistance of those who love mankind and have wept over your wrongs can-not doll, if Congress cannot decide that they have power to do it; if State legislators in the South cannot decide that they have power to do it; if under the Constitution no one has the power to give you your rights, then there must be something wrong in that Constitution, and yours should be the power and yours the will to take those rights. We mean by this no insurrections we mean by it no violent measures-we simply mean that if it becomes necessary, if petitions and appeals are of no avail, if all your memorials shall be disregarded, if all those who speak in your behalf are not listened to or heeded, and if all in this country who comprehend your position and your rights shall fail to impress the powers that be to adopt proper measures by which you may attain your rights, then in your hands and the hands of justice and those who love your people and have true hearts and strong arms, will be the issue. And you are not to be satisfied with any position between that of slavery and freedom; you are not to be satisfied with any false promises which are not fulfiled to the letter, so that in every respect you may possess the rights and privileges which the word freedom indicates. You are told to work, but how are you to work when employment is refused you? You are to struggle and toil, it is said, to place yourselves in a proper position as men, but how are you to do this when you cannot possess foot of land in your own title; when you cannot enter a court of justice and testify; and when you have no voice in choosing the men who shall legislate upon your affairs? Are you to be satisfied with this kind of freedom? You are told to live honorable and virtuous lives, and yet have no voice in determining what shall be the measure of punishment awarded to those that wrong you, and you cannot testify against the man who wrongs your family, nor against the thief who enters your house and takes your property, except by the consent of the white man's laws. No, no, this is not enough; you must have the privilege of traveling up to the highest position upon a free pathway, and with a clear right, and then if you fail to attain it, why that is your own fault. You must insist that there shall be no obstacles placed in your way; you must claim the right of exercising all the powers you possess, and then in your growing strength and education shall rest all those giorious possibilities which are held out to you. The same and the

The third point of our subject has reference to the cumbinations of your people. This needs but little illustration after what we have already said, since you ask for equal rights in every respect apon no other qualifications than those required of all citizens of the United States. This should not be made to hinge upon any past condition which your people have heretofore occupied, nor even upon their present condition; and if ignorance is the plea against them, why then there are many white people who enjoy rights which should be denied them; and in matters of morality many white people might take lessons of your people, even the most unfortunate of them. If minds of brilliant attainments, as well as scholarship and statesmanship, which very few of the white race attain to, are required, then you may ask for an equal chance in schools and colleges, and you will show what you can become. Douglass and Remond and many more have illustrated and exhibited the power of qualifications which you can attain, a na

Let your people enjoy the privileges which the whites have taken by force, and then it will be sean what you can do. You are not to recognize in any of your petitions or speeches or expressions upon this subject the right of the government of

this country, or any country, to determine the question of your rights by your color. The time is coming when men and women are to be recognized and estimated by their souls, their spirits, their minds. Surely and swiftly the great wing of the bird of Progress is sweeping away the darkness that has surrounded the past, and gloriously shall the morning dawn for your people, if undinchingly, and with an abiding faith and love and trust in God, you shall, step by step, and gradation by gradation, march on to the attainment of the highest possessions in your power. Never be satisfied with any position but the highest you can have; never listen to any voice that does not address you in recognition of the equality of manhood; never listen to a patronizing tone, though it were to come from the chief officer of the government himself. Never listen to those voices which in self-complacency and with a patronizing tone address you as inferior to themselves, for they have no just conception of humanity or manhood; never be contented with any voice or any hand that is extended to you, unless it is done in the truest fellowship, the sincerest humanity and the fullest belief in your future possibilities; for we believe whatever position any people has attained in the past or enjoy in the present, you may attain and enjoy, if you have an equal chance of doing so. We believe that the goodness and the integrity and the religious fervor of any other people may be equaled, if not excelled, by you. We believe that all the brilliancy of art, all the glory of science, all the adornments of civilization, all the culture of genlus and the loftiest attainments in religion are within your reach, if you have but the opportunity of reaching them; and we also believe that it does not rest in the hand of any human government to deprive you of that opportunity, and if the halls of Instice and legislation are not opened to you, and every barrier to your advancement removed, then we believe that in the future, as in the past, the avenging hand of Divine Justice will take the matter from the power of human government, wielding it in its own way and at its own time assisting and strengthening you if you but stand firmly united, and hope and pray for that which is the highest and the best, and without any spirit of revenge or retaliation you shall be willing to vindicate your manhood at whatever cost, and trample beneath your feet the chains and darkness which bound you in the past, and which cast a shadow over you even in the present.

Under the glowing light of this new day, your souls shall be illuminated; and with patience and meekness in the firm love of God and trust in the final goodness of heart, of humanity, you shall join hands with those of every race and color that have fought so nobly for you and for humanity; who have pleaded so eloquently in your behalf, and who have invoked the throne of Almighty Justice, that it might not let your wrongs go unredressed, and not let the usurping powers of human government deprive you of the enjoyment of your rights. You must comfort one another in this your hour of darkness; assist one another all in your power; share with one another, even the last loaf of bread, and uplift all among you who are in sorrow and

You should look upon the white people who love justice, as your friends, and upon every class of people who love humanity, as your brothers; and in the end your hopes, your wishes, and your expectations shall all be crowned with success, provided that you earnestly, constantly, steadfastly and with renewed zeal and purpose avail yourselves of every means for the attainment of your fullest rights of manhood. This being done, the great hand that has sustained you in the past and has guided you as He did the children of Israel in journeying from the land of bondage to that of promise, shall reveal to you the glorious inheritance that neither time nor change, nor the hand of man can take away from you; and when with lives well spent, and the glorious consciousness of having struggled for the freedom of your bodies and the elevation of your souls, you shall reach the river of death and cross over to the golden shore of eternal life, you will there, in the pure radiance of the meek and lowly Jesus, there in the Divine presence of that eye that sees no distinction in souls, but perceives the pure in heart alike, receive the just reward of your tears and sufferings in the past, which shall be changed to songs of joy, and crowned angels shall attend you to the home of eternal life, and you shall behold how those who

And to Thy name, Thou living Spirit, Thou director and ruler of all nations, we render our thanks for Thy blessings on this occasion and everywhere; and we pray that Thy people, wherever they may be, shall not see the shades of life but shall behold the blessings that Thou hast bestowed upon them in adversity as well as in prosperity; that they shall acknowledge Thee in their sorrow as well as in their joy; shall behold Thy face in the clouds as well as Thy light in the stars; shall recognize how Thou guidest all Thy people into the ark of safety; and shall through the love of truth and observance of Thy sacred teachings attain to the life that fades not away, and inherit the kingdom that cannot perish, shall wear the crown that no mortal hand can destroy, and be received into the full communion of Thy spirit where death, nor time, nor change can ever come.

are wronged by man, shall be uplifted by the Infinite

Letter from Providence.

Next National Convention-Resolutions of Invitation.

PROVIDENCE, January 3d, 1866. BRO. JONES :- I send you the resolutions as instructed, and hope the invitation will be accepted, and that we may have the pleasure of meeting many of our Western friends in Providence.

At the meeting of the Providence Congregation of Spiritualists, at Pratt's Hall, on Sunday evening, Dec. 31st, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the National Convention of Spiritualists be invited to hold their next session in the city of Providence in

Resolved, That if the invitation be accepted we recommend that one day be devoted to an excursion on the waters of our Narragansett Bay. And we will tender to the Convention the free use of our hall for meetings, fraternal greeting and sincere hospitality.

Voted, That copies of the above resolutions be sent to the Banner of Light and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for publication. L. K. Joslin, Cor. Sec.

Recently a Richmond divine, in delivering a funeral discourse, had occasion to make use of the expression, "sleeping upon the couch of death," which, as an illustration, would be regarded by a sensible person as quite apposite and to the purpose. t so, however, to the husband of the d for he waited upon the clergyman and demanded an apology for having insinuated that his wife died on a couch

Everybody sits in judgment on a dirty sin; but clean it, dress it, polish it, and there are ten thousand people who think it not so sinful after

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Outcast Reclaimed. BY C. PARRIE ALLEY.

Through a variant fertile valley with its undulating spread, With the lovely done of Nature, arching brightest blue o'er Olides a pure and brilliant river, sparkling crystal in its flow,

And the setting sun of summer lands a deeper, richer glow; Bright and lucid are its waters, as they murmuring glide And the ripples heat responsive to the wild hirds joyous song.

While the soft and gentle southern winds caressing every In whispering unison preclaim-" Here's God and harmony." But, lo! beneath a willow tree, with branches drooping low,

There stands a maiden's fragile form, whose sighe betoken

Her auburn hair neglected flows around her shoulders bare, Her dark blue eyes reveal a world of agony and care; Her fair white arms are clasped around an infant, sweet and

Who, resting in its mother's arms, feels in her love secure; Why need prolong this scene so sad? too well each heart will

The story of the malden's wrongs, her bitterness and woe, And as the light wind fans her brow, her heart breathes forth

She clasps her child yet closer, as she feels she's all alone; And as each agonizing thought comes o'er her erring heart, Forth from her deeply burdened mind, the burning words do-

> Friendless and forsaken, Wander I alone, No one now will hearken To my wild heart moan.

Binful child of mortal, I have left the way Of the path of virtue, Far from right I stray,

Why did I o'er listen To the tempter's voice, When his blackened sin-heart Did o'er wrong rejoice?

Curses be upon him, Curses on his name, Dark and blighting shadows, Sweep him down to shame.

In the path of sin, And the world in worship Bows, their smiles to win. Oh, this cruel, cold world,

Wealthy ones may revel

Turns me from its door. Why? Because I'm fallen And because I'm poor. Deep are these bright waters,

They shall cover me,

Save my darling infant From earth's misery. Father, God of mercy, If Thou wilt forgive,

Save me, oh! I pray Thee,

For I cannot live. Farewell world forever, One step, that is all, Then upon my senses

The maiden's voice in silence sinks, her face is deathly pale, She shivers as she presses on, adown the sloping vale, She gains the river's rich green bank, and forward bends to

Welcome death's dark pall.

When down before her startled eyes, a dark veil seems to swing,

Low murmuring voices seem to sweep the air now clear and As sinking on the ground beneath, she seems bereft of will;

A strange sensation o'er her comes, fear swiftly glides away, She feels that something over her exerts a powerful sway, Her eyes as if by magic art, uplift her gaze on high And her heart is still with wonder as she views the brightening sky.

And a soft light seems diffusing the scene her heart now

For, lo! a band of angels bright, her spirit vision meets; Her infant calmly slumbering she lays beside her now, While a light of joyful glory steals softly o'er her brow, She lifts her hands in eagerness, to greet the angel band, And feels a thrill of pleasure, as they clasp her by the hand, And a calm and holy feeling comes o'er her as she hears, Their voices chiming sweetly, as they whisper low and clear:

> Spirit sister, cease thy moaning, Cease thy bitter heartfelt groaning, What tho' billows round thee foaming Have engulfed thee for a while; Deep within thy heart are glowing, Gems of truth of God's bestowing, Founts of love for thee are flowing, And kind spirits on thee smile.

Spirit sister, angels caring, Brought thee for a time despairing, That thy work might be in sharing, Others' cares and sorrows too; What though sin-chains erst have bound thee, What though in dark night we found thee, Now pure light shall e'er surround thee, Thou thy mission here shalt view.

Sister dear, thou hast repented, And thy errors past lamented, Let thy spirit rest contented, God accepts thy sincere prayer; HE of wisdom the beginning, He forgives the loved ones sinning, And His angel hosts are winning Them to feel his love and care.

Listen to thy soul's revealing, Let it guide thee in thy dealings, Onward go with sister feelings, For the work of love is thine; Thine to raise the low and erring, Thine to still much loud demurring, Thine to give the world much stirring Truth, to elevate the mind.

Sister, now thou hast possession Of a mind to haste progression. List to each divine impression, That to thee shall soon be given; List to each pure inspiration, For the soul's true elevation, And thy heart with exultation Then will find its heaven.

Now a burst of music follows, and the maiden looks around, But the angel bands have vanished, and silence reigns pro-

But the lesson they have taught her is graven on her mind, And she feels their presence near her, pure, gentle and refined. O'er her comes a new-born feeling, flowing onward calm and

And her heart is filled with pleasure, as she yields to spirit She imprints upon her infant a gentle loving kiss, And with new-born, sacred feelings uplifts her words in bliss:

> Father, God of mercy, Yes, Thou wilt forgive, And I truly thank thee That I now can live.

For thy tender blessings, For thy love and care, Hear the thanks I render. Hear my sincere prayer.

Thou art all around me, With thy parent love, Watelday o'ur the door ories, As they should move.

Onide me ever npward. For thy work PH do. Ever in this earth sphere, Thy dear path person,

I will work for mortals, For I know that Thou And Thy angel spirits, Will be with me-now.

Then kind spirit, lared que, Vather, mother, friend, Thanks and glory eyer Thine are without end. She ceased, Serenely raising her infant to her breast,

She turned and left the river side, and sought a place of rest; The stars were shining sweetly, and they seemed to her to

With holy love upon her soul the new-born spirit child.

Years pass, and now behold that maid, a woman pure and true, Uphalding fearlessly new truths to mortals op sing view, A saint among the fallen ones, they bless her very name, And errin ; ones by her kind words, have left a life of shame, And noble men and women true, now gather to her side, And listen to her elequence, with rapture and with pride. Each day she knows her spirit friends, and lists to what they

And they with angel hearts and words, now cheer her on her

She patient waits her exit, from her labors in this sphere, She clasps the spirit hand and finds a tranquil heaven here; She toils, that from their bondage deep, earth's millions may

And success shall grown such efforts, for there comes a liberty, First of soul-life, then of earth-forms, till all earth is harmony, And mortals join with angel bands in one grand symphony.

A Theological Convention.

BOSTON, Dec. 18, 1865.

To the Editors of the Religio Philosophical Journal; FRIENDS :- What say you for a Theological Convention? A Convention to be held in 1866, to consider the merits and demerits; the nature, foundation and bearing on human character, and destiny of, the theology of Christendom, as it is represented by the churches and clergy? Are you ready for such a Convention? Can the JOURNAL, consistent with its aims and its spirit, aid in calling and giving power to it? Is it needed?

Its theology is one of the most unnatural and inhuman wrongs of Christendom. All other wrongs and outrages find a refuge in its bosom. War, slavery, drunkenness, licentiousness, polygamy, concubinage, hate, wrath, revenge, and every possible cruelty that man can do to man, are, by it, placed under the special protection of God. Who dares to speak against any practice with which the name of God is associated? Who so rash, so bold and defiant as to pursue slavery, war, polygamy, or any wrong, however monstrous, into the bosom of God, and there assault it, and slay it, while shielded by God? Thus it is that theology protects every wrong that man does to man by associating it with God, and by denouncing those as atheists and fighters against God, who seek the abolition of any

principle or practice coupled with the name of God. Certain it is that Anthropology (the science of man,) and Theology, (the science of God,) are irreconcilable antagonisms. Man is ever before us; we see, hear, touch and feel him. The facts and demands of his nature are matters of personal consciousness. But what can we know of the science of God? Nothing; absolutely nothing; except as the science of God is revealed in the science of man. Anthropology is the only matter-of-fact theology. Theology, aside from, and opposed to the self-evident facts and truths of Anthropology, is a cheat, a base and most hurtful fraud on the instincts, the sympathies, the conscience, true development and happiness of human nature. Against this unnatural and inhuman fiction, this huge and frightful romance, called theology, the entire force of Spiritualists and of all Progressionists should be arrayed. See, too, what gloom and horror it casts around one of the most natural, most lovely and attractive events of human existence; our exodus from the body, when it can no longer serve us as a means of growth and happiness! What an engine of crushing terror and withering, stultifying enslavement it makes of eternity, on the disembodied life! Every step of progress in freedom, in holiness and true nobleness, leads straight through the heart of the popular theology. The intellect, the heart, the sympathies, the tender charities, and the all-hoping, all-enduring affections of our nature can expand and become truly divine, only as they are emancipated from the thraldom of theology.

The God of theology and the God of humanity, are irreconcilable contradictions! As really so as are the God of love and the God of hot wrath : as the God of forgiveness, and the God of vengeance. as are the God of freedom and the God of slavery, or the God of "good for evil," and of "evil for evil." In my childhood, I never could reconcile the God of theology (as taught in the catechism) with my humanity. It is a horrible outrage to impose on a child as a God, what is repulsive and shocking to its instincts, its sympathies, and all the generous, loving and gentle outgushings of its nature. It excites a rebellion-a civil war within the soul, which can be put down only by expelling the God, or crushing the noblest and divinest elements and impulses of our nature. No atonement, no argument, no appeals can ever reconcile human nature to the God of theology.

Shall we not have then a Theological Convention in 1866? We must. Spiritualists will attend it. Materialists will attend it. All who are denounced as Infidels by theology, will favor it. However they may differ, they will band together to remove the most potent obstacle to the progress of man in knowledge and goodness. The great battle of life is to be between humanity and theology; between the science of man, and the science of God; between man, and what theology calls God! That war will be stern and protracted, but humanity will win. Fiction must yield to fact; romance to reality. A colossal lie to self-evident truth.

Many noble men and women have pledged their help to make such a Convention a success. Shall we have it? I say yes! What say you?

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

December 18, 1865 .- Glory Hallelujah! Word has just come of a proclamation from the head of the Nation, that slavery is forever abolished and prohibited within the limits of the United States. December 3d, 1863, for the first time a resolution was introduced into an anti-slavery meeting, calling on Congress to propose "an amendment to the Constitution forever prohibiting slavery within the limits of the United States." It was introduced by myself, in the handwriting of Hon. C. Sumner. I have the original in my possession. February 1st, 1865.-Congress by a two-thirds majority, proposed this Amendment. This day it is proclaimed by the chief magistrate of the Nation, or by his direction, that three fourths of the 36 States have ratified the amendment. It is now the organic law of the Nation. Slavery can never more have a legal existence in any State or | could not understand her answer, and Nimwakee, | is not only confirmed by the fastenings named

Territory Glory ! Glory Hallelujah ! "John Brown's soul is murching on " Let all the people shout-Amen !!!

Thirty-three years ago, I formook all, and began my public career as an Abolitionist-side by side with Wm. bloyd Gardson, smid rotten eggs, brickbate, and throats of the assauln's dagger. There I have stood all the time. Now, the nation that then threatened us withis Assesson or agailows for being Abolitionists, officially proclaims itself an Abolittorist! Not only so, but an everlasting prohibitionist of slavery, throughout her broad domains.

Now the little that remains of life in the body, I consecrate to the overthrow of that theology which has ever been the Bastile of American slavery, and the most mallgnant and merelless for of its abolftion. I would give to the world a Godology that shall harmonize with Manology. If Godology cannot be made to harmonize with the facts of Manology, then down with it sitogether !

M. C. WRIGHT.

For the Belligio Philosophical Journal. Reality and Tangibility of Spiritual Existence.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

DEAR SIRS :- Under the above caption, I propose in the form of facts and arguments, briefly to exhibit man as possessing a tangible existence after what we term death-"If a man die, shall he live again?" is a problem, in the solution of which all feel the most profound solicitude. It is not in the power of man to divest himself of his natural and earnest desires for immortality; and whatever principle or fact shall demonstrate it with certainty to his senses, must of necessity become a matter of paramount interest to him. Allow me briefly to preface some statements of facts touching this question, by stating that through a remarkable train of providences, I have recently been brought from Kentucky to the great city of Chicago, where I have had the joyous privilege of attending three of W. T. Church's seances of physical, mental and moral manifestations of Spirit existence. These I shall now briefly detail.

The first I attended was at the house of W. T. Church, the medium through whom the manifestations are given. The beginning, history or facts, and conclusion of the seance, were as follows: The medium was placed on a chair, about opposite to the central portion of the circle, having a piece of tape attached to his pants, and the same being also fastened to the earpet with sealing-wax placed near and on the end of each attachment, so that if he should move in the least from his position to perpetrate any trick, he would inevitably be betrayed by the breaking of this attachment and the crumbling of the sealing wax. And now in advance, let me state that in no instance was this done. The medium having been thus confined, the circle (which was composed of the crowd) was formed by being seated close together, and joining hands. The light was then extinguished by one who sat close enough to it, and the manifestations instantly began by the palpable presence of an Indian spirit, whose name is Nimwakee. He began by an audible bound on the floor, and then proceeding to the medium, slapped him loudly on the shoulder, and then proceeded around the room, talking to, and patting each one in the circle as palpably as in real earthlife! He then came to me and asked me if I was fond of music. I replied, "I am-to me music is heaven, for it is harmony which makes heaven." Then appeared a little spirit minstrel, called little Swiss; picking up an accordeon lying on a table, she played many pieces of music, some of which I was familiar with-with a melody, sweetness, skill and power, that transcended anything I ever heard upon the earth! Oh, how enrapturing and transporting was that music! It cannot be described in human language! The music ceasing for a while the little Swiss girl came around to each one in the circle, pressing each forehead with her delicate angel hands, giving each a modest, yet very palpable kiss! When she came to me, she placed her little sweet hands on each side of my face, pressed gently my head back, and kissed me three times. This was as palpable, as real as in life! After this she poured forth her seraphic strains of music again, the notes of which one could wish would never cease.

On this occasion she came and stood by me, and placing the accordeon against my forehead and over my eyes, she there stood and played with indescribable sweetness. I remarked to the little minstrel that I feared we were taxing her too much for music. Her reply was, " Oh no, me love music." I asked her if she would not give us one of the pieces of music which belong to the angel throng. Her reply was, "Your instruments have not keys enough." I understood the significant answer, and pressed it no farther. I had become acquainted through a medium in Kentucky, with a spirit whose name was Daniel Parker. No one in Chicago, or at any rate, no one in this circle, knew I had any knowledge of this spirit, and certainly had never heard of him, as connected with my history; and yet, this little Swiss came to me and said "Daniel Parker is present !"

But the wonders did not end here. Now came Nimwakee, and told me I was an inspirational medium. Also, he said I had healing powers; but that this would not be my work. Then came a female spirit greeting me as one special and familiar kindred spirit would greet another on this earth; and repeating and confirming the statements of Nimwakee as regards my phase of mediumship. She made to me one of the most thrilling, eloquent, and touching appeals in behalf of the good I should be able to latter came and pressed his hands on my head, again accomplish, that ever reached my ears. As it was complimentary to myself, (though earnest and fervent) I would not, if I could, repeat it here. This I do not deem essential. After this thrilling interview with the spirit of

Miss "Fleetwood," Nimwakee again addressed me and said : "Budder Jenkins, did von ever know a man by the name of Holliard ?" I replied I could not remember such an acquaintance. "There is a spirit here." he remarked, "whose name is Holliard or Hilliard, I am not certain which, but I have said Holliard and I will stick to it," he added barren ously. "Well, what of it ?" said I. "Well, he says he used to know you in St. Louis, and he knows your brother-in-law." "What brother-in-law " I asked. He replied "Alfred!" "Thee," said I "Alfred is dead!" "Yes," he replied. "Where and when," I inquired, "did he die !" He replied -"In Piscerville, California, about eight or ten years ago." Now, no one in Chicago, so far as I know, ever knew that I had a brother-in-law by that name! We had learned that he had gone to California, but supposed as we could not hear from him, that he must be dead. But the sequel will reveal more. Next came a female approaching me; weeping and pressing her hands tenderly upon my forehead, she wept audibly. I asked, what does this mean? The medium who was still in his place on the opposite side of the circle, replied, she is weeping. I then asked the spirit who she was. I

the Indian, said, "It is Eliza!" "Oh, is it possible," said I," that this is my wife?" She pressed my face but could not speak further. Others had friends to yisit them, giving their names, etc. Before conclud. ing my description of this seance, allow me to remark that Eliza, my wife, had been dead twenty. four years! No one present, except the spirits, could have known anything about her! I had not men. tioned her name to mortal while in the city. But I pass on. The spirits, after entertaining us some two hours, bade us good bye, and so closed the evening. On inspection, the medium was found to be stationed exactly where he was in the beginning and not a particle of the sealing-wax was broken which would have been the case, had he moved the least degree from his position! There was no collusion. It was impossible, as the result will showthe whole was an astounding and thrilling reality!

I shall now describe the second seance which came off some two evenings after the one described. The medium, being adjusted as before, the circle joined bands and the light was extinguished. We were silent some minutes, and then the tall Indian bounded upon the floor, and as before, passed round the room, saluting each one by name. He also placed his hands on the heads of each, asking and answering questions and proving himself to be a spirit of great intelligence, goodness and profound philosophy. I may at some future time give to the public some of the words of wisdom that Nimwakes so freely dispensed to those present. Having occupied the minds of the spectators with his versatile wit, he asked a stranger, whose name I would not, if I could give, if he loved music; he said no, not much. I then spoke and remarked, "I am exceed. ingly fond of music, and little Swiss knows I am; please give us some more of your angelic music, little Swiga." The little minstrel again picked up the accordeon, playing as on the previous occasion with unearthly sweetness and power. Much of the time she would seem to fly around the room like a bird, touching every note with the magic power of a seraph! It seemed natural, that such music, such harmony, should attract a bright spirit throng. Her notes of music would vary with such exquisite skill, that human language can only faintly portray it. She would begin playing ordinarily loud, and then her tones with a quivering, vibrating softness would imperceptibly almost, melt into, and blend with the air. Then again, she would bring back the notes to the fulness of dynamic force that might be heard hundreds of yards distant! Little Swiss now ceased to play, and passed around the room, touching each one there with her delicate fingers. There were many peculiar traits of eweetness and innocence embodied in her words, which I have not time to notice in detail now.

Now the spirits began to visit their respective relatives and friends again. Now came again a female to me, pressing my face with her hands with intense affection. I asked, who is this? She replied distinctly, "Eliza!" I knew then that it was my wife. She then placed her forehead affectionately against mine, and placing her hands with equal affection on each side of my face, kissed me six times. Oh, how affectionate! how real! I said, "Eliza, I am glad you are with me; are you not often with me?" She said, "I am always with

Next came a spirit with larger hands, laying them palpably and affectionately on my head, and as he laid his hands on my head, he exclaimed, "Brother!" Who, I inquired is this? He replied instantly, "Alfred." I then knew it was Alfred Mann! He was so much affected at meeting me, that he could not say more.

Now came another spirit, and with a large hand pressed me on my head, and with a venerable and affectionate emphasis also exclaimed, "Brother!" "Who is this?" I inquired. "Parker," was the reply. I remarked, "I am very glad to meet you Bro. Parker. What word shall I take to Bro. and Sister Fisher for you?" "Tell them." he said, " We will do all for them we can." I understood this significant reply. It was the language that would identify him, both with myself and them; because it was the reply he would frequently make through Mrs. Fisher herself, when she was receiving counts nications from him.

The seance now closed by Nimwakee bidding all good bye. The third seance came off with similar demonstrations-varying, it is true, in some feature, but equally wonderful in the manifestations. Among the most remarkable to me was the ponderous force with which Osceola, the Florida Indian Chief bounded on the floor, complimenting the circle as a good circle, in broken English, and calling for music from a violinist in the room, who played while he danced. Also there came a major, and with bones beat inimitable time ! The little Sviss gave music also as before; spirits appeared, talking with their friends, etc. An interesting incident was witnessed of several little Indians coming and runing over the room, talking to each other in their native Indian dialect. This seance new closed; and after an interval of one day, another was given

This requires a brief description. Medium and circle being respectively located, the manifestations again began by the loud slaps the Indian Nimwakee gave the medium on the shoulders as before, he came around the room, putting his hands on the head of each, and talking to then, asking about their health, etc. Again came the minstrel, and again poured forth her beautiful strains of music upon our ears. Several spirits appeared among them were my wife and my brother-in-law, already mentioned. The former came as before announcing her name, and kissing me twice. The exclaiming, " Brother !" I inquired as before, hi name, and I hourd him distinctly pronounce "Alfred." I asked him what I should say to hi brothers and sisters for him. He replied, "Tel them I am often with them, and that they shall hear from me again soon." Other incidents occurre but I cannot go into farther details now. I mus now present some arguments in support of th reality of what I have given.

Men are constituted differently. Some are ver credulous, and some are too incredulous. It require a greater stretch of credulity to disbelieve som things than it does to believe them. From whi standpoint will an objector look at these facts detailed, to regard them as unreal?

First, as to the character of W. T. Church, the medium, it is unimpeachable. It is beyond sus cion. He is a man of great amiability, and of exalted spirituality. The position in which he co fines himself during his seances, and the disposit he makes of the circle preclude the possibility collusion. There are no beds nor closets in room, nor cellar, or any other place where operator might be concealed. The doors enter into other rooms are not only closed, but the extends to, and generally beyond, each door; th closing up the way for fraud from adjoining root It has already been stated that the medium is for to be in the same place at the end of the manife tions that he was placed in at the beginning, whi

this country, or any country, to determine the question of your rights by your color. The time is coming when men and women are to be recognized and estimated by their souls, their spirits, their minds. Surely and swiftly the great wing of the bird of Progress is sweeping away the darkness that has surrounded the past, and gloriously shall the morning dawn for your people, if undinchingly, and with an abiding faith and love and trust in God, you shall, step by step, and gradation by gradation, march on to the attainment of the highest possessions in your power. Never be satisfied with any position but the highest you can have; never listen to any voice that does not address you in recognition of the equality of manhood; never listen to a patronizing tone, though it were to come from the chief officer of the government himself. Never listen to those voices which in self-complacency and with a patronizing tone address you as inferior to themselves, for they have no just conception of humanity or manhood; never be contented with any voice or any hand that is extended to you, unless it is done in the truest fellowship, the sincerest humanity and the fullest belief in your future possibilities; for we believe whatever position any people has attained in the past or enjoy in the present, you may attain and enjoy, if you have an equal chance of doing so. We believe that the goodness and the integrity and the religious fervor of any other people may be equaled, if not excelled, by you. We believe that all the brilliancy of art, all the glory of science, all the adornments of civilization, all the culture of genius and the loftiest attainments in religion are within your reach, if you have but the opportunity of reaching them; and we also believe that it does not rest in the hand of any human government to deprive you of that opportunity, and if the halls of Justice and legislation are not opened to you, and every barrier to your advancement removed, then we believe that in the future, as in the past, the avenging hand of Divine Justice will take the matter from the power of human government, wielding it in its own way and at its own time assisting and strengthening you if you but stand firmly united, and hope and pray for that which is the highest and the best, and without any spirit of revenge or retaliation you shall be willing to vindicate your manhood at whatever cost, and trample beneath your feet the chains and darkness which bound you in the past, and which cast a shadow over you even in the present. Under the glowing light of this new day, your

wouls shall be illuminated; and with patience and meekness in the firm love of God and trust in the final goodness of heart, of humanity, you shall join hands with those of every race and color that have fought so nobly for you and for humanity; who have pleaded so eloquently in your behalf, and who have invoked the throne of Almighty Justice, that it might not let your wrongs go unredressed, and not let the usurping powers of human government deprive you of the enjoyment of your rights. You must comfort one another in this your hour of darkness; assist one another all in your power; share with one another, even the last loaf of bread, and uplift all among you who are in sorrow and

You should look upon the white people who love justice, as your friends, and upon every class of people who love humanity, as your brothers; and in the end your hopes, your wishes, and your expectations shall all be crowned with success, provided that you earnestly, constantly, steadfastly and with renewed zeal and purpose avail yourselves of every means for the attainment of your fullest rights of manhood. This being done, the great hand that has sustained you in the past and has guided you as He did the children of Israel in journeying from the land of bondage to that of promise, shall reveal to you the glorious inheritance that neither time nor change, nor the hand of man can take away from you; and when with lives well spent, and the glorious consciousness of having struggled for the freedom of your bodies and the elevation of your souls, you shall reach the river of death and cross over to the golden shore of eternal life, you will there, in the pure radiance of the meek and lowly Jesus, there in the Divine presence of that eye that sees no distinction in souls, but perceives the pure in heart alike, receive the just reward of your tears and sufferings in the past, which shall be changed to songs of joy, and crowned angels shall attend you to the home of eternal life, and you shall behold how those who

And to Thy name, Thou living Spirit, Thou director and ruler of all nations, we render our thanks for Thy blessings on this occasion and everywhere; and we pray that Thy people, wherever they may be, shall not see the shades of life but shall behold the blessings that Thou hast bestowed upon them in adversity as well as in prosperity; that they shall acknowledge Thee in their sorrow as well as in their joy; shall behold Thy face in the clouds as well as Thy light in the stars; shall recognize how Thou guidest all Thy people into the ark of safety; and shall through the love of truth and observance of Thy sacred teachings attain to the life that fades not away, and inherit the kingdom that cannot perish, shall wear the crown that no mortal hand can destroy, and be received into the full communion of Thy spirit where death, nor time, nor change can ever come.

are wronged by man, shall be uplifted by the Infinite

Letter from Providence.

Next National Convention-Resolutions of Invitation.

PROVIDENCE, January 3d, 1866. BRO. JONES :- I send you the resolutions as instructed, and hope the invitation will be accepted, and that we may have the pleasure of meeting many of our Western friends in Providence.

At the meeting of the Providence Congregation of Spiritualists, at Pratt's Hall, on Sunday evening, Dec. 31st, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the National Convention of Spiritualists be invited to hold their next session in the city of Providence in

Resolved, That if the invitation be accepted we recommend that one day be devoted to an excursion on the waters of our Narragansett Bay. And we will tender to the Convention the free use of our hall for meetings, fraternal greeting and sincere hospitality.

Voted, That copies of the above resolutions be sent to the Banner of Light and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for pub-L. K. JOSLIN, Cor. Sec.

Recently a Richmond divine, in delivering a funeral discourse, had occasion to make use of the expression, "sleeping upon the couch of death," which, as an illustration, would be regarded by a sensible person as quite apposite and to the purpose. Not so, however, to the husband of the deceased; for he waited upon the clergyman and demanded an apology for having insinuated that his wife died on a couch!

Everybody sits in judgment on a dirty sin; but clean it, dress it, polish it, and there are ten thousand people who think it not so sinful after to he sight of the government of

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Outcast Reclaimed. BY C. PARNIE ALLEYN.

Through a verdant fertile valley with its undulating spread. With the lovely dome of Nature, arching brightest blue clar

Glides a pure and brilliant river, sparkling crystal in its flow. And the setting sun of summer lends a deeper, richer glow; Bright and lucid are its waters, as they murmuring glide

And the ripples beat responsive to the wild birds joyous song, While the soft and gentle southern winds caresing every

In whispering unison proclaim-" Here's God and harmony." But, lo! beneath a willow tree, with branches drooping low, There stands a maiden's fragile form, whose sighs betoken

Her auburn hair neglected flows around her shoulders bare, Her dark blue eyes reveal a world of agony and care; Her fair white arms are clasped around an infant, sweet and

Who, resting in its mother's arms, feels in her love secure; Why need prolong this scene so sad? too well each heart will

The story of the malden's wrongs, her bitterness and woe. And as the light wind fans her brow, her heart breathes forth

She clasps her child yet closer, as she feels she's all alone: And as each agonizing thought comes o'er her erring heart, Forth from her deeply burdened mind, the burning words do

> Friendless and forsaken, Wander I alone, No one now will hearken To my wild heart mean.

Sinful child of mortal, I have left the way Of the path of virtue, Far from right I stray.

Why did I o'er listen To the tempter's voice, When his blackened sin-heart Did o'er wrong rejoice?

Curses be upon him. Curses on his name, Dark and blighting shadows, Sweep him down to shame.

Wealthy ones may revel In the path of sin, And the world in worship Bows, their smiles to win.

Oh, this cruel, cold world, Turns me from its door, Why? Because I'm fallen And because I'm poor.

Deep are these bright waters, They shall cover me, Save my darling infant From earth's misery.

Father, God of mercy, If Thou wilt forgive, Save me, oh! I pray Thee, For I cannot live.

Farewell world forever, One step, that is all. Then upon my senses Welcome death's dark nall

The maiden's voice in silence sinks, her face is deathly pale, She shivers as she presses on, adown the sloping vale, She gains the river's rich green bank, and forward bends to

When down before her startled eyes, a dark veil seems to

Low murmuring voices seem to sweep the air now clear and

As sinking on the ground beneath, she seems bereft of will; A strange sensation o'er her comes, fear swiftly glides away, She feels that something over her exerts a powerful sway, Her eyes as if by magic art, uplift her gaze on high And her heart is still with wonder as she views the bright-

And a soft light seems diffusing the scene her heart now

For, lo! a band of angels bright, her spirit vision meets; Her infant calmly slumbering she lays beside her now, While a light of joyful glory steals softly o'er her brow, She lifts her hands in eagerness, to greet the angel band, And feels a thrill of pleasure, as they clasp her by the hand, And a calm and holy feeling comes o'er her as she hears, Their voices chiming sweetly, as they whisper low and clear;

> Spirit sister, cease thy moaning, Cease thy bitter heartfelt groaning, What tho' billows round thee foaming Have engulfed thee for a while: Deep within thy heart are glowing, Gems of truth of God's bestowing, Founts of love for thee are flowing, And kind spirits on thee smile.

Spirit sister, angels caring, Brought thee for a time despairing, That thy work might be in sharing, Others' cares and sorrows too; What though sin-chains erst have bound thee, What though in dark night we found thee, Now pure light shall e'er surround thee, Thou thy mission here shalt view.

Sister dear, thou hast repented, And thy errors past lamented, Let thy spirit rest contented, God accepts thy sincere prayer; HE of wisdom the beginning, He forgives the loved ones sinning, And His angel hosts are winning Them to feel his love and care.

Listen to thy soul's revealing, Let it guide thee in thy dealings, Onward go with sister feelings, For the work of love is thine; Thine to raise the low and erring, Thine to still much loud demurring, Thine to give the world much stirring Truth, to elevate the mind.

Sister, now thou hast possession Of a mind to haste progression. List to each divine impression, That to thee shall soon be given; List to each nurs inspiration For the soul's true elevation, And thy heart with exultation Then will find its heaven.

Now a burst of music follows, and the maiden looks around. But the angel bands have vanished, and silence reigns pro

But the lesson they have taught her is graven on her mind, And she feels their presence near her, pure, gentle and refined. O'er her comes a new-born feeling, flowing onward calm and

And her heart is filled with pleasure, as she yields to spirit

Yes, Thou wilt forgive,

And I truly thank thee

She imprints upon her infant a gentle loving kiss, And with new-born, sacred feelings uplifts her words in bliss Father, God of mercy,

> That I now can live. For thy tender blessings, For thy love and care, Hear the thanks I render,

Hear my sincere prayer.

Thou art all around me, With thy parent love, Wateldag o'er the dear ones, Ar they onward move.

Guide me ever agward, For Chy work PH 404 Erer in this earth uplears, Toy dear path pursue, ,

I will work for mortals, For I know that Thou And Thy angel spirits, Wilt be with me now.

Then kind spirit, layed one, Vather, mother, friend, Thanks and glory over Thine are without end.

Blie censed, Berenely raising her infant to her breast, She turned and left the river side, and sought a place of rest; The stars were shining sweetly, and they seemed to her to

With holy love apon her soul the new-born spirit child.

Years pass, and now behold that maid, a woman pure and true, Uphalding fearlessly new truths to mortals opining view, A saint among the fallen ones, they bless her very name, And errin cones by her kind words, have left a life of shame, And noble men and women true, now gather to her side, And listen to her eloquence, with rapture and with pride. Each day she knows her spirit friends, and lists to what they

And they with angel hearts and words, now cheer her on her

She patient waits her exit, from her labors in this sphere, She clasps the spirit hand and finds a tranquil heaven here; She toils, that from their bondage deep, earth's millions may

And success shall crown such efforts, for there comes a liberty, First of soul-life, then of earth-forms, till all earth is harmony, And mortals join with angel bands in one grand symphony.

A Theological Convention.

BOSTON, Dec. 18, 1865.

To the Editors of the Religio Philosophical Journal: FRIENDS :- What say you for a Theological Convention? A Convention to be held in 1866, to consider the merits and demerits; the nature, foundation and bearing on human character, and destiny of, the theology of Christendom, as it is represented by the churches and clergy? Are you ready for such a Convention? Can the JODENAL, consistent with its aims and its spirit, aid in calling and giving power to it? Is it needed?

Its theology is one of the most unnatural and inhuman wrongs of Christendom. All other wrongs and outrages find a refuge in its bosom. War, slavery, drunkenness, licentiousness, polygamy, concubinage, hate, wrath, revenge, and every possible cruelty that man can do to man, are, by it, placed under the special protection of God. Who dares to speak against any practice with which the name of God is associated? Who so rash, so bold and defiant as to pursue slavery, war, polygamy, or any wrong, however monstrous, into the bosom of God, and there assault it, and slay it, while shielded by God? Thus it is that theology protects every wrong that man does to man by associating it with God, and by denouncing those as atheists and fighters against God, who seek the abolition of any principle or practice coupled with the name of God.

Certain it is that Anthropology (the science of man,) and Theology, (the science of God,) are irreconcilable antagonisms. Man is ever before us : we see, hear, touch and feel him. The facts and demands of his nature are matters of personal consciousness. But what can we know of the science of God? Nothing; absolutely nothing; except as the science of God is revealed in the science of man. Anthropology is the only matter-of-fact theology. Theology, aside from, and opposed to the self-evident facts and truths of Anthropology, is a cheat, a base and most hurtful fraud on the instincts, the sympathies, the conscience, true development and happiness of human nature. Against this unnatural and inhuman fiction, this huge and frightful romance, called theology, the entire force of Spiritualists and of all Progressionists should be arrayed. See, too, what gloom and horror it casts around one of the most natural, most lovely and attractive events of human existence; our exodus from the body, when it can no longer serve us as a means of growth and happiness! What an engine of crushing terror and withering, stultifying enslavement it makes of eternity, on the disembodied life! Every step of progress in freedom, in holiness and true nobleness, leads straight through the heart of the popular theology. The intellect, the heart, the sympathies, the tender charities, and the all-hoping, all-enduring affections of our nature can expand and become truly divine, only as they are emancipated from the thraldom of theology.

The God of theology and the God of humanity, are irreconcilable contradictions! As really so as are the God of love and the God of hot wrath; as the God of forgiveness, and the God of vengeance, as are the God of freedom and the God of slavery, or the God of "good for evil," and of "evil for evil.' In my childhood, I never could reconcile the God of theology (as taught in the catechism) with my humanity. It is a horrible outrage to impose on a child as a God, what is repulsive and shocking to its instincts, its sympathies, and all the generous, loving and gentle outgushings of its nature. It exeites a rebellion-a civil war within the soul, which can be put down only by expelling the God, or crushing the noblest and divinest elements and impulses of our nature. No atonement, no argument, no appeals can ever reconcile human nature to the

God of theology. Shall we not have then a Theological Convention in 1866? We must. Spiritualists will attend it. Materialists will attend it. All who are denounced as Infidels by theology, will favor it. However they may differ, they will band together to remove the most potent obstacle to the progress of man in

knowledge and goodness. The great battle of life is to be between humanity and theology; between the science of man, and the science of God; between man, and what theology calls God! That war will be stern and protracted, but humanity will win. Fiction must yield to fact; romance to reality. A colossul lie to self-evident truth.

Many noble men and women have pledged their help to make such a Convention a success. Shall we have it? I say yes! What say you? HENRY C. WRIGHT.

December 18, 1865 .- Glory Hallelujah! Word has just come of a proclamation from the head of the Nation, that slavery is forever abolished and prohibited within the limits of the United States. December 3d, 1868, for the first time a resolution was introduced into an anti-slavery meeting, calling on Congress to propose "an amendment to the Constitution forever prohibiting slavery within the limits of the United States." It was introduced by myself, in the handwriting of Hon. C. Sumner. I have the original in my possession. February 1st, 1865. - Congress by a two-thirds majority, proposed this Amendment This day it is proclaimed by the chief magistrate of the Nation, or by his direction, that three-fourths of the 36 States have ratified the amendment. It is now the organic law of the Nation. Slavery can never more have a legal existence in any State or sould not understand her answer, and Nimwakee,

Territory. Glory ! Glory Hallelujah ! "John Brown's soul is marching on." Let all the people shout-Amen III

Thirty-three years ago, I forsook all, and began my public carrer as an Abolitionist—side by side with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, amid rotten eggs, brickbats, and threats of the assassin's dagger. There I have stood all the time. Now, the nation that then threatened us with a dungeon or agallows for being Abottionbits, officially proclaims itself an Abo-Htlonist! Not only so, but an everlasting prohibitionist of slavery, throughout her broad domains.

Now the little that remains of life in the body, I constorate to the overthrow of that theology which has eyer been the Bastile of American stavery, and the most malignant and merclicus foe of its abolftion. I would give to the world a Godology that shall harmonize with Manology. If Godology cannot be made to harmonize with the facts of Manolozy, then down with it altogether !

H. C. WRIGHT.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. Reality and Tangibility of Spiritual Existence.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal!

DEAR SIRS :- Under the above caption, I propose in the form of facts and arguments, briefly to exhibit man as possessing a tangible existence after what we term death-"If a man die, shall he live again?" is a problem, in the solution of which all feel the most profound solicitude. It is not in the power of man to divest himself of his natural and earnest desires for immortality; and whatever principle or fact shall demonstrate it with certainty to his senses, must of necessity become a matter of paramount interest to him. Allow me briefly to preface some statements of facts touching this question, by stating that through a remarkable train of providences, I have recently been brought from Kentucky to the great city of Chicago, where I have had the joyous privilege of attending three of W. T. Church's seances of physical, mental and moral manifestations of Spirit existence. These I shall now briefly detail.

The first I attended was at the house of W. T. Church, the medium through whom the manifestations are given. The beginning, history or facts, and conclusion of the seance, were as follows: The medium was placed on a chair, about opposite to the central portion of the circle, having a piece of tape attached to his pants, and the same being also fastened to the carpet with sealing-wax placed near and on the end of each attachment, so that if he should move in the least from his position to perpetrate any trick, he would inevitably be betrayed by the breaking of this attachment and the crumbling of the sealing wax. And now in advance, let me state that in no instance was this done. The medium having been thus confined, the circle (which was composed of the crowd) was formed by being seated close together, and joining hands. The light was then extinguished by one who sat close enough to it, and the manifestations instantly began by the palpable presence of an Indian spirit, whose name is Nimwakee. He began by an audible bound on the floor, and then proceeding to the medium, slapped him loudly on the shoulder, and then proceeded around the room, talking to, and patting each one in the circle as palpably as in real earthlife! He then came to me and asked me if I was fond of music. I replied, "I am-to me music is heaven, for it is harmony which makes heaven." Then appeared a little spirit minstrel, called little Swiss: picking up an accordeon lying on a table. she played many pieces of music, some of which I was familiar with-with a melody, sweetness, skill and power, that transcended anything I ever heard upon the earth! Oh, how enrapturing and transporting was that music! It cannot be described in human language! The music ceasing for a while the little Swiss girl came around to each one in the circle, pressing each forehead with her delicate angel hands, giving each a modest, yet very palpable kiss ! When she came to me, she placed her little sweet hands on each side of my face, pressed gently my head back, and kissed me three times. This was as palpable, as real as in life! After this she poured forth her seraphic strains of music again, the notes of which one could wish would never cease.

On this occasion she came and stood by me, and placing the accordeon against my forehead and over my eyes, she there stood and played with indescribable sweetness. I remarked to the little minstrel that I feared we were taxing her too much for music. Her reply was, " Oh no, me love music." I asked her if she would not give us one of the pieces of music which belong to the angel throng. Her reply was, "Your instruments have not keys enough." I understood the significant answer, and pressed it no farther. I had become acquainted through a medium in Kentucky, with a spirit whose name was Daniel Parker. No one in Chicago, or at any rate, no one in this circle, knew I had any knowledge of this spirit, and certainly had never heard of him, as connected with my history; and yet, this little Swiss came to me and said "Daniel

Parker is present!" But the wonders did not end here. Now came Nimwakee, and told me I was an inspirational medium. Also, he said I had healing powers; but that this would not be my work. Then came a female spirit greeting me as one special and familiar kindred spirit would greet another on this earth; and repeating and confirming the statements of Nimwakee as regards my phase of mediumship. She made to me one of the most thrilling, eloquent, and touching appeals in behalf of the good I should be able to accomplish, that ever reached my ears. As it was complimentary to myself, (though earnest and fervent) I would not, if I could, repeat it here. This I do not deem essential.

After this thrilling interview with the spirit of Miss "Fleetwood," Nimwakee again addressed me and said : "Budder Jenkins, did you ever know a man by the name of Holliard ?" I replied I could not remember such an acquaintance. "There is a snirit here." he remarked, "whose name is Holliard or Hilliard, I am not certain which, but I have said Holliard and I will stick to it," he added humorously. "Well, what of it?" said I. "Well, he says he used to know you in St. Louis, and he knows your brother in law." "What brother in law." I asked. He replied "Altied!" "Then," said I "Alfred is dead?" "Yes," he remited. "Where and when," I inquired, " alid he alle !" He repailed -"In Placerville California about eight or ten years aga," Now, no one in chicago, so fir as I know, ever knew that I had a hesther-la-daw by that name! We had hurned that he had gone to rule, but suppressing we could not hear from hin, that he must be done. But the sequel will reveal more. Next came a chando approaching me; weeping and process; her hands tenderly upon my forehead she were audibly. I asked, what does this mean? The medium who was still in his place on the equivale side of the circle, replied, she is weeping. I then asked the spirit who she was. I

the Indian, said, "It is Eliza!" "Oh, is it possible a said I, "that this is my wife?" She pressed my face but could not speak further. Others had friends in yisit them, giving their names, etc. Before concluding my description of this seance, allow me to remark that Eliza, my wife, had been dead twenty four years! No one present, except the spirite, the have known anything about her! I had not me tioned her name to mortal while in the city. Ex-I pass op. The spirits, after entertaining as were two hours, bade us good bye, and so closed to evening. On inspection, the medium was found to be stationed exactly where he was in the beginning and not a particle of the sealing-wax was broken which would have been the ease, had he moved to least degree from his position! There was no colsion. It was impossible, as the result will they the whole was an astounding and thrilling really

I shall now describe the second seance which care off some two evenings after the one described. To medium, being adjusted as before, the circle joint hands and the light was extinguished. We was elient some minutes, and then the tall looks bounded upon the floor, and as before, plant round the room, satuting each one by name. He also placed his hands on the heads of each, uring and answering questions and proving himself to be a spirit of great intelligence, goodness and profound philosophy. I may at some future time give to the public some of the words of wisdom that Nimwales so freely dispensed to those present. Having occ. pled the minds of the spectators with his versule wit, he asked a stranger, whose name I would not if I could give, if he loved music; he said no, not much. I then spoke and remarked, "I am exceed. ingly fond of music, and little Swiss knows I amplease give us some more of your angelic musilittle Swiss." The little minstrel again picked to the accordeon, playing as on the previous occasion with unearthly sweetness and power. Much of the time she would seem to fly around the room like t bird, touching every note with the magic power of a scraph! It seemed natural, that such music, such harmony, should attract a bright spirit throng. Her notes of music would vary with such exquisite skill, that human language can only faintly portray it. She would begin playing ordinarily loud, and then her tones with a quivering, vibrating softness would imperceptibly almost, melt into, and blend with the air. Then again, she would bring back the notes to the fulness of dynamic force that might be heard hundreds of yards distant! Little Ewiss now ceased to play, and passed around the room, touching each one there with her delicate fingers. There were many peculiar traits of sweetness and innocence embodied in her words, which I have not time to notice in detail now.

Now the spirits began to visit their respective relatives and friends again. Now came again a female to me, pressing my face with her hands with intense affection. I asked, who is this? She replace distinctly, "Eliza!" I knew then that it was my wife. She then placed her forehead affections of against mine, and placing her hands with eard affection on each side of my face, kissed me fir times. Oh, how affectionate! how real! I said "Eliza, I am glad you are with me; are you as:

Next came a spirit with larger hands, laving them palpably and affectionately on my head, and as he laid his hands on my head, he exclaimed, "Brother!" Who, I inquired, is this? He replied instantly, "Alfred." I then knew it was Alfred Mann! He was so much affected at meeting me. that he could not say more.

Now came another spirit, and with a large hand pressed me on my head, and with a venerable and affectionate emphasis also exclaimed, "Brother "Who is this?" I inquired. "Parker," was the reply. I remarked, "I am very glad to meet ver Bro. Parker. What word shall I take to Bro. and Sister Fisher for you?" "Tell them," he said, " Tell them, " Tell them, " he said, " Tell them, " he said, " Tell them, " Tell t will do all for them we can." I understood significant reply. It was the language that would identify him, both with myself and them; because it was the reply he would frequently make through Mrs. Fisher herself, when she was receiving one

nications from him. The seance now closed by Nimwakee hidding good bye. The third seance came off with demonstrations varying, it is true, in some frame but equally wonderful in the manifestations. 1 the most remarkable to me was the ponderous with which Osceola, the Florida Indian (as bounded on the floor, complimenting the circle as a good circle, in broken English, and called music from a violinist in the room, who pland while he danced. Also there came a major, and with bones beat inimitable time ! The little Swisgave music also as before; spirits uppeared to be with their friends, etc. An interesting incident was witnessed of several little Indians coming and rening over the room, talking to each other in the native Indian dialect. This seance now closed; and after an interval of one day, another was given This requires a brief description.

Medium and circle being respectively located to manifestations again began by the loud slars to Indian Nimwakee gave the medium on the shuites as before, he came around the room, putting his hands on the head of each, and talking to then asking about their bealth, etc. Again care in minstrel, and again poured forth her beautiful stries of music upon our ears. Several spirits appeard. among them were my wife and my brother-in-hy, already mentioned. The former came as being announcing her name, and kissing me twice. The latter came and pressed his hands on my head, igh exclaiming, "Brother?" I inquired as before his name, and I heard him distinctly propound "Aifred." I asked him what I should say to his brothers and sisters for him. He replied, "Tell them I am often with them, and that they shall hear from me again soon." Other incidents occurred but I cannot go into farther details now. I must new present some arguments in support of the reality of what I have given.

Men are constituted differently. Some are very recorded and some are too incredulous. It requires a presser stretch of credulity to disbelieve some things than it does to believe them. From what standpoint will an objector look at these facis is detailed, to regard them as unreal?

First, as to the character of W. T. Church, the medium, it is unimpeachable. It is beyond susplcion. He is a man of great amiability, and of sa exalted spirituality. The position in which he conanes himself during his seances, and the disposition he makes of the circle preclude the possibility of collusion. There are no beds nor closets in the room, nor cellar, or any other place where sa operator might be concealed. The doors entering into other rooms are not only closed, but the circle extends to, and generally beyond, each door; thus closing up the way for fraud from adjoining rooms. It has already been stated that the medium is found to be in the same place at the end of the manifestations that he was placed in at the beginning, which is not only confirmed by the fastenings named remaining intact; but from the fact that he talks to the circle during the manifestations from the precise point he was known to be in at the beginning.

His locality is therefore positively known by all present, to be just in the one place all the time. From neither of the foregoing standpoints then, can there be a deduction which can make collusion possible. Nor will it do to charge complicity with persons in the circle; for the circle is seldom composed of the same persons, while it is often composed of strangers to the medium.

But why extinguish the lights before the manifestations begin, some will ask? I answer that the reason given by the spirits is one that is satisfactory. They say that they cannot materialize themselves in the light-that the battery formed by the circle is not as strong in the light as in the dark. There is a philosophy in this statement which at some future time I propose to give to the reader. From the facts and arguments now only briefly adduced, is there room for any to doubt the reality of spirit existence as manifested in these and similar seances? Will not the candid mind be constrained to admit that the reasons given in favor of man's continued existence after death, and his power to manifest himself in a tangible form, are infinitely stronger than can be adduced against this conclusion? Why then choose the harder side of the question? If men will give fair play to the reasoning principle within them, they will not fail to see what truth is; but if they close their eyes lest they should see, they will assuredly continue in darkness. For myself I am fully satisfied. It is no longer a matter of faint hope or of weak faith, that we are environed by spirits who have the power to, and who do manifest themselves tangibly to us under favorable conditions. It is a matter of positive knowledge. This knowledge inspires me with high hopes and holy joys! The problem "If a man die shall he live again?" is fully solved. Life and immortality are brought to light, not theoretically, but really.

Spiritualism, therefore, to me, when stripped of some crudities which attach to it, to a greater or less extent with some, is not only true, but gloriously true. It rises in majesty, grandeur, purity, holiness and sublimity, transcendently high above all other heights! In one word Spiritualism, divested of any adventitious materials as free love, and like sensualities, is heaven's virgin truth and holiest and sublimest gift to man, and I rejoice greatly in its all absorbing realizations. Oh, what beauties, what glories, the heaven-born truths of Spiritualism opens up to the view of those who are imbued with Its truth and sublime realities! God is love, and those who dwell in love, dwell in Him. "Oh, how we all are blessed !"

St. Louis, Dec. 26, 1865. P. O. JENKINS.

P. S .- To the above I would add a few additional facts respecting the verity of spirit life, with its heavenly and sublime manifestations. As a sort of exordium, however, allow me to state, that since my return to this city, I have had a private setting with W. T. Church, which I propose briefly to detail, and hand over to your printer, that it may apar with the above narration. I will just here add that what I am now going to relate, occurred last night at my private room. No one was present with us to bear witness and testimony to what I am going to state; but should any one doubt my veracity, they have only to say so, and I will give such reference as they will not be likely to challenge. Now then, for the facts. W. T. Church and myself having extinguished the light, joined hands-(I took both of his hands, and held them so fast that he complained that my grasp was becoming painful, but I kept them in mine.) Almost instantly a beautiful spirit light began to wave beautifully about, and over our heads. It grew larger and more distinct, until it became a most transcendently beautiful floating luminary which had the appearance of a phosphorescent light. In the midst of this light could be seen a hand apparently in motion. This hand soon became so fully organized as to be able to touch us. I had hoped that the spirit could speak, but it could not acquire power sufficient. We however conversed freely with it by raps, which it would make on our faces, arms, etc., by palpably pressing its hands upon us. Soon there came another spirit which is now familiarly known by the name of little Swiss. She greeted us with her usual salutation, and also touched us with her hands. Then there came another spirit with little tiny hands, and patted my forehead caressing me most affectionately, and calling me Pa! With this little angel spirit and my wife (for so the first spirit proved to be,) I conversed for about a half hour. I was never more affectionately caressed in life than by these dear spirits. Oh, how precious the moments while they lingered with me! Their conversation might be interesting; but I forbear to give it now. It was precious to me! I cannot, by any language I can command, express the hallowed joy this palpable interview inspired me with. Its flow will never cease. The tangibleness of the spirit hands to my senses, the intelligence manifested, and the beautiful sentiments they uttered, imprint on my memory and heart, impressions which would throw me into extacles, did I not have self control sufficient to avoid extremes of feeling.

Let me conclude by stating that three spirits handled us! Two, my wife and little daughter, handled us at the same time! All this time I had Mr. Church's hands clasped in my own so that there could not possibly have been any collusion. Any one who may desire to interrogate me regarding the above phenomena can do so at any time. I will never sign my name to a document I cannot re-assert. The truths which are vouchsafed to truthseekers, and truth-lovers of this age, are beyond price! Oh, why will man shut his eyes and seal up his heart ! His society may be the society of angels, and thus his life may blend with those of the heavenly spheres!

Chicago, Jan. 8, 1866.

Extract from a Private Letter. MARIETTA, Pa., Jan. 2d, 1866.

S. S. JONES, Esq. - Dear Brother: * * Enclosed please find 50 cents. You will please send me, for distribution, as many copies of the JOURNAL, No. 13, Vol. 1, (Dec. 23d, 1865,) as you can afford. I desire to have them especially for the article contained therein (Rev. A. J. Fishback's). "WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST." That should be published again and again, as it would have a good effect among the so-called Christian sects. It is Fraternally yours, doing good here.

WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

The U.S. Treasurer reports that over \$20,000 have been returned to the treasury by persons who have taken it wrongfully. This is called "conscience money," and speaks well for the moral sense of the

"Eight hour rule" organizations are forming all over the Atlantic and Western States, for the purpose of reducing the time of a day's labor to eight hours.

King Solomon's Meditations,

PROM TRR APPLE OF LIFE, BY OWEN MEREDITIE. Life is good; but not life in itself. Life eternal, eternally That were life to be lived, or desired! Well it were if a mancould prolong. The manhood that moves in the muscles, the rapture that

When life at the prime, in the pastime of living, led on by the Of the jubilant senses, exulting goes forth, brave of body and spirit, To conquer, choose, claim, and enjoy, what 'twas born to The dance and the festal procession ! the pride in the stren-

Of the sinews that, pliant of power, the will, the' it wanton, When the veins are yet wishful, and in them the bountiful impulses beat. When the lilles of Love are yet living, the roses of heauty yet

And the eye glows with glances that kindle, the lip breathes the warmth that inspires, And the hand hath yet vigor to seize the good things which the spirit desires Oh, well for the foot that bounds forward! and ever the wind

Lifts no lock from the forehead yet white, not a leaf that is wither'd yet shakes From the loose crown that laughs on young tresses! and ever the earth and the skies Are cramm'd with audacious contingencies, measureless means

of surprise! Life is sweet to the young that yet know not what life is. But the gay liar, leaves hold of the bauble, and age, with his terrible truth, Picks it up, and perceives it is broken, and knows it unfit to The care it yet craves -- Life eternal, eternally wedded to

What gain were in that? Why should any man seek what he loathes to prolong? The twilight that darkens, the eye-ball; the dull ear that's deaf to the song, When the maidens rejoice that the bride to the bridegroom,

The palsy that shakes 'neath the blossoms that full from the chill bridal bed, with music, is lod: When the hand saith, "I did," not "I will do," the heart saith, "It was," not "Twill be," Too late in man's life is forever,—too late comes this apple to

Charles A. Hayden.

A large congregation welcomed this gifted apostle of the angels on Sunday, the 7th inst., at Crosby's

We give below a brief sketch of his lectures. They will be read with interest. They are rich in conception, grand in metaphor, worthy the angel who gathered the thoughts, and the organism that gave them utterance. But to fully appreciate the lectures one must listen while the words flow, fresh with living inspiration, from the lips of the speaker. We would as soon hope to transcribe on canvas the molten thunderbolts-as well expect to murmur the bird-songs of the forest, and the music of the mountain rivulet, as to portray upon paper the power, pathos and eloquence of young Hayden.

INVOCATION.

Infinite and Eternal, while our spirits drink in the inspiration of the morning, and our thoughts well ip from our interior natures, and strive for expression and outward manifestation; and while we behold in all creation Thy handiwork-beauty, life and formation on every hand, teaching us great lessons of wisdom, and opening to us the principles of life, we also behold evidences of Thy divinity unfolding through all the realms of matter; Thy Spirit of life and truth, through all these forms, until our hearts are uplifted and inspiration bears us on to contemplate the beauty, and to be exalted by the grandeur and glory which are manifested on every side. We thank Thee for the great lessons of life, for the development of truth, for the manifestations that come to us, teaching us of Thy love and power, which enter into the temples of life and hold communion and intercourse with Thy spirit, drinking in continually fresh draughts of inspiration. We know that through inspiration comes the life that is divine, and we would ask for more and more -ask that we may comprehend and understand, and with thankfulness and gratitude continue to praise Thee, forever and ever!

Mr. Hayden's Sunday morning discourse was principally introductory. He sought to get into sympathy and harmony with the audience, preparatory to a higher inspiration and greater flow of thought, since it would be impossible-though he had the inspiration of angels-to speak to them unless there was harmony and natural conditions through which to give his thoughts utterance. He dwelt upon the inspiration of the hour, remarking that as we looked abroad in life we saw great inquiry manifested, and a deep interest felt by humanity, to learn from the gospel of light the principles of harmony and the truths of Nature, which are continually flowing into every man's soul, making him rich in thought, broad and grand in his manhood. The universe is full of inspiration and glorious lessons. In viewing the manifestations of the present time, we see much that appears inappropriate, for the reason that our souls are not receptive and comprehensive. The soul naturally looks to spirit-influence for its teachings and its inspirations, and all races have had a regard for what they termed their inspirational age or era-when certain individuals were susceptible to these influences. The Bible, Koran, Shaster, and the Zend Avesta have been regarded as channels through which the people believed that they received inspiration. Many to-day think that their highest inspiration comes from Jesus and the Apostles, and that inspiration goes no farther. In the inspirations and manifestations of the past he saw that which was peculiarly adapted to the people and their souls' growth. In realizing the inspirations of the past they do not consider that there is inspiration around and about them at the present time, and that souls can naturally be inspired just as well to-day as they ever could be; therefore they do not grapple with the broad principles of truth, individualize themselves, and have a true conception of what inspiration is. A harmonial individualized being may get inspiration from natural experiences, as well as from the outward manifestations of Nature. It is not to be supposed that man is always inspired by outside invisible influences. The poets and prophets of the past borrowed their inspiration and their richest truths from Nature, and have given them utterance and form in words and sentences. When we can teach man that his spiritual nature must be in the ascendancy, and his material nature subject to the spiritual, then will he be open to the inspirations of life that will flow into his soul as naturally as the

He believed in a continual inspiration and a continual revelation. Inspiration was peculiar to man; it distinguished him from all other beings. Inspiration produces thought: and it could be transmitted to paper and parehment, and thereby become revelation; but it did not exist there as inspiration, but as thought made manifest. He regarded the old prophets as individualized intelligences that unfolded and brought out the noblest thoughts of their age-the connecting link between the lower and the higher-looking beyond the great creation of matter that is made manifest to the external senses, and coming to the realm of speculation, reasoned from analogy, until their souls became in harmony with the spiritual conditions and prin-

air we breathe. The same with a same and at at at

nobler sphere of intuitive perception. We want, to-day, a living gospel. The dead past is well enough in its place, but it is not enough for us. We are done with the ceremonies, external forms, types and symbols of the past-they suggest no new thought of life-but cause us to lose sight of the great living flow of thoughts which come in upon the present tidal waves of inspiration. Those old symbols were suitable for the people who made them, but we must build a new. Every man and woman must find out the truth and stand upon its basis. He did not believe in a God that spoke outside of natural laws, and startled humanity by working miracles; but he believed we had natural laws and natural principles, from which to deduce a true philosophy. When Spiritualists believe in wonder working and mysterious manifestations that cannot be accounted for by natural laws, they go against the true Spiritualistic philosophy. Naturalism is Spiritualism, and Spiritualism is naturalism, and the two are blended together, making the whole. Man stands in the center-he belongs to everything, and everything belongs to him. He can appropriate everything in nature and everything in the realm of philosophy to his own growth. When you go beyoud the realm of nature, you are lost and may as well go back and deal with the wonder workings of the past. It is only when we anchor upon the great principles of absolute truth and from them move forward to the better manifestations, which are to us the living gospel of our age, that we become subjects of inspiration from the superior realms, and receive instruction from all the intermediate conditions. It is only then that we enter the bright fields of the etherial world and gather fresh inspiration. He would have humanity come up under natural conditions-have nothing forced or artificial, then the soul will care for itself. Every child will weave golden threads into the web of life, and its soul will thrill with joy unspeakable. Let all come up naturally in the broad avenues of thought until they become mighty with fresh and living inspiration-enlarging their natures until they develop true manhood, a glorious womanhood, and are prepared for the companionship of angels.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Spirit Manifestations.

CINCINNATI, Dec., 1865. Wonders will never cease, even with those who have had a great deal of experience in them. I have been having all kinds of tests of the facts of Spiritualism for fifteen or sixteen years, and yet they multiply, and excite my special wonder. Me-

diums of many and various and novel kinds are manifesting themselves every day; and soon, I doubt not, the time will be, when there will not be a family in the land without a medium, to hold converse with those who have departed from this sphere. It is indeed amazing, how silently and thoroughly Spiritualism is making its light shine out; and I think all will soon bask in the radiant beams of the holy light.

I wish to narrate to you two remarkable tests which occurred through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Keiser, of this city, who is one of the most remarkable, reliable and versatile mediums I ever saw. In personifications, especially, she is excel-

Some months ago, I was at the residence of Mr. Henry Beck, of this city, where Lizzie lives, and through her a spirit appeared, who said his name was Henry Carson. He was formerly a somewhat celebrated, peculiar and eccentric medium of this city, who departed this life some eight or ten months ago. When Henry appeared I commenced conversation with him. The spirit said he was very grateful to me and my friend for the kindness we had extended to him while he was in life, and the efforts we took to place him in a proper position to develop himself as a medium. I thought now there was a good opportunity for a test, for the sake of the company who were then with me in Mr. Beck's house, and I asked the spirit Carson, "if he would, for the sake of a test for other persons, tell me the name of that other friend who assisted him with

He replied that he could not now. I again and again insisted upon an answer to the question, but he persistently refused an answer. In despair I let the subject drop, while Carson went away, and other spirits came and manifested themselves.

On Sunday, Nov. 26th, I visited again at Mr. Beck's, to participate in a seance with Lizzie. Some strangers were there, and nothing satisfactory was obtained for the strangers, who were especially anxious. After some two hours of effort and disappointment, Lizzie said, "that other friend was Captain Gill." No one knew what she meant. I certainly did not at first, the seance above narrated having passed entirely from my memory. I asked Lizzie, "what do you mean?" "I don't know," said Lizzie, "but there is a spirit here who keeps saying, 'that other friend was Captain Gill.'"

My wife was present, and she said to my surprise, 'Husband, that must be Henry Carson, who is now answering the question which you put to him some months ago, as to who that other friend was besides yourself who helped and assisted him in this life." On this suggestion, Lizzie, through the spirit, immediately called out, "That's it! I am Henry Carson, and that other friend was Captain Gill."

The matter, then, after so long a time, was as clear as light to me. My long forgotten question was answered; and let me assure your readers that "that other friend was Captain Gill."

These facts as they occurred reminded me of an anecdote which Dean Swift used to tell, and which Dr. Abercrombie quotes in his Moral and Mental Philosophy, as a queer case of absent mindedness. Thus said the Dean, "I was traveling with a co-laborer in the vineyard of the Gospel, on our way to a certain village in England, to preach. It was early in the morning, and we had a bridge over a stream to pass over. It was very early in the morning, and we were to get our breakfast at an inn over the bridge. Just as we came, on horseback as we were, upon the bridge, I said to my friend, 'Well, friend R. what shall we have for breakfast?' Friend R. was absent-minded, he was profoundly thinking about something else, and he made me no answer. We crossed the bridge, and got our breakfast. I said nothing to my friend about my question, and thought of it no more. Some two years after this, the same friend and myself were again traveling on horseback, early in the morning and on the same road, and we came to the same bridge, and just as we were about going upon it, my friend replied, 'Ham and Eggs!'"

Soon after Henry Carson left the medium, and the strangers in our company also left the house, and while the indies went into the front parlor to the plano, and were regaling themselves with music, occurred the other remarkable test. In the back parlor were Lizzle, the medium, Mr. Henry Beek, his son, Mr. A. W. Pugh, his son, and myself. We had not been sitting long, when Lizzie, under clairvoyant influence, said, "Judge, there is a friend of ciples of life and were unfolded to a higher and | yours here." "Describe him, Lizzie," I said. "Well, respect. We hope some time to be able as our Our society had its commencement only last

he is an old man, about your height. He stands in a wort of stooping position. I should think his age was much on the shady side of fifty. He has thin gray hair; his cheeks are full and flabby; he has gray eyes, and a thin nose which is red and large at the end. He wears dark pantaloons, and a sack cost of a gray color," Who can it be? thought "His name, he says, is Peter Thomson."

"Peter Thomson! what Peter Thomson? The Peter Thomson who same from bonnie Scotland? It must be," said I, "the old Peter Thomson, who, in connection with his brother, used to keep a burr mill stone store on the wharf of our city, when I was a boy," "No, it is not that Peter Thomson, but it is a Peter Thomson, whom you know very well," "Mr. Beck," I said, "it can't be possible that it is our friend Peter Thomson who keeps a foreign and domestic liquor store on Third street, near my office, for it was but a day or two ago that I saw him standing before his store, as I was passing to my office." "No," said Mr. Beek, "it cannot be him, for I, too, saw him but a few days since." "But I am Peter Thomson," said the spirit, "and I keep the liquor store."

"Let us look at this matter, Mr. Beck," I said. "This must be a case of dual existence, while the man is yet living upon the earth. I'll undertake to say, that old Peter Thomson is at his home, lying asleep on his bed, and this is his spirit which has left the body, and has come here to us, to prove to us the truth of a dual existence." I turned to the spirit, saying: "Well, Peter Thomson, if this is you, are you dead?" "No, I am not dead, I am just as much alive as you are." "Where is your body? Is it at your house?" "No, it is here with me. Don't you see me? I see you. Don't you see me, standing right here?" "No, I don't," I said. "Have you had any funeral?" "What do you mean? What do I ken about funerals? I am alive as I ever was. What do I ken about funerals? I canna tell aboot funerals."

Mr. Beck spoke up here, "Peter Thomson, do you know me?" "I know three Becks-Elias Beck, Henry Beck and Charles Beck."

Mr. Henry Beck then said that Elias and Charles were his brothers, and they did know Peter Thomson, and Peter Thomson knew them. He continued, "Peter Thomson, tell me something about that particular friend of yours in Louisville. Do you remember his name?" "What do you ask me so many foolish questions for? I am not here to be pumped. I will not answer any more questions."

"Well," I said, "Peter Thomson, this is curious. What sort of a position are you in now?" "In a standing position-don't you see me?"

"No, indeed! I don't," replied I. "Well, I won't stay here any more to answer questions." "But," said I, "Peter Thomson, how did you get in here?" "I came in just like any one else, I suppose-I dinna ken how." "How happened you to come here?" "I came to see you." "Do you know me?" "I would like to know if anybody can be living in Cincinnati and not know you." "But what made you come here?" "Well, my friend Peter Clarke was here some nights ago, and I think I have a right to come where my friend Peter comes."

Peter Clarke, in life, was the bonnie and cannie friend of old Peter Thomson, and many and many a time have I seen these two Scotch brothers together. Peter Clarke died some months ago, and did appear some weeks since at Mr. Beck's house, through Lizzie Keiser, the medium.

I continued, "Peter, you and Peter Clarke were great cronies. You have been often together at the Burns' Club Festivals, at the Burnet House." Peter Thomson laughed and said, "Yes, we have its success is to be credited. so; and Peter Clarke is with me now. But I must go. I will not answer any more questions."

So Peter Thomson left, and the influence left the medium, and she returned to her normal condition. We who were there, wondered and wondered about this manifestation, and concluded that Peter Thomson must be dead, or asleep at home. I agreed to go down to Peter Thomson's store next morning and ask him where he was on Sunday evening-expecting to get the reply that he was at home asleep. So the subject was dropped, and we engaged in other

Some half hour after this, Mr. Beck picked up the Cincinnati Commercial, and therein read the follow-

THOMSON-On Friday, November 24, at 10 minates to 12 o'clock, Peter Thomson, of inflammation f the brain, at the age of 67 years and 11 months. He was born in Perth, Scotland, and had been for many years a resident of Cincinnati. The funeral will take place on Sunday, at 2 P. M., from his late residence, 129 West Ninth Street.

So Peter Thomson was talking to us while his family and relatives were returning from his funeral. Yours, fraternally,

A. G. W. CARTER.

Letter from Kendallville, Ind.

DEAR JOURNAL: I wish to report, for the encouragement of the friends of religious freedom and progress, the fact that our cause is steadily growing here. We began our work last September. For some time our meetings were held in the Methodist Protestant Church; but recently the society owning that house, has, by a vote, forbidden our admission within the sacred walls in future: and we now meet every Sunday afternoon at the Town hall. Some of our people paid liberally for repairs of the church building aforesaid last spring, and did so on the ground of very liberal representations and assurances on the part of the officers and members of the church that we should have the joint use of it. But as the Liberal cause prospered, the church found it convenient to deny that our people had any reason to expect to share in the use of the house. Our repudiating friends still retain the money obtained from "those Infidels," although they are probably somewhat ashamed of their course. The old maxim, that a Christian is not bound to keep faith with an Infidel, though not openly avowed, as it was once, is still sometimes acted upon. The "temple of the Lord," from which we have been excluded, is occupied by the M. P. congregation once in two weeks, long enough to hold one service; the rest of the time it stands silent and solitary in its sanctity.

We greatly need a house of our own for our meetings, but we are not yet able to build one Still we all feel earnest and hopeful, and are determined to work on faithfully. Considering that we other among our people here, I think they mank fest remarkable earnestness unanimity and discretion. May we continue to work wisely and unself. ishly for the cause of truth and righteensmose

On one evening of each work we meet the social exercises and enjoyment, and these are very pleasant occusions. I feel thoroughly at home with the tiberal payre here, and am well sustained in every God bless him, he is a faithful steward.

work naturally develops, to do something for the culture of our children, and for the dissemination of Progressive literature, the assistance of any around us that may need relief, and all other kinds of work required at the hands of radical people in

the new day dawning upon our land. The church people here, or some of them, think It is dreadful that we should be allowed to speak at all, but our audiences have steadily increased in numbers, and are made up chiefly of men and women of intelligence and stability of character.

I hope to send you some subscribers soon. Yours truly, J. B. HARRISON.

Kendallville, Ind., Jan. 6, 1866.

Letter from F. L. Wadsworth. OUR CAUSE IN MICHIGAN.

DEAR JOURNAL: It has been my purpose for a ong time to write you some account of our affairs. in this noble State, but I have been so much employed that I could not well select a quiet hourwhich I could devote to that end.

This is the last day of the year. We have passed our Christmas festival, performed the duties attendant upon the occasion, and now a sort of relief is experienced-a quiet unattended by the anxiety of preparation, and time comes for thought, so I write.

In a general sense, we must accord to Michigan a place in the front rank of reform. She is less spasmodic than almost any other Western State, and in her larger towns has for years held a hand steadily to the work. I do not know the number of regular meetings held. I do know that there would be many more, if there were workers to fill the vacant places. We have three "Children's Progressive Lyceums," that have been established over a year, and fully prove the goodness of the plan; and preparations are being made for the establishment of others. The people are everywhere asking for steady workers, builders-not theories alone, but every-day constructive efforts, will satisfy the people.

ADRIAN AND THANKSGIVING.

By invitation of the friends of human progress, I spent Thanksgiving in Adrian. This is perhaps one of the most stubbornly Orthodox towns in the State, yet a score or more of free thinkers have, with noble persistence, kept their lamps lighted, forming a sort of "beacon among the breakers" for the seekers after truth. Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, the wonderful physical mediums, were there the first half of December, creating quite an interest. Bo the friends determined to have a rennion, and withal, a Thanksgiving dinner and social dance. It was a hearty affair, socially and dinnerwise. The people came from Coldwater, from Toledo, and from the country round about, and I am certain that they enjoyed the season, and thank the Adrian friends for the opportunity and their kind hospitality. My thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Martin for their kind hospitality; also to others.

STURGIS AND CHRISTMAS.

Not a prettier or more enterprising small town exists in the State than Sturgis, and not a better society of free-thinking Spiritual people can be found in the West. They own a FREE CHURCH and owe nothing. The "Sturgis Lycenm" was the first to adopt the plan presented by Mr. Davis in the New York Lyceum, and unfalteringly it has pursued its course for three years, to-day exhibiting more real life and as much interest in numbers and enthusiasm, as at any previous time. It was organized under the conductorship of John B. Jacobs. a young man of much merit, and to him much of

Last Monday evening, we had our third "Christmas Festival and Exhibition." It was one of those happy seasons, where receipts are greater than anticipations, where everybody says, with eves that speak assurance, "Wasn't it good?"

Our entertainment consisted of tableaux, songa, recitations, and an exhibition of free gymnastics by members of the Lyceum, assisted by Misses Flora and May Turner, of Coldwater-noble girls and sweet singers, and by Dr. H. Slade, of Jackson, Mich., an earnest worker and most excellent man. I need not publish the programme.

The whole concluded by a presentation of Christmas gifts to members of the Lyceum and friends, by the Fairy Queen of Favors, from her evergreen flower entwined grotto, or dell. Every member of the Lyceum received a present, ranging in value from fifty cents to twenty dollars; adding to this the large donation of "promiscuous" parcels, not less than \$500 worth passed from the Fairy Queen to the audience. Not a discordant sound broke in upon the evening's proceedings, and no cause disturbed the harmonious undulations of life as they

were expressed in the happy throng.

I came here last June to fill an engagement of three months, with a conditional three months added. Seven months have gone. I am to remain here another month. Then I have promised the friends in Milwankee, Wis., to be with them during February. I shall go from there whither I am called, preferring to work where I can organise lyceums, and do something besides lecture on Sunday.

Wishing all a happy New Year, I am, fraternally,

Sturgis, Mich., Dec. S1, 1885.

Interesting Letter from New York.

New York, (S14 Broadway,) Dec. 28, 1885. EDITORS R. P. JOURNAL: I see by a late number that you wish to hear from us in this business city. I regret to say that time will not permit, or I would gladly keep you posted as to spiritual matters in Gotham. I must, however, inform you that the good work is progressing. It is delightful to see the numbers of intellectual people who apply at our temple for tests, inquiring what they must do to be saved. We go tearlessly at work in the vinevard. We have a large transparency in front of our "Temple of Truth," on which is rainted the following inscription: "Rangio-Po-LITTOLL ASSETTATION Substanting vs. Orthodory.

Public lectures and discussions week evenings and Sandays, which seem to set as a beacon light, and awaken an interest amongst inquirers after truth to know what we are about, and although I call myself a pretty good Christian, I suppose I shall now be leveled upon by my old Orthodox friends as more of an outcast and fiend of hell than Tom have so recently begun our enterprise of religious Palmy whose demes were refused a Christian burial. teaching on the basis of entire freedom of thought. But I have put my hand to the plow, and the old and that four months ago there had been no come sed must be turned over before I dare look back. certed action, and but little acquaintance with each I may be called a mere agitator; but I shall probe the old sores well before I get through, Dear Editors. I know you would be as much pleased as I am if you could but see the respectable number of thinkmg people who compose our congregations Sundays, as well as week evenings. I tell you we are alive to the work of suring souls. Brother Warren Chase has been lecturing for us, and has sown good seed.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

June. We are growing fast and doing good, and we expect to make our mark before next June. On next Wednesday, the Eddy family with Annie Lord Chamberlin, commence their month's engagement at our "Temple," and will furnish skeptics with convincing demonstrations of the truth of Spiritualism every day and evening (excepting Sandays.) The people want tests, and the spirits, through us, are bound to let them have pretty strong proofs that they still live, and assure us that they can get out of the old Orthodox hell, purgatory and heaven too, to sliake hands and talk with their loved earth friends, whose souls are still confined in the mortal body. Yes, they are bound to help us all they can; and as they tell us we can help them, then let us be united and help each other. You, too, must help us to do good to those around us, and thereby increase your own happiness. You will see a notice of our meetings in the Banner of Light, which we request you to copy in your highly esteemed JOURNAL, which is fast winning its way by golden opinions amongst the better class of Spiritualists in our city.

Yours most truly, R. D. GOODWIN, Chairman of the Religio Political Association.

TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

Meetings at the "Temple of Truth," 814 Broadway. Lectures and discussions every Sunday at 101, 8 and 71, o'clock. The hall and rooms are open every day in the week as a Spiritualists' depot for information, mediums' home, etc., etc. are invited to come, and make themselves at home.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31, 1865, DEAR JOURNAL: What a deserved rebuke does the following quotation from a work on Spiritualism furnish to presumptuous men who claim to explain and fathom the nature and attributes of the Infinite God! When the highest intelligences that have lived and learned since order sprung from chaos, in adoring awe are silent, how great the folly of superficial minds to attempt to measure Him by their shallow comprehension.

"The celebrated Grecian philosopher and orator, Demosthenes, is represented as having said through a modern medium, Had you asked me concerning God a thousand years ago, I could have told you all about Him; but now, after I have walked the highway of celestial worlds for more than two thousand years, I am so far lost and overpowered amid the splendors of Infinitude, I can say nothing. Height on height beyond the penetration of finite vision, I see the dim outlines of a deitific universe.

"I feel the flood tides of Divinity flowing down through all the avenues of my immortal being. hear peal after peal of archangel eloquence ringing through the endless archways of the empyrean, evermore sounding into my ears, the name of God, God, God; I am silent-dumb!" G. WHITE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Christmas at Sturgis .- The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

STURGIS, Dec. 28th, 1865.

Once in each year the Children's Progressive Lyceum holds an annual festival, and so far, since its organization, it has been held on Christmas evening, not for the commemoration of any event in particular, not for the purpose of conforming to any usage or custom of the past; but because it is fit and proper to do so, and is beneficial to the children. The 25th of December was a gala day amongst the children in Sturgis, and especially those of the Lyceum. All day they were eagerly looking forward to the evening, when their exhibition was to come off, and a large amount of presents to be distributed among them. The night came, and all were gathered at the free church to enjoy themselves on this festive occasion. The entertainment consisted of tableaus, recitations, singing by the children, their songs being accompanied by performance on the melodeon. The exhibition was very interesting, and seemed to give satisfaction to all; especially were the little folks full of glee, and no one could look upon the audience and see the smiling faces without feeling "that it was good for them to

The exhibition was managed by F. L. Wadsworth, assisted by J. B. Jacobs, the conductor of the Lyceum, and Mrs. Nellie Smith, guardian of the groups. It was an oft repeated remark by persons who were present, that they had never seen an exhibition better conducted. The various committees all did their work well, and should receive the thanks of all who were present to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

After the exercises there was a little sport in passing around among the audience the "pop corn" "in a horn," after which came the distribution of gifts, which in value amounted to over five hundred dollars. The Lyceum is in a very prosperous condition, and now numbers more than a hundred children. They have a very excellent leader, in the person of Mr. J. B. Jacobs, whose whole soul is engaged in the work. The guardian of the groups, Mrs. Nellie Smith, is always at her post, and has a good word and a smile for all the children under her guardian care. The Lyceum has been greatly improved and advanced within the last six months by the efforts of our worthy Brother, F. L. Wadsworth. He has been "instant in season and out of season," ever ready to advance the interests of the Lyceum, and to build it up permanently. "May he be blessed in his basket and in his store," and may joy and peace attend him wherever he may go, for this, his "labor of love."

Bro. Wadsworth is truly one of the "world's workers," and is an instrument in the hands of angelic powers, of doing much good to the world. He has labored with our society for the last eight months, and has truly "drank deep from the well of salvation." His aid has been truly acceptable, and many can say in truth, that they have received light, strength and truth from his ministrations.

These Lyceums are now the great field of operation for the reformer to work in. Those now in middle age, who have the work of sustaining the institutions of the land, are soon to pass away, and the children of this generation are to take their place. Then how important is it that the children should be directed in the right way, and their feet kept from the paths of vice and sin. The aged have their prejudices and their principles fixed, and it is a hopeless task to bring such to the adoption of new views upon religious matters; but the young mind is plastic and can be moulded in any direction. J. G. WATE.

Some one charges the editor of the Boston Investigator with unfair dealing towards Spiritualism. He

replies : "We confess to being a Sadducce, but we hardly think we are an 'obstinate' one, for we have no objection to being a Spiritualist, if we can only have the satisfactory proof.

That is all we ask for Spiritualism. No one can or should believe in any ism without evidence of its Religio-Philosophical Fournat

CHICAGO, JANUARY 20, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President. har 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 PORTY CENTS of each \$3.00 subscription, and TWESTY CENTS OF each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

To Our Patrons.

All persons sending money orders, drafts, etc., are requested o make them payable to the order of the Secretary, George

Subscribers who wish their papers changed, should be per-ticular to state the name of the office to which they have been sent, as well as the office to which they now wish them 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 Regiono-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. You know its worth, and by this time must feel that you are warranted in saying to your friends that it is a paper not only worthy of patronage, but financially sound, and that subscribers will be sure to get the paper for the full length of time for which they subscribe.

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

Reform and Reformers .- No. 2.

There is a growth in the human race, from infancy to manhood. Its infancy was when Egyptian civilization flourished on the fertile banks of the Nile, and the Hebrew warrior tended his flocks on Assyrian plains. Its birth is shrouded by the impenetrable mists of mythology, and its early history is the record of its childish prattle, a description of its toys and cobble houses. The actions of the greatest, most learned and accomplished of the Egyptians, possess, a marked puerility, such as is expected of children. The early nations represent the childhood of the race, rude, fearful, revengeful, superstitious, believers in devils, hobgoblins, and afraid of the

Rome represents energetic youth ready to battle right or wrong; with a patriotism seeing but one side, and that side self.

The present is the age of dawning manhood. The baby clothes, (creeds, superstitions, traditions, of which our thoughtful progenitors laid in a store for us,) are fast being laid away in the world's great lumber room, with all the useless utensils former generations considered necessary for the government of the people. The rack, the gibbet, the gallows, the guillotine, horrid engines of torture, once thought requisite to maintain government, are cast off with the ignorance which prompted their use.

The world to-day has outgrown its yesterday thoughts, and to-morrow will outgrow the best performances of to-day. Each year adds growth to the moral and intellectual world, as the circling sun adds a new layer to the tree. Each year's growth encircles all others, or in other words, the ideas of the race are higher, its attainments more noble, and it basks in a brighter light. Each year adds to the moral and intellectual temperature of mind: makes it glow with superior truth and wisdom. This growth slow, but visible, is a progress as uncontrolable as the movement of the heavenly bodies around their

Grown to manhood, the infant garments cannot be strained on, and were it possible to force them on, they would cramp the free movement of his body, bind his limbs in stiff contortions, and destroy freedom and manliness. Creeds, dogmas, beliefs, are such garments to the Spirit. When the expanding mind is forced to take up its abode in the habiliments of the past, its best motives are crushed, its feelings are stifled, its holiest emanations dried up, and it becomes as barren as the desert sands of Sahara; as cold and rigid as the icebergs around the frozen poles.

I do not dishonor the institutions of the past, but profoundly respect them for the good they have accomplished. They have been the instruments through which mind has attained its present perfection; the steps by which it arose, and now are the landmarks set up along the shores of the wild sea of life, marking the deeds of its various ages. But they are not for the present; they cramp its vital energies, and restrain the best emotions of the

Men sin ignorantly. I cannot believe that the most hardened wretch would plunge recklessly into the vortex of crime, if he possessed sufficient knowledge. We lament the amount of error, sin and depravity which exists, and justly too, but we forget that there is a cause for all this, and that cause is-ignorance! Alas for human ignorance! It has immolated its myriad victims, and still its all devouring jaws are stretched wide with insatiable rapacity! It is the prolific cause of all crime, all degradation, all misery. It is an accepted truth that if man perfectly obeyed every law of his moral, intellectual, and physical nature, he would be perfeetly happy, perfectly free from all pain, unnatural desires and sufferings. He obeys not, because he is ignorant. Give him knowledge upon these great subjects, and he would do better, in proportion to the light he receives. Pour a flood of wisdom into the world, so much that every byelane and every alley shall be filled, and evil will expire. Error, sin and evil are the results of subjecting ourselves to other laws than those of our normal being. If we sufficiently understood these laws, we should never suffer from them.

The child, before it learns the nature of physical matter, is delighted with the brilliant flame, reaches forth its tender hand to grasp the glittering object, and is burned. Henceforth it understands the relations of heat to its physical frame, that it causes intense pain, and avoids it, however much it glitters. Man, taken collectively, has been a child. When first an inhabitant of the globe, a rude savage, totally unacquainted with the material universe, and its controling laws, he was surrounded by darkness, and was compelled to walk empirically. Like the child, attracted by brilliant objects, he strove to obtain, perhaps finding them useful in supplying his wants, perhaps causing him intense suffering. In either case, he discovered their nature, and the relations they sustained to him. By degrees the light supporting to be able to a letter our to the distribution of the configuration only last

dawned. Fact after fact was learned, law after law deduced, until he knew the general bearing he sustained to the microcosm, of which he is a part,

Still, the unknown for exceeds the known, and the anxlous student of nature, who has anypassed all his cotemporaries, looks off on the limitless sea of knowledge, which stretches beyond the shores of his present acquirements, and in an agony of aspiration after the unknown truths of the mystic beyond, is abashed by his own insignificance; that he is a traveler on the shores of the intellectual sea, and has tasted but a few drops of its waters. Newton gives voice to his feelings, exclaiming: "I am but a boy gathering a few pebbles on the ocean's

Being thus Ignorant of the laws which govern the external and internal universes, we must expect transgressions, and their accompanying punishments in the form of misery and suffering. As soon as man learns the higher principles of right and wrong, so soon will suffering cease. This must be learned empirically, as he learned the properties of fire, air and water. In these experiments, he will often make missteps, and suffer many a fall. Some there are, who, guided by superior intuition, safely steer their barks among shoals and rocks, where others less gifted, would certainly perish. Such are born reformers, men who see far down the vista of a thousand ages, and chart the unknown seas, for the direction of future generations. These are the true reformers, which the world finds or evolves at long intervals, to clear away the old accumulations of rubbish, and build new systems for expanding thought. Theirs it is to walk far ahead of their times, and mark the way by the recognition of before unknown laws, throwing a strong, clear light over the darkness.

It matters little whether born on a throne, or in a manger; when they arise in their manhood, all conventionalisms crumble away, and king and peasant stand in the same light. When sublime intuitions fill their overflowing souls, and they reveal man's relations to the universe and to his fellow man, all distinctions vanish in the rapturous gush of eloquence, as the frost-work of night vanishes in the rays of the rising sun. Confucius was nobly born; Zoroaster started his ideas from a throne; Mohammed was a noble; their converts count by the hundred millions. Some eighteen centuries ago, a poor carpenter's son, of so low origin he was cradled in a manger, arose, and with a breath overturned all the cherished idols of his time, and founded a transcendental system of purity, which is the ideal even now, of the civilized world.

So it is written in all history. The origin of the man is of small account—the truths he utters avail everything. Say you there is no need of new truths? that the older the world grows, the worse it becomes? You contradict history-the all-answering experience of the past. You repeat a myth, first dreamed by the poets, and since set up as a revelation. The golden age is the goal towards which we are going, not the one we left. It is in the future, not in the past, which only reveals fitful gleams through the thick night of its darkness. There is the turmoil and conflict of animal passions with here and there a noble man, a great thought, a glorious deed. Such are the redeemers of history. All have perished in oblivion. The great conquerors who, with their murderous hordes, rushed across the world, scattering the affrighted nations, have scarce a place left to write their names. A few years, or centuries-all the same in time-have obliterated their ravages, as they do the path of the avalanche. The disturbances they caused were no more than ripples on the surface, soon subsiding in the smooth outline of history. Great crimes as well as great benevolence, are all lost in the sea of life. They are all forgotten. They are but the accidental ripples, beneath which the vast, dead, interminable sea ebbs and flows, controled by wholly independ-

Oblivion, which devours this dross of the world, leaves only the great and shining truths. A truth once revealed, is never forgotten. All that mankind has conquered from nature, remains conquered forever. No inquisition can suppress it, no irruption of savage hordes blot it out. Doomed as the masses are to mediocrity, they are loyal to the individual to whom such truths are revealed. Sooner or later they recognize their divine gifts. Such individuals are the genil of the age, and by them mankind takes long strides towards perfection. They hold fast all that is given them by the minds whose lofty reach of vision pierce the requirements of present and future.

Creeds, dogmas, superstitions shall pass away; all the paraphernalla by which mock legislators seek to force men to be moral; governments shall fade, and the ephemeral world grow old and perish; but the least thought of truth uttered by one of these lives forever! It is endowed with productive power, and as each age claims it, it gives birth to truths for that age, and thus grows continually, extending its influence broader and broader, and mankind in remote generations drinks at its fountain of clear waters, pronouncing the name of its author, and calling him blessed.

There is need of untiring action. Each reform presupposes and calls for a greater. The desires of humanity are not left long unanswered, before a fresh thinker is ushered into the world, at whose breath old institutions crumble away, and new start up as by the touch of magician's wand.

Is not reform needed? Shall we be content? There is no content. The age calls loudly from its bed of torture, "Light, more light!" As long as a slave sends up a petition to sympathizing heaven; as long as the chains of despotism canker the limbs of the down-trodden masses; as long as ignorance and attendant crimes encompass us, so long will the world, lost in darkness, cry loudly, wildly for

Tell us not of the past. I respect it for its truths, but the world's genii have elevated us far, far above the bravest thoughts of our forefathers. We have actualized their wildest idealities. Our own ideal is for the future. Men, one and all, feel, deeply feel, that great wrongs are to be righted-great errors to be overcome-and anxiously wait the blast the trump of their leader shall send down the gale. They expect a higher, purer morality. They feel that the age of thought is in store for the future, dimly seen through the long vista of events by the Hebrew seers and prophets of past ages, shadowed forth in the constitution of mind-an age of thought, whose brilliant morning lights up the mental world by its rapid coming.

The age of thought is full of promise. Ignorance shall vanish, and with it its viper-brood, crime, error, evil, misery and suffering. 'A thousand or a million years may intervene, but, surely as mind progresses, the future shall yield this point, and the whole earth shall partake of it in harmony. ***

Massachusetts State Convention.

The Spiritualists hold a Convention at Worcester, on Thursday and Friday, the 18th and 19th of January, 1866, and take into consideration, among other important questions, the following: 1st, Establishing a permanent State Convention; 2d, The appointment of a State Missionary.

Crime and Punishment.

Among the many ideas that have come to us from the higher spheres from time to time, few are of more importance to mankind than the philosophy of evil, which the dwellers in that land where causes are more open and apparent, and effects better understood and appreciated, have presented to us. Those who have come to us from a higher life, and who drink from fountains of celestial wisdom, tell us that crime and its punishment are causes and effects legitimate and appropriate in their sequences, and that the efforts of manking to punish criminals are generally wrong, and an assumption of power which does not properly belong to man, and which in itself becomes a crime.

That the only right which individuals, and society, which is but a multiple of individuals, and cannot rightfully exceed the sum of all its component parts, have, are no others than those of protection from the inroads of crime, and any effort at punishment which is not strictly confined to the protection of individuals or of society, is in itself criminal. It is not only wrong in those who put it in force, but interferes with the true and legitimate suffering which follows as a sequence of crime.

In the divine economy there is a legitimate and appropriate punishment or rather reward for every act, and when the act is wrong the consequences which follow it are such as are best calculated to produce reform and restore the individual to har-

As all the actions for which we are responsible spring from interior thought and motives, so must all true reform originate in the same interior conditions and, outwork itself through similar channels. It is only a very small number of criminal acts that become known, the most of them are committed under cover of darkness and hypocrisy. Men and women walk the world masked. They are as whitened sepulchres. Beneath the rubbish of selfishness and sensualism the holy aspirations of the soul are often buried.

While we make these broad and sweeping declarations, we have no condemnation for individuals, for God hath written in irrevocable decrees the inevita ble connection between cause and effect, and it is utterly vain for any individual or society to attempt to break them asunder. As ye sow so shall ye reap, and "they that sow to the wind cannot fail to reap of the whirlwind."

A great Teacher said, "by their fruits ye shall know them," and it is a still greater truth that by our own fruits and conditions we shall sooner or later know ourselves.

When this revelation comes clearly to us, we shall feel that the rightcons judgment of God is upon us, and well will it befor usif we are not compelled to exclaim as one formerly, "It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

But, says the objector, if you are not to punish the criminal, of what use are all your reform measures in society, from the jail and the gallows to the rostrum and the church, with all their intermediates; why not abandon all efforts to reform mankind?

The trouble with the church and the State, as well as with individuals, is that they have all accepted the Oriental story of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, and the fall of man. And we believe the answer to a very simple question, which is said to have been put to Cain, "Where is thy brother?" "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Assuming from the story that Cain was a wicked man, and that everything he said must be very bad, mankind have set about being each other's keepers. This idea is embodied in our systems of education, and in the whole penal and Christian codes of salvation, from the gallows of the one, to the little prayer meetings of the other.

But we trust a better day has dawned upon humanity. We are beginning to realize that to be true we must build over against our own houses. Whenwe come to realize that by our own fruits we shall know ourselves, then will we each seek to make their fruits not only pleasant to look upon but in every way desirable to ourselves and to those around us. Then will the leaves of the tree of our lives be beautiful, and adapted to the healing of the

Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis.

We are happy to endorse all that is said in the following circular issued by Judge Edmonds, Lizzie Doten and P. E. Farnsworth, and it gives us great pleasure to know that their sympathetic call was so handsomely responded to.

It is true that Brother and Sister Davis are devoting their lives, with a very meagre compensation, to the great cause which is liberalizing and revolutionizing public sentiment on the question of the best means for promoting man's happiness here and hereafter. As we have had occasion to say in a public manner heretofore, were it not for the writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, and especially the work entitled Nature's Divine Revelations, we might have been to-day a strait-laced, aye, a book bigoted Universalist :

PLEASANT TESTIMONIAL .- The friends of Andrew Jackson Davis in New York, presented Mrs. Mary Davis, in the absence of her husband, with the snug little sum of \$600 on New Year's Day.

The following letter, which was addressed to a few of his particular friends, will explain itself :

NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1865. DEAR FRIEND :- A few friends of Andrew Jackson Davis have determined to present him a New Year's testimonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, the past year and a half have devoted their entire time to establishing and fostering the new Spiritual Sunday School-the Children's Progressive Lyceum. This work has brought them no remuneration, and in justice to the cause to which they are devoted, it is important that they be

To aid in enabling them to give their undivided attention to these and kindred labors, the friends propose making them a substantial New Year's Any sums contributed by yourself or friends, and

sent to J. B. Loomis, Esq., 274 Canal street, New York, will be duly acknowledged and handed to This effort is made without the solicitation or

knowledge of Mr. or Mrs. Davis.

Yours for Progress, . W. EDMONDS,

LIZZIE DOTEN, P. E. FARNSWORTH.

As stated above, the sum received and handed to Mrs. Davis was \$600. In a letter to her husband, Mrs. Davis remarks that the various letters accompanying the donations were more prized by her than the money.

The Artesian Well.

Some one, visiting the Circle Room in Boston, asked the spirit controlling Mrs. Conant something in relation to the Chicago artesian well. The spirit replied, "We have something better to do than be pointing out localities where water may be found."

Spirits, like mortals, differ in regard to what is of importance to our world. But had this communicating spirit been doomed, as we have been, to drink the filthy lake water with which Chicago is furnished, he would canonize even the divining rod that brings clear water from the heart of the earth. E. H. Eddy.

The above named person has rendered himself infamous by his contemptible low trickery wherever he has been, among Spiritualists, for the last three months; and while it is believed by most people who have attended his seances that he is a medium for physical manifestations, it has also been believed that he would, whenever there was an opportunity practice deception and barefaced knavery upon his best friends, until he has rendered himself so oh, noxious that no Spiritualist, who knew of his tricks would have any association with him.

The corrupt creature, (for what wretch lives to corrupt and vile as he who will impose himself upon the sympathetic and loving mother as her darling who has passed away ?- assume to be a deceased relative for a friend?) learning that Spiritualists had found him out, and would no longer either patronize him or receive him into their homes and fellow. ship, and being too indolent to work for a living, he comes out under the guidance of plous friends avowedly to expose Spiritualism, but in reality confessing himself one of the most corrupt and pitifully mean creatures that pollutes God's pure atmosphere.

He doubtless expected the great Orthodox family would flock around and Honize him, and that the secular press would land his feats, greatly to his renown, and to the substantial relief of his capty pockets. That Orthodoxy will pick him up and make a lion of him, we sincerely hope. We think he would be a capital tool in their hands, and might aid in getting up a farore-perchance a good spirite! protracted meeting-and thereby be instrumental in saving many souls from eternal perdition. We learn he is very devout in his remarks, and puts on saintly airs. We shall not be surprised to hear at any time that some of the most devout Orthodox societies have opened their churches for his exhibitions.

For his benefit, and as a recommendation for him wherever he may go, to the churches in particular, we will quote from the city papers reports of his first evening's "expose,"

FROM THE CHICAGO DAILY REPUBLICAN, JANUARY S We saw last night one of the saddest sights which we ever beheld-a man standing up before an audience and deliberately confessing, for the sake of money, that a good portion of his past life had been an imposture and a lie. The gentleman who die this bold and unprecedented thing was Mr. E H. Eddy, who for some time traveled with the Davenport brothers, assisted at their searces, and consciously defrauded the public everywhere, by pretending that the tricks which those two other redoubtable gentlemen performed were done by aid of the "spirits," when he knew that they were done by the unaided smartness of the two conjurers them

It is true that Mr. Eddy professes to be animated by truthful feelings in his exposure of the frauds which he has so long assisted in practicing, but in eight months, he says, he found the Davenports out, and the exposure comes therefore so late in time after the gullty knowledge, that it looks suspicious, to say the least of it, and more like a maliclous pique than an honest desire to tell the truth for truth's sake.

Mr. Eddy claims also that he has long practiced Spiritualism on his own account, and we are informed that he even began business in Chicago city itself. offering to put credulous old ladies and respectable old gentlemen into communication with their departed friends, for the small sum of as many dollars as he charged, the number of which deponent knoweth not. So that really there does not appear to be the slightest apology for him. He stands alone, defenceless, a self-convicted swindler, and amenable as such to the common law.

We cannot picture to ourselves a more heartless imposition than that of which he is the most renowned professor. It is bad enough to enact deceit poor, imbecile women and men, who have lost their only earthly treasures-their children, dearer to them than life, and pretend to obtain communica tions from them for the consolation of the mournersis as bad a piece of villany as ever was perpetrated on this side the kiss of Judas. If there were a public prosecutor here, on behalf of the commonwealth, who cared to do his duty, this gentleman would not escape punishment. It is no excuse for him that he is immensely clever, and so swift in his manipulations as to deceive the very elect, five of whom were caged with him last night, whilst be was tied, and failed to discover how he managed in their presence (in the dark, of course,) to play on the musical bones, show three distinct hands from the inside to the outside at three distinct holes thunder with heavy feet, and with flying fingers sweep the strings of the guitar. If when he had first discovered the frauds of the Davenports, he had then made a public exposure of them, confounding them before their own audience, with their own tricks, he would have done the State good service, and carned for himself the esteem of all honest men But the temptation of making money by the rascality of the juggle, was too strong for his west nerves and defaced conscience. So he went on conquering and to conquer," until, like Alexander he had subjugated the world; and after weepin that there were not fools enough left to find him is salt to his provender, he resolved to turn virtuous and by making a clean breast of it, and exposing the secrets of the spiritual world, to line his pockets at the expense of his honor and good name

Apart from the dubious propriety of encourage a man of this sort, animated by such sordid motive in his newly-fledged "honesty," we are bound ; confess that his tricks were cleverer than any con juring or legerdemain which we have ever beheld by Chinaman or Jap, Yankee or Englishman; and that his exposures were equally as satisfactory is the tricks were good. To look and hear, it seemed impossible that the tied man in the box could, in a moment, so release his hands as to make all the noises, and exposures of the digits; when he came to explain them, however, it was all easy enough The release from the tying was made simple by frand of a slip-knot with double loops, made suff ciently large to admit the hands, by a little manevering, and hidden from sight by a cross-knot at tached to a cord which hing from the neck. It was very edifying to hear him explain how, in circle the disciples were cheated by the mediums; her they were compelled to obey the conditions is keeping hold of hands, while the medium or in accomplice swong the guitar or violin round the room, patting a head here and there, or making a regular assault and battery upon some refraction unbeliever

If Mr. Eddy were only penitent-if be looked on't like a fellow who had done wrong all his life and was now-trying to undo it, instead of making a now business of his exposure, and going to the expose of a spanking new black walnut spirit box to adhis drolls in, one would be a little more record to the previous rascality. As it is, we can can praise him for his smartness. But, instead of source ing the legend of the Christian heraldry: "De until others, as you would they should do unto you has adopted the rather anti-Christian legend of Ind Nick : Swindle others, as you know they would ? they could, swindle you.

We add a few lines from the Trabant, showing the utter contempt in which he is held by the very people he sought to delight :

EDIFYING .- Last evening E. H. Eddy, the "celebrated Spiritualist test medium" of last week, and the virtuously indignant exposer of "S trickery" of this, gave what he pleased to call an entertainment in Smith & Nixon's Hall. The tricks performed by him were an expose of the dark circle manifestations with which he formerly extracted money from the pockets of the credulous Spirit tualists. When his money-making business in that quarter ended, be turned to the other side, and now desires to serve the same end by attempting t prove the foolishness of his former dupes. xtremely virtuous indignation manifested by Eddy a few months ago, when the Tribune termed him's humbug, proves the sincerity of his present asser-The exposure of such manifestations are beneath notice.

Indiana is the only State in the North that refuses to receive negro testimony in cases against white men. Governor Morton urges the wiping out of that distinction.

Book notices crowded out-will appear next week.

Frederick N. Ehrenfels.

The following tribute to the memory of Bro. Ehrenfels we take from the Chicago Daily Republioss of January 2d. It is a just tribute to the memory of a devoted Spiritualist. It is but recently that we formed his acquaintance, yet we became much attached to him during the few months we knew him, and we feel highly gratified with the Republican's notice of him, and respectfully ask our readers to give it a perusal :

The Republican of yesterday contained a notice of the death of Frederick N. Ehrenfels of this ity, who expired in Cincinnati on the 28th ult., of ne disease known as the black jaundice. Coupled the the invitation to the friends of the deceased to isit his romains at the apartments formerly occuled by him, was the announcement that this suite oms contained "a picture of his late wife, h, it is claimed, was painted by Raphael with a medium, and which cost him nearly

The remains of the deceased were visited yester-ay by large numbers of his friends, who deeply nour his death. He was a German gentleman of aple means, living upon the revenue derived from is estate, and one who is spoken of by those who new bim as genial in his companionship, and re-ned and cultivated in his tastes. Indeed, this fact abundantly evidenced in the appointment of his partments, and in the specimens of art which adorn

Prominent upon the east wall of the main room are three pictures representing the former wife of the deceased as maiden, wife and spirit, all of them professedly drawn by a medium in New York, whose checil was guided by the spirit hand of Raphael. The largest of these portraits is about six by four set in size, and represents Mrs Anna Moina threntels and her daughter Rosalle in the spirit and." Upon the drapery of the main figure is ascribed the name of W. P. Anderson as the artist, who is designated "as a common house painter, with no ability beyond the legitimate exercise of his

It is a favorite theory with Spiritualists that after death the spiritual body assumes the most comely form and feature pertainable to the subject in life, and this representation therefore depicts Mrs. Ehrenfels in youthful freshness and beauty, or rather the resumption of her maidenly form and

whether one be or not a believer in the tenets of Spiritualism, this picture is well worthy of study.

As a gem of art it is indeed exquisite, evidencing a skill seldom acquired by the masters of the present age. It is a pencil or erayon sketch of life size, and represents the maiden holding in her right hand a flower, and with the other gathering about her the light fleecy drapery with which the figure is enveloped, while upon the left is said to be the dim outline of an adopted daughter, Rosalie. The pose of the main figure, the delicate tracery of each line and shade, and the exquisite fidelity with which the drapery is executed, even to the finest details, excites admiration, though it may not convince the beholder of its spiritual origin.

The face of the figure is, however, devoid of expression. There is nothing of intellectual force manifested in its features—it is simply the general contour of a rounded, full face, with a purely material expression. All of an etherial nature which is characteristic of the portrait, seems to have been usurped by the figure and the gauzy drapery which

Falling off from the person, the light drapery is distinctly and clearly defined to the waist, the dress being fistened at the shoulder by a jewel. From the waist towards the foot of the figure is discernible a gradual fading of the outline, and a gentle blendng with the colorless background of the picture. The light and shade of this portion of the picture is most admirably executed, and even in the dim and almost indistinct representation of the spiritual robes there is yet discernible the perfect semblance of the delicate fabric itself.

In form the person is highly wrought and finished. The outline of the bust, the bare arms, and taper fingers are perfect in their symmetry, and exqui-sitely modeled. Of the portrait of the daughter, little were can be said than it bears a general resemblance to that of the foster-mother. The other portraits represent Mrs. Ehrenfels,

both at an advanced stage of years and at the age of sixteen. The former is not pronounced by those who knew the lady in life, to be a correct likeness, though imagination may trace some resemblance to her whose portrait it is said to be. The portrait of the maiden is almost the counterpart of the spiritual face of the main figure. Mr. Ehrenfels seemed to have a presentiment of

death, and prior to his departure for Cincinnati, called his executor, Mr. E. H. Cummings, to his rooms, and gave into his possession his keys and personal effects, remarking that he should never

Upon his deathbed he expressed the conviction that his wife expected his coming and would welcome him to the spirit land. The preparations for his funeral, which will take place at 2 P. M. to-day, were made in accordance with directions given by

His estate is valued at \$30,000, and falls to the portion of relatives in the Kingdom of Wurtem-

His personal effects and the furniture contained in his apartments, are by his will bequeathed to his neice, Sophia Ehrenfels, who is made executrix of the estate, and is now an inmate of the Western Educational Institute at Warrenton, Missouri.

The deceased, while he entertained a firm belief in Spiritualism in its refined sense, kept aloof from the vulgar everyday manifestations with which it is surrounded. He believed in a communion with the departed ones, without the boisterous signs and muscular developments which have so frequently brought the order into disrepute. He believed in it from the delight it gave him to feel that those with whom he had been bound in the temporal world, and to whom he had devoted the warmth of his heart's affections, could commune with him in their more elevated and spiritual condition beyond the grave. The love of it gave him strength in his conviction, and his reason yielded to the desire and anxiety he possessed to believe. And it is this which the true believer regards as that state of 'harmony" which is best calculated to develop the

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The secular and Orthodox papers have been exercised to a great extent of late in laying the cause of the recent tragedy at Battle Creek, Michigan, to Spiritualism. If this rule applies to all those who are believers in Spiritualism, or to all who have even attended a Spiritual lecture, why not apply the same rule to the members of any of the Orthodox churches, and denounce those churches as false and misguiding, if any of their members should overstep the rules of propriety, or commit a great and helnous crime. But this is not the case. A member of an Orthodox church may commit the greatest of crimes against God, his country, his family or himself, and if the matter cannot be covered up and whitewashed over, the blame is laid at the individual's own door, where it justly belongs, and the church is still as free from reproach as before the individual transgressed. But not so with Spiritualism. If a crime is committed, almost the first question asked, is "Were they not Spiritualists?" and if ever they were known to have expressed a wish to investigate the truths of its teachings, then straitway they charge it to Spiritualism. "Consistency thou art a jewel!" A member of their particular church or creed commits a crime against the laws-their church is not to blame for it, oh, no! Let one who has not openly denounced Spiritualism commit the same crime, and lo! Spiritualism is the cause!-therefore to be a Spiritualist is to be accessory to all crimes committed. How charitable, how consistent the logic! The charity exhibited by the Orthodox sects is confined exclusively to their individual church, not one jot or tittle for those who worship God except through their own peculiar forms. It would be well if the mantle of charity had folds ample enough to cover all of God's children ; and then judge each one according to his merits, not cast blame upon gently ask each old subscriber to send us the names this or that creed, because one of its number of one or more new subscriber, American publication.

should transgress. Such, however, is not the case, Bigotry and blind zeal outbalance charity and justice. Moore wrote truly when he said.

Mad as Christians used to be About the thirteenth century, There's lots of Christians to be had In this, the ninetcenth, just as bad,

From the Chicago Tribune of the 8th we clip the subjoined extracts of a case of triple adultery, which has just happened in this city. Not a word is said about the religious belief of the parties. Will not some one be kind enough to ascertain if these parties had not at some time attended a Spiritual iceture, so that this crime may also be laid at the door of Spiritualism, and thus delight the heart of some Orthodox bigot?

A strangely complicated case of fraud, cruelty desertion, love, folly and perfidy, is at present under investigation by the police. Two men living in the North Division have succeeded in violating, at one stroke, nearly every injunction contained in the They have put the ten commandments into one, and broken it. Such a feat has probably never been attempted since the great lawgiver him self accomplished it, after a very different fashion. The names of the two extraordinary culprits are Richard Burke, the keeper of a grocery store, No. 363 Division street, and Tarrence Courtenay, formerly a porter in the Matteson House, who resided next door to Burke. The former is a man about 40 years of age and has a wife and four children. Courtenay is five and has a wife and four-children. Courtenay is live years younger and has a wife and one child. A young and comely woman, the wife of Patrick McCann, an express driver, who resides in that neighborhood, appears to have been afflicted with the same moral disease, a criminal partiality for another than her husband. She is twenty-five years of age, and is the mother of a boy of five. She is of Irlsh birth and culture, and besides being handsome, the appears to have been a great fifth an arguithful she appears to have been a great filrt, an unfaithful wife, a skilful diplomatist, and a heartless mother.

Kate Sullivan—such was her maiden name—succeeded in captivating the heart of the grocer. "Those isle nurtured eyes" waged a willing and successful war upon the affections of Richard Burke, who gradually became estranged from his wife and neglected his family and his business to follow her. neglected his family and his business to follow her. While this unlawful flirtation was progressing between Burke and Mrs. McCann, the latter was secretly carrying on another with Terrence Courtenay, who had likewise been smitten, and who, like his neighbor, the grocer, had become estranged from his own wife. The affair was so artfully managed by Kate that neither of her two lovers was aware of r partiality for the other. Of course the two neighbors did not make confidants of each other in a matter of such delicacy; the poor wives remained in blissful ignorance, and Patrick McCann drove his express wagon, little dreaming of Kate's

Burke, it appears, had privately sold off all his effects, for as much as they would bring, and then made an assignment of his property in favor of his creditors. Prior to this he had accumulated an immense sum of money—about \$10,000 in all—by means of borrowing, in small sums, varying from \$50 to \$500, from his friends around the city. Matters having come to a 'crisis, Barke judged it prudent to run away. In fact, Kate and he had made up their minds to this some time ago. The money now being collected an elopement was concerted between forty-five and twenty-five, and all the arrangements

Meanwhile Terrence Courtenay, who flattered himself that he was the sole object of her unhallowed passion, was engaged in precisely a similar under-taking. He, too, was selling off and borrowing, in order to prepare for flight. He was not quite as fortunate as Burke in raising funds, but he succeeded in securing a respectable amount. Perhaps the artful Kate was waiting to see which of her two lovers could raise the most before making a final decision. On Thursday evening Mrs. McCann packed up her clothes, put money in her purse, bade good-bye to her home and her little boy, and proceeded to the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago depot. On the same evening, Burko, with his well lined purse of \$10,000, took his way to the same rendezvous. Lastly, Terrence Courtenay came, and the whole three started off together. If the affair was preconcerted among them all, very likely all were quite satisfied. If otherwise, it may reasonably be conjectured that a storm would break before the trio arrived at their destination.

The atrocious feature of this remarkable elopement is, that both of these fellows have left their wives and families in utter destitution. Not a rag of clothing or a stick of furniture has been left in either of their houses. They have robbed their friends of their money, robbed their own families of everything, and finally robbed another man of his Such a concatenation of crimes and criminals is not often to be found, and may really be regarded as a curiosity.

Children's Lyceum in Springfield, Ill.

The leading Spiritualists residing in the capital city of Illinois have nobly rallied to the organization of an army of Progress, by attracting and grouping the children and young people in the style of a Sunday Lyceum.

The Secretary of the Society there, a lady of rare intelligence and enterprise, visited St. Louis for the purpose, principally, of witnessing the children in their groups on Sunday; and she was also present at the Christmas Festival, given by the officers and leaders for the benefit of the new school in Verandah Hall. On her return to Springfield, with her mind fully impressed in the direction of the importance of the work, she forthwith introduced the claims of the School. And hoping we may be pardoned for quoting from a private letter, in order to show the good feeling manifested, we submit the follow-

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 1, 1866. "Yesterday, (Sunday,) I called up all my strength and went to the hall, and led the meeting by introducing my plans, &c., and made four speeches during the meeting! I was astonished myself at the effect of my appeal. The response was unanimous, and we had a regular revival-a most enthusiastic time. Mr. Ordway recited every passage in the Bible that alludes to children; Mr. Thorpe tried to talk three or four times, but cried so much, that he could only 'bless the dear sister,' and offer her 'all his money, if she wanted it,' and the 'free use of his parlor organ.' Brackett, Worthen, Flood, Richards and Church spoke well-everybody, in fact, said something to cheer on the Lyceum. You may know I was delighted, and next Sunday we begin; my husband as Conductor, and myself as

"The angels are at work, and I told the people why they all felt as they did; that the Summer Land was coming down to us, and that the Kingdom of Heaven is near at hand.'

Reports of Lectures.

We take especial pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to our report of Charley Hayden's first lecture in this city. This lecture was reported by our own phonographic reporter, and who also reports the spiritual communications given through the mediumship of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, as found upon the sixth page of the JOURNAL.

We also call attention to the very excellent address of Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott Daniels, to the Freedmen at Washington, D. C., reported expressly for this paper by Dr. J. A. Rowland. We feel confident our readers will be pleased to learn that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will each week hereafter contain the phonographic reports of at least two lectures by our best speakers.

We trust our friends will feel grateful for this energetic effort on the part of our corporation to contribute to their pleasure; and hope they will manifest their gratitude by widening the circulation of the Journal among new subscribers. We shall continue to present a copy of "Emma Hardinge's Lectures," or the "Blography of Satan," as stated in another column, just the same as if we had not incurred this new weekly expenditure, and we ur-

Our Cause in St. Louis,

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the following item of news, youched for by Brother Davis :

We hope the day is near at hand when our friends in every city and town will arouse themselves to action. Such halls are needed-halls with free rostrums for the promulgation of truth in religion, in the arts and sciences, in politics and in Spiritual or Harmonial Philosophy.

Again we repeat, the State of Missouri, with St. Louis as its metropolis, seems to verge upon leadership in the great reforms of the age.

Well, be it so, if we can't keep up with you in Chicago, we will do our best for it.

THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is not envious. We work for the cause in which we are all engaged, and will stand by and speak words of cheer to our brethren throughout the world. Let us hear from you, brothers, every week.

SPIRITUAL LECTURE HALL .- Andrew Jackson Davis, in his concluding lecture Sunday evening, stated that \$12,000 had already been subscribed for the erection of a Spiritual Lecture Room in this city—in which art and science would be cultivated, and the pictures of Confucius, Socrates, Jesus and John be bung on the walls .- St. Louis Democrat, Jan. 4, 1866.

Bro. Jones: The above is not a false report. The friends have taken hold in downright earnest. Good angels will bow down and bless those who work cheerfully and indefatigably for the advent of progressive principles.

Your friend. A. J. DAVIS.

Artesian Wells' Ice House.

The proprietors of the Artesian wells are building an immense ice house. It is said that the dimensions of the building will be two hundred and nine by two hundred and thirty feet at its base. Its height will reach thirty-two feet to the plates, which will be surmounted by a Mausard roof to an elevation of sixteen feet; thus making the whole structure forty-eight feet in the clear. Its interior construction will consist of six sections, of thirtyseven by two hundred feet each in the clear, and their party walls are to be well packed with sawdust. The exterior of the building is to be of stone, three feet in thickness, quarried on the land.

There are now thirty acres covered with ice from the rock water; workmen, with plows and saws, are cutting and packing it for future use. This ice will be an especial providence to the inhabitants of this city when fever, cholera and August weather

Our Paper and the News Bealers.

We respectfully, but urgently request our friends in every city and town where there are newsdealers to intercede in our behalf, for them to keep our JOURNAL for sale.

We will supply all newsdealers with specimen copies, and require pay for no more than they sell, until they get customers enough to justify them in ordering a specified number each week. We offer the papers to newsdealers at the usual wholesale prices-allowing a handsome profit for themselves.

If our friends in every town will make it their business to speak to the newsdealers in their respective places about this matter, they will confer a great favor upon us, and help the cause, and increase our facilities for furnishing the reading public with the JOURNAL.

Personal.

Dr. J. P. BRYANT .- The sick who live in and around Chicago will be glad to know that Dr. Bryant has opened his rooms for the reception of all who ask his aid. Long acquaintance with the Doctor has given us the fullest faith in his integrity and in his fidelity to the powers that control him, to cast out diseases.

SHARSPERIAN READINGS .- Prof. Mark Balley, of Yale College, gave the citizens of Chicago a fine intellectual treat at Music Hall, Crosby's building, on Monday evening the 8th inst.

He read from Scott, Hoppin, Shakspeare, Dickens, Poe and Sheridan. We have never heard a more truthful rendering of Charles Machree than from Prof. Bailey.

John Murray Spear has returned to his old address, 146 Albany street, Regent's-park, London, England.

Miss Emma Hardinge's address is, Manor House, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, London, England.

N. Frank White is speaking in Milwaukee, Wis-

J. M. Peebles.

Our brother, J. M. Peebles, made us a call the other day, on his way to Cincinnati. He goes there as resident editor of the Western department of the Banner of Light.

Bro. Peebles is an honest and earnest worker. Blessings will follow his steps.

J. M. Peebles will lecture in Cincinnati, O., during January and February. Address as above.

Correction.

The publications in the JOURNAL of the 16th December, 1865, under the head of "Mediation," and of Dec. 23, under the head of "Human Wants;" and of Dec. 30, under the headings of "The Fabulous Account of the Creation by Moses," and of " Cause and Effect," and of an "Inquiry Demanding an Answer," should have the signature of our correspondent "W. N."

Notice. Was alat work

Charles A. Hayden, who is engaged to speak in Chicago through January and February, would like to speak week-day evenings during his stay in this

We have no hesitation in commending Mr. Hayden to the public, as among our best inspirational speakers. Mr. Hayden may be addressed No. 82 Monroe street, Chicago.

The Serpent.

For the temptation of Eve-the serpent was condemned "to crawl on his belly in the dust of the earth." Will some learned theologians enlighten us on the point as to the method or manner of the reptile's process of locomotion before this condemnation? Did he go on his head, or his back, or bobbing around on his tail? In all seriousness, we think a sermon on this text would draw a crowded

Memoirs of Lord Byron.

Madame de Boissy, now the wife of a peer of France, but once the fair Countess Guiccioli, is assisting in writing the memoirs of Lord Byron. It is said that she has a great number of letters written by him to various persons during the years of his devotion to her. The memoirs are written for Le Constitutionnel. We shall look with interest for the

BUSINESS MATTERS.

MRS. A. H. ROMINSON'S SEANOES,-Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the medium, through whom the commuscations 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.

Mondays, excepted.

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

EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES ON TREOLOGY 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. :

Astronomical Religion.

Religion of Nature. The Creator and His Attributes. Spirit-Its Origin and Destiny.

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

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

For sale at the office of the Religio-Philosophi-

CAL Publishing Association. Post Office Drawer 6325, Chicago. Price 75 cents. Forwarded by mail on receipt of the price, free of

CHURCH'S SEANCES .- Mr. W. T. Church, physical and test medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 862 Wabash avenue, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. Persons wishing to attend either the seances or developing circles, will find it to their interest to call upon him at their earliest convenience, and procure fickets to the same.

Chicago, Nov. 17, 1865.

MRS. C. M. JORDAN, Writing and Prophetic Medium, 78 North Dearborn street, Chicago. 10-tf.

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.

DR. PERSONS, "THE HEALER."—We copy the following from the Milwaukee Daily News of Novem-

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

For the benefit of afflicted humanity, I desire to state that my wife, Mrs. A. B. Thomas, has been a sufferer from Prolapsus Uterl, or falling of the womb, and spinal affection with general prostration of the nervous system, at times unable to feed her-self. This has been her condition for the last six years, for five years wholly unable to walk, having to be drawn about the house in a chair. I brought her to the Dynamic Institute, Oct. 9, 1865, and in ten minutes' treatment by Dr. Persons, she arose from her bed and walked off without help. She has regained her health 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. CYRUS B. THOMAS. Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1865.

A remarkable case of deafness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 26 years of age, has been deaf from her earliest recollection, so much so as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation, always suffered from running sores in her ears. this condition she came to the Dynamic Institute, and in one treatment of a few minutes by Dr. Persons, could hear very well and after the second treatment her hearing was perfectly restored.
R. G. Sawyer, 201 Spring St.

Milwankee, Oct. 28, 1865. I hereby certify that my son Rudolphus A. Smith, has been afflicted with nervous spasms for the last five years, having as many as twenty spasms daily, rendering him insensible five minutes at a time, and never free from them for a single day. He came to the Dynamic Institute, Nov. 13th, 1865, and in one treatment by Dr. Persons, he was entirely relieved. My post office address is Chicaktuc, Door County, JOSEPHINE B. SMITH.

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

Deaths.

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

At Jamaica, Vt., Dec. 25, 1865, Fosket K. Farr, aged 62 years, 9 months and 25 days.

The deceased was for many years a resident of Walpole, N. H. Tried with the cares, the crosses and the wrongs of life, his spirit burst its fetters and flew home to rest-a rest in the arms of loved ones gone before.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

WASHINGTON, D. C .- The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 71/2 P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, near Penusylvania avenue. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney Gen-

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 The speakers already engaged are, Mrs. Emma F. Jay

Bullene, for the month of December; Miss Lazzie Doten, for January; and Mr. J. G. Fish, for March.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday School, meets at the same Hall every Sunday

afternoon at 214 o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York. DR. E. C. DUNN, P. O. Address, Rockford, Illinois, will sp

in Dubuque, Iowa, from the 9th to 14th of January; in Independence from the 14th to 19th; from thence will go to Waverly and other points in that section of country.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Mr. and Mrs. J. Madison Allyn, Rockland, Me. W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521

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

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass. Lovel Beebee, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio, will

Chicago, Il

C. C. Blake, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture in different parts of the West upon Greeks and Roman Spiritualism, as compared with modern. Address, until further notice, Dahlonega, Wapello Co., lowa.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Wor-cester, Mass., Jan. 7 and 14; in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Va. Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, West Brattlebore, Va.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address :

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell will answer calls to lecture. Address Forestport, Oneida Co., N. Y., care of Horace Farley. Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

I. K. Coonley, Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant, will lec-ture in Vineland, the 1st, 3d and 4th Sundays of February. Address Vineland, N. J., until further notice.

Warren Chase will lecture during January in Washington, D. C.; first Sunday in February in Wilmington, Del.; second Sunday of February, in Vineland, N. J.; third Sunday of February in Newark, N. J.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

when properly made, to lecture on Sundays in any of the towns in Connecticut. Will also attend funerals. Address, Fair Haven, Coun. Mrs. Jeanette J. Clark, trance speaker, will answer calls,

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Rutland, Vt., P. O. Box 110. Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in St. Louis, Mo., during January. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 816, Lowell, Mass., or

Ira H. Curtis speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn.

Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed, as usual, at 274 Canal street, New York. Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, Houlton, Me., care of C. E.

Rev. James Francis will lecture in Southern Hilinois, Northern Missouri, and as far north as Minnesota for several months. Address, Warren, Ill., care of Dr. H. H. Way, till farther notice,

Mrs. M. L. French, inspirational medium, will answer calls to lectore or attend circles. Pres circles Wednesday evenings. Address, Washington Village, South Boston.

J. G. Fish will speak in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Ad-C. Augusta Pitch, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Bil.

S. J. Finney's post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich. Mrs. Dr. D. A. Gallion will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other sub-jects. Address Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk,

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

Isaac P. Greenleaf will make engagements in Maine, Massachusetts, or elsewhere, for the fall and winter lecturing season. Address Exeter Mills, Me.

L. P. Griggs, Magnetic Physician, will answer calls to lettere and heal the sick. Address, Evansville, Wis. D. H. Hamilton will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

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

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

Charles A. Hayden will speak in Chicago, during January and February. Will also make engagements to speak week evenings in the vicinity. Address him care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Mrs. Lovina Heath, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

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

Mrs. S. A. Horton, Rutland, Vt.

winter.

December and January. Would be happy to make further engagements in the West. Moses Hull will speak in Grand Rapids, Mich., during De-cenber. Will answer calls to lecture the remainder of the

W. A. D. Hume, Cleveland, O. Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson will speak in Stafford Springs, Conn., during December. Address as above, or 29 Grape St.,

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

ring January. Miss Sophia Kendrick, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address Lebanon, N. H. George F. Kittridge, will answer calls to attend public cir-

cles 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. M. Lawrence will answer calls to lecture. Address

12 Lincoln street, Boston, Mass. J. S. Loveiand will answer calls to lecture, and will pay especial attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

Mrs. Elizabeth Marquand, inspirational and trancespeaker, 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 Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y. Miss Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Stafford Springs, Conn.,

during February. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H. L. Judd Pardee. Address care Thomas Rathbone, bex 1231,

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

upon the Sabbath, week day evenings, and to attend funerals. Miss B. C. Pelton, Woodstock, Vt. J. L. Potter, Trance Speaker, will make engagements throughout the West to speak where the friends may desire. Address Cedar Falls, Iowa, P O. Box 170, until further notice.

G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Brodhead, Green county, Wis. W. K. Ripley will speak and heal in Plymouth, Mass., from Dec. 24 to Jan. 1; in Essex from Jan. 7 to 11.

A. C. Robinson, 15 Hawthorne street, Salem, Mass., will auswer calls to lecture. J. T. Rouse may be addressed P. O. Box 305, Elkhart, Ind. Miss Belle Scongall, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill. Austin E. Simmons will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the

first Sunday, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt. Mrs. Susan E. Slight, trance speaking and singing medium will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends may desire

Address, Portland, Me. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass. Mrs. Mary Louisa Smith, trance speaker, Toledo, O. Mrs. H. T. Stearns. Permanent address, South Exeter, Me.

H. B. Storer, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Martha S. Sturtevant, trance speaker, 72 Warren Elijah R. Swackhammer will answer calls to lecture on Com-

munitary Life, the Commonwealth of the New Dispensation, Spiritualism, and kindred subjects. Address, S. Walnut street, Newark, N. J. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, Inspirational Speaker, 36 Bank

street, Cleveland, O. Benjamin Todd, Normal Speaker, will lecture in Charlesown, Mass., during December; in Washington, B. C., bu town, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C. in March. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care of

Banner of, Light office. Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Worcester, Feb. 18 and 25; in Troy, N. Y., during March; in Philadelphia, Pa. de-

Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio. F. L. Wadsworth lectures in Sturgis, Mich., Seeday moreing and evening, until further notice. Address accordingly. Lois Waisbrooker may be addressed at Massilon, Ohio, P.

E. S. Wheeler, Inspirational Speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Sanner of Light office.

N. Frank White will lecture in Milwaukee, Wis. through January; Omro, Wis., Pedenary M and 5th; Berlin, Wis., February 18th; Battle Creek, Mich., May and June. Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., would nonity the friends of Western Illinois, Southern Iowa, and Northern Missouri, that, she can be addressed care of Jas. Thompson, Sox ISS, Daven-

port, Iowa, until further accice. Mrs. Mary J. Wilconson, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J. Mrs. N. J. Willis, transv speaker, Roscon, Mass.

Dr. E. L. H. and Love M. Willis. Address, 182 West 27th . street New York. Capt. E. V. Wilson's address for January, 1886, will be New Albany, Ind.

Mrs. Mary M. Wood will speak in Worvester during March. Will answer calls to lecture in New England up to that time, Address as above. Elijah Woodworth Inspirational Speaker. Address, Leelle, Inchain Co., Mich.

Mrs. S. M. Wolvest is engaged to speak half the time in Pumby. Vr. Will receive calls to speak in Vermont, New Hampshire, or New York. Address as above, or Rochester, Memory C. Wright will answer calls to lecture. Address

Solah Van Sickle, Maple Rapids, Mich., will answer calls to

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

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer 6525 Avon place, Boston, Mars. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE,

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee,"

All communications under this head are given through MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, A wall-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied apon as coming from the source they purport to-the spirit

Q. What caused three of the Presidents of the United States to die on the 4th of July, and two others to die upon the same day of the year?

A. I do not think there is anything remarkable about it. Their deaths were occasioned simply by the lack of power of the material to retain the spiritual or the spiritual to longer control the material. The fact was noted simply because they were distinguished men. I know of no particular cause why they should depart upon the same day.

JANUARY 5.

MATTIE L. NORTON, OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Is anxious to communicate with her friends, and just as soon as they will make conditions favorable, she will come. She was twenty-five years of age the 17th of last June. That is sufficient at present.

HENRY

Remarked: There is one point that is worthy of notice. All spirits have their different magnetisms -the same as different ideas and expressions of such ideas, and although not antagonistic to each other, yet there is not that blending and interchange of soul feeling, which there is to those who are more congenial in their magnetism. There are many who wonder why a certain class of spirits control a certain class of organisms, who would not wonder if they could realize the difference in magnetism.

PETER MOLDEN, OF NEW ORLEANS.

I hear people arguing that "whatever is is right." If that is the case, then there is no suffering, because aniforing is absolutely wrong. I do not believe in that theory. I do not believe that whatever is is right. I suffered very unjustly-far more than I can tell at this time. It is not so hard to bear anything when you are really guilty, as it is to be accused and not be guilty. To bear the reproach which belongs to another, is very hard. There are many that take it upon themselves to make all the trouble that they can-to cause suffering, and then throw the blame which properly belongs to themselves upon some one else. Now I wonder if whatever is is right in that case? I know that it is a natural consequence to wish to screen one's self, but if you go upon the theory of the all right doctrine, then you won't care to screen yourself or any one else. I do not believe that it is right to starve people to death. I do not believe it is right to kill them with guns, or other implements of warfare. I do not believe that it is right to treat people with such cold contempt that they feel bad enough to put an end to their own existence. I do not believe that it is right to pin them down to such small wages that they are driven to steal. I do not believe it is right to keep a poor class of people at work all day, giving them no time to enjoy life as they go along.

Now, I think that I have refuted your all right doctrine and floored you; and that you no longer believe that whatever is, is right. I see little children going along the streets; some of them are all muffled up with furs or nice warm flannels-everything to keep them comfortable. Another poor ittle, ragged, half-clad child is going along beside her, just ready to fall down and perish with the cold; all because one is rich and the other is poor. Is that right? Is it right that one should have barefaced roguery enough to take from the earnings of the poor to the extent that the children of the poor will be obliged to go half naked, and their honest dues and wages be lavished upon the offspring of the rich? Rich in pocket, but God have pity on their souls! I am telling facts. Tell me if you think it is right to grind the face of the poor?

I do not believe that there is a just God who directs them to do so. I do not believe in any such thing. If there was a just God, these things would not be so. [To a gentleman present.] Do you think that whatever is, is right? That is what I am after. [Ans .- "I think that whatever is, is the result of a preceding cause. No other result could follow that cause than the one which does."] That does not prove it to be right. [Ans .- "Was not that act right which was the only act which could possibly result from an existing and preceding cause ?"] But, my dear sir, that does not make it right. [Ans .- "I trace every act back to its cause, and so on ad infinitum. Secondly, if there is any wrong in the universe, there is a cause for that wrong. And Deity, being the cause of all things that exist in the universe, and being infinite in wisdom, all things must necessarily be the result of his foreknowledge, and what he foreknew he foreordained. Consequently it is right, that whatever acts he determined, should transpire in accordance with His will. The moving cause of all acts is right, and all acts are the effects of a preceding cause. In that sense, whatever is, is right. That is, it is true to its cause." I am to infer from that that you believe in a God-a God of justice-a God of right? [I do.] I don't. I believe in that which I can see, hear and feel-that which I can take cognizance of with my own senses, and no farther. I can see no God. I can see no justice, no right in the wrongs which are inflicted to-day upon unfortunate individuals. I can see no right in a community taking the life of any person. I can see no right in worshiping a God of goodness that you can neither see personally, nor the workings of such a God. If it is right for cold to exist, what right have children to be sent out into the street not half-clad, and with not half enough life-sustaining food in their stomachs to keep them from perishing? Is it right for individuals to be burned to death by the carelessness of other individuals? I do not see anything right in that, at all. I cannot see any right in suffering. I cannot see that an intelligent power -a God-governs all things, and at the same time is the existing cause of all suffering.

I have staid a long time-much longer than I expected to. My name is Peter Molden. My wife's name is Mary Molden. My home is New Orleans. I stay there a good deal of my time. I had rather be there than anywhere else. My wife and child are not in as good circumstances as I would like them to be. They suffer a good deal, and I think it is because people don't do right. I know folks don't live up to the golden rule.

ANN FOSTER.

Old things have passed away, and all things have become new. Within five days a wonderful change has been wrought upon my system. It is five days since my spirit left its earthly tenement, where it had remained eighty-eight years. I was in what is termed second childhood. The many years of my life told with such force upon my body that I am glad that my spirit is free from such an encumbrance. It will be very hard for my friends to realize that this is really me. I once lived in Boston, At the time of my death my home was in Roxbury,

Massachusetts. Naw Year's day was the beginning of a new life to me. I intend to go to the Banney of Light office, and communicate through Mrs. Conant. To-day, I simply desire to let my folks know that I am happy, and that with the New Year I indeed commenced a new life. Foster was my second husband's name,

ADELIA HARD.

I wish to say to my friends that I am glad that I am through with the troubles and cares of life. The idea of mortals working incessantly for the simple purpose of supporting and clothing the physical form, was always exceedingly hard for me to bear. I am happy, and don't desire to have my friends indulge in any regrets for my-what they call early departure. I was thirty-five years of age. I was young in years, but had had great experience. My parents were poor, and always from earliest childhood I was one child upon earth-parents, brothers and sisters, obliged to work hard. My sister Emma is sick and away from home. My father does not know of her condition. I wish him to go to her. She married against the wishes of us all. She has never been home since she left it with her husband. My home was in Portland, Maine. My folks are there. My sister is in Brooklyn. My father's name is Nelson Hard. William Dale is the name of my sistor's husband. Her name is Emma Dale. I wish them to know that I am happy in this change. I also want them to know of my sister's condition. When they know that she is sick and in need, they will forgive her. I desire that you should go to her.

JANUARY 6.

N. SMITH.

I want to talk to my wife. Can I do so? She is in great trouble. I see her in such a condition that she hardly knows what to do. There is a path before her, and her happiness would be enhanced if she would walk in that path. She sees it clearly. She fears the result of leaving the way she now walks in. N. Smith is all the name that I shall give. [I fear your friends may not get your communication noless you give us some particulars.] I do not wish others to know what I have to say. C. is truthful and good to her, and she need have no fears on that ground. She need not regard my feelings in the matter. I want my wife to do that which is the best for her individual happiness.

Knowing that your paper goes to my wife, it is not necessary that I should give the town or any other names farther than I have given. I know that she has seen a great many sorrowful days since my death. I know, my dear wife, that the one in whom you placed your confidence is not worthy of you. I myself will come to you from time to time, and you will be much happier than you now are or have been for some time past. May you be surrounded with a pure and holy influence. May your life in the few remaining years that you have to stay upon earth be happier than the past has been. May you be crowned with success in your endeavors to benefit the world with what you may give, is the prayer of your once, yes, ever true husband.

WILLIAM DOLE. Are you not glad that that man has been enabled to free his mind? I think that when people get into trouble it is best for them to work out of it themselves. I think if I had left a wife, and she had married somebody else and got herself into trouble, that I should just let her get out of it herself. It would do her good. St. Anthony's Falls is the place where I got out of the body-that is where I died, and left all the folks-all the folks on earth, I mean; because there are plenty of folks here, and good ones too, by George. It is well enough for preachers to preach, but that is not my businesspreaching is not my kind of work. I would be right glad if I could get my folks on earth to understand me, and know what I want to say to them. They tell me that this is about the best way to communicate with them. I am inclined to think that it is as good as any I can find. So you will please say that William Dole has at last got around into that condition where he can talk with his friends. When I was on earth I did not like to ask persons to do anything for me unless I paid them for it or did them a favor in return. [Go on, you need not be sensitive; you are doing us a favor by giving us something to put into our paper.] I am glad that I can assist you. I am thirty-five years old, and always had to work hard; but I do not care anything about that, for I got my living honestly. I did not have much, but what I did own, I came honestly by, and knew it was mine. This is a very fine world we are in now-very fine place for people to enjoy themselves. I have every chance for going to school and for being educated. Both old and young have the same opportunity. There are places to instruct people in whatever they wish to learn. I think nature is a very fine thing. I think more of it now than I used to. The truth was I had no time to attend to study. I had to work from early morning until late in the evening-had to just put in hard every moment. I did not work Sundays, for that would have gone against my will, and the will of God, I think, too. I don't wish to disregard His will. I did not have much chance to find out anything when upon earth, especially concerning the natural laws; but I have got a good chance now and am going to improve it, too. I never could believe that there could be a real world for us after death, but I find this to be real, and the one I left is the shadow-if there is any shadow about it. Good morning; take good care of your institution. I shall some time go to the Banner of Light office, and talk some:

EMILY.

Father, be cheerful, even though the way is dark, and the hand of sorrow seems to have meted out unto you more than your share. Be patient, trust in that divine Power which will eventually bring to you hours of gladness. You feel that the sunshine has been taken from you, and although to the world you would appear cheerful, yet within your heart I see that there is deep sorrow. You know not my affection for you. I was suddenly taken away from you by the will of Him who governs all things; yet, dear father, you often feel my presence, and you feel a desire to converse with me, and counsel with me in regard to the future, and what I think is the best course to pursue under the present circumstances. Mother is very dear to us all. It seems to me that you must know me, father. You have three children in the spirit world. We are all happy in this beautiful and happy home, and look forward with pleasure to the time when you will both join us, and enjoy all that we are now enjoying. If happiness is greater in proportion to the suffering on earth, then truly you will be happier than I. We find a Power that governs all things, in whom we trust. Please add the name of Emily. My father will recognize me by this. I cannot give you my last name, or I had rather not.

THEODORE HILL, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK. Long faces, and short faces, and broad faces, make up the multitude of faces. Big sorrows and

little sorrows, great joys and little joys, make up the great mass of existence. Stories of different experiences make so large a book that none but the broad volumes of Nature could contain them. Now, as this opportunity is given for the express purpose of giving spirits a chance to hold communion with their friends, we ought to be truthful in giving information of the life beyond the grave-of the condition that we individually find ourselves in after death. [You will not fail to give us some partieulars, by which you may be known?] I shall give just enough to be identified by my friends, and that must suffice for the present. Theodore Hill, of Rochester, New York, Ilves on, although he has passed through death, and is in readiness to give such information to his friends as they may desire, at any time they will give him an opportunity. I was forty-seven years of age, and left a wife and too. I have a great many relatives and a great many acquaintances, all of whom I would be very glad to talk with. I was sick but a short time, and had no idea but that I should recover, so I made no preparations for death or leaving my family. I did not know that it was necessary to make any great preparations for the world to which I was going; for really I dld not believe that I should find any other place after death. But I have found a world, and one, too, that is as much superior to the one where you are, as you can possibly conceive it to be. Elizabeth Hill is the name of my wife.

GEORGE NICHOLAS, ELMIRA, N. Y.

I am just exactly where I want to be, whether I am wanted here or not. By George, it does not make a bit of difference. People talk a good deal about this world being a good nice world, but I had rather be on earth than to be on this side, because I like the earth best. I like just the kind of doings there are on earth, I liked the ups and downs we had to go through, and the hard roads we had to go over. I liked the idea of having things for my own, and not being in partnership with others. I don't like partnership business. [Taking his foot up in his hand.] I have hurt my foot. I fell from my load and was run over-hurt my foot, got cold in it, and then inflammation set in. At last amputation became necessary-my foot was taken off just above my ankle. By some means or other it did not get on very well. I do not know how it was, but I bled to death. I had no business to die. I had not got through with earth. I do not believe the doctor half did his duty by me. If he did not know anything about such work, he ought not to have meddled with it. I have a wife and one child. They need me to take care of them. I know I ought not to have died. I ought to take care of them. My wife feels bad, and it is no wonder. But don't feel too sorry, Sarah. I am dead to you, and we must make the best of it. I want you to keep Hattle with you. Don't let my folks have her-I know they want her. The child that has only one parent, should not be separated from that one. My name is George Nicholas, Elmira, New York, is my post office address. My father's name is Louis Nicholas. I have done the best I can this time, in this way. I will come to you again. I do not mean that I have not been to you before this. I have not seen anybody at home that I could light upon and let you know that it was me. Now, since you see that I can come, you will let me have a chance. Take good care of yourselves, and Hattie, think of me as being on hand and ready to do all that I possibly can for you.

Q. Do spirits really desire and labor for the spiritual development and advancement of mankind in

A. Most certainly we do. At the same time that we exert ourselves for their interests, we not only add to their happiness but to our own by carrying out the principles of justice to them, and unfolding to them higher ideas in regard to everything which appertains to their welfare, not only spiritually, but physically; and by so doing, while we add to the happiness of those on the material plane, we also add to our own, by feeling that we have done to them as we would have them do to us, or in other words, we feel that we have been living up to the

Q. Is not an improvement in the physical and temporal condition of man in this world essential for his advancement spiritually?

A. When we take into consideration this fact, that life is essential to happiness upon earth, then we shall see that for the development and unfoldment of the spirit, that it is most essential that we attend well to the physical condition. As long as the spirit has to dwell in the material and manifest itself through that organism, persons cannot be too careful of their bodies. When they take the best care in their power of their bodies, they do that which is for the best good of the spiritual and physical. Thus you will see, my friends, that it is strictly necessary for the development of the spirit, to attend well to the physical.

Q. Is there a fatality which attaches to man in this life and controls his fortunes, or is a life of incessant toil, embarrassments and poverty necessary for the future good and development of any portion of the human family?

A. When we look upon our past lives, and their various changes, we are led to think that there is an experience which is marked out for us by some power that governs our destinies; I do not, however, look upon it in a true sense as fate. If we are governed by conditions, and if we say it is fate, then it is the condition or fate of another individual that makes our fate not seemingly our own. Inasmuch as the condition of our parents, previous to our existence, has much to do with our happiness, we must necessarily look upon it as being the fate of the whole human family, and not as the fate of one individual. Happiness does not depend so much after all upon our surroundings, as upon the adaptability within ourselves to suit ourselves to surrounding conditions; according to our own organisms will be the amount of our happiness. That which you call labor to a light heart is easily accomplished. Labor is often a pleasure, instead of a task. In accordance with the organization of the individual the spirit of interest has to manifest itself. If he is naturally of a restless temperament, sorrowful and downcast, he will think that life is a burden, and that whatever he may have to do is very hard. Individuals are often led to think that theirs is a hard fate; with that temperament and organization, experiences that they call severe are necessary for their development into a higher condition, so that they may look with a more philosophical eye upon

the various conditions of the human family. Q. Do spirits exert an influence in determining the peculiar life or fortunes of man in this world?

A. Spirits do exert an influence for the good of individuals as far as lies within their power to. Yet it is impossible for them to influence them to such an extent that all experience becomes their highest conception of right to themselves.

cumstances so as to control or effect the temporal fortunes of men in this life, why not help those who are worthy to temporal prosperity, to the end that they may use the means thus obtained for reforming mankind, and in promulgating the great truths of the Harmonial Philosophy?

A. Does my friend ever think that it might be impossible for him, had he the means, to do as he aow thinks he would do? Had he the means he might not have the same ideas and views as he now. does. [To a gentleman present.] Do you know the song of "The Man in the Garret ?" [Lquite forget it; give it to us.] He says; "I live in a garret, but what do I care!

I am richer than some of my great neighbors are. The loss of my wealth I'm not troubled about; My diet will certainly keep off the gout Then a truce to sil grembling, for happen what may, While I have health, I'll be happy by night and by day." That is very applicable to my friend, the quea-

tioner. A healthy body through which the spirit can manifest itself gives happiness to an individual, whether he possesses the world's riches or not, for he has riches within himself, and that is the truest happiness. Many people who have not the means think that if they had them, they would do much for the promulgation of the Harmonial Philosophy, who, when they obtain such means, may change their minds, and divert their wealth to some other use. Every one must do the very best that he can for himself, and in so doing he will acquire a contented mind. We don't mean by contentment, that you are to sit down in the mire and be contented. thinking that some day the sun will come out and dry it all up; you must do the best that you can for to-day, and hope for the future. That is the kind of contentment I would recommend to every one. [We bere closed our book, thinking the medium would be controled no longer, when Thomas Collins immediately took possession, and gave the following :]

THOMAS COLLINS. It is early to close up your books, but I do not

want you to close them up until you have allowed me to say a few words for myself. I was alone, but I am not alone now. I was deserted on earth by those who should have been my friends. It is to them I wish to talk. I want to tell them that if they want to redeem any person from evil deeds they had better not go to work and harrow up all his evil propensities and arouse all his bitter feelings. If they had treated me kindly, they would very soon have reformed me. Don't you know me, Esq. Jones? [No, I do not; at least, I don't know who it is that is controling. Did I know you when in this life?] Yes, I am Tom. Don't you know Tom? [Tom who?] Tom Collins. [Why, Tom, I am right glad to meet you-shaking hands.] Well, Esq., I have not had a drop of liquor since I came here. You know that when I had no liquor I was a decent man-as good as most people; everybody knows that who knew me. [Yes, Tom, when you were free from liquor you were a sensible man, and I was pleased to talk with you.] Yes, and the way to have reformed me was to have treated me kindly. You know that I thought everything of my child. [Yes, I do know that.] Well, I think a great deal of her now. I did not believe very much in Spiritualism, but my wife believes more than she will admit. I am not going to say one word about her, for she must do as she thinks best. I settled things up pretty well, didn't I, Esq.? [Yes, I think so.] Do you remember the time that you told me that individuals carried a desire for liquor with them into spirit life? [I do not call it to mind now. When and where was it ?] Why, don't you remember? It was down on the corner, near Hill's grocery. [Yes, Tom, I do remember it now.] Do you remember what called up the conversation? [No, I do not remember now. What was it?] We were speaking about ---; you know that he liked liquor as well as I. You thought that it was unfortunate that men possessing means, influence and talents, should give themselves up to such tastes and appetites, and you said that people carried their tastes and appetites with them into the other world, and they had better break off from the habit here than hereafter. I then said, "Esq. Jones, do you believe that?" and you said you did. I said, "By thunder, I will think of that." [Do you remember R. V. M. Croes? Have you ever met in the spirit world?] Yes, but I never have had any talk with him. I have met Daddy Randall. He is getting along pretty well. You remember that fashion he had of chewing his tongue, don't you? [Yes, I remember it well.] He has got over that; you would hardly know him if you should see him and he did not chew his tongue, would you? [During my early acquaintance with him he did not have that habit-it was acquired after he became an old man. I think I would know him anywhere. He was a good man. When not in liquor he was a sensible man.] Yes, that is so. You were about closing up your books when I thought I would come. I saw you here, and I thought I would like to talk a little. I supposed you would be willing that I should do so. [Certainly, there is no one in spirit life that I would prefer to talk with.] I want my old acquaintances to know, that as bad as they thought me to be, I can come back and talk. I have just as much power to come as any one else. I would like to lay aside all unpleasantness, and have a right square and fair talk with them all. [You and I were generally good friends, were we not?] Oh, yes, you was generally a good friend to most everybody. Millington is all right. He used to believe a little

in these kind of things. He did not say much about it, still he believed in it. [Is that so? I did not know that.] Yes he did, but did not say much about it? [Have you ever met Barnum?] Oh, yes, many times. He was always good to me. I don't know this woman very well-I have seen her a good many times, too, but I never thought that I should come back and talk through her after I died. It of the mountain, and the exact locality from was not generally known that we could come back. I am happy, and I have not been through purgatory, either. I was not left there, and there are none who are obliged to go there. That is how the matter stands. Esq., there is a bad feeling coming over me, and I cannot longer control at this time. [I am very sorry, Tom. I would like to talk with you more. I want to talk about many of our old acquaintances now in the spirit world. Wen't you come again?] Yes, when I can. Good day.

That fellow and I were in the same fix in earth life. We took too much whiskey. I will just clear things out a little, and then I will go also. The medium has been controled too long already.

EDITOR'S NOTE. - The spirit Thomas Collins was well known to us in earth life. . We were familiarly acquainted with him for about twenty-three years. He most fully identified himself in his familiar style of conversation, and the incidents hereminded us of were all true, although they had entirely passed out Q. If spirits can control or direct events or cir- of our mind until he called them up and refreshed our recollection. He has been in the spirit world some three years, we think.]

INVOCATION,

Unto Thee, our Father, we would approach just as we are, feeling that with Thy sense of right Thou wilt not reproach us for any misdoings of the past, nor for calling upon Thee for more light and strength to enable us to bear bravely and nobly the trials of each coming honr. We would ask for more of Thy light to illuminate our understanding that we may know more of ourselves-that we may realize that by and through Thy love, we shall be enabled to adapt ourselves to conditions and not conditions to us. We feel, oh, Father, that it is from a want of more perfect understanding of our, selves and a more perfect understanding of each other, that we differ, and such difference brings sorrow and sadness to our souls. We realize that with Thee all things are possible. We realize too that when we are enabled to bask in the sunshine of that perfect understanding, all will be harmony. all will be wisdom, and sorrow cannot come, Then unto Thee we would pray for light, love, wisdom and truth.

May we realize that from Thee, and from Thea alone, we shall receive that light that will so brighten our pathways that we shall be enabled to exclaim Thy will and not ours, oh God, be done!

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Gorgeous Churches.

Jesus Christ preached in the streets, by the way. side, and on the mountain tops, having nowhere to lay his head; but we find the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, arrayed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, Instead of the blue vault of heaven for a canopy, we find gorgeous edifices, with gilded spires, beauti. fully decorated pulpits, stained glass windows, crimson cushioned pews, and an organ and choir engaged to praise God by proxy.

Who are they who attend these sanctuaries of the Lord? Are they the poor as well as the rich? the lowly as well as the purse-proud aristocrat? Nay, hardly; let not the poor but hard working mechanic, (perhaps the one who helped to rear the walls or decorate the interior) dare to enter there in the best apparel he can afford to wear, lest he rob his wife and children. If he goes in plain garb, he may, perchance, find a seat next the door, cold and cushionless; but let him dare venture a little farther, and he might walk till he dropped, before any one would offer him a seat. It is perhaps as well-for the churches are not only not made for the poor, but the sermons are not made for them, either. The poor man who has toiled hard all the week to earn an honest living for himself and family will most likely be told that, " Nothing that he could do would be acceptable to God," and that "if he is saved, it will be from no merit of his." Poor encouragement that, for a man to continue in a course of poorly requited labor, when he looks around him and sees his more fortunate and perhaps less scrupulously honest neighbors looking down upon him, because he is poor.

churches, were appropriated to the extension and sustenance of free schools. What an uprising from the depths and degradation of ignorance would be there! But no, if money is given at all outside of the church, it must go to pay some fangtle of its own sect, who is willing to go to some far off country, to be eaten up by cannibals.

Take another view of the case. Suppose the

millions that are spent in gorgeously decorated

Oh, blindness of darkness, why will ve look so far into the future, and neglect the present. Why will ye look so far from home and shut your eyes to what is transpiring around you?

Take care of the body and it will take care of the soul, for if ye abuse the body the soul suffers likewise-for the brain is the connecting link.

E. V. Wilson's Life Experiences .- No. 3,

MY DEAR JOURNAL: In my first article I gave anti-natal memories. In my second, an incident of childhood's influences. In this I wish to trace on paper certain ideas for your readers' consideration First, then, in my train of ideas, I assume that everything in nature has a soul, or exists in an intelligent magnetism; and that instead of the psychologist going to the locality from whence the thing came, the magnetism of the locality comes with the thing, to the psychologist. Hence, the animal kingdom always partakes of the character of the country in which it had its being. The Indian of America, like her mountains, forests, lakes and rivers, is grand, wild and untameable. The Negro race is the result of locality, and like Africa, is dark, thick-minded, superstitions, slow of intellect, and easy of subjection. Does not the Irish race speak unmistakably of the bogs, the mud hovels, the potatoes and buttermilk habits! Change these conditions to English or American civilizations, and in two generations he will represent the character of the civilization into which he has entered. To illustrate my anti-natal influences, I refer you to the horticultural kingdom. Who does not know that the delicious sweeting or greening apple may be produced from the life giving fluids of the bitter, sour seedling of nature? What is this but the anti-natal conditions or life, of the sweeting following the tender scion from the parent stem, to the crude home, into which the tender twig has been grafted. Now let the mother tree die and every scion cut from its branches soon begins to wither, fade, and in a few years at the most, dies also. Hence the cause of the disappearance of that fine old Rhode Island greening, and those large, luscions sweetings, so common twenty and thirty years

A fragment of rock from the Rocky mountains brings to the psychologist the magnetism or soul whence it was taken. The psychologist also has a power, which commingles with this mountain magnetism. Hence intelligence, and he speaks the

history of the stone before him. A beautiful illustration of the soul of things was given in Cincinnati last March at the pleasant home of Mr. Beck, through the mediumship of a German girl, whom I shall call Lizzie. I was invited by Mm. B. to visit his house for the purpose of witnessing her mediumistic powers. I took with me two articles carefully wrapped in several thick layers of paper. After sitting awhile, Lizzie having passed into the trance condition, I quietly placed a package in her hand. Instantly a smile beamed upon her face, and she said : "I see just there, before me, a gentle murmuring stream, and shells embedded in sand, over which the waters flow. The Nalads roso leaves are represented in ornamental form. An old man, bald of head, is stooping over his bench with tools in hand. Why, it is Mr. Shaffer !" This was the truth. I had put into her hand a shell car drop, carved in the form of a rose leaf, by Mr. Shaffer, of Cutter street, and the shell belonged to the Naiad species, and was taken from the sandy

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1.00

2.00

bottom of the Miami river. The second package was then put into her hand. Instantly the smile left her face, a stern frown contracted the muscles of her face, and a wild, savage look stole into her eyes, and then, with an agonized cry, and a sharp. spasmodic action, she said : Tell mother I am shot," and threw the package out of her hand. Then, in a sad, melancholy tone of voice, while tears filled her eyes, she continued, "a cold dark substancelead-a bullet, and oh, there is a battle. I see a number of men, crawling on their faces through an open field; one, a brave boy in blue, tall of form, and spare, with finely formed face and head, with hazel eyes and brown hair, is wounded, terribly wounded by the bullet you put into my hand. It was last fall, and happened before a small town away in the South. They take him off the field as soon as they can, and he is moved from place to place, and finally stops in a city near lofty mountains, and lingers and dies. He died in hospital, and is buried in a pleasant place, and by the side of many of his brother soldiers. Why, sir, he is here by you, and his name is Edwin, and there is a beautiful woman. and a boy and girl with him. They are his mother, prother and elster." I wept, for before this stranger German girl stood my first wife, my noble soldier. son, Edwin, and his brother and sister -- all in and from the spirit land. Now, what do we find or learn from these two experiments? In the first through the shell ornament after it had passed through the hand of the workman, the influences of the river, the sand, the original shell, the species to which it belonged, the old man who worked it into the shape of a rose leaf, every step of its history and its surroundings, from the time it was taken from the river to the moment it was finished by the workman, each condition leaving its influences upon the little ornament, were all presented to the medium. On the other hand, the true bitter condition and influence of the lead, the scene of the battle field, and the battle of the small town in the South; of the autumn, and the decay of the vegetable kingdom, of the journey to hospital, of the hospital, the death and burial, and the mountainous country where he was buried, and even the words attered when the ball entered into his body, were all a true history of the last days and hours of my noble boy, who gave his life that our country. might live. He was wounded at Jonesboro', on the morning of the 3d of September, and died in the hospital in Chatanooga in January, and his body rests in the national cemetery at Chatanooga, a sad monument, speaking to future ages of the shame and sin of Slavery, and the glories of Liberty-the result of the soul of things. So the universal, vegetable and animal properties speak of their anti-natal conditions. If the mineral predominates, the man is drawn by this invisible occult element to its old mineral fountain, and he is moving in the magnetism of the past. So with the vegetable and animal conditions of human nature. Does not this account for the miser's love of gold and silver, the murderer's desire for blood; the drunkard's love of those vegetable distillations that makes the drinker mad? Do we not find in this the wild elements of the savage and his untamed nature? Once the forest and its wild denizens are made love, then disappears the red man. Why? because he must by the laws of nature, follow his leading soul element.

St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, cost \$7,500,000. Its length is 510 feet, breadth 220, extreme height 440, and it covers more than two acres of ground. There are 616 steps from the floor to the dome. The first stone was laid in 1675, and the last in 1710, Sir Christopher Wren being its architect during the whole period, and receiving an annual salary of only \$1,000 for his services.

Circular.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress everyuphere:

In accordance with and furtherance of the views and sentiments of the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Illinois, from the 9th to the 14th of August, A.D. 1864, inclusive: We, the National Executive Committee, appointed by said Convention, do most respectfully, but urgently, recommend the immediate formation (without creeds or articles of faith), of societies or local organizations, for associate efforts by Spiritualists and all progressive minds everywhere. To this end do we present the following form of Articles of Association—comprehensive and liberal—and such as leave individual rights entirely unmolested.

Under these Articles societies will be entirely independent of each other, yet they will possess an inherent power for general associative effort, so necessary for a National expression of the great Princis now being evolved by the most progressive minds of the Age.

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

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

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

St. Charles, Ill. WARREN CHASE, Battle Creek, Mich. HENRY T. CHILD, M.D., 634 Race Street, Philadelphia. W. F. SHUEY, Elkhart, Indiana. SELDEN J. FINNEY Plato P. O., Ohio. H. B. STORER, Boston, Mass. M. M. DANIELS,

Independence, Iowa. MILO O. MOTT, Brandon, Vermont. F. L. WADSWORTH. Becretary National Executive Committee of Spiritualists.

Chicago, August 15, 1864. PLAN RECOMMENDED-RELIGIO-PHILO-

SOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION. DECLARATION.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED being desirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the minds of Humanity to a due appreciation of the attributes of Deity, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable us to appreciate a com-mon Paternity and Brotherhood, do unite ourselves into a Society, under the Laws of this State, by the name and style of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. OPFICERS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

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

The duty of which officers shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other organized bodies, and especially the following duties, viz: It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the

Society, and preside at all meetings of the Society or Executive Board, if present, and act as the general corresponding and financial agent of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform all of the duties of the President in his absence, or inability to act.

It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep accurate minutes of the doings of the Society and Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurers to receive all money.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all money elonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and if it be from the collector, to receipt to him therefor, and

pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board.

It shall be the duty of the Collector to collect all money subscribed or contributed, and pay the same over to the Treasurer immediately, taking his receipt therefor,
It shall be the duty of the Janitor to take charge of the meeting house, and perform all such duties as are incident to such offices, in other bodies, and act as the general messenger

of the Society.

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

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

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

Dollars is involved.

The Executive Board shall report all their doings at the next annual meeting of the Society, and whenever required by a vote of the Society, in a business like manner, which report, when approved by the Society, the Clerk shall spread upon the records of the Society for future reference.

The Executive Board shall be qualified to give Public Lecturers Certificates which shall endow them with fellowship as "Ministers of the Gospel,"—such Ministers of the Gospel, such Ministers of the Gospel, and authorize such Lecturers, in the capacity of such Ministers of the Gospel, to solemnize marriages in accordance with law; which certificate may be as near as practicable in the following form: CHRYIPIGATE,

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that the Religio-Philosophical Society, reposing especial confidence in our Decturer, do hereby grant this Certificate o Fellowship and recognize and a "regular Minister of the Gospel," and as such authorize to solemnize marriages in accordance with law,

Given under our hands at // , thisPRESIDENT) Executive Board PRESIDENT

....CLERK | Religio-Philosophical Society. OF MEMBERSHIP. " We hold these truthe to be self-enident," . That we are all chil-

dren of a common Parent who, through the kind care of Mother Nature, and the instrumentality of Angelio Messen-Mother Nature, and the instrumentality of Angelic Messengers, ever holds the lowest, or least developed, as well as the highest of His children in his loving embrace, and provides impartially for their every want, and is continually bringing them to appreciate His unfailing love for all: Therefore it is the duty of this Society to receive all who desire to unite herewith, by subscribing to these articles, each individual alone being responsible for views entertained or uttered, or acts performed or approved. And for these reasons no complaint or charge against members of this Society shall ever be supertained, nor shall any member of this Society aver be seen textually any member of this Society aver be seen textually any member of this Society are be seen textually any member of this Society as the seen textual and the society are the seen textual and the second seen textual and the second second seen textual and the second s ntertained, nor shall any member of this Society ever be sus-

pended or expelled from membership.

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

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

enlightening the mind of humanity, and especially of the erring, downtrodden and oppressed.

That the most highly developed inhabitants of earth, are intermediate between those angelic beings of expanded intel lects, who long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the "Summer Land," and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimental plains of this sphere of existence; and that, as the Angelic World tender their kindest offices to us for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our brothers and sisters of every grade, alike, for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness.

To "err is human;" "no man liveth and sinneth not," therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow man in well-doing, and to chide and judge not, as all in turn need encouragement, and not censure and reproach. MODE OF DOING BUSINESS.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern.

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

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

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

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

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> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. How Blessed I was in Glying.

BY D. AMBROSE DAVIS. "Count that day lost whose low descending sun Sees from our hand no worthy action done,

The other day 'twas very cold, And I was out in it, And I surely thought my ears would freeze Almost every minute.

But I was struggling for the best, And earnestly intended To make some heavy heart grow light Before that day was ended.

For there were some that I could help By kindly word or doed, Because so many always are

And little Effic and little Jeffy Were living over the river, In a lonely home too drear and cold For them and their poor mother.

And really they were very poor And almost in distress, For mother could not help them much, And they were fatherless,

And I did pity them so much, So sorrow crushed was Jeffy! And oh, my sympathies did flow So much for little Effe!

Ho any cold that I might feel Or storm that I should stem Only prompted me the more To hurry on to them.

For well I knew their hearts would swell With joy at seeing me, If nothing more that I should do Than keep them company.

But I had more than that to do, Bome other prayer to pray, For I had some good things for them . On that cold winter day.

Yes, I had some things I could give Those dear ones over the river, And I could hear the angels say "God loves a cheerful giver."

> And when I found them as I did All sad and pale and poor, How glad I was that I could give Them something from my store!

And when I saw them so rejoice At what they then were having, Oh, I did want the world to know How blessed I was in giving!

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. CASSIE AND HER HERO.

BY FANCHON. CHAPTER I.

Cassic Ray sat curled up on a sofa before a blazing coal fire one winter evening, evidently waiting for somebody or something, for at every sound she would start and listen, and her little feet were tapping the soft carpet as restlessly as the most playful kitten you ever saw. It was her birthday night, and she was awaiting the arrival of the lads and lassies who were to spend the evening at her father's house. Cassie made a very pretty picture, as she sat there before the glowing coals that lighted her sweet face, and gave it the heavenly look of an angel. Her golden hair, contrasting with the deep rich color of the crimson sofa back, looked like finely spun gold; her cheeks, always red, were then unusually flushed, partly from excitement and partly from the heat of the fire. The room was furnished with luxuriousness, better becoming an Eastern prince than a citizen of our democratic country. All that wealth could supply was there; velvet conches, the cosiest of arm chairs, the softest of Turkish carpets, and from the open door of the conservatory came forth delicate fragrance.

Cassie grew more and more impatient every moment; but at last some one came into the room -not a young miss, in white kids, nor a young gentleman, with the politest of bows and smiles; but a pale, dark-eyed man, who took her in his arms with a kiss and a "God bless you, my little

"Papa, I ought to be very happy, hadn't I? but I can't help thinking of the little girl that came begging at our basement door this morning. It makes me wish that somebody else had some of the nice things you give me-somebody that needs them more than I do."

"It makes me proud of you, Cassie," answered her father, "to hear you say that, but we'll talk of something else now, for it is time your friends were coming.

"What is wanted Peter?" Mr. Ray asked, as a

black face peered in at the door. "There is a boy in the hall, sir, that is none of Miss Cassie's company, and he says he will not leave till he has seen some of you. But I guess he ain't much-he looks pretty common."

"Send him up here," said Mr. Ray, and in a few moments a lad came into the room. Pride was written upon each feature-not vanity or haughty feelings; but a self-respect that would enable him to do, and to dare all-everything-that he thought to be right, in spite of opposition. His broad forehead was white as a girl's, and his large, blue eyes, with their long lashes, made him look "like a picture," Cassie afterward said.

"Well, what do you want, my boy," asked Mr. Ray, white Cassie handed him a chair.

"I have brought home some sewing, sir, that my sister has just finished and would like the money for. We are very poor, and she is sick a great

Mr. Ray paid him for the needlework, and the boy was about to leave, when Cassie, asking him to wait a minute, whispered a few words in her father's

"You'll think I'm silly, I know; but I want him to stay to my party, and we'll send John to tell his sister; and don't you think he looks as if he would be some kind of a here one day?"

"Why, little girl, are you crazy? But you are already spoiled, and I shall have to indulge you. But look at his clothes-he would be ashamed to stay in a coat like that." HOL QAL MOON

Cassie hesitated, but only for a moment, and then spoke softly in reply,-" Poor Harry's clothes would just fit him. They

all hang in his closet, up stairs; and he looks like Harry too, papa. Don't you see?"

Mr. Ray could not speak. His proud lips quivered and the moisture dimmed his eyes, at the thought of the beautiful boy, who slept beside his mother under the snow in the cemetery.

And so Cassle carried the day. The boy, whose name, as he told them, was Fred Raymond, yielded a reflectant consent to join the merry party. So he was sent up stairs with Peter to change his clothes for those of poor Harry, while Cassie was busy with the little folks, who were now beginning to arrive. The music for dancing soon came, but in the midst of all the gaiety, Cassie kept her eyes on the door to see when her stranger guest should enter. At length he came, looking so much like the lost Harry, that when she hurried forward to greet him, the resemblance between the dead and the living was so great that she sank into a chair, with a burst of tears. This east a momentary chill over the hearts of the rest, but it soon passed away, and all were happy as larks again.

Children are more demogratic in their notions than grown people are, and Fred was made to feel that he was welcome among them: Young Clarence Osborne whispered to life sister that Cassle Ray " was so stuck up that she could speak to no one but that sprig of a boy;" but that was all the murmuring there was, and that being jealousy of so sweet a girl, was very pardonable, we think. The party progressed charmingly. Time flew so tell you, papa, that he would be a hero?" swiftly to those light, young hearts, that a little while after supper, it was very hard to believe that it was really twelve that the large clock in the church near them struck. They were sure that there was some mistake, but the little French clock on the mantelpiece told the same story. Hoods, furs and overcoats were donned, and then came the palpitating of hearts. Young ladies of their age were not too delicate to walk home in the long ago I am telling you of, and the boys were neither too delicate nor too bashful to

Fred was the last one to leave, and when he bade his kind patrons good night at the hall door, the g s light showed them the tear drops that stood in his eyes. Kindness was something he had not known for a long time, except from his sister, who, with him, was struggling so bravely against the curses which poverty brings.

accompany them.

Two hearts at least, were happier that night; Cassle, because love-deeds bring blessings to the giver; and Fred was joyous at the thought of the smiles and kind words that made sweet music in his soul.

CHAPTER II.

To be errand boy in a store is not so great an honor, yet master Fred thought that fairles had surely been at work for him, when Mr. Ray offered him that position. And there was a fairy concerned in it; one with hair like sunbeams, and eyes like bluebells, and her name was Cassie. Carrying bundles, sweeping and dusting counters was easy work for Fred, for his labor was lightened by sweet thoughts of what might be some day. He was only sad whenever he opened the door for some lady, brilliant with jewels and laces. And that was only right, for 'twas for his sister's sake. He thought of the contrast between the wealthy woman and that dear one, who toiled with her needle early and late, for lust enough to keep soul and body together. But through it all the goodness of their faithful little friend was the silver lining to the cloud that enveloped them, and a lining too, of which they often caught glimpses.

Time passed on, Fred going to school one-half of each year, and then returning to work. He applied himself so faithfully to his studies that he made wonderful progress, and at seventeen he graduated with honor at the high school. He had often heard Cassie talk of "Uncle Phil," her father's only brother, who had disappeared years before; but was, if living, still quite young. Somehow he remembered, too, that when quite a little boy, his sister Mary had a very dear friend whom she used to call Philip, who took him upon his knees, gave him sugar plums, and said he would be his big brother some day. And then he remembered how the gentleman stopped coming to see his sister, and he used to find her weeping when she thought no one saw her; how she would never tell him what made her feel so badly, and how she grew pale and thin, and people said she would die. All this he remembered, and when he heard Cassie speak of her uncle, he wanted to ask her if he ever knew Mary; but he never did, and never knew. Meantime he had, by degrees been promoted in the store, and he was now carning enough, with strict economy, to support Mary and himself in a neat cottage a little ont of the city.

It was Fred Raymond's eighteenth birthday. The night before he had a dream. He thought that his sister came to him in a bridal dress, and took him to an altar, before which stood a tall, dark gentleman. As he turned to look at the stranger his face changed to that of Cassie; the brown eyes became blue; the black hair, golden. Then he awoke, feeling bewildered at hearing Mary call him to breakfast. And then and there he told her of his dream-and she told the sad story of her love-

"I was but sixteen," she said, "when I first knew Philip Ray, and we were to have been married when I was old enough, but evil companions led him astray, and yielding to temptation, he forged his father's name for a large amount and disappeared. Never, since then, have I heard a word from him but once. Then he wrote, 'Mary, when I come to you you will not be ashamed of me-wait.' And Ihave waited, and God helping me, I will wait on till my hair is gray, and then if he does not come, I will go over the silent river to meet him in heaven."

Fred was a little later than usual at the store that morning; but when he did go he found a message from his employer awaiting him.

"You are to step into Mr. Ray's office at once," said a rival clerk, anticipating for Fred at least a

"Fred, my boy," said Mr. Ray, "you are eighteen to-day, but in capacity and worth equal to most young men of many more years. Now I want an agent to go to India for me to transact business that will keep him there perhaps for a long time, and I want you. Will you go for me, Fred?" "But sir, Mary, my sister, ____" "Twill be hard

for her at first I know; but she will realize the advantage that it will be to you, and I promise to give her a home in my own family. Think well of the matter. I do not not ask you to decide at once. Dream of it to-night and tell me to-morrow; and think too, my boy, of the time when the name of

Raymond - WI IA OF WILLIAM ST "What name did you say !- Raymond?" exclaimed a stranger, starting excitedly from his seat in the corner. "Are you Fred Raymond, Mary's brother? Is she living-is she well? Where is she to be found ""

"Yes sir, I am Fred Raymond, Mary's brother;

she is alive and well," replied the astonished boy. "And you, sir, are the gentleman I dreumed of last night, and the same one Mary told me about this morning,"

"Found at last! Thank Heaven!" said Philip Ray. (It was he, the wayward son and brother, that had at last returned.) "I have searched for you everywhere the four past days, and nearly despaired of finding you. But where is she? I cannot long wait." Seeing his brother's carriage at the door, Mr. Ray hurried Fred away with him, to see the loved one,

I cannot tell you of the meeting in that little cottage. Some conversations are too sacred to repeat. This was one of them. Mary at first told the anxious lover that, as their positions in life differed so widely, she could never be his wife; but her resolutions and firmness vanished at his entreatles like dew before the morning sun. Leaving them to all the happiness they so well deserve, we will follow our hero.

He decided in favor of the India plan, and in three weeks was ready to sail. They all tried not to feel badly for his dear sake, but we wont tell of the tears that filled a certain pair of bine eyes when the day came for his departure. Laden with kisses and prayers, every breeze that blew was filled with blessings-our brave boy went, and when he was out of sight, Cassie, turning to her father, smiling through her tears, said, "Did I not always

(To be Continued.)

German Burials and Burial Places. Nowhere have I found the resting place of the dead so attractive or so much frequented as in Germany. It is called "The Court of Peace" _" Friedor "The Field of God"-Gottesacken;" and abundantly does it deserve these sweet names. The chief attractions are not grand monumentsthere are few of them-but tokens of love; and these not of wreaths of immortelies, artistically wrought with "regrets," or of faded bouquets stuck in dirty tumblers, but of living flowers, and fresh and beautiful as the thought that planted and cared

for them. If you enter it towards a summer evening, you will find it full of women and children, the children bringing water from the reservoir, with which it is always provided, to water the flowers, and the women pruning or planting them. The little things flit in the sunshine, and amongst the flowers, like golden-winged bees. The birds sing among the branches unharmed and unalarmed; and the air is filled with peace and the odor of flowers. The sod is laid up only at the side of the grave, while the top is left for the rarest and sweetest plants that

Sometimes you find at one side an open arcade, with vaults beneath, for the wealthier dead. This is in admirable taste; much more so than straggling, disconnected vaults, although such vaults are not at all uncommon. Connected with some of the cometeries of the larger towns, as at Frankfort, are chambers where the recently dead are placed for a season before burial, with their fingers in the loop of a bell rope, so that the slightest motion will call the attention of an attendant, constantly on the alert. It is a consoling fact that a physician, who for thirty-five years had charge of these chambers of Mentz, declared that he had been called but once during all that time, and then by the movement of the body from decomposition. So true is that almost never does a numan being experience that greatest of horrors-being buried alive!

I have had opportunities of witnessing funerals, both in the city and country. One almost smiles to see pots of flowers, as is often the case, carried in the procession, to be planted immediately on the grave, not only to hear a somewhat lengthy address, but also till it is filled and shaped, and the whole decoration of wreaths and flowers completed. The grave is entirely covered with them. The bler or hearse is generally preceded by a man and a woman -a sort of master and mistress of ceremonies-who are loaded down with flowers and garlands, and whose business it is to arrange them on the grave. The lady, especially, seems greatly to magnify her office, and think her duty quite equal to the parson's.

A grand city funeral is a magnificent affair. I saw one at Dresden. First came two men, each bearing a lofty cracifix. Behind these were two couples, carrying the floral decorations. Then followed the hearse, drawn by four horses, at the side of each one of which walked an attendant with additional garlands. The hearse was peculiar. A huge platform or catafalque was raised higher than a man's head; above this was a second, but smaller elevation. On the latter lay the coffin, and over the whole, hanging quite down to the ground, was an immense pall, which was actually stiff with golden embroidery. This pall was perfectly gorgeous, and the most imposing feature in the whole spectacle. Behind the hearse was a long line of carriages.

One day I had been visiting the fortress at Konigstein. While waiting for dinner in the little village at its base, I heard singing in the street. On going out I found that it was a funeral near at hand. The boys of the parish school were standing in front of the house of mourning, singing with all their might. Soon the coffin was brought out and placed on a bier, which was borne by hand to the Friedhof. As in Dresden, the crucifix borne on high, led the van. Behind the bier came the ministers-every church in Germany seems to have more than one-wearing their gowns, and followed by the boys. In the rear of all came the villagers, male and female, and thus they went singing to the grave. There was something exceedingly solemn and touching in the measured chant as they passed along, and disappeared in the distance. It reminded me of what I had heard in Romish lands. There, however, the singing was to the Virgin; here it was to Him that said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."—N. Y. Evangelist.

Rejected Yankees.

A correspondent writing from Charleston, S. C., to the Independent, says:
"The Unitarian Church has for its pastor, the

Rev. Mr. Stebbins, who is supported by a Northern association. But the loyal part of the congregation is in the minority, and a resolution has been passed that the pastor is not wanted here, because the church will not prosper while a Yankee occupies the pulpit.' Zion Church is ruled by a few turbulent spirits that object to 'Yankee' preaching, and compel the majority of the congregation, who are colored, to seek another place of worship,'

A QUESTION IN PASTRY .- A sub-committee of a school board was examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee, to sharpen up their wits, propounded the following question: 'If I had a mince pie, and should give two-

twelfths to Harry, two-twelfths to John, and twotwelfths to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that

he was ready to answer. "Well sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear," said the committee

"The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow. The committee man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Our Children.

A ohild is born; now take the germ and make it A bud of moral beauty. Let the dewa Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it In richest fragrance and in purest he For soon the gathering haml of death will break it From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. How Blessed I was in Glving.

BY D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun Soos from our hand no worthy action done," The other day 'twas very cold, And I was out in it, And I surely thought my cars would freezo

But I was struggling for the best, And earnestly intended To make some heavy heart grow light Before that day was ended.

Almost every minute.

For there were some that I could help By kimtly word or dued, Recause so many always are

And little Effic and little Jeffy Were living over the river, In a lonely home too drear and cold For them and their poor mother,

And really they were very poor And almost in distress, For mother could not help them much, And they were fatherless.

So sorrow crushed was Joffy! And oh, my sympathies did flow So much for little Effet So any cold that I might feel

And I did pity them so much,

Or storm that I should stem Only prompted me the more To hurry on to them, For well I knew their hearts would swell

With joy at seeing me, If nothing more that I should do Than keep them company.

But I had more than that to do, Some other prayer to pray, For I had some good things for them On that cold winter day.

Those dear ones over the river, And I could hear the angels say "God loves w cheerful giver." And when I found them as I did

Yes, I had some things I could give

All sad and pale and poor How glad I was that I could give Them something from my store!

And when I saw them so rejoice At what they then were having, Oh, I did want the world to know How blessed I was in giving! MERICAN O FORFICH PATENTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. CASSIE AND HER HERO.

BY FANCHON. CHAPTER I.

Cassie Ray sat curled up on a sofa before a blazing coal fire one winter evening, evidently waiting for somebody or something, for at every sound she would start and listen, and her little feet were tapping the soft carpet as restlessly as the most playful kitten you ever saw. It was her birthday night, and she was awaiting the arrival of the lads and lassies who were to spend the evening at her father's honse. Cassie made a very pretty picture, as she sat there before the glowing coals that lighted her sweet face, and gave it the heavenly look of an angel. Her golden hair, contrasting with the deep rich color of the crimson sofa back, looked like finely spun gold; her cheeks, always red, were then unusually flushed, partly from excitement and partly from the heat of the fire. The room was furnished with luxuriousness, better becoming an Eastern prince than a citizen of our democratic country. All that wealth could supply was there; velyet couches, the cosiest of arm chairs, the softest of Turkish carpets, and from the open door of the conservatory came forth delicate fragrance. Cassie grew more and more impatient every

moment; but at last some one came into the room -not a young miss, in white kids, nor a young gentleman, with the politest of bows and smiles; but a pale, dark-eyed man, who took her in his arms with a kiss and a "God bless you, my little

"Papa, I ought to be very happy, hadn't I? but I can't help thinking of the little girl that came begging at our basement door this morning. It makes me wish that somebody else had some of the nice things you give me-somebody that needs them more than I do."

"It makes me proud of you, Cassie," answered her father, "to hear you say that, but we'll talk of something else now, for it is time your friends were coming.

"What is wanted Peter?" Mr. Ray asked, as a black face peered in at the door.

"There is a boy in the hall, sir, that is none of Miss Cassie's company, and he says he will not leave till he has seen some of you. But I guess he ain't much-he looks pretty common."

"Send him up here," said Mr. Ray, and in a few moments a lad came into the room. Pride was written upon each feature-not vanity or haughty feelings; but a self-respect that would enable him to do, and to dare all-everything-that he thought to be right, in spite of opposition. His broad forehead was white as a girl's, and his large, blue eyes, with their long lashes, made him look "like a picture," Cussic afterward said.

"Well, what do you want, my boy," asked Mr.

Ray, while Cassie handed him a chair.

"I have brought home some sewing, sir, that my sister has just finished and would like the money for. We are very poor, and she is sick a great deal."

Mr. Ray paid him for the needlework, and the boy was about to leave, when Cassie, asking him to wait a minute, whispered a few words in her father's

"You'll think I'm silly, I know; but I want him to stay to my party, and well send John to tell his sister; and don't you think he looks as if he would be some kind of a hero one day?"

already spoiled, and I shall have to indulge you. But look at his clothes—he would be ashamed to stay in a cont like that."

"Why, little girl, are you crazy? But you are

Cassie hesitated, but only for a moment, and then

spoke softly in reply, - where the street a of gu "Poor Harry's clothes would just fit him. They

all hang in his closet, up stairs; and he looks like she is alive and well," replied the astonished boy, Harry too, papa. Don't you see ?"

ered and the moisture dimmed his eyes, at the this morning." thought of the beautiful boy, who slept beside his mother under the snow in the cometery.

name, as he told them, was Fred Raymond, yielded you everywhere the four past days, and nearly a reductant consent to join the merry party. So he despaired of finding you. But where is she? I cariwas sent up stairs with Peter to change his clothes not long wait." Seeing his brother's carriage at for those of poor Harry, while Cassie was busy with the door, Mr. Ray hurried Fred away with him, to the little folks, who were now beginning to arrive. | see the loved one, The music for dancing soon came, but in the midst I cannot tell you of the meeting in that little of all the galety, Cassic kept her eyes on the door to cottage. Some conversations are too sacred to see when her stranger guest should enter. At repeat, This was one of them, Mary at first told length he came, looking so much like the lost the anxious lover that, as their positions in life Harry, that when she hurried forward to greet him, differed so widely, she could never be his wife; but the resemblance between the dead and the living her resolutions and firmners vanished at his entreatwas so great that she sank into a chair, with a les like dew before the morning sun. Leaving them burst of tears. This cast a momentary chill over to all the happiness they so well deserve, we will the hearts of the rest, but it soon passed away, follow our hero. and all were happy as larks again.

than grown people are, and Fred was made to feel | to feel badly for his dear sake, but we wont tell of that he was welcome among them. Young Clar- the tears that filled a certain pair of blue eyes ence Osborne whispered to his slater that Cassle | when the day came for his departure. Laden with Ray " was so stuck up that she could speak to no | kisses and prayers, every breeze that blew was filled one but that sprig of a boy;" but that was all the murmuring there was, and that being jealousy of so sweet a girl, was very pardonable, we think. The party progressed charmingly. Time flew so tell you, papa, that he would be a hero?" swiftly to those light, young hearts, that a little while after supper, it was very hard to believe that it was really fineline that the large clock in the church near them struck. They were sure that there was some mistake, but the little French clock on the mantelplece told the same story. Hoods, furs and overcoats were donned, and then came the palpitating of hearts. Young ladies of their age were not too delicate to walk home in the long ago I am telling you of, and the boys were neither too delicate nor too bashful to accompany them.

Fred was the last one to leave, and when he bade his kind patrons good night at the hall door, the g s light showed them the tear drops that stood in his eyes. Kindness was something he had not known for a long time, except from his sister, who, with him, was struggling so bravely against the curses which poverty brings.

Two hearts at least, were happier that night; Cassle, because love-deeds bring blessings to the giver; and Fred was joyous at the thought of the smiles and kind words that made sweet music in

CHAPTER II.

To be errand boy in a store is not so great an honor, yet master Fred thought that fairies had surely been at work for him, when Mr. Ray offered him that position. And there was a fairy concerned in it; one with hair like sunbeams, and eyes like bluebells, and her name was Cassie. Carrying bundles, sweeping and dusting counters was easy work for Fred, for his labor was lightened by sweet thoughts of what might be some day. He was only sad whenever he opened the door for some lady, brilliant with jewels and laces. And that was only right, for 'twas for his sister's sake. He thought of the contrast between the wealthy woman and that dear one, who toiled with her needle early and late, for just enough to keep soul and body together. But through it all the goodness of their faithful little friend was the silver lining to the cloud that enveloped them, and a lining too, of which they often caught glimpses.

Time passed on, Fred going to school one-half of each year, and then returning to work. He applied himself so faithfully to his studies that he made wonderful progress, and at seventeen he graduated with honor at the high school. He had often heard Cassie talk of "Uncle Phil," her father's only brother, who had disappeared years before; but was, if living, still quite young. Somehow he remembered, too, that when quite a little boy, his sister Mary had a very dear friend whom she used to call Philip, who took him upon his knees, gave him sugar plums, and said he would be his big brother some day. And then he remembered how the gentleman stopped coming to see his sister, and he used to find her weeping when she thought no one saw her; how she would never tell him what made her feel so badly, and how she grew pale and thin, and people said she would die. All this he remembered, and when he heard Cassie speak of her uncle, he wanted to ask her if he ever knew Mary; but he never did, and never knew. Meantime he had, by degrees been promoted in the store, and he was now earning enough, with strict economy, to support Mary and himself in a neat cottage a little out of the city.

It was Fred Raymond's eighteenth birthday. The night before he had a dream. He thought that his sister came to him in a bridal dress, and took him to an altar, before which stood a tall, dark gentleman. As he turned to look at the stranger his face changed to that of Cassie; the brown eyes became blue; the black hair, golden. Then he awoke, feeling bewildered at hearing Mary call him to breakfast. And then and there he told her of his dream-and she told the sad story of her love-

"I was but sixteen," she said, "when I first knew Philip Ray, and we were to have been married when I was old enough, but evil companions led him astray, and yielding to temptation, he forged his father's name for a large amount and disappeared. Never, since then, have I heard a word from him but once. Then he wrote, 'Mary, when I come to you you will not be ashamed of me-wait.' And I have waited, and God helping me, I will wait on till my hair is gray, and then if he does not come, I will go over the silent river to meet him in heaven."

Fred was a little later than usual at the store that morning; but when he did go he found a message from his employer awaiting him.

"You are to step into Mr. Ray's office at once," said a rival clerk, anticipating for Fred at least a

"Fred, my boy," said Mr. Ray, "you are eighteen to-day, but in capacity and worth equal to most young men of many more years. Now I want an agent to go to India for me to transact business that will keep him there perhaps for a long time, and I want you. Will you go for me, Fred?"

"But sir, Mary, my sister, - " "Twill be hard for her at first I know; but she will realize the advantage that it will be to you, and I promise to give her a home in my own family. Think well of the matter. I do not not ask you to decide at once. Dream of it to-night and tell me to-morrow; and think too, my boy, of the time when the name of

Raymond "Y MAGE WELL WITH A ST "What name did you say !- Raymond ?" exclaimed a stranger, starting excitedly from his seat in the corner. "Are you Fred Raymond, Mary's brother? Is she living-is she well? Where is she to be

found ?" "Yes sir, I am Fred Raymond, Mary's brother;

"And you, elr, are the gentleman I drenmed of Mr. Ray could not speak. His proud lips quiv- last night, and the same one Mary told me about

"Found at last! Thank Heaven!" said Philip Ray. (It was ho, the wayward son and brother, And so Cassie carried the day. The boy, whose | that had at last returned.) "I have searched for

He decided in favor of the India plan, and in Children are more democratic in their notions | three weeks was ready to sail. They all tried not with blessings-our brave boy went, and when he was out of sight, Cassie, turning to her father, smiling through her tears, said, "Did I not always

(To be Continged.)

German Burials and Burial Places. Nowhere have I found the resting place of the dead so attractive or so much frequented as in Ger-It is called "The Court of Peace" Fried or "The Field of God"-Gottesacken;" and The chief attractions are not grand monuments-

abundantly does it deserve these sweet names, there are few of them-but tokens of love; and these not of wreaths of immortelles, artistically wrought with "regrets," or of faded bouquets stuck in dirty tumblers, but of living flowers, and fresh and beautiful as the thought that planted and cared for them.

If you enter it towards a summer evening, you will find it full of women and children, the children bringing water from the reservoir, with which it is always provided, to water the flowers, and the women pruning or planting them. The little things flit in the sunshine, and amongst the flowers, like golden-winged bees. The birds sing among the branches unharmed and unalarmed; and the air is filled with peace and the odor of flowers. The sod is laid up only at the side of the grave, while the top is left for the rarest and sweetest plants that bloom.

Sometimes you find at one side an open arcade, with vaults beneath, for the wealthier dead. This is in admirable taste; much more so than straggling, disconnected vaults, although such vaults are not at all uncommon. Connected with some of the cemeteries of the larger towns, as at Frankfort, are chambers where the recently dead are placed for a season before burial, with their fingers in the loop of a bell rope, so that the slightest motion will call the attention of an attendant, constantly on the alert. It is a consoling fact that a physician, who for thirty-five years had charge of the of Mentz, declared that he had been called but once during all that time, and then by the movement of the body from decomposition. So true is it that almost never does a human being experience that greatest of horrors-being buried alive!

I have had opportunities of witnessing funerals, both in the city and country. One almost smiles to see pots of flowers, as is often the case, carried in the procession, to be planted immediately on the grave, not only to hear a somewhat lengthy address, but also till it is filled and shaped, and the whole decoration of wreaths and flowers completed. The grave is entirely covered with them. The bier or hearse is generally preceded by a man and a woman -a sort of master and mistress of ceremonies-who are loaded down with flowers and garlands, and whose business it is to arrange them on the grave. The lady, especially, seems greatly to magnify her office, and think her duty quite equal to the parson's.

A grand city funeral is a magnificent affair. I

saw one at Dresden. First came two men, each bearing a lofty cracifix. Behind these were two couples, carrying the floral decorations. Then followed the hearse, drawn by four horses, at the side of each one of which walked an attendant with additional garlands. The hearse was peculiar. A huge platform or catafalque was raised higher than a man's head; above this was a second, but smaller elevation. On the latter lay the coffin, and over the whole, hanging quite down to the ground, was an immense pall, which was actually stiff with golden embroidery. This pall was perfectly gor geous, and the most imposing feature in the whole spectacle. Behind the hearse was a long line of

One day I had been visiting the fortress at Kenigstein. While waiting for dinner in the little village at its base, I heard singing in the street. On going out I found that it was a funeral near at hand. The boys of the parish school were standing in front of the house of mourning, singing with all their might. Soon the coffin was brought out and placed on a bier, which was borne by hand to the Friedhof. As in Dresden, the crucifix borne on high, led the van. Behind the bier came the ministers-every church in Germany seems to have more than one-wearing their gowns, and followed by the boys. In the rear of all came the villagers, male and female, and thus they went singing to the grave. There was something exceedingly solemn and touching in the measured chant as they passed along, and disappeared in the distance. It reminded me of what I had heard in Romish lands. There, however, the singing was to the Virgin; here it was to Him that said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."-N. Y. Evangelist.

Rejected Yankees.

A correspondent writing from Charleston, S. C., to the Independent, says: "The Unitarian Church has for its pastor, the

Rev. Mr. Stebbins, who is supported by a Northern association. But the loyal part of the congregation is in the minority, and a resolution has been passed that the pastor is not wanted here, because the church will not prosper while a Yankee occupies the pulpit.' Zion Church is ruled by a few turbulent spirits that object to 'Yankee' preaching, and compel the majority of the congregation, who are colored, to seek another place of worship.

A QUESTION IN PASTRY .- A sub-committee of a school board was examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee, to sharpen up their wits, propounded the following question:

"If I had a mince pie, and should give twotwelfths to Harry, two-twelfths to John, and twotwelfths to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?"

There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear," said the committee

"The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow. The committee man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

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