

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHIC JOURNAL

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The Orphan's Monument to its Mother... BY EMMA TUTTLE... Stek of the city's noisy din...

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...

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...

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...

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 right has been engraven long ages, even with the commencement of time, by the hand of the Infinite God upon the eternal laws of creation...

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...

We say, therefore, in regard to your rights, that if any man, or class of men, have rights under this government, you have them; if any man have the right of suffrage you are entitled to it; if any man have a right to testify in courts of justice you have; if any man 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...

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 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...

We consider, during the conflict that has just terminated 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 you of every condition and age is, education, so that you may have knowledge and information concerning yourselves...

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...

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 freedom...

You need also those among you who shall constantly, openly and fearlessly advocate these measures in your religious meetings, in your places of devotion, thinking God for those blessings He has bestowed on you, in spite of human persecution and oppression. 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 cannot do it, 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...

The third point of our subject has reference to the qualifications of your people. This needs but little illustration after what we have already said. Since you ask for equal rights in every respect upon 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 to. Let your people enjoy the privileges which the white have taken by force, and then it will be seen what you can do. You are not to be content 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 unflinchingly, 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 itself. 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 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; and who have invoked the throne of Almighty Justice, that it might not let your wrongs go undressed, 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 despair.

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 are wronged by man, shall be uplifted by the Infinite Father.

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 arc 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.

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 the month of August.

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. 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

The Outcast Reclaimed.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
BY C. PARKER ARBY.

Through a verdant fertile valley with its undulating spread,
With the lovely domes of Nature, arching brightest blue o'er head,
Glees 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 along,
And the rippling boat responsive to the wild bird's joyous song.
While the soft and gentle southern winds caressing every tree,
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 sight betokened woe,
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 pure,
Who, resting in its mother's arms, feels in her love secure;
Why need probing this scene so sad? too well each heart will know
The story of the maiden's wrongs, her bitterness and woe,
And as the light wind fans her brow, her heart breathes forth a moan,
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 start:

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

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

Why did I e'er listen
To the tempter's voice,
When his blackened sin-heart
Did e'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,
Thou upon my senses
Welcome death's dark pall.

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 spring;
When down before her startled eyes, a dark veil seems to swing,
Low murmuring voices seem to sweep the air now clear and still,
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 greets,
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 heart-felt 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 dealing,
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 profound,
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 still

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

Waiting o'er the door once,

As they onward move,
Guide me ever upward,
For thy work I'll do,
Even in this earth's sphere,
Thy dear path pursue,
I will work for mortals,
For I know that Thou
And Thy angel spirits,
Will be with me now.
Then kind spirit, loved one,
Father, mother, friend,
Thanks and glory ever
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 smile
With holy love upon her soul the new-born spirit child.

Years pass, and now behold that mid-a woman pure and true,
Upholding faithfully new truths to mortals opening view,
A saint among the fallen ones, they bless her very name,
And erring 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 eloquence, with rapture and with pride.
Each day she knows her spirit friends, and lists to what they say,
And they with angel hearts and words, now cheer her on her way;
She patient waits her exit, from her labors in this sphere,
She clasps the spirit hand and finds a tranquil heaven here;
She tells, that from their bondage deep, earth's millions may be free,
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 hands 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 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 outpourings 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 95 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

Territory. Glory! Glory Hallelujah! "John Brown's soul is marching on!" Let all the people about—Amen!

Thirty-three years ago, I foresook all, and began my public career 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 banishment or gallows for being Abolitionists, officially proclaims itself an Abolitionist! 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 Bastille of American slavery, and the most malignant and unchristian too of its abolition. I would give to the world a Theology that shall harmonize with Manology. If Theology cannot be made to harmonize with the facts of Manology, then down with it altogether!

H. C. WRIGHT.

Reality and Tangibility of Spiritual Existence.

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 Nimwackee. 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 earth-life! 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 accordion 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 accordion 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 no 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 Nimwackee, 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 Nimwackee 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," Nimwackee again addressed me and said: "Budder Jenkins, did you ever know a man by the name of Hollard?" I replied I could not remember such an acquaintance. "There is a spirit here," he remarked, "whose name is Hollard or Hilliard, I am not certain which, but I have said Hollard 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 "Alfred!" "Then," said I, "Alfred is dead?" "Yes," he replied, "where and when," I inquired, "did he die?" He replied—"In Placerville, 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 could not understand her answer, and Nimwackee,

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 visit 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 spirits, could have known anything about her! I had not mentioned 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 show, the 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 hands 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 Nimwackee 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 exceedingly fond of music, and little Swiss knows I am; please give us some more of your angelic music, little Swiss." The little minstrel again picked up the accordion, 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 would quiver, 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 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 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 you."

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 communications from him.

The seance now closed by Nimwackee bidding all good bye. The third seance came off with similar demonstrations—varying, it is true, in some features, but equally wonderful in the manifestations. Among the most remarkable to me was the ponderous force with which Oscola, 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 imitatively time! The little Swiss gave music also as before; spirits appeared, talking with their friends, etc. An interesting incident was witnessed of several little Indians coming and running over the room, talking to each other in their 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, the manifestations again began by the loud slaps the Indian Nimwackee gave the medium on the shoulder as before, he came around the room, putting his hands on the head of each, and talking to them, 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 latter came and pressed his hands on my head, again exclaiming, "Brother!" I inquired as before, his name, and I heard him distinctly pronounce "Alfred." 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 occur but I cannot go into further details now. I may now present some arguments in support of the reality of what I have given.

Men are constituted differently. Some are very credulous, and some are too incredulous. It requires a greater stretch of credulity to disbelieve something than it does to believe them. From this standpoint with 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 suspicion. He is a man of great amiability, and of exalted spirituality. The position in which he confines 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 an operator might be concealed. The doors enter into other rooms are not only closed, but the circle extends to, and generally beyond, each door; the closing up the way for fraud from adjoining rooms 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

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 undimlyngly, 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 itself. 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, welding 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 illumined; 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 despair.

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 are wronged by man, shall be uplifted by the Infinite Father.

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.

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 the month of August.

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. 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 all.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Outcast Reclaimed.

Through a verdant fertile valley with its undulating spread,
With the lovely dome of Nature, arching brightest blue o'er
head,
Glide a pure and brilliant river, sparkling crystal in its flow,
And the setting sun of summer lends a deeper, richer glow;
Bright and loud are its waters, as they murmuring glide
along,
And the ripples beat responsive to the wild birds' joyous song,
While the soft and gentle southern winds caressing every
tree,
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
woe,
Her sunburnt 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
pure,
Who, resting in his mother's arms, feels in her love secure;
Why need prolong this scene so sad! too well each heart will
know
The story of the maiden's wrongs, her bitterness and woe,
And as the light wind fans her brow, her heart breathes forth
a moan,
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
start:

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

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

Why did I e'er listen
To the tempter's voice,
When his blackened sin-heart
Did e'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,
Thou upon my senses
Welcome death's dark pall.

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 waving hands to
spring;
When down before her startled eyes, a dark veil seems to
swing,
Low murmuring voices seem to sweep the air now clear and
still,
As sinking on the ground beneath, she seems bereft of will;
A strange sensation o'er her comes, few 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-
ening sky,
And a soft light seems diffusing the scene her heart now
greets,
For, lo! a band of angels bright, her spirit vision meet;
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:

Sister 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.

Sister 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 e'er 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 murmuring,
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 profound,
But the lesson they have taught her is given 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
still,
And her heart is filled with pleasure, as she yields to spirit
will;
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,

Washing o'er the dear one,
As they sweetly move.
Guide me ever onward,
For thy work I'll do,
Ever in this earthly sphere,
Thy dear path pursue.
I will work for mortals,
For I know that Thou
And Thy angel spirits,
Will be with me ever.
Thou kind spirit, loved one,
Father, mother, friend,
Thanks and glory ever
Thine are without end.

She ceased, serenely gazing 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
smile
With holy love upon her soul the new-born spirit child.
Years past, and now behold that maid, a woman pure and true,
Upholding fearlessly new truths to mortals of all view,
A saint among the fallen ones, they bless her very name,
And erin oases 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
say,
And they with angel hearts and words, now cheer her on her
way;
She patient waits her exit, from her labors in this sphere,
She clasp the spirit band and finds a tranquil heaven here;
She vows, that from their bondage deep, earth's millions may
be free,
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 *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 thralldom 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 outpourings 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

territory. Glory! Glory Hallelujah! "John Brown's soul is marching on." Let all the people about—
 Amen!!!
 Thirty-three years ago, I forsook all, and began my public career 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 hanging or gallows for being Abolitionists, officially proclaims itself an Abolitionist! Not only so, but an everlasting prohibition 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 Bastille of American slavery, and the most malignant and merciless foe of its abolition. I would give to the world a Geology that shall harmonize with Manology. If Geology cannot be made to harmonize with the facts of Manology, then down with it altogether!
 H. C. WRIGHT.

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

DEAR STRS:—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 direct himself in 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 Nimwacke. 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 earth-life! He then came to me and asked me if I was fond of music. I replied, "I am; so is my wife; 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, my 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 further. 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 Nimwacke, 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 Nimwacke 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," Nimwacke 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 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 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 "Alfred!" "Thou," said I "Alfred is dead!" "Yes," he replied, "where and when?" I inquired, "did he die?" He replied—"In Placerville, 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 could not understand her answer, and Nimwacke,

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 visit 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 spirits, could have known anything about her! I had not mentioned 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 show, the 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 joining hands 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 Nimwacke 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 exceedingly fond of music, and little Swiss knows I am; please give us some more of your angelic music, little Swiss." The little minstrel again picked up the accordeon, playing as on the previous occasion with unearthy 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 fullness 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 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 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 you."

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 recording communications from him.

The seance now closed by Nimwacke bidding all good bye. The third seance came off with similar demonstrations—varying it is true, in some features, but equally wonderful in the manifestations. Among the most remarkable to me was the proemious item with which Oscaloa, the Florida Indian chief bounded on the floor, complimenting the circle as a good circle, in broken English, and calling to music from a violinist in the room, who played while he danced. Also there came a major, and with bones beat imitatively time! The little Swiss gave music also as before; spirits appeared, talking with their friends, etc. An interesting incident was witnessed of several little Indians coming and running 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, manifestations again began by the loud slaps of Indian Nimwacke gave the medium on the shoulder as before, he came around the room, putting his hands on the head of each, and talking to that, 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 latter came and pressed his hands on my head, again exclaiming, "Brother!" I inquired as before, his name, and I heard him distinctly pronounce "Alfred." 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 further details now. I must now present some arguments in support of the reality of what I have given.

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

First, as to the character of W. T. Church, the medium, it is unimpeachable. It is beyond suspicion. He is a man of great amiability, and of an exalted spirituality. The position in which he continues 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 an 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 re-

maining 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 confusion 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 instances? 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 enveloped 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 all 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 appear 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 powers 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 work will never cease. The tangibility 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 ecstasies, 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 truth-seekers, 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. P. O. JENKINS.

Extract from a Private Letter.

MARIETTA, Pa., Jan. 24, 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 doing good here. Fraternally yours, WM. B. FAIRBANKS.

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 nation.

"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.

FROM THE APPLE OF LIFE, BY OWEN MEREDITH. Life is good; but not life in itself. Life eternal, eternally young. That were life to be lived, or desired! Well it were if a man could prolong The manhood that moves in the muscles, the rapture that mounts in the brain When life at the prime, in the pastime of living, led on by the train Of the jubilant senses, exulting goes forth, brave of body and spirit, To conquer, choose, claim, and enjoy, what 'twas born to achieve or inherit. The dance and the festal procession! the pride in the strenuous play Of the steers that pliant of power, the will, tho' it wanton, obey!

Charles A. Hayden.

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

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 up 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 air we breathe.

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 parchment, 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 principles of life and were unfolded to a higher and

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 beyond 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 ethereal 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. Mediums 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 Kelsor, of this city, who is one of the most remarkable, reliable and versatile mediums I ever saw. In personifications, especially, she is excellent.

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 me?"

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. 25th, 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 travelling 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 ladies went into the front parlor to the piano, and were regaling themselves with music, occurred the other remarkable test. In the back parlor were Lizzie, the medium, Mr. Henry Beck, his son, Mr. A. W. Pugh, his son, and myself. We had not been sitting long, when Lizzie, under extraordinary influences, said, "Judge, there is a friend of yours here." "Describe him, Lizzie," I said. "Well,

he is an old man, about your height. He stands in a sort 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 sallow; he has gray eyes, and a thin nose which is red and large at the end. He wears dark pantaloons, and a sack coat of a gray color." "Who can it be?" thought I. "His name, he says, is Peter Thomson."

"Peter Thomson! what Peter Thomson? The Peter Thomson who came 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. Beck, "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 funerals?" "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 about 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 Kelsor, 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 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 matters.

Some half hour after this, Mr. Beck picked up the Cincinnati Commercial, and therein read the following to us all:

DIED. THOMSON—On Friday, November 24, at 10 minutes to 12 o'clock, Peter Thomson, of inflammation of 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 have so recently begun our enterprise of religious teaching on the basis of entire freedom of thought, and that four months ago there had been no concerted action, and but little acquaintance with each other among our people here, I think they manifest remarkable earnestness, unanimity and discretion. May we continue to work wisely and unselfishly for the cause of truth and righteousness. On one evening of each week we meet for social exercises and enjoyment, and these are very pleasant occasions. I feel thoroughly at home with the liberal people here, and am well sustained in every respect. We hope some time to be able, as our

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 P. L. Wadsworth.

OUR CAUSE IN MICHIGAN. DEAR JOURNAL: It has been my purpose for a long 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 hour which 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 untroubled by the anxiety of preparation, and time comes for thought, so I write. In a general sense, we meet 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. So the friends determined to have a reunion, 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 one nothing. The "Sturgis Lyceum" was the first to adopt the plan presented by Mr. Davis in the New York Lyceum, and unflatteringly 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 leadership of John B. Jacobs, a young man of much merit, and to him much of its success is to be credited. 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 eyes that speak assurance, "Wasn't it good?"

Our entertainment consisted of tableaux, songs, 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.

ON THE WING. 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 Milwaukee, Wis., to be with them during February. I shall go from there whither I am called, preferring to work where I can organize lyceums, and do something besides lecture on Sunday. Wishing all a happy New Year, I am, fraternally, F. L. WADSWORTH. Sturgis, Mich., Dec. 31, 1865.

Interesting Letter from New York.

NEW YORK, (5th Broadway,) Dec. 28, 1865. 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 fearlessly at work in the vineyard. We have a large transparency in front of our "Temple of Truth," on which is painted the following inscription: "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION—Spiritualism vs. Orthodoxy. Public lectures and discussions week evenings and Sundays, which seem to act 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 looked upon by my old Orthodox friends as more of an iconoclast and fiend of hell than Tom Paine, whose bones were refused a Christian burial. But I have put my hand to the plow, and the old sod must be turned over before I dare look back. 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 thinking people who compose our congregations Sundays, as well as week evenings. I tell you we are alive to the work of saving souls. Brother Warren Chase has been lecturing for us, and has sown good seed. God bless him, he is a faithful steward. Our society had its commencement only last

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 Sundays.) 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 shake 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-Philosophical Association.

MEETINGS AT THE "TEMPLE OF TRUTH," 814 Broadway. Lectures and discussions every Sunday at 10:30, 8 and 7½ o'clock. The hall and rooms are open every day in the week as a Spiritualists' depot for information, mediums' home, etc., etc. All are invited to come, and make themselves at home.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31, 1865.
DEAR JOURNAL: What a desperate reuke 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 virtues for more than two thousand years, I am so far lost and overpowered amid the splendors of Infinity, I can say nothing. Height on height beyond the penetration of finite vision, I see the dim outlines of a deific universe. 'I feel the flood tides of Divinity flowing down through all the avenues of my immortal being. I 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.

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 tableaux, 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 be there."

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. WATKINS.

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

"We confess to being a Sadducee, 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 anyism without evidence of its truth.

Religio-Philosophical Journal
CHICAGO, JANUARY 20, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 85 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

For the terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

To Postmasters.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each \$3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

To Our Patrons.

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

Subscribers who wish their papers changed, should be particular to state the name of the office to which they have been sent, as well as the office to which they now wish them directed.

On subscribing for the JOURNAL, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

To Our Subscribers.

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

As an inducement for a renewed effort in our behalf, we make the following offer: Every old subscriber who will send us the name of a new subscriber, full paid, \$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 cobbles. The actions of the greatest, most learned and accomplished of the Egyptians, possess a marked peculiarity, 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 dark.

Rome represents the 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 uncontrollable as the movement of the heavenly bodies around their central suns.

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 habitments 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 soul.

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 perfectly 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 bylane 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 controlling 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

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

Still, the unknown far exceeds the known, and the anxious student of nature, who has surpassed all his contemporaries, looks off on the limitless sea of knowledge, which stretches beyond the shores of his present acquisitions, 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 strand."

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 mistakes, 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. There 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 come 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 the vast, dead, interminable sea ebbs and flows, controlled by wholly independent laws.

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 geni 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 paraphernalia 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 a leader.

Tell us not of the past. I respect it for its truths, but the world's genius have elevated us far, far above the bravest thoughts of our forefathers. We have actualized their widest 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 mankind 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 throes 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 harmony.

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 outward 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 inevitable 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 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 righteous judgment of God is upon us, and well will it be for us if 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 intermediaries; 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 galleys 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. Whenever we 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 nations.

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 FRIENDS—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 sustained.

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 donation.

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 Mrs. Davis.

This effort is made without the solicitation or knowledge of Mr. or Mrs. Davis.
Yours for Progress,
J. 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 being 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 flowing 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 obnoxious that no Spiritualist, who knew of his tricks, would have any association with him.

The corrupt creature, for what wretch lives so 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 follow him, 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 plitfully mean creatures that pollutes God's pure atmosphere.

He doubtless expected the great Orthodox family would flock around and lionize him, and that the secular press would laud his feats, greatly to his renown, and to the substantial relief of his empty pockets. That Orthodox 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 fair—perchance a good spirited 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 9.

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 he the gentleman who did this bold and unprecedented thing, was Mr. E. H. Eddy, who for some time traveled with the Davenport brothers, assisted at their seances, and consequently 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 themselves.

It is true that Mr. Eddy professes to be animated by truthful feelings in his exposure of the frauds which he has long assisted in practicing, but in eight months, he says, he found the Davenport out, and the exposure comes therefore so late in time after the guilty knowledge, that it looks suspicious, to say the least of it, and more like a malicious 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 dependeth knoweth not. So that really there does not appear to be the slightest apology for him. He stands alone, defenceless, a self-conficted 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 at any time; but to play upon the broken hearts of poor, imbecile women and men, who have lost their only earthly treasures, their husbands, dearest to them than life, and pretend to obtain communications from them, for the consolation of the mourners—is 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 caught with him last night, whilst he 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 boxes, 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 earned for himself the esteem of all honest men. But the temptation of making money by the rattle of the jangle, was too strong for his weak nerves and defaced conscience. So he went on "conquering and to conquer," until, like Alexander, he had subjugated the world; and after weeping that there were not fools enough left to find him in salt to his provender, he resolved to turn virtuoso, 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 encouraging a man of this sort, animated by such sordid motives, in his newly-fledged "honesty," we are bound to declare that his tricks were cleverer than any conjuring or logderman-trick which we have ever beheld by Chinaman or Jap, Yankee or Englishman; and that his exposures were equally as satisfactory as 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 these 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 the fraud of a slip-knot with double loops, made sufficiently large to admit the hands, by a little maneuvering, and hidden from sight by a cross-knot attached to a cord which hung from the neck. It was very edifying to hear him explain how, in certain cases, the disciples were cheated by the mediums; how they were compelled to obey the conditions of keeping hold of hands, while the medium or accomplice swung the guitar or violin round the room, patting a head here and there, or making a regular assault and battery upon some refractory unbeliever.

If Mr. Eddy were only penitent—if he looked only like a fellow who had done wrong all his life, and was now trying to undo it, instead of making a new business of his exposure, and going to the expense of a spanking new black walnut spirit box to set his drolls in, one would be a little more moved to the previous rascality. As it is, we can only praise him for his smartness. But, instead of adopting the legend of the Christian herabery: "Do us others, as you would that should be done unto you," he has adopted the rather anti-Christian legend of old Nick: "Swindle others, as you know they would, if they could, swindle you."

We add a few lines from the Tribune, 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 exposuer of "Spiritualist trickery" of this eve, what he pleased to call an entertainment in South & Nixon's Hall. The tricks performed by him were an expose of the dark side manifestations with which he formerly extracted money from the pockets of the credulous Spiritualists. When his money-making business in that quarter ended, he turned to the other side, and now desires to serve the same end by attempting to prove the foolishness of his former dupes. The extremely virtuous indignation manifested by Eddy a few months ago, when the Tribune termed him a humbug, proves the sincerity of his present assertions. 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.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

No shall give His angels charge concerning thee,
All communications under this head are given through MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

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 she 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.

Remarkd: 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 realises the difference in magnetism.

PETER MOLDEN, OF NEW ORLEANS.

I hear people arguing that "whatever is right." If that is the case, then there is no suffering, because suffering is absolutely wrong. I do not believe in that theory. I do not believe that whatever is in right, I suffered very unjustly—for 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 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 flooded 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 little, ragged, half-died 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, those 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 foreknow he fore-ordained. Consequently it is right, that whatever acts be 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 worshipping 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-died, 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 Boxbury,

Massachusetts. New Year's day was the beginning of a new life to me. I intend to go to the Banner 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 me—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 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 sister'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 unless 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, in 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 business—preaching 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 particulars, 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, lives 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 one child upon earth—parents, brothers and sisters, 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 did 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 died 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 Hattie 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. Good bye.

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

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 Golden Rule.

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 unfolding 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 discontent, 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.

Q. If spirits can control or direct events or cir-

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 Harmonical Philosophy?

A. Does my friend ever think that it might be impossible for him, had he the means, to do as he now 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"? [Quite forgot 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 all grumbling, 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 questioner. 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 Harmonical 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 here closed our book, thinking the medium would be controlled 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 controlling. 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. Cros? 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 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. Won't you come again?] Yes, when I can. Good day.

HENRY.

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 controlled 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 reminded us of were all true, although they had entirely passed out 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 hour. 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 ourselves 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 Thee 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, beautifully 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.

Take another view of the case. Suppose the millions that are spent in gorgeously decorated 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 fanatic of its own sect, who is willing to go to some far off country, to be eaten up by cannibals.

Oh, blindness of darkness, why will ye 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.

J. B. CLIFTON.

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 unmanageable. The Negro race is the result of locality, and like Africa, is dark, thick-minded, superstitious, slow of intellect, and easy of subjection. Does not the Irish race speak unmistakably of the bogs, the mud hovels, the potatoes and butter-milk 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 sweetening or green-ging 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 sweetening 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, luscious sweetings, so common twenty and thirty years ago.

A fragment of rock from the Rocky mountains brings to the psychologist the magnetism of soul of the mountain, and the exact locality from 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 Mr. 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 while, 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 Naiads' rose 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

bottom of the Miami river. The second package was then put into her hand. Instantly the smile left her face, a stern look contracted the muscles of her face, and a wild, savage look stole into her eyes...

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.

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Our Children.

A child is born: now take the germ and make it A bud of moral beauty...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

How Blessed is Giving.

BY D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

"Count that day lost whose low descending an Beam from our hand no worthy action done."

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

Children are more democratic in their notions than grown people are, and Fred was not to feel that he was welcome among them.

Fred was the last one to leave, and when he bade his kind patrons good night at the hall door,

CHAPTER II.

To be errand boy in a store is not so great an honor, yet master Fred thought that fiddes had surely been at work for him, when Mr. Ray offered him that position.

Time passed on, Fred going to school one-half of each year, and then returning to work.

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.

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

"Send him up here," said Mr. Ray, and in a few moments a lad came into the room.

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

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

"It was he! the wayward son and Philip Ray. (It was he! they thought son and Philip, that had at last returned.)

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.

German Burials and Burial Places. Nowhere have I found the resting place of the dead so attractive or so much frequented as in Germany.

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.

Sometimes you find at one side an open arcade, with vault beneath for the weathered dead. This is in admirable taste; much more so than struggling, disconnected vaults, although such vaults are not at all uncommon.

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.

A grand city funeral is a magnificent affair. I saw one at Dresden. First came two men, each bearing a lofty caeffix. Behind these were two couples, carrying the floral decorations.

One day I had been visiting the Knopstein. While waiting for dinner in the little village at its base, I heard singing in the street.

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."

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:

"Well sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear," said the committee man.

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