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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
As Musing I Sat with my Soul.
BY DR. ADOSTS.
One night when the stars in the heavens were beaming,
And the yells of the angels in heaven were dreaming,
As musing I sat with my soul;
How wild were the phantoms that danced thro' my brain,
How wild was the agony for martyred and slain,
As musing I sat with my soul.
And the rivers of blood that crimson the past,
And the yells of the bigot like siren's blast,
As musing I sat with my soul,
Flowed down and shrieked out with demoniac yell,
Of the men and the women they carried to hell—
As musing I sat with my soul.
The young and the beautiful, the good and the true,
Lay mangled and bleeding so plain to my view,
As musing I sat with my soul,
That I shuddered and star'd at the ghastly sight,
While the demons laughed in my face outright,
As musing I sat with my soul.
Then Satan, the arch fiend, from the furnace came out,
And said, "Stranger! Oh, stranger, why will you doubt?"
As musing I sat with my soul,
"Is not this, my good friend, your orthodox teaching,
Is not this, my good friend, your orthodox preaching?"
As musing I sat with my soul.
And the revel began, the revel of death,
The air was so stifled I could scarce get a breath,
As musing I sat with my soul;
And the tortured and torn piled higher and higher,
In agony shrieked 'neath hell's fury and fire,
As musing I sat with my soul.
Then my heart it grew stronger and wild with delight,
For an angel came to me on that dreary night,
As musing I sat with my soul,
And whispered so sweetly, that my enraptured ear
Caught up this most hopeful, this beautiful prayer,
As musing I sat with my soul.
"Oh, child of the flesh! Oh, child of the spirit!
Believe not that God would consign you to hell,
But come up to heaven, and there you'll inherit
The life that we lead, and all will be well!"
Chicago, January, 1866.

Photographically Reported by Henry T. Child, M. D.
THE PILGRIMAGE
OF A
SOUL IN SEARCH OF GOD.

TWO INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES BY THE SPIRIT OF A BOSTON MINISTER, DELIVERED THROUGH MISS EMMA HARDINGE, IN SANBORN STREET HALL, PHILADELPHIA.
The following correspondence will explain itself:
PHILADELPHIA, April 23d, 1863.
Miss EMMA HARDINGE, My Dear Friend:—Your labors in our city during the past seven weeks, as well among the Spiritualists, as those for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, and their wives and children, have given the highest evidence that you are manifesting your love to God by your love to your fellow men.
I know that I speak the sentiments of thousands of warm hearted friends, when I thank you most cordially for these labors among us.
I was especially gratified and instructed by the lectures on the evenings of the 12th and 19th insts., at Sanson Street Hall, giving a thrilling account of the pilgrimage of Theodore Parker on earth, and the spheres, in search of God. I have written out from my phonographic notes of these a report, a copy of which is hereby submitted to you for revision.
You are aware that I am about publishing a book containing the narrative of the experience of several spirits on earth and in the spheres, and as these lectures are kindred in character, I trust you will permit me to publish my report of them in it.
If you could find time to write out an account of the vision you described to me of the rich earl, I should be glad to give it publicity in connection with your lectures.

Yours very truly,
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
634 Race street.
REPLY.
ROSS CROSS, Delanco, N. J.,
June 10th, 1863.
Dr. CHILD, Dear Friend:—You ask my permission to publish in your forthcoming collection of narratives communicated by spirits from the spheres of immortality, two lectures delivered by me last April at Philadelphia. Permit me to tender you the assurance of high gratification, both in the compliment of the request and the pleasure it affords me to comply with the wishes of so valued a friend as yourself. Accept my compliance, however, with a somewhat ungracious protest against the feeblest hope that either of us may entertain, that the publication of these lectures will be the least interesting outside of the small circle in which they were originally given.
I have heard from the lips of modern trance mediums sublime sentiment, profound philosophy, and matchless eloquence; and knowing that the most excellent of such utterances are passed by with cold indifference, utterly unnoticed by the press, apathetically received and forgotten without comment by the majority of audiences that will fall into ecstasies at the repetition of the same sentiments pirated and mangled in expression by fashionable and Orthodox speakers, I have little expectation that essays endowed with the obnoxious titles of a "spirit author," and a "trance speaker,"

will excite other interest than a cold sneer, or the hasty closure of the book from readers, and a sarcastic notice of two lines from modern critics, where a space between the notices of casinos and prize fights is not fully filled up.
As the great stimulus of my life, however, has been and is, limitless faith in the ultimate triumph of truth, and here or hereafter I expect to reap the harvest of every grain of truth I have been privileged to sow, so I commit this with much else of my life's efforts to the great ocean of time, confident whatever of value as truthful teachings these lectures may contain, will work its appointed mission here, and be found again in my own book of life hereafter.
The vision I have written out, and it is at your disposal.
With earnest wishes for the success of the valuable publication you are about to issue, believe me,
Very truly yours,
EMMA HARDINGE.

First Lecture Delivered Sunday Evening, April 12th, 1863.
THE EARTH.

For this night, and on this occasion, the band of spirits who present their opinions to the world through control of this medium's organism, resign her into the hands of an individual. May the recital of his earthly struggles, and the details of a soul's pilgrimage through the same dark shadow land trod by the feet of every living spirit, prove a guide to the toiling sons of earth who are following his footsteps to the shores of eternity.
My first definite thought was a search after God; the first shape my youthful mind had ever imprinted on the tablets of memory; the first form engraved on that plate which life's experiences have stamped with countless images, tracking their panoramic way to the well remembered yesterday, is an aspiration after the great Unknown, the solemn mystery of eternity, whom men call "God." Well I remember, night after night, when still but a young child, how wistfully I have gazed on the shining scroll of the midnight sky, and striven to connect the glorious record there engraved with some perception of the author of that scheme. I never wearied of watching these weird lights come out and group themselves in fiery hieroglyphics on the vast black vault above me, questioning of those around me what and why they were. I learned to deem them as infinite in number, eternal as their author.
I could have hung forever on the lips that told me of those ancient days when Chaldean soothsayers and Egyptian mystics deemed they could discover in these shining scriptures the writings of Him who made them, and recognized His footprints in their pathway, and still I questioned of their meaning, and ever the response was "God." None knew of His whereabouts—perhaps they did—perhaps they held the secret of how He strung those fiery worlds like pearls on the brow of night. Perhaps they lived and blossomed in His skies, millions of ages ere our earth was born; none could reveal their mighty mystery, much less His. "I asked too much."
Even now, methinks I can hear again the booming of the ocean, and its deep, wild roar, or the sullen monotony of its plashing waves in calmer mood singing to me mysterious meanings I felt, but vainly sought to interpret; I knew the hollow ocean voice was speaking; I knew the echoes of the cavernous rocks replied, but what were the words they spoke?—I knew but one, "twas "God," still "God;" and heaving, tossing, roaring, or sobbing over the tempest's wreck, the ocean ever murmured in my ears, the one word "God." Sometimes I thought this earth was God, my childhood's wonder—the ocean tides his heart, the winds his breath, the eternal throbbing waves his life's pulse beats; the rocky mountain ribs his giant frame; the sun and moon and stars, his countless eyes. Oft have I trembled as the wild tempestuous winds tore madly through the leafless treetops, and hoarsely shouted to the waves, like souls in purgatorial anguish, but as they died away in murmuring cadence, till their last low sigh swept by my ear, I was sure they too syllabled out the name of "God." No doubt 'twas strange to watch the mournful child pursuing this wild, unequal strife with nature, searching for that author of whom she herself knew naught; yet so it was. In the blue summer sky or gorgeous sunset, in winter's snow or ocean's vast expanse, wherever the great, the strange, the beautiful or terrible uttered their tones of natural revelation, my tolling spirit strove to dislodge the mystery of "God." I never gazed into the blue eyed violet's cup and searched the shade to find the pure sad lily, but I wondered who had made them—how they were so fair, and whether He loved them for their beauty. How strangely patterned over was every leaf, carved and adorned, and robed like some fair princess! Could I speculate upon the completeness and many uses all things seemed to manifest, without a passionate longing to find out their author? How plainly they spoke His name, at least to me. Forest trees and grasses, ocean foam, and stars, all, all were written over with Him. This was my first Bible—this His Testament, and well I loved it—for was it not His writing, and did I not recognize it, till in everything I looked upon, He had been, yet still I sought Him.

When you behold a reformer tolling along the highway of life, with whole soul and steadfast purpose fixed on the ultimatum of some one grand aim, do you not recognize in Him the concentrated essence of every germ of thought that past ages have sown in that direction? Do you not perceive all the scattered rays of light that have illuminated his form of mind in elder generations, focalized in him into the sun of some discovery, and the fragmentary efforts of lesser men outworked into completeness by his indomitable will? So at least it appears to me, when I review the undivided idolatry of my mind to the shrine of its hidden mystery. Transcendentalists and Pietists of all ages had striven to fathom the first great Cause, but their philosophic speculations were but life incidents compared to the deep and unswerving purpose with which as child, man and spirit, I have traversed the rounds of existence to anchor my soul at last upon the eternal central power of God.
No human teacher directed me or taught me to delve in earth, or sink in ocean wave, or soar away in spirit to the glittering stars to find out God, and yet it seemed to me, though none had told me so, that all must have felt something of my own wild, fruitless aspirations; indeed, I knew in my soul that not a creature whom the great oblivion of the past had swallowed up, had lived and acted out his long forgotten drama on life's stage, but had dreamed as I did now, of what and who was God. Every human heart had throbbled in responsive pulse beats to His own; could they be utterly indifferent to the mystery from which they came, to which they all were tending?
No doubt the curtain had closed over the unfinished problem, countless millions of times; perhaps it was for me to lift the burden they had cast down, and bear it up triumphantly to the gate of the temple. Then unseal the book, enter in, and read "the mystery of God."
As I advanced in age, and thought deepened from speculation into reason, from dreamy wonder into argumentative philosophy, the mode of my pursuit changed, but not the object. I realized another prompting to my search in the strange and problematical condition of humanity. I looked into the face of sorrow, heard the cry of pain, marked the glare of hunger from the eyes of the poor, and beheld young children trained in the schools of crime and corruption as fruit for human gallows here, and "torments eternal" hereafter, and I listened doubtfully to the monotonous tones of the worshiper, echoing from year to year, that "His mercy endureth forever." I wandered into the marts of industry, and visited the homes of labor; I saw the children of poverty tolling for bread; I saw that bread reward their incessant efforts but too often in coarse quality, and scanty quantity. I knew how sweet it was to breathe pure summer air, to toy with the flowers, and sport with the wild free winds. Never did my heart overflow with such swelling gratitude to God, as when in the midst of his natural amphitheatres, his wondrous works were all outspread before me. But what was this to the sons of labor? They had no time to see or taste of the beautiful—to them nature was all a terra incognita. Their lives were all toil and strife, unsummed, unaided, unbenefited; to rise in the cold gray dawn and put on the threadbare, and always unlovely, livery of poverty; to hasten over their scanty morning meal, and with sleepy eyes, haggard and careworn faces, and eager walk, to tread the monotonous way to the mill, machine shop, quarry, wharf or warehouse; from the pale, preoccupied child, already aged in suffering, to the heart-worn, tired old man. This was the life routine of hundreds, thousands, millions whom God had made, and made them so, and placed them there, with the curse of Adam on them, and the heavier curse of want and ignorance urging them to sin, almost as a necessity of ill sustained existence. They and I were to praise His name and worship His goodness, and echo the rich man's assurance chanted out each Sabbath in the ears of the hungry poor, that "God is love," and "doeth all things well." "God is very good," cried the church; "God is very good," echoed the well dressed congregation. "Life is a heavy burden," cries the working man in his garret; "Life is a gallow's pathway," mutters the one in the black cellar.
I asked the factory drudge, the seamstress, and the field laborer, what they knew of life. "Nothing,"—but the mill, the needle and spade, to toll till death or sickness struck them down, and then—what then? A hospital or almshouse for the one, a grave, or perhaps eternal "fire and torment" for the other. I tell you my fellow men the earnest soul that seeks amongst the poor and criminal, for life and its issues, and strives to discover footprints of the Creator in the moral aspects of a city, must know full surely God in his soul, or his search will end in a dark and unsolved problem.
Again I strove to spell his ways out in the homes of pride and luxury—and who can I now remember who was not discontented?—happy alone by fits and starts, but ever seeking to kill time or attain some object other than what he had. I asked the scientific, he shook his head in scorn at the name of God. He was not in the schools—I must ask Him of the priest. I asked the priest—he pointed to the Bible. I questioned this, and found the voice of ten thousand different commentators, rendering me ten thousand different interpretations, and when I taxed these contradictions on the Christian church, it only answered solemnly "Great is the mystery of godliness."
Thrown back again on my own researches, I resolved to commence them even where the religious experiences of man began, and learn as the ancients must have done, of God's first revelations unto man, treading back again in those dim ages where neither gospel creed nor dogma hindered the search-

ing soul from aspiration's flight to the God of nature. I questioned the sage of India what the antique God revealed to him, on which to found his Vedas. The Brahmin told me of Brahma the "void," "the space," "the mighty incomprehensible," who sits alone in eternal contemplation of His eternal self; whose day is the life and ages of a living universe; whose night is its death and chaos. How should I serve or pleasure Him? I asked. Starve the body, annihilate the senses, quench the passions, crush out the energies, undo all he has done, unmake thyself and vegetate an idle, useless, soulless thing; a living monument of inanition, and thy reward shall be to die, and be absorbed in Him at last, and lose thy useless self in His larger universe of uselessness.
I asked for God, and the Brahmin answered me with nothing else—God and no more, no life, no aspiration—motion, genius, light, air, rushing worlds—all, all must cease, but God, and that was heaven for him, but not for me.
I turned to Egypt. The wise men whom the wisest of all other lands had sought into, memory of the Greek and Roman sages who had sat at the feet of the white robed priests of Isis, and drank in from their lips the grand philosophies of earliest ages. This assured me that here I should learn with Thales and Solon, and in the cup which Pythagoras had quaffed drink in the wisdom which should quench my burning thirst for knowledge.
With awe I gazed upon the traces of the vanished power of Egypt; looked into the calm stone eyes of rows of sphinxes, traversed whole forests of giant columns, and colossal pylons, whose grim monumental fingers wrote of the ponderous strength of their unknown builders; measured my pigmy form in the shadow of the mighty pyramids, and flitting amidst the ruins of the vast and seemingly interminable temple cities, rejoiced that at last I should converse with a people whose life was religion, whose eyes of ages had instructed into the secrets of "Aum," and where from ruined fane and hieroglyphic record, I at last extorted the hierophant's degree, and the mystery of Egyptian wisdom was my own. I rejoiced to find that the God of Egypt was the father of forms; that the motion life was the order of existence; the spirit moving on the face of the waters, and calling out of chaos by a supremely intelligent and positive will. Half the Deific principle was the Fatherhood of God, the other half the passivity of the great maternal principle, nature. Osiris the active spirit Father; Isis, the passive Mother nature; Horns, the world of forms, the created offspring; this was the famous Egyptian Trinity, in which was enclosed the mythical germ of all later systems of Theology, but although a clue to the order of creation was presented in the grand simplicity and yet elaborate machinery of these mysticisms, which followed and might have disentangled the whole labyrinthine web of religion; when I would have adapted these metaphysics to the wants and woes of the masses, and presented the wisdom of God as the anchor, and His love as the consolation of earth's afflicted, the veil of Isis was dropped, and the finger placed on the hushed lip, forbade me to reveal "God's mystery" to the vulgar or profane, the solemn sanctuary of religion by contact with the gross realities of life. Religion was for the learned; God's providence for the wise, his teachings only for the initiated—and what for the poor? Rags, wretchedness and Gehenna. Away with such dreamings; the mysticisms of Egypt were not for the miserable, and therefore nought to me.

I asked the Parsee, and he rehearsed for me the famous Sabeen system—told me of the symbolical life and death, crucifixion and eternal resurrection of the orb of day, the correspondence of God, the ever good, with the sun, the ever beneficent, of his journey through the stars of summer and winter; the glittering zodiac, with its malign and beneficent influences, and the countless myths suggested by the starry groups of worlds, all of which the poetic and fervid imaginations of Oriental sages had wrought into a correspondential history of the life and destiny of humanity.
Sublime as was the faith, beautiful the ideality, and ingenious the system by which they knit up man's fate into the starry webwork of constellated skies, the supreme spirit of command over all material things which my soul asserted, revolted against this scheme of fatality. Stars were worlds, to which my soul in size was but as a sand grain; but in power and immortality, was as eternity to time. Stars could not think, reason, contest, and in their grandest magnitude were but subjects of intelligence, passive instruments of that Spirit of which my soul was part and kindred. No! when stars, suns and systems should be no more, my soul should still burn in the quenchless light of eternity; what then to me was a religion which mistook the effect for the cause, the subject for the ruler, and the face of the deep for the spirit of life that moved upon it?
In the beautiful mythologies of Greece and Rome, I trusted I should find the long-sought kernel of philosophy. I knew that the wisdom still so precious in the schools, had originated in these favored lands, and what the subtlety of an Aristotle, the virtue of a Socrates, the philosophy of a Plato, the wisdom of a Solon, had accepted, must be truth to me. I gazed enchanted on these forms of marble in which the Prometheus fire of genius had put the life. I pondered over the stately lyrics of Sophocles, and admired the noble statues of Athenian legislation. The literature, poetry, sculpture, music, martial fire, stole virtue and sublime patriotism which spoke from monumental marble or his-

toric record, all pleaded for faith in these people's religion, but alas! when I would have invoked the living fire by which that faith was warmed, the fruit so fair to look upon, all turned to dust and ashes on my lips. The vestal flame was quenched—the oracles were hushed—the sibyl's cave a refuge for the owl and bat; the Gods were silent and the Castalian fountain dry. I turned to books and found each one endorsed with some mortal's name, through whose authority and by whose system alone I was to find out God. One referred me to Pythagoras, another to Plato; one opened the gate of heaven through the halls of Epicurus, another through the stern schools of stoicism. Each one proposed to climb to heaven on a ladder of his own erection, and each one denounced all other theories as false and baseless.
I was searching for God, and they told me of his creatures; I looked for the torch that should illumine all ages, and they told me to seek it in the grave of two thousand years ago. At length I reached that sacred land which Christians hallow as the very dwelling place of God. The soil where men declare his footprints still glow, the hills whereon he taught and lived and died and manifested forth his glory to the earth. Whether these claims were just or not, I did not question, but because my heart was human, it swelled with rapture as I trod the land with which they were associated. I entered Palestine, the "holy," fully resolved to find the shadow, at least, of the majesty which once men said had blazed in celestial glory on Zion's sacred height.
Standing on Mount Sinai, once more in fancy I saw the unconsumed yet ever burning bush. I heard the voice of great thunderings shouting forth the ten commandments; looked around and beheld vast precipices piled heap on heap, ranges of awful rocks, tossed, torn and riven as if the fabled artillery of Titanic giants had made this mountain chain their battle ground, and in every mighty gorge, on the flaming cataract, the abyss of deepest valleys or highest upheaved cliff, I saw the forked lightnings streaming, while twice ten thousand rocky echoes cried "Amen" to the voice of God.

Again I stood on Gehazi and Ebal, and heard the ban and blessing. Again I saw with Baalam, the hosts of Israel outstretched in unending lines, filling the plains and peopling field and meadow in number countless as the stars of heaven, infinite as the sands of the seashore, all listening reverently to the inspired voice of their law-giver as he rehearsed for them the mighty works which God had wrought, and told them of the glorious destiny which he designed for those who loved his name and kept his law. When I heard him tell of the great deliverance from Egypt, of the walls of power he had built there, of the Red Sea waves, of his finger guiding them by cloud and by fire; his hand dispensing manna; his arm of lightning and his voice of thunder, I wept with joy at the thought of this God of strength, this watch-tower for the weak, this shepherd for the hungry. But when I heard that he would feed the hosts of Israel, but bade them steal their corn from the husbandmen of every other land; that he who gave them cities bade them tear them from their industrious builders, that this little band of favored ones were Israel, and all the earth besides Egyptians to be spoiled, Gentiles to be oppressed, heathen to be slain, robbed, ravished, trampled under foot, I turned with loathing from the God of robbers, the patron of murder, the instigator of rapine, the sanctioner of egotism, greed, cruelty and vengeance.

Heavy was the heart with which I turned to quit the "holy" land, holy alone to the fierce rapacious Jew; the land of Cain to all the earth besides. Passing away from the cities of blood, and the temple where usurpers worshipped the name of the grim idol of their rapacity, my steps were arrested by the sound of a sweet low chorus, sounding far across the sea of Galilee. I paused to listen, and as the tender words "Our Father which art in heaven" met my ear, a thrill of responsive joy ran through my heart, as if the wandering child had heard at last his father's name pronounced. Long, long I listened and long I followed in spirit, the patient wandering steps of him I listened to. I heard him speak of a God whom he ever called "Our Father"—a God whose heart had pity on the falling sparrow, and care for the very field grass—a God of little children and Magdalenes and prodigals. My teacher walked the earth in loneliness and poverty, and common people loved him. He took me to his church, a lonely mountain, and taught me even how to look on God, for he said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." I knew not then that he meant that to the pure and godlike in heart, he is in everything; and as I lingered near him I felt the truth that "He was one with the Father as we were one with him." I heard him say that he came to do his Father's work, and found that was to lay his kind hands on the sick and heal them, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the afflicted, and preach his loving Father to the poor and broken hearted.
In the strength of that Father's power on this his son and servant, I saw him bear the buffet and the thorn. I saw him spit upon and scorned and mocked; I saw his followers all forsake and fly him; I saw him faint beneath his own death instrument, and lying in the agonies of martyrdom, more hideous than the mind can bear to think; I heard his pale lips pleading with his Father for pity on his all unconscious murderers. He passed from earth, but not so with his gospel. I knew in the good, kind, loving, pitying man, in the pure in heart, and

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In the strength of that Father's power on this his son and servant, I saw him bear the buffet and the thorn. I saw him spit upon and scorned and mocked; I saw his followers all forsake and fly him; I saw him faint beneath his own death instrument, and lying in the agonies of martyrdom, more hideous than the mind can bear to think; I heard his pale lips pleading with his Father for pity on his all unconscious murderers. He passed from earth, but not so with his gospel. I knew in the good, kind, loving, pitying man, in the pure in heart, and

truthful life of the Son, I looked upon the Father, at least I thought I knew it, and when the parting words "it is finished," sent me forth convinced that the last revelation of God to man had been made in the saving life of a godly spirit incarnate in man, I went hence to watch the effect on man of the only gospel I yet had found that filled my soul with a realizing sense of truth. "Experience," I cried, "shall teach me the worth of this gospel to man; if it be of God, surely it will bring forth Godlike fruits."

Passing from the land of Palestine, I made my way through the wilderness that encompassed it. Here I found strange, gaping caverns, and in them men who, in their wild attire and unshaven heads, scarcely retained the outward form of humanity. For three score years they had lain on the cold stones, drank of pure water, fed on unsavory weeds, and scourged their bodies with relentless fury, and all "for the love of Christ." I told them of the hungry, poor and suffering; the weak who needed help, the captive who cried for pity. They answered me that their souls were all their care. As followers of Christ they only sought their soul's salvation, and this they assured me was the only certain way to find it.

Farther on I came to a great city, where in the midst of thousands of admiring Christians, I saw a man who for thirty-seven years had perched himself upon a lofty column's top, and was following Christ by living there a monumental saint. I stood within the council chambers of the famous Christian bishops; I saw the followers of the houseless Galilean fisherman in stately palaces and gilded chariots with jeweled mitres on their heads, purple and finest linen for their clothing, and trains of cringing servants as their ministers.

Years rolled on, I saw a noble martyr wreathed in flames, uplifting his streaming, bloodstained brow to heaven, and in the searing agony of death fires, shrieking, "Jesus, thou Son of the living God, have mercy on me!" "Oh, brave old Christian, noble John Huss," I cried, "what wretches are these that dare to torture thee for worshipping God's Christ?" The sullen voice of history answered, "These are Christians." I saw men, women and children, dying deaths so hideous in detail as to appal your shrinking ears; the rock, the fire, wild animals, impaling, scalding tubs, and lacerating knives, were the instruments these human fiends contrived to crush out life. I asked their crime—'twas Christianity, as taught by Wickliffe—their murderers too were Christians, taught (as they said), by Jesus.

I heard the shrieks of hunted thousands come up from the valleys of the Vandals. I saw the bands of exterminators plunging the knife of death into hearts whose last pulsation was spent in crying "Jesus!" while the murderer's stroke was ever dealt in the same all hallowing name. Century after century my laboring spirit made its way through rivers of blood and flaming market places, where Christians died and Christians killed "for Jesus," and where on every side, in every age and clime, I saw man's fell fury spent in taking the lives of worshippers of him whom the assassins claimed as their guide and authority. When I saw the teachings of him who never wrote one line, nor uttered one commandment that might not be summed up in this trinity, "Justice, truth and love," splitting his followers into thousands of varying sects, uttering their metaphysical absurdities in thousands of huge thick folios, and proving their zeal for "justice, truth and mercy," by making Christian lands a mausoleum for murdered Christian dissenters, I own my soul turned with loathing from the name I once so loved, and as I heard it used as the watchword of one sect for the destruction of another, I should at last have come to deem it as a demon's lent to scourge man through his basest passions, had I not seen upon the faces of his martyrs ever that angel light which shone on righteous Stephen's.

Some power there was that sustained these suffering ones in hours of trial that mortality must have sunk beneath; pale, fragile women, pressing their infants to their breasts, tottering old age and feeble youth, all these I have watched with faces sublime and upturned to the skies, call on the name of Jesus and smile in the midst of wreathing flames; mount the scaffold as if they ascended a bridal bed, and chant to the creaking screws and groaning racks that tore their tender limbs apart, their wailing songs of praise and hops in Jesus. Often my spiritual eye has traced along the walls of hideous dungeons, whose loathsome clasp has bound in darkness cold and slime their wretched tenants scores of years, inscriptions full of love and deep submission to the will of Jesus; martyrs for him, and martyred by those who claimed to follow him. Something there was in his tender name, or memory, perhaps his unseen presence, which filled these dungeons with an air divine, and seemingly unfolded these victims with a strength more potent than even his who faints beneath the cross. And thus whilst I turned with deepest indignation and disgust from the God of racks and thumb-screws, *auto da fe* and inquisitions, sects and sections, my soul went out in longing aspiration to feel the movements of that mighty Spirit that armed the victims of oppression in every age and clime to lean on him, the viewless Rock of Ages, and cry, "Thy will be done!"

Time rolled on, but each age produced but a many tinted picture of the same subject. Christians hounding each other to the death; the persecutors strong in fury, the victims strong in God. I stood where the lines of the old Scotch covenanters, stretched out in serried ranks, waited for the foe's advance; I saw the glittering pikes and waving plumes of advancing hosts beat down upon them; then did they raise a long strong shout to "The God of Israel," one mighty song went up to him ere they struck, and the answer was in the death wail of every foe they met.

I passed through the camp of Cromwell's iron legions—one moment they stood erect, each stern, bold Puritan like a man of stone, immobile, motionless, impassive; the next, the vast army fell in kneeling mass, each hand upraised, each eye in supplication turned to the sky, and slowly, solemnly they poured out the hymn of praise and prayer to God. All night they prayed and sang to the unseen Spirit, who filled their hearts and walked in their ranks, and seemed to rain in showers of tears on their rugged cheeks and sob "Amen" from the depths of souls choked up by God. Anon when the voice of the preacher thundered forth the stern exhortation to "Arise! and acquit yourselves as men and patriots," but not for country, name, fame, wealth, but "all for God," who could resist them? The God of battles fought for them the next day, and Cromwell's God-inspired strength swept all before him.

I heard a voice across the Atlantic's wave, it came amidst the howling of the tempest, the creaking of snow laden forest trees, the warwhoop of the savage; it was still of God, still of submission to his will—still spoke of strength and joy in exile, sickness, hunger, cold and death; joy which New England's Pilgrims felt in suffering for God and

truth. Wondering, I sought the secret of their strength; they answered, "They were Christians." A few years later, I saw men lashed with whips, their ears bored through, and their quivering flesh branded with fire—their crime a certain sort of Christianity—their torturers, the Pilgrim Fathers' Christian children. I stood on Salem's hill and saw a Christian minister upon a gallows frame, his fearless lips reciting infancy's sweet prayer of "Our Father," sounding like an echo from the very mount of Palestine. Beside was another Christian minister confronting, mocking, hanging him. The Rev. George Burroughs was dying for the crime of having the Apostolic gifts, giving the signs of belief in Christ, and doing the works of miracle he promised. The Rev. Cotton Mather killed him for thus doing.

I passed to Boston Common—the day was fair, the skies were blue, the birds were singing gaily, well dressed crowds were there—young children, women and men in holiday attire, they came as to a feast or pleasant show. They crowded round a stretching elm, a wide-spread forest tree, and every eye with curious gaze was upturned to see the fruit it bore. Oh, God of the virgin Mother! That fruit was a sweet pale woman, one who had read how the Pentecostal fire fell on the waiting followers of Christ; how "the word in season" was given to those who trusted in him, and because she had sat and waited, and like Christ's followers felt the descending tongue of flame, and spoke "as the spirit gave her utterance," Christian men and women came here by thousands to strangle her and watch her die in shameful agony in God's bright summer sunlight.

Again the tide of time sweeps on, and now with mortal eye, I look on Christianity in life and action, its illustration is a white haired, aged man, who with warning voice proclaims the drunkard's fate—points to the ruined home, the broken-hearted wife, one child struck down and maimed for life by an insensate brutal father, the rest all rags and crime, and dirt and hunger; ruined, soul and body, by the wine cup. It is a Christian minister who speaks in tones of warning, and a Christian congregation which answers him by expulsion, mocking and anger, and taking the moral scourge of persecution, whip him forth from their Christian midst, for "whining temperance discourses."

One glorious summer's day, the 4th of July, (it chanced to be a Sunday,) I heard assembled masses cry, "Hark to America's motto," "Listen to America's watchword," "Our Nationally, our Constitution and our country's pride is, 'LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.'" I turned aside to enter a Christian church, and met its pastor violently driven forth for denying, that to steal a man and sell him, spill his home, violate his children, whip him till he worked, and then live on the fruits of his labor, was not a "Divine Institution."

I go to the "Queen City of the West." I meet a funeral train; they carry a young, fair girl, whom fire has scorched to her mortal body's last long home. I see the procession is made up of fair girls. Alas! they are all "outcasts." She was one who perished, and none other in a Christian land will honor the outcast's dust. It is pitiful to see the tenderness which these forlorn ones have displayed in decking out the dreary form of death. They have heaped the fairest flowers, and richest robes upon the sleeper, as if from their poor hands, the love the world denied to her they would give with profusion. And now they stand beside the open grave; but where is the ministering priest? Where the comforter to hallow the crumbling dust and bid the soul God speed on its dark, mysterious pathway? Alas! all is silence there. From church to church they went, these Magdalenes, and sought admission to the sacred fane in vain; the outcast's dust would pollute the church of Him, whose pity and forgiveness were rendered more tenderly to outcast woman, than any other sinner. Christian men cast out of their church the insensate form of her whom their Master ever refused to condemn. At last one came, a servant of Christ, a Christian minister, who took the outcast's form and welcomed her poor remains within his church, and in the words of Him he served, speeded her parting soul to the land of rest and Jesus. His Master's voice methought I heard cry, "Well done, faithful servant;" but if I did, the gentle tone was drowned in the burst of indignation that went up from the Christian congregation, whose holy place had been polluted by their pastor's Christian act.

One day I saw the stately towers of "the Church of the Redeemer!" That name sounded sweetly to me, and seemed to invite my entrance. Arrayed in such humble garb as I deemed best suited to a follower of poor Galilean fishermen, and a houseless wandering Master, I entered the sacred portals, and faint and wayworn sought for a place to rest; but when I would have shared a seat with the daintily attired multitude around me, a man in better dress than Jesus or his apostles ever owned, warned me off, and when I asked the price of the privilege to sit and worship in their synagogue, they named a larger sum than Judas received for his Master's life.

I crossed the wide Atlantic to search for the European Christian's God. I saw Him where great multitudes had gathered together, arrayed in splendid uniforms, drawn up in glittering lines, and formed in vast procession, a Christian army, on a certain Sabbath, waiting to worship God. The banners of the high and stately English Church floated above them. Beneath it I deemed I should surely find, as in the highest form of human civilization, the highest form of human piety. Reverently still they stood, whilst their minister proceeded to read for them "the Word of God." From the history of the conquering Israelites he read many passages full of charges to "smite and slay, to spoil the Egyptians of their ornaments, the Amalakitcs of their lives, to kill the wives, husbands and male children, and spare the virgin daughters for the spoiler's prey." All this, and much more of death and slaughter, in which the God of Israel led the charge, the priest of Christ read out, then came the voice of supplication, and in deep impassioned tones the minister appealed to the God of armies to grant them "victory over their enemies," and because this victory could only be gained by heaps of slain, desolate widows, starving orphans, burned villages, and ruined houses, they sought to bribe their God, and purchase his compliance with their vast demand, with the promise that they, the Christian army, from the rising to the setting of the next day's sun, would eat no meat, but "fast on eggs and fish." 'Twas the Christian's Sabbath; and turning from the British, I crossed the river to observe how the Russians worshipped God. Their army, too, were Christians, and amongst the wild, strange host, where Calmuc, Tartar, Cossack, and the hordes of vast Siberia were grouped, in solid phalanx, the prayer went up to the self-same God, and alas! in the self-same strain. "Grant us the victory, O God, the burden of our song." "Grant us the largest share in the foeman's slaughter!" God of Heaven! The dreadful maledictions of David in his darkest moods of vengeance,

were mild to the woes these Christians supplicated God to heap on each other's heads, and they, too, would bribe their God with fasting—only this time, the *Christ-like preacher* promised his God to abstain from eggs and fish, as well as meat. Doubting the propriety of appointing each army its fast for the same day, and speculating on the perplexity "the powers that be" must feel to decide who was most worthy to come off the conqueror, when eggs, or no eggs, was to be the mode of arbitration, methought I saw the embattled hosts engage; whole ranks mowed down in death; vast heaps of slain where once had stood tall fronts of living men; I saw them go out like lamps in death and darkness; hundreds of thousands of useful, precious lives, quenched, wasted, worse than that, perhaps struggling into being in some other world where there was yet no place for them, where souls rushed in unfitted—unprepared.

Aghast at the awful consequences of war when measured by its issues in eternity, I addressed the victims still in life and asked if they knew what they were doing, whether they were hastening, or the consequence to those whom their destroying swords would kill? They answered me, that as "Christian soldiers," they left all such considerations with their ministers. I turned to those whom they vainly thought would bear their soul's responsibilities for them; I turned with the words of Jesus on my lips—"My kingdom is not of this world—if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews." "Followers of the Prince of Peace," I cried, "how can ye fight, if ye are of his kingdom?" Instead of answering me in reason, they answered with the repetition only of my name, and with it, torrents of abuse and bitter railing; asking who was I, that dared to question men of creeds, denominations, and church memberships? Had I not renounced all these, to follow Christ alone, and eschew his ministers? Away with me! or, if the Lord had any dealings with me, they prayed the voice of pious Boston Christians might be heard, and hooks put in my jaws to silence one who dared to preach of God and Christ outside the shadow of a Christian temple.

And now I passed from the search for God through man and his assertions, and strove to find him in the deep recesses of my own unquiet heart. Alas, I had strung its harpstrings all too rudely, and torn them in the struggle. Now their power to make *Deific music* was gone; the jangling tone of harsh theologies had worn them out, and they snapped beneath the hand that strove to wake their dying sweetness, like quiet bells tolling the death of hope. I felt the shadow coming on my country. I knew the sun of her first young days' prosperity was setting fast; I saw the storm clouds mustering, and knew ere long, a dark, tempestuous night would wrap America, my own beloved America, in its sable pall of sorrow. I knew how helpless were human hands to save. Every nation's history and shown to me "the handwriting on the wall," and I knew that the fingers of the writer were a spirit!—I knew that the unseen arm, and mighty mystery from which it came, alone could uphold America, and bear her barque triumphant in the storm; but how could I teach a power I did not know—discourse of Him who sat behind the veil my straining vision strove in vain to penetrate? Oh, I had loved Him, felt Him, worshipped Him! I had heard them sing in tender tones of music, "nearer to thee, nearer my God to thee!" my soul's unspoken music echoed these words, with agonizing longing to find them realized. I called his name, and thrust it on my hearers, that its magic tone might vibrate back upon myself—and yet, I knew him not, my search had been full of bitterness and vanity—a wail, sublime in thought, but paltry in effect, a mockery in action, were nearly all the systems on which I had porled. Could God be true and man so very false? The author and his work were all at variance. The creature and Creator mocking foes.

Oh, that I could have preached with my lips what my full soul felt! could demonstrate, in matter, the untranslatable tones of spirit! This was my endeavor, and it failed. The best I could do was to offer an anchor of words and language Godhead to my listeners, but never yet had my voice discoursed of God, while my soul could fully cry "amen." And so I knew I could never raise a standard of hope and trust to my suffering country. I could not understand or worship for myself. Poor country! she would wander far and wide, and sit as a widow desolate, ere she could find her Saviour; but could my experience of church systems teach her, when to myself, my review of religious ages had well nigh made me look on man as only less than a hypocrite, because, perchance, he might be a fool? Oh, where on earth was His dwelling, or where below the skies was His altar set? My soul conceived of Him, as all the power and all the glory, and if I could not demonstrate this to myself or teach my fellow man in other form than lifeless words, what more had I to do on earth?

I saw the anchor, but could not, heave it up from the deep abyss of mystery, and so I prayed with my persecutors that my tongue might cease in death's eternal stillness, and since I could not do his bidding here, to take me to Himself. Sometimes I heard vague rumors that bright immortals came to earth, and the solemn seal of death could not restrain the loving spirit in its cold embrace, but back to earth it sped to demonstrate a spiritual life without material envelope. I knew it was true, "the seventh seal was broken," and SPIRIT, "THE MYSTERY OF GOD," would be revealed—but spirits came not as I deemed they should. The grave was too sublime, the change of death, in my thought at least, too mighty to be the subject of poor foolish rapping spirits and idly dancing tables. I looked for angels, and only heard of simple men and women. I closed the humble door against my soul, because I did not find a towering portal to the heavens. They took me then to sunny Italy, the land of cloudless skies and everblow. They laid me in the shadow of the blossoms, whose perfumed breath brought dreams of rest and paradise. Kind voices whispered peace, and the fast receding world looked hollower and far more tranquil now that I, the unquiet soul, was passing from her. Stealing gently on came the evening death hour; time's pulse quickened faster yet, and faster; 'twas evening time no more, 'twas night, thick darkness—and then came out the silver watchers of the skies; so calm, so holy, yet so wondrous strong in their eternal pathway through all ages. Methought I heard the bell of midnight sound, and the muffled tramp of marching feet; nearer they came, yet nearer; their tramp was music now; celestial music. They sang of "Home, sweet home!" the wanderer's welcome home! I knew that they were spirits, friends who had gone before; I knew that they were blessed, and radiantly happy. I stretched out my arms to clasp their forms of light; I breathed the fragrance of the flowers that crowned their shining brows; my fainting lips refused to sing of home, but my wildly throbbing heart beat time to their glorious anthem. I heard the low and piteous cadence of sobbing voices round me; children of earth, who saw not

the death chamber thronged with the sons of light my eyes beheld.

They mourned for me as dying, and would have chained my passing soul by affection's tendrils down to earth; but though no voice proclaimed it, I knew I should not leave them; I saw the veil of the earthly temple rending, and knew I should stand within it, hand in hand with the bright immortals, but still in this mother planet. I thought, but could not speak the triumphant words, "There is no more death," and "I shall at last see God." There was silence then, and through the solemn hour of parting life and midnight, rang out a guardian angel's voice—
"Poor, weary child of earth, come hence to me; Open the gates, and let his soul go free!"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Tuttle's "Physical Man."

Is not this an age of wonder,
Glorious triumph, startling thunder,
Howled dreaming, wild awaking,
Rain crumbling, system shaking,
Bold and tolling undertaking!

Men to-day unveil their faces
In most consecrated places;
Shift old records, doubt old stories,
Rob revered old heads of glories,
Crying "Truth must reign to-day,
In your misplaced wreath of bay."

Gathered lore from countless ages
Gleams on Hudson Tuttle's pages.
At his touch vast systems rock,
Thundering far and near a shock,
While men turn their faces onward
And can choose not but march onward!
In the sparkle of truth's sunlight
Out of Error's starless midnight.

Rush of storm and crash of ocean,
There is beauty in your motion!
Whirling suns, and globes of dew,
Man's heart is akin to you!
We are made of countless parts,
Nature beats upon our hearts
In the moaning of the sea,
In the river's melody;
We were elementally,
Every varying thing there be—
Strange cosmopolites are we!

Turn to Hudson Tuttle's pages,
Read the records of the ages,
You have played on many stages,
And are going to be ages!
Look where the white stars glow stilly,
Walk in caverns damp and chilly,
Part the oceans, climb the mountains,
Drink of new and sparkling fountains!
And when you are through his book,
You will have a fresher look
After all your toil and travel,
Strata-hunts, and scratching gravel!

Fogles, fifty years asleep,
Read it and begin to leap,
Thoroughly electrified,
Marshaling on Tuttle's side!
He has turned things upside down,
Like a griddle-cake, cooked brown,
And the theologians, tied,
All lie on the under side!

Get the book and read it through;
It is newest of the new,
And will prove a feast to you,
Relieved by the best regard.

Elmira, N. Y.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE—No. 3.
LONDON.

Well, here we are, among the English, roast beef included. I have been the rounds, and I think got the worth of my money, except at the Branam Hotel, which, though just opened, is poorly kept, and at high rates. Each extra is charged in the bill, item by item, beginning with the room and ending with the candles you burn and the soap you use, together with every article that you have ordered at the table, which is the European style.

Three millions of people are said to be congregated here, and yet the city seems to be in better order and under better control than many smaller places. Many of the streets are very wide, and present as pleasant and business like an appearance as New York or any other American city, which is more than I can say of any other city I have visited yet, except Edinburgh, and that had rather a stiff look to a business man. Had an American merchant been set down in Edinburgh and started off on his usual hurried gait, with his coat tails at an angle of forty-five degrees, I think that not only the people, but the stiff, stark statuary that stand like sentinels on every corner and in every square, would have stared with their fixed eyes upon him.

But I am in London, and not in Edinburgh. One of the first objects of interest in Westminster Abbey, a massive pile in a fine state of preservation, of the Gothic style of architecture. As it was Sunday, we entered by one of the numberless entrances, and sat down to wait for proceedings, as we were quite early.

There were about six hundred persons in attendance, and one or two ushers in livery, to show some of the favored ones to their seats; I not being one of these lucky souls, was approached gruffly by one of the ushers as I was about passing through a gate attached to a railing, so as to be able to see and hear the better, and informed that I couldn't go in there; and so I sat down outside among the goats. I had sat but a few moments when I found myself chilled through, and on looking above, below and around, there was nothing in sight but dismal, dingy, stone pillars, stone ceiling, stone floor, and stone walls, giving the whole scene a damp, dismal and most chilling effect. To add to it, if necessary, on looking around I found I was in the graveyard of all the old murdered and murdering Kings and Queens who had graced or disgraced the pages of history for fifteen hundred years! The Abbey was erected in the seventh century by the Romans after they conquered Great Britain. It is an immense structure, 400 feet long by 300 wide, and of proportionate height, which makes one feel as if the people who built it must have been giants. It is a wonderful old pile, and its history would fill a volume, as it was occupied long years by Roman Catholic monks. Cells and dungeons, with massive doors, are still extant, whose grating sounds from rusty hinges have no doubt congealed the blood in the veins of many a victim as he heard them close upon him forever, and that too, in the name of Christ.

In the niches and between the massive columns are statues, bas reliefs, and other representations of the process of the slumbering dead. While the larger portion could only recall the names of a defunct monarchy, there are the names of a few great jaiants which will live through all time, and towering far above them all is the magic name of William Shakespeare, a bust of whom still stands

conspicuously in the Abbey. The bust of Milton is here also, and by some revered even more than Shakespeare's; but I can see no comparison between the two, for while the one showed human nature in its truest light, the other turned horror stricken from the sight.

But we must bid adieu to Westminster Abbey, and so make our way to St. Paul's, a more modern structure and a greater triumph of architecture. The dome of the church is 385 feet high. The length of it is 514 feet by 287 wide, and it will hold 25,000 people. It is a pilgrimage to the top, besides being slightly expensive on account of guides; but when you get there you have London at a glance. When you get up about 400 steps you come to a whispering gallery in the dome, which is the most wonderful thing of the kind I ever saw or heard of; for the gallery is circular and 100 feet across, and yet the old guide stands on one side with his face from you and against the wall, and though speaking in a low whisper, every word can be heard distinctly on the opposite side.

On the top of the immense dome is a balcony from which, if the weather is clear, you get a magnificent view of the city, and can look even far out to the sea. Here the Thames winds its serpentine course through the heart of the city, spanned by its many fine bridges, and its waters alive with the myriad crafts that daily make a thoroughfare of its placid waters.

From this elevation may be seen the steeples of 600 churches piercing the sky, and away in the distance may be seen the domes and crystal roof of the world renowned Crystal Palace, as it reflects back the gorgeous rays of the sun in a halo of glory. Looking down upon the houses, they all seem to be one or two stories, and yet seven and eight stories are common, and even in old parts of the city, it is not unusual to see ten.

The streets, even those of good width, look like alleys, and the people like pignoles. It is a grand sight, and well worth the labor to accomplish it for no other purpose than to get an idea of the vastness of this great metropolis, and to fix the locality of the points of interest in your mind.

Next, we take our way to the House of Lords and Commons, and by a card and a fee (mainly the fee, we think,) we gain admittance. We wish to form a comparison between the interior of this and the halls of Congress at Washington. While both are rich, the style is very different; for in Washington the halls are high, airy and gorgeous, and are decorated with a great variety of colors and designs, calculated to relieve the eye and charm the senses.

Not so the houses of Lords and Commons. The interiors are finished in carved oak, rich and antique, yet dark, dismal and depressing in its effects. No wonder that men who congregate here continually look on the dark side of the picture, for there is not the slightest thing to charm the eye or heart; and to see them in session one would suppose they were holding court over criminals, rather than legislating for a free and enlightened people.

The structure is situated on the banks of the Thames, and is a commanding pile of architecture.

Next we take a little steamer, about 100 feet long, with open decks, protected only by an awning. There are so many of these steamers, and all alike, fitting past each other, that you would think it wonderful that they do not collide a dozen times on the trip. You can go the entire length of the city in these little busy bees for a penny, and they form a cheap mode of travel for persons on business as well as pleasure seekers. There may be, perhaps, 300 persons on one of these little crafts, which touch at the different streets to load and unload their living freight.

Now we will take the railroad, and make a trip of seven miles to the Crystal Palace, selecting Saturday, on which day there is always a concert. Entering the grounds, we find them spacious and beautiful indeed. Fountains, statuary, pagodas, terraces, miniature flower gardens, lakes, and in the distance on an elevated plateau stands the splendid Crystal Palace, with its towers reaching into the vaulted heavens. Here is Fairyland. There stands the Temple of Fame. All thanks to human progress, all that is grand, gorgeous and beautiful, even in this country, is not clutched in the grasp of royalty or the aristocracy. Here magnificence is reared for the benefit of the multitude. Glory to the head and heart that designed it, and glory to the nation that helped rear it. We came and as far as the eye can reach, we see an endless with crystal tops and sides, the top being domed shaped. In contrast to the light which beams upon us from all sides, dazzling the eye, are aquatic plants growing in rich profusion and luxuriance, and through which among these are statues of war nymphs of every conceivable form, which contrast finely with the green foliage, amongst which they hide.

The main building is 1500 feet long and 200 wide by eight high; and though not now complete, only by the exhibition of samples and for amusements, it is a place of great attraction, from its immensity of its conception and design. There it will stand, no doubt, for many years to come a monument of art and a great source of interest to all who behold it.

We now return to the city; to-day being Sunday, we go to hear the Reverend Mr. Spurgeon, the hero of the English pulpit, as Beecher is of the American. He is a man of middle age, stout, and rather bald. It was a hot day, but his words made it hotter in his audience than the day was for him, as he told them it was hardly possible that out of a congregation so large as that there would not be some who would not be damned, and he told them to sit themselves, "Is it I—is it I?" I thought I could see some of them tremble in their shoes.

His style of preaching is very much like the Methodist's fashion of appealing to the nervous systems of his hearers rather than to their reasoning powers; and as might be expected, I saw one lady more timid and excitable than the others, carried out in a fainting fit.

He is a sensation preacher, and the religion he instills into the people will last just till they get outside the walls of the church. It is all the rage to have a pew in Spurgeon's church, and so the biggest bidders get them.

The Thames tunnel is a wonderful structure, but has failed utterly in its design, which was to make a thoroughfare from one side of the Thames to the other. I suppose one cause of its failure is the vast number of steps that have to be traversed to get into it. They are now making a railroad through it, expecting to lower and hoist the people by steam, so that this difficulty will be obviated.

Now we will spend the balance of the day among the public parks, a number of which are to be found here. The most central one is St. James', and though there is no sign of flowers, nor even an attempt at shrubbery, still the foliage of the large trees refreshes the eye and affords a grateful shade, lending it a country freshness delightful to the denizens of this immense city.

In the center of the Park, which contains about 500 acres, is a lovely artificial lake, in which are...

After tea we take a haansom. This is a two-wheeled vehicle propelled by one horse, and holds two persons, with the rider perched up behind on a box, making it one of the most ludicrous sights you can imagine.

They spell all kinds of names and represent all kinds of characters with the most beautiful colored lights, varying in shade and hue every instant, and perfectly dazzling the eye and the imagination with the various changes.

And now we must close our letter, after merely taking a glance at the London public and places of business. Regent street is the great business street, and is made up of yellow stone front houses.

EUROPE.

Heart Song.

(For Music.)

BY P. B. RANDOLPH.

Love me, love me in the morning, when the sun is shining, and the light breaks on the world, and crimson glories, sky-adorning, wave their banners, all unfurled.

Love me when the sun is flashing, and the rippling seas of love and light, and love me when his flames are dashing, and death to darkness and to night.

Love me when 'tis eventide, and God's starry eyes look down, and when tempests on the air shall ride, or threatening storms in anger frown.

Love me when my cheek is fading, and my sparkling eyes grow dim, and when flocks of gray my hair are shading, my form no longer blithe and trim.

Love me when the fiery billow rolls its burden o'er my soul, and love me when from sorrow's pillow I hasten to the further goal.

Love me when this life is ended, and my soul is wafted o'er, the River, and with angels blended, on the blessed, mystic shore.

Love me; we shall meet again.

New-Orleans, Christmas Eve, 1865.

WOMEN.

Theodore Parker, in one of his sermons, uttered the following remarks touching women:

There are three classes of women:

First, domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their housekeeping and child-rearing. Their housekeeping is a trade and no more.

Next, there are domestic dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show that delights the eye and ear. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at Paris, Nuremberg, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and at other toy-shops in Europe, out of wax, papier mache, and sold in Boston at the haberdashery's by the dozen.

But there are domestic women, who order a house and are not mere drudges, dolls, and are not more dolls, but women. Some of these—a great many of them—comprehend the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are wholly taken up with their functions as house-keeper, wife and mother.

A company with a capital of \$100,000, has been formed for the cultivation of grapes, in Millin Co., Ohio. They expect to realize large profits.

Abstract of Chas. A. Hayden's Lecture on Unity, Fraternity and Liberty.

DELIVERED JAN. 14TH, 1866.

INVOCATION.

Oh, Spirit present, we invite Thee this morning into our hearts to inspire our devotions, as we mingle our thoughts with the world of life, and express our desires and aspirations through the great avenues of spiritual intercourse—called prayer.

While we thank Thee for all that Thou hast given to us, all that has been created to meet the wants and demands of our nature, which we see clothed in beauty, adapted in their variety to meet all our requirements, we feel that in gratitude and praise our aspirations should go up even to the very center of thy Being, and bring down fresh draughts of inspiration, and like the mantle of Elisha, fall over us until we shall feel clothed with the garments of Heaven, and in deep and silent adoration, lift our souls to Thee.

We thank Thee for all created things in heaven and earth—for earth, with all its many forms of life, its temples, hills, its rocks and rills, which all administer to our happiness and life; and as we walk in the treasure house of infinite life and learn from the various lessons that are transmitted to us from this great and living volume, we would feel that humanity is being lifted up by Thy spirit to meet the ends of its life in its eternal progress and development.

Mr. Hayden considered these as the basis of a true philosophy—a practical religion, as it makes itself manifest as a unit. He believed in God as a unit, and the parts or atoms of the universe as making one great whole. Spiritualists, in their thoughts and liberal sentiments were subject of course to inharmonies and as it would seem, inconsistencies, which belong not to the broad platform upon which they claim to stand, which gives to every individual the right of thought and liberty of action.

They did not expect to get truth unbiased, independent of all external prejudices. It was difficult to form a true conception of the objects, aims and purposes of life; yet all who thought calmly would see that they were tending towards a practical development. Spiritualists who claim to believe in unity of action, and in moving forward to whatever appertains to the philosophy, science or advancement of humanity, though they may think differently upon the same subjects, yet agreeing when they come back to primary principles, should endeavor to adopt the same great measures, which shall advance humanity morally, intellectually and spiritually—making them in harmony with themselves—giving every individual the same right that they claim for themselves. We need unity of action, unity of purpose, to carry forward any great movement; and unless the Spiritualists are united, they are weak. They claim great numbers of believers in the Spiritualistic philosophy, both in this country and in Europe; but numbers availed nothing, unless there was unity and harmony amongst them. Spiritualists lacked unity, lacked harmony, yet they had talked the most about a great Harmonical Philosophy. They were wrangling and discordant upon the most petty and trifling things, which were nothing in themselves, instead of being bound together and developing the great interests of humanity, acknowledging and teaching that the propensity of the race depends upon individual interior development. It was for Spiritualists to bring forth from the great storehouse of creation those living truths which are to be wrought into our beings to meet the wants of our eternal souls. He would give every man liberty of thought and action, but not the liberty to infringe upon the rights of others—that would not be true liberty, consequently, when we erect this broad platform, we do not suppose that any one will be privileged to set our buildings on fire or that crazy fanatics and hobby riders shall bring their views before those who do not wish to hear them. That would be infringing upon the rights of others.

Spiritualists had theorized long enough—had been disintegrating long enough. Now it was time to see to what they were tending. Disintegration had gone through all the elements of society, and why? Because they had met the bulwarks of old institutions that stood in the way of progress. There had ever been warfare between old and new opinions. When they clashed one or the other must give way, and thereby create an era in which to build another temple to worship in, which shall be better fitted to the wants of our individual minds. Did we say that the world was satisfied with the old creeds and dogmas—church and State? If so, they could not be destroyed. Why are people doubting and skeptical? It is because they feel within themselves that the old foundations are giving way—they know that they cannot be steadfast when they are rocked to and fro by the waves of new inspiration passing through the mind of humanity.

The old of necessity give place to the new—give place to something better. He believed in humanity making a better mold and weaving into its life the beautiful and eternal inspiration that shall quicken its natural aspirations. We want to labor together with the one great idea of our infinite life beyond. Since Spiritualists claim to bring down heavenly manna with which to feed the multitude, and scatter as it were a few crumbs from the Master's table to be appropriated by the million, they should, as creation opens up to them the great principles of absolute life which lie beyond their reach, be satisfied to move on and perform those duties which will bring them nearer the better and truer standard of that life. He did not believe that there were any revelations from God that were not in perfect harmony with natural reason. He claimed also that man's spiritual organization was given him by the Eternal as the great standard of truth, and that everything that was given to him came to him through his natural and spiritual senses; and that upon whatever was made manifest to his comprehension, he built his faith and everlasting growth, bringing out his richest conceptions of the Creator—that Center which moves all the world of matter, and subjects it and controls it by its own powers and principles of life. Nothing could place man outside of God—outside of nature, and leave him emptied of God and goodness, and everything that belongs to life external. Spiritualists should work together and teach humanity what it may become by listening to the highest aspirations of its own soul. They should know, too, that to lose themselves in the great interests of the whole, their best interests are always served and their noblest individual characteristics brought out.

Commissioners appointed by Gov. Fenton, are examining sites in Western New York for a new Insane Asylum, to be called the Willard Asylum. The city of Buffalo has tendered a choice of three locations in that city.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

An Idea of the Human Mind—A Child in the Repository of Infinite Possibilities—Fostered in the human infant in the beautiful "image" of an imperishable and perfect being.

The following is a synopsis of the new and somewhat novel plan of educating the young, Mr. A. J. Davis, the projector of the plan, is now in the city, and we understand will give an illustration of his method of teaching at Temperance Hall, on Sunday P. M., at two o'clock.—Olemond Plaindealer.

In the baby constitution we recognize the holy plans of the Divine Goodness—the impartations of Divine Wisdom—the image and likeness of the Supreme Spirit—the possibilities of the greatest manhood, womanhood, or angelhood. The human mind is the most richly endowed. Its sphere of influence and action is the broadest. It is empowered to hold dominion over time, winds, things, and circumstances. It draws its life unceasingly from the living life of Nature. It feeds upon the phenomena of truth. It aspires intuitively after perfection. It rises to the sphere of individuality and freedom. And it includes all the love and conditions of growth, variety, genius, renewal, progress and completeness.

"Man is the measure of all things," said Protagoras, one of the Greek sophists; "and as men differ, there can be no absolute truth." "Man is the measure of all things," replied Socrates, the true philosopher; "but I would desire to be his personality, and you will find that underneath all varieties, there is a ground of steady truth. Men differ, but men also agree; they differ as to what is fleeting; they agree as to what is eternal. Difference is the region of opinion; Argument is the region of Truth; let us endeavor to penetrate that region."

OBJECTS OF THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM.

The objects of the Association shall be the promotion of Truth, Justice, Fraternal Love, Purity, Beauty, Music, Art, Health, Science, Philosophy and Spirituality.

These objects we propose to promote by establishing and maintaining a school on Sunday for the benefit and instruction of the young of both sexes, and all ages, in accordance with the plans and principles set forth in the following articles of our Constitution, whereby we hereby promise to be governed in our individual capacities as officers and leaders of groups.

The primary object of this Association shall be the cultivation and harmonization of the individual mind and body, including the mental, moral, and physical part, (1) by teaching and obeying the laws and conditions of life and health; (2) by vocal exercises, and strengthening motions under the influence of instrumental music; (3) by singing appropriate songs, and by marches, and by the practice of the most useful and graceful of those physical movements known as light gymnastics.

The object next in importance is the cultivation and development of the individual mind, by means of legitimate signs and the prime symbols of natural things, to teach rightly and accurately and attractively, the Alphabet, Reading, Writing, Geography, Natural History, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic, Grammar, the Speculative and exact sciences, Language, Music, Art, and all the approved branches of study and mental culture.

(N. B.) We contemplate the introduction of these branches of education, with the natural methods of imparting instruction, when the plan and principles of the Lyceum shall be incorporated on a scale sufficiently grand and comprehensive to call for sessions of the Groups every day.)

The next object contemplated is the mind, its structure, life-processes, laws and functions; (2) by instilling into the child the habit of looking into itself, through apt hints and suggestive interrogations, imparted in gentle conversations and in illustrations which charm and exalt the perceptions of the youthful mind; (3) by helping the child to right names for thoughts and feelings; (4) by assisting and strengthening the awakening intelligence to analyze and classify the sciences of things; physical and metaphysical; (5) by encouraging the young mind to think accurately of forms, qualities, uses, relations and adaptations, in human nature and society, as well as in the outlying world of phenomena.

The most important object sought by the Association is the cultivation and harmonization of the spiritual part. (1) By addressing the intuitions and highest mental powers progressively, beginning with simplest truths and advancing steadily towards the fixed central principles of the Divine Existence. (2) By means of persuasive questionings, and memorable maxims, and precepts in poetic measure, teaching the young spirit to discern holy truths, and to love reverently the works and ways of Father-God and Mother-Nature. (3) By conversations concerning charity and heavenly things, concerning life in the Summer Land, where existence itself is at once a joy and a worship, and concerning the divine and beatific nature of that country that surrounds the good and gifted in the supernal state. (4) By the reading of books given by inspiration. (5) By Silver-chain Recitations of purely devotional prose or verse. (6) By the singing of loving and sacred Songs and Hymns, portraying the beauty and value of life and the lessons of immortality. (7) By inculcating, free from the constraints of dogmatic methods, the central truths and principles of whatsoever is heavenly, infinite, unlimited and eternal.

OFFICERS FOR THE ASSOCIATION.

To insure and maintain unity of action in our methods and efforts, the Children's Progressive Lyceum shall have the following Officers and Leaders: A Conductor, a Guardian of the Group, a Librarian, a Band of Guards, and a Band of Officers, and a corps of Leaders. Each of the Chief Officers may have an Assistant, and also Special Deputies to serve on special public occasions. The Band of Guards shall be composed of not less than two nor more than five members, and they may be chosen from among the Assistant Officers. There shall be not more than one Leader to each Group. Males and females are alike eligible to any of the offices of the Association.

Each Group is represented by each of its members, of a significant and appropriate color. Fountain Group is represented by a badge, which means the first form of love; it is ardent; it is the primary or basic love. Stream Group has the badge of pearl, which color signifies the love that is fleeting—beginning and ending with the senses. River Group is represented by orange color, which indicates organic love, or the love which pertains to the physical being; is, in fact, a part of the mere conscious life of the child. Lake Group is represented by lilac, which means objective love, or the momentary interest of the mind in whatever affects the senses. Sea Group is represented by yellow, which means filial love, or devotion to superiors. Ocean Group is represented by a badge of purple, which means fraternal or brotherly love. Shore Group is represented by green, which indicates the freshness of youth, the useful or first wisdom-affection. Beacon Group has the deep blue color, signifying love of justice—a desire to gain true and correct ideas of things. Banner Group has a crimson badge, representing power—an earnest love for any congenial undertaking or pursuit. Star Group has azure color, signifying love of the beautiful—especially the love of the distant and truly sublime. Excelsior Group has pure violet, which signifies aspiring or progressive love. Liberty Group wears a white badge, which includes all the other colors, and signifies harmonious love.

PLAN OF THE LYCEUM ORGANIZATION.

A complete Children's Progressive Lyceum is composed of twelve groups, each with a leader. The highest number in each group shall be twelve. Duplicate groups may be organized and leaders for them appointed; but the duplicate groups shall not be considered as fully organized until they attain to the number of twelve, when they become entitled to new names for their groups, and to all the privileges and benefits embraced in the plan of the original Association, of which, however, the new Lyceum shall be independent, unless, by a vote of a majority of its officers and leaders, it holds its public sessions and performs its legitimate functions on the same floor with the first organization. In this case, when two or more complete Lyceums occupy the same apartment, the government of all the groups and of the institutions shall be vested in the principal officers and their assistants, who were duly elected to act in behalf of the original Lyceum.

Norway and Sweden, which touch each other on the map, and politically are united, are separated physically by high mountains. This barrier is about to be pierced by a line which will connect the railway systems of the two countries, and eventually, permit travelers to travel by steam from Stockholm to Christians.

Spirit Communications—No. 2.

LONDON, June 23rd, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR: The conditions of progress in the spheres consist of certain states through which each individual has to pass in his ascent, and may as a means of illustration be compared to the various classes in a college.

The student, after entering, is examined, to indicate the class for which he is qualified; a certain amount of knowledge being absolutely necessary in each case. Now, the question is not how he got it, but has he got it? If so, his class or sphere is at once indicated. There is one difference however, between the student and the spiritual man, which it will be well to observe.

A student may have the necessary knowledge to enter any given class, and yet may be without purity or wisdom. This is impossible in spiritual life, for wisdom, which with us constitutes our only means of information, necessarily imparts purity and holiness.

A spirit, then, who is qualified by his information for a position in the fourth sphere, necessarily possesses the purity of that sphere. His first or matriculated entrance into spirit life, indicating his earth acquired condition, places him in his appropriate sphere; from whence, like the student, he commences his progression.

ROBERT HARE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Nuts for Doubters.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

For the benefit of those who doubt, and yet are willing to investigate, I will relate the following facts: Charlton Payne, of Akron, a lad of sixteen, was recently solicited to go as newsboy between Akron and Cincinnati, on the A. & G. W. R. R. His mother objected at first, but her spirit friends assured her that they would take care of her boy, and so he was permitted to go. His first trip was taken on Thursday, November 16th, 1865. He reached Cincinnati late at night, the train being behind time; the family of his mother's uncle lived in the city, but at the extreme opposite end from the depot, and as he had never been there he decided not to try to find them at that time of night, and so sought lodgings near by; but on entering the place that had been pointed out to him he found the inmates drinking, swearing and fighting, and thinking it no place for him, he went to the man who was locking up the cars, and asked if he might sleep in one of them. The reply was, "I think you can—the boys do sometimes." So Carley went in, was locked up, and proceeded to make arrangements for sleeping. Just as he was comfortably settled, behold! he saw standing by him two spirits, or as they are called in the Bible, angels. They were not "of his brethren, the prophets" exactly, but of the relatives of his father's house, and he knew them to be Alfred, his father's younger brother, and Captain William Byington, his mother's uncle, before referred to. They both stood by him and said to him, "Come, Carley, get up and go with us; you can't stay here." "But I must stay here, the door is fast and I can't get out." "There will be a way for you to get out presently," was the reply. Just then the door was unlocked, and in walked a policeman. "My lad, do you belong on this train?" "I do, this is my first trip, and as it was so late, I asked and obtained permission to sleep here." "Sorry to disturb you, but you will have to leave, as I am under orders not to allow any one to sleep in the cars."

The two uncles were still with him, and bade him go with them, and not be afraid, as they would take care of him. And from the car, out into that great city, in which he had never been before, went this boy, following his spirit guides. On, on, square after square, till at length they stop and he stops with them. Soon a street car comes up and they pilot him aboard; on, on again, till they reach Washington street; there they leave, he scarcely knowing how he got on or off; some two or three squares farther, and they come to an iron gate in the wall. Here his Uncle Alfred leaves him, but his Uncle William goes with him to the door, and then he, too, disappears. He rings the bell, his aunt comes to the door, and instead of making himself known, he asks if Captain William Byington's family live there. It is informed that they do, and then says, "I am a stranger in the city, can I stay with you tonight?" The lady held the light, where it would fall more fully on his face. "Carley Payne, you little rogue, where did you come from?" "I came from home." "But how did you find your way here at this time of night?" (It was then eleven o'clock.) "Aunt, Uncle William came with me to the very door." The lady stood a moment in silent surprise, and then said: "We have had a circle here this evening, and he was with us till about an hour ago, when he left, and we could hear no more of him; and so the 'little rogue,' after having been daily questioned and petted, was at length safely ensconced in bed beneath the roof of his friends.

On the following Monday, after taking supper at Mansfield, Carley started to go to the train, but found his Uncle Alfred standing by the door, and was told that he could not go out. "But I must go," said Carley. "No, you can't go." "Why can't I go?" The uncle stepped aside. "Look out now," said he. Carley did so, and saw that the cars had uncoupled and were moving in such a manner that had he gone at first, the probabilities were that, it being dark, he would have been hurt, if not killed. Carley had not, at my latest information, seen anything more of his spirit guides, but he feels that when he needs them they will not fail him. So much for seeing, or, as Paul calls it, "the discerning of spirits;" and we come next to healing by the laying on of hands.

I was sitting in Miss A. Harthan's rooms, in Akron, not long since, when a lady came in, who had a swelling on the instep of the foot, making the joint stiff; it had been in this condition for twenty-five years, so she said, and the heel cord was so drawn up that she had to walk upon her toes. The stocking and shoe were removed, and in three minutes' time, with no other application than that of Miss H.'s hands, the stiff joint was made limber. Miss H. had slept none the night before, therefore was not in as good condition as usual for the practice of healing, but so great was the improvement visible, that the afflicted lady left with full faith that one or two more treatments would fully relax the shrunken cord, and make the car complete. This lady was a widow in poor circumstances, consequently came under the list of those who were treated without charge; but she remarked in my hearing, that were she wealthy, she should not consider one hundred dollars too great a compensation for the benefit she had received.

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father."—Jesus.

St. Paul papers speak of trade at that port as having largely increased in the last year, especially the exports of flour, wheat and wool.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Origin and Use of Proverbs.

At different periods of time, as history may show, certain peculiar ideas more or less of practical use and importance, become prominent and useful, by being expressed in proverbial sayings of some sort, either in a short sentence or a single word. Such ideas become reduced in expression to the smallest number of words, in the most pithy and emphatic form, and easily and permanently retainable in memory.

They thus often serve as practical guides for our daily use. They are evidently the results of thought and reflective reasoning—often apparently accidental. Each, in part, is the origin of proverbial sayings, aphorisms and maxims. They are often very characteristic of the age in which they are produced, or of the people adopting them. They are intended to be the very essence of an expression of ideas, sentiments or principles of frequent use and importance, as saving the necessity of a long course of reasoning to find the same result, or of unfortunately doing without it. As an exemplification of what should be thought, said or done, they are of much practical use, so far as they arouse and engage thought, although often misapplied.

What, then, is the most valuable and instructive proverbial saying, word or sentence of the present day?

I answer—"Standpoint."

My standpoint—your standpoint.

Well—that is my position—your position—our position.

These, then, are the positions to be considered. Position and condition are everything. My position is made of all the acquirements of my life, which fixes that condition as it is. Your position and condition are made in the same way. Now our positions and conditions are different. What causes this difference? Many circumstances—many things. And over these things and circumstances we have had no control. They have quietly been forced upon us. We seem unable, and have no disposition to resist or change them. In our lives they are literally our "surroundings." These do not fail to exercise their inherent and natural influence upon us, and by their silent teachings mould us to their standard.

Our circumstances having been different, they therefore produce the inevitable result—differences of position, condition and opinion. Had I always lived in Turkey I should have been a Mohammedan and a believer in the Koran. Had you always lived in Rome, you would have been a Catholic Christian, and a believer in the Bible as that church interprets it. Had we always lived in China, we should have been neither of our supposed characters, nor a believer in them. As then, our position and condition are different, we must necessarily see things differently. As we see things differently, we judge differently, and form different views and opinions on the same subjects.

I stand here, on this side, the right side of things.

You stand there, on the wrong side of things. That is what I say. When you speak you may retort these expressions upon me in justification of your being in the right position, instead of myself.

This is assertion and opinion, against assertion and opinion. Now what can be done to reconcile clashing opinions between persons who view the same things from different and opposite positions?

Change their standpoints—one asserts a thing is so and so. The other as flatly contradicts it, and says it is directly the reverse. What is the reconciling power? A change or an exchange of standpoint—evidence, appropriate and competent evidence. Whenever one makes an assertion, if it is disputed, he is bound to support it by the proper evidence. Where are we to look for this evidence? In the supposed case, the parties are both in the same predicament of assertion and contradiction. The true answer is, change their standpoints. This will be very likely to furnish the requisite evidence, turning discussion to concession and conversion, when truth, being discovered, carries the day, and settles the question. It often happens that a change of place produces a change of opinion, because it is a change of standpoint.

In all the affairs of life, whenever any subject is presented for our consideration or action, it is prudent, nay indispensable, to examine the subject in all the various ways of which it is susceptible, in order to arrive at right conclusions. This involves the necessity of different views, from various standpoints. Without such views the judgment in the case will be liable to be very imperfect and erroneous. Where views and opinions are directly the antipodes of each other, it might seem too much to require an absolute exchange of standpoints. But however hard and uncommon such struggle might be, truth would be likely to profit by it. But where there is reason to doubt the ability to judge rightly in any given case, or an obligation felt to render a just judgment, or where there is any charity, candor or magnanimity, it would surely be the part of wisdom to vary and change standpoints. Viewing one side is not always seeing all sides, and where a full view is necessary for a correct and righteous judgment, a frequent change of standpoint is absolutely indispensable.

Such change is an honorable proof that the subject of it knows more to-day than yesterday, that others have been benefited by it, and that a greatly advanced step has been taken for the progress and welfare of humanity.

These views are forcibly illustrated by the old and established proverb that, "in a multitude of counsellors there is safety." (Proverbs, II: 14) because there are many and different views from many and different standpoints. W. N.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"A Season of Prayer."

The so-called Orthodox churches, at the present time, are making strenuous exertions to fill up their decimated and still diminishing ranks. They see and feel that their sickly systems of theology are tottering to fall; hence their heroic efforts to resuscitate a dying cause.

Their cry of despair, "Lord help, or I perish."

While attending their prayer meetings I have often wondered if they would be so profuse in prayers if they thought the Lord would answer them at their own expense? Would the wealthy, pious deacon pray as fervently that the Lord would feed his hungry neighbor, if he thought the Lord would take the bread from his cupboard? Would he be so anxious that the Lord should clothe the naked, if he thought by some marvellous means the garments would be taken from his wardrobe? I think if the Lord should answer their prayers in this practical way, prayer meetings would be fewer and farther between, than angels' visits are. This is a solemn, I might say blasphemous, mockery of that heaven-born virtue, Charity. It is a cheap and economical way they have of trying to quiet their consciences by shifting the responsibility from their own shoulders, and binding the burden on the Lord.

Words are a cheap currency. It costs but little

to make a verbal prayer, but to answer it is a matter of dollars and cents; this the pious man often leaves for his unconverted neighbor to perform.

Reader, if you have any prayers to offer, offer them in deeds, not words. Would you have the hungry fed, carry him a loaf of bread; would you have the naked clothed, levy a tax on your own wardrobe. Would you have your freezing neighbor warmed, pile the faggots at his door. Thus your prayer will be answered, and your own soul richly rewarded.

A. W. BENTON.

Letter from A. J. Davis.

A CHILDREN'S LYCEUM IN CLEVELAND, OHIO. CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 29, 1866. DEAR BROTHER JONES: You will, with the angels of humanity, rejoice, because another school of Progress for earth's children has been organized, thoroughly equipped, and permanently established in this beautiful "Forest city."

The Spiritualists of Cleveland have been hovering on the verge of a Children's Lyceum for several months. For weeks in succession, under the eloquent investigations of our esteemed and industrious sister, Mrs. Nellie Wittsie, the children have assembled in an informal manner, and superintended and led by Mr. Rose of this city, a fair beginning was made before my arrival. I found thus the ground considerably prepared for the organization of the Lyceum; and what was particularly encouraging, the citizen Spiritualists, both young and old, were ready to second the movement. Thanks are due to Sister Wittsie, and to the constant attendance of Bro. Rose, and the friends here gratefully remember them.

On the third session, yesterday, the Lyceum roll shows a membership of one hundred, including the staff of officers and the corps of leaders. For the first time, yesterday, they all blossomed out in full regalia. They all wore their appropriate colors, and concluded the session with the attractive "Banner March." The hall was filled with deeply interested spectators, and the feeling over all was not far from the sacred and harmonious.

Mr. Jewett is "Conductor," assisted by Mr. Charles Thompson, both thorough-going business men, and they have publicly resolved to establish a Lyceum in Cleveland second to no other school in the State; and in their resolution and efforts they have the co-operation of an admirable "Guardian of Groups" in Mrs. D. A. Eddy; also in Mr. Holmes, as "Musical Director," with his assistant Mr. Ganson, a gentleman of education, and well adapted to teach the young feet to keep step to the measure of Progress; and these officers, together with the "Librarian" and the "Guards" who keep watch and perform useful labors on the walls of this new Zion, they have the sustaining presence and gentle influence of a fine corps of lady "Leaders of the Groups," whose punctual attendance and intelligent bearing show that they have a heart-interest in the blessed cause of spirit and body culture.

The outsiders in Cleveland, together with a large number of indifferent friends and lukewarm believers, begin to "open their eyes" and say, one to another, "This looks like something practical." And already the greenbacks begin to slip into the Lyceum treasury to pay for equipments to found a large library of non-sectarian books and magazines for the members of the institution.

One gentleman of this city, Mr. George Morrell, started the work by investing one hundred dollars in equipments and manuals; his philanthropic example was followed by a firm friend of the cause, (for some time past rather "lukewarm,") who deposited fifty dollars in the treasury to pay for necessary books and furniture for the school; and the examples of these gentlemen have been followed by several citizens. Many of them hitherto indifferent to Spiritualism, who, nevertheless, seeing "something practical and really grand in plan and purpose," have given sums, ranging from fifty cents to ten dollars, for the purchase of books for the Progressive Library.

So goes the battle with ignorance and superstition. The Children's Lyceum comes down to our earth out of the Summer Land as the most effective power to overthrow priestcraft, and establish among men something akin to the "Kingdom of Heaven."

May the Spiritualists of Cleveland be faithful to their new work, for the advancement of mankind. In fraternal ties, A. J. DAVIS.

Letter from Dr. Mayhew.

DEAR JOURNAL:—After considerable suffering, and some rather alarming indications, I am again convalescent, and hope in a day or two to resume the duties of my life work. In a week or ten days I shall visit Oskaloosa, Iowa, and from thence proceed to Kirkville, Onawa, Ottumwa, Niles, etc. The friends in Mount Pleasant, Crawfordville, Wapello, Iowa City, Manchester, West Union, and other places northward, en route to Mankato, Minn., desiring my services, will please write me without delay at Oskaloosa, Iowa, care of J. B. Coulter, Esq., stating the number of lectures desired.

Wherever it is desired to establish a Children's Progressive Lyceum, I shall be glad to aid them, and hope they will be prepared with the necessary apparatus, which they can obtain from Mary F. Davis, 274 Canal street, New York, better and cheaper than they can furnish it in any other way.

I beg to express my gratitude to Bro. and Sister Ordway, of this city, for the gentle care, the fraternal love, and the genial home they have afforded me during my late period of physical suffering. May all good be yours, my dear brother and sister, and may the dear Father and all good angels bless you.

I desire also to express my thanks to Bro. Church, for his kind offices as a spirit medium, and to Sister Judkins, who came with her aids from the spirit world to relieve my sufferings, and kindly attended me with a sister's care while it was needed.

Brother C. has not practiced long as a healing medium, yet has effected some remarkable cures. But Sister Judkins is a medium of long standing, has performed a host of cures, and has many very remarkable credentials. I wish she were more widely known, and I desire to commend both her and Brother C. to any sufferers within their reach. But for their kind offices, I might not now have been able to resume my duties.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum has become one of the institutions of this city. Our very highly esteemed sister, Mrs. Plank, visited St. Louis, caught the inspiration of this heaven-born movement from good brother A. J. Davis, brought home with her the perfected ideal, and straightway gave her whole energies to its actualization here. On the first Sunday, all the officers and leaders were appointed, Sister P. being the Guardian of Groups. Twenty-four pupils were expected to begin with. Twenty were present. Last Sunday there were fifty, and I have no doubt next Sunday that number will be doubled, and within five weeks it will be full. Let the Lyceums in both Chicago and St.

Louis look out, for the Springfield Lyceum is in the field. All success to thee, Sister Plank, and may this beautiful child of the Summer Land, entrusted to thy fostering care, be as prosperous as thou canst desire.

I hope the dear friends in Iowa Falls will put their Lyceum in operation. I wish I could be with them on the occasion. Perhaps I may. Who knows?

I shall not forget your interests, dear JOURNAL, wherever I can serve you.

Yours, for truth and humanity, JOHN MAYHEW. Springfield, Ill., Jan. 15, 1866.

Extracts from Letters.

I commenced my career in Kentucky, in the Calvinistic church. I passed through Baptism, Methodism. At about thirty years of age, became acquainted with magnetism—twenty years since. This naturally led me to examine the various kinds of psychology in our little circles. A dear companion, and her little daughter, who had passed to the spirit world, would magnetize some of us, and oh, what sweet communion we had! thus proving beyond a matter of doubt the immortality of the soul. I have built a dwelling house that has been converted into a hall, twenty feet by thirty, for speaking and circles. Among others, Mrs. C. A. Genung, of Chicago, has displayed great medium powers, as speaker, clairvoyant, and healing; but the spirits and your great city have attracted her and her family thither. We invite all such to call on us at our hall. We have a good supply of progressive books and papers. We all belong to the Moral Police Fraternity.

But oh, that rebellion! I had but two sons, and they went to help to put it down. One returned; the other failed on the campaign to Savannah, after being wounded. He left his body at Savannah. We expect to commune with him yet. This is a beautiful theme for contemplation, and the ever bountiful source of gratitude and joy.

May I not, then, urge upon all who call themselves Spiritualists—all who have adopted this faith as a guide to their feet and a light to their path—to aid by every possible means in laying it before the general mind?

For the benefit of lecturers and friends, we would say, that we live fifteen miles south of Burlington, Iowa, four miles south of Shokokos, Iowa, eight miles north of La Harpe, six miles east of Dallas City. J. W. SHAW, M. D.

Would you like to hear what is going on here in Madison, Madison county, N. Y.? If so, I will tell you.

Spiritualism is no new thing here in this place. For more than ten years we have had spirit mediums, and a good number of believers—i. e., those who believe that the spirits of departed human beings can and do communicate to their friends on earth. Those few believers of this fact have been objects of hate and persecution by the clergy of this place, (and there are as many of them as the place can support,) and but little has been said or heard from those who advocate Spiritualism. But of late light has broken in upon us, and that light is so big the priests can't hide it from the people. We have a healing medium that performed some wonderful and astonishing cures.

The last summer and fall the Spiritualists had circles every week on Sundays. They were largely attended, many coming from adjoining towns. They were attended by believers of Spiritualism, inquirers, and skeptics. All have been astonished at the messages they received from their friends and acquaintances in the spirit world.

The manifestations witnessed through one of our mediums, a young lady of nineteen years of age, are as varied as they are wonderful. Messages from departed friends, in a manner that their friends on earth instantly recognize as coming from no other possible source, is a thing so frequent as to excite no uncommon curiosity, and a view of the peculiar hand of the different spirits controlling this medium convince many that under other circumstances would be likely to doubt.

Many deep and difficult questions are asked by persons present at those circles, ecclesiastical, political, astronomical and philosophical, and are answered in a satisfactory manner—in a manner and language that excites admiration.

Difficult pieces of music have been performed, and mathematical problems worked out and answers given, that but few of the most learned could do, showing the great knowledge of the spirit controlling. The clergy and their followers say this wonderful phenomena is mesmerism or animal magnetism; but when inquired how comes such superior intelligence from such causes, they then say it is the work of the devil—that he has the power to transform himself into an angel of light, and probably does on such occasions. If so, certainly he is a good devil. But they won't give the devil all this credit long. Folks will begin to think more of the devil than they do of God or God's Son.

Yours in the cause of truth, CARLTON RICE.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Permit me to say a few words, through your columns, to the friends of truth in this part of the great workhouse of progression. This is a section over which the murky clouds of old theology and sectarian bigotry have hung in thick folds, casting deep shadows over the hearts of the people, until it seems impossible for the rays of divine truth and light, as revealed from the spirit land, to break through the atmosphere and warm the chilled and famished spirits. But to-day, from the gloomy atmosphere, may be heard low, deep and earnest voices, crying, "Light! light! give us light! or we perish." These persons have long been trying to satisfy the desires of the soul by the scanty pittance obtained from creeds and prayer books; but they begin to find that these yield but little to satisfy the needs of the immortal spirit. How shall they be fed? I know of no better way to obtain light than to organize circles for development and investigation. They should be organized and maintained in every neighborhood, for by them are sown the seeds for a more perfect understanding of the truth; from them are cultivated mediums of every class. Let those who have received the light and are now enjoying its divine glory, remember that they once were dwellers in darkness, and had it not been for the assistance of kind souls, many of us might be in darkness to-day. Brother J. W. Cowen has been holding family meetings in this and other towns in this county, breaking to them the bread of life as given by the angel world; also, casting out the physical ills, by the laying on of hands. Bro. C. is a good delineator of disease. He is lately from the East; he came here to spend the winter with friends, and perhaps make the West his home. I think he is well worthy our acquaintance, and would gladden the hearts of many were they to meet him, and receive the words of comfort which give joy to the sad and gloomy soul, as many now can testify.

Yours for the truth, CELIA. Woodstock, Ill.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

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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 all subscribers to do a good thing for themselves as well as for us and the cause of Spiritualism.

Earnestness.

How differently do men act under different circumstances. How much more power do they manifest when they are aroused to a deep, earnest feeling which thrills their whole nature.

Emerson said "Mankind should beware when God lets loose a thinker in the world." He means an earnest thinker, for one who is not so will not trouble even the stagnant pools of error, so that healing may come to the world. It was said of the Quakers, in their early and earnest days, "That one man could shake the country for ten miles round;" that was before newspapers had multiplied human power a million fold, as they have to-day.

There are times when an earnest impulse comes over us, so that we manifest how Godlike is the human will. How nearly it approaches to omnipotence, when earnest men or women throw their whole souls into any good work.

The involuntary functions of the human system move onward by a sort of mechanical impulse. We breathe and our blood circulates without any specific effort upon our part in these directions; so of many of the ordinary actions of life, they become mechanical, and we repeat them almost as indifferently as heart beating and breathing. In very many instances we act from the impulse of one, or a few of our faculties. The whole man is not at once aroused to the work. In order that we may labor in real earnest, we must be so impressed with the importance of our work that there will be a lively co-operation of all our faculties. There are times when our feelings are so aroused that we speak and act with a depth and earnestness that sweep every obstacle from our pathway. This has been the experience of all great men and women. It is that which makes them great. We impress our character upon our acts, and in proportion to the earnestness will be the depth of soul-power that is stamped upon these. We all respect true heroism and feel a desire to

"Be not like dumb driven cattle, But be as heroes in the strife."

And yet how few are heroes, because we are indifferent to the value of our own labors. We go to two extremes; a small class magnify labors and endeavor to give to them more importance than they deserve, while the mass have too little self-respect and attach too little importance to labors. This is especially true of woman; from the kindness of her heart there springs a prompting to action, and she seldom puts a value upon the action that brings for it proper respect. Woman is in part to blame for her present position in which she receives too little compensation for her labor, either in appreciation or in equivalent or exchange, because it is not properly valued, first by herself, and then by man.

We knew a womanly kind of a man who would buy articles and spend days in laboring to make them saleable, and then sell them for a mere pittance more than he gave for them and consider this all profit, making no calculation for compensation for his time and labor.

This is too much the case with women. We know they are often forced into conditions in which it seems almost impossible for them to demand the true value for their labors. The evils of woman's condition cannot be remedied until she can do this, and the sooner she feels in earnest about her labors, the sooner will she succeed in obtaining that higher position toward which her desires are prompting her, and which all good and true men feel that she should occupy—a position of independence and true womanhood.

There are noble instances in which women, positing themselves upon their dignity, and maintaining their right to just compensation for their labors, have succeeded in establishing for themselves their true position.

But women or men will never occupy their true positions until they duly appreciate their own powers, and learn to stamp all their labors with earnestness and reality. There are many kinds of labor which do not deserve to be done in earnest, and while mankind will waste their time and energies upon these they cannot come to be earnest men and women. The work itself must inspire us while we in turn can give to it a glorious and living inspiration, that shall make it reach our fellow men.

The first thing which a true man or woman will seek in life will be a work which has a real practical value in it, so that they may receive an inspiration from it, and let that which is useless, and often worse than useless, alone.

The second thing, and one of equal importance, and from the neglect of which mankind are suffering everywhere, is to select the work for which we are adapted.

Oh, how much of unrest and dissatisfaction there is in the world because men and women are not laboring at their proper and appropriate work—

that for which their capacities adapt them better than any other.

The reform which strikes us as the most important is to find the means by which mankind may be released from their present inharmonious conditions and placed in the positions where each may find that work for which he is capacitated. Each child of the Infinite has an important mission, and to find and fill this we must be ever true to our deepest, highest inspirations, and just in proportion as we grow into obedience to these will God, good spirits, and our fellow men aid us in finding our proper places. The chief burden of labor itself would thus be removed at once, and a new era would be inaugurated in which the toiling millions of earth's children with smiling faces and hopeful hearts, would rejoice and go forth upon their labors with an earnestness such as the world has never witnessed. Who will help to bring about this good time?

The Love-Life of Dr. Kane.

Everybody has heard of Dr. E. K. Kane in connection with the famous Arctic expedition. The notoriety of the Fox family is commensurate with that of the Kane family. The two parties have taken different paths to fame, and they are variously estimated. No matter for that. Both houses are before the public for discussion and for judgment. This fact guarantees to us the right of juror in the love-life case now before the public tribunal.

The world takes a deep interest in whatever concerns the affections; from the fact, perhaps, that we are all lovers—if we are human hearted. We love, because we must. Joy, sorrow, tears, hopes, defeats, great achievements and terrible heartaches have all, all had birth and being from this same source. But in most cases these victories and failures are veiled from human eyes. But when, by any event, the veil is put aside that hides the heart—especially if it be a heart wrung with torture or rent by disappointed hopes—we rush for a sight of that unmasked soul. It is not that we glory in the wreck and wretchedness that love has wrought, but because the human heart is one. Others have ventured all, as these have ventured, and been bankrupted. In seeing other's sorrows, we but see our own. The great purpose that love has outworked for others it may achieve for us. Those, therefore, who are worthy to enter the soul's sacred precincts should put the shoes from off their feet and tread reverently the holy ground.

It is not strange, then, that the public have waited with commendable solicitude, for the publication of Dr. Kane's letters to Miss Margaret Fox. We have read the book. The facts in the case are few and simple; but they are enough to show how devotedly two souls loved, and how deeply one has suffered.

Dr. Kane met Miss Fox when she was a mere child. She was guileless, loving, trusting; he, a man of mature years, was thoroughly versed in human nature. He loved the girl, so he writes, and set his soul to the work of winning her affections; he left no string unpulled, no thought unspoken that would serve his purpose.

The girl saw, heard, hoped, feared, believed, doubted; she loved, trusted, ventured her happiness, reputation, her all in his hands. For his sake she could brave the scorn of enemies and the loss of friends. Poverty and riches, life and death to her were alike, so long as she could be protected by his arm, sheltered in his heart henceforth. She was in his hands even as wax in the hands of the moulder.

That Dr. Kane loved Miss Fox tenderly, purely, there is no doubt; that he was weak and vacillating there is proof in abundance in the book. His dealings with her were often double, and his nature abounded in strange contradictions, yet we see no reason for doubting the integrity of his soul, when his soul was consulted. But when he was weighed in the world's balance, popular acclaim, position and wealth outweighed the love and devotion of a great heart.

He is tender and tyrannical, gentle as a child and cruel as Pluto. He provides the woman of his soul with furs and flannels for winter weather; with laces and muslins for summer days. He takes her to pleasant drives, to the opera, to all places where the body and mind may be profited. He holds the fair child apart from and above common humanity; he invests her with the attributes of an angel and then he charges her with chicanery, and implores her by the love she bears him, to ignore spirit rapping.

Having once set her above all human shrines, we look for the worship due the divine in woman, but lo! while we listen he says, "I am tempted to give up name, friends, honor, (?) position for you, Maggie. I will try to lift you to my level." With this seeming condescension we are simply disgusted.

It ill becomes those who pride themselves of their republican proclivities; those whose origin is common dust, and who have no claim to distinction save the poor claim gold has given, to talk of raising the soul—the divine to her "level."

But Margaret loved Dr. Kane, and for that love's sake she ignored, renounced her faith in her own mediumship, cut herself off from those who had been truest and dearest.

Dr. Kane sends Margaret to school; pledges his heart, promises his hand, and asks in return her love, her abiding faith, her unflinching confidence. He, about to embark in search of Sir John Franklin, procures a painted portrait of Margaret. Through cold and storm he kept it as an amulet; he regarded it as something too sacred for other eyes than his.

"In the midst of ice and desolation," he writes, "your portrait is a great comfort to me. I often gaze upon its quiet loveliness." The long months go by. The wife elect counts over and over the dividing months, weeks, days. At last a line reaches her. "Dr. Kane is coming." The good ship, bearing her treasure, comes up the Bay. Margaret hears the greeting guns, reads the glory-giving paragraphs in the daily papers, and her heart grows jubilant; she waits his coming. At every ring of the door bell, at every footfall, she makes haste to welcome her own heart-guest. The day goes by and another comes, bringing an apology from the Doctor. He is crowded with visitors! At last he calls. Margaret's wounded pride, her womanly dignity hold her back. She refuses to be seen. But love and the Doctor plead, so she comes forth to welcome the returned navigator. And after the first greeting the lover, the devoted Dr. Kane wished Miss Fox to sign a statement that between her and Dr. Kane there had been no engagement of marriage. The girl was shocked by the falsehood, but love again plead, so, for the sake of the Doctor's peace, she acknowledged the statement.

At length the Doctor's better nature triumphed. The wicked deed he had persuaded Margaret to do was a stain upon his honor, a foul blot upon his soul. He returned the paper, pleaded for the place he had held in the girl's heart.

Again they were affianced, and secretly married. Dr. Kane went to England, promising his wife that upon his return the marriage should be published; but until then she must not take his name, must not call him "husband." He died, leaving no public recognition of his love, none of his marriage.

The young widow has been tried by want, crushed by calumny and by the cruelty of her husband's family. But a great love has sanctified her life. She has turned from the world to count her rosary and to live in the blessed dreams of the dear past. Her hopes, her heart are in soul-land. There a little spot is kept fresh by affection's tears. It is marked by a cross. The name engraved thereon is ELISHA KENT KANE.

Total Depravity.

The doctrine of total depravity is groundless and false. There is nothing left of a person or thing totally depraved.

The science of mathematics is reliable and true, when it says, "nothing from nothing, and nothing remains." But theology claims supremacy with the Almighty, to make something out of nothing. It requires the dead to perform the acts and duties of the living. In the common concerns of life, as we understand language, we say when a person is deprived of anything, he is destitute of it, does not possess it. If he is morally depraved, and that depravity is total, then he has no moral life. In short, whatever he is deprived of, he is not in possession of. But he is morally alive, morally accountable, and is not "totally depraved."

But the story told of the prayer of a good old Orthodox deacon, goes the whole figure, without any flinching or palliation. "As was his custom, he bade the family stop their work and attend the evening family prayers. After raising himself patriarchally behind his venerable and ancient great chair, and pausing awhile to collect and concentrate his scattered thoughts, in solemn silence, he slowly began by saying, 'Thou art, oh God, infinite in power, justice, wisdom, knowledge and truth. Thou art from everlasting to everlasting, infinite in kindness and goodness to all thy children; and after telling the Lord how great and good a Being he was, in an almost endless strain, he finally acknowledged himself and for all mankind, that it would be just for the Almighty to send them to the bottom of the bottomless pit; for they came into the world totally depraved, and had been growing worse and worse ever since.'"

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Jesus Christ.

There this sentence stands in glaring, eternal and divine mockery of the doctrine of "total depravity." Lecture of Miss Hardinge's as published in the Banner of Light, of June 7, 1862.

What has become of the doctrine of "Infant Damnation"? At what age of the child, or of the man, does "total depravity" commence?

Popular theology says it began with Moses' Adam, an infant adult, running through him and all his posterity, including all human beings to the end of time. And this laid the foundation for the dogma of "endless misery."

*Something from nothing—a mathematical impossibility.

Suicides.

Suicides are frequent. A day seldom passes without the painful tidings that some unfortunate has sought the rest death gives the sufferer. Why is it? The same laws govern the universe that have governed from the beginning, yet people do not cling, as in the past others have clung, to life. For the slightest causes such rush to meet the death angel. In one week, we read in our exchanges the sad death of six women by suicide. One was over-worked, so sought the quiet of the grave. Three had loved unworthily; life, consequently, became burdensome. One died that she might join her husband in the Better Land, far from the peaceful paths of life. The arms upon which they leaned failed them; the hearts they trusted, betrayed them. Life to these poor girls was no longer of worth—so they died.

Another was a young man. He had loved a woman unworthy his homage. Wearing with the falsities, the deceptions of the soul he had hoped in, he sought the rest of the grave. Two starving women were among the fourteen. They were physically weak. The avenues, leading to plenty, were closed to them. They were proud and pure hearted, so, wrapping their snowy mantles about them, they went out to meet God's good angel, death. May they find in the Morning Land the blessed bread of life, and hunger no more. Another died because of the loss of property; another, haunted by the demon jealousy, rushed out of life. Of the others no record is made, save that they died by their own hands.

Is it not likely that these unfortunates became so familiar with death during the war, that they regarded it as the best possible way of escaping from the annoyances of this life? While we see that a great good has come to us from the late bloody conflict, we see, too, that human life is held far more lightly since, than before the war. Not only suicides, but murders, are more frequent now than ever before.

Impostors.

Spiritualism, as a new fact in the history of man, naturally attracts a class of persons, who use it to serve their own ends, in the one object of getting money, and in this respect it does not differ from other religions or matters with which we are familiar. Scores of persons who are, or profess to be mediums, healers, or prophets, are continually perambulating the country, peddling out their wares to the credulous and the ignorant, and taking in return, the inevitable dollar. These persons do a vast amount of injury to the progress of a good cause and bring it into ridicule and disrepute, while we do not see that there is any way at present to get rid of these pests. We simply caution our readers in a friendly spirit, to be wary of those who look too much after the gold and too little after the truth. We do not wish to be understood as condemning such honest and reliable media, who accept such sums of money as may be necessary for their support and maintenance while making revelations of the facts of the new Philosophy, but only those who make money the primary, and revelation the secondary object.

Again we say, beware of jugglers and of quacks; but when you find a true man or woman upheld, sustain and support him or her, liberally, aye, with a generous hand.

Moses and the Israelites.

By Merritt Munson, is a book that ought to be in the hands of every reformer.

It is a work of great research, and is spoken of by those who have read it, as containing an amount of information seldom met with in any other volume of its size. For sale at this office. Price, \$1.50; postage 18 cents.

Our Sixth Page.

The numerous letters which we are in almost daily receipt of, speaking in highest terms of praise of the very interesting communications from the loved ones in spirit life, are highly gratifying.

We were promised by the faithful and noble spirits, who first projected this institution, that we should be provided with a medium, through whom we should receive communications of a highly philosophical order, and such as should present all phases of spirit life.

Although we for a time had a great deal of anxiety about this department, notwithstanding our confidence in the assurance given by our spirit friends, yet when the time drew near for the demand for such a medium to be supplied, our anxiety was most fully relieved by the development of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, as a most reliable and excellent medium for all classes of spirits to commune through.

That our sixth page or "Inner Life Department" is most highly appreciated by the great mass of our readers, is evident from the special assurances we are daily receiving.

We may be permitted to add that such kind words of approval not only cheer us, but are highly prized by the medium through whose organism the communications are given.

Spiritualists are fully aware of the scathing oracles that all mediums have to pass. There is no abuse too vile to be heaped upon them by their opponents.

It is equally well known that good mediums are the most sensitive of all classes of society. They feel the spirit of antagonism wherever it exists, without a word of utterance, and are depressed thereby, and in no small degree unfitted for their mission by this unkind misapprehension.

Words of cheer and comfort are treasured up by them as brilliant gems, sparkling with beauty and loveliness, and they gladden their desponding souls.

We think, with heartfelt gratitude, the very many who, from week to week, greet us with their kind words of approbation.

Our Book Trade.

We call the special attention of our readers to our book catalogue, found on the seventh page of the JOURNAL.

We will forward by mail any book in our list, on receipt of the price and postage.

We shall also be most happy to receive orders from all parts of the country.

Our establishment is young, but with your kind support, it will soon be strong. Our aim is to furnish the very best of everything at the lowest Eastern prices.

Our Eastern friends, who desire to see our young institution flourish, can order by letter any books they want, and have them sent from here as cheap as they could be sent by mail ten miles.

Bear that in mind, friends, and send us your orders, and we will be your co-laborers in the great field of reform.

Beneath Notice.

We have just received a letter from Ira Davenport, father of the Davenport Brothers, contradicting the false statement of E. H. Eddy, that he had formerly traveled with the celebrated Davenport mediums.

The contradiction is unnecessary. No one believed the infamous Eddy, who by his own declarations, so thoroughly impeached himself.

He is so low that even the secular papers will do nothing but kick and cuff him, and worse than all the rest, the Orthodox churches dare not pick him up, and dirty their fingers with him. That is low enough in all conscience.

Progressive Lyceums.

Mr. Wm. Reed, of this city, has generously tendered his services to those living in the vicinity of Chicago, who may wish to organize Progressive Lyceums.

Will the friends of progress send for Mr. Reed, call together the young people, and listen to his gospel, which is destined to bring peace, health and harmony to the world?

Mr. Reed is a gentleman of culture. His heart is in the work he proposes to do. His address is No. 139 Lake street, Chicago.

Walter Hyde.

The above named brother writes us words of true encouragement from the great city of New York.

Glad are we, brother, that our JOURNAL is so highly appreciated in Gotham. But one voice comes to us from all parts of the country—a continual prayer for the unbounded success of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and the great liberal Publishing Association.

Personal.

A. J. Davis, having performed his work in Cleveland, went to Reading, Pa., on Tuesday last. The citizens of Vineland, N. J., have engaged his services for the purpose of organizing a Lyceum in their enterprising community. He will attend the Children's Lyceum anniversary in Philadelphia on the evening of the 7th February. From thence he will probably return to his home for a brief rest.

Responsibility.

The editors of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL do not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments expressed by correspondents. Believing in freedom of thought and the right of expression for ourselves, we would not deny the same right to others.

We only ask correspondents to base their thoughts upon principles that will be of benefit to the reader; to write clearly, pointedly, well.

Convention.

The Spiritualists of the Northwest will hold their next regular quarterly meeting on the first Saturday and Sunday of February, in Omro, Wis.

The speakers engaged are Miss Belle Scougall and N. Frank White.

K. Graves.

We learn that our able correspondent, whose name is at the head of this article, intends starting on a lecturing tour about the first of March, taking Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis en route.

See notice of Northwestern Convention of Spiritualists at Omro, Wisconsin. This notice should have appeared before, but was inadvertently mislaid.

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

We are in daily receipt of letters from our staunchest and best known reformers, who reside in different parts of the country, saying, in substance, the same as the following extract:

"What a beautifully expressive name your ever-welcome paper bears! When I first heard it, before I saw it, I did not appreciate it, nor did I like it. I thought it a regular jawbreaker, but when I came to see its beautifully executed and well filled columns, with the superbly designed heading, I at once fell in love with it, and have every week more and more fully appreciated its expressiveness.

Your sound philosophical articles have a beautiful vehicle in which to be conveyed to your many thousand readers. Not only myself, but all of my friends who take it, are proud of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. We feel that your institution is a great success."

The Ball is Moving—Another Convention.

The Spiritualists of Rhode Island and Connecticut will meet in Convention in Providence, R. I., Feb. 15th, for the purpose of initiating Missionary labor in those States, by forming a similar association to that recently organized at Worcester.

Friends of a spiritual gospel, come and let us begin a work which shall overthrow the enslaving dogmas of the old superstitions:

J. E. Ballou, S. H. Vose, Seth Shaw, L. K. Joslin, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, J. G. Fish, for Rhode Island; N. Peckham, W. Peckham, J. A. Williams, A. E. Carpenter, L. H. Clark, J. Monroe Kingsley, G. W. Burnham, S. P. Anderson, Mrs. L. B. Sayles, Mrs. Snelo A. Hutchinson, J. S. Loveland, for Connecticut.

Quarterly Meeting.

The next quarterly meeting of the "Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association" will be held in the village of Omro, in the brick school house, on the first Saturday and Sunday being the third and fourth days of February. N. Frank White and Mrs. S. E. Warner are expected.

J. P. GALLUP, Sec. Oshkosh, Wis., Jan. 8, 1866.

Letter from J. B. Clifton.

SENATOR LANE, OF INDIANA.

This gentleman has excited the indignation of the religious world, because, at a dinner given by the New England Society, at Delmonico's, in New York, on the 23d ult., he made a speech, concluding with the demand "that some of the rebels, and Jeff. Davis in particular, should be hung," conching his remarks in the language of the Bible, "That without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." The paper from which this notice is extracted, remarks: "Such an irreverent dragging in of the mystery of the atonement of Christ, as an illustration of the righteousness of hanging a man for treason, excited the disgust of many at the table."

Now, why should they be disgusted? Christ was put to death, as the New Testament tells us, for the disobedience or treason of mankind; and nothing but blood, we are told, would atone for that. We are further told that Christ came into the world not only to die (the innocent for the guilty—something that would not be permitted in common law), but to set an example to mankind. Now, if this be so, Senator Lane was merely anxious to follow the example given.

But it seems the thing was too practical; and while, as a theory or dogma of religion, it would answer very well for eighteen hundred years ago, it would not do to bring it to bear on cases of similar import to-day. Why not? These very men who took umbrage at what the perhaps over-zealous Senator said, will tell me that Davis & Co. rebelled against "the best government the sun ever shone upon," which we believe to be true. Why not then crucify Davis, if need be, head downward?

Ah, blind Christianity, you have much to answer for, while you have lifted humanity out of the mud, you have chained it; and while you have taken it out of Egyptian darkness, you have put a veil before it so that it cannot see the light.

Look behind you, and stand appalled at the hecatombs of human lives you have sacrificed. Look again at the millions, instead of something whose dying pillow, you have made shrink with horror from an imaginary hell, and who have been taught by you that "it is an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

Oh, wicked heresy, how could you slander our heavenly Father so? If there is a fiend in hell, I will give him the credit of patching up a faith like this, for truly by it you have brought hell upon earth.

Oh, the sleepless nights, the weary days, that I have spent in throwing off the coatings of blind theology, which had been ground into my very vitals, until I scarcely knew white from black, or day from night.

To say that I have suffered, gives no idea of it; and as reason, that heaven-born principle, began to wrestle with the wrong, I well nigh went distracted, and had I not had help, I should to-day be in a mad-house, where many a one with towering intellect has landed, in the struggle between reason and blind theology. Lane was right—the Bible calls for blood; then let it flow. J. B. CLIFTON.

Letter from California.

Mrs. Stowe lectures during January in Sacramento. She has been lecturing in Petaluma and Santa Rosa for the month past.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy has been lecturing in this city for two months with good success. She lectured last Sunday evening for the Children's Lyceum Library. The receipts by voluntary contribution, raised by passing the hat through the audience, were \$140. The speaker's compensation is also raised in this voluntary way, and the amounts raised are \$30, \$40, \$60, and on one Sunday \$80. This speaks well for the interest manifested, as well as for the liberality of the hearers.

More good lecturers are needed on this coast—those who are competent and willing to do pioneer work. "The harvest is already ripe." I would say, however, that none but good speakers need expect to be sustained. Indifferent ones will meet with very indifferent success.

Mrs. Ada Hoyt's time is all occupied with eager seekers after the demonstration of immortality. I see by the Banner that Mr. Todd and also Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels think of visiting California. I hope they will, and soon too, for such speakers are much needed, and a right glad welcome would they receive from the friends on this coast. Physical mediums of the Davenport and Church class—those capable of giving public demonstrations—are very much needed, and it is strange that none such come here, for I know of no place where better success would attend them.

Yours truly, A. C. STOWN.

Boston crockery dealers complain that they are unable to have more than half their orders in England filled.

Dr. O. P. Jenkins.

We have several letters for you. Where shall we send them, as well as papers?

Book Notices.

THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF PHYSICAL MAN, SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED. By Hudson Tuttle, Boston: William White & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. Address drawer 6325, Chicago.

This latest production of the distinguished author—distinguished not less for the bold and comprehensive views he has heretofore and herein enumerated than for the wonderful susceptibility to superior impressions which manifests itself in his books—is really remarkable in its character, and merits the most thoughtful, popular perusal. The "Arcana of Nature," by the same author, arrested the attention, not merely of the general reader at home and abroad, but challenged the scrutiny of men of science, and received the deserved compliment of a translation into the German and other foreign tongues. The exact purpose of the present treatise is to prove man to be cotemporary with the mastodon, and to detail the history of his development from the brute, and the dispersion by great waves of emigration from Central Asia.

Of course it would be out of our province to enter upon a specific recital of his method in treating so comprehensive a theme; nothing less than the book itself is competent to do that. As regards his various characteristics, however, his style of expression, and the instinctive courage of his thought, it gives us pleasure to say that he states his postulates, reasons and conclusions in a manner with which all readers will be pleased, avoiding those circumstances and technicalities of form which science is so jealous of parting with, and addressing himself with such enthusiastic unreserve to his readers as to interest them at the start and carry them along with him. If one wants to stretch his thought now and then from the dimensions into which temperament would naturally crowd it down, he has but to take up a truly scientific monograph of this character. It is better, and, to our mind more stimulating, than all the romances that ever were written. The readers will find the advertisement in another column.—Banner of Light.

THE VOICE OF ORTHODOXY.

We have before us a work by Hudson Tuttle on the Origin and Antiquity of Man, written as he assures us, not to vindicate a favorite theory, but to discover and present actual facts. We accept the statement, but would remind the reader that the opinions of most men are usually in harmony with their mental constitution, and the researches of minds cast in a peculiar mould are largely arguments to a foregone conclusion, whether they are aware of it or not. Mr. Tuttle believes that man has existed on this globe for countless ages, in a low and squalid condition, commencing but a step above the ape, and it is easy to see that he accepted everything that favors this hypothesis, because it is in harmony with his tone of thought. For our own part, we have no pleasure in contemplating a race rising from semi-brutes by slow steps through millions of years, and shall await more positive proofs than any Mr. Tuttle has adduced.—Springfield Republican.

The writer has a touch of that high imaginative reason which is most needed in science, a quality of mind which we hope and believe is one day to be especially characteristic of America.—Commonwealth.

We have been deeply interested in the perusal of a work of 258 pages, the general purport of which is set forth in the above title. Besides the introduction, in which the way man solves the question of his individual origin and that of his race, the various theories which have been broached and maintained in past times, the cosmogony of the book of Genesis, and the classifications of the races of men are ingeniously considered, the work is divided into twelve chapters, in which the whole subject is appropriately discussed in all its various bearings. It would be difficult to give, in an ordinary notice, anything like a fair and just criticism of such a work. To obtain a proper idea of its merits, one must give it a thorough perusal, weighing each argument by itself, and properly discriminating between the real facts presented and the deductions drawn therefrom by the author.—Haverhill Publisher.

Deaths.

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

Another earnest soul goes to its reward! On the thirteenth of January of the present year, the spirit of Mrs. ELISIE CLARK, the subject of this notice, took its departure from its mortal tenement to make its ascension to a glorified home in the Elysian bowers celestial, verily by this transition has the mantle of desolation been thrown widely around her former walks of life—for many there were that knew this most estimable sister, and "Knew her but to love her, Or named her but to praise."

Mrs. Clark was formerly a resident of the State of New York, but had more recently lived in Wisconsin, where her presence in the mortal form will be most sadly missed by her many earnest friends. She was the victim of that fell destroyer of the "human form divine," pulmonary consumption; and when, by it, her mortal organism was so wasted that she could no longer contend with the cares of life, she gave up her home for medical treatment and the kindly ministrations of her sister at Odell in Illinois, where she was most tenderly cared for in the last hours of her mundane life.

This sister's checkered journey through some fifty-three years of earthliness, was truly a bright example of Christ-like spirituality. She had early heard the whisperings of the angels, and was a charming instrument in their hands for the transmission of their holy ministrations to the children of earth, although perhaps not widely known as such to the public. It will long be remembered by her numerous friends that her leisure hours were generally occupied in ornamental wax work, in which she excelled, to such a degree, that often it was said that her efforts in that direction could scarcely be distinguished from God's own handiwork. Wherever she was the recipient of expressed kindness by word or deed, her grateful heart ever responded by a gift of some beautiful thing that her own hands had wrought, and thus had she distributed many a token that will long be held most sacredly dear, as a memento of the pure and good.

On coming from her room one morning a few months ago, this lamented sister exclaimed to the writer, "Oh, brother! I have just seen my spirit home! It is so beautiful that I must go to it! I certainly cannot stay and wait on earth much longer!" And she further added, that although the vision was but partial, and that the curtain was but half lifted, yet the full view should be more dazzling than she could bear, yet it was truly enough to fill her heart full of most earnest invocation to be permitted to go without delay.

Oh! now thy prayer is answered, sister, And tho' our tears are falling faster, Our souls respond "Amen!" D. ANDREWS DAVIS.

Mrs. CATIE L. SMITH died in Texas, Mich., on the 27th ult., aged 39 years.

Mrs. Smith was one of Nature's gifted children. To her life was holy and she sanctified it by sweet charities and by beautiful love-deeds. She possessed a rare poetic talent. To her the universe was a grand epic, set to music.

A few months since her husband passed to spirit life. Since then she has turned heavenward—lived with those in the other life, and for two little children here.

A few weeks since Mr. Smith came to his wife and said, "Catie, I shall soon come for you." She made ready for his coming with as much composure and joy as she would have done had she been preparing for a pleasant journey.

She saw her loved one when death came to open for her the gate of life, and, bidding friends farewell, she joined him in the greenwood of soul.

Lightly tread, where sleeps the loved one, In her grave so newly made! Lightly tread, nor wake her slumbers, 'Neath the weeping willow shade.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

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

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

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

This volume also contains a fine steel engraving likeness of the author, by Donnelly. For sale at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. Post Office Drawer 6325, Chicago. Price 75 cents. Forwarded by mail on receipt of the price, free of postage.

CHURCH SERVICES.—Mr. W. T. Church, physical and text medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 862 Washburn avenue, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. Persons wishing to attend either the seances or developing circles, will find it to their interest to call upon him at their earliest convenience, and procure tickets to the same. Chicago, Nov. 17, 1865. 10-tf

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

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

DR. PERSONS, "THE HEALER."—We copy the following from the Milwaukee Daily News of November 16th: WONDERFUL CURES AT THE DYNAMIC INSTITUTE IN THIS CITY. The attention of the public here and elsewhere has been called at different times to notice the wonderful gifts some individuals possess in the healing of disease, and the press has been called upon to give publicity to their deeds. Eastern operators have been here and in Chicago, and crowds have called to be relieved. We desire to say that we have one of these noted doctors in our midst—Dr. Persons; one of the proprietors of the above named Institute whose cures place him in the front rank of all the operators who have as yet presented themselves to the public. If you visit his office you find in one corner a pile of canes and crutches taken from those who were obliged to use them from five to twenty years, all cured in from five to twenty minutes. Stepping to his desk, he will hand you more certificates of cures than you would find time to peruse. He gave us a few copies of some performed within a few days, and for the benefit of the afflicted, we publish them. We are satisfied from what we saw that the doctor takes no certificates without the cure is certain. Read the following:

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

CYRUS B. THOMAS, Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1865. A remarkable case of deafness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 26 years of age, has been deaf from her earliest recollection, so much so as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation, always suffered from running sores in her ears. In this condition she came to the Dynamic Institute, and in one treatment of a few minutes by Dr. Persons, could hear very well and after the second treatment her hearing was perfectly restored.

R. G. SAWYER, 301 Spring St. Milwaukee, Oct. 28, 1865. I hereby certify that my son Rudolphus A. Smith, has been afflicted with nervous spasms for the last five years, having as many as twenty spasms daily, rendering him insensible five minutes at a time, and never free from them for a single day. He came to the Dynamic Institute, Nov. 18th, 1865, and in one treatment by Dr. Persons, he was entirely relieved. My post office address is Chicago, Door County, Wis.

JOSPHINE B. SMITH, The above Institution is located on Marshall st., No. 857, and within 200 feet of the street railroad.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, near Pennsylvania avenue. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 34th street, near Broadway.

The speakers already engaged are, Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullen, for the month of December; Miss Lizette Duten, for January; and Mr. J. G. Fish, for March. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday School, meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York.

TEMPLE OF TRUTH.—Meetings at the "Temple of Truth," 814 Broadway, New York. Lectures and discussions every Sunday at 10 1/2, 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The hall and rooms are open every day in the week as a Spiritualist depot for information, medium's home, etc. All are invited to come, and make themselves at home.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

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

Mrs. N. K. Andrews, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill. Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopkeda, Mass. Lovel Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio, will respond to calls to lecture.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker, will speak in Middle Granville, N. Y., the first and third Sundays in each month, and in Kingsbury, N. Y., the second and fourth, up to July. Will answer calls to lecture evenings during the week, and attend funerals. Address Middle Granville or Smith's Basin, New York.

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

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

Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt. Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, West Brattleboro', Vt. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Putnam, Conn. Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell will answer calls to lecture. Address Forestport, Oneida Co., N. Y., care of Horace Farley. Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. L. K. Cooney will lecture in Vineland, N. J., the first, third and fourth Sundays of February. In Wilmington, Del., the first and second Sundays of March. Will deal in these places as may be desired. Will take subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and act as agent for the sale of spiritual and reform books. Address L. K. Cooney, Vineland, N. J. Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Rutland, Vt., P. O. Box 110. Mrs. Joannette J. Clark, trance speaker, will answer calls, when properly made, to lecture on Sundays in any of the towns in Connecticut. Will also attend funerals. Address, Putnam, Conn. Dr. James Cooper, Belvidere, O.

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

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in St. Louis, Mo., during January. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the winter. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as usual.

Tr. H. Curtis speaks upon questions of government. Address Hartford, Conn. Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed, as usual, at 274 Canal street, New York. Mrs. Laura De Torres Gordon, Houlton, Me., care of C. E. Gilman, Vt.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, P. O. Address, Rockford, Ill. Rev. James Francis will answer calls to lecture, after the spring opens. Address, Mankato, Minn. Mrs. M. L. French, inspirational medium, will answer calls to lecture or attend circles. Free circles Wednesday evenings. Address, Washington Village, South Boston. J. G. Fish will speak in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hamamont, N. J.

C. Augusta Fish, trance speaker, box 1826, Chicago, Ill. Dr. Wm. Fitzgibbon, the well known Central American traveler and lecturer on the "Lost Races, Ruins and Antiquities of that country," will answer calls to lecture through the country. Address, Washington Village, South Boston on the science of Human Electricity, as connected with the Physical Manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy, and will illustrate his lectures through the mediumship of Miss Ella Vanwie and others. Address, for the present at Wilmington, Delaware.

S. J. Finney's post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich. Mrs. Dr. D. A. Gallion will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk, Iowa. N. S. Greenleaf will speak in Haverhill during December; in Plymouth, Feb. 11 and 18. Address as above, or Lowell, Mass. Isaac P. Greenleaf will make engagements in Maine, Massachusetts, or elsewhere, for the fall and winter lecturing season. Address Exeter Mills, N. H.

P. Briggs, Magnetic Physician, will answer calls to lecture and heal the sick. Address, Evansville, Wis. D. H. Hamilton will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hamamont, N. J. J. B. Harrison, formerly minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, Kendallville, Noble Co., Ind.

Dr. Jos. J. Hattinger, Trance Speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, or to organized circles during week days in any part of this country. Will also organize Lyceums, and speak, either entranced or in his normal condition. Can be addressed at 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn. Charles A. Hayden will speak in Chicago, during January and February. Will also make engagements to speak week evenings in the vicinity. Address him care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Mrs. Lovina Heath, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. Mrs. S. A. Horton, Rutland, Vt. M. H. Houghton will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the remaining fall and coming winter months; will also answer calls to speak week evenings and attend funerals. Friends wishing his services are requested to apply immediately. Address West Paris, Me., care Col. M. B. Highton.

Miss Emma Houston will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., during December and January. Would be happy to make further engagements in the West. Moses Hull will speak in Grand Rapids, Mich., during December. Will answer calls to lecture the remainder of the winter. W. A. D. Hume, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson will speak in Stafford Springs, Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Grape St., Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md. W. F. Jamieson, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich.

Miss Susie M. Johnson will speak in Haverhill, Mass., during January. Miss Sophie Kendrick, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address Lebanon, N. H. George F. Kittridge, will answer calls to attend public circles and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Address, Grand Rapids, box 692.

Mrs. E. K. Ladd, No. 140 Court street, Boston, Mass., will answer calls to lecture. Dr. B. M. Lawrence will answer calls to lecture. Address, 12 Lincoln street, Boston, Mass. J. S. Loveland will answer calls to lecture, and will pay special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

Mrs. Elizabeth Marquand, inspirational and trance speaker, 97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J., will answer calls to lecture Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn. Leo Miller is once again in the field, and is ready to answer calls to lecture on the truths of our philosophy. His address is No. 22 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism Sundays and week-day evenings in Western New York, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. Will make calls to lecture on the direct railroad route to Chicago. Address without delay, Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y. Dr. James Morrison, lecturer, McHenry, Ill.

A. L. E. Nash, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y. Miss Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Stafford Springs, Conn., during February. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H. L. Judd Pardon, Address care Thomas Rathbone, box 1231, Buffalo, N. Y.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

JANUARY 27.

INVOCATION.

On, onward, we pass through the different changes of life, with the same great desire to know more of the creative power and the infinite Source from whence we derive our existence! As we analyze the various forms and conditions of the principle, life, we are lost in wonder and amazement, and we exclaim, "Thou great Source of light, from Thee we derive our existence—but from whence comest Thou? What is the aim and purpose for which Thou hast created us? What is the great end to be obtained by us, and why hast Thou implanted within us a desire to fathom the depths of Thy power?" We desire to be strong, we desire to be pure, we desire more of Thy light. We desire to drink from Thy fountain of wisdom; we desire to perfect ourselves, and be more like unto Thee in knowledge and truth; we desire to so develop and unfold our spiritual powers that we shall be enabled to see all things in their true light, that we may look with a forgiving spirit upon all seeming misdirections of our brothers and our sisters. We would ask that all may feel Thy love and influence—that all may partake from the bounteous table Thou hast spread for them, and feel to ever honor and praise Thee, as the infinite source of light and love!

NO NAME.

I want to say what I have to say without being asked any questions. If I feel like giving names, dates and localities, I will. If not, I do not wish to be asked any questions about them. I will commence by saying that I had my share of suffering, but now I do not regret my experience. I cannot say that I have gained any by it, however. I look upon it in this way. If it is for my benefit that I should have sorrow, would it be just in me to condemn those through whose acts I suffered? I blame no one. I will give part of my experience—it may perhaps be useful to others who have been placed in like circumstances. That which is called temptation, is of all things the most wonderful to me. What can we do to save ourselves from it? That which would be alluring to one, would not be so to another. That which brings pleasure to one, may bring pain to another, and it perhaps may come, too, from our nearest and dearest friends. Why is it that such is the case? Why are we so constituted that we cannot shun temptation? And, then, why is it that we are so organized that we feel such and such remarks, as we hear made often? I was, by the force of circumstances, called upon to feel passions which were far from being pleasant to my nature. I envied those whom I thought were in a better position than myself—then came temptation. I could not enjoy myself—why should they? I was tempted to remove them from their happiness. I did so. That same act brought with it tenfold sorrow. I thought to be happier by removing another from enjoyment that I could not have myself. I found out I made a great mistake. Right here, I will say, should any be placed in like circumstances—turn to your own selves, place yourselves right in the position of the one whom you envy, then see if you would like to have any one contemplate your destruction or your removal from such position. In the excitement of the moment, we are led to do that which we afterwards bitterly regret. There are a great many heartfelt sorrows. I wonder if I did wrong. Well if I did, it was on account of my conditions and surroundings; they made me do as I did. Who made these surroundings? Who made these conditions? I answer, different individuals. Still I would not regret or wish to change any part of my experience, however sad it was, for it is part of me—part of that which is necessary for my development and progress. Why was I so constituted that I should, of necessity, pass through such suffering? These are questions that you would all do well to contemplate. Before you condemn any portion of mankind, first ascertain their conditions and surroundings, and their own organisms, S., E., and C. [They are three different individuals.] I want you to reflect upon this, and when you think of the various acts of my life, think at the same time of my surroundings, and remember that I was not alone. No, I will not give any name. [Aside to a gentleman present she said: I feel my heart to be as warm, and my emotions as pure as ever filled the breast of woman.] I would not say one word to injure the feelings of any woman—neither would I say one word to in any way injure the happiness of my brother man. I advise you to look to the happiness of one another, and manifest a stronger sympathy for humanity. I must go, my feelings are such.

EMMA WILLIAMS, OF JOLIET, ILL. Will you let me say anything that I have a mind to? I want to tell my mother that I don't want her to feel bad. She thinks that I am dead. She cries—you do not know how much she cries. She cries when she goes to bed, and she cries when she goes to sleep; and when she gets up in the morning, she cries again. My papa he talks to her—tells her a great many things. I cannot tell you just what he tells her, but he says, "Don't cry, Emma has gone to heaven, and is better off." I am not gone to heaven. I am just right here where you are. I am not gone to heaven, not one bit. I feel bad when mother feels bad. This gentleman [the spirit guide] told me that I might tell her that I saw her cry, and maybe she would not cry any more. Celestia, my mother's sister, says, "Tell her that she is with me." Aunt Celestia is dead just like me, or she is in the spirit world. You say spirit world, don't you? [Yes, sometimes.] My mother said this was the home of the angels—she said I would be an angel. She said that I could go all around. But I do not go all around. I just want to tell her not to cry—tell her that I see her every day. Aunt Celestia brings me many pretty things. I do not mean pretty things to put in the house on the table. I mean nice things that you can take all around everywhere. You can see them, though—you can feel them, and they will make you feel happy. Did you ask me if I ever went to school? [No, but I would like to know.] I never did go to school, because I was sick. My papa did not let me go to school because it would make me sicker—so sick that I would die. He said he was afraid that I would die if I went. [How old were you when you died?] I was most eight years old. I have not been here but just a little bit of a while. I was not sick a bed, but I was not strong—I could not run fast. I could not walk a great long ways; I could not play with the little children, because I got tired. [Where did you live?] I lived most near Chicago. It was in Joliet. [Give me your name, perhaps I knew you.] My name is Emma Williams. You tell my mamma and papa that Emma is not dead.

JANUARY 24.

CHARLES PLUMB.

Now, I want you to look at this thing just exactly as it stands. I want you to take down my letter. Is that your way of doing business? [Yes.] Well, then, in the name of heaven, or any other thing, don't make it any worse than I give it. Put it down just exactly as I say it. I suppose when I get away from this place I shall think of something that I wish I had said. Now, make the best of what I give you.

You are always calling for dates and names, which I suppose is all right, but if I go on and talk to my folks they will know me from what I say just exactly as well as though I gave my name, age, time of death, place of residence, and all the details. Now, here comes what I have got to say. I am a white person, to be sure. I have been thinking that I will just say plain Charles—maybe after a while I will give the rest of my name. But don't, for heaven's sake, ask me to give it. I have seen spirits doing just the best they could, when up would come the question, "What is your name, and where do you live?" I don't like it. Well, now, to my father and sister I will speak. If I should say that I am perfectly happy, I should not tell the truth. I find a great many folks here that I wish I did not have to be with. I know that we are commanded by the Bible to "love one another." I don't care anything about that. If I love anybody, I love them, and if I hate anybody, I hate them.

There are a good many things that I won't mention, that I don't like, where I am. I merely want you to know that I am not satisfied, but don't think that I have found any of your hellfire and brimstone, or any of your hells, unless hell is a place where folks are not contented—if so, then you may say that I am in hell. There are a great many things I like better than I did those on earth, and a great many things I do not like as well. I think that if I had known of this way of communicating, I should have felt better since I have been

here. It is only a few days since I found it out. I see where I am. This is Chicago. I was never here before. My home was in Brooklyn—that is where my father lives. The folks here tell me that I ought to say something encouraging. I will try and get along as best I can. I did not tell you of my discontent because I wanted to make you feel bad; I merely wanted you to know that everything is not perfectly smooth, and that everybody is not situated as well as you might imagine. Did I tell you how old I was? [I think you did not.] Did I tell you anything except Charles? [Yes; you said your father lived in Brooklyn.] Charles Plumb is my name. You may send this letter to Richard Plumb, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ELVIRA WEST, PEORIA, ILL.

Why should I feel sorry for the last spirit that took possession of the medium, knowing that eventually all will be right? I do feel sorry for all who express themselves in the way that he did—sorry that he could not have said something that would have been more pleasing for his friends to think of.

You let all classes of spirits come to your circles; now I suppose there is good to be derived from that, from the fact that you gain an insight into the varied conditions of spirits that you would not otherwise have; certainly not as well as you do now, by having their experiences given by themselves, or ourselves, rather. My parents reside in Peoria, Ill. They know nothing about this way of communicating. It is to make them aware of the fact that I can come back that I do so. They feel that I am happy. It is very true that I am happy, but I shall be more so when I am able to converse with them as often as I like. I know that when they are convinced of this great truth, they will appreciate it highly. It will not only afford great happiness to me, but to them as well. If you all knew the true condition of the spirit after he leaves his material covering, you would never have a dread of death—that which is called death. I see that there are many of you who believe this now, but where there is one believer there are hundreds who doubt. It is to the class that know nothing about it, that I feel a desire to explain my condition and the power that I have to manifest myself to them—so that it may, in a measure, relieve them of their dreadful conception of death.

My dear parents, when you look upon death in its true sense, you will see that there is no death. It is but a simple change. It is a relief for sorrowing ones to pass from earth, and to those who have friends on this side, it is a pleasure to come. But to those who have nothing to attract them, death has great terrors. My dear parents, how many things shall I tell you that you may feel certain of my identity? I will say that I was nineteen years of age at the time of my death. I was sick but a very brief time. When the time came for my departure, you thought I was leaving you, but I did not go away. I saw Mrs. White and Mrs. Nelson as they prepared my form for its last resting place. I saw you as you went into the room, dear mother, and dropped upon your knees and clasped your hands together, asking God why this must be? All this I witnessed. How glad I should have been to have made you realize my presence, but I could not.

I have said enough for you to know that I can converse with you. I hope you will give me an opportunity. You may send this letter to my father, N. T. West, Peoria, Ill. My name is Elvira.

EMMA WILLIAMS, OF JOLIET, ILL.

Will you let me say anything that I have a mind to? I want to tell my mother that I don't want her to feel bad. She thinks that I am dead. She cries—you do not know how much she cries. She cries when she goes to bed, and she cries when she goes to sleep; and when she gets up in the morning, she cries again. My papa he talks to her—tells her a great many things. I cannot tell you just what he tells her, but he says, "Don't cry, Emma has gone to heaven, and is better off." I am not gone to heaven. I am just right here where you are. I am not gone to heaven, not one bit. I feel bad when mother feels bad. This gentleman [the spirit guide] told me that I might tell her that I saw her cry, and maybe she would not cry any more.

Celestia, my mother's sister, says, "Tell her that she is with me." Aunt Celestia is dead just like me, or she is in the spirit world. You say spirit world, don't you? [Yes, sometimes.] My mother said this was the home of the angels—she said I would be an angel. She said that I could go all around. But I do not go all around. I just want to tell her not to cry—tell her that I see her every day. Aunt Celestia brings me many pretty things. I do not mean pretty things to put in the house on the table. I mean nice things that you can take all around everywhere. You can see them, though—you can feel them, and they will make you feel happy. Did you ask me if I ever went to school? [No, but I would like to know.] I never did go to school, because I was sick. My papa did not let me go to school because it would make me sicker—so sick that I would die. He said he was afraid that I would die if I went. [How old were you when you died?] I was most eight years old. I have not been here but just a little bit of a while. I was not sick a bed, but I was not strong—I could not run fast. I could not walk a great long ways; I could not play with the little children, because I got tired. [Where did you live?] I lived most near Chicago. It was in Joliet. [Give me your name, perhaps I knew you.] My name is Emma Williams. You tell my mamma and papa that Emma is not dead.

JANUARY 24.

CHARLES PLUMB.

Now, I want you to look at this thing just exactly as it stands. I want you to take down my letter. Is that your way of doing business? [Yes.] Well, then, in the name of heaven, or any other thing, don't make it any worse than I give it. Put it down just exactly as I say it. I suppose when I get away from this place I shall think of something that I wish I had said. Now, make the best of what I give you.

You are always calling for dates and names, which I suppose is all right, but if I go on and talk to my folks they will know me from what I say just exactly as well as though I gave my name, age, time of death, place of residence, and all the details. Now, here comes what I have got to say. I am a white person, to be sure. I have been thinking that I will just say plain Charles—maybe after a while I will give the rest of my name. But don't, for heaven's sake, ask me to give it. I have seen spirits doing just the best they could, when up would come the question, "What is your name, and where do you live?" I don't like it. Well, now, to my father and sister I will speak. If I should say that I am perfectly happy, I should not tell the truth. I find a great many folks here that I wish I did not have to be with. I know that we are commanded by the Bible to "love one another." I don't care anything about that. If I love anybody, I love them, and if I hate anybody, I hate them.

There are a good many things that I won't mention, that I don't like, where I am. I merely want you to know that I am not satisfied, but don't think that I have found any of your hellfire and brimstone, or any of your hells, unless hell is a place where folks are not contented—if so, then you may say that I am in hell. There are a great many things I like better than I did those on earth, and a great many things I do not like as well. I think that if I had known of this way of communicating, I should have felt better since I have been

cannot suffer from repeated attacks upon its merits. That which is false, and has been connected with it from time to time, will eventually pass away. The agitation of free thought will hasten the bringing out of a better and more perfect understanding of Christianity. True Christianity has an existence to-day. All you have to do is to develop the minds of the people, so they may appreciate and understand it. You cannot change Christianity in its true sense, but you can bring minds to know and appreciate it. Christianity always existed in principle. All Christian churches have claimed that at their head was true Christianity, and they have tried to prove it to the world. Their intentions were to bring to the understanding of humanity a more perfect form of Christianity. I repeat again that true Christianity has always existed. All its changes and different forms have tended to the development and unfolding of the real true principle that really exists.

Q. Does the same principle in fact underlie all phases of religious belief, though manifested crudely to the world?

A. I cannot see the necessity of answering that question, as it has been answered above.

[The following was given in a whisper:]

ELIZABETH A. REED, CATTARAUGUS, N. Y. I want to let my friends know that I can talk to them. I have many dear ones with whom I wish to speak. I talk not for the satisfaction of those who will peruse the columns of your paper, but to let my friends know that I can come. Then they will seek to make conditions favorable for me at home. I was sick a long time, I had the inflammatory rheumatism, and my right side was contracted. I went to the Sulphur Springs. I did everything to regain my health. My home was in Cattaraugus, N. Y. It is four years ago, the 17th of December, since I died. Send this letter to M. S. Reed, my husband. My name is Elizabeth A. Reed. I was thirty-four years of age; left three children, two boys and one girl.

Q. Does it require exertion or the putting forth of the will power, to accomplish materialization on the part of the spirits, the same as it would for an individual to accomplish any object in this life?

A. It requires a greater amount of will power for spirits to materialize and manifest themselves than you use here to accomplish an object. Why? Because, in the first place, there is a desire to accomplish that, and then they have to contend with the material objects that they gather, which you do not. There is a double amount of the will power necessary to be made use of by spirits to accomplish the object. For instance, when a spirit wishes to influence a medium, it has to exercise its positive will power over the organism of the medium in order to make it subservient to it, at the same time it has to make use of that organism to convey its ideas.

JANUARY 26TH.

JOHN.

Mother wants me to come—she wants to know about my father and brothers and sister. My sister's name is Sally. Mother wants me to tell her about my brothers, yet she does not desire everybody to know, so I am going to speak so that she will understand me, whether any one else does or not. I did not think when I was with you that you had so much trouble. I had no idea that it was possible that you could have so much. Since my death I have been able to see the deep sorrow of your heart, and I know dear mother that you hated to have me leave you, for fear that I would never return. I have entranced mediums, and talked with you. I have manifested myself to you physically; yet you want me to come and talk to you at this place. Father is aware that you have much sorrow. When I see how much misery you experience, I wish that I could have staid with you, for I believe that I could have done differently. You looked to me as the one who was to staid by you—because I was older than the others—still I was young. You looked to me as a support for your old age. I want to tell right here about my brothers. I see ahead that they will come out all right, and you, mother, in the end will be happy. Mother keep on in the way you feel to be best; be cautious and you will be confided in. I am sorry they did as they did, because it has brought so much trouble upon you. I know that they did not intend that this should make you so unhappy. I know now that if they could put everything back straight and right, they would do so gladly. I feel satisfied that you will see that after your death. At night, when you go to bed, you think over your early life, and you say you cannot see anything of good coming out of all this trouble. You do not often shed tears. It is very seldom that you give way externally sufficiently for any one to see your emotions of deep pain. My mother's name is Sarah. L. did tell a lie, and I believe he would tell one any time for a dollar.

I will be with you, mother—I will stay close by you, and help you all that I can. Father is sorry for the way he did while he was living. You know he did not like to own it then.

Don't give up your place that you have got—keep it. You think sometimes that you will; but don't you do it. Don't let what anybody may say about it have any influence over you, making you do that which you will not afterwards thank for the best. Now, mother, I will be with you just as much as I can, and I will manifest my presence to you just as often as I can, for I am yet your living son, John. Mother will know John, who. I think, mother, if you had been with me when I was sick, and taken care of me, I should not have died. My folks take your paper.

ABIGAIL WORDEN.

That boy felt all that he said. I will not tell anything that he was unwilling to, though. He is sorry for his mother. I have a father and a mother, and neither of them are with me here. I suppose anybody can come and talk, even if they never joined the church? I have joined, though. I joined it when I was fourteen years old, and was baptized. It was the Methodist denomination. My father and mother thought it was the best thing to keep us out of any kind of trouble. I am glad I did join, for I always liked to please my dear mother. She was a good mother, and she is a good mother now. She belongs to that church, and she likes to have me talk, just as well as though she did not. Don't you, mother? I know you do. Abigail Worden is my name. It is four years since I left the earth. I think that the church was a good thing for me. It kept me from doing many things which I should otherwise have done, after doing which I should not have been as happy. When the time came for me to leave my parents, I was glad that I had become a member of the church, because they were so anxious for me to do so. I was sick with lung fever, and died on the 17th of May, 1861. It will be four years next May. Do not I reckon right? Now, I want to let my father and mother know that I am happy. I lived in Dixon, Ill. I

would be glad to talk to you often, and will just as often as I can find a medium whom I can influence. There are a great many spirits who are anxious to communicate with their friends, and will, when they get possession of mediums. They have been waiting until they could get sufficient power. I would help them all if I could. I always feel the best when I am helping some one. Would you like to know my business? [Most certainly.] I am one of a band of group to welcome children to the spirit world—to their new life—show to them the beauties of everything here, and draw their attention from the friends they have just left, so that they will not grieve and be lonely. I am happy in this. But as my mind becomes more unfolded, perhaps I shall be enabled to welcome the more advanced in years to this plane. My dear parents, I cannot advise you to leave your church, because you are happier there than you would be anywhere else. I want you to do that which you feel for the best. When you get this message you will say it is just like my talk; and the strong faith you have in the goodness of God that rules all things will make you think that perhaps He has given me the power to speak to you thus. I will come in such a way that you will know that it is me, as often as I can. Your loving daughter Abby. Have the kindness to send this to James Worden, Dixon, Ill. May true spirits ever be with you at your sittings.

RUFUS TERRY, OF MINA, N. Y.

I do not want preachers to be all the time telling that when we die we go to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," for when they do they tell that which is not true. I want them to keep truth on their side, and they don't when they tell that kind of stuff. It would be true if we really died. But I did not die, and I do not believe that there is such a thing as death. My mother goes to church, and she hears the same thing right over and over again—good God and bad devil, and she has believed it so long that she cannot think anything else is right. She will think this is the devil talking, and that the devil has taken my name. She don't believe in folks talking after they are dead, and she says the devil has many ways of deceiving the people and drawing them from the true path. Strong as I used to be in that old faith, I never thought I should see God or the devil either—heaven or the place where the devil keeps all the wicked folks. I have not seen either place; not a bit of it. There is a very nice class of minds here that is constantly experimenting upon scientific subjects. This class discourses upon scientific questions, and gets new ideas to offer to the children of earth—to the thinking minds of your plane. I do not see anything very devilish about that. It is a mistaken idea, as sure as fate. Now mother, suppose it was the devil, would you not thank him for helping me? Would you care by what means I came, so long as I could come for you to talk with me? Now, I beg you to just lay aside that mistaken idea of the devil, and listen to what I have to say. My mother's name is Elizabeth Terry.

Now, perhaps she will say, why not stay where you are, and not come back to trouble us? The reason I do not stay, is because I want you to know these things. You have been deceived long enough in regard to these matters. This is from your son, Rufus Terry. Please send this to Elizabeth Terry, Mina, N. Y.

PHEBE WESTON, OF DAYTON, OHIO.

To my husband and children I wish to speak. I am glad that the time has come that I can have an opportunity to talk without fear of what will be said—without fear that somebody will take exceptions to what I feel to be true. I believe in giving people the right to enjoy what they know. If woman knows enough to talk sense, she certainly has a right to talk and a right to claim attention. I believe in woman's having equal rights and privileges with man, politically, socially and intellectually, and upon every question appertaining to everything. If woman is not competent to give her ideas of right and wrong, surely "man that is born of woman" is not competent to make laws by which she is to be governed. I am glad to see that women, true and loyal to the heart's core, are gaining courage enough to stand up for their rights, and to declare them in the presence of political men.

Why cannot men reflect one moment upon what they are doing—organizing and constituting laws by which to govern their mothers—to rule those who gave you your existence—those to whom you are indebted for all that you have? You presume to make laws, not only for your mothers, but for your wives, sisters and daughters. Do not your daughters to some extent partake of your noble natures. Think you that they wish to be slaves? Think you that they wish to be subjected to laws that are demoralizing in their effects. I wish men would look at the laws that they have imposed upon women, and then be noble enough to stand back and let woman rise to her natural position. This institution is one place where I am not driven back, because I am a woman. No, here we have all the rights which men have. I am comparatively happy, but I shall most certainly be happier when I see justice done to my sex on earth. I passed from this life eleven years ago; I devoted much of my time to the elevation and liberation of woman. I did not intend to say as much as I have upon that subject; I felt my words to be true, and that those truths would be proper to advance at this time, when the exertions of woman to free herself are being made apparent to every one. I commenced by speaking to my husband and children—three daughters. I wish that my daughters may enjoy more rights and privileges. I want my husband to look to that himself. Please send one of your papers to Julia Weston, Dayton, Ohio, and oblige your friend and sister, Phebe Weston.

JANE SEARS, OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

My sister has said what she feels to be right. For my part I have sufficient confidence in men to believe that it is for them to attend to such matters rather than for women to enter upon them in any way whatever. I have many relatives on earth, and I feel perfectly contented to let everything remain or rest in the hands of God, believing that He will bring all things to their proper and legitimate results. I am very glad to have the privilege of speaking to my friends. I do not feel like reproving them in any way for what they have done. I only want them to know that it is in my power to communicate. I esteem it a great privilege for the departed to come here and send messages to their friends. I lived upon earth forty-one years and felt satisfied with my rights and privileges. It is three years since I left earth. My name is Jane Sears of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

A CRAZY MULATTO-SLAVE, OF ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

Ho! ha! Them women thought that they had God-given rights. I wonder if I have not got some,

too? Ho! ha! I just want you to understand that the air is just as much mine to breathe as yours. Ho! ha! Very fine thoughts those women had. Ho! ha! Now I have got the right to speak, and I am going to improve it. I am going to talk. [Hesitating.] Wait a moment. [Take ample time—the chance is yours.] I want Charles Nicholson to know that I have a perfect right to come here. He lives at St. Joseph, Missouri. Ho! ha! When I came here I laid down my old body and took on a new one. Then I found that I was all right—right square off. Ho! ha! Charles Nicholson said that I was crazy. Ho! ha! ho! ha! I know what made me crazy. It was the thumpings he gave my head. He said that he believed I would go to the devil, but I did not. I did go to the devil, though, when I went where he was.

Now, Master Charles, you take care. Did you not have your things all thrown about in your room? Ho! ha! I reckon as how you got scared when your bureau drawers were pulled open and your pillow taken out from under your head. Ho! ha! Was not you scared some when your table moved around when you was eating? Ho! ha! You say I am crazy. Ho! ha! Now, Master Charles, I moved your table round. You thought it was the devil, didn't you? But I am not the devil. You just make all things square with that daughter of mine, and I won't turn your things over any more. Ho! ha! If you don't I will haunt you so that you will never sleep any more. Ho! ha! I am not crazy now, and should not have been crazy, if you had not rapped me on my head. This letter will be a stumblor when he gets it. Ho! ha! My daughter's name is Caroline. Will you surely put this into your paper? [Yes.] Well, send the paper to Charles Nicholson—he who thought the devil was musing up his things so. Ho! ha! ho! ha! ho! ha! I never should have been crazy if he had let my head alone. He knocked me on my head and made me stagger, and I had no control over my body or my hands, and there I was helpless; but I am not that way now. My daughter don't know that it was that man who made me crazy. I want her to know it. Good bye.

PATRICK O'MURPHY.

From Ireland I came now. It is to Ireland I want you to be after sending my message. It is far from me that I would not like America, but I like my country very much better. Now, there is the place for me now. I have a sister in Boston. Now, it is to her I would have you take this. And share did I tell you her name; now it is Mary. This is a fine institution you have here any way, giving us a chance to speak. It is a very fine thing to have in this country. Now, Mary, I took a little too much of the glass, Mary; and shure I am all right now. Shure not a drop did I get since I came here. I have come to the conclusion that purgatory was before my death, Mary; and we would be after making you understand that purgatory is where you have the things to make you feel purgatory. Shure we have nothing of that here. And if the Holy Virgin Mary was right here with me, it could not be smoother.

You could find nothing more smooth or spicer did; it is beautiful, and I am content. Now, it's a very fine place. It is different from where you are. This is a very fine room I am in. [Looking about.] Very fine now to be speaking to you this little story in.

It was in New York that I took too much of the glass, Mary, and the physician said it burned on my vitals. And, Mary, you know I came honest by that taste, and you are not the likes that would be blaming me for it. Shure you would be the one after asking if I would be all right now. I see, Mary, never a glass here. There is never a glass passed round. George is here, too. Send this to my sister Mary. She will send it to Ireland. She can do it better than you. It is very grand for you to be writing down what I be after saying.

BARBER, OF FREEPORT.

Strange that after so long a time I have found my way here. I died of a cancer in my throat. It kept eating until it ate off the large arteries, and the result was that I died to death. My name is Barber. I have two sisters, Mary and Susan Barber, in Freeport. You may send this to them. I only want to say enough to let them know that I can come. They know nothing about your paper. They don't believe anything in this kind of communion. Some of the family have had something to do with it, but they don't investigate the method of communicating far enough to get that which satisfies them or sets good. The manifestations have not been pleasing, and the result was they thought it to be the work of the devil, and concluded to have nothing to do with it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Is the "life principle," manifested in the animal and vegetable forms of existence, the same essential principle, differing only as a higher or lower development, according to the form presented and governed by the same general laws; or does this "principle" differ materially in each of the grand departments of existence, in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms?

A. The same life principle exists in everything, and is governed by the same great moving Power. The life principle is the same, only manifested in different forms—each essential to the other. The mineral is essential to the vegetable, and the vegetable is essential to the animal, and all three combined are essential to the development of the human mind.

Q. If different, can the source from which life springs, as a pervading influence, be a unit?

A. All laws, all forms of life, are governed by the same great immutable principle. There is no one distinct law or principle working by itself. All work in harmony in the animal, vegetable and mineral—each in the other—each performs its mission—all tending to the ultimate development of the higher form—that is, man.

Q. If not different, then where draw the dividing line between that which is immortal and that which is not?

A. We hold that there is no dividing line drawn. That which we call lower is subject to that which seems to be higher, but yet, no line of demarcation can be drawn. The spiritual is an outgrowth of the material. Man partakes in his nature of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. All below him can be made subservient to his will.

Q. If different, in what respect does the life principle of the plant and animal differ?

A. Does not my friend see that in the mineral he can see no signs of life? In the vegetable he can see its growth. In the animal, it is easy to see the evidences of life. One is possessed of feeling, and the other is not; yet the life principle, the animating principle, is the same.

Q. What is the difference in the life principle between the cold and warm blooded animals or members of that division of existence in the animal kingdom?

A. I cannot see any difference in the life principle

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

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

JANUARY 27. INVOCATION.

On, onward, we pass through the different changes of life, with the same great desire to know more of the creative power and the Infinite Source from whence we derive our existence! As we analyze the various forms and conditions of the principle, life, we are lost in wonder and amazement, and we exclaim, "Thou great Source of light, from Thee we derive our existence—but from whence comest Thou? What is the aim and purpose for which Thou hast created us? What is the great end to be obtained by us, and why hast Thou implanted within us a desire to fathom the depths of Thy power?" We desire to be strong, we desire to be pure, we desire more of Thy light. We desire to drink from Thy fountain of wisdom; we desire to perfect ourselves, and be more like unto Thee in knowledge and truth; we desire to so develop and unfold our spiritual powers that we shall be enabled to see all things in their true light, that we may look with a forgiving spirit upon all seeming misdirections of our brothers and our sisters. We would ask that all may feel Thy love and influence—that all may partake from the bounteous table Thou hast spread for them, and feel to ever honor and praise Thee, as the Infinite source of light and love!

NO NAME.

I want to say what I have to say without being asked any questions. If I feel like giving names, dates and localities, I will. If not, I do not wish to be asked any questions about them. I will commence by saying that I had my share of suffering, but now I do not regret my experience. I cannot say that I have gained any by it, however. I look upon it in this way. If it is for my benefit that I should have sorrow, would it be just in me to condemn those through whose acts I suffered? I blame no one. I will give part of my experience—it may perhaps be useful to others who have been placed in like circumstances. That which is called temptation, is of all things the most wonderful to me. What can we do to save ourselves from it? That which would be alluring to one, would not be so to another. That which brings pleasure to one, may bring pain to another, and it perhaps may come, too, from our nearest and dearest friends. Why is it that such is the case? Why are we so constituted that we cannot shun temptation? And, then, why is it that we are so organized that we feel such and such remarks, as we hear made often? I was, by the force of circumstances, called upon to feel passions which were far from being pleasant to my nature. I envied those whom I thought were in a better position than myself—then came temptation. I could not enjoy myself—why should they? I was tempted to remove them from their happiness. I did so. That same act brought with it tenfold sorrow. I thought to be happier by removing another from enjoyment that I could not have myself. I found out I made a great mistake. Right here, I will say, should any be placed in like circumstances—turn to your own selves, place yourselves right in the position of the one whom you envy, then see if you would like to have any one contemplate your destruction or your removal from such position. In the excitement of the moment, we are led to do that which we afterwards bitterly regret. There are a great many heartfelt sorrows, I wonder if I did wrong. Well if I did, it was on account of my conditions and surroundings; they made me do as I did. Who made these surroundings? Who made these conditions? I answer, different individuals. Still I would not regret or wish to change any part of my experience, however sad it was, for it is part of me—part of that which is necessary for my development and progress. Why was I so constituted that I should, of necessity, pass through such suffering? These are questions that you would all do well to contemplate. Before you condemn any portion of mankind, first ascertain their conditions and surroundings, and their own organizations, S, E, and C. [They are three different individuals.] I want you to reflect upon this, and when you think of the various acts of my life, think at the same time of my surroundings, and remember that I was not alone. No, I will not give any name. [Aside to a gentleman present she said: I feel my heart to be warm, and my emotions as pure as ever filled the breast of woman.] I would not say one word to injure the feelings of any woman—neither would I say one word to in any way injure the happiness of my brother man. I advise you to look to the happiness of one another, and manifest a stronger sympathy for humanity. I must go, my feelings are such.

JANUARY 24. CHARLES PLUMB.

Now, I want you to look at this thing just exactly as it stands. I want you to take down my letter. Is that your way of doing business? [Yes.] Well, then, in the name of heaven, or any other thing, don't make it any worse than I give it. Put it down just exactly as I say it. I suppose when I get away from this place I shall think of something that I wish I had said. Now, make the best of what I give you.

You are always calling for dates and names, which I suppose is all right, but if I go on and talk to my folks they will know me from what I say just exactly as well as though I gave my name, age, time of death, place of residence, and all the details. Now, here comes what I have got to say. I am a white person, to be sure. I have been thinking that I will just say plain Charles—maybe after a while I will give the rest of my name. But don't, for heaven's sake, ask me to give it. I have seen spirits doing just the best they could, when up would come the question, "What is your name, and where do you live?" I don't like it. Well, now, to my father and sister I will speak. If I should say that I am perfectly happy, I should not tell the truth. I find a great many folks here that I wish I did not have to be with. I know that we are commanded by the Bible to "love one another." I don't care anything about that. If I love anybody, I love them, and if I hate anybody, I hate them.

There are a good many things that I won't mention, that I don't like, where I am. I merely want you to know that I am not satisfied, but don't think that I have found any of your hellfire and brimstone, or any of your hells, unless hell is a place where folks are not contented—if so, then you may say that I am in hell. There are a great many things I like better than I did those on earth, and a great many things I do not like as well. I think that if I had known of this way of communicating, I should have felt better since I have been

here. It is only a few days since I found it out. I see where I am. This is Chicago. I was never here before. My home was in Brooklyn—that is where my father lives. The folks here tell me that I ought to say something encouraging. I will try and get along as best I can. I did not tell you of my discontent because I wanted to make you feel bad; I merely wanted you to know that everything is not perfectly smooth, and that everybody is not situated as well as you might imagine. Did I tell you how old I was? [I think you did not.] Did I tell you anything except Charles? [Yes; you said your father lived in Brooklyn.] Charles Plumb is my name. You may send this letter to Richard Plumb, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ELVIRA WEST, PEORIA, ILL.

Why should I feel sorry for the last spirit that took possession of the medium, knowing that eventually all will be right? I do feel sorry for all who express themselves in the way that he did—sorry that he could not have said something that would have been more pleasing for his friends to think of. You let all classes of spirits come to your circles; now I suppose there is good to be derived from that, from the fact that you gain an insight into the varied conditions of spirits that you would not otherwise have; certainly not as well as you do now, by having their experiences given by themselves, or ourselves, rather. My parents reside in Peoria, Ill. They know nothing about this way of communicating. It is to make them aware of the fact that I can come back that I do so. They feel that I am happy. It is very true that I am happy, but I shall be more so when I am able to converse with them as often as I like. I know that when they are convinced of this great truth, they will appreciate it highly. It will not only afford great happiness to me, but to them as well. If you all knew the true condition of the spirit after it leaves its material covering, you would never have a dread of death—that which is called death. I see that there are many of you who believe this now, but where there is one believer there are hundreds who doubt. It is to the class that know nothing about it, that I feel a desire to explain my condition and the power that I have to manifest myself to them—so that it may, in a measure, relieve them of their dreadful conception of death.

My dear parents, when you look upon death in its true sense, you will see that there is no death. It is but a simple change, and is a relief for sorrowing ones to pass from earth. It is to those who have friends on this side, it is a pleasure to come. But to those who have nothing to attract them, death has great terrors. My dear parents, how many things shall I tell you that you may feel certain of my identity? I will say that I was nineteen years of age at the time of my death. I was sick but a very brief time. When the time came for my departure, you thought I was leaving you, but I did not go away. I saw Mrs. White and Mrs. Nelson as they prepared my form for its last resting place. I saw you as you went into the room, dear mother, and dropped upon your knees and clasped your hands together, asking God why this must be? All this I witnessed. How glad I should have been to have made you realize my presence, but I could not.

I have said enough for you to know that I can converse with you. I hope you will give me an opportunity. You may send this letter to my father, N. T. West, Peoria, Ill. My name is Elvira. EMMA WILLIAMS, OF JOLIET, ILL. Will you let me say anything that I have a mind to? I want to tell my mother that I don't want her to feel bad. She thinks that I am dead. She cries—you do not know how much she cries. She cries when she goes to bed, and she cries when she goes to sleep; and when she gets up in the morning, she cries again. My papa he talks to her—tells her a great many things. I cannot tell you just what he tells her, but he says, "Don't cry, Emma has gone to heaven, and is better off." I am not gone to heaven. I am just right here where you are. I am not gone to heaven, not one bit. I feel bad when mother feels bad. This gentleman [the spirit guide] told me that I might tell her that I saw her cry, and maybe she would not cry any more.

Celestia, my mother's sister, says, "Tell her that she is with me." Aunt Celestia is dead just like me, or she is in the spirit world. You say spirit world, don't you? [Yes, sometimes.] My mother said this was the home of the angels—she said I would be an angel. She said that I could go all around. But I do not go all around. I just want to tell her not to cry—tell her that I see her every day. Aunt Celestia brings me many pretty things. I do not mean pretty things to put in the house on the table. I mean nice things that you can take all around everywhere. You can see them, though—you can feel them, and they will make you feel happy. Did you ask me if I ever went to school? [No, but I would like to know.] I never did go to school, because I was sick. My papa did not let me go to school because it would make me sicker—so sick that I would die. He said he was afraid that I would die if I went. [How old were you when you died?] I was most eight years old. I have not been here but just a little bit of a while. I was not sick a long time, but I was not strong—I could not run fast. I could not walk a great long way; I could not play with the little children, because I got tired. [Where did you live?] I lived most near Chicago. [It was in Joliet.] [Give me your name, perhaps I knew you.] My name is Emma Williams. You tell my mamma and papa that Emma is not dead.

QUESTIONS BY A GENTLEMAN VISITING THE CIRCLE.

Q. Please tell me how I can cure this disease in my head, called catarrh? A. You do not exercise enough to keep up a healthy action of the system. You sit in a bending position. Many times you forget the temperature of your room. Q. Is there anything that I can take—any magnetism or mesmerism that I can avail myself of? A. Spirits will benefit you if you will let them control and direct you. I think you have your room too hot. I think you breathe in heated air which has become poisonous from the disease of your organism. You breathe the same air over and over. The only wonder is that it does notstrate you upon a bed of sickness. You do not take care of the body; the result is that the disease is gaining upon you. I could not recommend any medicine to you. Pure air is the best thing that you can get. Take proper care of your system externally. Keep the head cool and the feet warm. Q. Does theological agitation tend to the development of Christianity? A. I should most certainly say that it does, from the fact that the more you agitate a subject, the more light is thrown upon it in all its bearings. The discussion upon that subject brings to your understanding many true philosophical ideas, which you never would have known had it not been for such discussion. True Christianity is a divine truth, and

cannot suffer from repeated attacks upon its merits. That which is false, and has been connected with it from time to time, will eventually pass away. The agitation of free thought will hasten the bringing out of a better and more perfect understanding of Christianity. True Christianity has an existence to-day. All you have to do is to develop the minds of the people, so they may appreciate and understand it. You cannot change Christianity in its true sense, but you can bring minds to know and appreciate it. Christianity always existed in principle. All Christian churches have claimed that at their head was true Christianity, and they have tried to prove it to the world. Their intentions were to bring to the understanding of humanity a more perfect form of Christianity. I repeat again that true Christianity has always existed. All its changes and different forms have tended to the development and unfolding of the real true principle that really exists.

Q. Does the same principle in fact underlie all phases of religious belief, though manifested crudely to the world? A. I cannot see the necessity of answering that question, as it has been answered above.

[The following was given in a whisper.]

ELIZABETH A. REED, CATTARAUGUS, N. Y. I want to let my friends know that I can talk to them. I have many dear ones with whom I wish to speak. I talk not for the satisfaction of those who will peruse the columns of your paper, but to let my friends know that I can come. Then they will seek to make conditions favorable for me at home. I was sick a long time. I had the inflammatory rheumatism, and my right side was contracted. I went to the Sulphur Springs. I did everything to regain my health. My home was in Cattaraugus, N. Y. It is four years ago, the 17th of December, since I died. Send this letter to M. S. Reed, my husband. My name is Elizabeth A. Reed. I was thirty-four years of age; left three children, two boys and one girl.

Q. Does it require exertion or the putting forth of the will power, to accomplish materialization on the part of the spirits, the same as it would for an individual to accomplish any object in this life? A. It requires a greater amount of will power for spirits to materialize and manifest themselves than you use here to accomplish an object. Why? Because, in the first place, there is a desire to accomplish that, and then they have to contend with the material objects that they gather, which you do not. There is a double amount of the will power necessary to be made use of by spirits to accomplish the object. For instance, when a spirit wishes to influence a medium, it has to exercise its positive will power over the organism of the medium in order to make it subservient to it, at the same time it has to make use of that organism to convey its ideas.

JANUARY 20TH.

JOHN.

Mother wants me to come—she wants to know about my father and brothers and sister. My sister's name is Sally. Mother wants me to tell her about my brothers, yet she does not desire everybody to know, so I am going to speak so that she will understand me, whether any one else does or not. I did not think when I was with you that you had so much trouble. I had no idea that it was possible that you could have so much. Since my death I have been able to see the deep sorrow of your heart, and I know dear mother that you hated to have me leave you, for fear that I would never return. I have entranced mediums, and talked with you. I have manifested myself to you physically; yet you want me to come and talk to you at this place. Father is aware that you have much sorrow. When I see how much misery you experience, I wish that I could have staid with you, for I believe that I could have done differently. You looked to me as the one who was to stand by you—because I was older than the others—still I was young. You looked to me as a support for your old age. I want to tell right here about my brothers. I see ahead that they will come out all right, and you, mother, in the end will be happy. Mother keep on in the way you feel to be best; be cautious and you will be confided in. I am sorry they did as they did, because it has brought so much trouble upon you. I know that they did not intend that this should make you so unhappy. I know now that if they could put everything back straight and right, they would do so gladly. I feel satisfied that you will see that after your death. At night, when you go to bed, you think over your early life, and you say you cannot see anything of good coming out of all this trouble. You do not often shed tears. It is very seldom that you give way externally sufficiently for any one to see your emotions of deep pain. My mother's name is Sarah. L. did tell a lie, and I believe he would tell one any time for a dollar.

I will be with you, mother—I will stay close by you, and help you all that I can. Father is sorry for the way he did while he was living. You know he did not like to own it then.

Don't give up your place that you have got—keep it. You think sometimes that you will; but don't you do it. Don't let what anybody may say about it have any influence over you, making you do that which you will not afterwards think for the best. Now, mother, I will be with you just as much as I can, and I will manifest my presence to you just as often as I can, for I am yet your living son, John. Mother will know John, who. I think, mother, if you had been with me when I was sick, and taken care of me, I should not have died. My folks take your paper.

ABIGAIL WORDEN.

That boy felt all that he said. I will not tell anything that he was unwilling to, though. He is sorry for his mother. I have a father and a mother, and neither of them are with me here. I suppose anybody can come and talk, even if they never joined the church? I have joined, though. I joined it when I was fourteen years old, and was baptized. It was the Methodist denomination. My father and mother thought it was the best thing to keep us out of any kind of trouble. I am glad I did join, for I always liked to please my dear mother. She was a good mother, and she is a good mother now. She belongs to that church, and she likes to have me talk, just as well as though she did not. Don't you, mother? I know you do. Abigail Worden is my name. It is four years since I left the earth. I think that the church was a good thing for me. It kept me from doing many things which I should otherwise have done, after doing which I should not have been as happy. When the time came for me to leave my parents, I was glad that I had become a member of the church, because they were so anxious for me to do so. I was sick with lung fever, and died on the 17th of May, 1860. It will be four years next May. Do not I reckon right? Now, I want to let my father and mother know that I am happy. I lived in Dixon, Ill. I

would be glad to talk to you often, and will just as often as I can find a medium whom I can influence. There are a great many spirits who are anxious to communicate with their friends, and will, when they get possession of mediums. They have been waiting until they could get sufficient power, I would help them all if I could. I always feel the best when I am helping some one. Would you like to know my business? [Most certainly.] I am one of a band or group to welcome children to the spirit world—to their new life—show to them the beauties of everything here, and draw their attention from the friends they have just left, so that they will not grieve and be lonely. I am happy in this. But as my mind becomes more unfolded, perhaps I shall be enabled to welcome the more advanced in years to this plane. My dear parents, I cannot advise you to leave your church, because you are happier there than you would be anywhere else. I want you to do that which you feel for the best. When you get this message you will say it is just like my talk; and the strong faith you have in the goodness of God that rules all things will make you think that perhaps He has given me the power to speak to you thus. I will come in such a way that you will know that it is me, as often as I can. Your loving daughter Abby. Have the kindness to send this to James Worden, Dixon, Ill. May true spirits ever be with you at your sittings.

RUFUS TERRY, OF MINA, N. Y.

I do not want preachers to be all the time telling that when we die we go to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," for when they do they tell that which is not true. I want them to keep truth on their side, and they don't when they tell that kind of stuff. It would be true if we really died. But I did not die, and I do not believe that there is such a thing as death. My mother goes to church, and she hears the same thing right over and over again—good God and bad devil, and she has believed it so long that she cannot think anything else is right. She will think this is the devil talking, and that the devil has taken my name. She don't believe in folks talking after they are dead, and she says the devil has many ways of deceiving the people and drawing them from the true path. Strong as I used to be in that old faith, I never thought I should see God or the devil either—heaven or the place where the devil keeps all the wicked folks. I have not seen either place; not a bit of it. There is a very nice class of minds here that is constantly experimenting upon scientific subjects. This class discourses upon scientific questions, and gets new ideas to offer to the children of earth—to the thinking minds of your plane. I do not see anything very devilish about that. It is a mistaken idea, as sure as fate. Now mother, suppose it was the devil, would you not thank him for helping me? Would you care by what means I came, so long as I could come for you to talk with me? Now, I beg you to just lay aside that mistaken idea of the devil, and listen to what I have to say. My mother's name is Elizabeth Terry.

Now, perhaps she will say, why not stay where you are, and not come back to trouble us? The reason I do not stay, is because I want you to know these things. You have been deceived long enough in regard to these matters. This is from your son, Rufus Terry. Please send this to Elizabeth Terry, Mina, N. Y.

PHEBE WESTON, OF DAYTON, OHIO.

To my husband and children I wish to speak. I am glad that the time has come that I can have an opportunity to talk without fear of what will be said—without fear that somebody will take exceptions to the right I feel to be true. I believe in giving people the right to enjoy what they know. If woman knows enough to talk sense, she certainly has a right to talk and a right to claim attention. I believe in woman's having equal rights and privileges with man, politically, socially and intellectually, and upon every question appertaining to everything. If woman is not competent to give her ideas of right and wrong, surely "man that is horn of woman" is not competent to make laws by which she is to be governed. I am glad to see that woman, true and loyal to the heart's core, are gaining courage enough to stand up for their rights, and to declare them in the presence of political men.

Why cannot men reflect one moment upon what they are doing—organizing and constituting laws by which to govern their mothers—to rule those who gave you your existences—those to whom you are indebted for all that you have? You presume to make laws, not only for your mothers, but for your wives, sisters and daughters. Do not your daughters to some extent partake of your noble natures. Think you that they wish to be slaves? Think you that they wish to be subjected to laws that are demoralizing in their effects. I wish men would look at the laws that they have imposed upon women, and then be noble enough to stand back and let woman rise to her natural position. This institution is one place where I am not driven back, because I am a woman. No, here we have all the rights which men have. I am comparatively happy, but I shall most certainly be happier when I see justice done to my sex on earth. I passed from this life eleven years ago; I devoted much of my time to the elevation and liberation of woman. I did not intend to say as much as I have upon that subject; I felt my words to be true, and that those truths would be proper to advance at this time, when the exertions of woman to free herself are being made apparent to every one. I commenced by speaking to my husband and children—three daughters. I wish that my daughters may enjoy more rights and privileges. I want my husband to look to that himself. Please send one of your papers to Julia Weston, Dayton, Ohio, and oblige your friend and sister, Phebe Weston.

JANE SEARS, OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

My sister has said what she feels to be right. For my part I have sufficient confidence in men to believe that it is for them to attend to such matters rather than for women to enter upon them in any way whatever. I have many relatives on earth, and I feel perfectly contented to let everything remain or rest in the hands of God, believing that He will bring all things to their proper and legitimate results. I am very glad to have the privilege of speaking to my friends. I do not feel like reproving them in any way for what they have done. I only want them to know that it is in my power to communicate. I esteem it a great privilege for the departed to come here and send messages to their friends. I lived upon earth forty-one years, and felt satisfied with my rights and privileges. It is three years since I left earth. My name is Jane Sears of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

A CRAZY MULATTO SLAVE, OF ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

Ho! ha! These women thought that they had God-given rights. I wonder if I have not got some,

too? Ho! ha! I just want you to understand that the air is just as much mine to breathe as yours. Ho! ha! Very fine thoughts those women had. Ho! ha! Now I have got the right to speak, and I am going to improve it. I am going to talk. [Hesitating.] Wait a moment. [Take ample time—the chance is yours.] I want Charles Nicholson to know that I have a perfect right to come here. He lives at St. Joseph, Missouri. Ho! ha! When I came here I laid down my old body and took on a new one. Then I found that I was all right—right square off. Ho! ha! Charles Nicholson said that I was crazy. Ho! ha! ho! ha! I know what made me crazy. It was the thumpings he gave my head, he said that he believed I would go to the devil, but I did not. I did go to the devil, though, when I went where he was.

Now, Master Charles, you take care. Did you not have your things all thrown about in your room? Ho! ha! I reckon as how you got scared when your bureau drawers were pulled open as your pillow takes out from under your head. Ho! ha! Was not you scared some when your table moved around when you was eating? Ho! ha! You say I am crazy. Ho! ha! Now, Master Charles, I moved your table round. You thought it was the devil, didn't you? But I am not the devil. You just make all things square with that daughter of mine, and I won't turn your things over any more. Ho! ha! If you don't I will haunt you so that you will never sleep any more. Ho! ha! I am not crazy now, and should not have been crazy, if you had not rapped me on my head. This letter will be a stumbling when he gets it. Ho! ha! My daughter's name is Caroline. Will you scribble this into your paper? [Yes.] Well, send the paper to Charles Nicholson—he who thought the devil was messing up his things so. Ho! ha! ho! ha! ho! ha! I never should have been crazy if he had let my head alone. He knocked me on my head and made me stagger, and I had so much over my body or my hands, and there I was helpless; but I am not that way now. My daughter don't know that it was that man who made me crazy. I want her to know it. Good bye.

PATRICK O'MURPHY.

From Ireland I came now. It is to Ireland I want you to be further sending my message. It is far from me that I would not like America, but I like my country very much better. Now, there is the place for me now. I have a sister in Boston. Now, it is to be I would have you take care. And now did I tell you her name; now it is Mary. This is a fine institution you have here any way, giving us a chance to speak. It is a very fine thing to have in this country. Now, Mary, I took a little too much of the glass, Mary; and shure I am all right now. Shure not a drop did I get since I came here. I have come to the conclusion that purgatory was before my death, Mary; and we would be better making you understand that purgatory is where you have the things to make you feel purgatory. Shure we have nothing of that here. And if the Holy Virgin Mary was right here with me, it could not be smoother.

You could find nothing more smooth or spiced did; it is beautiful, and I am content. Now, it is a very fine place. It is different from where you are. This is a very fine room I am in. [Looking about.] Very fine now to be speaking to you this little story in.

It was in New York that I took too much of the glass, Mary; and the physician said it burned out my vitals. And, Mary, you know I came honest by that taste, and you are not the likes that would be blaming me for it. Shure you would be the one for asking if I would be all right now. I seen, Mary, never a glass here. There is never a glass passed round. George is here, too. Send this to my sister Mary. She will send it to Ireland. She can do it better than you. It is very grand for you to be writing down what I be after saying.

BARBER, OF FAIRPORT.

Strange that after so long a time I have found my way here. I died of a cancer in my throat. It kept eating until it ate off the large arteries, and the result was that I bled to death. My name is Barber. I have two sisters, Mary and Susan Barber, in Fairport. You may send this to them. I only want to say enough to let them know that I can come. They know nothing about your paper. They don't believe anything in this kind of communication. See if they don't have had something to do with it. See if the family investigate the method of communicating far enough to get that which satisfies them or sets good. The manifestations have not been pleasing, and the result was they thought it to be the work of the devil, and concluded to have nothing more to do with it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Is the "life principle," manifested in the animal and vegetable forms of existence, the essential principle, differing only as a higher or lower development, according to the form presented and governed by the same general laws; or does this "principle" differ materially in each of the grand departments of existence, in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms?

A. The same life principle exists in everything and is governed by the same great moving force. The life principle is the same, only manifested in different forms—each essential to the other. The mineral is essential to the vegetable, and the vegetable is essential to the animal, and all three combined are essential to the development of the human mind.

Q. If different, can the source from which it springs, as a pervading influence, be a unit?

A. All laws, all forms of life, are governed by the same great immutable principle. There is no one distinct law or principle working by itself. All work in harmony in the animal, vegetable and mineral—each in the other—each performs its mission—all tending to the ultimate development of the higher form—that is, man.

Q. If not different, then where draw the dividing line between that which is immortal and that which is not?

A. We hold that there is no dividing line drawn. That which we call lower is subject to that which seems to be higher, but yet no line of demarcation can be drawn. The spiritual is an outgrowth of the material. Man partakes in his nature of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. All below him can be made subservient to his will.

Q. If different, in what respect does the life principle of the plant and animal differ?

A. Does not my friend see that in the mineral he can see no signs of life? In the vegetable he can see its growth. In the animal it is easy to see the evidences of life. One is possessed of feeling, and the other is not; yet the life principle, the animating principle, is the same.

Q. What is the difference in the life principle between the cold and warm blooded animals, or members of that division of existence in the animal kingdom?

A. I cannot see any difference in the life principle

of the two. That is the same, but the elements of...

Q. Is heat a ponderable or an imperponderable substance?

Call the Roll.

Who is ready for the onset— Who with helmet, sword and shield...

A Tribute from the Spirit World.

The following just tribute of regard from a spirit, for the labors of Bro. A. J. Davis...

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What Not.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Late evening in the decline of January 5th, when the creaking shades had shut in my fifty-third natal day...

which will let me out of this earthly prison, I awoke to find a cold winter had with me and frozen the water and cleared the sky.

There are great changes in Washington since my first visit to the city, the most prominent of which is the improved appearance of the colored people.

Washington has greatly increased in wealth, buildings, population, enterprise and business in the last three years...

Most of the public men are known to be religious skeptics, and yet Congress employs two chaplains to reconcile them to God each morning of a session.

When the Empress Eugenie returned to St. Cloud from her visit to the cholera hospitals, her ladies in waiting came to her and said, "Your Majesty has wronged us."

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Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it a bud of moral beauty. Let the dawn of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it in richest fragrance and in parent bliss; For soon the gathering hand of death will break it from its weak stem of life, and it shall lose All power to charm; but if that lovely flower Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain, O who shall say that it has lived in vain!"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE COMING TIME.

BY DEANOTT.

CHAPTER III. UPS AND DOWNS.

"What many little fellow is that?" asked Lucretia the Lawrenson of her brother, Homer. "Master Bennie Bateman, the seamstress' son," he answered. "Mrs. Bateman's boy! It's no such thing," and a cruel, disfiguring frown flashed across the beauty's forehead, as the angel of contempt stole into her naturally loving heart.

"Her brat never dresses like that, or has such gentlemanly manners." It was the dark, intruding spirit that spoke, not Lucretia, for she was polite, kind and amiable, with a yearning to do good to all; but she had made the acquaintance of this dark spirit while associating with those who despise the poor and erring, who forget that such have human hearts, and Godlike talents, that only wait suitable conditions to call forth more humane and Godlike expressions.

"His uncle sent him these clothes," Homer replied, "and sent his mother over so much money, and she is no longer poor, but a real lady; so I heard Mrs. Miller tell mamma, and mamma said, 'yes, I like her very much, she's so amiable, intelligent and ladylike.'"

The dark spirit kept very still, waiting to see if it could remain to influence Lucretia; but Lucretia was not so easily influenced, for she had never been led away from nature's teachings into the absurd belief of total depravity. She believed in human goodness.

Presently there came up from the deeper recesses of her heart a "still, small voice" speaking loud enough, however, for her to understand distinctly, though she tried for a while to hush it, and to make believe she didn't hear it, yet it kept saying, "You're wrong!" and every time she tried not to hear it, or notice it, it seemed to go out into her feelings, and make her dislike herself, and make her ashamed of herself.

Homer, astonished at his darling sister, stood looking straight into her face, looking at what the dark angel was writing on her forehead—the symbol of contempt. But the shame blushed that the "still, small voice" had called up, were doing their work. By and by two tears burst from under the long lashes, and rolled down the lovely cheeks. Two answering tears from her little brother, when he saw her emotion, were enough to drive away the dark spirit.

The Peri found nothing that would open the gates of paradise until she carried thither a penitential tear, before which they swung back with a ready welcome.

Lucretia's tears were equally powerful to open paradise to her heart. There was needed no other effort; penitence alone lets in the light of heaven, before which the hell-angels flee as do the shadows of night before the rising sun.

The frown fled as the tears fell, seeing which, Homer pursed up his mouth for a kiss.

"Creeta's good again," he said, as he answered her caress. She stooped down and kissed Bennie's forehead, and said she was sorry she had been so wicked, and two big tears in Bennie's eyes drove away the answering frown that was disfiguring his handsome face.

Bennie kissed her hand in token of reconciliation, and the angel of charity whispered in each heart kind and loving words that made them all happier and wiser than before.

Years passed rapidly away, as Bennie, under the guardianship of his rich, childless uncle, grew to manhood.

His mother clung to the memory of her departed husband with a tenacity unaccountable to her aristocratic relatives. Nothing could induce her to think of marrying again, or of leaving the vicinity of that sacred mound, beneath which his mortal remains rested.

Bennie was precocious, and possessed many peculiar traits. It was not his handsome face, or his graceful manners, or his ready wit, or apt scholarship that attracted such universal admiration; but his superior truthfulness in every respect.

His heart seemed bared to public inspection. There was no secretiveness in his composition, no effort to conceal anything, even his faults. So when he got led into a scrape by his fellow students at college—it was his third year, and he not yet eighteen—he concealed nothing, but confessed fully what part he had taken in the affair, which he acknowledged he knew to be wrong at the time, but for which he, after it was over, felt the deepest sorrow.

Did the governing powers of that rigidly conducted institution understand or appreciate his character? Could they?

They had, all their professional lives, been accustomed to deal with deceit, treachery and falsehood, to govern with an iron hand. They had no experience in dealing with unqualified truthfulness.

"He's the most impudent youth I ever met with," said the President, "confesses he knew it was wrong while committing the theft"—he with others had taken fruit from the college orchard, for which their extra bills fully paid—"and asks to be excused as coolly as a bandit."

"He utterly refuses to expose his accomplices, says he promised not to, and must keep his word. A thief keep his word! I have expelled him, and written to his uncle to that effect."

Being a regular college pet, he retained his pet name, and from all his associates came the same heartfelt exclamation, "Poor Bennie."

But Bennie needed the discipline. His moral downfall was quite as providential as the breaking of his arm in the midst of his physical enjoyment, and far richer in compensation. To tell the truth, and it is the beauty of truth we are seeing illustrated in Bennie's life-experience, he was getting to be a little too fast, running into dissipation as fast as he was into the sciences, if not a little faster.

It may have been true fraternal love that first prompted his uncle to take his sister's son to educate; but it was pride, not love or real benevolence, that made his uncle idolize him, that induced him to place the poor boy on a par, peculiarly, with the sons of millionaires. Shame took the place of pride; then shame changed to scorn and contempt, when Bennie confessed to him truthfully what he had done, and that he had been expelled from college, confessed that he had no excuse to

justify his misstep; but that he was truly sorry, and desired to be forgiven.

"Go back to your mother, brat of a lowborn mechanic, and take your level. Never expect another farthing from me. I disown you both."

His uncle was sorry the next moment after he had uttered the crushing words; but he would not, like Lucretia, speak out what the good angel whispered. He was deep-dyed in all those cardinal doctrines of earthly probatation, natural depravity, and of the non-election of the predestined damned sinner, besides being supremely self-righteous; so he kept the avenues of his heart closed against its carnal tendencies, as he termed that of mercy to the erring, by his ever watchful sentinel, self-justification. But he, too, needed the discipline that his want of charity owed and cultivated.

"Thank you, uncle, for all you have done for me and for mother," Bennie said, as he choked back his sobs and tears; "if I can ever repay it, I shall do so, Good byo."

He went immediately to the nearest hotel, and ordered his baggage sent to his mother's; then supperless, and on foot, he started for the humble home of his boyhood.

(To be continued.)

Letter from Mrs. Kimball.

CALIFORNIA GOLD MINT.

DEAR CHILDREN: Your friends write to you as if you already understood that "knowledge is power," and meant to make you powerful while young. They have kindly given you the process of world-making, and better still told you of the wonderful mechanism of your bodies, which knowledge will help you to preserve your health and happiness. Maybe I can add another bit of information to that already acquired, to store away on memory's shelves, ready for use when called for—and that is the process of money making. I do not mean how to earn and accumulate it, but the process of manufacturing coin. So, to impress it on your minds, just take a look with me into the

BRANCH MINT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A sentinel in soldier's clothes, walks back and forth in front of the mint, while the reverential fear we naturally have for a glistening bayonet and a blue coat, leads us at once to suppose there must be something within very precious to be guarded. At the entrance we are met by a man who directs us to the office of the institution, where we are received by the gentlemanly conductor, whose business it is to wait on visitors, answer their questions, or explain any points they do not understand.

Do not presume too much however on the good nature of our conductor, for his uniform politeness does not prevent him from doing his duty. Should you lay your hands or even a finger on any coin, bullion or gold dust without his leave, you will learn your mistake in two words, "hands off!"

After registering our names in a book kept for the purpose, we are shown into the melting room, where the gold and silver are melted and run into bars. In the chipping room a corner is cut from each bar or brick to test its fineness. It is then melted in a fire so hot that we do not care to approach very near—and wonder how the melter endures the great heat as he dips the melted ore from the flame and throws it into a huge vat with the regularity of clock work. It is afterwards refined with nitric acid, washed and pressed into sheets. And these are what may properly be called rich cheese—a few slices of which would accomplish wonders, by placing the poor man and woman above want, educate and clothe their children, and if properly used bring happiness and ease, in place of care and toil.

It is again melted, tested and alloyed—that is, enough copper is mixed with the pure to bring it to the standard of coin. Gold in its pure state is too soft for either money or jewelry. If our conductor offers you a bar of gold to take in your hand, do not receive it as you would a stick of wood of the same size, for gold is very heavy, and you would be sure to drop it. And when you are done examining this bar, pass it back to the man from whom you received it, for the utmost care is taken that order shall be observed in the minutest particulars.

These bars are next put through a machine and drawn into strips, which process is continued until they are of the proper thickness to cut double eagles from. At this stage they resemble, except in color, flat iron hoops used for beef or beer barrels. From these strips are cut the coins, which are called planchets, and resemble money worn smooth. In the adjusting room these planchets are weighed, and if too heavy are filed down to the exact weight, and if too light are laid aside to be melted over. This delicate work is done by women, but we shall not be allowed to enter their workshop, for over the door, in large capitals, meets the eye, "Positively no admittance." I do not know why this is forbidden ground, unless perhaps the chance of bringing away the fine particles of gold dust that might adhere to our clothing. For so much precision is observed in each department, that not the smallest quantity of gold can be taken from the mint without detection. You will observe that the edge of coin is cut into parallel ridges—this is called milling, and is done on a machine made for the purpose. After the pieces are milled they are taken to another machine, dropped into a metallic tube, when a heavy press comes down upon them and gives them the stamp which makes them legal United States coin. Twelve hundred dollars worth of twenties are thus stamped in one minute.

These pieces bear the initial which stands for the town where they are coined. There are in the United States but five branch mints. The letter "O" stands for New Orleans, "S" for San Francisco, "A" for Auraria, etc. The mint at Philadelphia is called the parent mint.

Every year the old dies are destroyed and new ones made. If you look very sharply on a twenty dollar gold piece, just below the neck of the Goddess of Liberty, you will see the initials, "J. B. L.," almost too small to be distinguished by the naked eye; these I am told stand for John B. Longacre, the engraver at the parent mint.

I have spoken particularly of the double eagles or twenty dollar gold pieces, as these are most coined and most in use here. Nothing less than half dimes are coined or used here, and but few of these.

"The love of money" is said to be "the root of all evil." I am inclined to think the misuse of it is a greater one. Money is one great thing that keeps the world in motion. It brings health, luxury, ease and comfort. It affords us opportunities of doing deeds of benevolence, gives the beggar a seat with the lord, and if rightly used, is capable of making earth's unfortunates happy.

All nations have established the same medium of exchange—money—and by examining foreign coins, we may gain some useful information.

Most foreign coins bear the likeness of their king, queen, or emperor, so by comparing the head with the date, you may know the reigning sovereign at

the time. Our first cents, coined after the Declaration of Independence, were stamped with the likeness of George Washington, and a few bore the significant advice, "Mind your business."

The Chinese and Japanese use gold, silver, brass, and iron money. The brass and iron pieces are round, and smaller than our old cents, with a hole through the center, through which a string may be passed. Forty of these iron "cash" are equal in value to one cent. Two cents worth would be a burden in your pocket. The silver is square cornered, and twice as long as wide. The Japanese have also a large brass coin, oblong in shape, with a square hole in the center; this piece is worth three of our cents.

At another time I may tell you how gold, silver and copper, from which money is made, are obtained; but for the present—adieu.

San Francisco, Cal. F. M. KIMBALL.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

It must be so, for Mrs. Grundy Said So.

BY SADA BAILEY.

I will tell you of a little girl of my acquaintance, who was very positive she was right, and thought every one else wrong, who did not think as she believed.

She had several brothers and sisters, to whom she one day declared, that she knew horses laid eggs, because old Mrs. Scroggins told her that Mrs. Grundy said so, and that nearly all people in the world, except a few crazy folks, believed all that Mrs. Grundy said.

A few days after this, she came running into the house after an early morning walk, and with almost breathless excitement exclaimed, "Now come, all of you, down to the meadow, and I'll show you something!"

The children followed in haste, and sure enough, there was a monstrous white egg in their old horse's nest of hay!

"Now I guess you'll believe Mrs. Scroggins and Mrs. Grundy and me, won't you?"

"I guess we won't believe, because 'they say' so, but we'll test the truth of the matter," replied her eldest brother.

So he rolled the egg on the dewy grass, which washed off the outside covering, and revealed a large pumpkin!

Poor Gerty covered her face with her apron, ran and shut herself in the closet, to hide her chagrin, to meditate, and to determine, as many older persons ought to do, that henceforth she would be better employed than repeating Mrs. Grundy's stories, and that she would seek to be guided by reason and truth.

If Gerty had heard some bad story of her neighbors, according to her way of reasoning, "It must be so because Mrs. Grundy said so."

How much injustice is often done by this mistake in society.

WAKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS.—A sweet little incident is related by a writer. She says: "I asked a little boy, last evening, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?' 'Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready. And she never knew what woke her.'"

DON'T BE SENTIMENTAL.—It's bad for digestion. Remember, the best tonic is fun, and the best physician a joker. "For giving a tonic to the stomach, one good hearty laugh is worth all the pills that were ever paid for or patented. Cheerfulness is a moral armor. It protects the mind from the juveniles of dyspepsia, and makes it as impregnable to the assaults of duns and unliquidated due bills as Gibraltar is to pop guns."

The only wax work that's of any account, is got up by the bees.

DRS. S. B. COLLINS & S. A. THOMAS,

SPIRIT PHYSICIANS

Heal by the Laying on of Hands,

LAPORTE, IND.

BERRIEN Co., Mich., Jan. 25, 1866.

DR. THOMAS, Sir—For the benefit of a suffering people, I wish to give my testimony in favor of your treatment. I was taken some twenty years ago with disease of the heart, which rendered me almost desperate. I took care, not being able to do so, and I received one treatment, I found an improvement the very next day, which was some time in October, 1865; and now, January 25th, 1866, I feel entirely cured. Any one wishing to address me on the subject can do so by directing to Three Oaks, Mich., and I will answer any question concerning my case. I do consider Dr. Thomas one of the best operators in the country. I am acquainted with a number of cases in this neighborhood, that the Doctor has cured by his peculiar mode of treatment—the laying on of hands.

I will also add that the Doctor treated my wife for spinal disease of about fifteen years' standing, with but slight or temporary relief from the common doctors; but since receiving treatment from the Doctor, she is fast recovering, with strong hopes and fine prospects of a radical cure.

May the angels ever continue to guide and assist him in eradicating disease wherever he may go.

Yours for truth, SILAS SAWYER and MRS. SAWYER.

HILL'S CORNERS, Mich., Sept. 10, 1865.

For three years my eyes have been so affected that I was unable to designate any member of my family from the other; but the Doctor, by his peculiar powers and ability as a medium, has now located in Owego, Illinois.

Mr. Jackson treats all diseases, both acute and chronic, to which the human family is subject, both male and female, such as Nervous Debility, Self Abuse, Irritability of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Giddiness, Lassitude, and all diseases of a private nature in both sexes. Those who are suffering from diseases should send at once for medicine; for his treatment far surpasses any other method of the age. This assertion many hundreds will testify to. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case which he undertakes. Persons can be cured as well at their homes, as with the medium. Medicine sent to all parts of the United States, California or the Canadas, by mail or express.

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Almost any Curable Disease can be Cured with but few Operations.

Paralysis, Deafness, Epilepsy, and Consumption, are the most slow and uncertain with the treatment sometimes, though rarely, patients have been fully restored with one operation. They are, however, always benefited. Exception is always made to broken bones, Dislocations, Bad Curvatures of the Spine, and Suppurated Tumors. Even these will be much benefited, always relieved from pain, and sometimes fully cured. So many thousands are already acquainted with this method of treatment, as practised by me at Syracuse, Oswego, Utica, Watertown, Cooperstown, Binghamton, Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., at Detroit, Mich., and Milwaukee, Wis., during four years past, that it seems unnecessary to say more than that it is the vital force becomes equalized, and what seems more wonderful is, that diseases heretofore considered incurable, are frequently cured with one operation. It is well, however, for those who have come from a distance to have a second.

TESTIMONIALS.

During four years' practice I have performed 50,000 operations, and for the satisfaction of invalids I give the names of a few, who have been cured, for reference.

Prof. J. W. HERBEL, Kalamazoo, Mich., Complete Nervous Prostration, Night Sweats, &c. Confined to bed for five months, constantly. Almost instantly restored.

Miss MARY E. SEELYE, Hibrige, N. Y., Hip Disease eight years; four weeks unable to lie down, seven years unable to walk without crutches. Now eleven years of age. Has left her crutches, and can walk as well as any one.

Rev. G. R. PE. HAVENS, Avon, Livingston county, N. Y. Chronic Inflammation of the knee joints. Unable to walk without crutches. Made to walk as well as any one with two operations.

Mr. S. P. COOK, Junius P. O., Fond du Lac county, Wis. Complete loss of voice. Unable to speak a loud word for two years. Instantly restored to speak as well as any one.

Miss ELIZA A. RICHARDS, Bass Lake, Washtenaw county, Mich. Profuse Uterine, Spinal Disease and Sciatica, occasioned by a fall from a carriage. Four years a cripple. Perfectly cured in ten minutes. Left crutches and walked away.

Mr. EDGAR A. GAY, 24 Orange street, Rochester, N. Y. Inflammatory Rheumatism seven weeks. For four weeks confined to rocking chair, unable to move hand or foot. Perfectly restored with four operations, and may be referred to.

Miss ELIZA A. FLEMING, Port Huron, St. Clair county, Mich. Bedridden ten years; unable to stand or walk. Dyspepsia, Spinal Difficulty, Female Difficulty, (Retroversion), and Chronic Uterine, Spinal Disease and Sciatica, occasioned by a fall from a carriage. Four years a cripple. Perfectly cured with few operations; will reply to inquiries.

Miss A. MARIA WAIT, Watroun, Wayne county, N. Y. Sciatica. Of long standing; unable to walk without crutches for three years. Cured in one minute. Left her crutches and walked away.

Mr. A. H. TIFF, Pierpont Manor, Jefferson county, N. Y. Bad case of Bronchitis and Bleeding of the Lung. A good case to refer to. Inquiries made of him will be promptly answered.

Mr. HUBBELL, Postmaster at Geddes, Onondaga county, N. Y. Pneumonia, or Inflammation of the Lungs with Hemorrhage or Bleeding, and partial loss of voice. Perfectly cured, and will answer any inquiries.

Miss ELIZABETH W. WELLS, Hinsdale, Cattaraugus county, N. Y. General Weakness, Spinal Disease and Female Weakness. Bedridden most of the time for two years; only able to sit up a few moments at a time. Cured almost instantly, and will reply to any inquiries.

Miss ELIZABETH FLEMING, Mexico, N. Y. Paralysis of Optic Nerve. Made to see perfectly clear and distinct, with two operations.

Mr. W. L. ROBSON, Lansing, Mich. Paralysis Sciatic Nerve, caused by a musket shot wound at the battle of South Mountain, Maryland, in 1862. Examined by nine different surgeons and pronounced incurable. For two years unable to walk without splint. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mr. JESSE BLAKE, Livonia, Livingston county, N. Y. Stiff Ankle—caused by a wound from an axe. Very sensitive, and two years unable to walk natural. Perfectly cured, and will reply to any inquiries.

Mr. WILLIAM RUSSELL, Cooperstown, N. Y. Sciatica and Spinal Disease of long standing. Unable to move, except on crutches. After two operations left crutches, resumed his business, and is as well as any one. Invalids will be inspired with confidence by corresponding with him.

Mrs. PHILLANDER EWELL, Disco, Macomb county, Mich. Heart Disease, Female Weakness, General Weakness. Perfectly cured.

Mr. ALONZO BRIGGS, New Baltimore, Macomb county, Mich. Fever Sore. A great sufferer for ten years. Perfectly cured with one operation.

Miss ELIZABETH J. JOHNSON, Johnson's Creek, Niagara county, N. Y. Hip Disease of long standing. Obligated to use crutches thirty-one years. Instantly cured, and left her crutches.

Mrs. A. A. FIEB, Detroit, Mich. Ovarian Tumor. Pronounced incurable by several physicians of the city. Perfectly cured in a few months.

Mrs. SARAH A. MASON, corner Cass street and Michigan avenue, Detroit, Mich. Anæmia or Paralysis of Optic Nerve. Cured instantly. Can now see to read fine print distinctly.

The above testimonials are mostly cases of lameness, treated upwards of a year ago, to satisfy the public of their permanency. Circulars will be sent to those who wish a larger variety of references. We do not propose to cure every case in a moment, but if invalids will use reason, giving us fair attention, we will do our best to give them quick and permanent relief. Terms for treatment always reasonable, according to the means of the patient. Those persons unable to pay will be cheerfully treated, free of charge.

Dr. J. P. BRYANT,

153 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

SPIRIT TELEGRAMS

OF A HIGH ORDER OF INTELLIGENCE can be had through the agency of

THE SPIRITSCOPE,

by addressing Dr. B., Box 250, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

This opportunity is made public in the interests of Light and Truth and replies will be given FREE to those who want Light and seek Truth, but are unable to pecuniarily assist the dial operators; others may determine for themselves what remuneration to offer.

HEALING THE SICK

LAYING ON OF HANDS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietors of the DYNAMIC INSTITUTION, are now prepared to receive all who may desire a pleasant home, and a sure remedy for all their ills. Our Institution is commodious with pleasant surroundings, and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground, overlooking the lake. Our past success is truly marvelous, and daily the suffering find relief at our hands.

The Institution is located in MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, on Marshall, two doors south of Division street, and within one hundred feet of the street railroad. Post Office Drawer 177 MILWAUKEE, Wis., 1865. 13-1f

CLAIRVOYANT COUNSEL.

ADDRESS DR. J. K. BAILEY, Jackson, Michigan, for Delineations of Characteristics, Directions for Restoration of Health, Suggestions on Business and other Questions. Enclose questions or a lock of hair, \$2, and 3 letter stamps. 13-1f

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS.

THESE celebrated powders act as carriers of the Positive and Negative forces through the blood to the Brain, Lungs, Heart, Womb, Stomach, Reproductive Organs, and all other organs of the body. Their magic control over disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent.

THE POSITIVE POWERS CURE: All active and acute fevers; all neuralgic, rheumatic, painful spasms, and every kind of neuralgia; all female diseases; Dyspepsia, Dysentery; and all other Positive diseases.

THE NEGATIVE POWERS CURE: All typhoid fevers; all kinds of palsy, or paralysis; and all other Negative diseases.

Circulars with fuller lists of diseases and explanations sent free. Those who prefer special directions as to which kind of the Powders to use, and how to use them, will please send a brief description of their disease, when they send for the Powders. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians. Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box; \$5.00 for six. Money sent by mail is at our risk. Office, 87 St. Mark's Place, New York. Address PROF. PATTON SPENCER, M. D., General Delivery, New York City. 8-1f

NATURE'S SOVEREIGN REMEDIALS

Eclectic Fluid Compounds Extracted from Plants.

W. M. R. PRINCE, Flushing, New York, for sixty years proprietor of the Linnæan Nurseries, having discovered the plants which produce the remedies for Catarrhs, Bronchitis, Spasmodic and all Liver and Kidney complaints, and for the whole chain of Chronic and other Venereal diseases, has assumed their Nomenclature as a Specialty. To patients sending a full description of their disease, he prescribes the proper remedies gratis. Treatise on all diseases mailed for 15 cents. Explanatory Circular one stamp. 19-1f

SPIRITUAL NOTICE.

PRIVATE CIRCLES are now forming at the "Temple of Investigation of Spiritualism," New York City, for the scientific investigation of Spiritualism. The best Test Mediums will be employed to give communications. Each class is limited in number. Apply as above.

A public circle is held every Monday evening. Lectures on Spiritualism, and every Sunday. Mediums can be consulted privately at the "Temple." The hall is free daily to visitors.

The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears— The angels here are greeting The friends of other years. 18-1f

Railroad Time-Table

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN—DEPOT AND KINZIE STS.

Day Express, 9:00 a. m. 4:30 p. m.

Night Express, 4:30 p. m. 8:30 p. m.

Jansville Accommodation, 6:00 p. m. 12:15 a. m.

Woodstock Accommodation, 8:30 p. m. 10:50 a. m.

GALENA DIVISION. Fulton and Cedar Rapids, 8:20 a. m. 7:10 p. m.

Fulton and Iowa, 12:15 p. m. 4

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it a bud of moral beauty. Let the dews of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it in richest fragrance and in purest hues; for soon the gathering hand of death will break it from its weak stem of life, and it shall lose all power to charm; but if that lovely flower hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain, O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

THE COMING TIME. BY BLANCHIE. CHAPTER III. UPS AND DOWNS.

"What manly little fellow is that?" asked Lucretia Lawrence of her brother, Homer. "Master Bennie Bateman, the seamstress' son," he answered. "Mrs. Bateman's boy! It's no such thing," and a cruel, disfiguring flash across the beauty's forehead, as the angel of contempt stole into her naturally loving heart.

"Her brat never dresses like that, or has such gentlemanly manners." It was the dark, intruding spirit that spoke, not Creola, for she was polite, kind and amiable, with a yearning to do good to all; but she had made the acquaintance of this dark spirit while associating with those who despise the poor and erring, who forget that such have human hearts, and Godlike talents, that only want suitable conditions to call forth more humane and Godlike expressions.

"His uncle sent him these clothes," Homer replied, "and sent his mother ever so much money, and she is no longer poor, but a real lady; so I heard Mrs. Miller tell mamma, and mamma said, 'yes, I like her very much, she's so amiable, intelligent and ladylike.'"

The dark spirit kept very still, waiting to see if it could remark to influence Lucretia; but Lucretia was not so easily influenced, for she had never been led away from nature's teachings into the absurd belief of total depravity. She believed in human goodness.

Presently there came up from the deeper recesses of her heart a "still, small voice" speaking loud enough, however, for her to understand distinctly, though she tried for a while to hush it, and to make believe she didn't hear it, yet it kept saying, "You're wrong;" and every time she tried not to hear it, or notice it, it seemed to go into her feelings, and make her dislike herself, and make her ashamed of herself.

Homer, astonished at his darling sister, stood looking straight into her face, looking at what the dark angel was writing on her forehead—the symbol of contempt. But the same blushes that the "still, small voice" had called up, were doing their work. By and by two tears burst from under the long lashes, and rolled down the lovely cheeks. Two answering tears from her little brother, when he saw her emotion, were enough to drive away the dark spirit.

The Peri found nothing that would open the gates of paradise until she carried thither a penitential tear, before which they swung back with a ready welcome.

Lucretia's tears were equally powerful to open paradise to her heart. There was needed no other effort; penitence alone lets in the light of heaven, before which the hell-angels flee as do the shadows of night before the rising sun.

The frown fled as the tears fell, seeing which, Homer pursed up his mouth for a kiss.

"Creola's good again," he said, as he answered her caress. She stooped down and kissed Bennie's forehead, and said she was sorry she had been so wicked, and two big tears in Bennie's eyes drove away the answering frown that was disfiguring his handsome face.

Bennie kissed her hand in token of reconciliation, and the angel of charity whispered in each heart kind and loving words that made them all happier and wiser than before.

Years passed rapidly away, as Bennie, under the guardianship of his rich, childless uncle, grew to manhood.

His mother clung to the memory of her departed husband with a tenacity unaccountable to her aristocratic relatives. Nothing could induce her to think of marrying again, or of leaving the vicinity of that sacred mound, beneath which his mortal remains rested.

Bennie was precocious, and possessed many peculiar traits. It was not his handsome face, or his graceful manners, or his ready wit, or apt scholarship that attracted such universal admiration; but his superior truthfulness in every respect.

His heart seemed bared to public inspection. There was no secretiveness in his composition, no effort to conceal anything, even his faults. So when he got led into a scrape by his fellow students at college—it was his third year, and he not yet eighteen—he concealed nothing, but confessed fully what part he had taken in the affair, which he acknowledged he knew to be wrong at the time, but for which he, after it was over, felt the deepest sorrow.

Did the governing powers of that rigidly conducted institution understand or appreciate his character? Could they?

They had, all their professional lives, been accustomed to deal with deceit, treachery and falsehood, to govern with an iron hand. They had no experience in dealing with unqualified truthfulness.

"He's the most impudent youth I ever met with," said the President, "confesses he knew it was wrong while committing the theft"—he with others had taken fruit from the college orchard, for which their extra bills fully paid—and asks to be excused as coolly as a bandit.

"He utterly refuses to expose his accomplices, says he promised not to, and must keep his word. A 'thief keep his word!' I have expelled him, and written to his uncle to that effect."

Being a regular college pet, he retained his pet name, and from all his associates came the same heartfelt exclamation, "Poor Bennie."

But Bennie needed the discipline. His moral downfall was quite as providential as the breaking of his arm in the midst of his physical enjoyment, and far richer in compensation. To tell the truth, and it is the beauty of truth we are seeing illustrated in Bennie's life-experience, he was getting to be a little too fast, running into dissipation as fast as he was into the sciences, if not a little faster.

It may have been true fraternal love that first prompted his uncle to take his sister's son to educate; but it was pride, not love or real benevolence, that made his uncle idolize him, that induced him to place the poor boy on a par, peculiarly, with the sons of millionaires. Shame took the place of pride; then shame changed to scorn and contempt, when Bennie confessed to him truthfully what he had done, and that he had been expelled from college, confessed that he had no excuse to

justify his misstep; but that he was truly sorry, and desired to be forgiven.

"Go back to your mother, brat of a lowborn mechanic, and take your level. Never expect another farthing from me. I disown you both."

His uncle was sorry the next moment after he had uttered the crushing words; but he would not, like Lucretia, speak out what the good angel whispered. He was deep-dyed in all those cardinal doctrines of earthly probation, natural depravity, and of the non-election of the predestinately damned sinner, besides being supremely self-righteous; so he kept the avenues of his heart closed against its carnal tendencies, as he termed that of mercy to the erring, by his ever watchful sentinel, self-justification. But he, too, needed the discipline that his want of charity sowed and cultivated.

"Thank you, uncle, for all you have done for me and for mother," Bennie said, as he choked back his sobs and tears; "if I can ever repay it, I shall do so. Good bye."

He went immediately to the nearest hotel, and ordered his baggage sent to his mother's; then supperless, and on foot, he started for the humble home of his boyhood.

(To be continued.)

Letter from Mrs. Kimball. CALIFORNIA GOLD MINT.

DEAR CHILDREN: Your friends write to you as if you already understood that "knowledge is power," and meant to make you powerful while young. They have kindly given you the process of world-making, and better still told you of the wonderful mechanism of your bodies, which knowledge will help you to preserve your health and happiness. Maybe I can add another bit of information to that already acquired, to store away on memory's shelves, ready for use when called for—and that is the process of money making. I do not mean how to earn and accumulate it, but the process of manufacturing coin. So, to impress it on your minds, just take a look with me into the

BRANCH MINT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A sentinel in soldier's clothes, walks back and forth in front of the mint, while the reverential fear we naturally have for a glistening bayonet and a blue coat, leads us at once to suppose there must be something within very precious to be guarded. At the entrance we are met by a man who directs us to the office of the institution, where we are received by the gentlemanly conductor, whose business it is to wait on visitors, answer their questions, or explain any points they do not understand.

Do not presume too much however on the good nature of our conductor, for his uniform politeness does not prevent him from doing his duty. Should you lay your hands or even a finger on any coin, bullion or gold dust without his leave, you will learn your mistake in two words, "hands off!"

After registering our names in a book kept for the purpose, we are shown into the melting room, where the gold and silver are melted and run into bars. In the chipping room a corner is cut from each bar or brick to test its fineness. It is then melted in a fire so hot that we do not care to approach very near—and wonder how the melter endures the great heat as he dips the melted ore from the flame and throws it into a huge vat with the regularity of clock work. It is afterwards refined with nitric acid, washed and pressed into sheets. And these are what may properly be called rich cheese—a few slices of which would accomplish wonders, by placing the poor man and woman above want, educate and clothe their children, and if properly used bring happiness and ease, in place of care and toil.

It is again melted, tested and alloyed—that is, enough copper is mixed with the gold to bring it to the standard of coin. Gold in its pure state is too soft for either money or jewelry. If our conductor offers you a bar of gold to take in your hand, do not receive it as you would a stick of wood of the same size, for gold is very heavy, and you would be sure to drop it. And when you are done examining this bar, pass it back to the man from whom you received it, for the utmost care is taken that order shall be observed in the minutest particulars.

These bars are next put through a machine and drawn into strips, which process is continued until they are of the proper thickness to cut double eagles from. At this stage they resemble, except in color, flat iron hoops used for beef or beer barrels. From these strips are cut the coins, which are called planchets, and resemble money worn smooth. In the adjusting room these planchets are weighed, and if too heavy are filed down to the exact weight, and if too light are laid aside to be melted over. This delicate work is done by their workmen, but we shall not be allowed to enter their workshop, for over the door, in large capitals, meets the eye, "Positively no admittance." I do not know why this is forbidden ground, unless perhaps the chance of bringing away the fine particles of gold dust that might adhere to our clothing. For so much precision is observed in each department, that not the smallest quantity of gold can be taken from the mint without detection. You will observe that the edge of coin is cut into parallel ridges—this is called milling, and is done on a machine made for the purpose. After the pieces are milled they are taken to another machine, dropped into a metallic tube, when a heavy press comes down upon them and gives them the stamp which makes them legal United States coin. Twelve hundred dollars worth of twenties are thus stamped in one minute.

These pieces bear the initial which stands for the town where they are coined. There are in the United States but five branch mints. The letter "O" stands for New Orleans, "S" for San Francisco, "A" for Auraria, etc. The mint at Philadelphia is called the parent mint.

Every year the old dies are destroyed and new ones made. If you look very sharply on a twenty dollar gold piece, just below the neck of the Goddess of Liberty, you will see the initials, "J. B. L.," almost too small to be distinguished by the naked eye; these I am told stand for John B. Longacre, the engraver at the parent mint.

I have spoken particularly of the double eagles or twenty dollar gold pieces, as these are most coined and most in use here. Nothing less than half dimes are coined or used here, and but few of these.

"The love of money" is said to be "the root of all evil." I am inclined to think the misuse of it is a greater one. Money is one great thing that keeps the world in motion. It brings health, luxury, ease and comfort. It affords us opportunities of doing deeds of benevolence, gives the beggar a seat with the lord, and if rightly used, is capable of making earth's unfortunate happy.

All nations have established the same medium of exchange—money—and by examining foreign coins, we may gain some useful information.

Most foreign coins bear the likeness of their king, queen, or emperor, so by comparing the head with the date, you may know the reigning sovereign at

the time. Our first cents, coined after the Declaration of Independence, were stamped with the likeness of George Washington, and a few bore the significant advice, "Mind your business."

The Chinese and Japanese use gold, silver, brass, and iron money. The brass and iron pieces are round, and smaller than our old cents, with a hole through the center, through which a string may be passed. Forty of these iron "cash" are equal in value to one cent. Two cents worth would be a burden to one cent. The silver is square cornered, and twice as long as wide. The Japanese have also a large brass coin, oblong in shape, with a square hole in the center; this piece is worth three of our cents.

At another time I may tell you how gold, silver and copper, from which money is made, are obtained; but for the present—adieu.

San Francisco, Cal. F. M. KIMBALL.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. It must be so, for Mrs. Grundy said so.

BY SADA BAILEY. I will tell you of a little girl of my acquaintance, who was very positive she was right, and thought every one else wrong, who did not think as she believed.

She had several brothers and sisters, to whom she one day declared, that she knew horses laid eggs, because old Mrs. Scroggins told her that Mrs. Grundy said so, and that nearly all people in the world, except a few crazy folks, believed all that Mrs. Grundy said.

A few days after this, she came running into the house after an early morning walk, and with almost breathless excitement exclaimed, "Now come, all of you, down to the meadow, and I'll show you something!"

The children followed in haste, and sure enough, there was a monstrous white egg in their old horse's nest of hay!

"Now I guess you'll believe Mrs. Scroggins and Mrs. Grundy and me, won't you?"

"I guess we won't believe, because 'they say' so, but we'll test the truth of the matter," replied her eldest brother.

So he rolled the egg on the dewy grass, which washed off the outside covering, and revealed a large pumpkin!

Poor Gerty covered her face with her apron, ran and shut herself in the closet, to hide her chagrin, to meditate, and to determine, as many older persons ought to do, that henceforth she would be better employed than repeating Mrs. Grundy's stories, and that she would seek to be guided by reason and truth.

If Gerty had heard some bad story of her neighbors, according to her way of reasoning, "it must be so because Mrs. Grundy said so."

How much injustice is often done by this mistake in society.

WAKING GRANDMA WITH A KISS.—A sweet little incident is related by a writer. She says: "I asked a little boy, last evening, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?' 'Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't wish to holler at grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

DON'T BE SENTIMENTAL.—It's bad for digestion. Remember, the best tonic is fun, and the best physician a joker. For giving a tonic to the stomach, one good hearty laugh is worth all the pills that were ever paid for or patented. Cheerfulness is a moral armor. It protects the mind from the javelins of dyspepsia, and makes it as impregnable to the assaults of duns and unliquidated due bills as Gibraltar is to pop guns.

The only wax work that's of any account, is got up by the bees.

DRS. S. B. COLLINS & S. A. THOMAS, SPIRIT PHYSICIANS

Heal by the Laying on of Hands, LAPORTE, IND. BERRIEN CO., Mich., Jan. 25, 1896.

DR. THOMAS, Sir—For the benefit of a suffering people, I wish to give my testimony in favor of your treatment. I was taken some two years ago with disease of the heart, which increased until I almost despaired of a cure, not being able to do scarcely any work. After you came to the neighborhood and I received one treatment, I found an improvement in my condition, which was some time in Detroit, 1895; and now, January 25th, 1896, I feel entirely cured. Any one wishing to address me on the subject can do so by directing to Three Oaks, Mich., and I will answer any question concerning my case. I do consider Dr. Thomas one of the best operators in the country. I am acquainted with a number of cases in this neighborhood that the Doctor has cured by his peculiar mode of treatment—the laying on of hands.

I will also add that the Doctor treated my wife for spinal disease of about fifteen years' standing, with but slight or temporary relief from the common doctors; but since receiving treatment from the Doctor, she is fast recovering, with strong hopes and fine prospects of a radical cure. May the angels ever continue to guide and assist him in eradicating disease wherever he may go.

Yours for truth, S. B. COLLINS & S. A. THOMAS.

HILL'S CORNERS, Mich., Sept. 10, 1895. For three years my eyes have been so affected that I was unable to do any member of my family from the other; but through the agency of Dr. THOMAS my sight is so far restored that I can see to sew with satisfaction. Through his agency, also, my little babe was entirely relieved of Scrofula, which had affected it from birth. It was one mass of corruption, but in two weeks the entire surface of its body was perfectly smooth. Those suffering will do well to give the Doctor a trial. No medicine used in either case. It was beyond my expectations. ADA KEMPTON.

MR. WILLIAM JACKSON, LECTURER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, OR THE GREAT COUNSELLOR upon all subjects, concerning man and his developments. He is the most successful medium for treating chronic and private diseases in the United States, and has astonished the scientific classes in many of the cities and towns in North America, by his peculiar powers and ability as a medium. He has now located in Oswego, Illinois. Mr. Jackson treats all diseases, both acute and chronic, to wit: the human family is subject, both male and female, such as Nervous Debility, Self Abuse, Irritability of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, Wasting of the Vital Fluids, Giddiness, Lassitude, and all diseases of a private nature in both sexes. Those who are suffering from diseases should send at once for medicine for his treatment, for he surpasses any other method of the age. This assertion many hundreds will testify to. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case which he undertakes. Persons can be cured as well at their homes, as with the medium. Medicine sent to all parts of the United States, California or the Canadas, by mail or express. Send ten cents for his great new circulars, and direct as below.

Mr. Jackson also answers sealed letters for \$1.00 and four three-cent stamps. He delineates character, gives advice in regard to business matters, will tell prominent traits, disposition, changes in life, what business persons are best adapted to pursue, and various other things, by reading your own autograph, or the autograph of any other person. Terms, \$1.00, and 4 cents postage.

Mr. Jackson will give any information how they can become one of the best mediums, and how to do most anything they wish; also how to make others do the same, so that you can become superior to any of your fellow men. Send ten cents for particulars.

"Great Advice to All People" is the title of a new book just published by the author, William Jackson. It is a work beyond all comparison; a great book for the young and old of both sexes. No one should be without this book. It is full of thrilling interest to all. It is the work of a scientific and philanthropic mind. Price \$1.00, sent to any part of the country, securely mailed.

Address all communications to WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall Co., Illinois.

I. G. ATWOOD, M. D. THE original and remarkable Healing Medium, of Lockport, N. Y., is now in a regular and successful practice at No. 1 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

MR. & MRS. FERRIS, MEDIUMS for Physical manifestations, can be addressed at Coldwater, Michigan, care of Abner Bennett. 14-17

DR. J. P. BRYANT, CURE THE SICK WITHOUT MEDICINES OR SURGICAL OPERATIONS, AT 153 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Almost any Curable Disease can be Cured with but few Operations.

Paralysis, Deafness, Epilepsy and Consumption, are the most slow and uncertain in their treatment; sometimes, though rarely, patients have been fully restored with one operation. They are, however, always benefited. Exception is always made to broken bones, Dislocation, Bone Curvature of the Spine and Suppurated Tumors. Even these will be much benefited, always relieved from pain, and sometimes fully cured. So many thousands are already acquainted with this method of treatment, as practiced by me at Syracuse, Oswego, Utica, Watertown, Cooperstown, Binghamton, Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., at Detroit, Mich., and Milwaukee, Wis., during four years past, that it seems unnecessary to say more than that by its vital forces become equalized, and that seems more wonderful in that diseases heretofore considered incurable, are frequently cured with one operation. It is well, however, for those who have come from a distance to have a second.

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Mr. EDGAR A. GAY, 24 Orange street, Rochester, N. Y. Inflammatory Rheumatism seven weeks. For four weeks confined to rocking chair, unable to move hand or foot. Perfectly cured in ten minutes. Left crutches and walked away.

Miss ELIZA A. FLEMING, Fort Huron, St. Clair county, Mich., bedridden ten years; unable to stand or walk. Dyspepsia, Spinal Difficulty, Female Difficulty, (Hysterical) and Complete Nervous Prostration. Perfectly cured with a few operations; will reply to inquiries.

Miss A. MARIA WAIT, Walworth, Wayne county, N. Y. Scatica of long standing; unable to walk without crutches for three years. Cured in one minute. Left her crutches and walked away.

Mr. A. H. TIPP, Pierpont Manor, Jefferson county, N. Y. Bad case of Bronchitis and Bleeding of the Lungs. A good cure. No further. Inquiries made of him will be promptly answered.

Mr. F. HUBBELL, Postmaster at Geddes, Onondaga county, N. Y. Pneumonia, or Inflammation of the Lungs with Hemorrhage or Bleeding, and partial loss of voice. Perfectly cured, and will reply to inquiries.

Miss MARGARET N. WHITE, Hinsdale, Cattaraugus county, N. Y. General Weakness, Spinal Disease and Female Weakness. Bedridden most of the time for two years; only able to get up a few moments at a time. Cured almost instantly, and will reply to inquiries.

Miss HELEN TULLER, Mexico, N. Y. Paralysis of Optic Nerve. Made to see perfectly clear and distinct, with two operations.

Mr. J. ROBINSON, Lansing, Mich. Paralysis Sciatic Nerve, caused by a musket ball wound at the battle of South Mountain, Maryland, in 1862. Examined by nine different surgeons and pronounced incurable. For two years unable to walk without splint. Perfectly cured in five minutes.

Mr. J. B. BLAKE, Livonia, Livingston county, N. Y. Stiff Ankle—caused by a wound from an axe. Very sensitive, and for two years unable to walk natural. Perfectly cured, and will reply to any inquiries.

Mr. WILLIAM RUSSELL, Cooperstown, N. Y. Scatica and Spinal Disease of long standing. Unable to move, except on crutches. After two operations left crutches, resumed his business, and is as well as any one. Invalids will be inspired with confidence by corresponding with him.

Mrs. PHILLANDER EWELL, Disco, Macomb county, Mich. Heart Disease, Female Weakness, General Weakness. Perfectly cured in a few moments.

Miss MARIA DUGL, Johnson's Creek, Niagara county, N. Y. Hip Disease and Spinal Affliction. Obligated to use crutches thirty-one years. Instantly cured, and left her crutches.

Mrs. A. A. FINE, Leizant, Mich. Ovarian Tumor. Pronounced incurable by several physicians of the city. Perfectly cured in a few moments.

Mrs. SARAH A. MASON, corner Cass street and Michigan avenue, Detroit, Mich. Anasarca or Paralysis of Optic Nerve. Cured instantly. Can now see and read fine print distinctly.

The above testimonials are mostly cases of lameness, contracted upwards of a year ago, to satisfy the public of their permanence. Circulars will be sent to those who wish a larger variety of references. We do not propose to cure every case in a moment, but if invalids will use reason, giving us fair attention, we will do our best to give them quick and permanent relief. Terms for treatment always reasonable, according to the means of the patient. Those persons unable to pay will be cheerfully treated, free of charge.

DR. J. P. BRYANT, 153 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

SPRIT TELEGRAMS OF A HIGH ORDER OF INTELLIGENCE can be had through the agency of THE SPIRITSCOPE, by addressing Dr. B. Box 280, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

This opportunity is made public in the interests of Light and Truth and replies will be given FREE to those who want Light and Truth, but are unable to pecuniarily assist the operators; whereas, they may determine for themselves what remuneration to offer.

HEALING THE SICK BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS. THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietors of the DYNAMIC INSTITUTION, are now prepared to receive all who may desire a pleasant home, and a sure remedy for all their ills. Our Institution is continuous with pleasant surroundings, and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground, overlooking the lake. Our past success is truly marvelous, and daily the suffering find relief at our hands. The Institution is located in MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, on Marshall street, between Division street and Franklin street, one hundred feet of the street fronted. Post Office Drawer 177. DR. PERSONS, GOULD & CO. MILWAUKEE, Wis., 1895.

CLAIRVOYANT COUNSEL. ADDRESS DR. J. K. BAILEY, Jackson, Michigan, for Delineations of Characteristics, Directions for Restoration of Health, Suggestions on Business and other Questions. Enclose questions or a lock of hair, \$2, and 3 letter stamps.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS. THESE celebrated powers act as carriers of the Positive and Negative forces through the blood to the Brain, Lungs, Heart, Ventrals, Stomach, Reproductive Organs, and all other organs of the body. Their magic control over disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent.

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THE NEGATIVE POWERS CURE: All typhoid fevers; all kinds of palsy, or paralysis; and all other Negative diseases. Circulars with fuller lists of diseases and explanations sent free. Those who prefer special directions as to which kind of the Powers to use, and how to use them, will please send us a brief description of their disease, when they send for the Powers. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians. Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box; \$5.00 for six. Money sent by mail or express. Office, 97 St. Mark's Place, New York. Address PROF. PATTON SPENCE, M. D., General Delivery, New York City.

NATURE'S SOVEREIGN REMEDIALS. Eclectic Fluid Compounds Extracted from Plants. W. M. R. PRINCE, Fishkill, New York, for sixty years proprietor of the Libanese Nurseries, having discovered the plants which are possible remedies for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Spermatorrhoea and all Liver and Kidney complaints, and for the whole chain of Chronic and other Venereal diseases, has named their medicinal uses as a Specialty. To patients sending a full diagnosis he will prescribe the proper remedial fluids. Treatise on all diseases mailed for 15 cents. Explanatory Circular one stamp. 19-17

PRIVATE CIRCLES are now forming at the "Temple of Investigation of Spiritualism," New York City, for the scientific investigation of Spiritualism. The best Test Mediums will be employed to give communications. Each class is limited in number. Applications held every Monday evening. Lectures, discussions, etc., every Sunday. Mediums can be consulted privately at the "Temple." The hall is free daily to visitors. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears—The angels here are greeting The friends of other years. 18-17

Railroad Time-Table CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN—DEPOT AND KINDIE STS. Day Express, 9:00 a.m. Night Express, 9:30 p.m. Janeville Accommodation, 6:00 p.m. Woodstock Accommodation, 9:00 p.m.

CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. (Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.) Day Express, 9:00 a.m. Night Express, 9:30 p.m. Morning Express, 6:00 a.m. Night Express, 6:00 p.m.

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS. Eastern Mail, 8:10 a.m. Night Express, 7:15 p.m. Joliet and Westport Accommodation, 6:00 p.m.

CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND. Day Express and Mail, 9:50 a.m. Night Express, 9:50 p.m. Joliet Accommodation, 4:45 p.m.

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE. St. Paul Express, 9:00 a.m. Post Office Accommodation, 4:30 p.m. Night Accommodation, 11:30 p.m. Evansville, 2:00 p.m. Sundays except'd. Saturdays except'd. Mondays except'd.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY. Day Express and Mail, 8:20 a.m. Night Express, 6:50 p.m. Mendota Accommodation, 4:30 p.m. Aurora, 6:30 p.m.

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS. Eastern Mail, 8:10 a.m. Night Express, 7:15 p.m. Joliet and Westport Accommodation, 6:00 p.m.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS, SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will advocate the equal rights of Men and Women. It will plead the cause of our colored generation. In fact, it is intended to make our journal cosmopolitan in character—a friend of our common humanity, and an advocate of the rights, duties and interests of the people.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

CONDUCTED BY AN ABBLE CORPS OF EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS. It will be published every Saturday at 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The JOURNAL is a large quarto, printed on good paper with new type. The articles, mostly original, are from the pens of the most popular among the liberal writers in both hemispheres.

All systems, creeds and institutions that cannot stand the ordeal of a scientific research, positive philosophy and enlightened reason, will be treated with the same, and no more consideration, from their antiquity and general acceptance, than a fable of modern date. Believing that the true science is the Human Mind in-day, through spiritual intercourse and general intelligence, to