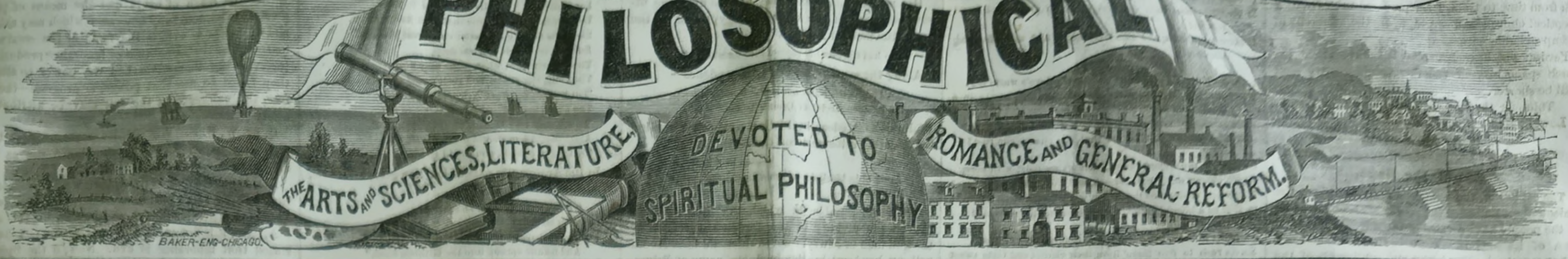


# RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

## PHILOSOPHICAL



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

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

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### Shadows on the Wall.

BY DR. ANTONI.

Tell me why this longing, tell me why this thronging  
Of the angel hosts around me;  
Why their smiles of gladness, why my smiles of sadness  
In this attic where they've found me.

Sure my walls are bare, sure my room is drear,  
Nor a ray of sunshine in it,  
Yet sweet the spirits smile, as if they would beguile  
This sad soul and win it.

And their rosy lips, and their finger tips  
Are pressing me where I stand,  
And I fondly trace, in each angel face,  
Dear ones from the spirit land.

How my cobwebbed room grows brighter,  
How my burdened soul grows lighter,  
By the smiles about me gleaming;  
For the lord and lost from the land of bloom  
Are around and about my cheerless room,  
Their eyes with love's light beaming;  
And a strange sweet music fills my soul,  
And a strange sweet sadness I can't control,  
Makes it all seem like dreaming.

Ah, yes, there's a change and something strange,  
Stranger than music's sadness,  
Steals through my heart, like a poison'd dart,  
And makes it all seem like madness.

This night and day do I pass away  
In this attic room so lonely,  
And my brain is ever filled, and my soul is ever thrilled  
With wild, weird phantoms only.

Mysterious life! O world of strife!  
O soul immortal! and thou art all,  
This scarce but a breath, 'till the angel of death  
Forever blots 't the shadows on the wall!"  
Chicago, February, 1866.

### A VISION.

PRESENTED TO AND RECORDED BY  
EMMA HARDINGE.

It was sunset on Lake Ontario; I lay on a couch to which indisposition had confined me for several hours, watching dreamily the fitful changing hues of the sky, and the gorgeous reflection of its gold and purple glories on the tossing waters of the shining lake. Painters' canvases never yet displayed the wealth of coloring that the artist sun cast like a mantle over the enchanting scene. Each moment changing, too, its glorious pageantry, it seemed as if the dying day called up from the world of infinite ideas this phantasmagoria of beauty, to teach me the loveliness of death, when Nature reigns supreme, and the strong, the good and beautiful are passing away. Passing away! yes; though the scene I looked upon was motion, life, in its fairest garb of loveliness, 'twas life going out; the lamp of day soon to be quenched in the solemn mystery of darkness, and that day's death! Death! Death! how the word shaped itself upon the purple sky and glittered on the sparkling wave crests; "Death" came sighing in the breeze, and stole like a shadow through my darkening room; crept up the stairs and in at the half-closed door; moved stealthily across the carpet, and when the last, long, slanting ray of scarlet light faded from off the window sill, I felt the cold, gray phantom at my side, and heard it muttering in my ears tales of strange, weird, unearthly things, fantastic legends of the shadow land, where Death sits throned. In vain the phantom hovered round me, with its ghostly, whispering voice. To me Death ever has been, ever will be welcome as the stars of night, which trail their golden length in the pathway of the dying sun—beautiful as sunset, holy as moonlight, or the morning star, the herald of another and a better day; Death was then as now, the liberty angel opening the gates of the old, and enfranchising the soul into the grander glory of the new, and yet on this particular evening the cloud of Death thoughts which succeeded the farewell of the day now dead, seemed to bring with it none of the joyous feeling of anticipation, with which I am accustomed to contemplate my voyage over the "beautiful river." No; anticipation was crowded out, and a heavy, leaden weight of retrospect oppressed me, in which came trooping up the forms of many a dweller in the long ago, to whom I knew too certainly death had not been the sunset herald of a glorious night and radiant morrow, but the closing of a day whose shroud was darkness, deep and dreadful.

Suddenly all my wandering thoughts were fixed on one whom for years I had not seen or scarcely thought upon. He was a man whom no description can fully represent to the inhabitants of this Western continent, for he was of a class unknown in American experience—a peer of the British realm, the elder brother of a wealthy, noble, and far descended house, and a marked actor in that peculiar life drama which is only played amongst the members of the British aristocracy.

You cannot follow me, my American friends, were I to attempt for you a description of the stately Earl and his peculiar sphere of action; happy for you, you cannot, for the sum of all is told when I translate his life in this; his birth, position, the law of primogeniture, and other specialties of his estate, had manufactured a great Earl, a rich nobleman, and a capacious mind, into a very bad man, notorious for his enormous gallantries in public life, and his equally enormous tyranny in private life. This man had lived for self, and used time, talents, wealth and station for no other purpose, than that I can now remember, or ever heard quoted, than for the gratification of self and selfish

passions. I presume that he had never committed any act that could bring upon him the penalty of the law, but in Great Britain our courts of honor, probity, chastity and equity, exist only in public opinion, and this pronounces verdict against the poor, never the rich, otherwise this great Earl would scarcely have escaped a felon's fate.

In my youth I knew this man well. I had often read Shakespeare to him, sang and played for him, and despite of some awe with which his singularly stately presence inspired me, returned his regard for me with perhaps more of love than the young and innocent generally yielded to him. My full understanding of his character was the revelation of after years. Since I have been in America the journals of home have brought the intelligence of the great man's transit into "the land of his rest." I had become a believer in Spiritualism about a year, and then, as often since, had wondered why that spirit never sought communion with the girl who loved him kindly, and with whom moreover the dark shadow of wrong had never been associated in his memory. Still he came not. Sometimes I wondered whether "the great gulf" of Scripture was all a fiction, and the rich, bad man could not cross it.

This night my mind was full of him, and the spirit Earl was the last normal thought I can recall, ere I passed into that strange, waking, dreamlike state baffling all description, which we so vaguely call a trance. I passed through what seemed many spheres of mist and gloom. They occupied much space, but gave me no other idea but that of traversing vast distances. At length I stood in a land of buildings, connected with each other, which seemed to be the destination to which my spirit's flight had been tending.

The experiences of the infinite element, spirit, can never be translated into the speech of the finite element matter, hence I cannot attempt to describe in the language of matter, the inconceivable spaces through which my spirit seemed to travel, nor the splendor with which I was surrounded. Human eye hath not seen nor heart conceived of the beauty outwrought by the spirit, or distance where infinity offers no horizon; but the character of the buildings I traversed I can at least describe. They consisted of chambers, galleries, staircases, halls and corridors, and their furniture was Oriental splendor, made splendid by the Genii of spiritual enchantment.

Three points in my journey, however, were most remarkable. The first was the amazing and palpable darkness that filled these palaces, revealing clearly every color and shape, yet heaping up an atmosphere of blackness on all around in such dense folds, that I could taste it, suffocate in it, almost cut it; 'twas awful, overwhelming, stifling. 'Twas darkness made black, night incarnate.

The next point of interest was the total absence of inhabitants; not a living thing was visible, and though in process of my wanderings I seemed to traverse worlds, and to have occupied ages since my entrance, so deathlike was the stillness, so utterly unbroken was the interminable quiet, that I felt as if an eternity of horror would be cheaply purchased by the sight of even an insect or a reptile; but the crowning fact of my strange experience was the effect of the scene on my own spirits. At first entrance, I was affected by a profound melancholy; but as I proceeded this deepened into a despair so hopeless, that memory and even the sense of pain at last fled. At certain stages of my pilgrimage the awful gloom and solitude produced in my mind the most agonizing longing for light, air, and companionship, but even the energy to frame a wish at length abandoned me, and though sensible of a dim possibility by powerful exercise of will of summoning aid to my side, I lost at last the faculty even of suffering, and wandered on, seemingly, for years, centuries, ages—a living annihilation, an incarnation of hopeless woe. God, angels, life, worlds, all, all was dead but me; and I was eternally, and death!

The most distinct memory I can now retain of sensation in this purgatory was a vague wonder as to whether I was thus suffering for expiation of my own sins, or learning by horrible experience the condition of others. I think that the amount of energy expended even in this effort at reflection opened up a new phase in my dreadful pilgrimage, for it seemed answered by the tones of a sweet, bell-like voice, whose low but clear intonations seemed wafted from the immeasurable distance of some far off world. It said, "You are now in the spirit homes of earth's rich dead, Emma; here dwell the Dives of earth, whom men say, die so very rich; here they live in the splendors they loved, the wealth they adored, and surrounded by the idols they made and worshiped. Your sufferings, our Emma, are theirs, in the realization of the life for which they have sold themselves, and now you may judge of the value of the coin for which the cold hearted, selfish, cruel rich man, sells his soul. How like you the exchange?" I shuddered and wept bitterly for the insane rich of earth. "Where are they?" I murmured. "Everywhere," replied the voice. "Myriads move around you, and wander and feel as you do, but none see the others, or you; it is the condition of entrance to the spheres of self love, that the eye shall behold nought but self, realize no other existence. They toiled in earth life to attain this state, here they reap the harvest they have sown."

"But this darkness," I cried; "Oh, for the light, for but one ray of the blessed sunlight! Why cannot the sun of heaven penetrate these awful abodes?"

"And so it does, child. Here, as everywhere, is heaven and light and sun; but where are the eyes that can behold it? If heaven be not within us, in vain we seek it elsewhere. If our eyes are forever turned in upon self, they are blind to all besides, and from the soul's center goes forth the true light or darkness of the land of souls."

"Oh, that I could see but one of the inhabitants of this doleful region," I thought, and with the wish came its instant gratification, for, raising my eyes, I beheld the form of a living being approaching me. At first the delight of seeing a thing of life again impelled me to rush toward it, but the singularity of the figure, and its evident incapacity to perceive me, arrested my steps, and I stood watching with curious interest my new companion. The figure was that of a very, very old man; indeed, to judge by his wonderfully wrinkled face and withered aspect, he might have been the sole surviving wreck of centuries. His height could not have exceeded that of a child of four years, and the garments that hung in threadbare and patched folds around his meagre, shrunken form, were a world too wide for the poor anatomy they covered, and yet I knew this pitiful little figure bore the evidence of decrease rather than natural deformity, and that his present childish dimensions had come from the shrinking of a once mighty form of manhood. Yes, I knew this, not only from the revelation of his past, which each spirit bears about engraved on the unmasked soul, but because I could trace in those withered features and that diminished shape, the wreck of the once proud, stately and handsome Earl, whom in my childish days I had looked upon as the beau ideal of aristocratic manhood!

Oh, how terrible it was to look upon him thus! His face wore an expression of unutterable grief, but with a look of mild resignation and hopeless regret, that pierced my very soul. Slowly and feebly he passed on without regarding me, but as he neared me, ere he fully disappeared, I heard him sigh. Oh, Heaven! how he sighed, and what a world of long, long, bitter memories, useless regrets, and wasting sorrow came sobbing on the air, laden with the sigh of that suffering soul. Ah, me! It was indeed the breath of a wailing spirit, "gnashing teeth and outer darkness."

With his departure, even the interminable solitude of his home seemed more tolerable; but again I heard the sweet cadence of my invisible angel's bell-like voice chiming in my ear. "Yes, Emma, 'tis him, even Lord —. You wonder at the strange transfiguration which death has wrought on your splendid peer; but ask yourself by your memory of his earth life, what size you deem his soul must have been, when its mocking mask was first rent off, and disclosed the spirit with its one grain of idealty, and that ALL self. Emma, you pigmy has grown by suffering since his entrance here, from an almost invisible monad to the size you just beheld. Yes, Emma, self was all that existed in the great man's soul, and self is but one spark in the divine unity of illimitable fires that must all burn in perfection and harmony, ere the central sun of soul is fully unfolded. Until then, true life does not even begin. Judge then of the size of your embryotic spirit, when first it shook off the clods of earth to stand revealed, not for name, lineage, wealth or station, but just for its worth, no more. And even now, that is all that is left of the once great Earl."

"Alas, alas!" I cried, "Teach us, angelic guides, though suffering be the road, and blood and tears the baptism, teach us how to live for self, through others, so that at last we may pierce the soil, in which our seedling souls are germinating, and stand unfolded in our own earth struggles, full grown spirits, MEN AND WOMEN SOULS."

"Hard is the path of riches, strong the pleadings of self, ruinous the crushing weight of unearned passion," replied my guide. "These, with the sophistic lull of custom and overweening devotion to the gods of earth that minister only to earthly loves, have dwarfed many such souls as his, and shrunk up the fairest blossoms of genius, kindness and intellect, until these doleful spheres are thick with worlds of people of whom you man is a type."

"Their destiny," I murmured; "oh, send me not away comfortless."

"Despair, remorse, regret; then penitence, submission, such deep humility as shone upon that old man's piteous face are theirs. Then, becoming once again as little children, the morning of a new life shall dawn for them, and glorious will be the evening that shall close their day of labor, and see them as they should be, full grown spirits, and heirs of the everlasting kingdom, where earth and its baser nature never enters."

The pale moon was full and high, and the vault of heaven thick with world flowers, when I again, with natural vision, looked on the face of earth. Perhaps after so solemn a lesson as that of the past hour, the action may appear grotesque and unworthy, but it was nevertheless irresistible, and consisted in springing from my couch, opening my portemonnaie and (though its contents would never I think in its most plethoric condition prove a temptation to any one) pouring them upon the floor, trampling them beneath my feet, and crying aloud to the mighty power in whose hands poor tempted souls are passion tossed, or "stayed in perfect peace," to "lead me not into temptation," and deliver me from the evil of my own soul. For many and many a day after this, I esteemed my poverty a privilege; it was long before I could dare to speculate even with necessary foresight upon

any arrangements that required me to calculate upon the possession of money: dreadful, awful, tyrannical, soul corrupting money! Though I believe I shall never, in this respect, be tempted beyond the mood of the bare day's provision, yet still do I remember my vision of warning with an awe that forever comments on the fatal truth, "How hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom of heaven!" I do not love to think or speak of this vision; my soul is pained to be assured of its truth; to know that about me are the dreadful "homes of the selfish rich" that in the invisible world of which earth, sky, suns, and systems are full, are eternally pacing the unresting feet of the solitary worshippers of self, in their hideous loneliness, their frightful penance of gratification of their souls' idolatries. Heaven have mercy on them! and if at the earnest request of the gifted medium, at whose request this is now presented to the public, the additional narration of this vision may, in person, but warn one foot back from "coming into this place of torment," the lesson, sharp and agonizing as it was to me in learning, will not have been given in vain.

Rose Cross, Delanco, New Jersey, May, 1863.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### A Chapter on Tests and Mediums.

Some men and mediums, too, are directly calculated to appear before the public, and have a faculty of bringing themselves into notice, while others, of equally good powers, will remain in obscurity, and be local in their influence. From the fact that fully nine-tenths of our very best mediums are of the latter class, many suppose Spiritualism to be still a very weak thing; and, indeed, very uncertain as to its much further increase of dimensions. Such is not the case. Spiritualism is to-day a giant in strength and influence. It is perfectly invulnerable in any locality to all the attacks that, by opposing forces, can be made against it. There is scarcely a town in the Eastern, Middle, or Western States, that does not possess one or more mediums, capable of substantiating our claims before the world, of the spiritual origin of these phenomena, in some one or more of their phases.

Sampson's strength was said to be in his hair; that of the churches in their numbers and popular favor; that of an army in equipments and discipline; but ours, superior to them all, lies in our power, through our mediums, to demonstrate the truths we assert. What if Delfiah does shear the head? The Phillisines are impotent still to oppose us. What if religion is at a low ebb? We have other resources and other refuges to keep out of the way of the devil. What if all our generals fall? The world would still be issued from behind the veil, and caught and prolonged all along the "rank and file" of our great spiritual army, till its ceaseless echoes filled every soul with joy and gladness. What if popular favor be withheld? We have the assurance of the favor of the loving angels, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, companions, and what is more and better than all, the God within us.

During the month of November, and also in July and part of June last, I spoke at Metropolitan Hall, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, where are located several of the best mediums in that, or any other State, whose powers are such that if Cincinnati is not converted to Spiritualism, the fault lies at the door of her own citizens.

One of the oldest mediums of the city, Madame Dick—a clairvoyant, prophetic, delineating and healing—is doing her great work in her own appropriate way, and the world will one day acknowledge her valuable services towards its reformation.

N. B. Starr, spirit artist, is blessing mankind by reproducing upon canvases the loved faces of "long ago," rejuvenated, beautified, immortalized, and gleaming with halos of the life "evermore." Mr. Starr is not an artist, but a tailor, and works upon the bench for a livelihood, but like Samuel to the supposed call of Eli, he is obedient to the spiritual messages, to paint the features of those gone to spirit life. He paints them, not always as they were here, with gray hairs, pallid cheeks, sunken eyes and features, distorted with pain, but in rosyate health, glowing beauty, and sinless purity, such beauties as pertain only to the spirit.

Mr. William Odin, medium for physical manifestations, has left all business and devoted himself to the interests of the spirits. Probably he is the strongest physical medium we have among us, and gives the most convincing demonstrations.

Mrs. Rosanna C. Ward, No. 53 York street, intentional, delineating and psychometric, possesses very fine powers as a medium, delineating changes in the vegetable and mineral, by holding a piece of wood, or metal, or fragment of rock in her hand. She also delineates character by holding a letter or lock of hair. Having tested her powers in this respect, I speak advisedly, when I say she is very reliable and worthy of patronage, and may be addressed by letter, enclosing a lock of hair.

George D. Keith, healing medium, recently removed from the Quaker to the Queen City, is possessed of good powers, and will soon make his influence felt in healing man's physical maladies.

I come now to speak of that very remarkable medium, Miss Lizzie Keiser, through whom I have received the most conclusive and satisfactory tests of spirit identity, that it has ever been my good fortune to obtain from any source. This young lady, now about twenty-two years of age, is of German birth, but has been educated sufficiently to read English tolerably well. She has been developed

entirely in the family of Mr. Henry Beck, of Cincinnati, who, with his very excellent lady, deserves great credit for their interest in her, and their care and solicitude in keeping her secure from all unfavorable influences. She is unsophisticated and truthful, and has the love of the cause at heart. She sees spirits and converses with them. They communicate to her by words and symbols. She is sometimes entranced, and while a spirit is in possession of her body, she goes to a distance from it, and sees and hears what is passing among spirits and mortals, sees places and persons, hears names, listens to conversations, and when she returns to her normal state, recollects and reports all. In this latter respect, I have never seen her equal, though I have seen several mediums of that class. Such girls ought to, and will, make her known to the world. It is time she was brought into more public notice. The world wants the evidence she can give of the life hereafter. Some things buried in the earth will germinate and grow, but talents, even ten, in the form of spiritual gifts, never. Let those who possess them, heed this great fact. Permit me to give a few of the tests I have received through her and others.

On the 26th of last June, my dear companion was translated from the earth to spirit life. I was at the time in the city of Cincinnati, where, at her earnest solicitations, I had gone to fulfil an engagement to lecture. At 10 o'clock P. M. of that day (June 26,) I started for Philadelphia and Hammon, N. J., where I should arrive at 9 o'clock A. M. on the 28th, or 12 miles farther. By the breaking of a coal train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, I was delayed over twelve hours in getting to Philadelphia, which delayed me twenty-four hours in reaching Hammon, where I resided. Her funeral services took place on the 28th, and I was not present. On the night of the 29th, after I had retired at the house of Dr. H. T. Child, in Philadelphia, she came to me and said: "I am sorry for you, but glad for myself, that you were not there when I passed away; for our clinging to each other would have made the separation terrible to me as well as you." I asked her if she could report herself in Cincinnati before my return? She told me she would try. I remained nine hours with my children, and started in the evening on my return to C., where I arrived on Saturday, July 1st. I soon met that good faithful brother, A. W. Pugh, who seemed much surprised to see me, saying, "We did not think it possible that you would return so soon, though Lizzie said you would." He then related to me the following: "On Thursday evening, July 29th, we had a circle at Mr. Beck's, on Dayton street. A spirit controlled the hand of the medium, Lizzie, and wrote the name 'Mrs. Fish.' We asked if it was the wife of our speaker, and she answered it was, and further, that she left the body on the Monday before—that her body was buried on Wednesday; that you were not there at her funeral, being detained on the way; that you were then on your way back to C., and that she came at your request to make these statements, and that your father assisted her to come." Comment upon such facts is unnecessary.

On the second Sunday in July last, I was at Mr. Beck's. Lizzie was entranced by one of my children. I talked with him some time, and when he left and she returned to her normal condition, I asked her where she had been, when she gave me a most perfect description of my wife's grave and its location, and said she had been there. She described correctly the town of Hammon, my residence there, my three children, giving the age of each; described a lady, Mrs. Nevins, with them at the time on the front porch, and said, "I heard the lady call the little one 'Eden! Eden!' No, that is not quite it. 'Eddie!—that's it.' Truly, that is the name we call him by, though his real name is Edron."

Upon corresponding with Mrs. N., she informed me that she was, at that very hour, out on the front porch of my house with my children, and was talking with the little one, and called him by name.

At another time she told me she saw a certain lady come near my house, and talk quite severely to my daughter. From the description given, I at once recognized the lady as a neighbor, and not the one in charge of my children. Among other things, she told me that lady at first said to the child: "Your father ought to know it. I ought to write him all about it, and I have written him about you." My child informed me that this was precisely the language used on that occasion, and the time also when it occurred was likewise correct. Further, I had that day taken from the office a letter from this same lady, containing complaints about my child, my faithful friends in charge of my family, and some other matters, thus giving evidence of the power and correctness of the medium.

One other test, through another medium, and I will close this chapter. The medium was Mrs. S. A. Weaver, 253 Canal street, Philadelphia. Her power lies in delineating, healing, and giving tests, and in all she is very reliable. Mrs. W. had never seen Mrs. F. in the form, but had been influenced by her to speak to me and my children several times. Sitting in a circle one evening, in August last, at Bro. Sampson's, in Hammon, with Mr. and Mrs. Sampson, and Mrs. Weaver, the latter became controlled by Mrs. F., and talked some time with Mr. and Mrs. S. Said Mrs. Sampson: "She promised me several weeks before she passed away, to return and give me a certain test, and I confidently expect she will do it as soon as she can; but I do not expect to get it under two years, perhaps not under four, and shall be satisfied if I got it in six." I presently noticed the medium rubbing her lips with her hand. This she continued some time, when Mrs. S., in

apparent excitement from intense interest, said: "Yes," when the medium leaned forward, kissed Mrs. B., and straightening up in her chair, said, "There! have I fulfilled my promise!" This, Mrs. Samson informed us, was the last agreed upon several weeks prior to her translation. It was not so much the kiss, as the manner of giving it, that was to furnish the test.

All these tests, and many more that I shall publish from time to time, I am prepared to prove to a skeptical church and world, upon the affidavits of unimpeachable witnesses.

Pardon me, dear JOURNAL, if I have asked too much space in your valuable columns. My next will be shorter.

Think for the light of truth, J. G. FISH. Lowell, Mass., January, 1866.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Signs of the Times.

The capital of the nation is the place where the voice and sentiment of the people are heard and felt, if the people have a voice in the selection and election of its officers. Here is the place to learn what are the leading topics and sentiments of the country; and here in Washington we have it this winter. On one subject it is plain and outspoken, and it is the brotherhood of the race, in the equality of rich and poor, with a mighty effort to destroy the distinctions of race and color also in civil and political rights. Of the latter, which occupies most of the time of Congress, spent in long, and often windy, wordy and worthless speeches, I do not propose to speak now, as I have often said my say on that subject, and in which I never can see the consistency of those who would remove the civil and political distinctions of race and color, and retain those of sex in our own race. But I propose to present the evidences of my first position in a few prominent features of our government and society. First, we had elected two men for President and Vice President, from the ranks of workers, self-made men, who had earned and acquired their education and reputation by industry; and the first had made himself the most popular President we ever had since Washington, and that in the worst and most perilous times to do it, and when at the zenith of his glory was slain by a reckless, dissipated, insane man, who had inherited his organization and had his character formed for him in his education, and been goaded on to madness by a few violent enemies of the President, who grew more and more enraged at his popularity and success. This tragedy placed the second plebeian by birth, but statesman by growth, at the helm of the nation. He, too, is winning the people by his uniform kindness and human sympathy, which was so prominent in his predecessor. In addition to this many of our most distinguished statesman and army officers are from the same ranks of poor boys and working men, and but few of them forget or neglect, or despise the class of citizens from which they sprang. There are occasional exceptions to this rule; various, but not many, among our present popular men. Some say our Chief Justice is one, but I cannot say, and yet I shall wait more evidence before I put a namesake, born in my own native Granite State, in that list. Wade, Wilson, Banks, Grant, and a host of other worthies, show no signs of aristocracy in their popularity; and even Long John, who is a head, if not a "head and shoulders," above some of his colleagues, is as sociable as when a school-boy, even though he has to stoop to it. Another sign is the score of poor widows and maimed soldiers from the ranks of the poor, who have places in the various departments, to the exclusion of rich men's sons and popular men's relatives, or "Adus Achates," and I believe it can be safely said that never was a more honest set of clerks and officers in charge of the affairs of this nation, or less recklessness and waste of time and money by government employes at the capital.

Still one other sign I see, in that unmistakable index of public sentiment—the THEATRE. Maggie Mitchell, the self-made and popular Irish girl, has carried all before her, in her favorite play of Fanchon and her character of "Cricket," the poor, despised, orphan grandchild of the old witch. Night after night the theater has been crowded to witness and applaud this specimen of the uprising of a soul from "poverty, rags and dirt" to wealth and good society; and such applause and approbation could not be gained for the success of a rich child in any play; and no church, with its ceremonies and forms, with frozen oratory in its pulpits, can call out a moiety of the interest of the theater, but theology seems to have gone into paintings and tableaux—Miltonian and Biblical—and these great paintings of modern Mythology draw crowds to see the heaven and hell to which the churches invite or consign them, and laugh at the hell or the devil, and not much less at God and heaven.

Religion has gone into paintings and tableaux crystallized, and humanity into the theater and politics, and now there is more hope than ever for the salvation of the race; for what God and his blood have failed to do, man may yet do for himself.

One more evidence is the estimation in which our sober, honest, and industrious returned soldiers are held by the community. I have stood hours with my heart beating throbs of joyous approbation as I have seen our popular officers, civil or military, grasp with the real warm welcome hand-clasp the soldiers as they came up and passed on, strangers as before; only "my soldier" and you get a hearty grip that comes from the heart; but I must stop here.

WARREN CHASE.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, 1866.

Letter from J. W. Seaver.

BYRON, GENESSEE CO., N. Y., Jan. 23, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: Some three or four months since the Spiritualists of this town organized an association, and already number thirty-five or forty members. It is our intention to hold public meetings once or twice a month, for which purpose we have an ample fund subscribed to remunerate speakers the present year; we have also a comfortable free hall, in which to meet.

Thus far, however, we have failed to secure lecturers, and one object of this notice is to attract their attention, so that should any be visiting or passing through Western New York, and would like to spend a Sabbath with us, they will please address J. C. Walker, H. B. Peckham, or J. W. Seaver, who have been chosen a committee to supply our pulpit with speakers.

To any applications a prompt answer will be returned; but it will not be advisable for speakers to come expecting to be employed without having previously received an affirmative answer to an application, as otherwise a number may come at once, occasioning disappointment and pecuniary loss.

Yours, &c., J. W. SEAVEN.

Indiana has 522,223 school children between the ages of two and twenty. The school fund, partly raised from liquor licenses, gives them only twenty-one cents apiece.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I Wonder.

BY CATIE L. SMITH.

I wonder if in spirit land, the fields are fresh and green? I wonder if in spirit form our earthly friends are seen? And if the fair, the fragrant flowers, so beautiful on earth, Here fading, all too quickly far, have their immortal birth? I wonder if thro' shady dells flow pure and rippling rills? If there are seen the valleys fair, and gently sloping hills? If birdlings sing their sweetest songs, in green clad forest bow'rs? If there are clouds, and sunshine bright, and soft refreshing showers? I wonder if the friendships dear, lit up by love's warm ray, Which seem both pure and pleasant, there will wither in a day? If those who gain our confidence betray their sacred trust? Or if it be in affection true, nor time, nor change can rust? I wonder if the discords harsh, that oft we meet with here, Which change our joy to sadness, will there fall 'pon the ear? If brother, against his brother in war's deadly strife is found? Or if it be a blissful clime, there peace and love abound? I wonder if in bayous dark, where deadly serpents hiss, Slaves rush to free them from their chains, and taste sweet freedom's bliss? If bloodhounds, keen to scent the track, pursue with diabolical cry, And drive them back to feel the lash, in grief to toil, and die? I wonder if queen fashion doth there majestic reign? If subjects health and comfort crush, to follow in her train? Or if it be a realm where each a fitting garb shall find, Bespeaking each, when look'd upon, the qualities of mind? I wonder if in spirit land are lofty tow'ring spires? If there each creed a follower finds, like what its law requires? Or if the misty veil, which here to loose, in vain we try, Be drop'd, and happy disappointment beams from every eye? I wonder if humanity extends a kindly hand Unto the low and erring ones gone to that unknown land? And speaks to them in kindly tones, to cheer them on their way, Nor fears what Mrs. Grandy or her good friends may say? But most of all I wonder, and oh! who to me will tell, If lo'd's ones pass'd from us do there as pure bright angels dwell? And if they sometimes come to us with messages sublime, And tell us of their happiness in that celestial clime? Texas, Michigan.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 12.

BY C. BARING PECKHAM.

Masonry being free, it has the fullest scope of the Word in its strong meat for men as well as its milk for babes, who, oft incapable of rising to the spirit, will go after the false Gods of the letter; but to the freemason who are capable of talking face to face with God as a man talked with his friend, "There is," says Oliver "no subject, be it the most subtle and various; be it as high as the heavens above, or deep as the earth beneath—no secret of creation—into which the science of Freemasonry does not enter in the pursuit of wisdom, knowledge and virtue." Faith being a legitimate Masonic virtue of things not seen, it has the emblem of a cross with a beautiful female figure as signifying the way of life for the birth of the Son of Man. How apt and correspondent were the personifications of the various members in conjunction with the spiritual and starry heavens, whether the doors open to the many mansions wrought earthwise, or to the Jerusalem in the skies. However low the estate there was a chamber above for the more pure and newly arisen spirit. Sometimes the Hebrew poets rather ardently lift up the everlasting gates for the King of glory to come in, as when the spirit of the Lord instructed the Psalmist by the reins in the night season; so too in Gentile song and search for the Golden Fleece by old Aegæus:

"The gate they pass, and to the dome return Where Venus oft regards the God of fire. The fire on Zion and furnace in Jerusalem Where Tubal Cain or Vulcan  
—Wondrous works by fire's power he wrought, And on his anvil to perfection wrought. Fronting the door, all lovely and alone, Sat Cytherea on a polished throne. Adown the shoulders of the heavenly fair, In easy ringlets flow'd her flaxen hair, And with a golden comb, in matchless grace She taught each lock its most becoming place. She saw the deities approach her dome, And from her hand dismiss'd the golden comb; Then rose respectful, all with beauty grac'd, And on rich thrones the great immortal plac'd, Resumed her seat, and with a ready hand Bound her loose ringlets, and thus question'd bland."

This is the way of life of the poetic heathen to convey symbolic truth. The heavenly Mother seats the immortals in the rich drapery of the poet on the same thrones where the prurer simplicity of Jesus placed them with barely a fisher's coat to cover their nakedness, "upon the twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." We may also take our choice between the golden haired Venus or blue-eyed maid and the fiery bush of Samson's seven locks which not well could be supposed to have been the color of the raven, though his bony brow was bent, but his heifer Deltiah, or the virgin of Israel, doubtless came up with her "brilliant black eye and her arrows let fly" till she pierced Samson through and through, and completely absorbed him. She may have sported the same golden comb as Venus, for Milton sings—

"By fair Ligeia's golden comb, Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks Sleeking her soft alluring locks."

Now one may find these "diamond rocks" or diamonds of *virgo* throughout the mosaic pavement of precious stones. They are the upheavals from Joye's all fertile plains, and may be viewed from the golden portals of Olympus, where the golden circles is oft seen blent with the brazen serpent.

Nor less than Amran's son, the potent wand "All sapient Hermes brandish'd in his hand," Were Israel's children led by pillar'd fire? No less the Gentiles by the God their Sire. If too much light, "then friendly Juno shrouds The favorite heroes in a veil of clouds, That none too curious might their steps delay, While to the regal dome they bent their way; But when unseen they pass'd the vulgar crowd, The same kind Duty dissolved the cloud. Full in the court they stand with fixed amaze, On the proud gates, strong walls and columns gaze, Which rear'd in rows, erect their heads on high, And lift the brazen cornic to the sky. The portal pass'd, young branching vines appear, And high in air their verdant honors rear; Beneath whose boughs by matchless Vulcan made, Four copious fountains in four currents play'd; The first with milk, with wine the second flow'd, Ambrosial oil the third, the fourth with water flow'd; This, as by turns the Pleiads set or rose, Dissolved in summer or in winter froze. Such were the wonders which the chiefs admire, All highly finish'd by the god of fire. With these were brass-hoof'd bulls of curious frame, From brazen nostrils breathing living flame."

It is impossible not to see in this, when measured in the symbolic or spiritual sense, the very counter-

part of the mosaic temple, or Jerusalem mother of us all—the same sons and daughters of God more richly draped in outer-ornament by the heathens than by the Jews, while the Freemasonry of both is essentially the same—the brazen hooped bull of the one, the flying cherub of the other, and the wings stretching from the mercy seat.

"Like that large fly which breeds the shepherd's call, That lures to sting the hollers in the stall."

Hence "the Lord shall hiss for the fly in the uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee in the land of Assyria."

"So had the Sun his aspect. Sire forewarn."

Along the same plane of correspondence—

"All night the sailor marks the Northern team, And golden circles of Orion's beam."

While Miss Medea, in Biblical numbers according to the divine arithmetic of the Egyptians

—as best becomes Array'd in black seven times in living streams She bath'd"—

The same number in which the king of Syria proved the divinity of the Jordan as directed by the god-man of Jewry. Seven times did Miss Medea call on her Lord in the ineffable name of Brimo, while Joath, king of Israel, could prevail no farther than the number three against the Syrians, because "He smote thrice upon the ground and stayed, and the man of God was wroth with him," because had he smitten five or six times to that extent in either number, Syria had been consumed. As the face of Moses, or the Lord shines from the mountain, and when he comes down, so

"Jason shines along the plain As when emerging from the watery way, Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray. For Jason beamed in beauty's charms so bright, The mad admiring languish'd with delight. Thus, when the rising Sun appears in view, On the fair rose dissolves the radiant dew."

From the same mountain and into the same valley—"Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined—a fire shall devour before him, He shall call to the heavens above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people"—whose tabernacle was in the Sun, and as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, there was nothing hid from the heat thereof, as when fire came out of his mouth and coals devoured. Thus sings the Hebrew Psalmist from the hidden Word, with mouth in tone toward the speaking heavens. If mother Jerusalem, or the virgin of Israel had twelve angels as porters to her Zodiacal gates, where it was better to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than a dweller in the tents of wickedness, so too had the same virgin in her Gentile dress

"Twelve maids, attendant on her virgin bow'r, Alike unconscious of the bridal hour. Her train approach'd, but stood unnotic'd by; Her soul sublime expatiates in the sky. The rapid car she mounts, this hand sustains The polished throne, and that the glowing reins."

This was the same as the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof—the chariot of fire. In Biblical numbers, or divine arithmetic of the Egyptians, the chariots of God were twenty thousand, harnessed to thousands of angels with the Lord among them as on Sinai in the holy hill—the same hill where the monstrous bulls

"Their hoofs of brass, their nostrils breathing flame," as the high hill of Bashan with its strong and belov'd bulls. The Hebrew strong man, or Samson, rejoicing to run a race, was

"As the Sun near rising, from the main, His nervous arms a mighty war sustain; From his broad shoulders beams the seven-fold shield, Which not a chief of all the Greeks could wield. While the "sharp, two-edged sword out of his mouth," "Was Phoebus brandishing his golden blade."

And in the sign of Taurus, the golden bulls or calves with hoofs of brass mottled out of the stone of Israel, he

With Shanghai's ox-goad "pricked the bullock's sides, And the firm plow of adamant he guides." The Bashan "bulls with indignation fir'd, From their broad nostrils living flames expir'd."

Nor was the brazen serpent wanting to hiss as far as the Lord to the uttermost parts of Egypt.

"With high-arched neck, in front the dragon lies, Toward the stranger turns his sleepless eyes; Aloud he hisses, the wide woods around; And Phasis' banks return the doleful sound."

This great, red dragon, which is called the devil and Satan, Miss Medea charmed, so that

"Sapine he sunk; his jaws forgot to move, And his unnumber'd folds are spread o'er half the grove."

It may be that she then bound him for a thousand years, and threw him into the bottomless pit, which were well if Eve had also done, and thus prevented his coming down in great wrath to persecute the woman who brought forth the Man, for it appears that while Eve had only scotch'd the snake, Medea put a spell upon him as potent as the rod of Amran's son, when he brought a flight of locusts out of Egypt, and thus in the nick of time Jason seized the Golden Fleece.

"The thick, pond'rous fleece, whose golden rays Far o'er the land diffus'd a beaming blaze. Ho on his shoulders now the spoil suspends, Low at his feet the fowling train descends."

While Adam and Eve were turned out to thistles, clothed in some very indifferent coats of skins which the Lord God made for them.

But alas, the course of true love did not run smooth with Adam and Eve in the garden, nor over the thistles—neither did with Jason and Medea—

"Curse of mankind! from their contentions flow, Destructive love and every heartful woe; Thy darts the children of thy foes inflict, And now they rankle in Medea's breast."

Miss Medea was one of those starry daughters, very close of kin to the daughters of Zion and Jerusalem, infected with like heat, as per Milton,

"For all Sol's rays are beauteous as their Sire, Their radiant eyes emit celestial fire."

As when such daughters burned additional fire in Moab—as far too as the daughters of Job, especially Jemima the "handsome as the day," when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. In Biblical story, Dinah or the Moon went out to see these daughters of the holy land, and one of the sons of God fell in love with her, and wished to make her his wife; but here again "distrustful love" was manifest, and the Son of God cut off by the circumcising of the guillotine. Solomon, however, would appear to have had a sweet time of it, at least for a while, for he had one of those twenty thousand chariots of gold, the pillars thereof gold, bottom gold, covering purple, and paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem. Very glorious to be sure are Apollo's bright eyed daughters who sparkle in St. John's sea of glass in the waters above the firmament, and when in melting mood

"Down their fair cheeks bright tears of amber run, Slunk in the sand, and harden by the sun."

Not as when the windows of heaven were opened and it rained forty days and forty nights, so

That Noah could sail over mountains and seas By the light of that star, the stone Koh-i-noor, Or diamond of *virgo* with full bearded locks, Who gathers her children in sign of the dove. In more homely phrases, the Jerusalem ben Who gathers her chickens from mountains and glen. Nor would leave any to

"That grief all other griefs above when fate First leaves the young heart lone and desolate, Alone in the wide world without that only tie For which it lov'd to live or feared to die— Lone as the hung up lute that ne'er hath spoken, Since the sad day its master chord was broken." But this is of that tempest deep. The heavens shut where none may weep, Then sing the Sirens, and their music charms 'Till hard to soo from their alluring arms— The wrath to come—and thus as Adam fell, We too may take the downward slide to hell. Alas! that Adam should begin the sin That captive takes who would go in and win. In the Argonautic expedition, however, old Boote, Boote, or

"Boote alone became an easy prey Who all stragglers'd listened to their lay. Keet, above the towering clouds he stood, And frantic sprang into the faithless food." Thus in old Boote, or in Adam's fall, We have the way in which we stand all. The herds of Moses, which Colenso calls As what to do with the so many cattle, Were all seen grazing by the Argv's crew On the same mountain whence the Hermon dew, That fell on Aaron's beard and down his skirt, To the full-hoop'd horizon of his skirt. "Long as the vernal sun protract the light, So long in Argv's cause the nymphs invade. Propitious to their labors sprung the breeze, And the free vessel sail across the sea. Trimeter's verdant meads they soon survey, Where graze thy lords illustrious God of day. Coasting along the blasting rocks they hear, And herds loud bellowing strike their listening ear, Sol's youngest daughter, Phæthusa, leads The bleating flocks along the dewy meads; Propp'd on the silver cork the maid reclin'd; A stouter staff with brazen ringlets join'd, Lampetie takes; whose herds the heroes see Slunk to the brook or browsing on the sea. Of stable hue no cattle you behold; Milk white are all, and tipp'd their horns with gold.

Here and not elsewhere may father Colenso find his rock of Sinai in metamorphose with all things appertaining thereto within the mystical embrace of all the old theologies. On the same way that Samson was bound with fetters of brass, his eyes put out, and compelled to grind in the prison house, was the story of Echelus:

"a wretch accurs'd With brazen pins his daughter's eyeballs pierc'd; Pent in a dungeon's awful gloom she pin'd, Doom'd by her savage sire obdurate brass to grind."

Ad in the Hebrew as in the Gentile heavens "For pleasure unalloy'd we look in vain, Pleasure to suffering man is mix'd with pain."

If the virgin of Israel, or daughter of my people, is sometimes up, up, up, and sometimes down, down, down, though her paps might be girded with the golden girdles of the Zodiac, so too

"Twelve fair Phœceans, at the Queen's command, Conduct Medea to the sea-beat strand. Nor staid they long, but sudden from my view Their radiant forms an ambient cloud withdrew. Fierce from the foamy deep, of wondrous size Springs a huge horse, his mane expanded fins— From his strong sides he shakes the adherent spray, And to the coast directs his rapid way."

This may have been old Pegasus, or some other symbolic horse, equivalent to those from St. John's stable, for the essential landmarks of the courses are parallel in the Hebrew and Gentile Word—both aspects having the same basis of truth in their esoteric principles, but sung under different names by the Hebrew and Gentile bards. The drapery of the one, severe, puritanic, pharasaical and exclusive, was deeply shaded by the wrath of God, "who made darkness his secret place and his pavilion round about him dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies." The drapery of the other was more of the golden fleece, or the clouds rolled up in flush, with the sun beaming upon them in purple and gold. Even the Hebrews could not deny to their New Jerusalem the rich garnishing of the Gentile bards; hence holy Bibles, Hebrew or heathen, are simply one in the substrata of the Word. From Alpha to Omega, or from Adam to the morning star of John, God's Word is clothed in the garb of metamorphoses—earth metamorphosed into man—man translated to the gods, or gathered to his fathers. The happy estate of Eden, or the Golden Age, was only the inversion of the future into the past, not the kingdom to come on earth as it is in heaven, but the kingdom already come and past as it was in heaven—not the good time coming, but the good time come and gone, and our fossil theologies and cramped churches have all along been dragging heavily their wheelless chariots, and foundering like Pharaoh in the Red Sea. The non-progressive or conservative mind never looks upward and forward but downward and backward for the pearl of great price—for the old and not the new Word of the living God.

Taking a landmark from Max Müller, "there is a time in the early history of all nations in which the mythological character predominates to such an extent that we may speak of it as the mythological period." We may begin with the Eden snake and end with St. John's New Jerusalem, where the same snake, transfigured, becomes Lucifer, the son of the morning, or morning star and Saviour of the world. The latter is the mere prolongation or uncoupling of the earlier myth, just as we might call the age in which we live the age of discoveries by the projection and development of genius along the material plane. The ancients' not having *de* to strike, and knowing nothing of railway or other stocks, except the cattle on a thousand hills, did not confine their Bulls and Bears to Wall street, or any other pent up *Utica*—but with imagination all compact, and eyes in fine frenzy rolling, they took the whole field of the heavens for their operations.

Their bulls were terrible in Bashan as leaders up of the heavenly hosts out of Egypt at the Easter equinox; and their bears came out of the woods and tore forty and two children for laughing at Elisha's bald head in the winter solstice, when he was away down South, and the bears came furiously out of the North country, a seat of the Lord in those days with Moses' seat fast by. Curious it was as the needlework on the shield of Achilles to see old Major Ures and son transformed into two she gods newly up, having a shy at forty and two children, who, in the magnificent astral epic, laugh at the bare Elisha, because he could not go up in the strength of hair or "seven locks" like the Sem Son or "hairy man" Elijah, "the strong Lord," in the chariots of Israel, and between these—the Sun and his flowing mane who clothed his neck with thunder, while in his train came the saints or elect of God, with neighing of the strong ones, and snorting of his horses heard from Dan.

St. Louis is preparing waterworks that will be large enough to supply more than 1,000,000 people.

Spirit Communion—No. 4.

DEAR DOCTOR: In a communication which I gave you a few days ago, I stated that evil was only misdirected good, and that all misdirection was the result of ignorance. You will therefore perceive that in reality there is no evil primarily, but all may be resolved into wisdom, and its opposite, ignorance. Wisdom being good—ignorance, evil. Now it is manifest, that as God has placed within the reach of every one the means of progressing in wisdom; any ignorance which may exist, and of course is evil, is the fault of the creature, inasmuch as that condition of ignorance producing the evil, they themselves had the power to alter; they failed to use that power, or progress—therefore, the existence of the evil may be attributed solely to themselves.

Q. by W. B. F. Will Dr. Hare please solve the following question, which churchmen use as an argument in favor of their faith, viz:

If the Spiritualist is right, then we, the religionists, will be safe; but if we, the religionists, are right, then the Spiritualist will be lost. Is this so? A. No, it is not so, and for this reason: I have stated that ignorance is evil. Now, if the Spiritualist is right, then all else are in ignorance, and of course are evil—they therefore have all these evils to overcome somewhere, and if it is not done on earth it must be done here. The Spiritualist, being in wisdom, has overcome the evils resulting from ignorance, and is of necessity farther progressed than others.

Q. But the religionists do not take it for granted that the Spiritualist is right; and argue that if wrong, he will be lost.

A. The contrary of the aforesaid proposition is as false as the view disposed of—because, according to the Bible, which they profess to believe, "Every man will be judged according to his works." The Spiritualist, believing that his condition in the next life will depend upon his works on earth, strives to live right; while the religionist thinks that his faith alone will save him; and judging from their contentions, they put very little confidence in works. Is it not evident from the whole tenor of the Bible teachings, upon which religionists profess to rely, that the final condition of all men will depend on their works, not their belief? If this be so, and who dares deny it, then who stands the best chance, according to their own creed—the man whose belief induces him to be pure, merciful, humble—or the man who depends on the life of somebody else to save him, and neglects his duty to his fellow men in his own person? ROBERT HARE.

Children's Lyceum at Springfield, Ill.

DEAR JOURNAL: With pride and pleasure I announce to you that we have a "Children's Progressive Lyceum" numbering sixty pupils, and a full corps of leaders. Like magic, these "Groups" of innocence and beauty have sprung into life at the call of the angels; and each successive Sunday the ranks are swelling, as with ribbons and banners flying, the column moves on. The little feet march steadily and bravely—the pure young voices ring out the melodies of the "Summer Land"—the brave, bright boys, and beautiful girls, the earnest, true-hearted "Leaders," and the tiny little ones, so near akin to the angels, all join with one step, one voice, one soul, in this glorious work! All is love and harmony amongst us, and to us the "good time" is no longer "coming," but is actually at hand. The pleasant little hall which we share with the "Good Tempers," has already overflow'd. We are trying to find another, and we shall find it. The angels are whispering beautiful things of our Lyceum to everybody, and smiles meet us on every side.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said the gentle Nazarene, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Is it strange then that one lovely constellation of pure little ones should attach to us the holiest and most divine influence? If any doubt that this Lyceum movement is an inspiration, let them stand among the Groups a single day, let them feel the holy influences that fall in showers from the higher spheres, the uprisings of the soul as involuntarily it answers to the call from its true home, the inspirations that fall upon the heart like angel breathings, thrilling each string with melody, and filling the whole being with a yearning for God and Heaven!

The Lyceum, externally, is a work of art—its emblems all bearing a beautiful meaning—every color having its own significance—every badge telling the story of its group, and every group indicating one step higher in progress. The pretty targets all point to the top of the mountain, "Liberty" farthest up the ascent, with her white badge fluttering wing-like, upward, and beckoning to the little ones at the "Fountain" to gather up their ribbons, red, like the heart-glow of childhood, and follow to the pearly gate, where the angels wait to let them in. Religion is natural—this is one of its most natural expressions, leading to harmony, love and happiness.

I cannot close this brief letter without congratulations upon the success of your liberal and valuable JOURNAL. We esteem it the best exponent of the "Harmonical Philosophy" which has yet been given to the country; and value it not only for the talent displayed and its high literary tone, but for the strength and power manifested through its columns, for good to all people, charity for all ignorance, (which is the only sin), and the redemption and development of every child of the universal Father!

With great respect, and many earnest good wishes, very truly yours, MRS. E. G. FLANCK.

Springfield, Jan. 23d, 1866.

A Spirit Identified by her Daughter.

STANBROOK, DE KALE CO., ILL., January 21st, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: I wish to say with regard to the communication in No. 19 of the JOURNAL addressed to me from my mother, Mrs. Nancy K. Perkins, (not Sarah D., as the editorial note by mistake called her)—that it is impressed with marked evidences of her own individuality and peculiar characteristics, which would be recognized, I think, by any one who had ever known her.

What makes it more convincing to me as a test, is the fact that I had privately expressed the wish some weeks ago that I could in some way hear a few words from her on the subject to which she alludes.

To me it is very satisfactory, and speaks as a voice from over the River—from what has been so long the "Unknown bourne" of our loved and lost. Yours very truly, SARAH D. PERKINS JONES.

[Ed. Note.—By reference to the communication spoken of, it will be seen that the mistake in the name was made by the editor, and not by the spirit.]

apparent excitement from intense interest, said: "Yes," when the medium leaned forward, kissed Mrs. S., and straightening up in her chair, said, "There I have I fulfilled my promise!" This, Mrs. Samson informed us, was the last agreed upon several weeks prior to her translation. It was not so much the kiss, as the manner of giving it, that was to furnish the test.

All these tests, and many more that I shall publish from time to time, I am prepared to prove to a skeptical church and world, upon the affidavits of unimpeachable witnesses.

Pardon me, dear JOURNAL, if I have asked too much space in your valuable columns. My next will be shorter.

Thine for the light of truth, J. G. FISH. Lowell, Mass., January, 1866.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Signs of the Times.

The capital of the nation is the place where the voice and sentiment of the people are heard and felt, if the people have a voice in the selection and election of its officers. Here is the place to learn what are the leading topics and sentiments of the country; and here in Washington we have it this winter. On one subject it is plain and outspoken, and it is the brotherhood of the race, in the equality of rich and poor, with a mighty effort to destroy the distinctions of race and color also in civil and political rights. Of the latter, which occupies most of the time of Congress, spent in long, and often windy, wordy and worthless speeches, I do not propose to speak now, as I have often said my say on that subject, and in which I never can see the consistency of those who would remove the civil and political distinctions of race and color, and retain those of sex in our own race. But I propose to present the evidences of my first position in a few prominent features of our government and society. First, we had elected two men for President and Vice President, from the ranks of workers, self-made men, who had earned and acquired their education and reputation by industry; and the first had made himself the most popular President we ever had since Washington, and that in the worst and most perilous times to do it, and when at the zenith of his glory was slain by a reckless, dissipated, insane man, who had inherited his organization and had his character formed for him in his education, and been goaded on to madness by a few violent enemies of the President, who grew more and more enraged at his popularity and success. This tragedy placed the second president by birth, but statesman by growth, at the helm of the nation. He, too, is winning the people by his uniform kindness and human sympathy, which was so prominent in his predecessor. In addition to this many of our most distinguished statesman and army officers are from the same ranks of poor boys and working men, and but few of them forget or neglect, or despise the class of citizens from which they sprang. There are occasional exceptions to this rule; various, but not many, among our present popular men. Some say our Chief Justice is one, but I cannot say, and yet I shall wait more evidence before I put a namesake, born in my own native Granite State, in that list. Wade, Wilson, Banks, Grant, and a host of other worthies, show no signs of aristocracy in their popularity; and even Long John, who is a head, if not a "head and shoulders," above some of his colleagues, is as sociable as when a schoolboy, even though he has to stoop to it. Another sign is the score of poor widows and maimed soldiers from the ranks of the poor, who have places in the various departments, to the exclusion of rich men's sons and popular men's relatives, or "fidus Achates," and I believe it can be safely said that never was a more honest set of clerks and officers in charge of the affairs of this nation, or less recklessness and waste of time and money by government employes at the capital.

Still one other sign I see, in that unmistakable index of public sentiment—the THEATER. Maggie Mitchell, the self-made and popular Irish girl, has carried all before her, in her favorite play of Fanchon and her character of "Crickety," the poor, despised, orphan grandchild of the old witch. Night after night the theater has been crowded to witness and applaud this specimen of the uprising of a soul from "poverty, rags and dirt" to wealth and good society; and such applause and approbation could not be gained for the success of a rich child in any play; and no church, with its ceremonies and forms, with frozen oratory in its pulpits, can call out a motley of the interest of the theater, but theology seems to have gone into paintings and tableaux—Miltonian and Biblical—and these great paintings of modern Mythology draw crowds to see the heaven and hell to which the churches invite or consign them, and laugh at the hell or the devil, and not much less at God and heaven.

Religion has gone into paintings and tableaux crystallized, and humanity into the theater and politics, and now there is more hope than ever for the salvation of the race; for what God and his blood have failed to do, man may yet do for himself.

One more evidence is the estimation in which our sober, honest, and industrious returned soldiers are held by the community. I have stood hours with my heart beating throbs of joyous approbation as I have seen our popular officers, civil or military, grasp with the real warm welcome hand-clasp the soldiers as they came up and passed on, strangers as before; only "my soldier" and you get a hearty grip that comes from the heart; but I must stop here.

WARREN CHASE.

Washington, D.C., Jan. 21, 1866.

Letter from J. W. Seaver.

BYRON, GENESSEE CO., N. Y., Jan. 28, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: Some three or four months since the Spiritualists of this town organized an association, and already number thirty-five or forty members. It is our intention to hold public meetings once or twice a month, for which purpose we have an ample fund subscribed to remunerate speakers; the present year; we have also a comfortable free hall, in which to meet.

Thus far, however, we have failed to secure lecturers, and one object of this notice is to attract their attention, so that should any be visiting or passing through Western New York, and would like to spend a Sabbath with us, they will please address J. C. Walker, H. S. Peckham, or J. W. Seaver, who have been chosen a committee to supply our pulpit with speakers.

To any applications a prompt answer will be returned; but it will not be advisable for speakers to come expecting to be employed without having previously received an affirmative answer to an application, as otherwise a number may come at once, occasioning disappointment and pecuniary loss.

Yours, &c.,

J. W. SEAEVER.

Indiana has 592,223 school children between the ages of two and twenty. The school fund, partly raised from liquor licenses, gives them only twenty-one cents apiece.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I Wonder.

BY CATIE L. SMITH.

I wonder if in spirit land, the fields are fresh and green? I wonder if in spirit form our earthly friends are seen? And if the fair, the fragrant flowers, so beautiful on earth, Here fading, all too quickly far, have their immortal birth?

I wonder if thro' shady dells flow pure and rippling rills? If there are seen the valleys fair, and gently sloping hills? If birdlings sing their sweetest songs, in green clad forest bow'rs? If there are clouds, and sunshine bright, and soft refreshing showers?

I wonder if the friendships dear, lit up by love's warm ray, Which seem both pure and pleasant, there will wicker in a day? If those who gain our confidence betray their sacred trust? Or if there is affection true, nor time, nor change can rust?

I wonder if the discords harsh, that oft we meet with here, Which change our joy to sadness, will there fall 'pon the ear? If brother, against his brother in war's deadly strife is found? Or if it be a blissful clime, where peace and love abound?

I wonder if in bayous dark, where deadly serpents hiss, Slaves rush to free them from their chains, and taste sweet freedom's bliss? If bloodhounds, keen to scent the track, pursue with diamond cry, And drive them back to feel the lash, in grief to toll, and die?

I wonder if queen fashion doth their majestic reign? If subjects health and comfort crush, to follow in her train? Or if be a realm where such a fitting garb shall find, Bespeaking each, when look'd upon, the qualities of mind?

I wonder if in spirit land are lofty tow'ring spires? If there each creed a follower finds, like what its law requires? Or if the misty veil, which here to lose, in vain we try, Be drop't, and happy disappointment beams from every eye?

I wonder if humanity extends a kindly hand Unto the low and erring ones, to that unknown land? And speaks to them in kindly tones, to cheer them on their way, Nor fears what Mrs. Grundy or her good friends may say?

But most of all I wonder, and oh! who to me will tell, If lov'd ones pass'd from us, do there as pure bright angels dwell? And if they sometimes come to us with messages sublime, And tell us of their happiness in that celestial clime? Texas, Michigan.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 12.

BY C. BARING PECKHAM.

Masonry being free, it has the fullest scope of the Word in its strong meat for men as well as its milk for babes, who, oft incapable of rising to the spirit, will go after the false Gods of the letter; but to the freeborn who are capable of talking face to face with God as a man talked with his friend, "There is," says Oliver "no subject, be it the most subtle and various; be it as high as the heavens above, or deep as the earth beneath—no secret of creation—into which the science of Freemasonry does not enter in the pursuit of wisdom, knowledge and virtue." Faith being a legitimate Masonic virtue of things not seen, it has the emblem of a cross with a beautiful female figure as signifying the way of life for the birth of the Son of Man. How apt and correspondent were the personifications of the various members in conjunction with the spiritual and starry heavens, whether the doors open to the many mansions wrought earthwise, or to the Jerusalem in the skies. However low the estate there was a chamber above for the more pure and newly arisen spirit. Sometimes the Hebrew poets rather ardently lift up the everlasting gates for the King of glory to come in, as when the spirit of the Lord instructed the Psalmist by the reins in the night season; so too in Gentile song and search for the Golden Fleece by old Argo Navis:

"The gate they pass, and to the dome return Where Venus oft regales the God of fire." The frozen Zion and furnace in Jerusalem Where Tubal Cain or Vulcan Wondrous works by fire's power he wrought, And on his aviril perfection wrought. Fronting the door, all lovely and alone, Sat Cytherea on a polished throne. Adown the shoulders of the heavenly fair, In easy ringlets flowed her flaxen hair, And with a golden comb, in matchless grace She taught each lock its most becoming place. She saw the dainties approach her dome, And from her hand dismiss'd the golden comb; Then rose respectful, all with beauty grac'd, And on rich thrones the great immortal plac'd, Resumed her seat, and with a ready hand Bound her loose ringlets, and thus question'd bland:

This is the way of life of the poetic heathen to convey symbolic truth. The heavenly Mother seats the immortals in the rich drapery of the poet on the same thrones where the purer simplicity of Jesus placed them with barely a fisher's coat to cover their nakedness, "upon the twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." We may also take our choice between the golden haired Venus or blue-eyed maid and the fiery bush of Samson's seven locks which not well could be supposed to have been the color of the raven, though his bony brow was bent, but his heifer Dellah, or the virgin of Israel, doubtless came up with her "brilliant black eye and her arrows let fly" till she pierced Samson through and through, and completely absorbed him. She may have sported the same golden comb as Venus, for Milton sings—

"By fair Ligea's golden comb, Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks Sleeking her soft alluring locks—"

Now one may find these "diamond rocks" or diamonds of virgo throughout the mosaic pavement of precious stones. They are the upheavals from Jove's all fertile plains, and may be viewed from the golden portals of Olympus, where the golden circle is oft seen blent with the brazen serpent.

Nor less than Amran's son, the potent wand "All sapient Hermes brandish'd in his hand," Were Israel's children led by pillar'd fire? No less the Gentiles by the God their Sire. If too much light, "then friendly Juno shrouds The favorite heroes in a veil of clouds, That none too curious might their steps delay, While to the regal dome they bent their way; But when unsex they pass'd the vulgar crowd, The same kind Deity dissolved the cloud. Full in the court they stand with fixed amaz, On the proud gates, strong walls and columns gaze, Which rear'd in rows, erect their heads on high, And lift the brazen cornice to the sky. The portal pass'd, young branching vines appear, And high in air their verdant honors rear; Beneath whose boughs by matchless Vulcan made, Four copious fountains in four currents play'd; The first with milk, with wine the second glow'd; Ambrosial oil the third, the fourth with water flow'd; This, as by turns the Pleiads set or rose, Dissolved in summer or in winter froze. Such were the wonders which the chiefs admire, All highly finish'd by the god of fire. With these were brass-hoof'd bulls of curious frame, From brazen nostrils breathing living flame."

It is impossible not to see in this, when measured in the symbolic or spiritual sense, the very counter-

part of the mosaic temple, or Jerusalem mother of us all—the same sons and daughters of God more richly draped in outer ornament by the heathen than by the Jews, while the Freemasonry of both is essentially the same—the brazen hoofed bull of the one, the flying cherub of the other, and the wings stretching from the mercy seat.

"Like that large fly which breezes the shepherd's call, That hastes to sting the heifers in the stall."

Hence "the Lord shall hiss for the fly in the utmost parts of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee in the land of Assyria."

"So had the Sun his sapient Sire foreshown," Along the same plane of correspondence— "All night the sailor marks the Northern team, And golden circlet of Orion's beam."

While Miss Medea, in Biblical numbers according to the divine arithmetic of the Egyptians —as best becoms Array'd in black seven times in living streams She bath'd."

The same number in which the king of Syria proved the divinity of the Jordan as directed by the god-man of Jewry. Seven times did Miss Medea call on her Lord in the ineffable name of Brimo, while Joath, king of Israel, could prevail no further than the number three against the Syrians, because "He smote thrice upon the ground and stayed, and the man of God was wroth with him," because had he smitten five or six times to that extent in either number, Syria had been consumed. As the face of Moses, or the Lord shines from the mountain, and when he comes down, so "Jason shines along the plain As when emerging from the watery way, Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray. For Jason beam'd in beauty's charms so bright, The maid admiring languish'd with delight. Thus, when the rising Sun appears in view, On the fair rose dissolves the radiant dew."

From the same mountain and into the same valley—"Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined—a fire shall devour before him. He shall call to the heavens above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people"—whose tabernacle was in the Sun, and as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, there was nothing hid from the heat thereof, as when fire came out of his mouth and coals devoured. Thus sings the Hebrew Psalmist from the hidden Word, with mouth in tune toward the speaking heavens. If mother Jerusalem, or the virgin of Israel had twelve angels as porters to her Zodiacal gates, where it was better to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than a dweller in the tents of wickedness, so too had the same virgin in her Gentile dress

"Twelve maids, attendant on her virgin bow'r, Alike unconscious of the bridal hour, Her train approach'd, but stood unnoticed by; Her soul sublime exultates in the sky. The poet she she mounts, this hand sustains The polished throne, and that the glowing reins."

This was the same as the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof—the chariot of fire. In Biblical numbers, or divine arithmetic of the Egyptians, the chariots of God were twenty thousand, harnessed to thousands of angels with the Lord among them as on Sinai in the holy hill—the same hill where the monstrous bulls

"Their hoofs of brass, their astrils breathing flame," as the high hill of Bashan with its strong and belowing bulls. The Hebrew strong man, or Samson, rejoicing to run a race, was

"As the Sun new rising from the main, His nervous arms a mighty spear sustain; From his broad shoulders heaves the seven-fold shield, Which not a chief of all the Greeks could wield." While the "sharp, two-edged sword of his mouth," "Was Phoebus brandishing his golden blade."

And in the sign of Taurus, the golden bulls or calves with hoofs of brass molten out of the stone of Israel, he "With Shamalgan's ox-goad "pricked the bullock's sides, And the firm plow of adamant he guides." The bashan "bulls with indignation fir'd, From their broad nostrils living flames expir'd."

Nor was the brazen serpent wanting to his as far as the Lord to the uttermost parts of Egypt. "With high-arched neck, in front the dragon lies, Toward the stranger turns his sleepless eyes; A loud he hisses, the wide woods around, And Phasis 'banks returns the doleful sound."

This great, red dragon, which is called the devil and Satan, Miss Medea charmed, so that "Supine he sunk; his jaws forgot to move, And his unnumber'd folds are spread o'er half the grove." It may be that she then bound him for a thousand years, and threw him into the bottomless pit, which were well if Eve had also done, and thus prevented his coming down in great wrath to persecute the woman who brought forth the Man, for it appears that while Eve had only scotch'd the snake, Medea put a spell upon him as potent as the rod of Amran's son, when he brought a flight of locusts out of Egypt, and thus in the nick of time Jason seized the Golden Fleece.

"The thick, pond'rous fleece, whose golden rays Far o'er the land diffus'd a beaming blaze, He on his shoulders now the spoil suspends, Low at his feet the flowing train descends."

While Adam and Eve were turned out to thistles, clothed in some very indifferent coats of skins which the Lord God made for them. But alas, the course of true love did not run smooth with Adam and Eve in the garden, nor over the thistles—neither did with Jason and Medea—

"Curse of mankind! from thee contentions flow, Disastrous love and every heartfelt woe; Thy darts the children of thy foes infest, And now they rankle in Medea's breast."

Miss Medea was one of those starry daughters, very close of kin to the daughters of Zion and Jerusalem, infected with like heat, as per Milton, "For all Sol's race are beamstons as their Sire, Their radiant eyes emit celestial fire."

As when such daughters burned additional fire in Moab—as fair too as the daughters of Job, especially Jemima the "handsome as the day," when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. In Biblical story, Dinah or the Moon went out to see these daughters of the holy land, and one of the sons of God fell in love with her, and wished to make her his wife; but here again "disastrous love" was manifest, and the Son of God cut off by the circumcising of the gullet. Solomon, however, would appear to have had a sweet time of it, at least for a while, for he had one of those twenty thousand chariots of gold, the pillars thereof gold, bottom gold, covering purple, and paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem. Very glorious to be sure are Apollo's bright eyed daughters who sparkle in St. John's sea of glass in the waters above the firmament, and when in melting mood "Down their fair cheeks bright tears of amber run, Sluk in the sand, and harden by the sun."

Not as when the windows of heaven were opened and it rained forty days and forty nights, so

That Noah could sail over mountain and moor By the light of that star, the stone Koh-i-noor, Or diamond of Virgo with full brausted love, Who gathers her children in sign of the dove. In more homely phrase, the Jerusalem lion Who gathers her chick from mountain and glen. Nor would leave any to

"That grief all other griefs above when fate First leaves the young her grief low and desolate, Alone in the wide world without that only tie For which it lov'd to live or feared to die— Love as the hung up lute that ne'er hath spoken, Blows the sad day its master chord was broken." But this is of that tearless deep, The heavens shut where none may weep, That sing the Sirens, and their music charms 'Till hard to free from their alluring arms— The wrath to come—and thus as Adam fell, We too may take the downward slide to hell. Alas! that Adam should begin the sin That captive takes who would go in and win.

In the Argonautic expedition, however, old Bootes, Bootes, or

"Buts alone became an easy prey Who all enrap'tur'd listened to their lay. Erect, above the towering chiefs he stood, And frantic sprung into the faithless flood." Thus in old Bootes, or in Adam's fall, We have the way in which we sinned all. The herds of Moses, which Colenso baffle As what to do with the so many cattle, Were all seen grazing by the Argo's crew On the same mountain whence the Hermon dew, That fell on Aaron's beard and down his skirt, To the full-hoop'd horizon of his skirt. "Long as the vernal suns protract the light, So long in Argo's cause the nymphs invite. Propitious to their labors sprung the breeze, And the free vessel shot across the sea. Trimacia's verdant meads they soon survey, Where graze thy herds illustrious God of day. Coasting along the bleating flocks they hear, And herd's loud bellowing strike their listening ear, Sol's youngest daughter, Phaeusa, leads The bleating flocks along the dewy meads; Propy'd on the silver crook the maid reclin'd; A stouter staff with brazen ringslets join'd, Lampetie takes; whose herds the heroes see Slunk to the brook or browsing on the sea. Of sable hue no cattle you behold; Milk white are all, and tipp'd their horns with gold."

Here and not elsewhere may father Colenso find his rock of Sinai in metamorphose with all things appertaining thereto within the mystical embrace of all the old theologies. On the same wise that Samson was bound with fetters of brass, his eyes put out, and compelled to grind in the prison house, was the story of Echetsus:

With brazen plus his daughter's astrils pierc'd; Pent in a dungeon's awful gloom she pin'd, Bound'd by her savage sire obsolete brass to grind." And in the Hebrew as in the Gentile heavens "For pleasure unalloy'd we look in vain, Pleasure to suffering man is mix'd with pain."

If the virgin of Israel, or daughter of my people, is sometimes up, up, up, and sometimes down, down, down, though her paps might be girded with the golden girdles of the Zodiac, so too "Twelve fair Phaeacians, at the Queen's command, Conduct Medea to the sea-beat strand. Nor staid they long, but sudden from my view Their radiant forms an ambient cloud withdrew. Pierce from the foam's deep, of wondrous size Springs a huge horse, his mane expanded flies— From his strong sides he shakes the adherent spray, And to the coast directs his rapid way."

This may have been old Pegasus, or some other symbolic horse, equivalent to those from St. John's stable, for the essential landmarks of the courses are parallel in the Hebrew and Gentile Word—both aspects having the same basis of truth in their esoteric principles, but sung under different names by the Hebrew and Gentile bards. The drapery of the one, severe, puritanic, pharasaical and exclusive, was deeply shaded by the wrath of God, "who made darkness his secret place and his pavilion round about him dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies." The drapery of the other was more of the golden fleece, or the clouds rolled up in fush, with the sun beaming upon them in purple and gold. Even the Hebrews could not deny to their New Jerusalem the rich garlanding of the Gentile bards; hence holy Biblies, Hebrew or heathen, are simply one in the substrata of the Word. From Alpha to Omega, or from Adam to the morning star of John, God's Word is clothed in the garb of metamorphoses—earth metamorphosed into man—man translated to the gods, or gathered to his fathers. The happy estate of Eden, or the Golden Age, was only the inversion of the future into the past, not the kingdom to come on earth as it is in heaven, but the kingdom already come and past as it was in heaven—not the good time coming, but the good time come and gone, and our fossil theologies and cramped churches have all along been dragging heavily their wheelless chariots, and floundering like Pharaoh in the Red Sea. The non-progressive or conservative mind never looks upward and forward but downward and backward for the pearl of great price—for the old and not the new Word of the living God.

Taking a landmark from Max Muller, "there is a time in the early history of all nations in which the mythological character predominates to such an extent that we may speak of it as the mythological period." We may begin with the Eden snake and end with St. John's New Jerusalem, where the same snake, transfigured, becomes Lucifer, the son of the morning, or morning star and Saviour of the world. The latter is the mere prolongation or uncoiling of the earlier myth, just as we might call the age in which we live the age of discoveries by the projection and development of genius along the material plane. The ancients' not having it to strike, and knowing nothing of railway or other stocks, except the cattle on a thousand hills, did not confine their Bulls and Bears to Wall street, or any other pent up Utica—but with imagination all compact, and eyes in fine frenzy rolling, they took the whole field of the heavens for their operations. Their bulls were terrible in Bashan as leaders up of the heavenly hosts out of Egypt at the Easter equinox; and their bears came out of the woods and tore forty and two children for laughing at Elisha's bald head in the winter solstice, when he was away down South, and the bears came furiously out of the North country, a seat of the Lord in those days with Moses' seat fast by. Curious it was as the needlework on the shield of Achilles to see old Major Urea and son transformed into two she gods newly up, having a shy at forty and two children, who, in the magnificent astral epic, laugh at the bare Elisha, because he could not go up in the strength of hair or "seven locks," like the Sem Son or "hairy man" Elisha, "the strong Lord," in the chariots of Israel, and bore down there—of the Sun and his flowing mane who clothed his neck with thunder, while in his train came the saltus or elect of God, with neighing of the strong ones, and snorting of his horses heard from Dan.

St. Louis is preparing waterworks that will be large enough to supply more than 1,000,000 people.

Spirit Communism—No. 4.

DEAR DOCTOR: In a communication which I gave you a few days ago, I stated that evil was only misdirected good, and that all misdirection was the result of ignorance. You will therefore perceive that in reality there is no evil primarily, but all may be resolved into wisdom and its opposite, ignorance. Wisdom being good—ignorance, evil. Now it is manifest, that as God has placed within the reach of every one the means of progressing in wisdom; any ignorance which may exist, and of course is evil, is the fault of the creature, inasmuch as that condition of ignorance producing the evil, they themselves had the power to alter; they failed to use that power, or progress—therefore, the existence of the evil may be attributed solely to themselves.

Q. By W. B. F. Will Dr. Hare please solve the following question, which churchmen use as an argument in favor of their faith, viz:

If the Spiritualist is right, then we, the religionists, will be safe; but if we, the religionists, are right, then the Spiritualist will be lost. Is this so? A. No, it is not so, and for this reason: I have stated that ignorance is evil. Now, if the Spiritualist is right, then all else are in ignorance, and of course are evil—they therefore have all these evils to overcome somewhere, and if it is not done on earth it must be done here. The Spiritualist, being in wisdom, has overcome the evils resulting from ignorance, and is of necessity farther progressed than others.

Q. But the religionists do not take it for granted that the Spiritualist is right; and argue that if wrong, he will be lost.

A. The contrary of the aforesaid proposition is as false as the view disposed of—because, according to the Bible, which they profess to believe, "Every man will be judged according to his works." The Spiritualist, believing that his condition in the next life will depend upon his works on earth, strives to live right; while the religionist thinks that his faith alone will save him, and judging from their contentions, they put very little confidence in works. Is it not evident from the whole tenor of the Bible teachings, upon which religionists profess to rely, that the final condition of all men will depend on their works, not their belief? If this be so, and who dares deny it, then who stands the best chance, according to their own creed—the man whose belief induces him to be pure, merciful, humble—or the man who depends on the life of somebody else to save him, and neglects his duty to his fellow men in his own person?

ROBERT HARE.

Children's Lyceum at Springfield, Ill.

DEAR JOURNAL: With pride and pleasure I announce to you that we have a "Children's Progressive Lyceum" numbering sixty pupils, and a full corps of leaders. Like magic, these "Groups" of innocence and beauty have sprung into life at the call of the angels; and each successive Sunday the ranks are swelling, as with ribbons and banners flying, the column moves on. The little feet march steadily and bravely—the pure young voices ring out the melodies of the "Summer Land"—the brave, bright boys, and beautiful girls, the earnest, true-hearted "Leaders," and the tiny little ones, so near akin to the angels, all join with one step, one voice, one soul, in this glorious work! All is love and harmony amongst us, and to us the "good time" is no longer "coming," but is actually at hand. The pleasant little hall which we share with the "Good Templars" has already overflowed. We are trying to find another, and we shall find it. The angels are whispering beautiful things of our Lyceum to everybody, and smiles meet us on every side.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said the gentle Nazarene, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Is it strange then that one lovely constellation of pure little ones should attach to be the holiest and most divine influences? If any doubt that this Lyceum movement is an inspiration, let them stand among the Groups a single day, let them feel the holy influences that fall in showers from the higher spheres, the uprisings of the soul as involuntarily it answers to the call from its true home, the inspirations that fall upon the heart like angel breathings, thrilling each string with melody, and filling the whole being with a yearning for God and Heaven!

The Lyceum, externally, is a work of art—its emblems all bearing a beautiful meaning—every color having its own significance—every badge telling the story of its group, and every group indicating one step higher in progress. The pretty targets all point to the top of the mountain, "Liberty" farthest up the ascent, with her white badge fluttering wing-like, upward, and beckoning to the little ones at the "Fountain" to gather up their ribbons, (red, like the heart-glow of childhood,) and follow to the peary gate, where the angels wait to let them in. Religion is natural—this is one of its most natural expressions, leading to harmony, love and happiness.

I cannot close this brief letter without congratulations upon the success of your liberal and valuable JOURNAL. We esteem it the best exponent of the "Harmonial Philosophy" which has yet been given to the country; and value it not only for the talent displayed and its high literary tone, but for the strength and power manifested through its columns, for good to all people, charity for all ignorance, (which is the only sin,) and the redemption and development of every child of the universal Father!

With great respect, and many earnest good wishes, very truly yours, Mrs. E. G. PLANCE. Springfield, Jan. 23d, 1866.

A Spirit Identified by her Daughter.

STANBROCK, DE KALE CO., ILL.,

January 31st, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: I wish to say with regard to the communication in No. 19 of the JOURNAL addressed to me from my mother, Mrs. Nancy K. Perkins, (not Sarah D., as the editorial note by mistake called her)—that it is impressed with marked evidences of her own individuality and peculiar characteristics, which would be recognized, I think, by any one who had ever known her.

What makes it more convincing to me as a test, is the fact that I had privately expressed the wish some weeks ago that I could in some way hear a few words from her on the subject to which she alludes.

To me it is very satisfactory, and speaks as a voice from over the River—from what has been so long the "Unknown bourne" of our loved and lost. Yours very truly, SARAH D. PERKINS JONES.

[Ed. Note.—By reference to the communication spoken of, it will be seen that the mistake in the name was made by the editor, and not by the spirit.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Thoughts

(Suggested by a first view of Niagara Falls.)

Mighty torrents—boldly rushing!
Pause one moment, let me think!
Stop thy tide, so freshly gushing,
Wait awhile upon the brink.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Historical View of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

BY R. GRAYES.

(An extract from "Christianity before Christ," etc.)

A most fatal distrust is thrown upon the miraculous portions of the history of Jesus Christ, as found in the gospel narratives, by the discoveries of the fact (completed through recent archaeological researches,) that the same marvelous facts, the same miraculous incidents, which are recorded in his life, were long previously engrafted into the sacred biographies of gods and demigods, no less adored and worshipped as beings possessing the Divine attributes.

These analogies, to the number of 356, will be found exhibited at length in chapter 22d. They are drawn principally from the Mahabharat Bible, (the gospel biography of the Buddhist-Saviour Christum,) and other sacred books of that truly devout and spiritual people, the Hindus. This exhibition of analogies shows that at least as far back as 1300, B. C., sacred records and traditions were current in the East which taught that this heathen saviour (Christum) was, 1st, immaculately conceived and born of a spotless virgin, "who had never known man."

2d. That the author of, or agent in, the conception, was a spirit or ghost, (of course, a Holy Ghost.) 3d. That he was threatened in early infancy with death by the ruling tyrant, Cansa. 4th. That his parents had, consequently, to flee with him to Galgal for safety. 5th. That all the young male children under two years of age were slain by an order issued by Cansa, similar to that of Herod's in Judea. 6th. That angels and shepherds attended his birth. 7th. That his birth and advent occurred on the 25th of December. 8th. That it occurred in accordance with previous prophecy. 9th. That he was presented at birth with frankincense, myrrh, etc. 10th. That he was saluted and worshipped as "The Saviour of men," (as reported by the late Christian missionary, Hue.) 11th. That he led a life of humility and practical moral usefulness. 12th. That he wrought various astounding miracles, such as healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, casting out devils, raising the dead to life, etc., etc. 13th. That he was finally put to death upon the Cross, (i. e. crucified,) between two thieves. 14th. After which he descended to hell; rose from the dead, and ascended back to heaven "in the sight of all men," as his Biblical history declares.

(For hundreds of other similar parallels including his doctrines and precepts, see chapter 22d, and also the historical chapters of the first volume.) Now all these were matters of the firmest belief, more than 3,000 years ago, in the minds of millions of the devoutest worshippers that ever bowed the knee in humble prayer to the Father of Mercies. The reader can draw his own deduction.

And then we have presented similar, though a briefer, list of parallels in chapter 23, in our construction of a comparative view of the miraculous lives of the Judean and Egyptian saviours, Christ, Alcides, Osiris, Tullis, etc. In this analogous exhibition it will be observed the Egyptian Gods are reported (as remotely as 900 B. C.) as performing, besides several of the miraculous achievements enumerated above, other miracles equally indicative of Divine power, such as converting water into wine, causing "rain to descend from heaven," etc. And on the occasion of the crucifixion of Tullis we are told, "The sun became darkened and the moon refused to shine."

We have presented also several apparently well authenticated instances of raising the dead to life in this chapter, portraying the miraculous achievements of the Egyptian gods, the relation being given in such specific detail in some cases that the names of the re-animated dead are furnished, Tynarus and Hypolitus being instances of this kind, both, according to Julius, having been raised from the dead.

Descending the line of history until we arrive at the confines of Grecian theology, we find here the same train of marvelous events recorded in the histories of their virgin-born gods, as we have shown in chapter 24, such as their healing the sick and the cripples, causing the blind to see, the lame to walk, the dead to be resuscitated to life, etc., etc. And as we have shown are reported of their reading the thoughts of their disciples, as Christ, did those of the woman of Samaria, and as Apollonius declares he knew many Hinduo saints to do with strangers when in company.

Likewise Apollonius of Tyana and Simon Magus, both cotemporary with Jesus Christ, we have arranged in the historic parallel (see chapters 25, 26,) with their long train of miracles, constituting an exact counterpart with those related in the gospel history of Christ—including, besides those specified in the histories of the gods above named, that (in Apollonius' case) of the miracle of the transfiguration, the resurrection from the dead, visible ascension to heaven, etc., while Simon Magus was very expert at casting out devils, raising the dead, allaying storms, walking on the sea, etc.

But without recapitulating further we will now cite some new historic facts not embraced in any of the preceding chapters of this work, and tending to demonstrate still farther the universal analogy of all religions, past and present, with respect to their claims for a miraculous character for their gods and incarnate saviours.

The "New York correspondence," published in 1823, furnishes as the following parallel in the history of an ancient Chinese god, viz:

"All the Eastern writers agree in placing the birth of Beddon, 1027 B. C. The doctrines of this deity prevail over Japan, China and Ceylon. According to the sacred tenets of this religion 'God is incessantly rendering himself incarnate,' but His greatest and most solemn incarnation, was 3,000 years ago in the province of Cassimere, under the name of Fot or Beddon. He was believed to have sprung from the right intercostal of a virgin of the royal blood, who, when she became a mother, did not the less continue to be a virgin; that the king of the country, uneasy at his birth, was desirous to put him to death, and hence caused all the males that were born at the same period to be massacred, and also that being saved by shepherds, he lived in the desert to the age of thirty years, at which time he opened his commission, preaching the doctrine of truth, and casting out devils; that he performed a multitude of the most astonishing miracles; spent his life fasting and in the severest mortifications, and at his death, bequeathed to his disciples the volume in which the principles of his religion are contained."

Here it will be observed are some very striking counterparts to the miraculous incidents found related in the gospel history of Jesus Christ. And no less analogous is the no less well authenticated fact of Quaxalcoate of Mexico, which the Rev. Mr. Maurice concedes to be, and Lord Kingsborough and Niebuhr (in his history of Rome) prove to be much older than the gospel account of Christ.

According to Maurice Ind. Ant., Humboldt's researches in Mexico, Lord Kingsborough's Mexico, Mexican Ant., and other works, the incarnate god, Quaxalcoate, was born (300 B. C.,) of a spotless virgin by the name of Chimaliman; led a life of the deepest humility and piety; retired to a wilderness; fasted forty days; was worshipped as a God, and was finally crucified between two thieves; after which he was buried and descended into hell, but rose again the third day. The following is a part of Lord Kingsborough's testimony in the case:

"The temptation of Quaxalcoate, the fast of forty days ordained by the Mexican ritual, the cup with which he was presented to drink (on the cross) the reed which was his sign, 'the Morning Star,' which he is designated, the Teotepati or 'Divine Stone,' which was laid on his altar, and which was likewise an object of adoration—all these circumstances, connected with many others relating to Quaxalcoate, but which are here omitted, are very curious and mysterious." Vol. 6, p. 237.

Again, "Quaxalcoate is represented in the painting of Cordex Borgiaus, as nailed to the cross." (See Mex. Ant., vol. 6, p. 166.) One plate in this work represents him as being crucified in the heavens; one as being crucified between two thieves. Sometimes he is represented as being nailed to the cross, and sometimes as being hanged with the cross in his hands. The same work represents his burial, descent into hell, and his resurrection; while the account of his immaculate and miraculous birth is found in a work called "Cordex Vaticanus."

Other parallel incidents could be cited if we had space for them, appertaining to the history of this Mexican God. And parallels might also be constructed upon the histories of other ancient gods—as that of Sakia of India, Salanahana of Bermuda, Hesus or Eros of the Celtic Druids, Mithra of Persia, Hll and Feta of the Mandolites, etc.

But we will close with the testimony of a French philosopher (Bazin) on the subject. This writer says: "The most ancient histories are those of gods, who became incarnate in order to govern mankind. All those fables are the same in spirit, and sprung everywhere from confused ideas, which have universally prevailed among mankind, that gods formerly descended upon earth."

Now we drive home the query to the Christian world, and it will be the first inquiry of every man whose religious faith has not made shipwreck of his reason: "What does all this mean? How are you going to sustain the declaration that 'Jesus Christ was the only son and sent of God,' in view of these facts?" Where are the superior credentials for his claims? How will you prove his apparently legendary history (that is, the miraculous portion of his history,) to be real and the others false?

Come, answer these queries, or relinquish your doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ. Harveysburgh, Ohio.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A New Organization.

The "Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association" held its regular quarterly meeting at Omro, on Saturday and Sunday, the 3d and 4th of February. The meeting was called to order on Saturday, at 9 o'clock P. M. by Col. A. B. Snedley, the President.

The committee appointed at a previous meeting to consider and report as to the propriety of effecting a more permanent organization of the association, reported in favor of an organization, and submitted a Constitution and a "declaration of principles," which were adopted with great unanimity, after a brief discussion. About a hundred names were immediately given in to be enrolled as members of the association.

Saturday coming, an attentive and numerous audience listened to a lecture from N. Frank White on "the duties and responsibilities of the hour." Sunday morning from 9 to 10 1/2 o'clock was spent in social conference, at which hour Prof. E. Whipple, of Michigan, spoke upon the "Proofs of immortality scientifically considered and explained." Dr. H. P. Fairfield followed in a lecture which was claimed to be the joint production of Sylvester Judd and Lorenzo Dow. At 2 o'clock P. M. a lecture was given by N. Frank White, on the "Saviours of the world."

On Sunday evening Mrs. S. E. Warner gave the closing lecture to an immense congregation, upon the duties of reformers in general, and especially of those who call themselves Spiritualists.

On motion, a committee, consisting of J. H. Spencer, of Fond du Lac, John Wilcox, of Omro, Dr. Carter, of Oakkosh, F. T. Hamilton, of Berlin, and Mr. Blanchard, of Appleton, was appointed for the purpose of conferring with other organizations in relation to holding a State Convention.

The exercises were enlivened by excellent singing, assisted by instrumental music. The large number of persons from a distance were bountifully provided for by the citizens of Omro, and the Convention was in every way a success. On motion the Convention adjourned to meet at Fond du Lac on the second Saturday and Sunday, (the 9th and 10th) of June next. J. P. GALLEY, Secretary.

Oakkosh, Feb. 7, 1866. "A tremendous commotion," says the New York Atlas, "has been caused in Orthodox circles by the recent discovery that Henry Ward Beecher repudiates the Calvinistic doctrine of a material hell, in which sinners are to suffer the most exquisite physical torments during an eternity of woe. The cheerful professors of religion who believe in predestination, total depravity and infant damnation, are reluctant to give up hell. Suppose they be allowed to keep it for themselves. That would be satisfactory to all."

Letter from Dr. Bryant.

153 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, February 10, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: Enclosed please find a letter from our noble brother, Dr. R. G. Murray, of Detroit, which may interest some of your readers. It proves how much good can be accomplished by faithful toil, and that the "prayers of the righteous avail much" when mixed with effort to obtain a blessing. Truly yours, J. P. BRYANT.

DETROIT, Feb. 24, 1866.

BRO. BRYANT: Contrasting the present condition of the Spiritual cause in this city, with what it was less than a year ago, when you came here and afforded an opportunity to the multitudes suffering from diseased conditions of almost every name, to be relieved, and in many instances permanently cured by the magic power exerted through your organism, the friends of progress among us feel to "bless God, and take comfort."

For a few years previous to that time, as you learned, not a public meeting had been held, or the voice of a living teacher heard, pointing out this highway of holiness, making known this way of salvation. There were a few here who sighed over these desolations, and as they surveyed this valley of vision, often reiterated the inquiry, "Can these dry bones live?" Your advent among us was not only "a Godsend" to the hundreds who were relieved, by you, from their physical sufferings, but was also the starting point of a new interest in the teachings of a philosophy and a religion that are adapted to man's necessities, and commend themselves to his reason, judgment, and common sense. This interest has continued to increase. The fire kindled in your rooms in the Willis Block, has spread, making its influence felt in every part of the city—not desolating, but warming, and causing seeds of thought and heavenly aspiration to germinate and develop their existence, which otherwise might have long remained concealed.

The "two lectures of Leo Miller in Merrill Hall" (about which I wrote you) added fuel and fanned the flame. As you know, he "is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Commanding in appearance, pleasing in manner, interesting in matter, and sustaining his positions by arguments that were irresistible, he held his large and intellectual audiences spellbound, and left in the minds of many, at least, clear convictions that he was the expounder of a rational philosophy and teacher of a true religion.

Next came and occupied the same platform, afternoon and evening, A. B. Whiting, long, favorably, and extensively known as one of the honored instrumentalities used by minds in the higher spheres for producing enchanting music, eloquent and convincing lectures, and improvising poems of the highest order on any subjects given him at the time by skeptics, or others. His labors here were a decided success. The second and fourth Sundays in January we met in Young Men's Hall, and were ministered unto by Moses (Hull), who was found among the bulrushes in the morass of adventism, rescued by angel hands, and raised up as a leader in Israel, to aid in bringing out the Lord's people from their Egyptian bondage.

At the close of his sermon last Sabbath afternoon, for the purpose of concentrating efforts, to secure a suitable place for meetings, and speakers of the right stamp, H. N. F. Lewis was appointed President; S. R. Smith, J. M. Matthews, Wm. Walker and your humble servant are the Executive Committee.

We have engaged Leo Miller for the month of March and hope, under his administration, to inaugurate a Children's Lyceum. If you can send us a speaker this month, do so.

That success may attend all your efforts to benefit humanity here and hereafter, your "peace be like a river," and your "righteousness like the waves of the sea," is the prayer of Yours, as ever, R. G. MURRAY.

Letter from S. Clark, M. D.

LAWRENCE, MOHREY CO., ILL., Feb. 1, 1866.

To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: It is with pleasure that I announce to you to the wonder and excitement in our village and surrounding country, caused by our good brother, Dr. Bryant's curing Miss Shaver of her lameness of one year and a half's standing, and after she had been treated by several of our most prominent physicians, and Prof. Brainard, of Chicago, among the rest. She went on crutches, but now walks as well as ever, without any assistance. Another lady has been operated on by him; who belongs to our place, and we think in a few days she will be entirely well. Many more are going to him for treatment. May God and the good spirits assist him to cure all who are curable. Some say it is good and wonderful, others make light and revile it; and the bigots say it is all nothing. Some have gone so far as to say the young lady might have walked before without help.

This place, for a small one, is the most bigoted I ever lived in. I think it is a Godsend to call the people to seek to know the truth of Spiritualism. Sunday last Miss S. walked to meeting as well as ever she did, which made the people stare and wonder, and the clergyman said if he had not seen with his own eyes he could not have believed it.

I see the holy work has now begun in earnest. It is what I have worked and prayed for, and stood alone here for years, having to bear the scoffs, jeers and persecutions of sectarian jealousy for having tried to present the truth to a non-receiving people. Now God calleth another way, and gives evidence of his kingdom coming; for those signs follow true belief in God and nature through a natural way. Bro. Bryant is glorified in the signs of the truth as taught by the lowly Jesus. Let us keep this before the people; then we shall have a Pentecostal jubilee before the year rolls round, for the unalterable laws of God stand forever unchanged, and the same results come forth now and are produced that were manifested in primitive Christianity 1800 years ago.

Surely the spirits are good chemists as well as nerve movers and sustainers of vital life, by giving such cleansing, vitalizing powers as to cause the lame to walk, the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak, as well as in removing tumors. The poor now have the gospel of life eternal preached unto them by these same heavenly messengers. Let the bigoted sectarians revile on, but let them beware lest they are found fighting against God. It was only a few days before those wonders came to these people here, that I was talking in public upon the evidences of the immortality of the spirit man. After I had ceased speaking one of the gentlemen present turned to a Methodist preacher and asked him what he thought of such ideas. He replied in a rage, that it was just like all those infernal Spiritualists to talk so. I was presenting the idea that God is all, and in all, then I repeated

"Cast not your pearls before swine," which shamed him.

In a few days came the work of those "Inferials," as he called us, to show for itself. It must have been God sent us, for many are thinking and inquiring after the truth, and I think a field will now be opened for work here at home to call the many. We have had a little circle here for some time, and I hope it will extend to meetings. I am here willing to work and act for good, God and the good spirits assisting, and moving the hearts and minds of men and women. Then, and only then, can we be successful. The people will then come unto the fountain of Eternal Good, and drink freely of the waters of immortal life. The spirit and the bride say, "come," and let him that heareth say "come," and all shall partake of the waters of life freely. Fraternally yours, S. CLARK, M. D.

Letter from France.

PARIS, 12th of January, 1866, 24 Rue Biol.

Hon. S. S. Jones, President Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association:

DEAR SIR—Will you have the kindness to exchange with L'Avenir, 23 Rue Breda, Paris? This is now the principal Spiritualistic paper in France, and should you find it rather diminutive in size, please to recollect the very stringent laws that cripple the press in this country.

The proprietor, Mr. D'Ambel, is not acquainted with the English language. I therefore write to you on his behalf, and hope that you will enable me, for the benefit of French Spiritualists, to draw as largely on the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as I have hitherto done on the Banner of Light.

Spiritualists in France may differ with American Spiritualists, as to the means of man's progressing. They believe (and spirits have generally taught this doctrine here,) that man becomes reincarnate on earth, until by his development he has become fit for a higher plane; but this difference of belief will not prevent any enlightened mind from taking the very highest interest in the labors of American Spiritualists. To give you an idea of the principles advocated by L'Avenir, I need only say, that it is, up to the present day, the first and only European paper that has published the address of the National Convention of Philadelphia. Mr. D'Ambel has added the following remarks to the translation: "We recommend to all our brethren in France this admirable declaration of principles. L'Avenir adopts it as a rule, from which it will endeavor never to depart. Our American brethren proclaim absolute liberty of conscience. Let us imitate their example, and reject every kind of theocracy that would impose on us absolute dogmas or entral us contrary to the generous teachings of Spiritualism."

Edmond About accused our doctrine of being merely a stale and degenerate Catholicism. Let us prove to him and to all our opponents, whatever may be their colors, that our ideas of toleration and liberty of conscience, without which charity is but an empty word, are infinitely more elevated than those professed by them."

I hope, dear sir, to see soon the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and remain with many thanks, Yours most truly, J. MITCHELL.

Letter from Mrs. Turner.

DEAR JOURNAL: With my face turned Southward and my heart toward you, I send your readers a few disconnected thoughts from this beautiful city—my once loved home. I know nothing of Chicago, except by report, which is as favorable as of any city of the Great West, particularly as regards spirit and enterprise. Cleveland is not regarded a very fast place; it does not, as a rule, record more than one or two murders a month. This is a little behind Chicago; but as regards dust and coal smoke it will compare quite favorably with the Garden City.

The Spiritualist friends here are, I am most happy to say, having a revival. They do not go to the anxious seat or "got the power," but are increasing vastly in numbers, and making commendable progress toward a nobler life. And why should they not? They have an energetic corps of workers in and out of the city, who have concentrated their powers to hasten the long promised era, when bigotry and intolerance shall be laid away with the rubbish of the past.

The eloquent and earnest youth, Charlie Hayden, inspired every spirit with loftier ideas, and strengthened the hopes and hearts of all who listened to the word-music flowing from his lips. Following him came that noble champion of truth, A. J. Davis. To him we accord the glory of putting into action and order that most desirable institution for young and old—the Progressive Lyceum. About one hundred children, of all ages, were in attendance last Sunday. The officers seem in earnest in their work. Mrs. Eddy was chosen Guardian of Groups. She presides with characteristic dignity and zeal. Indeed the Lyceum here seems like one grand family, united by the common interest of benefiting the rising, as well as the passing, generation.

Mrs. Thompson is an indefatigable worker for humanity. She lectures through the country wherever duty calls. She is foremost in every good work for the sustaining of our holy cause.

I go soon to Kentucky, where the gospel of Spiritualism has never been proclaimed. It is useless for me to say that I need your prayers and sympathy. But I go with armor girded on, and hope never to be found wanting in faith and works for the progress of the right. LAURA OLIVIA TURNER, Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 28th, 1866.

Extract from a Letter from a Former Methodist Minister.

ALMA, IOWA, Feb. 8, 1866.

S. S. JONES—Dear Brother: Yours of the 5th inst. came to hand last night, containing "certificate" and other papers. I shall be happy to act as agent for your paper, and in soliciting stock for the Association. We shall do something here.

I was respected, loved, as a local Methodist preacher, but expect to be hated correspondingly for withdrawing and lecturing on Spiritualism. I never let the likes or dislikes of any person bribe me. I love and appreciate my birthright, liberty, too well. I deprecate intolerance; if tempted to it myself I check it at once, and strive to love all souls, and promote love, not dissonant with free thought and free speech. I never saw a test medium. It was not the phenomena of Spiritualism that attracted me, but its philosophy, its nature, its liberality, suited to the Godlike aspirations of the human soul and to its capacities.

If I should visit Chicago, I will call on you. You shall hear from us here occasionally. Please accept my thanks, warmly given, for the promptness with which you answered my letter, and the favor you and your associates have done me. Brotherly, yours, A. C. R.

Letter from Miss F. L. Turner.

DEAR JOURNAL: This place, in which I have for the present pitched my tent, is situated upon the noble old Ohio, one hundred and fifty miles east of Cincinnati. It presents a remarkably pretty view from the river. Its inhabitants claim the population to be eighteen hundred, but I think they are laboring under a slight but very natural hallucination, owing to its being a town of their own founding and improving. However, it is a city, and boasts of a Mayor.

Ohio's majestic hills raise their lofty heads upon the opposite side of the river, like friendly, protecting giants. Back and south of our little hamlet the Kentucky hills attempt to vie in grandeur with their Ohio neighbors, and in the far distance the mountains of Western Virginia are discernible. I have seen but little scenery west of the Hudson to compare with that around us.

There are some fine residences here, owned by wealthy citizens, but the majority of the houses are built in real Kentucky style, i. e. with no cornices and with verandas around both upper and lower stories. It seems strange to see people go out of doors to get up stairs, but it is not uncommon here. Some of the buildings are very noticeable. Just before the war broke out a company called the "Ashland Company," composed principally of citizens who laid out the town, resolved to build a hotel that should eclipse all others on the river. So hosts of laborers went to work, and soon an elegant, five story edifice, costing fifty thousand dollars, delighted the eyes of owners and beholders. It was completed and two stories furnished, when the war suddenly came and upset the calculations of the projectors. Their business was suspended, and the building stands, at present, a beautiful monument of folly. During the war it was used as a U. S. Hospital. The convalescent soldiers must have had something wherewith to employ their time, judging by the pencil marks and other disfigurements on and about the corridors and rooms. Well, poor boys! I do not blame them. If the building had been three times as costly, it could not have been used for a nobler purpose, if it made less miserable the hours of even one homeless, heart-broken boy in line.

The next building worthy of notice is the Ashland Bank, a fine edifice, with private residence attached. The bank has a capital of six hundred thousand dollars. During the war Ashland was entered by guerrillas, who came mainly for the purpose of robbing this bank, but fortunately, one hundred thousand dollars had, but a short time before, been sent to Cincinnati for safe keeping. Other amounts were deposited with private citizens, and thus the marauders gained but seventy or eighty dollars by their raid on the Ashland bank. "Oil on Big Sandy!" and the recent frightful river disasters are the prevailing topics here at present. The oil speculators are crowding the up river bound steamers, ready and willing to venture their all upon the hope of being the fortunate ones in "striking it." Of course, you all know the particulars of the recent fearful steamboat explosion, and the misery and suffering caused thereby. The victims of boat racing warn the traveling, as well as the stay-at-home public, to beware of the evil. Men and women committing a single murder are hung; men who heedlessly rush into peril and death with the lives of hundreds of innocent ones in their hands, go free. Is this altogether consistent?

I will close, dear JOURNAL, by saying that you are a world of comfort to me here. May your light continue to shine for many years to come. FLORENCE LOUISE TURNER, Ashland, Kentucky, Feb. 5th, 1866.

Letter from Wm. Brinkworth.

DEAR EDITOR—Sir: Mr. E. V. Wilson has visited this place twice lately, delivering in all some ten lectures, and I am very glad to say he has made a decided impression for good, and has done much towards removing the prejudice existing against Spiritualism, and set on foot an inquiry which we hope will lead to good practical results. He calls out larger audiences than ever were gathered here before, on this subject. As the glorious truths flowed through his organism, they seemed as if were spellbound, so breathless they sat. Said an intelligent man to me the other day, "I could sit and listen to Wilson all day long; but I don't believe in the physical manifestations—that is all humbug."

In his lecture on Sunday evening at the Court House, Mr. Wilson offered to discuss the question of spirit intercourse with any clergyman. Rev. Mr. Miller has taken it up. I have written to Wilson, and as soon as arrangements can be made it will take place. Miller is an able man in argument, and no doubt it will be interesting; but of one thing I am sure, he must become more spiritually minded before he will make much headway in reforming the world. Wilson goes to the very bottom of "the soul of things" unlocks the hidden mysteries of the past, and shows there is no effect without a cause, and that as sure as night follows day, certain causes produce certain effects. His deliberate character have produced a wonderful impression. Nearly all of them have been acknowledged to be true. One case, and I have done. To an utter stranger he said: "You, sir, were in business ten or twelve years ago—a sort of partner ship. One of the parties connected with you acted dishonestly, the other slipped out, and you, sir, came down with a thump, which hurt you very much." Said the man to me the next day, "It is true, every word of it." I say God bless all such Spiritualists. We expect to organize on Sunday.

Yours in the Bonds of Fellowship, W. M. BRINKWORTH, Madison, Ind., February 8, 1866.

Letter from Cedar Falls.

DEAR JOURNAL: Seeing nothing in your columns from this place, I assure you the responsibility of letting you know there is a few here that are beginning to see clear sky through the murky atmosphere of sectarianism which strongly prevails here. I think it is the best rest place of its size on the globe. Every sectarian body is represented here, and at present they are trying to revive them all. I am flying right under the droppings of the largest sanctuary in town, and should judge from its howlings, its members were serving the Lord as if the — or something else were in them. Talking with one of the preachers the other day, he wanted to know if I knew Spiritualism and Free-lovers were the same? I replied that the latter had no more to do with genuine Spiritualism than their revival meetings had with Christianity. He did very disingenuous and traveled. Bro. J. L. Potter has been with us for nine months. He is an able advocate of the cause; he is correct, eloquent, logical and reasonable, and illustrates all of his sayings beautifully from nature. He commenced his labors here by treating upon the philosophy of Spiritualism; from that on

passed on to astronomy, to the development theory, commencing with the rock formation, going through in progressive order up to spirit. From the easy manner, the fine illustrations, and the strong chain of evidence produced, the controlling power must have been a perfect master of the subject.

It seemed to me the spirit world did its best through him. Since then he has given a series of lectures on anatomy, and the strangest thing of all is there are but very few outside the Spiritual ranks who know there is such a man in existence. The shackles are being broken fast. A few years ago a man would hardly dare speak of Spiritualism here, and now the best minds of the place stand foremost in the cause.

For fear of intruding too far on your columns, I will close.

Yours for truth,  
F. A. CRANE.

Cedar Falls, February 7, 1866.

Extracts from Letters.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Having perused the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL with much pleasure and satisfaction, I congratulate you on an enterprise of as great beauty and intelligence as I have discovered in the "Harmonical Philosophy." I have been an investigator for the past ten years, and am well satisfied that truth will stand the test, and I rejoice to see the work of reform progressing, even though slowly, and therefore feel confident that success will crown your efforts. I am gratified to read the beautiful thoughts that flow from the pens of so many competent and experienced writers whose names are already so familiar and so dear to me.

With great interest I read the communications that purport to come from spirit individuals who have passed from this mundane sphere, and hope the intelligences that control your mediums may reach the observation of their friends by whom they are so anxious to be recognized.

In Waukegan, Spiritualism thrives but slowly, and the society very small, comparatively speaking, although there is an undercurrent of Spiritualism agitating the minds of the community, and many who believe it to be true have not the frankness or independence to assert or admit its truthfulness.

\* \* \* We have an established Children's Progressive Lyceum, composed of but a handful of intelligent minds, who are willing to separate themselves from all Orthodox creeds and let the world know that they are not afraid to think and act for themselves.

Being a firm believer in Spiritualism and an advocate of all reforms, I implore Heaven's blessings to rest upon this association in all its desires and efforts to attain a glorious success.

Yours truly,  
Mrs. E. M. P.  
Waukegan, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR.—The postmaster at this place handed me a number of your paper. Its title struck me as denoting something which I have been a long time waiting to see. On perusing the sheet I became satisfied that it is just the thing demanded by the age in which we live. It seems to be the right thing in the right place. I infer that it is not your purpose to follow Drs. Dick, Paley and Butler, and show that there is a connection between science and theology; but you teach that philosophy and theology are synonymous; that no system of theology that is not based on deductions drawn from the facts of science, can ever reform, enlighten and elevate the human mind. Such also are my own views in relation to the subject.

Standing on such a platform, the work of the reformer is plain before him. It is his business to diffuse abroad the light of science, proclaim the gospel of nature, viz.: her truths, and have faith in the renovating power of the principles he thus promulgates. \* \* \* Science is nothing more or less than an understanding of that which nature teaches.

Ecclesiastics of all orders regard the voice of nature as being far less reliable than the teachings of a certain written book. If those having such views undertake to teach, all their instructions must of course be given in subservience to the letter and word of their paper revelation. If any new discovered fact in nature shall conflict with the testimony of their holy record, the fact itself must be denied or ignored, that the infallible authority of the book may have no competitor.

Now we think that such persons are the last in the world who ought to be employed as teachers of schools and seminaries. \* \* \* Why employ a man to teach that in which he has no faith as a standard of truth? Now priests have no faith in any standard of truth except the Bible; they ought therefore to confine themselves to teaching that book and nothing else; and let those teach science who believe that the voice of nature is the voice of God.

We trust the time is coming, and even now is near the door, when ecclesiastics will no longer control the seminaries of learning, but they will be conducted upon the principles enunciated in the last will and testament of Stephen Girard, who bequeathed funds to establish the college which bears his name.

Yours for Progress,  
F. LANGWORTHY,  
Winona, Minn.

DEAR JOURNAL.—I hear tidings of progress from different parts of the country, and thinking it will not be amiss, I shall give you an account of our present position and future prospects.

Hudson contains only a limited number of Spiritualists, but lots of whisky and Orthodox bigots. These two elements work with perfect accord in opposing Spiritualism. As an instance of this I will only relate that on a recent occasion we were visited by some physical mediums, and I was at a loss to tell from which source came the most opposition or the fiercest denunciation.

Our good sister, Mrs. Anna M. J. Rotts, M.D., has just given a series of lectures on the laws of health and physiology. I am sorry to say they were not sufficiently attended or appreciated. But nothing discouraged, she proposes at some future time to visit us again. She is one of earth's true children. Angels bless her! This is the heartfelt wish of all who know her and appreciate her self-sacrificing goodness.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has become one of the positive necessities of our lives. In the triumphant hope of the blessed future, when all shall know the truth, I am yours truly,  
F. M. HAYS,  
Hudson, Mich., Feb. 12, 1866.

A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread to within half an inch of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a rod down into the water, and shoot upward its tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree, growing in this way on a marble-shelf of a room, is a very interesting object.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 85 & 86 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.  
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.  
GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page.  
"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

To Postmasters.

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

To Our Patrons.

Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to George H. Jones, Sec'y.  
In changing the direction, the old as well as the new address should be given.  
In renewing subscriptions the date of expiration should be given.

To Our Subscribers.

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

As an inducement for a renewed effort on 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.

Fables.

They are current in history, in literature, and in the arts and sciences. Age gives to fables a standing and character; the older the story the greater its value, the more readily it is believed, and the fewer facts necessary to support it. Fables found in the Bible are, for that reason alone, readily adopted by millions; when, if the same thing was related as of the present day, and sustained by the testimony of a score of unimpeachable witnesses, it would be discredited and scouted. There are thousands who place implicit belief in the story that the whale swallowed Jonah, and others of the same character, who would, if the same thing was related as of this time, condemn its authors to the prison or the asylum. Those who believe in the creation of the world in six days, and in the completion of all things within the limits of those numbered hours, ridicule the disclosures of geology, and repudiate the record of God's works as written in the rocks. It is a physical impossibility for a whale to swallow so large an object as a man; though of enormous dimensions and great magnitude, the structure of the creature is such as only to adapt itself to the passage of very small objects through the gullet. It is also a physical impossibility for a man to live three days, or any other length of time in the belly of a fish, and yet this story is believed and credited by hundreds of thousands of intelligent thinking people. Why? Because, discarding their own reasoning powers, and intelligent conclusions from established facts, they have faith in its truth because found in the Bible. Geology, a science yet in its infancy, has already traced back the history of the earth to a period so remote, that figures fail to express any idea of the length of time to the mind. And it has also demonstrated by indubitable facts that creation was the work of millions upon hundreds of millions of years—aye, more, that the act of creation has never ceased, but is ever going on—that the earth is ever growing, ever developing, even to-day as distinctly and as surely as six thousand or six hundred thousand years ago. When geology tells us this, and proves its assertions by fixed and enduring facts, plainly apparent to the senses, how are we to believe a mere tradition to the effect that the world was created in six days some six thousand years ago? or when geology, a certain and positive science, conflicts with the Bible story, is it not a fixed fact that the latter must go down?

These geological revelations created a great excitement in the church some years ago, and many avenues of escape have been sought, to avoid the difficulty, but the most plausible theory—which has been almost unanimously adopted by the church—is to admit the truth of the disclosures of the science, and to answer them by the assertion, that the six days mentioned in the Bible meant each day a long and unknown period of time—that it did not mean literal days, such as we understand the definition of time, but certain very long periods. While this solution may be very consoling to those who cannot doubt the truth and inspiration of the Bible, yet the answer to it is very simple, for we may justly and forcibly reason, that if the Bible is the divinely inspired word of God, containing indisputable truth, then no man has a right to argue that when the Bible says six days, it does not mean six days, but that it means something else. Surely it is an assumption of man to vary the word of God, and to give it a meaning which is not conveyed by its language. No; if the Bible is to be taken as evidence at all, it must be taken to mean exactly what it says; for it will not do to say that its divine Author had not the capacity to choose fit and proper words in which to clothe His ideas, or in which to state His word. But further, if it be true that the six days mean indefinite periods of time and not days, what becomes of the Sabbath, the holy day of rest? Is that, too, a long period of time? For the Sabbath was as one of the other days, and not different. "In six days God made the heavens and the earth," etc., "and rested on the seventh." I repeat, then, that there is no foundation for this free interpretation, but that the Bible means just what it says, and nothing else; and we further say that the revelations of geology plainly and flatly contradict the story of a six days' creation, and that every intelligent student of nature knows it.

We clip from the New York Tribune of Feb. 9th, the following notice of the labors of the gifted Cora Daniels and her equally earnest co-laborer in this wide field. It is their purpose to devote their energies to the amelioration and elevation of the freedmen. It is a noble work, and this talented couple will push it bravely on. Success to them in this new branch of reform!

Col. N. W. Daniels, of Louisiana, and Mrs. Daniels will address the public this evening at the Cooper Institute, on the present condition of the Freedmen, the proceeds of the lecture to be devoted to the establishment of schools for their benefit. Robert Dale Owen will preside at the meeting.

TIME MAKES ETERNITY.

Would it not end eternity and the life and existence of all things, even of nature itself, if it could be said in truth, under any or all circumstances, conditions, events or contingencies, "that time shall be no longer?"

Memory is a reflective faculty, that recalls and reviews the past. Anticipation looks forward to the future with hopes of enjoyment, or forebodings of disaster. Contentment enjoys the present, and leaves the past and the future to their own destiny.

The past is an experienced teacher; the present is a heedless pupil; the future is their historian.

The past is a library of facts and truths; the present should peruse it; the future will reveal them and their effects. The past is asleep; the present is awake; the future will see them, and their doings. The past was life; the present is life; the future will be endless life. The past leaves us to conjecture its origin; the present cannot disclose it; the future may reveal it. The past tells us of life and death; the present repeats it; the future will disclose their realities. The past inspires meditation, amazement; the present, reflection, anticipation; the future, interpretation, satisfaction. The past was, and is gone; the present is, and has come; the future will be and is coming. Faith and hope look to the future; charity lives and acts in the present; death has closed the senses of the past. Old age turns back, looks to the past; youth looks forward to the future; manhood ponders both, and enjoys the present. Youth is thoughtless; manhood is thoughtful; old age should have maturity of thought.

Age reviews the past, but relies on the future; youth anticipates the future, and heedlessly enjoys the present; manhood views itself in the past, and reflectively and prospectively, relies on the probabilities of the future; concluding to hold on upon them, and prudently make the most of the present.

Youth speaks the truth in the present; manhood relies upon the truth in the future; old age repeats the truths of the past.

Hear what Julian says: "To-day is the child of yesterday, and the parent of to-morrow. The past and the present are linked together in the relation of cause and effect, and irrevocably woven into the future."

Our Book Trade.

Orders by mail are filled out as soon as they reach this office, but it sometimes happens that we may be out of some book ordered. That may cause a few days' delay until our stock is replenished.

We say this, that those ordering books may not be disappointed if they sometimes get a part of the order on one day and the remainder on another day. We intend to be prompt in filling orders for the paper and for books. If either should fail to come to hand within a reasonable time, we urgently request our friends to advise us of the fact, giving names of persons, places of residences, and the amount of money sent; when the order was mailed, and to whom directed.

All such orders should be addressed to Geo. H. Jones, Secretary RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, drawer 6355, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Meetings.

N. Frank White will speak in Chicago through the month of March.

Time, Past, Present and Future.

The dark, the known, and the unknown past, has straggled through its infancy and youth with out experienced nurse or guide, and taken many steps, right and wrong, to arrive at this stage of its bewildered journey, the present. Its numerous and progressive, backward and wayward strides, such as they have been, form the platform upon which the present stands. The past, therefore, has made the present what it is. The present has a twofold work to be done. It is bound to make its addition to the past, and to be its portion of the foundation of the future.

As the present is made of the past, so is the future to be made of the present. We become intensely attached to this life, its pleasures, enjoyments and anticipations, which, rationally regulated, are wise and profitable; but our main dependence on the real and permanent enjoyment of endless life must be on the future. The past, the present and the future, are portions of time, and so mysteriously divided and apportioned that each portion includes the whole mysterious time; although almost infinitely divided into innumerable parts, yet indissolubly connected, and bound into one mysterious eternity—always present, and still coming, always fleeing from us, and always providing a full supply for all.

Like life, it never stops—it never dies. Its vast accumulation or expenditure of the past, does not in the least diminish its supply for the present as well as the future. It is everywhere universally equal and uniform in its distribution and supply to all. It is always even tempered in its movement, never comes in overwhelming torrents or storms, and is never withheld by drought or scanty supply. All requisite time is allowed for the full performance of the most important acts, changes, revolutions and events, and the same time for the most trifling, unimportant, good, bad or complicated acts. Nothing can check, alter, or even disturb the "even tenor of its way." How difficult, how impossible to truly estimate its nature or its value.

The atmosphere may be put in violent commotion, and yet animal existence be sustained. We may be deprived of light and survive for years. But by the cessation of time, all life would at once be at an end, even Dolly deprived of its existence, so essential to it is all life.

A time in which there was no time, or in which there will be no time, is a solecism, and is wholly beyond all comprehension. The existence or non-existence of time, is a condition, a mystery we cannot fathom, interpret or understand. There is one view in relation to it, however, which we can understand. We can understand that it is rational, prudent and profitable to improve our portion of time in a manner according to our best capacity, to be reasonably advanced in knowledge and wisdom and their consequent result, moral power.

If time had a beginning it was then present time, and present time has continued to this time, and will continue to the end of time, if time is ever to have an end. But time will never end. No one, therefore, was ever in truth authorized to say or to prophesy "that time shall be no longer."

The duration of time, therefore, must be infinite; always present, and perhaps a better illustration of its own infinity to our comprehension, than we have of any other infinity.

Time, as we view it, has its divisions into the past, the present and the future. Was there ever a time when there was no past? Has it not kept even pace in its progress with the present constantly stepping on its heels? What yesterday was in the future, to-day is in the present, and to-morrow will be in the past. Truly "there is a time for all things."

The Northwestern Church vs. Spiritualism.

The Episcopalians of this city are represented by an organ known as *The Northwestern Church*. We do not shun honest criticism, and honor the soul who, with friendly hand, would lead us into his path; but it is indeed pitiable to see one clothed with a little authority, descend from the dignity of a man and, forgetting the ethics of the Christ he professes to follow, persecute and foully vilify those who do not worship at his shrine.

When the *Northern Church* was content to damn us and our JOURNAL, we let it pass, as we would the ravings of a madman. But now, that *Spiritualism*, the child of Heaven, has been defamed, we should be recreant to our trust did we not sweep the unclean trader from our path.

It is said that spite and lies are short lived. True; but when they find a hearing amongst honest people, the blasphemy should not go unrebuked.

We would willingly, gladly find excuse for the infamous attack these clerical gentlemen have made upon our blessed gospel; but where shall we look for justification? It is quite too late in the day to set up the plea of ignorance; imbecility does not meet the case, and it is hardly presumable that those wearing sacerdotal robes write under the burning inspiration of brandy. We do not like to charge our neighbor with false witness bearing, but the mantle of sweet Charity is insufficient to cover the heart and the hand of him who has wantonly broken the ninth commandment.

The last article in the *Northern Church*, to which we refer, charges Spiritualism with the murder of Mrs. Haviland's three children. The writer, in commenting upon the unfortunate affair, says:

It was very natural to point to this affair as another of those startling glimpses of the pit, which modern necromancy now and then reveals.

Now it is unquestionably the fact that the murder which we have mentioned is credited to "Spiritualism." Rightly, or wrongly, people do not judge of it as they would a crime committed by a member of one of the "denominations." They hold Spiritualism responsible for the crime. They cite it as one of the fruits of that delusion.

We think the people are right in doing so. We consider that the case is not at all parallel with that of ordinary crime.

After writing the above, the gentleman, very likely, remembered other events—crimes that he would like to forget, and to have forgotten; but, Hamlet-like, he is haunted by ghosts that the churchyard will not hold. So he sets about an explanation of the images that stalk about unbidden. Hear him:

A Presbyterian may marry two wives, or three. Presbyterianism cannot be held accountable, because it denounces that performance as a crime. The act is against all its teachings, an outrage on its plainest ethics.

This delusion of "Spiritualism" begins by laughing at all law. Its organs are filled with sneers against the Bible, against society, against marriage, against all authority outside the individual. It tramples on all restraint. It knows no right or wrong beyond the man's own notions. "Follow your own highest intuitions," is the message, over and over again, proclaimed as its substitute for all law and all religion. We have examined, a score of times, when the question has been put in the columns of its organ in this city, "What shall I do to be saved?" (that is, to prosper, in this world and the next,) and that has been the answer from "the spheres." It is not, "keep the commandments." It is not, "obey the law." It is not, "do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly before God." It is not, "do your plain duty in your place and calling." It is always this, "follow your own highest intuitions." "Do as you please," that is, gratify your own lusts and passions, please yourself, and be a slave to the flesh. Practically, as all sensible men know, that is what it amounts to.

This Gospel of the Devil, which annihilates all right and wrong, and defies the laws of a corrupt nature, by telling a man, in its bombastic cant, to do as his passions lead him, must be held responsible for crimes which it directly teaches. The "highest intuitions" of one man lead him to run away from his wife and children. "Spiritualism" tells him to "follow" these "intuitions." He believes it and obeys. The "highest intuitions" of some poor deluded woman lead her to forsake her husband and home and "follow" some mountebank "medium" as her "spiritual affinity." The thing is not un-frequent, and "Spiritualism" is held responsible, for it sneers at marriage and preaches the supremacy of desire. The "highest intuitions" of the wretched creature mentioned above led her to murder her children. She had been taught, as the sum of the law, to do as her passions led her, and she obeyed, and "Spiritualism" is justly held responsible.

It is hoped that the reverend editor of a Christian Journal took breath after such a tremendous outpouring of venom.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that his reasoning is worthy of example. If Spiritualism is responsible for Mrs. Haviland's crimes, isn't the Protestant Episcopal Church responsible for the adulteries, the murders, the drunkenness, for the Ouderdonkism, for all the long list of crimes committed in its church, on the ground that Henry VIII., the head of the Church, committed, in the name of law and Christianity, all the sins known in the criminal calendar? He caused more domestic misery, sent more heads to the block and more bodies to the flames, than any other wretch ever dared to do. He made wicked laws to further his brutal schemes. He divorced Catharine to marry his paramour, his own illegitimate child, Anne Boleyn, and then sent her cursed to the scaffold. But we would not borrow our antagonist's sword wherewith to slay him. And we regret the necessity of reminding a Christian clergyman of the injustice that he is doing five millions of American citizens, by charging them with the foul murder of three little children.

The writer asks:

What will be the end, when the "Progressive Lyceums" have brought up a generation of children on pure "Spiritualist" morality, and no slavery to Christian decency has been allowed?

We hardly know what is intended by "Christian decency." Will the reverend editor of the *Northern Church* give us an illustration? We hope—we confidently expect—that the children in our Lyceums will be taught that honest dealing is the cardinal Christian virtue.

In referring to Mrs. Haviland the writer says:

"By every principle of the religion she professes, she is commanded to murder her children, and she obeys!"

If the writer has faith in the Bible, he certainly cannot be undecided as to the "place prepared" for him in the life to come, "all liars," etc. But this may seem a little personal.

Let us examine a little farther this Christian clergyman's charges, and see, if from his point of observation, things have not taken form and color.

He says: "Follow your highest intuitions means follow lust, murder, lying." If, as is presumed, the writer speaks for himself, if his highest intuitions lead him to perdition, he is frightfully diseased, and some benevolent friend should lead him to the pool of Siloam, where he may wash and be clean. But to the pure in heart the command "follow your highest intuitions" means let the divine in your soul rule; put the unholiness out of your way; feed the hungry; do not bear false witness; deal justly; walk circumspectly. If one's better nature is not to be trusted, if the God in the soul may not be heeded, then indeed there is but little hope of our humanity.

The civil code, for which our enemy professes high regard, was written by men not wholly gov-

The Northwestern Church vs. Spiritualism.

erned by the divine law. He has often referred to our creeds, and by them he denounces us as haters of the Bible. Fortunately, we have no creed, no priesthood, but there is not a soul among us who does not reverence genuine Christianity, not one who does not love the pure gospel that has come down to us from the gentle Jesus; not one, it is hoped, who does not wish to see the hypocritical masks torn from the modern Iscariots, to see cowed demagogues sent to their own place, and to see a holy priesthood—priests of Nature—ruling and reigning in the land.

We "sneer at marriage." Do we, indeed? What is marriage? Let us look at it: first from the standpoint of the church and the civil law. A man wants a cook, washerwoman; he wants a wife—no matter for what object. A woman wants a home, a husband. She has, perhaps, been taught that marriage is the aim and end of woman's life. This man and woman know nothing of soul unions, in fact the soul may never have been consulted. They go to the altar, exchange vows. He promises to protect, she to love and obey till death. With the waning of the honeymoon the spasm, dignified by the name of love, is over; with the year, hope is dead; but promises, public opinion, the laws and the creeds hold the unwedded ones together; so they resolve to bear, as best they may, the burden of a loveless life. They increase in crime; they multiply disease, imbecility; transmit to posterity lust, lies, discord, murder; they help to people the asylums, prisons, houses of infamy, gamblers' dens, and graveyards. But where is the fault? Were they not lawfully married? Did not the Church sanction, in God's name, the union? We do not argue that all marriages are of this class. There are those in and out of the churches who have not borrowed the robes of the law to serve his majesty the devil; but the church draws no dividing line. Thus saith the Law, is the thus saith the Lord, and he who has the heart and the courage to say in the name of Jesus, "Go and sin no more," is an infidel, a teacher of seditious doctrines, and worthy of newspaper damnation.

Spiritualists may disagree in relation to marriage laws—human enactments; but Spiritualism, as taught by Jesus and other good angels, ignores the mere hands-and-law-linking. Marriage is to them, and to us, the union of hearts, the beautiful blending of thoughts, aspirations, hopes, lives. Such marriages are recorded in heaven, sealed and sanctioned by God and angels. A public recognition of such unions is well, and there should be laws to protect the parties and their posterity; but the law only recognizes the marriages Nature has instituted.

The souls united, however, have little need of laws; they are a law unto themselves. In joy and in sorrow, in poverty and wealth, in life and death, they are undivided. Such unions are productive of peace on earth, and good will to all the world.

Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man.

"Wounded birds flutter," and from the fluttering in the theological camp, we infer that this book, the last and severest of Hudson Tuttle's, has been carefully aimed and accurately hits the mark. The church organs are not content to criticize. They are so utterly annihilated that they can only abuse, and slang and frothy cant they pour out without measure. With "one fell swoop" it carries away the Mosaic creation, and the darling idea of man's primitive perfections, proving the Adams of early times were brutal savages. What then becomes of man's fall, his redemption, and all of that? Why, they are rudely thrust into mythology, and what makes the matter worse, the author does not even mention them, but goes around as though no such pet dogmas were trampled on.

These are tender points, and to tread them down with iron heel, and calmly go on unconscious of the havoc, is too much for Christian divines to bear. They have no inquisitions nor faggots at command, but they show what spirit actuates them, by the bitterness and venom, with which they assail a book, which they find incontrovertible. Their tirades are really amusing, and remind us of children kicking inanimate objects which hurt them.

Well is it for the author of "Physical Man" that he did not live a century in the past.

He has brought science as a mirror, and presented it for Theology to see itself. No wonder it is disgusted with its own image.

For sale at this office—see advertisement.

How Some Men Look in their Own Looking-Glasses.

A few days since we received the following letter, and immediately filled the order for forty copies worth of books:

MOLINE, Feb. 1.

S. S. JONES, Sir: Enclosed find thirty cents by which send me "Davenport Brothers, their manifestations, etc.," and "Record of modern miracles" Address Box 25, Moline.

Very soon after (only five days' difference in the date,) we received the subjoined polite missive.

This time the writer gives his name and address the precedent. We give it verbatim, first, that the writer may see himself in his own mirror, and second, that others may see him as he is reflected from his own interior. Perhaps he judges other people by himself.

It is not often that we receive letters of this type. We do not claim, however, that it is because our Institution is exempt from mistakes, commences all business establishments, having a multiplicity of little details; but we do try to avoid errors or carelessness, and when they do happen we are very glad to have our friends apprise us of them in the spirit of kindness, and this give us an opportunity to make due apology and correction.

We beg leave to be excused from the charge of being "forty cent" swindlers, and we most respectfully decline being measured in our correspondent's small measure:

MOLINE, Feb. 10, 1866.

S. S. JONES, Sir: I sent you forty cents sent time since for a book called "The Davenport Brothers," and a pamphlet "Record of Modern Miracles." I noticed several interesting works of your list which I should have been glad to get had I felt safe in risking the money. If you forward those books immediately I shall be obliged to you; if not, I shall do all in my power to prevent you from obtaining more money in this way, as I consider it nothing less than a swindle.

Address A. L. DAVIDSON,  
Moline, Ill.

I send this letter Sunday evening. It will reach you Monday morning, and I shall expect to hear from you Tuesday morning.

It will be seen that our correspondent was very careful to limit the time of our reply to the Tuesday following the Sunday on which he wrote his second letter. We could not comply with his terms, as his letter did not reach us till his limitation had expired, but we give him the benefit of our first issue thereafter. We hope this will be satisfactory.

Ancient Egypt.

We take especial pleasure in calling the attention of the public to a series of lectures now being delivered in various towns and cities in the North-western States by the blind lecturer, Mr. W. H. Robinson, on "Ancient Egypt."

We never listened to more interesting and instructive lectures. They abound in facts, which have recently been brought to light, by the diligent researches of the best scholars of the age. Mr. H. treats of the general topography of the country, the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians—their temples, tombs, storehouses for products, and public works.

He shows them conclusively to have been the most powerful as well as the most enlightened in the arts and sciences of any people existing then on the globe. They were in their glory long before Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were born.

He shows also that recent discoveries prove that in no other parts of the earth have there ever been such stupendous works of art as are daily being revealed to the astonished gaze of the nations who are now exploring that wonderful country.

It is truly marvelous that the world has known so little about a nation once so powerful and so advanced in knowledge.

The imperishable records of mother Nature made in the crust of the earth combined with the substantial records of the arts known to the ancients, every day being developed by science and the untiring energies of independent free thinkers, are weakening the bonds of ignorance imposed by the fallacies of priestcraft, with a celerity and power that will very soon entirely shake off old theology's grasp upon the human mind.

We say to all reformers, foster and cultivate the arts and sciences. Set your reason at work. Enlighten the minds of the masses, and then the old church dogmas of the "creation of the world," "the plan of salvation," and the "final destiny of man" will vanish like a frost before the morning sun, and like it only to be remembered for its chilly breath and blighting touch.

Inspiration—Blind Tom.

Let those who say that inspiration ceased some eighteen hundred years ago, go and see and hear Blind Tom, the musical wonder of the age. Hear him play the most difficult pieces of music, in a style and manner which surpass Thalberg, Heller or Gottschalk; hear him play one tune with his right hand, another with his left, and sing a third all at the same time, and then come back and tell us that there is no inspiration. This blind slave boy, one of the lowest specimens in the scale of humanity, who can neither read nor write—has no knowledge of music, and in all other respects is nearly idiotic, performs on the piano in a style of beauty and perfection which the most eminent artists may envy. Thousands of people crowd to hear him—say it is wonderful or strange, or pass it over in some other slighting way, and yet sit with their eyes shut to a natural and simple solution of the matter. We know that this boy is a medium, and that Beethoven is the performer. Thus the spirit of the great master is operating through the organization of this poor negro boy—giving unsurpassed melody to the world.

We confess that it does sometimes astonish us to see hundreds and thousands of intelligent, educated people, standing out in the broad light of heaven's natural philosophy, and yet groping back in the dark ages of the world's history, only to find that inspiration ceased eighteen hundred years ago. God help them.

L'Arenier.

A Teacher of Spiritualism, issued every Thursday. By A. D'Ansel, 23 Rue Brode, Paris.

The above is the title of this newspaper, which may be regarded as the organ of Parisian Spiritualists. The number now before us, dated the 11th of January, 1866, contains the Address to the World, adopted at the Philadelphia Convention. This article has been carefully and excellently translated into the French language by that noble reformer, J. Mitchell, whose fraternal letter will be found in another column. Besides the Address the number on our table contains some interesting communications from the Inner Life, both original and selected; also an able and elaborate essay by Andre Pezzani on the subject. "Many are called, but few are chosen." By a most conclusive line of argument he demonstrates that the text does not justify the belief in a personal hell, and the damnation of the many. In support of his opinion he quotes from the eminent theologian Bergier.

I Wonder.

This is the title of a poem on the second page of the JOURNAL. It was written by one whose earth life has just ended.

I wonder if all her hopes are realized in the great Hereafter. If her earth dreams were the whisperings of some loved angel? I wonder if she met husband and child on the banks of the river of Life? If the child knows its mother—if it loves her as a child loves its mother here? If husband and wife are united there as here? I wonder if Katie still loves those she loved in this life? If she will be a ministering spirit in the home she lately left? If she will not reply to her own questionings regarding the Morning Land?

Attention, Subscribers!

Any subscriber failing to get our paper in due time, after subscribing, will confer a great favor by informing George H. Jones, Secretary, P. O. drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill., of the fact, stating his name, post-office address, town and State, the time of subscribing, amount of money paid, and to whom paid. Much trouble and unpleasant feelings will thus be avoided by prompt attention to the suggestions in this notice. All letters relating to subscriptions for the paper, should be addressed as above.

Certificate.

To all whom it may concern, that the First Spiritual Society of Berlin, Wisconsin, reposing special confidence in our Brother, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, as a public lecturer, do hereby grant this certificate of fellowship and recognize him as a regular minister of the Gospel, and as such authorize him to solemnize marriage in accordance with law.

Given under our hands at Berlin, Wisconsin, this 18th day of February, A. D. 1866. J. F. HAMILTON, Dr. C. E. PHELPS, E. SMITH, N. WHITMAN, Board of Trustees. J. WEBSTER, Secretary and Treasurer.

Convention of Spiritualists in London.

The editor of the Spiritual Times proposes a Convention of Spiritualists in London. John Murray Spear, in a note to the Times, writes:

It is remarkable that while the American Spiritualists have been holding numerous, large, and useful Conventions for more than twelve years, that none have been held in this country, save the one last year at Darlington. Should there be a desire for a Spiritual Convention in London, I should be most happy to aid it in whatever way I may be able, and would propose the consideration of the following themes:

- I. Of the relations of man to the spiritual world.
II. Of the position of woman.
III. Of education.
IV. Of the relations of the Old World to the New, especially of Great Britain to the United States.
V. Of the need of a new social state.
VI. Of the dissemination of Spiritual publications, the establishment of Lyceums, the encouragement of mediums and teachers.
VII. Of combinations of Spiritualists with other reformers.

The Davenports in Ireland.

We learn from the Spiritual Times (London), that the Davenports have held very satisfactory seances in Dublin.

The Fish Times has the following sensible remarks to begin with:

The Davenports, respecting whom so much has been written, have visited Dublin, and last evening held a seance in the Queen's Arms Hotel, Upper Sackville street. That they are possessed with mysterious power, bordering almost on the supernatural, would appear to be undoubted. The phenomena which they present astound the audience, and defy all efforts at discovery. It is better to abstain from the expression of any decided opinion as to the agency employed in the manifestations, and simply relate what one has witnessed.

Spiritualism.

A correspondent in the Hardin Sentinel, writing of Spiritualism, says:

"They stand to-day foremost, the very vanguard, in the advocacy of all the rights of man, without regard to color or nationality, and they will never flinch from that position through all the perils and sacrifices of a bloody civil war. They number five millions of souls in the United States, and it is well if the friends of freedom do not provoke animosity where they will ever long demand friendship. This need not, and should not, discourage full investigation of the claims of Spiritualism, but counsels such temperate and dispassionate discussion, as shall leave the disputants still friends and co-workers for right and truth."

Book Notices.

A new Poem by a new Author! Manomin: a rhythmic Romance of Minnesota, the Great Rebellion, the Minnesota Massacres, by Milton Coloney. For sale at this office. Price \$1.25 per copy; 16 cents extra by mail. Address P. O. Drawer 6325, Chicago, Illinois.

"Manomin" is an eventful history written in verse, of the Thorntons. The reader first makes the acquaintance of this family in Syracuse, N. Y. It is one of the cheerful, happy families one loves to meet in the world's highway. Having once met Richard and Esther, we dislike to lose sight of them and their beautiful children, so we follow them through darkness and light; through peril and prosperity, even to the end—shocking end. "Manomin" is a child of the forest, a dusky child of St. Nature, artless, true, noble and loving.

To appreciate the book one must read it—read it through.

To give the reader an idea of Mr. Coloney's style, and merits as a writer, we subjoin a little poem written by him. It is a sweet heart song:

A DEPARTED HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.
Oh! Lou, my Lou,
We are waiting for you,
Where love does not—where hearts are true,
O'er the amethyst hill, in the land of rest,
Where sorrow is not—where all are best,
In a beautiful home in the inner sky,
We are waiting for you, Lou, Carrie and I.

Oh! Lou, my Lou,
We are waiting for you,
With a delicate robe of ethereal blue,
And a circlet of gems—the seal of the sphere,
You will enter, dear Lou, when you come to us here,
In the beautiful City of Light, on high,
We are waiting for you, Lou, Carrie and I.

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.

AGE OF THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.—Mahmud Bey, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, has published an interesting treatise, with the view of proving their dates from their connection with Sirius, the Dog-star. The late viceroys, Said Pasha, ordered him to work out his problem. He found the exact measurement of the largest to be 231 metres to the base, and 146.40 from the ground to the apex. Hence it follows that the sides are at an angle of 51 degrees, 45 seconds. Mahmud Pasha found that the angles of the other three pyramids, near Memphis, were on an average inclination of 52 degrees. The fact that the sides of these monuments are placed exactly true to the four quarters of the globe seemed to point to some connection with the stars, and Mahmud Bey found Sirius sends his rays nearly vertically upon the south side, when passing the meridian of Ghizeh. He then found, on calculating back, the exact position the stars occupied in past centuries—that the rays of Sirius were exactly vertical to the south side of the Great Pyramid, 3900 B.C. Sirius was dedicated to the God Sothis, or Toth Anubis; and hence the astronomer deduces that the Pyramids were built about 3900 B. C., a date nearly coinciding with Bunsen's calculation, who fixes the reign of Cheops at thirty-four centuries before Christ.—London Builder.

Thad. Stevens is now in his seventy-third year. He was born in Caledonia Co., Vermont, in April, 1793; graduated at Dartmouth in 1814; went to Pennsylvania as a lawyer; was in the State Legislature five years; called commissioner in 1836; in Congress from 1849 to 1853, and again in the House in 1852, and has been there ever since.

A colored belle, called the "Venus of Cairo," is about to appear in Paris, in tragedy. She is said to be the daughter of a rich merchant, and her turnout in the Bois, with the Mameluke page, attracts no little attention.

Personal.

Our sister, A. Wilhelm, M. D., may be addressed in care of W. Brown, P. O. box 503, Quincy, Ill.

Mr. George W. Williams, a young man of Milwaukee, a teacher in Bryant & Stratton's Commercial College, and Mrs. Sarah C. Dickinson, who devoted her time and energies to the aiding of sick and wounded soldiers in the field and hospital during the late war, were duly elected Conductor and Guardian for Groups in the Milwaukee Lyceum at its organization on Sunday the 11th inst.

E. L. Wadsworth is stirring the people to action this month in Milwaukee. A Lyceum is already organized and a general interest awakened. Bro. Wadsworth is doing a good and lasting work wherever he goes.

Dr. H. Slade.

Will be at the Sherman House on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th, 21st and 22d insts.

He will prescribe for invalids during the day, and hold evening circles. His circles are in the light. No one who visits his circles will charge him with deception.

Farm for Sale.

Any of our readers who may desire to purchase a good farm, could not do better than to examine the advertisement, in our columns, of D. S. Frack's. The location is excellent, the land fertile, and we doubt if a cheaper or better farm can be found in the country. Read his advertisement for yourselves. You can do no better in the purchase of a home.

Hudson Tuttle's new book, "The Physical Man," is selling rapidly.

Ohio is the only State that came out of the war with less debt than she went in with, the principle of taxation having been adopted even in the darkest hours. The State debt is now \$13,500,175 against \$14,250,233 in 1860.

Deaths.

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

Passed on to the inner life on the 4th of February, 1866, HARRY, youngest son of Louis and Julia Belrose, of Philadelphia.

If it be true, as the Ascetics have affirmed, that a life of intense and protracted suffering purifies the soul and prepares it for the higher conditions of the after life, this young lad will surely have admission to the realms of the purified.

Without admitting that this is necessarily the case, we believe that every condition of life has its compensation; that there is no cloud, however dark it may appear to our vision, that is not "silver lined" and golden crested on the other side, and it is our position that reveals alone the darkness, and while our lives here may thus seem clouded, angels are basking in a sea of light and glory, where the radiance of the inner life falls upon the cloud which obscures our vision.

This young lad had long been the victim of a painful disease which at length opened death's flower encircled doors, and enabled him to pass along the dark path which mortal feet must tread before they can emerge into the glorious sunlight of heaven.

There are few more cheering and beautiful revelations presented in our religion than that which teaches that, while we shall carry with us into the inner temple of life forms which shall be known and recognized, we shall lay aside their physical bodies which are so liable to pain and suffering, and there in the radiant home of the loved ones, shall find not only rest but new and graceful forms in which we shall journey onward through the life that opens before us in beauty. To those who have watched over this darling boy, the consolations of our religion have been most grateful and sustaining, and while we know that his familiar voice shall no more fall upon our external ears, and a vacant chair and lonely fireside must for a time bring regret, still we have the full consciousness that all is well with him; that he was received into the arms of loved ones and is now hovering near us.

It is a beautiful thought as we pass along beyond the meridian of life's dusty road, to feel that whenever a circle is broken here a new attraction is formed in the higher life.

One by one the links that bind us so strongly to earth are removed, and we feel that these are fastened to the great chain that draws us upward to the higher life.

How false has been the estimate of death, painted as the King of Terrors, and by many regarded as the only certain event which the coming future shall bring to all of us. While life is the only reality and death is a mere incident in its course, which though it may remove from us the outer garment by which we have been known and recognized here, it does not produce the radical change which has been attributed to it. We believe that the new born soul is ushered into a larger field of life by the removal of the material form, and is still in conditions very similar to those from which it has passed, except the more external ones which belonged to the material body. The attempt to separate the two lives has made the feat of death one of the most terrible things which afflict the human mind. Life is one continuous stream, like a little spring rising in obscurity upon the mountain side, increasing and gathering strength as it rolls down, at times leaping in cataracts, and then marking its quiet and peaceful course by the rich verdure which lines its banks, then becoming a mighty and majestic river on whose tidal waves floats the busy commerce of life. Thus we may trace its till it leaves the shores of time and is lost for a season to our view in the vast and limitless ocean of eternity—but we know that it is only apparently lost; the veil which has heretofore obscured the vision of humanity like that of the ancient Jewish temple is rent in twain and the after life is no longer—"That bourne from whence no traveler returns." But at times when wearied with the busy turmoil and strife of this life, we can turn aside from these and enter into the inner temple of the soul, and there move in the great arcana of life and feel the heart throbs of our loved ones, and hear again their familiar voices.

The lesson of death is a most solemn and impressive one to all of us. When thus the gate of heaven is opened for the birth of a spirit, there comes to us a pure and holy baptism in which we are drawn not only into nearer relationship to those loved ones who have gone before us, but our souls are lifted into a purer atmosphere, and as "we feel drawn closer to each other," our sympathies go forth to the entire brotherhood of man.

A simple and pure child of nature an Indian maiden known as Shenandoah, came through Mrs. Cora Daniels to the writer and gave the following lines. They seem so appropriate that we append them here:

When the darkest clouds of sorrow,
Gleam above each bright to-morrow;
And the violets are dead,
When the little children tread;

When the sounds of bitter woe,
Sweep through all the vales below;
When the morning's golden beams,
With a deepening shadow gleam;
When all sounds of deep distress,
And earthly loneliness,
Visit every heart below,

Then to free them from their woe,
Gleams a golden star above,
'Tis the star of human love.

HENRY T. CURLE, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

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 Hardinge, besides much other very interesting matter. The following subjects are treated of in a masterly manner, viz:—

- 1. Astronomical Religion.
2. Religion of Nature.
3. The Creator and His Attributes.
4. Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny.
5. Sin and Death.
6. Hades, Limbo and 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 Donely.

For sale at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, Post Office Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill. To 75 cents.

Church's Seances.—Mr. W. T. Church, physical and lost medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 992 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. 10-1f

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

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

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. Seeking to be cured, he will hand you more certificates of cures than you would find time to peruse. He gave us a few copies of some performed within a few days, and for the benefit of the afflicted, we publish them. We are satisfied from what we saw that the doctor takes no certificates without the cure is certain. Read the following:

For the benefit of afflicted humanity, I desire to state that my wife, Mrs. A. B. Thomas, has been a sufferer from Prolapsus 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.

WESTFIELD, MARQUETTE CO., WIS., Nov. 1, 1865. C. THOMAS.

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, 201 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. 13th, 1865, and in one treatment by Dr. Persons, he was entirely relieved. My post office address is Chicago, Door County, Wis. JOSEPHINE B. SMITH.

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

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall—entrance on State street.

Charles A. Hayden is employed as speaker until the first of March. Hours of meeting at 10 1/2 A.M. and 7 1/2 P.M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday at 11 A.M. and 7 1/2 P.M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, at the Washington Lyceum. 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 33d street, near Broadway.

Mr. J. G. Fish is the speaker 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 A.M. and 7 1/2 P.M. The hall and rooms are open every day in the week as a Spiritualists' depot for information, medium's home, etc., etc. All are invited to come, and make themselves at home.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. Madison Allen, 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, Hopedale, Mass.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker, will receive calls to lecture on the Harmonical Philosophy. Please address him at Rochester, Olmstead county, Minn.

Lovel Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgewille, Ohio, will respond to calls to lecture.

M. Beck, inspirational speaker, will speak in Middlebury, 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 Middlebury or Kingsbury, N. Y.

C. C. Blake, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture in different parts of West up to recreation and human 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 Pittsburg, Conn.

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, will answer calls to lecture. Address Forestport, Onondaga Co., N. Y., care of Horace Foster.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. L. K. Conoley 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 send in these places as may be desired. Will take subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and act as agents for the sale of spiritual and reform books. Address L. K. Conoley, Vineland, N. J.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Rutland, Vt., P. O. Box 110. Mrs. Jeannette 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, Rutland, Conn.

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

Francis Jackson Davis can be addressed, as usual, at 274 Canal street, New York. Dr. E. G. Dunn, P. O. Address, Rockford, Ill.

Dr. H. P. Fairchild will answer calls to lecture in the Eastern, Middle and Western States. Address Berlin, Wis. Will receive subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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 on attend circles. From circles Wednesday evenings. Address, Washington Village, South Boston.

J. G. Fish will speak in Ebbitt Hall, N. Y., during March in Boston the last two Sundays in April; in Lowell, Mass., during May and June. Address as above. C. Augusta Fish, trance speaker, box 1836, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Wm. Fitzgibbon, the well known Central American traveler and lecturer on the "Lost Races, Ruins and Antiquities" of this country, will answer calls to lecture through Pennsylvania and the Western and Southwestern States on the subject of Human Electricity, as connected with the Physical Mediumship through the mediumship of Miss Ella Vanvorle 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 strict control, upon diseases and their causes, and other subjects. Address Dr. D. A. Gallion, Healing Institute, Kookuk, Iowa.

Mrs. Laura De Vere Gordon, Hamilton, Mo., care of C. E. Gilman, Vaq. N. E. Greenleaf will speak in Haverhill during December; in Plymouth, Feb. 11 and 18. Address as above, or Lowell, Mass.

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

L. P. Griggs, 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 Communicating Life. Address, Haverhill, N. J.

J. B. Harrison, formerly minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, Kendallville, Noble Co., Ind. Dr. Jos. J. Hallinger, Trance Speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, or to organize circles during week day evenings, in any part of this country. Will also organize Lyceums, and speak, either entrusted or in his normal condition. Can be addressed at 26 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. Houghton.

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

George E. Kirtidge, will answer calls to attend public circles and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Address, Grand Rapids, box 592.

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

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

Leo Miller will speak in Richmond, Ind., through February; in Detroit, Mich., through March; in St. Louis, Mo., through April. Address as above, or 22 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism Sundays and week-day evenings in Western

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.

INVOCATION.

Our Father, accept the thoughts of the hour. Be with them as they mingle with the thoughts of our brothers and sisters. Impress upon them the sincerity of our souls. Inspire them with our most earnest desires, and enable us all to realize Thy love, Thy goodness, Thy perfection. In sorrow as in joy, may we feel Thy presence, and may Thy light penetrate the gloom and the sadness of all our experience.

Infinite Father, realizing Thy goodness, we would look with a forgiving spirit upon our brothers and sisters, who to-day look upon Thee as a Father of revenge, following the misdoings of Thine own children with the darkest of penalties—an eternal punishment. May they be enabled to look upon Thee as the Spirit of life and light which governs all things. May they realize that Thou, as a father of infinite goodness and Thy Creator, created not to destroy for Thine own pleasure. We feel that in Thine own good time Thou wilt bring them to a more perfect sense of Thy purity, Thy love, and Thy tenderness, as an ever-watchful parent. We thank Thee for that assurance that we feel in Thee. We thank Thee for all Thy blessings. We realize that Thou art our Father and our God.

FEBRUARY 7.

LEVI KENDALL, OF BELL AIR, OHIO.

Kind lady, I do not feel called upon to make any confession, and I am not going to. I have a kind father, a good loving mother, one sister, and two brothers. What I am going to say will be to them. I said that I should make no confession, but I will say I do not think I have done quite right. But I will do good enough in the future to make it all right. I am not going to make any atonement for the past, or try to make you any better than what you are. Open your eyes that you may see, and give your ears to listen, for I want you to know that I can talk to you. You say that moving tables around is electricity. I answer, if it is electricity, that it comes from a source or place that has intelligence. You make use of electricity for the purpose of sending your dispatches and messages from one point to another, and we make use of the same, and move bodies in response to questions. We both operate by the means of electricity, and we both have to be back of it. When I tip the table again, ask any questions you have a mind to. Keep truth on your side. If I am not on hand to answer, some one else will be. I do not want you to talk and laugh, and say it is the devil, because when you do that, you are very apt to get answered accordingly. When you give jokes, you must expect to receive them back. It is a poor sort of a person that cannot take a joke when he would give one. If you go in for that which is true, you will receive it in response. You think it is because we have nothing else to do that we take all this pains to tell you something. But that is not so. My father's name is James Kendall. Send this to him at Bell Air, Ohio, and 'twill be all right.

[The following communication was written through the hand of the medium while in the trance state.]

JANE WHIPPLE, OF NATECH, MISS.

I am happy, dear mother, I want you to listen to me. I want to tell you many things. Send this to Natchez, Miss., to my mother, Ellen Whipple. My name is Jane. That is all I can write at this time. My dear mother, may God bless you.

FOR ARABELLA PENDELETON, ROXNEY, MISS.

That spirit made the medium's arm ache, trying to write to her mother. I don't like that old-fashioned method of communicating. I can talk as fast as you can write, and you can write as fast as I can talk. We do things quick here. We are not dead; we don't go with our faces all pulled down a long ways.

When you are decomposed, as I have been, you will be all right—you will be up and doing, up and talking, up to everything. I want to tell you one thing. Everybody is refined, in a certain sense. Even some of the wickedest persons are refined for the sphere in which they dwell—even though they are acquainted with the lowest dregs of infamy that you could find in this world.

I do not know as you like to see Secessionists come here. I had the best kind of a right to be one. It is in America that the people are free and equal. Now I am not going to let anybody pitch into my rights. If I have a thing, and have the name of it, it is mine according to the rights of the Constitution. The Bible upholds slavery, and what is the use of finding fault with that book. According to it, we have proved our right to hold slaves. Well, the rebellion is all over now, and I would like to see you take care of them. See if you will do any better by them than we did. I see any quantity of them starving and driven to stealing. You won't take care of them, because you have no interest in them. [Can't they take care of themselves?] They can't do it. I think they are dependent upon the civilized race, or there would not have been any such a thing as slavery. Do you know General Bragg? [We have heard of him.] Well, never mind; I would like to see you take care of the niggers on your hands. I sacrificed my life in that struggle, and I believed it was right. You will regret the course you have taken. You will find that the niggers are not such nice pieces of parlor furniture after all. I cannot talk in accordance with your ideas of the nigger, and have encroached on your liberality. [Not in the least, it is our business to listen patiently and record whatever is given by spirits.] They told me that Southern as well as Northern ideas could be advanced here. I hope the cursed Abolitionists will get enough of the colored population after a bit. My wife and child are needy, but I think she has too much pride to let any of the Abolitionists know her sufferings. I think I have said enough to let her know how I feel, and the chance I have of coming back.

FROM LEVI AND ANNA, OF THIS CITY, TO THEIR MOTHER.

Mother, though all your friends and acquaintances, and even your own children, be against you, stand firm in the principles of right, and your son Levi and daughter Anna will be with you in spirit. We see how unpleasantly you are situated. We see the antagonism with which you have to contend. A few days more and that will vanish like the dew before the morning sun, and you will be enabled to realize more fully the beauties of this world, to which you will eventually come, and are already interested in. We will be with you; we will welcome you to this grand immortal

plane of life. We will bring to you from the crystal fount pure knowledge, and when you have quenched your thirst, you will be enabled to exclaim, "Oh, our Father and our God, Thy ways are mysterious—Thou art love." Your measure of happiness shall more than balance every hour of pain.

My mother resides here in this city. She receives your paper every week. When her eyes fall upon this she will know who it is from.

Mother, I would not try to bring those around you to an understanding of Spiritualism, for it wears upon you, and brings sadness, and is of little use to them. The time will come, but not until you have come to us, that they will appreciate all that you have said on the subject. I would not suffer myself to be made unhappy by their unkind remarks concerning this beautiful philosophy. We have gathered a lovely wreath for you, dear mother. It shall be kept fresh and green to adorn thy careworn brow. We are happy that we can talk to you. The feelings that you often speak about are caused by spirits trying to manifest themselves to you. Often, very often, we are trying to make you realize our presence. We are glad that we have passed to this plane before you, because we now can welcome you. We have been here so long we shall be able to bring you many rich truths, which, perhaps, no one would have offered you except your dear children. Good bye, dear mother, for this time. May the good angels be with you.

This letter is for our mother—for her benefit alone, and from what we have said she will recognize us. You will need to give no further thought upon this subject—in regard to her place of residence or name.

FOR RACHEL WINSLOW, PORTLAND, ME.

I have come now. They told me I might have this chance by-and-by. Now I have got it. I lived with my aunt. Does she know Portland in the State of Maine? [Yes, I know there is such a place.] Well, that is where my aunt lives. Will she send this letter to my aunt, Rachel Winslow? [Most certainly. Is not your aunt a Quakeress?] Yes, she is one. When I died, aunt said that I would go to my mother, and I did; I went right away from my sickbed to my mother. My name is Catharine. They called me Katy. I lived with my aunt ever since I was a little bit of a body. I was six years and a half old. We have a nice pretty home here, and mother takes me to see aunt Rachel often.

We see thee reading, amny, and thee does not know it all. We hear thee sing; thee holds back thy head like this, [imitating], and looks up and s-n-g-s, and then we hear thee. Mother says that is when thee is happy. Thee does not let folks hear thee sing; thee thinks thee is all alone, but thee is not. I want to tell my aunt that I did go to mother. That is what I wanted to come back and talk this little for. [Taking up the reporter'sshaw], which was drab. This knows the folks that wear bonnets of that color, and white handkerchiefs put across so? [Laying the hands of the medium across her bosom.] That is the way my aunt dresses. My name is Katy, and that is my mother's name, too. Good bye, lady.

JOHN TUTTLE.

My last words were, "Oh, my God, I am shot." My name is John Tuttle. I was shot, and I felt no regrets for it. I feel that I died in a good cause—one of the best of causes, and that was for my country. Although I was shot, I am yet living. My captain wrote to my wife, and said these were my last words. I wish I could feel positive that you would send this letter to Mrs. Mary Tuttle, Eleroy, Illinois. [We will do so.]

FOR SARAH SMITH, OF KNOXVILLE, ILL.

I shall trouble you with only a few words, but what I do say I want you to send to my family. I have been told that you would, and that it was for that purpose that you are here. My family are in Knoxville, Ill. My name is Smith. I want this to go to Sarah Smith of Knoxville. I passed through death, and found things on this side better than I expected.

I am told by my friends here that you will get this letter—that this woman will send it to you. When you get it I hope you will not turn it off as an impossibility, that I, your husband, should take cognizance of that which passes upon the plane where you are. Our little daughter Ada will make a good medium. I do not want you to oppose the influences that will manifest themselves to you through her organism. It is to prepare your minds for her unfoldment that I speak. There will be different phases of mediampship; many of them you will not be able to understand. I want you to bear this in mind, that I, her father, will be with her and you, too. I will not harm her in any way. She will write and speak, and you will get some physical manifestations. I shall be glad when that day comes, so that I can converse with you every day.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Is Spiritualism Christianity?

A. Most certainly it is, for it teaches the true Christ principle, "love one another."

Q. Are there many minds prepared for such a phase of Christianity?

A. Yes, there are many minds—many that dare to come out and express it; others are prepared interlorly, but have not the courage to come out and say so. Their convictions are right, but they are not sufficiently prepared to stand the pressure of the world, and defend their principles. Those who have the moral courage to stand out in the defence of such truth, will strengthen that portion which dares not do the same.

Q. Please explain the philosophy of healing by laying on of hands?

A. We have stated that all forms of disease are positive, and when persons become diseased they become negative to that disease, whatever form it may be. Now, when they come in contact with a person that is positive to that disease, you will readily perceive that the complaint can be removed. The laying on of hands enables the life elements of the sick persons to regain an equilibrium throughout the system. The positiveness of the sick person is restored, and disease departs.

Q. Will the teachings of Spiritualism free the human family from all forms of bondage, spiritually and mentally?

A. Spirits would instil into the minds of the children of earth this one common idea, which is, to live up to their highest convictions of right. By so doing they will wrong no one. We would have all governed by pure and holy love, which will elevate the human soul.

FEBRUARY 6.

GEORGE, OF GALENA, ILL.

Now this is fun. Ha! ha! [Examining the medium's hands.] This ain't me! It is me, too. Ain't this fun? Don't you know what fun is? Ha! ha! I had a body down on earth, where people are born, and where they die. Do you suppose I will die

again? Ain't this fun?—got a body again that ain't mine. That is nice now.

See, mother, I have got a body again. I am not writing this letter myself. There is a lady here doing it for me. Ain't that nice—just as nice, mother. Everything is nice around her, and I have got a body with a dress on. I have no pants or coat on—that is what makes me laugh so, because I have a body, and my body has a lady's dress on. Ha! ha! This is a nice body, but not as nice as the body I had at home, though. It is not because I have not a good place to live in that I come back to you, but it is because I have got such a nice place, and such nice things that I want you to know all about them. That is why I come from my home. It is just as pleasant as it can be. But ain't it fun to come back and have another body that has got a dress on? Ha! ha! I guess you would laugh, mother, as hard as I do, if you could get into a body that has got a man's clothes on instead of your own. I am just as happy as I can be. [How do you like the female attire?] Why, I think I am a woman now. Mother, I always thought you looked a awful nice in your dresses, and used to wish I could have one on like yours, and now I have got one; and I am going to send a letter to you. You will read it and say, "Oh, George is not dead at all!"

My name is George. Everything in this house [examining things] is fixed up just as pretty. This is a nice great building. You won't mind dying, mother, when you know that you can have a body that you can go right into and then can talk to your friends. I was sick—sick and died—but now I am not dead at all. You think I am dead, but I am writing a letter right off to you now. Will you send this letter to my mother? [Oh, yes, that is our intention.] Can I talk just as I have a mind to? [Certainly, that is what makes your letter interesting. I never wrote in that way. [Examining the reporter's notes.] Can you fix that out all right, and will you send it to my mother in Galena? [Yes. She will be glad to get it. She will be glad that George is not dead.]

I have one sister where I be. Let me see, there used to be seven of us; take two from those, and there would be five left. Now, I want to tell my mother about my new clothes. I had some new clothes just when I took sick. Mother has brushed them all up, has put them all away to keep—would not let anybody wear them, because they were mine. She need not feel bad one bit. I have got nice things—prettier ones than they were. She need not keep those clothes at all. I shall never want them. [How old are you?] I was fourteen when I died. My mother's name is Elizabeth Kellogg. She lived in the west part of the city. Father will think this is not me if I don't say something to him. He will want to know if there are schools here. He was always telling me to go to school and be a smart man. He thought if I went to school, I would be smart. Now I want to tell him that I do go to school, and nice schools we have. We can study anything we want to. There is nobody to make rules if you don't do just so, and the teacher don't pray.

Will you tell this lady whose body I am in, that I thank her? Tell her I will gather lots of nice things for her—bunches of flowers—and I will remember her all the time, because she will let me write a letter to my mother. Mother, don't think strange that I talk to these folks right here. I cannot help it; if you was here I would talk to you all the time. What year is it now? [1866.] I have been here most three years. [Counting his fingers.] I think I died in November. I guess it will be three years next November. Good bye, mother.

SAMUEL COOK, OF BALTIMORE, MD.

Talk about doing away with Christianity. I think those who talk in that way have very little idea of the true or exact condition of individuals on earth. I think there is need of more Christianity; but I would have the right kind. I would have that kind that would make all people understand that their own immediate relatives and friends were present with them, and that they need not live in fear of God.

Then I would have another idea prevail in Christianity and that is, when a person wrongs another, he wrongs himself most. The wrong is in himself. I would not have any one think that after death God will give him eternal punishment for doing wrong. I would have a different kind of Christianity for the masses—a Christianity that could be felt everywhere. I would not have them subscribe to creeds and dogmas, or church organizations. I would have a Christianity that would do them good, and be for their best interests, both present and future. Another thing I would have in that Christianity is this, that all acts that persons commit should fall upon themselves; that there should be no possible chance of escaping them, or of making a transfer of them to the devil.

Now, perhaps you will think I am saying a little too much. Since I have entered the spiritual plane of existence, I can see that I would not advance for the world, the idea of doing without Christianity; but I would have the right kind of Christianity. People should be Christlike in their everyday acts. Now, my children, I used to reason somewhat after this fashion before my death. Since then I have seen "the need of more practical working in Christianity. I would have people cultivate the spirit of forgiveness, love for one another, and the rendering of good for evil.

I know that this nation has just passed through a great and mighty conflict. I suppose if I had staid in my body I should have been with the Southern party. My interests were there—my friends were there. So it would be natural to suppose that my sympathies would be there also. I want to give the South the credit of killing slavery. You claim slavery to be a great curse—one of the greatest that ever the inhabitants of earth had anything to do with, or were cursed by. Now, if my brethren had never rebelled, slavery would have had an existence to-day. If it is a blessing to have it done away with, then it is a blessing that the rebellion came about. I want the South to have the credit of killing slavery. If they had never risen up in arms, the Constitution would never have been changed, and slavery obliterated from its pages. My home was in Baltimore. There lived many of my dear friends, who gave up their lives during the war. I have a daughter living in Baltimore that I talked a great deal with, from the fact that she claimed that slavery was wrong, while I did not believe it to be. She is now married—her name is Fitch. You may send this letter to Mrs. L. E. Fitch. If there was more Christianity and a better condition of things upon the earth plane, and if people were more enlightened in regard to what is best for them, there certainly would be a more intelligent class to enter the spiritual plane of life.

I am thankful that some of the children of earth have become sufficiently enlightened to be willing to listen to the voice of their departed friends. I am thankful that people have arrived at that point when they can declare what they sincerely believe. Although I said that my sympathies were with

the South, yet I have no unpleasant feelings towards the people of the North. I feel that both parties were impelled by a power outside of themselves to pursue the course they did. It was for the purpose of enlightening the minds of people and giving them a better understanding of the rights of every individual, that it came about. When I speak of the rights of every individual, of course I include the black race with the white. [Would you think it proper to give the colored people the right of franchise?] I can see no other way to avoid another rebellion. I see that the instant you consider them as possessing intelligence sufficient to maintain themselves and families, you must certainly give them the right of franchise. Since you have carried it thus far, I would say carry it still farther. If they are sufficiently advanced for that, they are sufficiently advanced to have equal rights, and to say who shall rule over them. My name is Cook—yes, you may say that it is Samuel Cook. It may be more satisfactory to those who know me. Let me thank you for your kindness.

BIRDICT, OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

Folks, I would like to know what is the use of feeling bad? Sympathy is a good thing sometimes; but it does not do to have too much of it. If you have too much sympathy for other folks, you will keep yourself in a perfect state of unrest, and there is no need of that. Your world is all right, and the folks in it are all right. Our world is all right, and the folks in it are all right, too. We can talk from one world to the other, and I guess that is all right, and it must be in accordance with the will of God, or He would not allow it. [The medium seeming to have a bad cold, the spirit was asked how he took such a cold?] He jocosely replied, I do not know, unless it was because I put on my thin boots! I do not wish to draw any of my friends into trouble while I am here, by bringing them into anything that is not popular! I would like to talk with you, but if you think it is not best, why I will wait until you come to the spirit world. But I think you would feel better if you would let me talk to you before you come.

I would like it if you would send this to Luther Riley, Liverpool, England, because everybody knows him. I wish you would also send one of your papers to my aunt, Margaret Bentley. I know what they will think about the papers.

Now, my friends, if you will not be so afraid you will be all right. I cannot say much at this time because everything I say goes right in for everybody to see, and that you would not like. I will speak of one thing. I had my left arm broken. Dr. Hathaway was the surgeon employed. You won't care if everybody knows that. There are no broken bones here, nor doctors, ministers or lawyers. There is no chance here to deceive. There is no use trying to deceive any one either, for you cannot do it. This may set you thinking. My name is Birdict. I wish you all the greatest success. Good evening.

ELEANOR COCHRANE, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

That is my name and place of residence. Yes, kind friends, I can talk to you through the organism that I have possession of. I have confidence in these ladies. I know that they will send you this message; so it will be just as well as though this medium was present with you. But there are many things that I should say to you if you were present, that I shall not now. I shall at this time simply inform you of my situation, whether I am miserable or happy. I want to tell you also of the many times that I see you in different places. I know of your idea of moving from where you are, thinking that you will better yourselves. Now, when I look ahead and see the place where you think of going to, I cannot advise you to remove. Be patient where you are; everything will come out right by-and-by. I shall be so glad when you get this, because then you will want to ask me a great many questions that I shall be glad to answer, and thereby save you a great deal of trouble, unhappiness and expense. You need all that you have got. You need to take care of it and not spend it unnecessarily. I know that you may think strange that I interest myself in matters of this kind, but I am just as anxious about your happiness now as I ever was. Death did not change my interest in your welfare in the least. Be as cheerful as you can. It will be but a little while before you will leave this cold unfeeling world, and come to dwell upon this more beautiful plane of life. I remember you one and all, and think of you with the same affection that I ever did, and if possible, with more. I died of consumption. Send this to my father, R. T. Cochrane.

FEBRUARY 10.

WILLIAM COOK, OF NEW YORK.

I got the first chance this time. You may very well believe that I am glad of it. I want to send my friends this letter. Will you make it out all right, and send it straight along? Now I hardly know what I want to say. What would be best? [Give us your ideas about the spirit world, and some particulars about yourself.] I am not going to preach—that is not my business. I will let the ministers do that; they will get pay for it, and I should not get any if I did preach. I have nothing in particular to say. I died of chills and fever. I had fever and chills and chills and fever; at last I had the chill of death, which sent me out of my old body, and I entered a new spirit body.

Well, my friends, you cannot see and understand how it is that I have a body. I have had a good long rest, and I wanted to rest, for I used to work hard. I thought a quiet rest after I came here would do me good, and I had it. Now I have got everything fixed up pretty nice, and all has come around right; so I thought I would come and send a message to you, after seeing how others did it. I know you will think all of them come from the devil. But when you realize the truth of this way of doing business, you will be on hand to hear what I have to say. I will give you my name, also the names of some of the folks.

It seems kind of nice to be right here where I used to be. What place is this? [It is Chicago.] I never was here when I was in the body. Is it a big city? [Yes, I believe it has nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants.] Are there many Spiritualists here? [Yes, about fifteen thousand.] Are they right smart folks? [Yes, they are the best educated class in this city.] I wish you would tell Miranda that the very best part of the people in this city believe in the Spiritual philosophy. Now that I will give her courage. After I leave this medium, I think that I will stop and look around your city. When Miranda comes to know the fact that the best portion of your people believe in mediums and spirits, she will think that it is not the devil after all! I am very much obliged to you for telling me that. Miranda has married again, but I do not care anything about that. She married again because she wanted somebody to take care of her and the children. She had to have somebody to bring in the money as I used to. She is my wife, if she is married again. I claim her still. I had the first right and title! Now, unless you give up your right

and title she does not belong to another, does she? [I should say certainly not.] Then she is mine yet. My claim is still good. I have four children—three boys and one girl. The girl's name is Julia. She is my pet.

Now let me see what other things I want you to write for me. [Thinking.] I cannot think of what I had. I got a good lot fixed up before I came here, but it seems to have left me. I declare I forget. Did I tell you who to send this to? [No.] Send it to Miranda Cook, New York City. My name is William Cook. She goes to the post office every day. I wanted to let her know where I am, and that I could come back. Tell her that I have had my rest and got around, and be sure and tell her what you said about the best folks believing in this business, and then she won't be afraid to look at it.

ARMINDA JUDD, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Strange, I never would have believed it possible that I could have taken possession of the organism of another, and given my thoughts through her. Truly, the ways of our Father are mysterious and wonderful. [Pausing.] I do not feel at ease. [We are accustomed to visits from spirits, do not be disturbed.] Thank you. I will not try to explain to you how it is or by what power I am enabled to converse with you. I will merely call your attention to the fact that I can talk. I am aware of your anxiety to know whether I am happy or not—whether I am conscious of an existence, and if so whether I can see you and am enabled to come near you. I see these questions in your mind. My joy and anxiety for you are the same as ever. My new spiritual home is far more beautiful than my earthly one. Every one seems to be happy, if the countenance is to be taken as an indication of the feelings within. I think I am not deceived when I say to you that I think all are happy. We are thankful that the way is open for us to converse with you—that there are mediums through which organisms can send our messages to earth. I say our messages, because there are so many around me that are here for the same purpose that I am—that is, to send a few words to their friends. I feel confident that after you read this you will do all in your power to make conditions favorable for me to talk to you at home. I know that you are stranger to this mode of communicating. But I hope that you will not be much longer in doubt with reference to it. I see you one and all. I see your different convictions. I see your trials. Many things seem to be perplexing and aggravating to you. I do not feel about such things as I used to, because I have confidence that all will come out right in the end. Do not mourn or visit the spot where my remains were interred. Rather gather around your table with some medium, and give me a chance of conversing with you. It will give you satisfaction and pleasure. Then when you visit the spot where my body was lain away, you will not shed tears for me, but think of me just as I am. I want you to see me and know me, so that you will no longer lament and sigh for me. Will you be kind enough to send this to Rufus Judd, New Orleans?

My father, I will try to come again through this medium if you desire it, and I feel that you will. If I should not, it will be because there are others waiting here that have not had an opportunity of speaking to their friends. From your loving daughter, Arminda Judd.

ELISHA HOLDRIDGE.

I want to say that the folks think that I have gone to hell. I want them to understand that if I have gone to hell, I had rather have my place than theirs. I had rather have my interior than theirs, for it is they who have hell; they carry it burning hot within their breasts. They have it in their power to accept the idea that a Creator created all things to his perfect will, and after having them formed all things, and pronounced them good—whose observation was so perfect that not even a sparrow could fall to the ground without his notice—after investing Him with such infinite power, they turn right round and declare that the beings He had created and pronounced good, had frustrated His plans to such an extent that He conceived it to be necessary to create a place, a bottomless pit, and fill that with fire and brimstone—mark the inconsistency, bottomless and yet fill it—in which to place all that He had created, who should by chance get the upper hands of Him. He must plunge them into that pit which you term hell.

Now I tell you that inasmuch as you admit the existence of such a place, in order to become truly convinced of its existence, you have only to shun the day of grace, pass through death, and receive your eternal reward by being cast into that place filled with molten lava; or, as you term it, fire and brimstone. Now I have sinned away the day of grace; I have passed through death, and your expectations had been fulfilled, I would now be in that pit so wisely and consistently arranged by the great Spirit, God. I have not found it yet, though, and inasmuch as I have passed through all that you held was necessary to find it, and have not yet discovered anything of the kind, I can safely say to you that hell is within your own breast. Hell is deep within that human soul which dare brand the Infinite Father with such unnumbered blasphemy. It is not strange that human beings that are endowed with hate and envy, should dare make such expressions and assert that such persons belong to God. I say it is not strange that that class of persons should believe in a hell, and should carry it right straight along with them, in their everyday life. You will find such persons constantly meddling or interfering with that which is none of their business. Now see if I am in hell, I have the satisfaction of coming back and giving you my ideas, and that is more than you ever attributed to God; that is more goodness than you will ever give Him credit for. You just bear in mind that He is all power, and if He is so, where then are you going to get the power of the devil? I tell you the fire is within yourselves. Now all of you who believe in hellfire I hope you will have a good time carrying it, and after you have carried it long enough, hope you will have a good time in quenching its flames. I have said this just because I wanted to. I said it because I know my church relatives will say it is the devil. They will say if I had not gone to the devil, I could not come back and talk to them. I would just like to have the pleasure of introducing them to His Majesty, if they had not already made his acquaintance.

I know you will say that I am severe. If I am severe, why then it is your course that has called it out. I want you to understand that I am all right, and if you are not right, why then make yourselves right. I went to California and led what they called a hard life. I was an infidel—that is all there is of that. I have been on this side a long time—fifteen years I think. I died in 1851.

I do not want this message sent to any one in particular. I want it to circulate for the general good. My name is Elisha Holdridge, let it go into the paper kind of accidentally. There are plenty of folks that know me.

The Martyr of Liberty.

From the straits to the home of the weary; They're borne into his own Western bowers; When the bird, and the bee, and the rose of the prairie...

He sleeps in the vale of his dear native river; His deep voice is hushed on the leafy shore; But the bloom of his glory will dwell there forever...

Letter from Dr. Mayhew.

DEAR JOURNAL.—In reply to the earnest inquiries of my many friends, as to my injuries and prospect of recovery, I am glad to inform them that I have delivered twenty lectures within the past three weeks...

How much better would it be if they would organize as Spiritual Societies, however few they may be, and thus form a nucleus in every place around which Spiritualists and free minds may cluster.

From there I went to Atlanta. Here, as well as in Lincoln, mine were the first lectures ever delivered on our beautiful, philosophic religion.

Books! Books!! NEW YORK AND BOSTON PRICES. FOR SALE BY THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

THE HEATHEN.—According to the New York Herald, there is a house in that city containing one hundred and thirty-five persons, besides nearly as many hogs in the cellar...

SISTERLY AFFECTION.—At a protracted meeting held not a thousand miles from Ballston Spa, an incident arose and relieved herself as follows: "I see young ladies here who seem to love gawds, furbelows, ribbons and lace more than their Creator..."

A LAW AGAINST WOMEN.—The Spider-Crab walks backward. Borrowing this creature's mossy legs, two or three gentlemen in Washington are seeking to fix these upon the Federal Constitution...

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Great Harmonies, by A. J. Davis, 5 vols, viz: Vol. 1. The Physician; Vol. 2. The Teacher; Vol. 3. The Seer; Vol. 4. The Reformer; Vol. 5. The Thinker.

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A. JAMES, THE MEDIUM ARTIST. THROUGH WHOM the design for the heading of this paper was given will send to any address, for 20 cents, a copy of the CHICAGO ARTISTIAN WELL, one of the greatest tests of spirit-power yet made.

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Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it a bud of noble beauty. Let the dew of knowledge, and the light of virtue, awake 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 swollen one pleasure, or subdued one pain, O who shall say that it has lived in vain!"

Baby's Castle.

By GEORGE COOPER.

Baby owns a tiny castle On the carpet plains of home, And its walls are woven willow. Fine within, from floor to dome; Shiny curtains at the window; Downy couch where baby dreams; Laces, too, that softly glimmer In the sunlight's golden beams.

That's the heritage of baby, And he holds it safe so grand, Mother says—if no one else does— "He's the king of Babylonia." Here he bravely fights his battles, When old puss would shilly creep Over guarded moat and turret, Just to curl herself in sleep.

All is still in baby's castle; Not the slightest noise we make; Surely, now the rogue is napping; Peep! the blue eyes wide awake! See! the dimpled arms are round us! Hear the "cooing" mild and low; May the angels keep you, darling, Everywhere your feet may go!

Baby's man-at-arms is mother, And she watches till day long; When his babyship would slumber, Then she sings a loving song, Soon comes "papa" home at evening, Storms the castle all so gay, Makes a prisoner of baby, Bears him joyfully away!

New York, January, 1866.

The Wonders of Nature.—No. 10.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE AGE OF GIGANTIC VEGETATION. One very cold winter night, as I threw more coal on the fire, I heard the very oft-repeated query, "Pa, when will you relate the story you promised me?"

It came from Rosa, who, seated on a low ottoman, was warming herself by the dull embers. "You shall hear it now," replied I; "not a moment longer shall you wait."

She had wheeled a large chair to me in her haste, before I had finished my short sentence, and proceeded to seat herself on a stool at my feet. "You said you were next to tell me of the age of the world noted for gigantic vegetation."

"Yes, and by a strange hap my story will be the history of the black stone-coal by which we now rendered so comfortable."

"Of coal?"

"Yes, coal; and now restrain your curiosity while I proceed, or we shall consume our hour in prelude, and never get to the story."

"That would be much like the opera—all prelude, as mamma says."

"Much like many of our conversations, in which I cannot get on with what I desire to teach you, for your questions. After the strange fishes, of which I spoke to you, had attained their growth, the land began to be clothed with plants. Before this period nothing but bleak, barren rocks presented their rugged surface to the rude elements. Perhaps they were tinged with a scanty growth of mosses, and a few ferns grew in the low wet hollows, but no trees or thickets of large plants diversified the landscape. Nourished by the damp atmosphere, and sending their roots into a slowly increasing soil, they grew larger and larger, until they became gigantic trees, and over all the lowlands bordering the water, dense forests waved in the breeze.

From the absence of air-breathing animals during this age, it has been inferred that the atmosphere was not like the air we breathe, but would have proved fatal to man or animals had they existed.

"You remember before Irish Jenny went down into our cistern, he set you into a fever of curiosity by just lowering a lighted candle down to the water, and it was instantly extinguished. Now the candle went out because a gas called damp by miners, and carbonic acid by science was mixed with the air. This gas is produced by the decay of organic matter and by the burning of coal and wood. The coal is almost pure carbon, all the properties of which you can understand by examining a fragment. The oxygen of the air unites with it, producing heat, and changes the hard black coal into a colorless gas, which is invisible."

"Plants breathe this gas and convert it back again to coal or carbon. You see how much larger they would grow in an atmosphere of this gas than in one in which it is nearly absent, like that which we breathe."

"The plants of that age must have been wonderful indeed."

"They were unlike those which grow at present. A poor idea can be obtained from their remains preserved in the rocks, of their beauty and diversity. I can give you a very inadequate idea of their form by a description."

"Last year I visited a coal mine; you recollect your mamma went with me, and told you how deep down into the earth we traveled on a little car, lowered by a chain. When we reached the bottom of the shaft, we were conducted by a minor along a long gallery. The floor was slate and the roof of the same. Large timbers were placed at intervals to support the roof, and for the same purpose columns of coal were occasionally left. It was very warm, and the miners were almost devoid of clothing. Each one had a lamp, by the light of which he worked. I recollect one old man, bent with age and with snowy locks. His countenance was sallow, like all those who are confined to subterranean labor. He said he was born in a coal mine in Wales, and began work when only five years old, and had passed his life beneath the surface of the earth. The old man consented to guide us over the mine, which was perforated like a bee's comb. I inquired for fossils."

"Oh, they are plenty," said he, "but nought to what they are in Wales."

"With his pick he brought down a flake from the roof, and when we examined it with the light of the lamp, between every pair of lamina (layers) of the slate we found fossil plants. It was like turning the leaves of a book in which plants are pressed."

"These leaves were almost exclusively those of ferns. The little fern, now scarcely raising itself above the ground, there grew into a tree 60 or 70 feet in height. It reared a smooth stem, at the summit of which spread a crown of leaves, like those of the palm."

"After we had searched a long time, we found the black impression of what is called a calamite. This was the ancient representative of the little scouring-rush, and reared its gigantic stem, like a tapering column thirty or forty feet in height.

"There is a stump in an gallery," spoke the old man, "na' half a mile hence."

"We will see it," said mamma, as eager as you are sometimes. "After a threescore walk through a gallery which barely allowed us to pass by stooping quite low, we came to the object of our search. It was the stump of a tree sending its roots down into the slate rock which formed the floor of the gallery."

"A stigmatia, and a beautiful specimen!" exclaimed your mamma. "See how finely the scars on the bark are left."

"An' the tree itself is here," spoke the guide. "And really there it lay, just as it was broken off by some rude wind a million years ago. There it lay like a column of a ruined temple, and as finely fluted."

"Yes; your mother said she thought she stood in the ruined temple of an ancient age, and beheld the wreck about her. One could not resist the conceit."

"The trunk is called sigillaria. All these plants were soft; more like weeds than woody-like trees. They probably grew on or near the spot where the coal is found. They grew very rapidly, and collected in vast quantities. Their remains are rarely found in the coal itself, but in the slate, above and below."

"As we came up from the mine, I could not throw off the impression that we had visited the tombs of the age of gigantic vegetation. "A coal bed consists of several layers of coal. There is, first, slate spreading out like this book. Now place another book on top of this, for a layer of coal; lay on another book, to represent the roof of slate; another, to represent a layer of sandstone; another for coal; another for limestone; and so on through an indefinite number of layers of slate, coal, limestone, coal, sandstone, coal, slate, etc."

"The layers of coal, or seams, are of various thicknesses; sometimes they are not an inch in thickness, and at others several feet. "Beds of coal exist in all countries, from the frigid to the torrid zone, showing that a torrid climate existed over the entire surface of the earth, for the plants of which the coal is formed are of a tropical character."

"The entire thickness of the several beds which lie above each other in the coal fields of Wales is 98 feet, and they extend over an area of 1,200 square miles. These would supply coal for 2,000 years."

"In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick there is a coal field 10,000 miles square. The Appalachian coal field contains 80,000 square miles; the Michigan, 12,000 square miles; the Indiana, 55,000 square miles; and in the territories of the West, coal mines in equally vast deposits. In many parts of these fields the entire thickness of the beds is over 100 feet, and single beds occur from 20 to 50 feet in thickness."

"You will thus see that, practically, these beds can never be exhausted, and the great benefit conferred on us by the exhaustless treasures is incalculable."

"Coal, applied to the production of steam, has been estimated to do the work of 400,000,000 men daily in England, and it cannot do much less labor in America."

"Coal has become our friend in lighting our cities, and thus preventing crime; and by means of the recently discovered oil wells, is conferring on us vast benefit by lighting every cabin in our land. The coal oil is probably distilled from the coal, in the earth, by volcanic fires, and thus it is to the coal we owe the blessing of light as well as warmth."

"But you tire of these dry details. I pass to more interesting themes. I have not told you how the coal was made. The plants which I have described, together with a great variety of others, grew on the flat lowlands bordering the sea; falling down to give place for others until thick layer was formed of their trunks and leaves. Sooner or later the land sank beneath the sea, and over the plants a layer of mud was deposited from the water, which formed slate. Thus one layer of coal grew. The land after awhile was elevated above the water, and a new forest of plants produced another bed of coal, and so on to the last. The pressure of the successive layers, together with heat, solidified the organic matter into the dense substance we call coal. The mud deposit would include all the floating leaves, just as I told you I found them in the slate."

"A very pleasing story, papa, but can you not tell me how the country appeared during this age?"

"A very strange landscape must have been presented. It is probable that neither the continents nor the continental mosses existed. An ocean spread around the globe, interspersed with low islands. These islands were clothed with dense forests of tree ferns, waving their long, feathery leaves of sigillaria, rising like beautiful columns from firm bases of matted roots, and crowned with a magnificent head of leaves like a noble palm. Other trees like palms were interspersed, while the Norfolk Island pine towered a hundred feet above the tallest sons of those primeval shades, throwing tier above tier of branches, a lofty pyramid of vegetation. Down to the water's edge the calamite grew in dense thickets mingled with aquatic ferns."

"A death-like stillness pervaded these forests. Not a bird enlivened the dreariness with its song; not an insect with the busy hum of its wings. All was silent, except where the wind lashed the ocean, or in tornadoes swept down the gigantic herb-like trees."

"If the atmosphere was such as conjectured, it was probably dark and foggy. The sun shone red and glaring, and the lurid moon and dim stars gave a feeble and ghastly light."

"Animal life was confined to the depths of the ocean; the coralline insect seemed most active. It flourished in the warm shallow seas of the coal, just as it does now in the genial Pacific ocean. During the ages when the coal was forming, it attached itself to every elevation in the bed of the sea, and lofty mountains were the result of its labor."

"Coral is simply a mass of jelly, but this jelly is endowed with life, and is capable of secreting the particles of lime in the water surrounding it; that is taking them up, and adding them to others already stored. By thus adding particle to particle, it builds reefs thousands of miles long and hundreds of feet thick in the Southern ocean, often seriously affecting navigation, and making the sea dangerous. Vast as the product of their labors at present appears, it will not compare with their products during the formation of the coal."

"But I have already told you more than you will remember."

"Tell me more, please," was her answer. "Wait," I said, "until to-morrow evening, and I will question you to ascertain how much of my story you have retained, and how well you have remembered it."

Young America in Pantaloes.

The St. Louis Republican gives the following part of a letter read by a friend from a daughter nine years old, who is now at a boarding school, abroad there because she was one of those who know too much to stay at home. We think she bids fair to become a perfect woman's rights woman."

"MY DEAR FATHER—I was very glad to hear from you, and hear you was well; but I was not a bit glad to hear that mother had a baby, because I was a boy; I should be very glad if it were a little girl, I should like to tell you what you ought to name him. I am going to choose a homely name, because I don't think boys ought to have pretty names. Boys are squealing all the time, you don't have one minute's peace while there is a boy baby in the house; but when you have a baby sister in the house you never hear it cry. Name him Peter; that is good enough for a boy. You must excuse me for writing so much about boys; the reason I wrote so much about boys is because I don't like them."

"LAZINESS CASES."—Some writer protests against the practice of separating male and female passengers on the railroads. This is a question that has two sides. If men will persist in smoking, chewing and spitting in the cars, or in putting muddy boots on the seats, there can be no business in a car with ladies, or gentlemen, either, for that matter. But here is what the correspondent says:

"That sorting out of folks; putting the ribbons in one ear and the whiskers in another; while it falls to profit the ribbons, is a positive damage to the whiskers, when it is not a positive slander. Pen me up together, and if they do not behave like cattle, I will be in spite of the pen. Ladies sprinkle through the cars keeping the entire train upon its honor, give the human, home-like look, refine travel, elevate the car, put the common carrier to an educator. "To have known a fine woman is a liberal education," is an old English utterance good enough for a proverb. But this segregating fashion is barbarous, and worthy of the Turks."

"A PARTICULAR IRISHMAN."—One of the city colorists of Cincinnati, some time ago, when engaged in distributing tracts among the poor, highlighted ones about the town, met with an amusing incident. Coming to an isolated building of humble pretensions, he opened the door without the ceremony of knocking, saying:

"Will you accept a tract of the Holy Land?" meaning the four pages of the letter press he had in his hand. The man of the house instantly replied:

"Yes, be jabers, a whole section if you give a good title; but I'd like to know if there be much fay'n' ague there to bother a poor devil?" The colorist retreated.

"Dad, I want to ask you a question," "Well, my son." "Why is neighbor Smith's saloon like a Confederate note?" "I can't tell you, my son." "Because you can't pass it." "Go right straight to bed, you young rascal, or I'll make a smash of you!"

"A drunken fellow, sitting on the steps of a church in Boston, the cold wind blowing chillingly around the corner: "If heaven (hic) tempest the wind to (hic) shorn lamb, I wish the lamb (hic) was on this corner."

"It is said that the only diamond cutting shop in the United States is in Boston."

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DRS. S. B. COLLINS & S. A. THOMAS, SPIRIT PHYSICIANS. Heal by the Laying on of Hands, LAPORTE, IND.

BREMER 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 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 your treatment, I found an improvement in my 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, or 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 state 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 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 CORNER, 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 through the treatment of Dr. THOMAS my sight is so restored that I can see to sew with satisfaction. Through his agency, also, my little babe was entirely relieved of Scrophula, which had afflicted it from birth. It was one mass of corruption, but through the treatment of Dr. Thomas it is now perfectly sound. Those suffering will do well to give the doctor a trial. No medicine used in either case. It was beyond my expectations. ADA KEMPTON.

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