

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
DEVOTED TO
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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

[SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

VOL. 1.—NO. 9.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

To the Night Wind.

BY MARY TUTTLE.

Oh! low-voiced, mournful night wind
Come breathe to me your sighs;
I love your wail for I am blind,
So fearful are my eyes.
Come tell me, have you blown to-night
Over a new-made mound,
Where sleeps a young girl robed in white,
In silence most profound?
Oh, tell me, have you seen to-night
While sweeping through the skies,
An angel clad in robes of light,
With melting sapphirine eyes,
And was she coming down this way
Where heavy shadows lie—
To break them with a gleam of day
Descended from the sky?
You tell me of the fragrant flowers
Which you have lately kissed;
Your breath is moist with pearly showers,
What of the one so missed?
You bring a dainty snatch of song
Like echoing melody;
The chirping of the insect throng;
The night bird's minstrelsy.
But oh, you tell me not a word
About the vanished one!
Alas! no murmur have you heard
From her—the silent one!
But you will sigh, and I must weep,
While all life's years go by,
Until I fall, like her, asleep
To waken in the sky.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
in the Second or Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS SPIRITUAL

EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
No. 624 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER IV.

SPIRITUAL STRENGTH—THE DEVELOPMENT OF A MEDIUM.

The best proof we can give of our power to control mediums, physically, is the power we possess and have so frequently manifested, of moving physical bodies, and producing the various physical manifestations. We have our strong men here on all three planes. Strong physical spirits, who are able to produce powerful manifestations, under proper conditions; and when these phenomena come to be better understood, it will be found that they have occurred in all ages, and that many of the mysteries of the former days that have been derided and ignored, simply because they were not understood, will be made plain and clear, and many points of history will be vindicated. We have our strong mental organisms, not only capable of comprehending great intellectual truths, but also of giving them to mortals, under proper conditions, and an understanding of this will furnish a key to unlock many of the mysteries of human history. And we have strong moral spirits who are equal to the reception and calling out of the highest principles that are in operation here, and also able to give a more or less clear perception of these to the children of earth and we have all these combined in individuals who are embodiments of power, that furnish a beautiful type and illustration of the omnipotence of Deity. To give as distinct an idea of these individual influences of spirits on mortals, we will trace the history of a medium. His parents were well developed physically, had a good share of intellectual power, and were actively engaged in the cultivation of their moral natures. Under these circumstances, at a period about fifty years since, they had attracted to themselves a fine mental organism with its accompanying soul, and the result was a physical system which, at birth, was above the ordinary standard, strong and attractive by its well marked lines and curves. For the first three years he was subject, as is usual, to influences mainly upon the physical plane, and we may say here that this period of life is the one in which there descends from the inner life the most physical influence, combined with a sweet and refining power that makes this class, even among the low and degraded portions of humanity, very often lovely and attractive; and it is only when the repulsive nature of the parents and those around them in the form, influences them to drive away the influx from the inner life, that these children come to be the rough, hard and uncouth members of the human family that are so common among the children of poverty and adversity.

The main object of these physical spirits in acting upon infants is to establish a strong physical frame as a basis of future power and greatness. Everything went well with our medium until at the age of three and a-half years, when he had a severe attack of measles, followed by inflammation of the lungs—for which he was treated in the most heroic manner by profuse blood-letting—but the life force was sufficient to withstand both the disease and the treatment, and he escaped death to be for years, pale, thin, and almost voiceless. He seemed now another child, and before him opened a different destiny. The strong physical nature of those early years gave place to the spiritual, which now assumed the supremacy, and thus marked a new era in his life. Strange visions flitted before his mind, even at that

early day, and some of those around him were eager to listen to the remarkable descriptions of these dream-like, yet real, visions of his youthful mind. His parents saw with feelings of regret these manifestations, which their religious views led them to think were evidences of a visionary and unsettled mind, and they discouraged this folly, as they thought, not knowing that it was spirits who came thus and painted visions on the young and plastic mind, not as mere fancy sketches, but as a basis for future wealth of knowledge. Sometimes these were beautiful and filled him with an ecstasy of joy. At others, they were deep and mysterious, but seldom were they painful in their character; and if his life was bright and joyous, it made but little difference to him whether he was mingling with genial companions, or reveling in these mystic and dreamy visions. Thus passed his early childhood. At school he was able to perform all his tasks and solve problems of deep and intricate character, without apparent effort, to the satisfaction of all his teachers, and often to their astonishment, for they were puzzled to comprehend the boy, and knew that invisible teachers were there ever ready to prompt and instruct him just as fast, and as far, as his capacity would admit of. He was active and industrious, for labor was not toil to him, but with little effort brought its reward. Up to this period there had been three prominent guardian spirits. First a strong female spirit, a relation of his mother, whose chief labors with him were on the physical plane, until the sickness alluded to, when his spiritual nature assumed the ascendancy, and another female spirit, also a relative of the mother, but of a more refined and spiritual nature, took the position of guardian. She held this until about the ninth year, when a gentle young male spirit came into the place. It is usual for a female spirit to have the care of male children until they are about seven years old, and then they pass under the care of male spirits; while female children are mostly under the care of gentle and loving male spirits, until about the same age. We speak of these being under the charge of one spirit, but there are no instances in which only one spirit is thus engaged. There is always around every child of humanity, no matter how poor and desolate, and lonely they may be on earth, a band of spirits; and of these, one is more nearly allied, and in closer rapport, with the child of earth, and this one is called the guardian spirit. There is nothing irksome in this guardianship; it springs from an inward attraction and love, somewhat similar to parental affection on earth, which makes all the duties and labors which spring from, and belong to this relation, light and pleasant. Here, too, the beautiful law of compensation, which is the foundation principle of eternal right and justice, operates and gives ample return for all that is bestowed, and no one ever does a kind or good act without feeling that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

A guardian spirit is never kept constantly employed around a single individual; there are always substitutes ready and willing to take the place whenever it is right and proper for them to fill it. We return again to our history of the medium. A plain, practical education was acquired with much ease, and, at the age of sixteen, a change again occurred in the guardianship. Two brothers, one elder and one younger, passed suddenly into the interior, and formed at once part of the circle around him. At this time of life, a more vigorous and manly spirit takes the helm on the interior plane, and the transition from boyhood to manhood occurs. The elder brother, a very noble and truthful spirit, was often now the guiding star. In the circle were several physicians, and some of the ancient philosophers at times mingled in their deliberations. It was decided by the spirits that there were traits of character and power, physical, mental, and moral, that made the healing art a proper pursuit; but circumstances on the outward plane, led him to acquire the knowledge of a mechanical pursuit. The impossibility of the system in this, as in most other cases, diminished during the next six years, though a powerful controlling influence was always maintained by those within. At the age of twenty-two he married, and after one short year of unbroken conjugal felicity, the wife of his love passed into the interior to join the band in that beautiful "home" where

"Brightest beams shall light the way,
To celestial endless day;
To that home where glories play,
Ever round the soul."

This sad event formed a new era in his life. The fire of a deep affliction melted away the hard crust that was forming around his gentle nature. The impossibility of his early life, and the visions returned, with far more beauty, and with deep and profound lessons of wisdom. Grand and beautiful, though still mysterious, these ever after continued; and now the decision that he was to become a physician was carried out, and success marked his career. An important event, that occurred just at the time when he had completed his collegiate education, gave a new turn to his life. A fellow student, one who had been strongly attached to him, passed into the inner life just as he had completed an honorable course, and had received the highest honor of the college. Edward S., of Maine, was a young man of rare intellectual endowments, and the highest mental culture and discipline had made him the leading mind of the class, a philosopher and a ripe scholar, far beyond his years; but he was not destined for earth, and in the spring of 1848, in the arms of his loved friend—our medium—his spirit winged its way into the interior, leaving many sad hearts to mourn the loss of one so worthy and so

well beloved. Now a new chapter began in the life of our medium. His religious education had been somewhat different from that which Edward had received, but both were liberal, and there was a strong bond of attraction between them; both were interested in similar pursuits and studies, especially were they absorbed in the great problem of life, its origin and objects. Our medium felt, as he gazed upon the beautiful, lifeless form of his young and talented friend, as it lay confined before him, "Oh, how sad to think that such intellectual powers and such a wealth of knowledge should be consigned to the grave and lost forever to humanity!" but a voice from the unseen land whispered, "It is not lost, and thou shalt find it to be so."

Edward, upon his entrance into the inner life, found a cordial welcome, not alone from his own circle, but also from that around our medium, and these were now all united, each new acquisition to the circle rendering its influence more direct and positive, as well as more extended. Time rolled on with its ceaseless changes. The year 1848 dates the beginning of a new era in the history of man and the philosophy of life. The physical manifestations of spirit existence and power again made their appearance, not as a new phenomenon, for they had long existed, but under more favorable conditions of humanity than at any former period. The Rochester knockings came sounding at the door of humanity, and bidding them awake, arise, and behold the dawn of a new and more glorious and beautiful day than the world had ever before witnessed, a day in which the sunlight from the mountain peaks of spirit life was to be poured over humanity with an effulgence that would not only lighten up the pathway of man on earth, but shed a blaze of light over the hitherto dark and dreary valley of the shadow of death.

The two worlds had been for ages gradually approaching each other; the partition walls were being broken down, but they had never before shaken hands in that positive and familiar manner which now began to mark the relations between them in many parts of this and other countries. It was no accidental coincidence that brought these things about. The race had been gradually and steadily growing more impressive, and this was the condition which was essential for the establishment of this intercourse. And while we freely admit that these sensations, physical manifestations are and must ever be the only bases, positive and incontrovertible, of the direct intercourse of spirits, still we know that this form of manifestation had long been in existence, and that it required the advanced and refined conditions of impressibility in many of the human family, in order to receive and establish these on that firm basis which they now occupy.

To proceed with the history of our medium. He was among the early investigators of this phenomenon, for reasons which will be apparent to all; it was to solve the riddle of his past life, and to explain that enigma which had not only puzzled him, but many others. His duties, as a physician, brought him into frequent contact with those who were developed in the various forms of mediumship, and from these were received many very beautiful and convincing tests, and also much valuable information; but we must observe that this course, though at first it seemed favorable to the development of his own mediumistic power, was not long so, and he was not only impressed, but specially directed, to give up this novelty-seeking disposition that led to a desire to see all the mediums and obtain all the different forms of evidence which they could give, and to sit quietly alone at regular periods; if it be but for a few minutes daily. This, with the knowledge that had been accumulating, brought back the visions with more splendor and beauty than ever, and many new channels of communication were opened. Not only were the leaders of the circle, in turn, able to communicate, but many other spirits were introduced, some of whom were able to give interesting details of their experiences in the inner life; and thus forty years' training brought him to a condition in which he could see and hear, and converse freely with spirits.

(To be Continued.)

THE NEWSPAPER.—Take the most thorough man of the world of your acquaintance—the man most perfectly versed in all that goes on in all conditions and ranks of life—and I ask you what would he be without his newspaper? By what possible machinery could he learn, as he sits at his breakfast, the last news from China, of the last ballet at Paris, the state of the funds at San Francisco, the winner at Newmarket, the pantomime at the Olympic, and the encyclical of the Pope?

Without my newspapers, life would narrow itself to the small units of my personal experience, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I meet with. As for the advertisements, I regard them as the mirror of the age. Show me one page of the "wants" of any country, and I engage myself to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period.—Lord Brougham.

There are three kinds of men in the world: the Wills, the Wonts, and the Can'ts. The first effect everything; the others oppose everything. "I Will" builds our steamboats and railroads. "I Won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense, while "I Can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of bankruptcy.

Dr. Johnson said of a widower, who was about to marry, that it was a remarkable case of hope over experience.

We should not forget that life is a flower which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to wither.

The manufacture of sugar from sorghum is now spoken of as a positive fact.

Words cannot heal the wounds that words can make.

Cora L. V. Scott in Washington, D. C.

This eminent lecturer made her first appearance before a Washington audience on Sunday, Nov. 5. The following notices, clipped from Washington papers, will show the view taken of her by newspapermen in that city:

SPIRITUALISM.—CORA L. V. SCOTT.—There was a crowd at Seaton Hall last night to hear and see the somewhat noted Cora L. V. Scott, "trance speaker" better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch. The platform was occupied by Cora, and by a tall gentleman, with a heavy beard, Mrs. Scott, slight and graceful of figure, with the bluest of eyes, and blondest of ringlets, falling from a finely formed head, far down over her shoulders, sat impassively behind a stand. Child-like in appearance, and with that air of delicacy and refinement, associated with such features, complexion, and color of eyes and hair—clad, too, in a plain, modest dress of gray, trimmed with black, and fitting close in the throat—she looked the impersonation of innocence and purity. Gazing at her it was difficult to believe that it was her name that was so bandied about, lately, in the New York divorce courts.

She commenced with an invocation to the Almighty, marked by felicity of phrase and purity of enunciation, but which, like the prayers of some other preachers, contained an amount of descriptive matter hardly needed for the instruction of the Omniscient Mind.

The address that followed, reminded one in its graceful, wondrous fluency, of John B. Gough; but nothing specially new upon her topic was brought out, if we may except her statement that Napoleon the First declares to Napoleon the Second what shall be the destiny of France, and that the spirit of Prince Albert is banded with endeavors to keep the peace between England and America. A better idea of the capabilities of the speaker was obtained, when, upon the close of her address, she invited questions upon Spiritualism. A number were made by the audience, and answered by her with such crisp point as to show that her powers were something above the mere fluency of recitation. The visible composure shown by her at times in the discomfiture of a too confident questioner, militated sadly against the idea of spiritual agency, and there was nothing whatever in her performance to indicate her a seer or anything more than a physically gifted, fluent, quick-witted woman—a John B. Gough in petticoats, in short.—Evening Star.

SPIRES OF GERMANY.—In the middle ages, no people seem to have so far mastered the art of construction as the Germans; although their French neighbors far excelled them in artistic design and graceful detail, yet to the Germans must certainly be allowed the palm for engineering skill. The bridge over the Moldau at Prague is perhaps one of the greatest engineering undertakings of the middle ages. It is 1,300 feet long, and has resisted the shocks of feebles with which the river is often checked, for 500 years. The old bridges of Wurzburg and Frankfurt are scarcely less remarkable. The principal objects, however, on which the Germans seem to have delighted to bestow their skill are the towers and spires of churches and town-halls. Vienna, Strasburg, Ulm, Landshut, Freiburg, and Tahn are the most important. There are, however, many less-known spires that are quite as beautiful, and exhibit quite as great constructive knowledge.

The towers of Prague and Wurzburg, viewed from a distance, give one the idea of a forest of spires; and at Wurzburg, in particular, they are grouped together in such a remarkably picturesque manner that one can scarcely believe that the whole town was not originally planned and built only to be painted. Lubek, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Landshut, and Erfurt, abound in spires; and, as some of these towers are decorated in very hilly country, they quite destroy the old theory that spires were only built in flat places.—Builder.

DIVORCES.—A Philadelphia paper says applications for divorce have greatly increased within the last few years in our city. It does seem astonishing what a hurry some people are in to surrender the sacred bond, who, a few months ago, were in just as great a hurry to take upon themselves the obligations and responsibilities of married life.

They die and write like mailed birds for a brief fortnight, and this third week are brought up before the courts for throwing smoothing irons at each other, and indulging in other little enormities peculiar to double blessedness. In some late cases, husbands and wives have been off the hooks before the taste of the bridal cake and ale have been washed from their mouths. There must be a screw loose somewhere. The fact is, the whole preliminary business of courtship is one grand systematic course of mutual deception; both parties persistently shut their eyes to each other's true character, and insist upon investing each other with attributes which neither possess, and which none but angels ever do. They picture to themselves, for the future, an earthly heaven of music, dancing, billing and cooing, gaslight soirees, and picnics. This is the poetic side of the question. The prosaic reality comes "the morning after the revel," and then—look out for cold coffee, buttonless shirts, neglected hair dye, pallid cheeks, abandoned ringlets, and all other accompaniments of domestic torture.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH CABLES.—The longest lines of submarine cable at present laid and in successful operation are from Malta to Alexandria, in Egypt, 1518 miles; from Pao to Kurrachee, on the Persian Gulf, 1380; and between France and its Algerian possessions, 520. England is connected with the Continent by seven lines, the longest of which is that to Denmark, 350 miles; Hanover, 280, and Holland, 140. The long line now successfully submerged in the Persian Gulf, only lacks a link of 180 miles—Shatel, Arab, on the Gulf, to Dibrangh, on the Esphates, to complete the connection between England and her Indian possessions. The completion of the Russian route gives a second mode of reaching India, from Irkoutak, in Siberia, to Peking, via the Persian Gulf, to Calcutta. Among the lines which have proved failures is that attempted by the Dutch, from Batavia to Singapore, 660 miles; the English line from Malta to Corfu, 460 miles; and that in the Red Sea from Suez to Aden.

The severe illness which afflicted Wirtz in the middle of his trial at Washington, is perhaps explained by the reminiscence that he was pardoned out of a Swiss House of Correction when only one-fourth of his term had expired, on account of apparently dangerous sickness.

Oh! bright will be this world of ours,
When chains no longer fetter,
When man shall not be fettered,
And Right, not Might, be honored,
When wealth shall have no lonely claim,
To sit its proud possessor,
When power shall bring no shame,
To humble its command.

Rev. Robert Collyer in England.

M. D. Conway, now in Europe, in writing to the Round Table, speaks thus of our brave-hearted Mr. Collyer:

"A little over twenty years ago this gentleman was a blacksmith in a little town of Yorkshire, near Leeds. He could make a good horse-shoe, and (which is more difficult,) a good horse-shoe nail, and he did his work well. But the hammer could not conquer the man; he was a Thor, with the hammer added. The fire in his smitely did not burn so brightly and hotly as that in the brain and heart of Robert Collyer, who, whilst his iron was heating, would snatch a verse of Burns from a pocket volume, to 'sweeten toll.' At length he had earned enough to go to America. He settled in Pennsylvania. Your correspondent well remembers, during the Fremont campaign, hearing a burst of fiery eloquence from a fine looking man, at a public meeting near Germantown, and the surprise with which he learned that the speaker was one Robert Collyer, a blacksmith. But so he did not remain. Already he was expanding under a devoted self-culture until somewhere about ten years ago, he was called upon to the leading pulpit of the West, in Chicago. How he has grown! When he preached before the Autumnal Assembly at Brooklyn, a few years ago, I remember hearing Dr. Bellows say, 'It is the finest sermon I ever heard!' But more than for his eloquence, was he noble for his unwarlike work among our soldiers, sick and wounded. He was a tremendous power in the West during the war, and I remember hearing him say, when there were rumors that his native land—England—would interfere: 'If she does, I will leave the pulpit for the blacksmith shop again, and there beat plow-shares into swords to drive her back.' A happy thought was it for his congregation to remove for awhile the yoke so faithfully borne, and of late so heavy, and send him abroad. The first spot which his feet sought on arriving here was that where the old blacksmith shop stands, and about which hover, no doubt, many sweet thoughts and aspirations which have since borne their fruit. He will return soon to his loving friends in Chicago, and there, amid the fair lakes, he will, I predict, grow from year to year, a tree, planted in yet purer waters, bringing forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf shall not wither, and whose fruit shall prosper."

SEA SOUNDINGS.—Various soundings, made in preparation for laying the Atlantic cable, reveal the following results:—The Baltic Sea, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300; while to the southwest of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 3,000 feet. The sea to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar, the depth is only 300 feet, while a little more to the east it is 5,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket, (south of Cape Cod), no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the west of Cape of Good Hope, 10,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena, 28,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the ocean to be 29,938 feet, and that of the Pacific at 20,000.—American Artisan.

GREAT MEN.—The old generation of great men is rapidly passing away. The great Humboldt is gone. Uhland, Meyerbeer, Thackeray and Arago are gone; and the eminent astronomers, Encke and Hamilton, have just departed. The great men that still linger on earth are all, if not on the verge of their graves, at all events, much advanced in years. Lord Brougham is in his 87th year; Manzoni is 81; Guizot, 78; Ruckert, 77; Beccyrrer, 75; Rosini, 74; Lamartine, 73; Grote, the Great, 72; and Rankin, the historian of the Popes, 71; Carlyle, 70; Thiers, 69; Victor Hugo, 64; Liebig, 62; Kaulbach, 61; John Stuart Mills, 60; Balzer, 61; Cantu, 60; Gladstone, 59; Tennyson, 58; Dickens, 55; and John Bright, 54. In America we have to deplore the recent loss of Stillman, the Nestor of our science; Edward Everett, our ripest scholar, and Hawthorne, our most philosophical romancer. Mr. Bryant is his 72d year; Halleck is 71; Professor Henry, 68; Bancroft, 66; Emerson, 63; Hiram Powers, 60; Bachs, 60; Agassiz, Longfellow and Whitier, are in their 50th year.

SPIRITUALISM.—Seaton Hall was crowded last night to hear the celebrated trance speaker, Cora L. V. Scott. A committee was appointed from the audience to select a subject for her lecture. They chose the following: "Is the doctrine of modern Spiritualism in accordance with the primitive design of man's creation?" After the lecture, opportunity was given to the audience to ask questions. It is claimed that this lady speaks not by her own unaided powers, but by inspiration from the spirit world. Whether this be so or not, it must be conceded that the character of the lecture and the pertinency and adroitness of her replies to the numerous questions asked, show a degree of ability and poetic skill rarely equalled on the rostrum. It was announced that she will lecture again next Monday evening, and morning, and she is invited to be present and propose her doubts.—National Republican.

SINGULAR CASE.—One of our exchanges says: there is a young man in a town in Vermont who cannot speak to his father! Previous to his birth, some difference arose between his mother and her husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak to him. This difficulty was subsequently healed—the child was born, and in due time began to talk—but when sitting with his father, was invariably silent. It continued until he was five years old, when the father, after having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the punishment was inflicted, it uttered nothing but sighs and groans, which told too plainly that the little sufferer was vainly endeavoring to speak. All who were present united in this opinion, that it was impossible for the child to speak to his father—and time proved the opinion to be correct. At a mature age its efforts to converse with his parent could only produce the most bitter sighs and groans.—New York Leader.

OLDEST PERSON.—The Concord Register has found the veritable oldest inhabitant, and no mistake about it. It says: "Ruth Blay was hung at Portsmouth, N. H., ninety-seven years ago, for child-murder, and it is a singular fact that the person who caused her execution is still alive." It is Mrs. Eastman of Salisbury, now nearly 88 years old, who, when a girl of six, discovered the body of the child, and was convicted of its murder. It was a nice discrimination by the old law.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

[In memory of Mrs. HARRIET L. WHEELER SEW, who died June, 1865, from typhoid fever, contracted while nursing the sick in the camp hospital, at Gallatin, Tennessee.]

BY MRS. HARRY A. JONES.

Six Indian embers, flame and gold,
Have been quenched in chilling rain;
Six changing postures their tale have told,
And Autumn's here again.
And on that day six years ago—
In Knoxville's woods, we four
Followed the wood path's mellow glow
Till the bright day was o'er.

Hattie, we passed those hill-side graves,
How yours grown green since then?
Across my life the salt sea waves
Of bitter grief have been;
But through them all thy dead face glows,
Without one shadow there;
We all loved Thee, and memory knows
No shrine more good and fair.

Those two then with us, go now together
Life's many changeful ways,
May Autumn's fruit, and golden weather
Come in their later days.
One year ago, their bridal morn
In the soft Indian summer came—
May the halo rest on their last brows,
Dear Frank and Ruth, the same.

And just beyond our vision rose,
Old Lombard in the golden mist;
As the fog veiled with tint of rose
The goal to which we pressed,
I seemed to hear the Wabash streams.
You spoke of hopes then near,
I keep as emblem of your dreams
Some leaves, dead, brown and sore.

Hattie, they told me you were gone
In an hour of bitter dread,
The name dark angel hovering long
Was o'er my mother's dying bed.
One bitter pang of grief for thee
Brooded o'er earth a darker sky.
From the soldiers' camp in Tennessee,
To the home where you returned to die.

They lov'd one, and school-boy soldiers there
In that fair border clime,
Pined for a breath of Northern air,
In the sultry summer time.
Their ministering angel felt its blight,
The loved, the good, the true,
Hattie, on memory's altar, bright,
Love keeps a torch for you.

Eycamore, Ill., October 12, 1865.

The Angel Flight.

White, white were the angel's wings,
As it tower'd o'er the child—
The child it dream'd of unseen things,
And its brow was calm and mild.

Snow-white were the angel's wings,
Its eyes were an unknown blue,
And shone with the love that ever clings,
To the holy and the true.

Gold-tipped were the angel's wings,
A halo round his head,
That shone like a many waving rings,
As it stood by the infant's bed.

Fluttering were the angel's wings
As it ready for a flight—
A light that ever to children brings
The cloudless morn of light!

Calmly waded the angel's wings
As the mother kiss'd her son—
As if his world burst her poor heart-strings—
Though his glory had near begun!

Motionless were the angel's wings
As the mother knelt in prayer—
And prayed to Him who ever brings
Solace to sorrow and care.

Expanded were the snowy wings—
All flowing the golden hair—
The blue eyes upward, and murmuring
Of music were in the air.

Waving were the angel's wings,
And triumphant were his eyes—
And many a Seraph in Heaven sings
As two angels cleave the skies!

Edwin Edmiston.

Remarkable Fulfillment of a Dream.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Among the many evidences of the care and watchfulness of our guardian spirits over us, as well as their ability to look into the future and determine what events may or are likely to happen, I regard the following as worthy of presentation to your readers for their consideration. Without offering any comments upon the strangeness of the occurrence, I will simply give you a statement of the facts, and leave the reader to form his own opinion.

Mr. Robert Curtis, a citizen of Newport, in this State, residing about nine miles north of here, and who bears the reputation of being a very honest man, related to us the following wonderful statement of facts and circumstances: About twenty-eight years ago he was very sick, and it was thought by his friends and physicians he could not live. Although they each and all endeavored to conceal their opinions from him, yet he well knew what their views were from conversations he overheard. This caused him to feel wretchedly. During this state of feeling he dreamed that a man came to Richmond who cured him by the use of his hands. This dream made him feel better, and he commenced regaining his health, and in the course of a few months was able to go to work. About four years after he became quite sick again, and from that time the state of his health was very poor, until cured as hereinafter stated. About three weeks before Dr. A. J. Higgins came to this city, he had another dream, in which he dreamed again that a man came to this city, and that he was cured by him in the manner above stated. This time he saw the man distinctly in his dream, and retained in his memory his personal looks and appearance, and knew him to be the same man he had dreamed about, twenty-eight years ago. When Dr. Higgins arrived, he heard of his coming, and was impressed that he was the man who had come to cure him. He at once repaired to this city, and on seeing Dr. Higgins, recognized him as the man whom he had seen in his vision three weeks before. He applied to him for treatment, and sure enough, was cured in the manner suggested in his dreams, as hereinbefore related.

The success of Dr. Higgins, while here, in the curing of the sick without the use of medicines, has astounded skeptics, and given to conservatism or old fogyism another blow, under which, with the many others being dealt nowadays, it is reeling and staggering to its grave.

Yours for Progress,
Richmond, Ind., Nov. 1st, 1865. W. H.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 7.

BY C. RABINO FREEMAN.

In the Masonic degree of the Sun, "there is but one light in the lodge, which shines from behind a globe of water"—thus dividing the waters under the firmament from the waters above the firmament, fill the windows of heaven were opened to let in the flood—to drown the whole world of wickedness—the necessary baptism by water, before the advent of the Sun. Sometimes the firmamental waters were symbolized in the Brazen Sea, resting on the twelve Brazen Bulls in honor of the quickening spirit of Spring or Sun in old Theus, whose emblem, in the earlier equinox, was the Golden Calf as Lord of Hosts, or Leader up out of Egypt in the night of the Sun, the God Almighty, or El-Shaddai. Sometimes the same firmamental waters were in a sea of glass, and sustained by the cherubim, or four reasonable hearts, the Lion, the Ox, the Man and Eagle, each having six wings, which by the multiple spirit in four, were made into the hours, or four and twenty elders, all in a row.

The helper that Samson plowed with, was the feminine aspect of the calf of Israel, and the Brazen Bull who plowed "four acres of the stubborn plain," in the Argonautic expedition, in search for the Golden Fleece of the Ram of God, which takeeth away the sins of the world, were members of the universal household of symbolic Freemasonry; whatever the mode of being, solar, lunar, astral, physiological or spiritual. "The rest that visit your august abodes are all the sons and grandsons of the gods," as derived from the first fountain head of India, for here it was that the Spirit first moved upon the face of the waters, in riddles, dark sayings and parables, the wisdom of God in a mystery. The Bible is full of essential truths on this wise, hence can never lose its charm to those who love to seek its inner sense. The Biblical, like the Heathen Mythology, has left its secret truths so draped in the letter as hard to be understood by those who fail to enter into the symbol where the Spirit giveth life. But from India, flanked by Chaldea, first opened the fountains of the great deep in mythological waters, where the Great Spirit sat brooding on the vast abyss and made them pregnant, till the brood presented the gathering of many rivers that run into the sea. The wise men from the East had their traffic in this esoteric knowledge, and while the polished Greeks knew no nation beyond themselves, but as barbarians, and all were Heathens to the timbleful of Puritan Hebrews, the Sanscrit language has shown whereunto we are to look for the more ancient Word. Here is a language, the parent of the Greek, and of the Indo-European branches, in perfection fifteen hundred years before the Jesuit era. "In Greek, as, e, on, are the same as the Sanscrit as, a, am," says Muller, and the Greeks derived their philosophy and mythology from India, flanked on the one side of the mouth by a Perso-Babylonian tongue-shoot, and on the other by a Phœnicio-Egyptian. So doubtless, the Hebrews took a lip from all the regions round about, as when the Lord, as by Isaiah, "lifted up an ensign to the nations from afar, and hissed unto them from the end of the earth"—as when "the Lord hissed for the fly in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee in the land of Assyria." Thus, the Mosaic pattern, by the way of Mesopotamia, and from the wisdom of the Egyptians, had its Freemasonry from the common origin of all. So even to this day, the Brethren are confined to no pent up Utica, but can go to their own in the remotest parts of the world.

If the Semitic tongue has a root outside of the Sanscrit, still it may be so cloven as to present a tip, in mutual relation, as Esaias, Jeremiah, etc., instead of Isaias, Jeremiah, etc.; hence, the clapper of the tongue would have to move very quick to separate spiritually Jason or I-as-on, from the Egypto-Hebrew I-am-on, or Jupiter, Jehovah, Jah, in "his excellency on the sky." In a letter to Zimmerman by the Empress Catherine, in 1785, quoted by Muller, she says: "I have been making a list of from two to three hundred radical words of the Russian language, and I have had them translated into as many languages and jargons as I could find. Their number exceeds already the second hundred. Every day I took one of these words and wrote it out in all the languages I could collect. This has taught me that the Celtic is like the Ostiakian; that what means sky in one language, means cloud, fog, vault, in others; that the word God, in certain dialects, means Good, the highest, in others, Sun or I-ra." We may see this significance throughout all of Holy Writ, extended throughout all the scope of being—in every aspect of astronomy, anatomy, physiology, geometry and numbers. The functions in all these, were of the spirit, the angels, or the gods, and our churches and theologies are utterly at fault in their surface aspect of the Word.

When the great Akbar, in the sixteenth century, brought up as a Mahomedan, discarded the religion of the Prophet as superstitious, and devoted himself to a search after the true religion, though sitting upon the throne of India as the most extraordinary of men, neither his authority nor his promises could prevail upon the Brahmins to disclose the tenets of their religion, or the wisdom of God in a mystery, hidden from the foundation of the world in the symbolic Freemasonry of India; hence "the sacred books of the Indians have never been translated," but still remain in the Ark of the Covenant as the Word originally spoken by the mouth of God. Only within the narrowest limits of the sacerdotal line, could one be initiated into the sacred rites of their theology; but wise men from the East instituted these rites in Egypt, in Jewry, and in Greece, and we may see whereunto they point in the ultimate of Modern Freemasonry.

Up there in India was found the mystic cord which bound the four angels in the great river Euphrates, and the frontlets of those who had the seal of God on their foreheads, and many mystic rites of the Roman Church. "The Accommodation Question, as it was called, occupied Cardinals and Popes for many years, but not one of them seems to have perceived the extraordinary interest attaching to the existence of an ancient civilization, so perfect and so firmly rooted as to require accommodation, even from one of the missionaries of Rome"—one of whom had to defend himself from the charge of idolatry, because he found the root of Christianity wrapped in the swaddling clothes of India. It has been found that the Sanscrit "language, spoken centuries before the time of Solomon, was intimately connected with Greek and Latin; in fact, stood to them in the same relation as French to Italian and Spanish. It was impossible to look, even in the most cursory manner, at the declension and conjugations, without being struck by the extraordinary similarity, or, in some cases, by the absolute identity of the grammatical forms in Sanscrit, Greek and Latin." Sir William Jones finds the Sanscrit "more perfect than Greek, more copious than Latin, yet bearing to both of them a strong affinity." If we might suppose Abraham to have been a person and not a personification, we then might suppose that he received a streak of light from the Sanscrit civilization, so perfect "many

centuries before the time of Solomon," while he was yet in the Ar of the Chaldeans "all seated on the ground," and watching the flocks by night, and by day turning out Teraphim from the lathe and treadle of his father's idol shop till he got a glimpse of the spirit in the symbol, and thence took it to make holy the land of Canaan.

Thus the Word first swung from its moorings in India, is still made flesh in the wisdom of God that before Abraham was, I Am. The sciences in the ancient mysteries rested upon principles in response to the music of the spheres. There was spiritual conjunction personated in the symbols. The Mesero-spiritual was the spirit which filled the heaven of heavens as well as the universal light, whose all seeing eye was symbolized in the Sun. The language so superior to the Greek and Latin, centuries before the time of Solomon, shows clearly the source of the basic Word, of which all the succeeding Words are but variants as were the Greek, which is shown to have drawn the strange milk of the Word from the Sanscrit papa. Says Wilkins, cited by Muller—"I will begin with those words which must have been original words in all languages, as the things denoted by them must have been known in the first ages of civility, and have got names; so that it is impossible that one language could have borrowed them from another, unless it was a derivative or dialect of that language. Of this kind are the names of numbers, of the members of the human body, and of relations, such as that of father, mother, and brother. And first as to the numbers, the use of which must have been coeval with human society." It is easy to see from this when the "wise men from the East" went to school, where the Egyptians got their Word, which was translated to the happy land of Canaan. The East was the Father, the Sun, the Christ, whose spirit infused all things, mineral, vegetable and animal, and more distinctly and largely wrought in the microcosm of man; hence, in the Masonic hidden wisdom of God, the "Knight of the Ninth Arch" has a physiological bearing in the way of life by virtue of its degree, creation in the physiological order passes to this degree where the nine of the "I Am," spans the nine months for the unfolding of the image of God, when not destroyed by the flood. It appears from Dr. Mackey that "Enoch was enabled to preserve some important secrets eventually to be communicated to the possessors of this degree." Well, we won't peach on Enoch's secrets, because "secret things belong to God," otherwise we might show how Dr. Blondell, of Guy's Hospital, London, taught in obstrucled lectures that man was an aquatic animal the first nine months of his existence; thus leaving the inference clear, how Dr. Enoch, in old Jewry, preserved "important secrets from the destructive influence of the deluge," and how he spoke the wisdom of God in a mystery hidden from the foundation of the world.

Dugald Stewart was so shocked at the awful infidelity of the discovery of the original Word in Sanscrit, centuries before Solomon was, that the most perfect of languages antedated Hebrew, Greek and Latin, that he swore by all the gods of these last, that they should be first. "He, therefore, denied altogether the reality of such a language as the Sanscrit, and wrote his famous essay, to prove that Sanscrit had been put together after the model of Greek and Latin, by those arch-forgers and liars, the Brahmins; and that the whole of Sanscrit literature was an imposition. I mention this fact," continues Muller, "because it shows better than anything else, how violent a shock was given by the discovery of Sanscrit to prejudices most deeply ingrained in the mind of every educated man. The most absurd arguments found favor for a time, if they could only furnish a loop-hole by which to escape from the unpleasant conclusion that Greek and Latin were of the same birth and kin as the language of the black inhabitants of India." Ah, Max, in that saying thou reproachest the Lord of Dartmouth College, for what becomes of "Cursed be Canaan," in "I Am," if Greek and Latin have their roots in the "black inhabitants of India" and if it cannot be proved that the patriarchal Brahmins were "arch-forgers and liars?" Oh, upheaval-a-day! that the upheaval of language, like the upheaval in geology, should at the same time, dump the Mosaic claims into the same pit with Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, even though the Semitic tongue is somewhat cloven from that aspect which includes the languages of India, Persia, Greece, Italy and Germany, as riveted together in the simple name of Indo-Germanic. This has been called "the discovery of a new world," but it is awful blasphemy so to declare it, when it is nowhere to be found within the pasteboard barriers of the Bible. It is sad to think that the Lord God of Israel had to teach Adam how to name animals from the language of the Heathen round about; but that it may be seen how apt was the correspondence of the wisdom of God in the ancient mysteries where the Sun symbolized the "sign" Most High, we quote the demonstrations of modern science to show that the ancients, long before Moses and the Prophets, were at home in their personations of "the Sun as the source of all power." Professor Tyndal, in his recent book on "Heat as a Motive Power," has the following eloquent passage on an idea which Herbert Spencer has, perhaps, elaborated more completely than any other writer:

"Every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic or inorganic, vital or physical, is produced by the Sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both, are blown by the mechanical force of the Sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up the mountains, and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are also his transmuted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows, dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the Sun. In these days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock, and every charge, is an application, or misapplication, of the mechanical force of the Sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And, remember, this is not poetry, but rigid, mechanical truth. He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscle, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hews it down—the power which raised the tree and wields the axe, being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms, and the scythe of the mower swings by the operation of the same force. The Sun digs the ore from our mines, he rolls the iron, he rivets the plates, he boils the water, he draws the train. He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fibre and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, or a shuttle thrown, that is not raised, and turned, and thrown by the Sun. His energy is poured forth into space, but our world is a halting place where his energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells."

Thus we may see how in old times "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth"—how he was thus the East, the Christ, a consuming fire, and how, "God is love," that wisest of emotions which can transform stalen into an angel of light, or pervaded, is winged with red lightnings till all is dust and ashes. Elijah called fire from heaven to beak up the waters, and to consume two or three titles of men, while St. Paul thought it was better to marry than to burn. St. John saw, "as it were, a great mountain burning with fire, cast into the sea," and also the "Star wormwood, a great star fell from heaven, burning as it were, a lamp" and "liking up the rivers and fountains of waters, while a "third part of the waters became wormwood, and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter." But with Mother Goose, "water would not quench fire, nor fire burn stick." The theology of our churches is rather of the willow character, or of the star called wormwood, whereby the bitter waters are mingled with a pretty considerable sprinkling of brimstone, and many men die from the sulphurous fumes shot after them by the priesthood, or certain "horses," out of whose mouths issue fire and smoke, and brimstone. "But as much as the Sun sends his full beams into the soul, away flies the grosser symbols of the sensuous mind—symbols which the grosser minds worshiped as the very Gods, though they were but the drapery of the inner Freemasonry. But need we wonder that the hierophants and philopsofers turned to the Sun as the God of this world, the source of all being, when, as we have just seen in our extract, that the most developed of modern science gives every attribute to the Sun that could constitute a God? This was that East whence came the wise men in the Essenian or Jesuanic unfolding. Zoroaster bore the Ark of the Covenant, and held the Keys of the Kingdom of heaven, before Abraham was. "It was Bournout who, by means of his knowledge of Sanscrit and comparative grammar, deciphered for the first time the very words of the ancient religion of light. He was likewise the first to apply the same key with real success to the cuneiform inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes." The creator and ruler of the world in the Zend-Avesta is the Wise Spirit. "The wicked perish through the wisdom and holiness of the living wise Spirit." God and the Serpent are twins. "These are the good and base, in thought, word and deed; choose one of these two spirits: Be good, not base. God is holy, true, to be honored through veracity, through holy deeds—you cannot serve both;" or in the words of Jesus, many centuries afterwards, who was supposed to speak as never man spoke—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,"—but it is none the less true that the saying was reiterated from "the founder of the ancient religion of light," because there is nothing new under the Sun; and a principle in the moral world is as everlasting as in the physical—a principle is always the "I AM," without variableness or shadow of turning.—From that black race, which our nineteenth century religion has unearthed in the Lord—theology, "settled probably on the highest of Central Asia, speaking a language, not yet Sanscrit, or Greek, or German, but containing the dialectical germs of all; a clan that had advanced to a state of agricultural civilization; that had recognized the bonds of blood and sanctified the bonds of marriage, and that invoked the Giver of light and life in heaven, by the same name which you may still hear in the temples of Benares, in the Basilicas of Rome, and in our own churches and cathedrals."

That "same name which you may still hear," and which means the same as that of old time, is Son instead of Sun, the Son of God instead of the Sun of Heaven; Christ, Chiensa, Christos. Muller had many things to say to his hearers in the lectures, but they could not bear them yet. Let us hope that Colenso and others will prepare the way and make the path straight. Let us hope too, that all of ancient Freemasonry may be spoken in the more open Word, for where the Spirit of Christ is, there is liberty, and you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free—a Freemason, to know how to build the Word.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Justice.

Oh, thou beautiful and progressive principle, who shall place a limit to thy standard?

There was a time when justice was distorted, to demand not only the punishment of criminals, or supposed criminals, but to torture them by the rack, the firebrand, or by the thousand other means of slow murder resorted to, not only by the Pagan, but by the Christian world, and all in the name of justice. Even the law of Moses demands, in the name of justice, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but thanks be to that never-dying principle, "progress," the day is now at hand when justice will take a higher stand, and when it will not be considered necessary to appease her claims to destroy or even maim the body for any act it may have committed; but at the most to place the offender where he will be under proper culture, and where, for the time, he will be restrained from committing further depredations. And think not that the attributes of justice stop even here, for I tell you that there are still many rounds in the ladder, not yet reached by humanity, in which it will be found that every man and every woman is not only bound, not to do his or her neighbor any wrong, but to do them all the good they can without impoverishing themselves. And here is evolved a principle, which is, that justice does not only demand punishment for crime, but positively forbids it; for punishment for crime (other than as restraint may become necessary) is a double crime, and thwarts rather than furthers the ends of justice, and there is no disputing the point that torture or punishment for crime, is only revenge in disguise, and when we view man with an imperfect organization, either in brain, or body, or both, we should deal with the conditions that made him so, rather than to torture the man for being what he is. And here we will endeavor to lead the mind a step farther, but fear some, perhaps many, may droop by the way, and say that the same principle will apply as between God and man, for, if man (as is claimed) has broken the law of God, punishing him will not mend it, and as suffering is an unnatural condition, and consequently unjust, and falling of the object for which it was introduced among men, it can never have had a place in the economy of God in his dealings with man.

J. B. CLIFTON.

The Scotch gentleman who is endeavoring to make mice useful as a motive power for yarn-spinning machinery, calculates that each mouse will earn seven shillings and sixpence a year. As the board of the animal will cost sixpence a year, and the wear and tear of the machinery would amount to a shilling, the clear profit from each mouse would be six shillings annually. The sanguine inventor is about to lease a building and erect ten thousand mouse treadmills, calculating upon a net income from the enterprise of \$2,500 a year. He forgets what the poet says about the best laid schemes of mice and men.

It is said that Maine is now building thirty-two per cent. of all the vessels in process of construction on the Atlantic coast.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Whatever Is, Is Right."

Thus saith the poet: "and all things are for the best," exclaims the optimist. But does the Man-world respond, in its selfish order of development, to these sentiments, and admit that this is "so?" Can the human world, with all its pretensions to wisdom, admit that, absolutely, there is, there can be, no evil—no positive wrong? "Isn't it obvious to every one," says the superficial mind, "that Nature is in energetic struggle to obviate a worse condition, to come into more harmonious relations with itself? Are not the elements in continual effort to cleanse and purify themselves? And who," say these persons, "are ready to aver that chaotic conditions are more congenial to mind than harmony, order, system and beauty?" But some want to know how all these wrong conditions exist, if they are so inconsistent with divine harmony. They are not able to perceive how discord can be discord and harmony. Ah, really! These, truly, are profound subjects to consider; and when these secrets are fully disclosed to Man or Mind (which two words may be regarded as synonymous) then, indeed, will man have risen from the dead Adam, and have been elevated to the sphere of the intelligent intellectuality of the living Christ.

But, again: Is it "right" that man should exist in the Adam condition, since that is a condition of inharmonious and error; and that condition to be inevitably thrown off, and more exalted ones taken on in their regular order? But if the Adam condition is all right, why throw it off? Aye, reader, that's the question; and who shall solve it philosophically and analogically, so that its truth may stand out clear, certain and self-evident? Is Adam an elementary condition of existence? If so, are those elements in as advanced a condition as they ever can be? If it be conceded that they will advance, shall we not have to conclude that the elements of his being have been advancing from a condition altogether too low for his organization to exist at all? Can you dodge this conclusion, viz: that reasoning analogically backward from condition to condition, shall we not find the gross negative half of these elements, as contrasted with the positive or controlling half, as low as they could well be? Here it may be as well to say, that if the elements exist in two conditions of power and perfection, and one only is susceptible of advancement by the positive forces of the other, isn't it quite possible, as well as probable, that the positive or controlling elementary forces will bring the negative or passive elementary, re-acting forces on, to an equilibrium with themselves, so that the two may act and react in perfect harmony and unity?

Now, if these crude and advancing elements move on from condition to condition, till man is unfolded and developed from their contents, was that primitive condition a right "all right one?" Why not, since they were thus in the only condition—the best they possibly could be, in the light of the law of progress—to advance from that to the next step: since else they can never skip over a stage? But if they, as each of these stages, are all right, all in a satisfactory condition, why advance at all? Aye, indeed, why? But that another step is infolded in the last. At this stage of our subject we are assailed, with an apparent poser of an interrogatory in this shape: "What moves these elements onward?" To which we unhesitatingly reply, Predominance, Volition and Power. Which are the elements of cause? These exist imminent in elementary substance. Call them God; we are not particular about nominalities. It is cause any way; for isn't it very clear, that light, life and motion must exist? And can we place these powers anywhere so convenient for their labors as in the midst of the very elements they move? And who is prepared to deny the properties of light, life and motion to these elements themselves, both positive and negative; possessing all necessary qualifications to unfold and develop themselves into all the forms contained in life-principles: aye, who? And light, life and motion, then, were the agencies which so troubled the crude elements as to oust them from their deep condition, and awaken them to increased action, to accelerate their advancement to the goal of their destiny. Ah, destiny, indeed! What, pray, is the destiny of the elementary system? Why man, it is sure! Then all this fuss and foam of the elements is because man is there struggling to disclose himself, discover his whereabouts, and the bearings of his surroundings, together with their why and wherefore? Yea, all that, gentle reader; he comes into existence, into organization, endowed with all necessary qualifications, to not merely know himself, but to also investigate and become posted in the knowledge of the unfolding and development of all principles which constitute a universe. Now, a principle unfolds itself from stage to stage, as the last one of each of these is nearer the ultimate than its predecessor—predicting that the ultimate is the perfect one—is it unreasonable to suppose that man, with his innate aspirations to know all causes as well as effects—which aspirations are planted in the very germ of his soul—should become acquainted with all the intermediate stages as well as the ultimate? Well, now, right or wrong, the different degrees of perfection of organic forms as their motions are well known by man to exist, let him define their properties and qualities as good or evil, how he will. He is so constituted that he knows them, and to know them constitutes him very being itself; and thence the matter resolves itself into the following predicament of what man's being can be completed, without knowing the accidents incident to the development of the principles of his being. Isn't it very evident that man must know the laws which have developed his being, as well as all the accidents and incidents attendant upon that development, that these accidents, etc., must exist also? And if so, isn't the existence of one as legitimate or inevitable as the other? There is it not safe to conclude that imperfect conditions exist in the career of elementary unfolding and development, and the necessity that Man must avail himself of these facts, together with all the good in attendance also, that the will of knowledge of good and evil is good for food, as to be desired, to make us all wise unto salvation. This wisdom is the seed of the woman, which bruises the head of the subtle serpent of selfish seeking of good.

JOHN R. ROBINSON.

During the dearth of news occasioned by the Parliamentary recess, the "penny-liners" of the cheap press are driven to their usual work—and we dirty work it is—of abusing Spiritualism and Spiritists. One of these ignorant scribblers in a long list of classes Spiritists in his list of popular quackeries, which, of course, includes Homœopathy and Mesmerism; but there is one species of quackery which he does not allude to, and which is, of all others the most contemptible and offensive—Mesmeric quackery. Public instructors, save the mark! I rant impostors, rather! Conceited Know-Notthings, who have the effrontery to lecture upon learning and celebrity, who have devoted years to the investigation of the subject. Such, however, the usual ignorance of insolence.—Spiritual Hoax!

Mr. J. M. Spear's address is—Hotel de la Harpe 44 Rue de Trevis, Paris.

Sabbath Evening Twilight.

Belonged to the dawn of a new day... I love the dawn of a new day... I love the dawn of a new day...

The False and the True.

Virtue is truth, we read in the Scripture of the soul. But according to the world's definition, it is often stand opposed to truth, as otherwise. Listen, when woman's virtue is spoken of, what is generally understood, but this—fidelity to the marriage relation, not questioning if that relation in one, as many instances be blessed, or cursed of God. Not questioning if woman makes a sacrifice of her integrity, which is dearer far than anything in life—a sacrifice she cannot fail to make, if she remains performing wifely duties without wildly love—something she can never do with truth and honor, when that which makes marriage, and alone makes it sacred, is not there—I mean love—pure, genuine love—not the spurious article which passes current among the money-worshippers of both sexes of this generation.

condemn. Oh, woman! how dare you send forth your arrows of flame, your stinging words and searching looks, upon the unfortunate of your sex, when your own daily lives are a living lie. Better blush for the guilt that rests upon your own soul, for remember, God's blessing never rests upon a loveless marriage. Beware, then, how you pass condemnation on the otherwise offending, for a day will come, when your spirit will seek mercy at the hands of justice—but the penalty will not be withheld, and yours will be the cost of pain and remorse.

know, if even those dearest to their hearts, are entering marriage with that great, deep love, which is the only bond or loving power God ordained to unite man and woman in a relation so deeply sacred as that of marriage? Do parents consider this a matter of importance and teach it to their children? Do they seek to know, if the souls of their children are making sacrifice of all that is dear and sacred in man and womanhood—the truth and purity of their lives? No! but they sell their daughters to the highest bidder—they barter their precious souls for gold, and thus meet at God's divinely expressed love toward humanity—mock at the holy love which alone hath power to sweeten life, and make it a perpetual joy, and each day one of silent, or voiceful rejoicing and thanksgiving—and in sight of all this speak of the immorality of the age as something unaccountable. Blind creatures! What can you expect as a result of such portly of soul, but that wives will love others than their legal husbands, and vice versa. The heart will not be cheated of the divine boon and blessing God designed for it, and therefore, if there is no love in marriage, it will be sought out of marriage; and, too, in spite of any law or legal restraint society may devise—not because men and women are not virtuous, but because they are virtuous, and recoil from the relation which compels to falsehood; and, in my opinion, the greater crime, is not in loving out of marriage, but in living in marriage without love, and in asserting this, we in no wise encourage looseness and licentiousness in the conduct of any; but so far from this, uphold the highest standard of purity and integrity, whereby each soul may measure its own motives and conduct. The world has yet to learn that until marriage is based and built upon the principle of love, there can be neither virtue, harmony nor holy growth toward a higher and purer life, and the truth must be taught that any man or woman who enters marriage without love, so earnest and so profound as to weigh down all possibilities of estrangement, stands before heaven, with falsehood upon lip and soul so deep, it ought to turn pale the crimson blood of the heart, and would, if their finest and highest sensibilities were awakened to realize, that they are far more guilty, thus deliberately perjuring themselves, than the wife or husband, who, because of a loveless marriage, almost irresistibly forms attachments elsewhere. These are sad fatalities, and inevitably bring pain and suffering. Nothing better can be expected, so long as men and women totally disregard the finest instinct of their beings, and utterly ignore the claims of that affection, which is the basis of all virtue, integrity and happiness in the marriage relation. God speed the day when the sacredness of love shall be respected and revered, for until then, marriage in general can be accounted nothing better than legalized prostitution, which in the eyes of God and purity, finds no pardon more than prostitution not sanctioned by human law.

opening for a great reform, and hence this advantage to the new discovery. I can now perceive no opportunity so good as to unite phonography with gymnastics and teach both together, and thus make each more popular and useful. It will be like setting songs to music, and in a few years will be as popular as instrumental music. The great benefits of a system of gymnastics, especially in our cities, are already being felt and appreciated, but the immense advantage of the new orthography has only been stated in a few instances and not yet felt or appreciated by the public. The few who have seen it have not been able to start it into popular use. It sets aside such an immense amount of capital already invested in the old orthography, a large amount of which is the education of teachers and writers, that, of course, the owners of this capital are opposed to the introduction of new material and principles which would render their capital useless. The same reason, no doubt, prevented the American Bible Society from accepting Sawyer's new translation of the Scriptures, which puts the books into the improved style of modern language without altering the sense, except in correcting the errors of translation from the Greek, which are very many, amounting, I believe it is said, to over twenty thousand; but the Society have too much capital invested in the errors and old vulgarisms to accept the new. So have the colleges too much capital in the old jargon of sounds and words which no student can spell from the pronunciation or sound, nor pronounce from the sight of the letters arranged in them; hence sight and learning both have to be trained and made familiar with many words, before the student can use them properly. Even our names have no correspondence in letters and sounds, as for instance, Pugh for Pa, Gough for Goff. Why not spell names and all words as pronounced, and pronounce them as spelled, so a child could learn, in a few years, the use of our language, and thus save time for the further cultivation of the mind before old age and death come to move it to a world where our orthography is not needed, and a better is already in use. I am too old to adopt or introduce this new system. I have spent half of my life in acquiring a very imperfect knowledge of our present orthography, and find persons with the new, who, in one year, acquire more facilities for gaining and transmitting ideas in the new orthography than I could in the old in twenty years of close study; and, as the gymnastic exercises have a close relation and correspondence to the new orthography, and are already beginning to be a most popular poetry of motion, which many even adopt who oppose the partial and often-perverted system of dancing to music, why should not these motions have appropriate sounds set to them, and let each student acquire a knowledge of the sounds and motions together, and then the figures which are made by the positions of the body would also be seen to correspond to the characters that represent the sounds of the phonetic alphabet. With a few modifications, both can be brought into perfect musical harmony, and be taught at the same time, with great advantage to the student, and immense benefit to the generation that is just coming on the stage. If some young persons would take up this subject, and bind the two new systems together, and labor ten years in introducing them together, he, she, or they, would confer a lasting benefit on the race, and are welcome to my part of the discovery and my assistance with tongue and pen. WARREN CHASE. VINELAND, N. J., November 7, 1865.

vents consistently rush in foaming cataracts. The sea pleases the land in long, narrow arms, bounded by steep black cliffs, compensating for the absence of rivers. These are called Fjords, and the sea rushes with great impetuosity through them at the fluctuations of the tides.

Phonography and Gymnastics

In observing the motions in the classes of gymnastic students, and listening to the sounds of the phonetic alphabet, I observe the correspondence between them, and in marking out the figures for the gymnastic student, I see the same correspondence to the marks of the new orthography. Why not unite these two now and useful branches and teach both at once, as both can be acquired about as quick as one, and a double advantage gained in the use of time; a physical and vocal discipline, and perhaps the beginning of the ultimate use of the new orthography may, in this way, be started. I had hoped the Freedmen's Bureau would have adopted this new orthography for the negroes, and carried the new system to them, by which they could in one year, have been better educated for correspondence in writing, at least, than they can in the old system in ten or twenty years; but I find neither the books or teachers could be found to adopt it in that grand

Odin, the Hero God of Scandinavian Mythology.

There is poetry in the very names of the gods of the Northmen! Romance tenaciously clings to the regions of Boreas, and we pardon the ancients for their hyperborean dreams. Snow-locked, ice-bound, inaccessible realm of the frost king, magic and mysterious domain, when the one day of summer, and the one terrible night of winter seemed to show that the laws of nature changed in those high latitudes. The adventurous wanderer who penetrated the fabulous Baltic in search of yellow amber, returned to the genial climate of the south, amazed at the vastness and unobdurate aspect man and nature presented.

Phonography and Gymnastics

These great festivals were held annually, at the beginning of winter, at which the gods were invoked for prosperity; in the middle of winter, that the coming season might be fruitful, in summer, for victory. The dead were burned on a funeral pile, made of their treasures, and their ashes buried or cast into the sea—a mound of earth commemorated them if they were adjudged worthy.

renowned would be the spirit on entering the abode of the gods.

He was immediately deified. The luxuriance of fancy, stimulated by superstition, wrought his name into a myth. The Icelandic chronicles represent him as transcending mortals. They say that he excelled all men in the arts of eloquence and poetry.

The Saga is enthusiastic: "His person was comely, and his countenance mild and benignant to his friends; but to his enemies, dreadful to behold; such was his singular power of changing, at will, his form and face. He could look into futurity; could stifle his enemies with blindness and deafness, or sudden panic, and dull the edge of their weapons, while he rendered his own warriors invincible with magic spells. He could transform himself at pleasure into any beast, bird, fish, or serpent, and fly in an instant to the remotest parts of the earth, while his body lay all the time in a trance. He could, with a single word, extinguish fire, still the raging sea, direct the course of the winds, and raise the dead."

His magic was deeply interwoven with trance, which he undoubtedly greatly magnified, but by it he ruled the ignorant, as they can be in no other manner. Convince a people that their ruler is endowed with superhuman gifts, and he holds them by the mandates of a god, and they obey him unquestioningly. It has been the same with all religious systems the world has ever seen. They base themselves on miracles and supernaturalism.

Very simple was the original theology of the North. There was one God, creator and ruler of the universe, whom it was unlawful to represent, whose worship was performed in the darkest groves. It was easy to engraft the new and more complex system of Odin on this idea.

Their cosmogony was more complex. In the beginning there reigned chaos. Heaven and earth there was not, only Ginnungagap, the bottomless abyss, Niflheim, the abode of fire, and Muspelheim, where was located the well from whence flowed the twelve poisonous streams, generating snow, hail, rain and wind.

When the earth was created, man placed thereon, he presented the image of happiness. The old Northmen here met the question wrestled with by the sages of all races and all ages, the origin of sin, misery and death in the world, and they solved it just as satisfactorily as it ever has been solved. The celestial gods married giant maids. The alliance was one fraught with ill. Avarice, the love of gold, toil, all came, and from the union sprang Loki, the evil one, who surpasses all created beings in fraud and perversity.

There is a vein of Asiatic thought, derived primarily from India, running through the mythology of the North, but as a whole it is not of Odin, or to any one man that its origin should be referred. It is the outgrowth of the entire race of Northern men, surrounded by nature in the aspect, there presented.

The last day, the day of destruction, the Vala thus describes:

"The sun all black shall be, The earth sink in the sea, And every starry ray From heaven fade away; While vapors hot shall fill The air round Yggdrasil, And, flaming as they rise, Play towering to the skies."

Odin will not escape them. In vain will he seek advice at the sacred well. He marches forth to the strife, clad in armor, where the combatants mutually destroy each other.

Incongruous, incomprehensible, vague and fanciful, yet underlying all is a belief in immortal life, a reward for goodness, a punishment for evil, in a new creation, "where beauty shall spring from ashes, and immortality from the bosom of corruption."

Walnut Grove Farm, 1865.

FOREIGN LITERARY ITEMS.—It is almost certain that Professor Masson, biographer of Milton, and late editor of "Macmillan's" will be appointed to succeed Aytoun, as Professor of Rhetoric, at Edinburgh.

The Memoirs of Anacharsis Clootz have just been published. Clootz was hitherto memorable as that member of the Assembly in the French Revolution who made the wild declaration that "the democratic principle is so important that it would be cheaply purchased by the destruction of the whole human race from the face of the planet."

John Stuart Mill has gone to Avignon, France, where he lives six months annually near the grave of the wife he so idolized. An important philosophical paper may be expected from him in the "Westminster" for January. Mr. Mill, writing lately to Dr. Edmunds, President of the Female Medical College, says: "To place a scientific medical education within the reach of women, with however limited an object, is already a good beginning; but it is to be hoped that the beginning will not be the ending."

Alfred Tenyson has recently returned from his summering, on the banks of the Moselle, to Faringford, which, by the way, is rather close to Southampton, where the cholera has appeared. The laureate has been notified that Queen Emma, the little negro woman from the Sandwich Islands, will call upon him soon. There must have been such a woman in the mind of the writer of "Locksley Hall" when he made the hero say:

"I will take some dusky woman; she shall rear my dusky brood."

—H. D. Conway in the Round Table.

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 viceroy, 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 an 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 positions 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 Bulletin.

COTTON.—"Cotton is King" again, at least in this market. Our streets have been perfectly white with it the past week—averaging, we should think, at least twenty wagon loads daily. The price has ranged from ten to thirteen cents per pound in the seed, which makes a fine source of revenue to producers. The cotton gins are all crowded to their utmost, and every body in the business finds plenty to do.—Savannah Gazette.

The contributions in California for Mrs. Old John Brown's cottage amount to \$426. The sum needs to be doubled.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Geo. H. Jones, Secretary. S. R. Jones, President.

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

To Postmasters. All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each \$1.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

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

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

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

Spiritualism and the Bible.—No 2.

In a former article we spoke of Moses as a medium. Many of the miracles that are recorded in the Old Testament may be explained as spiritual phenomena. We cannot follow all these accounts. There is one in the Book of Joshua, in which he is represented as saying, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

And the sun stood still and the moon stood. Several explanations have been proposed for this, though they are not very satisfactory. One is that the Israelites were sorely pressed, and in a very tight place, and they thought it was a long time, and actually believed that the sun stood still; and when the victory turned on their side, they declared it to be even so.

Another interpretation was given by an old lady who heard an astronomer declaring that the sun, as the centre of our solar system, did not move around the earth as the ancients supposed.

"Oh yes," said the old lady, "I remember that we read in the Bible that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and it don't say that he ever set it going again."

Here inspiration butts its head against the stone wall of facts, and must give way before them.

But there is a singular record about the walls of Jericho falling before the children of Israel, when the priests blew "seven trumpets of rams' horns." Those who have witnessed the movements of a piano weighing seven or eight hundred pounds in the presence of certain mediums, and to the sound of music more refined than that of a "ram's horn," may understand how an army with many mediums could be so influenced by spirits as to enable them to produce the phenomena described, "when the people heard the sound of the trumpets, and the people shouted with a great shout, and it came to pass that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him." Joshua, chap. vi., ver. 20.

The child Samuel was a medium. (See 1 Samuel, chap. iii. 5.) Here was clair-audience, and old Eli knew it well, too. Samuel communicated to Saul and others, and the record shows great familiarity with spirit intercourse.

One of the most ancient records of mediumship is in 1 Samuel xxviii: 7-25, where the interview of Saul with the woman of Endor, by which he received a communication from Samuel's spirit, is recorded. In 1 Kings, chap. xiv., there is an account of a blind medium named Ahijah, similar to some in our own time.

Among the most interesting accounts of the Old Testament, are those of Elijah and Elisha. The ascension of Elijah as described in 2 Kings, chap. ii., is similar to manifestations in which mediums have been raised and carried a considerable distance. Of course we do not believe that the body of Elijah was taken into the spheres, for Christ declared that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven," and reason fully confirms this declaration.

The healing of Naaman was a striking illustration of mediumistic power in that direction, and the reply of Naaman to the message, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times," was remarkable.

But Naaman was wroth, and went away and said, "Behold, I thought he will surely come out to me, and stand and call on the name of the Lord, his God, and strike his hand over the place and recover the leper."

Why should Naaman think he would do this if it were not the practice of the healing mediums of that day? In 2 Kings, chap. vi: 5—"One was felling a beam, and the axe head fell into the water," and the man of God came near, and "the iron did swim."

The scientific world declares, that as iron is specifically heavier than water, it could not swim. But we know that there are mediums to-day who have the peculiar faculty of causing iron to be lifted. A little girl, only nine years old, is one of the mediums through whom the spirits produce this peculiar manifestation.

She will stand by a stove that weighs two or three hundred pounds, and as she puts the tips of her fingers upon it, it begins to move, and will be raised clear of the floor.

Now, if Elisha was such a medium, the spirits could readily make the "iron to swim," as the Book says it did. Both Elijah and Elisha raised those who were apparently dead, but we shall speak of these when we consider the miracles of the New Testament.

David and Solomon were inspired, and were splendid writing mediums; but no one can defend their morality in this day.

Nehemiah introduces himself by saying, "I sat down and wept and mourned certain days, and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven." This has always been the means by which men and women have become impressionable and mediumistic.

Queen Esther was a beautiful medium, as are the women of the Bible generally. The old poem, called Job, the most ancient of all the books of the Bible, so old that we know nothing of the author—as Mr. Pierpont remarked in the National Convention, "whoever he was, he was a Spiritualist." He declares, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding," and in chap. iv: 13, he says: "Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof." "In thought from the visions of the night, where deep sleep falleth on men."

"Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

"Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up.

"It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, 'Shall

mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?'"

Again, the sublime description of the animal nature of man, under the name and figure of Behemoth, is one of the grandest figures ever conceived by the human mind. This will be found from chap. xxxviii. to the end of the book of Job.

The visions of Isaiah, with his poetic and soul-stirring language, are but so many evidences of spirit influence upon a sensitive medium. And poor old Jeremiah can find a counterpart in the weeping mediums of to-day. It would make a volume to compare the experiences of the characters of the Old Testament with the mediums for like manifestations of to-day.

Suffice it to say the one beautifully corroborates the other, and the Bible stands on a firmer basis, and is accepted by hundreds and thousands now, because of the light which these manifestations have thrown upon many obscure passages. The Spiritualism of the Bible will ever commend it to the study of those who are spiritually minded; but we believe the true friends of the book are not those who demand a blind and unreasoning acceptance of it as a whole; but rather those who examine and search the Scriptures by the light of reason and intuition, and accept only those portions which accord therewith, and of course are all that can be profitable.

We shall review the Spiritualism of the New Testament, hereafter.

Death.

It is common with Spiritualists to ridicule the fear of death. They mean to show to the world that their belief is so strong in immortality that they have not the least dread of what always has been, even to the Christian, full of terror. It is well to show faith, but the mind is so organized that when too strongly drawn in one direction, it is prone to swing too far the other, as soon as it is set free.

The terror of death experienced by those who are skeptical of immortality becomes exultation when one is convinced of spirit-existence. The term, death, must be discarded. Mediums will reply, when death is mentioned, "There is no death! Death is only life in another form." This may be true, and it is also true that there is death. What is meant by that word is the destruction of the physical form. Its phenomena I need not describe. When the body is no longer animated by the spirit, when the processes of decay begin to operate, it is death. There is no other word which expresses the fact. It does so completely, and its meaning, as applied to the body, and not referring to the spirit, cannot be misunderstood. I cannot see why such tenderness need be felt in reference to the use of this word as is manifested in obituary notices written by Spiritualists. "Passed on," "Passed to a higher life," are the common expressions, and in one it is said "Festive services were held, etc.," meaning funeral ceremonies.

It is very easy to write that word "festive," but who that has lost a dear friend, or relative, believes that anything like festivity can prevail on such an occasion? It is mockery. I care not how strongly we may be fortified by the Spiritual belief—we may know that our friends dwell in light, may see and converse with them—yet is the reality dreadful to contemplate. All that is known to us as our friend, our father, mother, sister, brother, lies still and cold. Briefly will it return to the impalpable elements. Those eyes never can see us again, those lips never more wreath for us a smile or utter a word of love. What, if, in the intangible world of spirits they exist, we cannot understand or feel them unless we enter the internal life. Grief is of the outer life, the senses, and what they do not reveal, is for the time, no more.

The dear departed! There is a chair vacant; at the table a guest unoccupied! Well, I believe an unseen guest is in that place—what of that? No knowledge can heal the lacerated wound of regret! We can never look upon the death-struggle of those who are dear with dry eyes, nor feel mournful when it has passed. It is not for human nature to thus feel; we rather weep in very selfishness of our loss, and cry "await" to the departing angel.

Let us be plain in our language, and write "death" with a firm hand. No Spiritualist need fear that his meaning will be mistaken.

To Our Patrons. We refer especially to our subscribers whom we have been furnishing on account of "The Progressive Age," (Moses Hull's paper.)

Knowing that Mr. Hull's subscribers are expecting us to make up the deficiency on their subscriptions, we are doing so at a very great loss, with no other compensation than the expectation that those friends will renew their subscriptions so soon as their time expires for the Age, at an equitable equation of time, which will be found duly estimated and printed on the margin of each of those subscribers' papers.

We hope our friends will renew these subscriptions before the expiration of the time thus noted on the margin of their paper.

We keep no other accounts with subscribers, consequently it is at considerable expense that we distribute the type and re-arrange the same for a subscriber who does not renew his subscription until after his old one expires.

It would be manifestly unjust for these subscribers to wait until we had distributed the type and re-adjusted our mailing apparatus before sending in their money for the renewal of their subscriptions.

There are several whose time has passed, for renewal, but we have continued their names on our mailing machine, and sent them the JOURNAL, in hopes they would soon send in their subscriptions.

We aim to publish a newspaper, in every point of view, unsurpassed in any part of the world.

Our machinery is abundantly competent to the task—not only for the mechanical part of our JOURNAL, but for all kinds of work known to the art.

We command the best talent in the reformatory schools of the age. Indeed, we are especially favored in every particular to produce just such a paper as Spiritualists and other reformers throughout the world are in need of and most ardently desire.

A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

Renewals. Old subscribers, on renewing their subscriptions, will please give their names, town, county and State, plainly written.

We do not pay commissions to agents on renewal of subscriptions. Subscribers can enclose the subscription money in a letter, and direct it according to the instructions found in the prospectus. See eighth page of this paper.

Nancy Nile. On the 6th page of this paper will be found a communication from Nancy Nile. Inadvertently her Christian name was read by the compositor and proof-reader, Nanny.

A Call for Assistance.

We give the following letter from Dr. Randolph, hoping it will bring him the desired assistance. He does not send out this plea for himself, but for the poor who have been deprived of educational advantages. We trust this worthy worker has not asked aid in vain. Ignorance is the world's greatest misfortune. Every dime given to educate these sable children is a benediction to our humanity.

Those who are disposed to aid Dr. Randolph, and find it more convenient to send their donations to our office, can do so. We will forward with pleasure as directed.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Nov. 6, 1865.

Brethren of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association:

One year ago the dwellers of the Summer Land sent me here to help educate the freedmen's children. I obeyed. I have labored till stricken down with fever; recovered, and went to work again. I shall continue to labor, pay or no pay. I am going to Texas to educate the negroes. I mean to keep at work. I want help in the shape of a half dozen arithmetical frames, some roll blackboard, noiseless slates, mapping slates, astronomical planispheres, a Craig microscope, and a magnet—such as Andrew & Bigelow, at Crosby's Opera House, make and sell.

Will you help me? Not for my sake, but for these poor children. I feel I do not plead in vain. Bro. Jones will help me plead, and you all will help me. Please ask the editor of the Freedmen's Bulletin, Chicago, to assist. He has been in my school and seen my work with these poor people. I leave in December, to join Lieut. E. M. Wheelock, who goes as government agent, while I go as volunteer teacher.

If you think of anything else educational, I will thank you.

Package may be sent me care of Adams' Express, or Board of Education for Freedmen.

Yours in the good work,
P. B. RANDOLPH.

Captain E. V. Wilson.

The patriotic brother, whose name stands at the head of this notice, is well known as having been for many years one of the most energetic and well received pioneers in the cause of Spiritualism. He has lectured very extensively in the Northwest, and always to large and appreciative audiences.

When the rebellion broke out, he, true and loyal to his country, shouldered his musket, went to the front, and braved all the dangers of camp life and the battle field, until the rebellion was crushed and peace restored. Then he returned home, re-entered the lecture field, and is now doing a work scarcely paralleled. We hear favorable reports of him wherever he goes. The secular press, even, extends to him the meed of praise. The Evansville Courier, in a lengthy notice of him, says: "Capt. E. V. Wilson is one of the most remarkable inspirational speakers on the continent, or in the world. He has lately been lecturing in Louisville and Cincinnati to immense audiences." That is but justice to an old soldier, and will be all the more appreciated, coming from the secular press.

Christmas.

It is fully a month to Christmas, and the children are already wondering what Mr. Santa Claus will bring them. They expect something, in fact they richly deserve all they will receive on that blessed day.

"Our children" ought to be especially remembered. The duties of the office will prevent our giving to these darlings the attention they have a right to expect. So we have a suggestion to make. It is this: That writers who love children, (and who does not?) will send to us sketches and stories for Christmas gifts. They may not all find place in one or two numbers of the JOURNAL; but that will not matter. We do not care for long stories, they tire the young reader.

Who will send us for our children, child-sermons, incidents, sketches, histories and poems? Send them before Christmas, and the reward shall be the blessings of a great army of young people, and of the editors of the R. P. JOURNAL.

New Faces at the Window.

We copy the following from the Chicago Tribune: Postmaster Hoard has instituted a change in one of his departments, by placing a couple of ladies at the ladies' window, instead of the interesting young gentlemen who have hitherto graced that locality.

The practice of females delivering the mails is not altogether new, as applied to smaller offices, but in so large an office as that in this city, is rather an innovation. How could Mr. Hoard be so cruel? Those young men have been quite a consolation to the ladies, judging from the large numbers who have flocked there, and wiled away their clerkship's tedious hours by honied words, bewitching smiles, and merry inquiries after imaginary letters for mythical persons. Will the ladies like so well this change? Some of the fair sex seem to have an uncontrollable penchant for making acquaintances in an unconventional way, and what mode is easier than through the business converse with a clerk at a post office window, particularly if that clerk be young and good looking. The lady enters, modestly inquires for a letter, perhaps for Sybil Honeycomb—no letter. Does the clerk know what time the mail from Bundletown arrives? Clerk is happy to inform the fair inquirer that he does, and gives the information. How long does it take for a letter to go to Bundletown and an answer to come back? Clerk thinks that is likely to be variable, dependent somewhat on the promptitude of the writer of the reply. Lady smiles pleasantly, possibly, if she is happy, rejoins that he is a rogue, and becomes more explicit in her queries. Then she remarks on the uncertainty of things in general, postal affairs in particular, and suddenly evinces an interest in whether the clerk has ever been there. It is needless to follow the conversation further, but of course, as every one can see, the acquaintance is in a fair way for ripening. If any one thinks this is overdrawn, let him inquire of the postmaster or the clerks, or at an office where the ladies' window is served by a gentleman, and it will be found that hours are wasted in such converse as this, where minutes would suffice for all the business transacted.

Does the editor of the Tribune wish us to infer that the masculine faces at the window were so fascinating that the belles, beauties and women of questionable morals flocked about them to be charmed and swallowed as birds are by serpents? Does he intend to hint that less attractive faces are now at the window? Isn't it possible that some of our city gentlemen may become captivated by these new faces and suddenly remember that a sister, mother, or wife may be expecting letters? Not finding them, may they not venture a few interrogatories regarding the "Bundletown" mails? Of course, the ladies at the window will not disregard the proprieties of life by refusing all needed information, but they will remember, too, the dignity of the positions they occupy, and their own womanliness. The postmaster has acted wisely in giving these ladies their appropriate places at the window, and we mistake these faces, if he has cause for removal or regret.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch along and deepen before us.

Editorial Items.

We commence, in our next number, a series of letters from the Old World.

Book notices next week. K. Graves, author of Christianity before Christ, and Biography of Satan, is now in the lecturing field. His address is Harveysburg, Ohio.

Read the prospectus of the Modern Age on another page. The Age does great credit to the combined hands, hearts and heads of Mrs. H. N. Greene and Mr. B. J. Butts.

Dr. Mayhew is now speaking in Warsaw, Ill. Success to him.

We will publish next week a long communication, entitled, "America, her Duty and Destiny," given by Edward D. Baker, through the mediumship of H. T. Child, M. D.

Mrs. A. A. CURRIER.—This popular speaker is still in our city. She is engaged to speak here till January. Those living in the vicinity of Chicago who may wish to secure her services for week-day evenings, should address her at once.

Read Miss Wheelock's communication upon the 2d page, "The False and the True." We give God thanks for calling into existence the author of this very article. She has spoken brave, earnest words. The sinner she so faithfully portrays, will wince and denounce the woman who dares utter contrasted sentiments; but the pure in heart, the lover of humanity, the angels, will award to her the "well done."

P. T. Barnum has just published a book, entitled "The Humbugs of the World." Who is better qualified to write such a work? If he relates what he knows regarding one individual, the book will be no humbug.

Mr. George Arnold, a gentleman of considerable literary reputation, recently passed to spirit-life, from Strawberry Farms, New Jersey. Edmund Stedman, in writing of the death of Mr. Arnold said:

Death would not rudely rob that face, Nor dim its fine Arcadian brightness, But gave the lines a clearer grace, And glory's repose, and marble's whiteness. And, gazing there on him so young, We thought of all his ended mission, The broken links, the songs unsung, The love that found no ripe fruition.

Notice of Meetings.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D Streets, near Pennsylvania Avenue. Cora L. V. Scott lectures during November and December. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

WARREN CHASE lectures during November in Vine land, N. J. During December, in New York and Brooklyn. Address for December, 274 Canal Street, N. Y. During January, in Washington, D. C. During March, in Philadelphia. Will come to Ohio in April, and spend next summer mostly in Illinois.

Mrs. A. A. CURRIER will speak in Smith & Nixon's Hall, in this city, the Sundays of November and December.

The friends of Progress and Spiritualists of Greenboro', Henry Co., Ind., will hold a three days meeting including Friday, Saturday and Sunday, being the three first days of next December. A cordial invitation to all inquirers after truth is most earnestly and cheerfully extended. As heretofore, all from a distance will be entertained, free of cost. By order of Committee. Dr. I. H. Hill.

New Books in Press.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION have two new books in press—"The Biography of Satan," by K. Graves, and "The History of Moses," by Merritt Munson. The books will be ready for sale in a few days.

Report of the Convention.

Dr. Child, the Secretary of the National Convention, sent us at first mere sketches of the proceedings of the Convention. Since the close of the meeting, he has written out more fully his photographic report, consequently our readers will have the pleasure of reading in full some of the very excellent remarks made in the Convention.

The Atlantic Monthly.

In writing of the Atlantic, the New York Christian Advocate and Journal says:

"As a literary magazine it is worthy of all praise, and as such it is an honor to its publishers and to the whole country. But of its theological and religious character no orthodox Christian, no believer in the great and saving verities of our holy religion, can speak with favor. It is in full sympathy with the extreme unevangelical wing of the Unitarians of Boston, and its columns are not unfrequently filled and reeking, not only with godless humanitarism, but also with offensive attacks upon the Orthodox faith. Its reputation in this particular was only fixed by Dr. Holmes' 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' talks, and more recently it has been the vehicle by which 'Gail Hamilton' has brought many of her offensive and impure rages before the public. We regret that a work, otherwise so useful, should be so full of the dangerous, though insidious poison of liberalism, which is the modern euphemism for doctrinal licentiousness."

No doubt the progressive ideas—the brass, outspoken words found in the Atlantic—are very offensive to the fossilized semi-pagans of the Observed Christian Advocate school; a little strange, too, that those who herd in toms and inhale the putrid air of dead men's bones, should close their eyes and declaim against unseemly odors, because some friendly hand throws back the grave-gates and lets in the sun and air.

Dr. Holmes will, henceforth, be graft and glam at "Breakfast Table," and forevermore count himself among the religiously decapitated—the priestly damned; and then Miss Gail Hamilton, that audacious little woman, has committed the never-to-be-forgotten sin against St. Orthodoxy. What right has she—a woman—to open her mouth in public places, and decry popular sins? Who appointed her a missionary to this wicked nation, and gave her permission to tell the people, in plain English, their sins? Oh, Gail! you are hideous in the eyes of Sham Virtue; your very name has become a "stumbling block" in the path of blind demagoguism. You have, in your unwomanly rashness, rushed into the theological dens, and set the beasts to roaring, braying. Henceforth your adversaries will be those who wear godly robes and dwell in pious places.

Grief murmurs; anger roars; Impatience frets; but happiness, like a calm river, flows on in quiet sunlight, without a ripple or a fall to mark the rushing on of time towards eternity.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS HELD AT CONVENT HALL, PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 17, 18, 19, 21, 1895.

Remarks of the Rev. John Pierpont on the motion to strike out the word "Christianity" from the resolutions of Mr. Chase.

I hope, Mr. President, that the motion to strike out the word "Christianity" will not prevail. For myself, I see no antagonism between spiritualism and Christianity...

I spent the winter of 1894-7 in Williamsburg, near New York, in preaching in a hall to a small society of Unitarian Christians.

—You don't know me, sir; but I used to hear you when you were preaching in —'s Hall.

—Yes, sir, I am so; but I am not the less—in fact, I am the more of a Spiritualist, from the facts that have made me a Spiritualist.

—Well, sir, I think it is all a humbug!

—Oh, well, sir, the world is wide enough for us both, and each can enjoy his own opinion.

—Why, sir, the pretended communications are so trifling that I cannot believe they come from the spirit world.

—I suppose, my friend, that you sometimes repeat the Lord's prayer?

—Certainly.

—When you do so, you say "Our Father who art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread?"

—Of course.

—Well, sir, do you think it in any wise derogatory to His dignity or glory to hear you pray and answer it by saying your daily bread?

—Of course not.

—Well, sir, think for a moment, how long it takes the Infinite Spirit to grant your request.

—Let every heart that life to God in His aspirations pure, Find rest, and confidence, and trust, That ever must endure.

Oh, let them feel when true ones bend Beneath their weight of woe, That angel guides their steps attend Wherever they may go; And every prayer they offer up, Shall fall in gentle dew; As water by sunbeams absorbed, Falls back, refreshed and new!

To invigorate the heart, And make its powers grow strong; Until temptation cannot lead, Their thoughts or steps to wrong.

Oh, Father! may these human hearts With holy love be blest, Until in peace they blend as one, And find eternal rest.

J. S. Loveland was surprised that one of the good sense possessed by Mrs. Townsend, should assume the position she had.

—(after a brief pause.)—Well, sir, I have of late been quite unwell, and for some time confined to my chamber.

Hon. S. S. Jones in the chair. Mrs. M. S. Townsend said:

My friends—I had hoped not to be called upon to speak before this Convention, for this reason, the language which I am capable of using so far as the sentiments of my soul.

I know something of what it is doing for the world, of what it is doing for me and you, to call out the highest, noblest, and best feelings of men and women everywhere.

I believe it to be the redeeming principle of the world, that it falls upon our souls as dew falls upon the plants, and as sunbeams fall upon the flowers, thus enabling them to expand and bloom in beauty.

I know that the call of this Convention was for the purpose of considering the question of organization and with that idea I am in deep sympathy.

I know very well that the time has come that we must organize, at least for financial purposes, as a basis for future action.

I know that the law of growth in one thing, we have learned in all things—as individuals we grow, and in accordance with the natural laws; we have our spring, our summer, time, our autumn, time, and our winter time.

We are organized, physically, to express ourselves as individuals, according to the peculiarities of our growth; our minds take up such elements of thought and principle as can be appropriated to their requirements, and they organize these in accordance with the natural laws of growth.

We are in families governed by the same law and in our force, and that force is a law organization, a peer that works into organic form everything that takes hold of. Thus we form in neighborhoods, we form in towns, we form in cities, and in

nations under an influence similar to that central power which calls together external particles and forms organized bodies.

As Spiritualists we are already organized, for we have not only spirits, but also material or external organisms.

These spirits, in their aspirations, blend and become one in feeling, one in purpose; we find ourselves united and drawn to one another by virtue of that interior power of life, the spirituality of our being; we want the means of coming together more than we have, we want to realize that we have our societies, so that we may not only strengthen and encourage each other, but that we may have the means of scattering abroad through the land those beautiful truths given to us by the spirits.

We desire to spread before the world the great fundamental truth of our religion, that the spirit lives on, and that the pure and holy principle of love that binds souls together, is not confined to the narrow limits of time; and as we love our fellow men who have not received these great truths, we desire to scatter them abroad, so that they may enjoy the blessings of them even as we do.

We all want some means to scatter these truths abroad, and I cannot but conceive that it must be through organization, for the purpose of expressing our faith to the world.

It is true, we differ on many points belonging to the spiritual phenomena, and we disagree as to the physical manifestations, as well as the mental and spiritual, but even with all this diversity amongst us, we have a form of faith, and can express our belief as a body of people, without the necessity of agreeing upon all the minutiae of a philosophy.

If there is a philosophy, it will live through all and work itself out. We must organize for financial purposes and, as far as we can, without binding or restricting each other; we need financial and business organizations all over the land; it is utterly impossible for mediums to give their time and labor to spread abroad the great truths which they have received and are receiving, without some means of compensation, because, unfortunately, or rather fortunately, most of us who are called to this work have risen from the poorest classes of God's people; we were not born with golden spoons in our mouths; we have known what it is to work and want. I thank God I know how to work, I know how to do a great many things that would gain me a living aside from that to which I have devoted my life, but in this glorious cause I will work. I might do more for myself by turning to these labors, but I will not; it is utterly impossible for me to do so; my life and my happiness are involved in it; eleven years have I now stood in public life, and I stand to-day not any better, financially, than when I began; but I am better off, I have more health, loving and true hearts, but I have no home to call my own, I have no means to claim one. When persons devote their lives, their energies, all their faculties, they have a right to claim from that labor the means of procuring themselves homes, where, in times of sickness and dependence, they may find shelter and rest; we have a right to be self-sufficient so far as to wish the means to obtain such a home, where we may live comfortably while we labor in the great field of reform.

And if these financial organizations will help us in this direction, I hope we shall have them all over the land, as well as a National Organization to encourage these. They may be in a very simple form; have a President, a Secretary and Treasurer, and a Board to conduct the business necessary for public conferences and lectures. As to the expression of our faith, we can do much more by our lives than in any other way; if we live honestly, virtuously, nobly and truthfully, we shall give a faith to the world that can never be written in words, or declared in articles of faith; and unless we live according to the best and purest teachings of our philosophy, it is vain for us to attempt to proclaim it to the world.

I do not believe that I have done half the amount of good in talking, that I have in living and feeling. I believe that, as I have mingled in sympathy with the bereaved and sorrowful, bending beneath the weight of life's heavy burdens, and these have looked up into my eyes and seen that I really sympathized with them, it has done them much more good than anything I could possibly have said to them.

When we live these things, we do not need to declare anything, we prove our faith by our works; and if we have not works, our declarations are of no worth whatever. Let us, then, be ready to prove to the world that we dare to do the things that are right, that we dare to go down to the lowest depths of vice and take up our brother or sister, and seek to pour in the oil of consolation, and minister to their wants. Let us seek to equalize the circulation of God's blessings, and this will be all the declaration of faith that we need to make.

Mrs. Townsend concluded her remarks with a poem:

Oh, ye who watch this trembling flame Of human love, that rolls In mystic beauty up to God, From out these human souls, Like gliding clouds across the heaven, That obscure and fly, And leap, and flash, until the heart Is lifted up on high!

Oh, let them e'er grow bright and strong, Nor check them as they rise; For all are sacred offerings, The heart's pure sacrifice.

Let every heart that life to God In His aspirations pure, Find rest, and confidence, and trust, That ever must endure.

Oh, let them feel when true ones bend Beneath their weight of woe, That angel guides their steps attend Wherever they may go; And every prayer they offer up, Shall fall in gentle dew; As water by sunbeams absorbed, Falls back, refreshed and new!

To invigorate the heart, And make its powers grow strong; Until temptation cannot lead, Their thoughts or steps to wrong.

Oh, Father! may these human hearts With holy love be blest, Until in peace they blend as one, And find eternal rest.

J. S. Loveland was surprised that one of the good sense possessed by Mrs. Townsend, should assume the position she had.

—(after a brief pause.)—Well, sir, I have of late been quite unwell, and for some time confined to my chamber.

Hon. S. S. Jones in the chair. Mrs. M. S. Townsend said:

My friends—I had hoped not to be called upon to speak before this Convention, for this reason, the language which I am capable of using so far as the sentiments of my soul.

I know something of what it is doing for the world, of what it is doing for me and you, to call out the highest, noblest, and best feelings of men and women everywhere.

I believe it to be the redeeming principle of the world, that it falls upon our souls as dew falls upon the plants, and as sunbeams fall upon the flowers, thus enabling them to expand and bloom in beauty.

I know that the call of this Convention was for the purpose of considering the question of organization and with that idea I am in deep sympathy.

I know very well that the time has come that we must organize, at least for financial purposes, as a basis for future action.

I know that the law of growth in one thing, we have learned in all things—as individuals we grow, and in accordance with the natural laws; we have our spring, our summer, time, our autumn, time, and our winter time.

We are organized, physically, to express ourselves as individuals, according to the peculiarities of our growth; our minds take up such elements of thought and principle as can be appropriated to their requirements, and they organize these in accordance with the natural laws of growth.

We are in families governed by the same law and in our force, and that force is a law organization, a peer that works into organic form everything that takes hold of. Thus we form in neighborhoods, we form in towns, we form in cities, and in

Responsibility. The editors of THE RELIGIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL 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.

TRUTH LIFE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink and sleep, to be exposed to darkness and to light; to pass round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth to make room book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life.

In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities of life still slumber which make its highest worth, while knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears which freshen the dry wastes within, the mode that brings childhood back again, the prayer that brings the death which strikes us with mystery, the hardships which force us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment that ends in being.

A bundle of old ballads sold in London recently for \$65,000.

Business Matters.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON'S SEANCES.—Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the medium, through whom the communications are given, is in the sixth page of this paper, will be found at the reception room, (No. 57) of the RELIGIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION, Lombard Block, (first building west of the Post Office, Chicago), from 2 to 4 o'clock, P. M., and from 7 to 9 evenings, Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, excepted.

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

DR. BRYANT AT KALAMAZOO, MICH.—We copy the following from the Kalamazoo Gazette, of November 17, 1895:

DR. J. P. BRYANT—THE MODUS OPERANDI AND PHILOSOPHY OF HIS MODE OF TREATMENT.—The fact that thousands have been cured of a certain class of disorders, mostly those of functional derangement, by simple manipulation, by Dr. Bryant, has been testified to by hundreds of disinterested persons, the most educated and enlightening among scholars, editors, clergymen, professors, etc., that the truth of his wonderful success cannot now be a matter of doubt.

The rationale of his method, therefore, must possess peculiar interest; and from a personal opportunity, of a very favorable kind, of judging of this, we think it can be very clearly presented in a few simple statements:

First, as to the man himself. He owes his power to his peculiar personal constitution; of highly refined nervous organization, with strong will-power, and great muscular energy, (although small and slender in person), he possesses a wonderful development of the moral faculties, and a peculiar psychological faculty of blending with the mental atmosphere of those whom he approaches. Therefore, as soon as seen, he has your confidence. He stands before you no humbug, no charlatan, no mercenary, only intent on your money, but a sympathetic, generous, and devoted philanthropist, yearning for the power to assist the sufferings of his fellow men; in thousands of instances shedding tears of joy over the relief that he has brought to some poor sufferer, whose only compensation to his benefactor was, not money, but a faltering tongue and an overflowing heart. Thus much as to the man.

Second, as to the philosophy. Many persons are invalid from the possession, in their minds, of a fixed idea that they are ailing. These are cured by removing that idea or impression. This is achieved by a peculiar psychological influence, and the results are generally instantaneous. Chronic cases, where there is no organic disease, but simply functional derangement, being the result of disordered nervous forces, are cured by movements and manipulations calculated to restore the deranged forces to their normal or harmonious action. In many cases of this kind, the results are immediate; in others, time and continued treatment are required. Organic disease, however, or not, according to their condition and extent. Each case is necessarily decided on its own standing. There are cases, of course, beyond the reach of human aid; and the Doctor can do no more than alleviate suffering or palliate the condition of the patient.

The whole process is a work in accordance with fixed laws. The early Christian writers record multitudes of cures by similar means, by men possessing the requisite gifts of mental, moral and spiritual organization. The most successful in modern times are those who, to the required organic qualifications, unite a high sense of the momentary power they possess, and a true, deep sympathy with suffering humanity, and a desire to give relief, if need be, without any other reward than the thankful heart, and the evidence of fellow men being freed from pain, and restored to usefulness. To this class all who come in contact with Dr. Bryant, will feel at once his title to belong; and to the fact that he does so, in a manner peculiarly conspicuous, is owing to his astonishing success wherever he has put in practice his strange and wonderful power over the mysteries of the human organism.

Dr. Bryant will commence practice at Southern Michigan House, Coldwater, Michigan, Nov. 25, 1895, remaining there till December 10.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering sealed letters. Address P. O. Box 282, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 214 North Carpenter street. Persons enclosing three dollars, and six three cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply.

HEALING WITHOUT MEDICINE.—REMARKABLE CURES OF CHRONIC DISEASES.—We are decidedly averse to giving credit to statements that are in direct opposition to the general experience, and especially touching the matter of healing the sick, where the field for humbug and imposition is so wide, and where such sad consequences are likely to result from the employing of ignorant and reckless quacks in the treatment of diseases that are threatening to destroy life. But it is incumbent on us to give the strictest heed to the facts that are passing, that we may be able to determine what is the true system of healing the sick and to distinguish which who are the quacks and who are real physicians.

In accordance with these considerations we visited the rooms of Dr. Higgins, at the Huntington House, during the past week, observed his method of treating diseases without the use of medicines, and we must acknowledge that we were decidedly astonished at what we there witnessed. A young man came in from Darke county, Ohio, who had lost the use of his leg, from the hip down, some four years ago, the flesh being almost entirely shrunk away, leaving the limb very little larger than the bone itself. In other respects the young man was apparently in perfect health. But he was totally unable to lift his left foot off the floor. He submitted to Dr. Higgins' treatment, in our presence, which lasted probably twenty minutes, and at the end of that time the patient was able to lift his foot into a chair, with apparently little difficulty.

Another still more remarkable cure was performed by Dr. H., in the case of Mr. John Elderkin, a man seventy-seven years of age, and who is well known by every resident of this city. Mr. Elderkin has suffered constantly for many years with a peculiar disease of the bladder which compelled him to rise from his bed twenty or thirty times during the night and even in the day time, the difficulty from this cause was not less annoying. He had tried the medicine of many of the best physicians, without obtaining relief. When Dr. Higgins came to this city two weeks since, he determined to seek a cure at his hands. The result was, he obtained immediate and perfect relief. He now sleeps soundly, is able to attend to his business—that of drayman—as well as he ever did in his life, and in a conversation with him, in our office yesterday, he said he felt every way as strong and active as at any time during the last twenty-five years. It must be acknowledged that this is an extraordinary cure, especially when we consider the age of the patient.

Dr. Higgins has treated many other cases, since his arrival in this city, with as remarkable success as either of the two cases we have mentioned; but our space forbids reference to them at this time. We believe that to-day includes the Doctor's visit to this city.—Richmond Telegram, Oct. 29, 1895.

DR. PERSONS' "THE HEALER."—We copy the following from the Milwaukee Daily News of November 10th:

WORDLY CURERS 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 names and crutches taken from those who were obliged to use them from five to twenty years, all cured in from five to twenty minutes. Stepping to his desk, he will hand you more certificates of cures than you would find time to peruse. He gave us a few copies of some performed within a few days, and for the benefit of the afflicted, we publish them. We are satisfied from what we saw that the doctor takes no certificates without the cure is certain. Read the following:

For the benefit of afflicted humanity, I desire to state that my wife, Mrs. A. B. Thomas, has been a sufferer from Protrusion Uteri, or falling of the womb, and spinal affection with general prostration of the nervous system, at times unable to feed herself. This has been her condition for the last six years, for five years wholly unable to walk, having to be drawn about the house in a chair. I brought her to the Dynamic Institute, Oct. 9, 1895, and in ten minutes' treatment by Dr. Persons, she arose from her bed and walked off without help. She has regained her health rapidly, and now takes lengthy walks, free from any difficulty. Her speedy recovery has gladdened the hearts of her many friends, and we cannot refrain from advising all sufferers to go to the Dynamic Institute and get healed.

CYRUS B. THOMAS. Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1895.

A remarkable case of deafness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 29 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, 1895.

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, 1895, 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. 387, and within 200 feet of the street railroad.

Deaths.

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

One home to the Angels, November 8th, after a brief struggle with the body, DELIA, only son of P. H. and E. J. Sniff, aged two years and five months.

The form of this interesting child was conveyed to the Methodist Church, where the funeral services were performed by the writer, and listened to with deep attention by the audience. The parents are comforted, as only such can be, who, realizing the facts of immortality, know that their loved departed "still live." ALICYNDA WILHELM, M.D.

Geneseo, Ill., Nov. 15, 1895.

Passed to the Spirit-land, from Newbury, Ohio, October 16, 1895, MOSES MATYARD, aged ninety-eight years and three months.

The deceased was born in Westboro', Worcester county, Massachusetts. At the age of twenty-one he became a resident of Conway, Franklin county, and in 1797 married Miss Lucy Davis, of Williamsburg, who is still living. In September, 1835, he removed to Auburn, Geauga county, Ohio, where he resided until within the last two years. Ten of his children are now living, and four have passed to the summerland. He was an honest, industrious man, and much respected by those who knew him.

What a grand and glorious conception of earth-life the author of "Night Thoughts" had when he wrote as follows:

"This is the bud of being, the dim dawn, The twilight of one day, the vestibule: Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death, Strong death, alone can leave the massy bar, This gross impediment of clay remove, And make us, embryos of existence, free From larval life; but little more remote Is he, not yet a candidate for light, The future embryo slumbering in his sire, Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell, Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life, The life of gods, oh, transport! and of man!"

Auburn, Ohio, Nov., 1865. G. W. V.

Railroad Time-Table.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN.—DEPOT COR. WEST WATER, AND KINZIE STS.

Day Express, 9:00 a. m. 8:30 p. m. Night Express, 4:30 p. m. 6:00 a. m. Residence Accommodation, 6:00 p. m. 9:15 p. m. Woodstock Accommodation, 9:30 p. m. 12:00 a. m.

GALENA DIVISION. Fulton and Cedar Rapids, 8:20 a. m. 7:10 p. m. Fulton and Iowa, 8:15 p. m. 6:00 a. m. Freeport and Dunleith, 9:00 a. m. 4:40 a. m. Freeport and Dunleith, 10:20 p. m. 3:45 p. m. Rockford and Fox River, 4:00 p. m. 11:10 a. m. Rockford and Fox River, 4:00 p. m. 11:10 a. m. Geneva and Elgin, 5:30 p. m. 8:40 a. m.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL. Detroit Express, 6:00 a. m. 6:00 a. m. Detroit Express, 7:30 p. m. 12:30 p. m. Detroit Express, 7:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m.

MORNING EXPRESS, 6:00 a. m. 11:00 p. m. NIGHT EXPRESS, 7:00 p. m. 8:30 p. m. MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.—DEPOT COR. VAN BUREN AND SHEPHERD STS.

Day Express, 6:00 a. m. 11:00 p. m. Evening Express, 8:30 p. m. 12:30 p. m. Night Express, 10:08 p. m. 12:30 p. m.

Express, via Adrian, 6:00 a. m. 12:30 p. m. Express, via Adrian, 7:30 p. m. 11:00 p. m. PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Day Express, 6:00 a. m. 8:40 p. m. Express, 8:00 a. m. 12:30 p. m. Express, 5:30 p. m. 8:20 p. m. Express, 10:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m.

CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. (Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.) Day Express, 6:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m. Night Express, 7:45 p. m. 17:40 a. m.

(FOR CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE.) Mail Express, 6:00 a. m. 10:00 p. m. Mail Express, 7:45 p. m. 7:40 a. m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL. Day Passenger, 9:30 a. m. 9:55 p. m. Night Passenger, 10:10 p. m. 9:00 a. m. Kansas Accommodation, 9:45 p. m. 8:45 p. m. Hyde Park Train, 6:25 a. m. 7:45 a. m. do do, 12:10 p. m. 1:45 p. m. do do, 4:00 p. m. 5:25 p. m. do do, 8:50 p. m. 9:10 p. m.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY. Day Express, 6:00 a. m. 4:30 p. m. Night Express, 8:20 p. m. 5:00 a. m. Mendota Accommodation, 4:30 p. m. 9:15 a. m. Aurora, 5:30 p. m. 8:30 a. m.

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS. Eastern Mail, 8:30 a. m. 8:00 a. m. Joliet and Wilmington Accommodation, 4:00 p. m. 9:30 a. m.

CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND. Day Express and Mail, 9:00 a. m. 4:20 p. m. Night Express, 7:00 p. m. 8:45 p. m. Joliet Accommodation, 4:00 p. m. 9:30 a. m.

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE. St. Paul Express, 9:00 a. m. 11:30 a. m. Milwaukee Accommodation, 4:30 p. m. 8:45 a. m. Night Accommodation, 11:30 p. m. 1:00 a. m. Evanston, 3:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. Sundays excepted. Saturdays excepted. Week days excepted.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

Speakers for whom an advertisement is desired to set as a speaker at the RELIGIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. H. M. BAKER's post office address is Denver 1025, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. ALBERT A. CHAMBERLAIN will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during November and December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Western. Address Box 615, Lowell, Mass., or to Mr. H. M. BAKER.

HENRY T. COLE, M. D., 626 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. JAMES COOPER, Philadelphia, Pa.

L. E. COOPER, a Trance Operator and Clairvoyant will lecture and read in Marshall, Illinois, every fourth Sunday night.

WARRICK CHASE will lecture in Vineland, N. J., during November, during January and February next in Washington, D. C., during March in Philadelphia, and will speak next summer in the West.

Rev. JAMES FRANKLIN will lecture, Southern Illinois, Northern Missouri, and all over the West, during November and December. Address, Watrous, Ill., near of Dr. H. M. BAKER, 1011 North Dearborn.

J. G. FISH will speak in Hammond and Vineland, N. J., during October; in Annapolis, Md., during November; in Providence, R. I., during December; and in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hammond, Ind.

R. J. FISHER's post office address is Elm Street, Mich.

L. P. GROSS, Magnetic Physicist, will answer calls to lecture and read the sick. Address, Bensenville, Wis.

Rev. J. B. HARRISON will be addressed at Kendallville, Noble Co., Ind.

D. H. HARRISON will answer calls to lecture on Reincarnation and the True Mode of Communicating With Angels, Hammond, N. J.

Dr. J. J. HATFIELD, Trance Speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, or to organize circles during week-day evenings, in any part of the country. Will also organize Lectures, and speak, either in person or by proxy, in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hammond, Ind.

Mrs. HENRY A. HENNINGTON will speak in Blackfoot Springs, Conn., during December. Address at home, or to Dr. H. M. BAKER, Syracuse, N. Y.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. M. PEARL, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, R. I., during October; in Lowell, Mass., during November; and in Lowell, Mass., during December. Address, to care of Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

L. JUDY PARKER, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

T. J. ROUSE will be addressed P. O. Box 366, Elkhart, Ind.

CORA L. V. SCOTT will lecture in Washington, D. C., during November and December. Address to care of Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

BREKIDEN TOWN, Normal Speaker, will lecture in New York during September; in Charleston, S. C., during October; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to accept of a lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care Banner of Light office.

HUTTON and EMMA TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

F. L. WADSWORTH lectures in Sturgis, Mich., Sunday morning and evening, until further notice. Address accordingly.

Mrs. LOUIS WADSWORTH can be addressed at Liverpool, O.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"We shall give this charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through Mrs. A. M. Robinson.

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

NOVEMBER 12.

INVOCATION.

Infinite source of all things; Thou ever firm and immutable principle—Thou that dwellest in that which seemeth darkness unto us, as well as in that which seemeth light—Thou that created all things, and will perfect all in Thine own good time. We feel that all discord and inharmony will eventually pass away. Yet, while it is ours to contend with those imperfect conditions, disappointments and sorrows seem every day to be our portion. It is not strange that we become weary and impatient for that better day to come when there shall be a more perfect understanding, one towards another, and of the laws by which we are governed. For that understanding we would call upon Thee, Thou source of Infinite Wisdom.

We feel that we need more of Thy strength to enable us to bear with one another, and that we may be more harmonious in our natures and more like unto Thee. May each tear that springs from the anguish of the soul sparkle like a dewdrop in the morning sun, as we review the pages of our earthly experiences, and may we feel that though bitter is the suffering of the hour, they were not shed in vain.

May we be enabled to look upon the varied trials with a feeling of satisfaction that they were directed by Thee, our Father, for our good.

May we ever rest in that assurance. May we ever be enabled to approach Thee with the confidence that Thou wilt eventually bring us all where nought but purity and love doth ever prevail.

NOVEMBER 13.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. When you entered spirit life, were you satisfied with the conditions in which you found yourself?

A. I can't say I was wholly satisfied, because there were things which I desired that could only be obtained in the world I had just left; but taking all things together it was far better than I had expected to find. I soon became satisfied with my condition. Some things that I wanted I could not get, but I soon found other things to take their place. My desire at first was for things I had been accustomed to, but could not obtain. I soon got over that desire by receiving other things better adapted to my new condition.

Q. Were the things by which you were surrounded as real and tangible to you as you had expected to find them?

A. They were far more so—everything was as real and tangible as they are on the material plane to you.

Q. Did you find color, odor and flavor there as grateful to the spirit senses as their correspondences on earth?

A. I did. When you bear in mind that the spirit, after leaving the form, takes cognizance of the life-principle of everything, you will readily perceive that those senses were gratified. Any unnatural desire which we inherited from our parents, or acquired by our surroundings, we have not the power to gratify. The use of all kinds of stimulants, liquors, tobacco, or like things, are unnatural. Those who have passed to spirit life with such unnatural appetites are not contented—are not happy as those who have no such desires. Every lecturer should most carefully and energetically enforce on the minds of his hearers the importance of immediate reform in these respects, since their consequence in the future cannot be estimated.

Q. When spirits talk of trees, hills, valleys, streams, houses, gardens, etc., are we to understand that they speak of positive realities—literal facts?

A. Certainly you are. They speak of that which they find, and no more—that which is real to their senses; according to their desires for the beautiful, so is it given unto them.

Q. We are told of animals in spirit life; what shall we understand by such representation?

A. Everything that possesses life, and everything does possess life—whether intelligent or not—that animating principle is of God, the great creative Power, and can never be annihilated. Everything must have a form, hence the necessity for a name. Each is known by its name. The desire is felt, and the thing exists to satisfy it. Thus the mind is creative in spirit life.

QUESTIONS BY A PROMINENT AND LEADING UNIVERSALIST.

Q. Is my present position with the denomination with which I am now connected, as well adapted to my spiritual growth and higher development as any other?

A. So long as persons feel contented in their condition, with the light they receive, and are enabled to impart it to their fellow beings, just so long that condition is best for them. When they begin to question themselves whether or not that is the highest course, and its adaptability to their nature, that fact is evidence of itself, that the time has arrived that they should advance a step higher and embrace that which they feel is better adapted to their condition.

Q. Is not my faith more in harmony with the progressive sentiment of the age than with the strict theological bias of the denomination to which I belong?

A. Yes, it is. That is easily seen from the general expression of your countenance, which speaks benevolence and charity to everybody.

Q. Under the circumstances in which I am placed, would it be wise for me to change my relations with the church?

A. The question really is, have you had help long enough so that you can now run alone? From what I can see of your past experience, present conditions, and with the light beaming upon you, I think you can stand alone. And then, again, my friend, you are not alone. You have too many friends around you in the spirit world to be alone; and when they illuminate your path, you can surely walk in it.

Q. The great question with me is, whether any change I can make would render me more useful in the world than I can be in my present position?

A. All religious forms are based, no doubt, upon the highest convictions of individuals, and at the time of their birth present to the world many grand and beautiful truths. They are possessed of warm and loving hearts, (speaking of various organizations,) but alas, for every one of them, they run into the popular channel and are lost. Your Universalism, based upon universal salvation, like all otherisms preceding it, has run into the same whirlpool and has, in a measure, lost sight of its first great principle. Every one that took that step was higher on the rounds of progression than those who clung to the old theological forms and ideas, and it is well for them that they advanced that step.

When they have progressed far enough, so that they are enabled to take another step and embrace, not only universal salvation, but eternal progression, that step will be well, also.

If my brother feels that it is best to tarry a while longer before taking that step, it will be well for him to do so. When he is fully prepared to advance farther, no forms or ceremonies can deter him from doing it.

The fabric to which you belong is sure to tumble to pieces. If you desire to remain in until it is shattered about your ears, why that is your privilege to do so, but when you begin to see the beams tumble, I would advise you to run, which will be soon.

Q. Are all spirit bodies composed of the same substance, and do they bear the same relation to each other that our earthly bodies bear to each other?

A. They are all made of the same substance, but differ in fineness of texture. They differ in texture, the same as different kinds of cloth, some coarse, some fine, yet it is all cloth. The body corresponds with the spirit within in its seeming texture. They do bear the same relation to each other that earthly bodies do—emphatically so.

Q. Did our spirits exist previous to inhabiting these bodies?

A. They did have an existence, because they were a part of Delly—the great spirit pervading the universe—but not in an individual, conscious state.

Q. If so, in what state or condition do they exist, previous to entering our earthly bodies, as a mass or personality?

A. The last answer covers, and is a reply to the second and third questions.

Q. May not sufficient of this soul power be given us, so as to render us capable of recollecting our previous existences. And was not this the case with Jesus Christ?

A. I know of no such power, although it is said there is nothing impossible with God. By that question one would think you thought Jesus was better than other people. [Gentleman said, "The creeds so teach us."] He was no better. He was more susceptible to higher spiritual influences. The conditions surrounding his mother, previous to his birth, rendered him in that negative condition before spoken of; and the sentiments he gave utterance to were far in advance of anything that had ever been heard of. His teachings were the embodiments of such goodness that he filled the people's loftiest conceptions of Delly—that which they called God. Consequently he was supposed by them to be the Son of God, in an especial sense.

Q. Does not the source of happiness or misery lie within our own bosoms; and cannot this state be at our own control, in a great measure?

A. True, in a measure it lies within ourselves, for it is within ourselves that we experience joy or sorrow; yet at the same time we are creatures of circumstances, subject to surrounding influences. To illustrate: If you are strong enough to mesmerize a more negative person, then that negative person is subject to your will, although the act you thus induce that person to perform may be repugnant to his or her sense of propriety, yet that one has the approbation or suffers the reproach which is a result of such deed, when, in fact, you was the immediate cause of it.

Q. Do still-born children have an individualized spiritualized existence, the same as those who die after birth?

A. They do have an individualized existence, the same as though they had been born into the material world, after having once arrived at a certain point, but the question is, where is that point? To illustrate: Take a kernel of corn; if it is never exposed to that element necessary to perpetuate and unfold the powers within, or to quicken the germ, you are never brought to realize its power. Expose that to the elements sufficiently for its natural reproduction, and you know the result; if properly cared for; but the germ, the life-principle, of an immortal soul, after it has once passed into a receptive condition for its development, can never be annihilated.

Q. Do these infant spirits progress more or less rapidly than they would if they had remained in the form until their bodies had become fully matured?

A. It is with less rapidity that they are developed. The child that passes to the spirit world is in a more pleasant condition, but it does not progress with such quickness as it would if it had lived and encountered the ups and downs of life. It is the hard and trying ordeals of life that develop and unfold the individual.

Q. Do these infant spirits progress more or less rapidly than they would if they had remained in the form until their bodies had become fully matured?

A. It is with less rapidity that they are developed. The child that passes to the spirit world is in a more pleasant condition, but it does not progress with such quickness as it would if it had lived and encountered the ups and downs of life. It is the hard and trying ordeals of life that develop and unfold the individual.

THOMAS INGALLS.

I want every one to take into consideration this fact—that all of us poor folks, who labored long and hard to obtain riches, beautiful houses, grounds, and everything that was to be obtained by money, but failed to come into possession of them, while on earth, have the good luck to obtain them and enjoy them here.

My name was Thomas Ingalls. I was a carpenter by trade; helped to build many nice houses for other people; though I did not quite get my pay there, I have got it now you see, and I have got a nice house. I want my folks to know that I am happy—all right—and I want them to know, too, that it is not them that were the richest folks that are the happiest here. And another thing—Judge Golden, as we used to call him, who had lots of money and the respect of the wealthy, is not half as happy as I am, now. He was a great hand at fishing for money, and he is as great still, for the same, but he can't get it. The folks here tell him to store up knowledge of the good and the beautiful—but he won't do it. My folks never knew of this way of doing business; but I want them to find one of these folks—what do you call them? [Mediums.] My little girl, Het, would be one, if they would sit for it—just sit around a table and take hold of hands, then we'll come.

My wife's name was Josephine. You just send one of those papers to her at Providence, R. I., will you? [Yes.] I am obliged to you.

NOVEMBER 15.

GEORGE STEVENS.

My object is simply to get some word to my folks. I don't care anything in particular about talking to any one else.

I am a little sorry I did not investigate this thing—Spiritualism. If I had really believed it was spirits, as it was claimed to be, I think I should have given it a careful and thorough examination. I believe if Spiritualists, as a body, had been more open, and given people better opportunities of using their organs of sight—of seeing, of seeing—I believe in seeing—that it would have been better, not only for spirits—disembodied spirits—as well as for those in their natural bodies. I know I should have been more likely to have inquired into it. I don't believe in going into the dark. [Some phases of manifestation can only be given in the dark.] There are enough that can be given in the light,

then, to convince everybody who are worthy of convincing, and everybody in so.

Now, Maria: The medium I have taken possession of, is in a good large room, with three windows on the west side, that afford sufficient light to see all that is done. I have taken this way of talking to you that you might remember the conversation we had upon this subject—Spiritualism.

As I said, the room is large, and as light as the light as the light of day can make it. I have come with my spiritual body and taken possession of the organism of the medium, for the purpose of identifying myself to you. My sickness you know all about—typhoid fever, you know, was what the physician called it. After an illness of five weeks, (the care and attention you gave me I will not go into detail about it, for you know it well,) I died what we call a natural death. I don't call it a natural death, though, but never mind that. It has been three years since then, last June; you know that.

We lived a little out—about a mile and three-quarters out of the city of Hartford, Conn. [To a gentleman present.] I used to chew tobacco. I would kind of like some now. I guess it is because I am back where it grows, is it not? Do you suppose it is that? [Gentleman said, "I presume it is. Don't you think it a foolish habit?"] I guess it is, but where there are so many silly habits it is not to be wondered at. [Don't you think it is sometimes a preventative of disease?] I don't know as it is, as I never realized it. I am a little sorry she gave Jerry away! Sheldon's folks will do well by him, but I think she would have got along without giving him away.

Hattie she has with her. She kept the girl and gave away the little boy. There were only two children. That was all we had. I think this is kind in you folks. [We are glad you appreciate it.] I have tried a good many times to influence mediums, but could never find any one before whom I could. I could not have done so now if I had not have received assistance. There are several who have helped me.

I think I have told her enough, and if she will come right out and not be afraid of any of the folks, (but she is a woman, and it is natural to be afraid of what people will say,) she will reply to this the same as if I had sent her a letter. She can, if she will. I have done the best I could this time. She knows I think just as much of her as ever I did. She must know that.

My name is George Stevens. I was thirty-one when I died. Good day.

NOVEMBER 15.

NANNY NILE.

I don't know but it is through sympathy for my sister-woman, that I am called upon to give my experience while I dwell upon earth.

It may in some degree strengthen them in the various paths that they are now traveling in.

My native State was Vermont. It is rather hard, but I will endeavor to be brief, and at the same time relate my experience in such a manner that no woman will have occasion to laugh at my weakness or blush with shame at my errors.

My parents were poor, but honest. They reared a family of twelve children—not all their own, for three of them were the children of my father's sister. I did nothing to cause me regret until after my marriage with James W. Nile.

He being cold, rigid and exacting in his nature, and I the complete reverse, for I was loving and confiding, we did not live happily together. I was not disposed to leave him, for I had already become the mother of two children. Those children filled the affection of my maternal nature, but they did not satisfy that longing wish for a confiding soul who could appreciate me—shall I say, gratify my every desire? With that desire strong, it is no wonder that I yielded to such influence (that of a confiding spirit) when presented in an attractive form? Although I sought for that pure affection that would be exalting in its nature—that which would bring joy to my troubled spirit—I could not obtain it, but found that which caused me to loathe my very self.

Had I possessed the power to have stricken my spirit from a future existence as well as from earth, I would have done so. The anguish of my soul was too great for me to portray in words. Had I had some kind friend to counsel with and strengthen me in my attempts to reform myself, I think those efforts would not have been in vain. Disappointment after disappointment crowded in upon me, until utter despair took possession of my soul with a strong hand, and with a weary heart I put an end to my earthly condition. I cared not for the future, however dismal it might be; I felt sure it would be a relief from the present.

I had long craved rest, quiet, and I found it in the sweet sleep of death.

When I awoke to consciousness I saw many, but no one whom I had ever met before. Although their faces were not familiar to me, yet I saw at a glance that their looks were those of kindness. And before all of those persons was spread out upon a broad canvass every act, and it seemed to me, every thought, of my past life. Instead of looking upon that canvass, their gaze was directed towards me, apparently for the purpose of seeing what effect that delineation of my earth existence had upon me. None but those who have passed the same ordeal can have any idea of my feelings. As I bent my eyes upon it, the darkness of some of my past acts seemed to overshadow those of a lighter cast.

There was a lady who then stepped forward, and with her right hand pointed to the canvass and said, in a mild and gentle tone of voice: "Sister, look not upon the dark clouds, but select the brightest spot upon that canvass, and view that; the whole shall sparkle and become brighter than the one spot first chosen."

It was a hard task, but through her kind influence, I was enabled to accomplish it. The moral of this I will leave to those who may need it. But to those who are wandering in like paths to my own, I would say, rely upon your own individuality. Think not to find that strength in others you cannot find in yourself. Stand firm for the right, and whatever temptations may be placed before you, you will soon be enabled to overcome them.

My husband and two children are yet upon earth. They are well, and doing well. I have no desire to send this direct to them. By mere accident they will see it.

Though my earthly experience was that of sorrow, my present home is sufficiently beautiful to compensate me for all that I suffered.

My name is Nanny Nile.

WILLY DONALDSON.

I ran away from home, and got into the army. I stole my way along, and at last I got to Vicksburg. There I was taken sick with the black measles, as they called them, and died.

Mother don't know whether I am dead or what has become of me. Father thinks I will turn up yet. He says to mother, "He will be coming home one of these days." He little thinks I will

turn up in this way. I am kind of sorry I left my mother, and if the old man had not been so exacting, I should not have done so. Mother need not worry about me. I will do the best I can. If she wants to hear from me, and will furnish me with one of these kind of machines, she can do so.

I expect she knows how old I be. I am sixteen now. I wasn't only fourteen when I went away. Years count on me now. I am growing—yes, sir, I am growing. She won't believe that, but I am growing. I expect the old man will say there is chance enough for me to grow, better, boy!

Mother used to say to him, "Don't blame him, Thomas, for he is exactly like you." But I don't believe it. I think I am better than he is—I do, and I don't care if he is my father. I like my mother, and I would like to talk to her; and if she will help me, I will.

My parents live in the Northern part of Pennsylvania. I ran away, and I now run back again, and I guess this will find its way to them.

I thank you. Good night.

NOVEMBER 16.

HARRY JOHNSON, OF ST. LOUIS.

I hear so much about high tone that I really don't know as I ought to attempt to give anything for publication.

If I could only really understand what you mean by high-toned, choice articles, etc.—really I am not able to comprehend it. Do you mean those that are given to many thoughts?

I see a great many that are pecking away at what people say, without taking into consideration the motive which prompts them to speak.

The eagle, being large and having many feathers, can outstrip small birds and overshadow them. But the question is, can he produce more perfect notes—more melody and harmony than the small birds that he can overshadow? I think not.

Thus with individuals, who are constantly picking away and finding fault at what others may say. In fact, I find so much talk upon that subject that I hesitate to give what I have to say, for every one to read who are to see your paper.

I simply want to talk to my friends, regardless of what others may think about it.

I have a mother, one sister, a wife and three children. It is to them I would give what I have to say.

I have been able to see them in all their grief—in what they call their loss, but my gain. It would really be my gain, if they were only more reconciled.

They have often said, if Spiritualism be true, that I would come back and convince them of the fact. I will here say to them that inasmuch as they desire my happiness, to grieve no longer for my absence, for I am with you every day, and were it not for your grief I should be very happy.

The tie of affection for you all being as strong as before death, it causes me—well, it is really pain and anguish to witness such deep grief and sorrowing.

My sister often dreams of me, and relates the same almost every morning at table. (They all live together.) She says, "If I could only see him as plainly as I saw him last night, and know that he is as happy as he looked to be, and is as near us as he assures me he is, I would never shed another tear." While she relates these visions, they all listen and eagerly catch every word, and my mother often through her sighs and weepings, says, "I do believe you do see him, or you would not dream of him so often." Now I wish to say to them that she does see me. Her negative condition, induced by the closing of the external senses in slumber, enables me to approach sufficiently near and make the impression so vivid that she is able to remember and relate it all in her waking moments.

I shall ever continue to be with you, though I may not at all times be able to manifest myself to you in a manner that will convince you of my presence.

Do not, I implore of you, permit yourselves to grieve so much at my loss. I feel that you will do well, and that, though your trials may be great in some respects, your happiness in this life will be sufficient to compensate you for all your trouble.

Be kind enough to send one of your papers to Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, St. Louis, Missouri.

My name is Harry Johnson.

Good day to you, sir.

AGASSIZ IN BRAZIL.

We have just seen the *Bazar Volante*, the Charivari of Rio Janeiro, which answers, in a political and comic point of view, more to the English *Punch* than any publication in our country. This number has one engraving and two capital *bon mots* on Agassiz, showing the very high appreciation in which the great naturalist is held in Brazil.

A short time after the Professor arrived in Rio, he was invited by the Emperor and the President of Pedro II. College to deliver a course of lectures on the glacial theory, in the French language. The hall was the reception hall of the Pedro Segundo College—a room which contains six hundred people. Agassiz refused any compensation. On each evening of the four lectures, twelve hundred people sought admission. The most distinguished professional men, noblemen, and statesmen were there; the Imperial family, refusing to be seated on the usual elevated *dois*, took seats democratically with the audience. It is said that Agassiz was never before so eloquent, while, in his native language, discoursing in a city where a popular lecture had never previously been given.

At the close of the first lecture, the Professor, in his frank way, said that he would be glad to answer any objections or difficulties in regard to the glacial theory. Upon this arose a gentleman of some learning (whose translated name would be Dr. Oak,) who proposed certain objections. The result was the blindest and the most complete refutation of the objector. But the *Bazar Volante* next week came out with a beautiful portrait of Agassiz in the form of a giant, standing amid Alps and glaciers, while at his heel was an acorn-headed Lilliputian, with the branch of an oak, endeavoring to upset the giant. There is no explanation beyond a big H and an X. H is Agassiz, in the Portuguese, while X is shoes or sees. Hence the picture and letters read, "The little oak endeavors to upset the great Agassiz."

Most of the Brazilians at Rio understand and speak French, but there were some at the lectures who, if it was supposed, were deficient in that tongue. All of us remember Agassiz's remarkable facility in illustrating his lectures by drawings upon the blackboard. One of his lectures was upon the general structure of organized beings, and fishes, quadrupeds, etc., skillfully drawn, appeared with rapid succession. The Brazilian *Punch* meets a friend, and thus hails him: "Well, Jose, were you yesterday at Agassiz's lecture? In what language did he speak?" "Now that's a good one. Of course, in the universal language—the French."

"But you didn't understand what he said. You don't know French."

Jose—"Well, now you are unbearable. Is it necessary to understand French to understand such a genius as Agassiz? Oh, what clearness and perspicuity he employs! He takes the chalk in his hand; like lightning he draws a fish. What can he add by words? The thing is already complete. It is a fish."—Boston Transcript.

The Davenport Brothers have brought an action against one of the Paris papers, which exposed their pretensions. This looks as if they had made more money during the last year than they had used for.

The Countess of Gabecoll will soon publish the *Memoirs of Lord Byron*.

Victor Hugo has a new novel in press. It will appear about the first of November.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Miracles.

By H. B. CASWELL.

We are often told that the age of miracles is past, but let us ask if the "age of miracles" ever existed? If you mean by a miracle a suspension of the laws of nature in order to do something that cannot be done under or through the laws of nature; then, I say, the "age of miracles" never existed, and never will exist. If a miracle is a wonder, or a wonderful thing, then we know the age of miracles is not past, for we have as many wonders now as ever. If a miracle is something done in accordance with a law of nature that we do not fully understand, we are certainly not yet beyond the age of miracles, and are not likely to be soon.

Many believe that all spiritual gifts ceased when the Apostles died, but there is not a scrap of evidence that such was the case. The evidence is on the other side. Even Bible proof goes to show that if there have ever been miracles, they will not cease as long as human beings have a habitation on the earth, "for the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Now I say, on Bible authority, that "as many as the Lord our God shall call" are, and will be blessed with "spiritual gifts." If any are not thus blessed, I might add, on Bible authority, it is because they are not of God.

The working of miracles, though not the first of spiritual gifts, is enumerated among them. Saint Paul tells us that "there are diversities of gifts; He says that the "manifestation of the spirit is to every man to profit withal, for to one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by the same spirit; to another, faith by the same spirit; to another, the gift of healing by the same spirit; to another, the gift of working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, the discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, interpretation of tongues."

Many have called the gift of healing a miracle, but Saint Paul clearly makes a distinction between the working of miracles and other "spiritual gifts." "And God hath set some in the church—first, apostles; secondly, prophets; thirdly, teachers; after that, working of miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues." I presume no Christian will deny that these gifts existed in the apostolic age. There is abundance of proof that they did exist, but no proof that they were ever to cease.

Most Christians believe that God did inspire men in the past. All such would do well to think of what the inspired preacher says: "I know that whatever God doeth, it shall be forever." Again, "that which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been, and God requireth that which is past." We are assured that "every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Light, with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning;" also, that God says, "I am the Lord, I change not." Paul informs us that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and Christ himself says: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;" and "he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." The whole Christian church stand ready to tell you they believe these gifts existed in Saint Paul's day. They can bring you any amount of evidence that such was the case, and, if they would, they could bring you just as much evidence to show that the same gift would be continued to all coming generations.

I have never been able to find the place where the Bible says God revoked, or ever would revoke, the law by which these spirit manifestations were produced. There is nothing in the Bible, or in nature, to prove that God has ever ordered these things to cease. Then, we may safely conclude that what has been is now. If these gifts are not in the Church to-day, it is because the Church has become so corrupt that God finds no pleasure in its company, and hence confers the gifts on those who are more worthy to receive them.

The more successful one is in proving that he does not possess any of these "spiritual gifts" just so far he becomes successful in proving that he has no faith or belief in God and his Son Jesus.

KENOSHA, WIS., November 5, 1865.

POVERTY AND PAUPERISM.—About fifteen years since, the number of paupers in Great Britain was 4,000,000, nearly twice the population of the State of Ohio! The amount of money expended in thirty years to keep these paupers from starvation, was £200,000,000, or \$1,000,000,000, or one-quarter more than the whole value of the State of Ohio! This gives the amount of \$83,000,000 as the annual expense of these paupers! At the same time, there were 70,000 persons whose annual income amounted to £200,000,000, or nearly \$1,000,000,000 per annum.

Thus, to sustain the idleness, luxury and pride of these 70,000 persons, 4,000,000 are reduced to pauperism, compelled to pass through all the distress of a starving existence! If labor were justly rewarded, and these aristocrats compelled to do their share of the world's service, each of these families could have a most ample annual income.

The rich of England are waxing richer every generation. At the present time, the Marquis of Westminster possesses an estate of £21,000,000, or over \$100,000,000! More than half this sum has accrued during the past half century, and it is constantly increasing by the reversion of buildings which have been constructed in conformity with ground leases! [Thus has this great fortune, like all others here, as well as there, been made by the monopoly of the people's earth.] The Marquis is described as a mean, miserly fellow, with an income of over three millions of dollars per year! To give this infernal aristocrat and miserly scoundrel such an income, 50,000 families, or 250,000 persons are completely robbed and overwhelmed with poverty, woe and despair!

We have men in this country worth \$50,000,000; and to thus enrich one family more than 10,000 persons are impoverished, humiliated and ruined!

And all this, because men are permitted by law in this country, as well as elsewhere, to monopolize and speculate in that which belongs by natural right to one as well as another, and to catch as much as he can use with his own industry, and no more! God made the earth, and he gave it to his children: Organize the Labor of Labor, and put an end to this crucifying system! Awake to your interests, ye who feed the world, clothe the world, build the world, and yet are permitted to enjoy only the fig end of the world!!

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.—Talleyrand was once in the company of Madame de Staël and another eminent French lady whose name we do not remember.

"You say charming things to both of us," said Madame de Staël to

Harry and I.

We stood where the study lies... And watched the young girl as she sprinkled...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain... How long I wait in vain...

shape. That expanse of crystalline which extends its... stop, sit down, enter a car or leave an omnibus...

The apologists for modern morals and manners... charge upon our grandmothers, who were wont to consider models of decorum...

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance...

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance...

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance...

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance...

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance...

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance...

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance...

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance...

Gems and Precious Stones. Having laid our friends, shoddy and petroleum, under obligations by discounting in regard to the diamond...

Turning from the diamond to other precious stones, we find the ruby (or red sapphire) occupying the first place...

Several of the gems sold for Ceylon rubies are spinels, and even many persons in the trade are not aware of the difference...

Mr. Emanuel shows this to be the case in a table of relative values, where a ruby of four carats is estimated at from \$400 to \$450...

Perhaps this difference in value may arise from the fact that the false ruby is more easily fabricated than the true one...

The emerald and the beryl are of the same chemical composition, and differ only in color. The former is so rarely found perfect...

Of modern opals Mr. Emanuel instances two wonderful stones amongst the French crown jewels; one of them being set in the clasp of the imperial cloak...

The London underground railroad carried 6,462,820 persons in six months.

CATARHUS CONSUMPTION! SCROFULA! W. M. JACKSON, Rushing, New York, having discovered the plants which possess positive remedies for these diseases...

MR. WILLIAM JACKSON, RECORDER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, ALSO ANSWERS sealed letters. Those wishing any information upon any subject, ask any questions about their business...

C. H. WATERMAN, CHICAGO UNION TOBACCO WORKS, 222 Market Street, Chicago. Manufacturer of PENCILS, SMOKING AND PLEAS TOBACCO...

O. S. POSTON, REAL ESTATE AGENT, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SMITH & NIXON'S BLOCK, No. 2. THE EASTERN STOVE, RANGE AND FURNACE ESTABLISHMENT...

THE HEALING ART. COMMENCING with the Gospels, during the lives of Jesus-Christ and Hippocrates, individuals of energy and learning devoted their time to researches into the laws of health and disease...

TESTIMONIALS. THE OESOPHAGUS. The greatest surgical operation of ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on Mrs. Julia Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., she being termed an oesophagus...

TESTIMONIALS. THE OESOPHAGUS. The greatest surgical operation of ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on Mrs. Julia Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., she being termed an oesophagus...

TESTIMONIALS. THE OESOPHAGUS. The greatest surgical operation of ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on Mrs. Julia Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., she being termed an oesophagus...

TESTIMONIALS. THE OESOPHAGUS. The greatest surgical operation of ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on Mrs. Julia Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., she being termed an oesophagus...

TESTIMONIALS. THE OESOPHAGUS. The greatest surgical operation of ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on Mrs. Julia Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., she being termed an oesophagus...

TESTIMONIALS. THE OESOPHAGUS. The greatest surgical operation of ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on Mrs. Julia Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., she being termed an oesophagus...

TESTIMONIALS. THE OESOPHAGUS. The greatest surgical operation of ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on Mrs. Julia Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., she being termed an oesophagus...

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME, ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, MINN. H. T. THALL, M. D., Proprietors. M. NEVINS, M. D.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME PRIMARY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT. In this school the Hygienic Culture is such a part of the educational programme as to be a part of the life of the school...

TALLMADGE & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. GREAT WESTERN DEPOT. Spiritual and Reformatory Books AND PERIODICALS.

A. JAMES, THE MEDIUM ARTIST. THROUGH WHOM the design for the building of this paper was given, will send you a copy of 25 cents, a history of the CHICAGO ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION...

FURST, BRADLEY & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, No. 48, 48 and 50 West Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

TUTTLE & CO., Sole Agents of AMERICAN & FOREIGN PATENTS. INVENTORS' GUIDE, Containing important information, sent to applicants gratis.

F. W. KRAUSE, Agent, FRANKLIN IRON WORKS, S. E. Corner Washington and Jefferson Sts., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A NEW HANDBOOK FOR CHILDREN. BY ANASTAS JACOBSON DAVIS. THIS VOLUME, recently prepared by Mr. Davis, contains a complete details and all necessary instructions...

PROSPECTUS, VOL. VII, OF THE MODERN AGE, PUBLISHED AT HOPEDALE, MASSACHUSETTS. In behalf of "modern civilization," the revelations of Science, and the inspirations of mankind, we venture to...

ADVERTISING TERMS (IN ADVANCE). One copy, 50c; per 100, \$50.00; per 500, \$250.00; per 1000, \$500.00; per 2000, \$1000.00; per 3000, \$1500.00; per 4000, \$2000.00; per 5000, \$2500.00; per 6000, \$3000.00; per 7000, \$3500.00; per 8000, \$4000.00; per 9000, \$4500.00; per 10000, \$5000.00.

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it a bud of moral beauty. Let the dews of knowledge, and the light of duty, wake it in rich and generous soil. In the light of heaven and the light of earth, will break it from its weak stem of life, and it shall lose all power to flourish; but if that lovely flower hath received one pleasure, or indulged one pain, O who shall say that it has lived in vain!"

A Hasty Temper, and What Came of It.

By LOIS WAINBROOK. Hasty one, and shall we take The excess you still will make, "I am quick, but I do not last;" Ah, the lightning soon is past,-- Soon, but it has made a stroke, With its swift, dividing stroke, Of you stately, low'ring oak.

Thomas Lightner, or Lightning, as he was often called, was a man of many good qualities; but he had one fault of such magnitude as often to cause his virtues to be overlooked. That fault was the quickness and violence of his temper. He was in this respect, fully, if not more than equal to Mrs. Southworth's "Old Hurricane, or Hurricane Hall."

Mr. Lightner had, in early life, married an orphan, whose only dependence for support was upon her daily toil, and when the handsome young Thomas, with his brown curls, and laughing blue eyes, asked her to become his wife, she believed herself most happy, while some of her companions envied and others rejoiced at what they termed her good fortune.

But the time came when the patient wife was called hence, and truly did her husband mourn, and the brown hair, which at her death, had hardly begun to change, soon turned to a silver gray, while the deepening furrows in his face, showed that he suffered much, but his temper became, if possible, even more hasty and violent than before.

For some time after this, there was no outbreak of temper to mar the peace of the house of the Lightners; but one day, something occurred that Uncle Thomas got a complete misunderstanding of, and which, had it been as he supposed, would have been really provoking; and his rage broke forth beyond all bounds.

Ellen staggered back, a step or so. Her face blanched for a moment, and then, with flashing eye, she turned, and left the room. Just then the barking of the dog announced the approach of a neighbor. In a moment the storm was over, and Uncle Thomas greeted farmer Wilson with one of his sunniest smiles.

He now recollected the affair which had excited him so much, and also Ellen's words that he was mistaken, together with a sort of confused idea of the bitter answer he had given, and his feelings as he reached her apartment, were none of the pleasant. But upon entering it, his cheek turned paler than hers had done an hour and a half before, for there stood her trunks strapped, and herself ready for traveling.

"Ellen, wife, what does this mean?" he gasped. "It means, Sir," said she, "that I will no longer be the torment of your existence, your cursed second wife."

"But—but," he stammered, "I was in a passion; you cannot think I meant it."

The smaller of the two had broken something that belonged to his companion, but his pleading, "I didn't mean to, Willy," met only with a perfect torrent of abuse, which ended, you careless son of a ragamuffin--you see I do," and the angry boy disappeared around the corner of the house.

"Willy," said a white haired old man, coming forward from his seat at the end of the porch, where he had been so screened by the open blinds of a window between us, that I had not before seen him; "Willy, I thought you said a few minutes ago, that you would never play with Henry again. How is it that you forget so soon?"

"I mean," continued the gentleman, "that you are not sorry enough to prevent your doing the same thing again, the moment you get angry. Are you?" he added, with a sad smile, as he looked into Willy's upturned face.

"That is true," said Willy, earnestly, "I never thought of it before." You had better think of it, and learn to control your temper, while young, or you may yet be as unhappy as I am," said the old man, solemnly.

"Will you not tell us what it is that has made you so unhappy?" asked Willy. The old man was silent for a moment, and then answered: "Yes, I will; it may do you good. I was just like you, Willy, when a boy; kind-hearted and affectionate, but so quick-tempered--a temper that my mother always apologized for by saying, 'To be sure he is quick, but he is over it in a minute; so I grew up to think that a quick temper was not so bad a thing after all, if one was only over it quickly."

"When I became a man I married, and my wife was something like Henry here, always ready to forget, as soon as I stopped my angry abuse, and smiled upon her again; but after many years she died, and when I had lived alone awhile, I married again. My second wife was much younger than myself, and when I married her, one of the kindest and most affectionate creatures in the world. How much I loved her, and how happy I was. But my temper had been uncontrolled so long, that it could not be quiet now, and it was not long before it burst forth upon her. Never shall I forget the look she gave me, but from that moment she was changed."

"I saw it, and knew that it was the cause of it; and yet, when angry, continued to say the bitter words that drove her nearly distracted." "It seemed, at times, as if she would almost take her own life, so terribly did what I said in these fits of passion, but did not mean, affect her. But at length she left me, and now I am a poor, miserable old man. I do not know whether the being I love best on earth is dead or alive. Thus I destroyed her happiness, and blasted my own, because, like you, Willy, I allowed myself to say what I pleased, when angry."

Here the old man paused, leaned forward on his hands, and presently I saw the tears trickling through his fingers. The boys stood silently away, and I sat pondering upon what I had heard when the stage drove up. As I hastened to take my seat in it, one of the passengers called out to the white haired old man, "How are you, Mr. Lightner? I did not know as you ever got so far from home."

"After we had started, I told the stranger what I have now told you, and asked him if he was acquainted with the circumstances." "And did he say all that," remarked the gentleman, looking surprised. "Well, I always believed he felt worse about Ellen's leaving him than he was willing to acknowledge; but he is too proud to say anything of the kind to those that know him." "Do you think she did right in leaving him?" I asked, when he had done.

"I hardly know what to say on that point," he replied; "I know that the marriage vow is a solemn one, and should not lightly be broken; but I really believe that Ellen would have become insane, had she remained with Mr. Lightner much longer. She made my house her home for five years before she married him, and during all that time I never saw her angry; still I knew that she possessed strong feelings, and a deeply sensitive nature, and I feared for the result when I found she was going to be married to Uncle Thomas, as we all called him; but then she seemed habitually so self-controlled, that I hoped all would be well. But I soon learned that his angry taunts roused her to a perfect frenzy, and, as I before said, I believe she would have become insane had she remained with him."

"Well," replied I, "it is not for us to judge either of them; we will leave them in the hands of God." "Amen," was the earnest response, and we said no more upon the subject.

But since then, whenever I hear a hasty temper given as an excuse for having used abusive language, the image of that white haired old man, with his grief-stricken countenance, is sure to come before me.

"Billy," said a benevolent vender of food for stoves, as with cheerful visage he sat down to his maternal repast, "is it cold?" "Werry cold, father," was the reply. "Is the gutter froze, Billy?" rejoined the parent. "Wery hard, father, 'is," was the response. "Ah!" sighed the old gentleman, "put up the coal two pence a pall, Billy. God help the poor!"

An old gentleman remarked the other day that in 1776 we went to war on account of the stamp act, and got the nigger; while in 1861 we went to war about the nigger and got the stamp act.

TALLMADGE & CO'S CATALOGUE

Table listing various books and their prices, including titles like 'The Bible', 'The Christian's Guide', 'The Christian's Duty', etc.

Table listing various books and their prices, including titles like 'The Bible', 'The Christian's Guide', 'The Christian's Duty', etc.

PROSPECTUS OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS, SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will contain the most valuable and interesting articles, and will be published every Saturday at \$4, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION--IN ADVANCE: One Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.50; Single Copies, 8 Cents each. CLUB RATES: Any person sending us \$30.00 shall receive ten copies of the paper, and one extra copy for the getter up of the club for the year.

AGENTS: J. A. BARNARD, Washington, D. C.; B. M. J. A. BARNARD, Boston, Mass.; J. A. BARNARD, New York, N. Y.; J. A. BARNARD, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. A. BARNARD, Baltimore, Md.; J. A. BARNARD, St. Louis, Mo.; J. A. BARNARD, Cincinnati, O.; J. A. BARNARD, Cleveland, O.; J. A. BARNARD, Detroit, Mich.; J. A. BARNARD, Chicago, Ill.