

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, VOTED TO ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE: FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NO. 13

## TRUE SPIRIT-SPRING.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR.

In a cot's solitude, on the edge of a wood,  
Where the wind thro' the trees whistled wild,  
As the wheel and the loom, in a low, dingy room,  
Worked Dame Downs and her one living child,  
Madge, a daughter so dear, who for many a year  
Earned the most of the bread that they had,  
And still not a sigh, nor a tear in her eye,  
E'er showed she was weary or sad.  
From the world all aloof, at the near-chang-  
ing wood,  
She would sing, while the shuttle kept time;  
Thus the warp of her life, free from all snarl-  
ing toils.  
She filled in, from her youth to her prime,  
While, close by, at her side, her old mother  
The wheel, and still spun out her thread,  
Till her distaff did bend, and her flex found  
an end,  
When she dropt from her cricket-stool,  
dead.  
Poor Madge moaned in her cot when the form  
was laid low,  
With its kindred dust, in the churchyard;  
And the neighbors drew near, to console and  
to cheer.  
Her lorn heart for its loss felt so hard;  
But, unhappy, she pined, and no comfort  
could find,  
Till her duties were done for the day,  
When, alone in her grief, vain to find some re-  
lief,  
In the woods she would wander away.  
Once in a still spot, by a dark, rocky grot,  
Lone she sat on a moss-cushioned knoll,  
Where a spring's purling murmur, as it flowed  
from the earth,  
Was a sweet, soothing song to her soul.  
Pacified by its runs, there she seemed to com-  
mune,  
With her mother in Love's Paradise,  
Till in spirit she came, calling Madge by her  
name,  
And was viewed by her clear-seeing eyes.  
The next day, when Madge told to her friends,  
young and old,  
She her mother had seen at the spring,  
Each in doubt shook the head, while in secret  
they said,  
"She is crazed with her trouble, poor thing!"  
Yet still, every eve, her companions she'd  
leave,  
And go down where the spring bubbled  
clear,  
In a calm, passive state, there to watch and to  
wait,  
For the spirit once more to appear.  
But often and long did she hear the spring's  
song,  
And look for her parent in vain,  
Till at last, from above, in a mission of love,  
She released her sad soul from its pain.  
And when, the next morn, the cold body was  
borne  
From the grot to the new grave away,  
For the fountain's weird fame they gave it the  
name,  
"Spirit-Spring," which it bears to this day.

## LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

Notes From London, England, by Catherine Woodforde.

Mediums, and from sympathy with them, all Spiritualists, are at the present time passing through a time of trial and probation here in England. Prof. Lankester's onslaught upon Dr. Slade seems to have roused into overt action and expression all the dormant hatred and malice of the enemies to Spiritualism. We have been, and no doubt shall be, prettily abused and ridiculed in the public prints, and in the pulpit, and altogether just now, according to the opinions of that portion of humanity which is always prone to be blatant from ignorance, hide our diminished heads, and cover our faces with the well of shame in Spiritualism. But we do not feel we have any right to be ashamed of, but on the contrary much to glory in.

All the bitterness long bottled up, ranking as the worst of poisons in the breasts of our opponents, is now finding a vent, and pouring forth with all the more force and power, because it has been so long under compulsory restraint. It is now ascertained to be possible to arrest physical mediums under the Vagrancy Act as conjurers; it is also, according to the now far-famed act of George II, said to be contrary to the law of the country to "call up spirits," and as no medium can possibly do otherwise than call them up (and they do come when they are called), use of course all exact to say. Meanings, we are all tasting of the sweets of persecution according to the fashion of the 19th century. Our houses are waxed by detectives in plain clothes; we are followed at respectful distances by suspicious looking individuals, and we live in daily expectation of some myrmidon of the law coming with a search-warrant to pry into drawers, desks, and secret receptacles, empowered to carry off any little treasure we may possess that may even smell of spirits or Spiritualism.

We are not dragged away from the bosom of our families loaded with chains, and thrown into dark, pestilential prisons, with rats for

companions; we are not brought up before frowning priests for examination, tortured with thumb-screws, or flagellation, or hot pincers, and perhaps sentenced to the stake, or to be boiled in oil, or torn to pieces by wild animals; but we are cited to appear before magistrates, and dragged through the prolonged tortures of a weekly trial in a small crowded court, gazed at and laughed at by ignorant vulgarians, brow-beaten by a clever lawyer determined to do the best for his client,—although it may be at the expense of truth,—brought face to face with vulgar lying witnesses, and secretly caricatured for some penny illustrated comic paper. We are cited about by obscene little boys around the doors of our dwelling-houses, and written about extensively, in a variety of styles, in all the daily papers. Wherever we go, or turn our heads, our own name, or image, variously presented, salutes us. It is like being haunted by one's own double turned into a torturing fiend, and we would vainly pray for complete annihilation, and utter oblivion to escape from ourselves, grown most unpleasantly notorious, were it not for a spirit which makes us rise superior to earth, and the ignorance of humanity, and patiently bear unto the end, willing to submit to the decisions of the law, whatever they may be, and hoping that good to our fellow-beings may grow out of our misfortunes.

Such is the fashion of persecution in this enlightened 19th century, and I leave it to your readers to judge whether refined, sensitive minds do not suffer the pangs of crucifixion, or the tortures of a million deaths, worse than roasting, boiling, or lacerating, under the inflictions of modern society such as I have described. Such persecutions awaken in a noble mind the fortitude and patient long-suffering I have endeavored to depict, and which I have remarked in the bearing and conduct of our friend and brother medium, Dr. Slade. The sufferings I have dwelt upon as growing out of such a state of affairs, I can safely say, have been mine under similar circumstances; but what our friend has suffered, no eye has been permitted to see, no observer even guess at. All has been borne with such Spartan heroism, with such true American pluck and bravery, to say nothing of cheerful resignation. There must be noble spirits supporting him; it is in times of trial we recognize the angels with us.

Long before this reaches you, the magistrates (who rejoice in the balm of name of Flowers) presiding over the Bow Street Police Court, will have pronounced judgment upon our friend's case, and we shall know whether incarceration in a prison is to finish off the chapter of his experiences in England. If so it will be as nobly borne as all which preceded it, though I earnestly hope he will not be called upon to endure any further persecutions for being a medium.

I have been particularly struck with the manner in which both Dr. Slade and his agent Mr. Simmons, have always alluded to the different individuals engaged in this prosecution,—without the slightest tokens of irritation or anger,—the utter absence of all invective or blame,—the most gentlemanly forbearance, and quiet dignity, and in short displaying in every respect the high tone and breeding of a true gentleman, if we may not say Christian, for it should be the characteristic of Christians, as well as of gentlemen, to refrain from abusing even their enemies.

The spirit of malice now excited against us here will not easily be allayed, and already we hear of another celebrated medium of undoubted power and well substantiated honesty, Dr. Monck, being arrested and imprisoned under the Vagrancy Act. Dr. Monck was the guest of a Spiritualist, who should have been his protector, but who appears to have invited the fate which befell the partaker of his hospitality. From all we can yet learn it seems to have been a disgraceful transaction. Dr. Monck has been imprisoned until he can procure bail for \$300.

These calamities do not befall us without good reason. We have much to learn, and progress is frequently made by dint of much pain and suffering. Although we have communion with the Spirit-world and it might be supposed that we of all people in the world, with our advantages ought to be wiser, since we can obtain the highest direction, yet it is evident that we go very wrong, and are as prone to err as our brethren who do not seek spirit-communication. There is a providence watching over all men, not over a favored few alone; the knowledge we possess is destined for the whole human race, and if we have not as yet learned the proper way to present it to our fellow-creatures, we must be taught. They also must be mentally awayed, and learn a few useful lessons, and through the closed doors of their hatred, disgust, and enraged opposition, the sword of truth will probably strike, cleaving them to the heart, and forcing them to acknowledge the hand of God. It is by hand to hand fighting the battle is frequently won, and we learn to respect an enemy hitherto despised when we witness his valor. Frequently also we do not know how strong our enemy is until we see his forces deployed on the field of battle. Our enemies have to learn how strong are our Spiritualists whom they would crush out utterly; and we have to learn how better to engage their admiration of the beautiful truths we seek to spread amongst them. The beauty of those truths, the higher teachings of Spiritualism, which are to regenerate man and transform him ultimately into an angel, are so rarely to be seen in the usual run of physical manifestations as presented at the ordinary seances of the day, and after hearing raps, seeing furniture dance about, and listening to the sanctimonious of a materialized spirit voice, we can not wonder if sensible people say, "Well,

granted that spirits do return and manifest their presence amongst us, what is the good then of it? Does this sort of thing make a man any better?" It is usual then to point to Spiritualistic literature, and tell people to read and study up the subject; but they may not feel inclined to read, or they may be so taken up with the affairs of this life as not to find time for anything but newspapers. The business man of the world must read as he runs, or he can not read at all. And so it too often happens that inquirers leave our physical seances, which we may call the constantly open doors of our temple, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and the thought, loudly expressed—"Spiritualism, forsooth! A cantanorous noise! A conjuring show, which you are expected to investigate with your eyes blinded in pitch darkness, and your ears deafened by noise. If the spirits of the departed do visit our earth for only such folly as this, better they staid away! We have all heard such remarks, and under the circumstances they are very natural.

We may be sure that we require to learn much as to our manner of cultivating and exercising the divine gifts of mediumship. We do not rank them high enough; as mediums (of course there are many bright exceptions) we do not work sufficiently for our own spiritual elevation—in this particular we are surpassed immeasurably by the Indian devotee who spends his life in the subjugation of the flesh, but the spirit may have greater power. We would not counsel extremes of asceticism, but it is the duty of all mediums, as well as other people, to aim at the highest spiritual state of purity and perfection it is possible to reach in this life. For this reason, because we fall to do as we ought (I repeat there are many bright exceptions), for this reason trials and tribulations befall us, for we must all as a body suffer in the misfortunes which have so undeservedly befallen some of our members. But in the clashing together of opposite interests, in the wordy warfare which will follow upon this great trial, and be excited by the persecutions levelled at us, Spiritualists, and our struggles for the free exercise of our faith, from these clashing and contentions, myriads of sparks of truth will be struck out, and a knowledge of what Spiritualism really is in its highest form, must necessarily be spread.

We also shall by degrees learn, perhaps bitterly, our lesson as to how to aid the spirits to present their manifestations on the physical plane with more external beauty, order, and solemnity; that there may be no ungraceful, or absurd exhibitions of ignorance, fanaticism, or anything which may shock refinement, or disappoint an intellectual mind seeking for something superior to what every day life produces,—something which may sure becoming to a soul which has shaken off the flesh, and with it all earthliness. As we demand a higher order of manifestations, so may we hope to get them,—"Ask and ye shall receive!" No doubt the powers overhead, the glorious bright angels who watch over the destinies of men, and with God-like wisdom so arrange human affairs as to compel human society to purify itself,—no doubt these have thrown down into our midst these apples of discord, that in contending together we shall learn of each other and remove stumbling blocks in the way of advancing knowledge. In this manner, are men forced to act and react upon each other to their mutual benefit.

I note with admiration and joy the frequent materialization of our I may truly say, worshiped Washington; he, who of old would have been elevated to the rank of a God, for his truly God-like gifts and achievements on the earth plane. I look upon this fact as very significant at this period of America's history. One hundred years ago he, in the flesh, was working for the emancipation of his fellow-countrymen from a hateful tyranny; and now during this hundredth anniversary of American freedom, he descends from his heaven to work for the emancipation of his countrymen from the thralldom of ignorance,—that ignorance of things spiritual which is death to the soul. Still he toils, the undying spirit, for the advancement of freedom, and would prove to man by his return the truths of Spiritualism, the greatest ending of man's freedom ever given to earth. He shows us, that even in his heaven of angelic happiness his beloved America is not forgotten, but that still he works for her advancement; he shows that the happiness of angels is inextricably mixed up with the happiness of humanity in the flesh,—that love never dies, but stirs even the angels to works of compassionate helpfulness towards us grope-ers left behind; that the Father's spirit lives in his children, and that these our risen brethren, filled with the Father's love find their highest glory in working for those toiling after them on the road to heaven. These are the lessons taught us in this gracious return of our noble Washington into our midst in a fleshly form,—praised and glorified by his name forever! No; has he forgotten a daughter of America living in forced exile in Old England. For on two occasions has he presented his beloved face here in my rooms, materializing through Mr. Arthur Colman. The calm benevolent face was seen by us in thrilling perfection, the same beautiful countenance whose pictured presence I used to dream over when a little girl, wondering when I should be able to read those many pages of dry history contained in Sparks' Life of Washington,—a present from my father, a man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of an old revolutionary hero, who fought under General Jackson at the famous battle of New Orleans, and from whom doubtless I inherited my great love, and I may say worship of Washington. It was some few years ago that Washington introduced himself to me through my own powers of clairvoyance, and clairvoyance, from the Spirit-world, when I found it hard to believe that so

great an honor had been paid me. He has not failed to visit me frequently since, and crowned his gracious kindness by materializing here. This was last Spring, before I think he had materialized in America.—I am sorry I did not keep the date of the first appearance. I am not surprised at his visiting Boston and Taylor's, for I well remember Johnny Gray's delighted admiration over the beauty of the materialization. Johnny was with us on that occasion, and probably assisted in the operation. Now I am not holding seances, and am thus deprived of one of the greatest joys of my life.

ENGLISH NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

Dr. Slade's Persecution.

BY GEORGE FARMER, AUTHOR OF "LIGHT IN THE VALLEY," "THE ORIGIN OF LUX," "SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY," ETC., ETC.

The practical in Spiritualism is a worldly sense is exceptional. The world cries *see how*, and by that it means that though it may have kicked over some tables in a doubtful sort of way, it has not made money more plentiful, or enriched its disciples. This in a sense is true, and its workers have suffered persecution for their advocacy of truths, which more or less are unwelcome to the vested interests of "respectable" society. The heroes and benefactors of humanity are never understood or appreciated until the grave has hidden them from sight, and then men glorify the heroes whom their forefathers tried to ruin. So was the foolish world, building monuments to the prophets whom its previous ages have stoned, and never learning to treat its benefactors with respect and credit while in the flesh. Such, however, cheerfully perform their task despite the unwilling race they bless, and as it has been with every fresh discovery of science, so now it is with Modern Spiritualism. Contumely and abuse are the chief rewards of our apostles and workers, obtaining little of this world's goods, they bravely toll on, content to receive their reward in something better than the mere worldlying seeks for.

The details of the Slade persecution are too well-known to require repetition, but one or two thoughts occur to which I should like to give expression. In summing up, Mr. Flowers, the magistrate who tried the case, emphatically insisted upon the recognition of the fact that the whole affair turned upon the evidence of Professor Lankester and Dr. Donkin, and that he could not however much he might desire it, judicially receive the testimony of the witnesses for the defense, because it referred to what took place in Dr. Slade's presence on other occasions than that upon which the offence against the law is alleged to have taken place. Taking these facts into consideration, that as Dr. Slade could not give evidence in justification of himself, there was practically no defense possible, also the animus with which the persecution has been conducted, there remains no hope of any other decision than that at which Mr. Flowers arrived, viz:—the conviction of Dr. Slade, and the consequent sentence to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction with hard labor.

Commenting upon this phase of the late trial, the *Daily News* justly and liberally remarks that "Mr. Flowers had two sets of witnesses of equal honesty and truthfulness before him. Prof. Lankester and Dr. Donkin, avowed disbelievers in Spiritualism, swore to facts, by which, if their observations were correct, the charge of imposture made out. On the other hand, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Massey, Dr. Wyld, and other witnesses of position and education, came forward to testify to things which took place in their presence, under conditions which satisfied them that imposture was impossible." But Mr. Flowers does not speculate on such matters. He "must decide according to the well-known course of nature," and as it is conceded by the materialists of this "Christian" land to be no part of the well-known course of nature for spirits to write messages upon a slate, when such a thing is said to have been done, the presumption of course must be that the medium has written it himself. "Therefore," says the *Daily News*, "the (Mr. Flowers) accepts the prosecutor's testimony, not because it outweighs the evidence for the defense, but because, as to what took place on a particular occasion, it is uncontradicted."

Mr. Sergeant Cox, himself a magistrate on the London bench, thus referred to the trial at a recent session of the Psychological Society. He characterized it as an attempt "not to punish Dr. Slade, but to discredit through him all psychological phenomena, the proof of whose existence was destruction to the doctrine of Materialism. The desire and the design was to bring into discredit the authority of Barrett, Wallace, Crookes, Lindsay, Rayleigh, and the other members of the Royal Society, who have acknowledged the reality of some, at least, of the psychological phenomena, and above all to deter by dread of popular ridicule other persons from pursuing investigations, which, if found to be true, they felt to be fatal to their own reputations. But such hopes have been grievously disappointed. Whether Dr. Slade be or be not in all respects guilty or guiltless, upon which it is no part of my duty to offer an opinion here, certain it is that the trial has had the unlooked for effect of directing the attention of the whole public to the fact that phenomena are asserted to exist, and by a great number of competent investigators are declared to be true, and of the reality of which every person may, if he please, satisfy himself by personal inspection, which sweeps away now and forever the dark and debasing doctrines of the Materialists, who have proscribed so persistently that soul was but a supersti-

tion, man but an automaton, mind but a secretion, present existence purely animal, and the future a blank. Such an issue of an attempt to put down psychology by process of law is a mighty triumph for our science, and will be commemorated in its annals as a new starting point in its onward march.

Spiritualists would, I am afraid, have allively time if it the wishes of the majority of the members of the Oxford Union Society could be carried into effect. This society is composed of professors and graduates of the various colleges which in the aggregate compose the Oxford University, and I quote the following that it may become a part of the history of Spiritualism. On Thursday evening, Nov. 2nd, Mr. C. Wade, of Magdalen, introduced the following motion: "That Spiritualism is an imposture and demands legal suppression." The following amendment was proposed by Mr. Poulton, of Jesus: "That this house considering Spiritualism as an imposture, looks upon the spread of scientific teaching as the only efficacious method of eliminating its degenerating effects." The amendment was lost, 80 voting for and 41 against it. Mr. Hoyle, of Christ Church, then moved another amendment as follows: "That in the opinion of this house, the phenomena adduced by Mr. Crookes demand further investigation." This amendment was also lost, 37 voting against and 23 for it. The house then divided on the original motion which was carried by 23, the members being, for 45, against 23. All comment may safely be left to the hand of time. Spiritualists can afford to wait, being well assured of the ultimate result. "He who laughs last, laughs best."

Matter and Spirit.

ED. JOURNAL.—In a previous issue an article appears under the above caption from the pen of O. H. P. Kinney, which deserves notice because of a kind of false reasoning which is becoming very much in fashion, and is exceedingly apt to deceive, and in fact does deceive all but the most cautious of thinking men and women; a kind of reasoning which discards the miracles of Old Orthodoxy, as well as the mystery of the hasty generalizers of this generation; the latter proving that an unknown quantity must be what they say it is because some other one is admitted to be an unknown quantity, just as the former was able to prove anything he chose because God was able to do all things. Yesterday a Methodist minister asserted that "there was no more violation of law in Christ raising the dead than in the commonest thing of every day life." The proof of his proposition was that "we do not know how a tree grows." Mr. Kinney discards the mysterious and bases his argument on the known facts of nature. His proposition is that the "spiritual entity" precedes and is the cause of the "material physical organism." His proof is that two eggs, one impregnated and one not, are just alike so far as any "microscope or chemical analysis" shows, and yet one will hatch and the other will not. His conclusion is that the invisible germ which was in the one egg and wanting in the other was the spiritual entity of the future chicken, and out of the food within its reach constructs a physical likeness of itself, and no other power does thus construct it. Very well, this is all in accordance with nature, and nobody dare go back on nature now-a-days.

Bear in mind all the time that the proposition is squarely made that the spiritual entity is the cause of the physical organism and not the result of it, and we inquire where this spiritual entity was before it was put into the egg? If it be not a result of organization, then must it have always existed, for there is nothing else by which it might have been made. A good hen will lay one hundred and eighty eggs in a year. What a multitude of chicken entities there must have been! And how have they been transmitted?

According to this doctrine the germ entity all comes from the rooster, and how, then, seeing that he can only dispose of so many terms, as his family of hens can lay eggs, is to provide spiritual entities for uncounted millions of future chickens? Being a cause and not a result, they can not be prepared as wanted. We next come to his assertion that no difference exists in the two eggs, because no chemical or microscopic examination shows such difference. It is true that in many cases science is unable to detect the different forms of living tissue; in others it can be done. Science can distinguish between the blood of a man and that of a sheep, but may not the flesh of one chicken from another. Both eggs are alive; both the impregnated and the non-impregnated, for one will resist decomposition as long as the other, and both were organized. Therefore Mr. K. nullifies his own proposition again, for if his germ entity be as he says it is, the "life principle," then the non-impregnated egg ought not to alive.

Again, he presumes too much because scientific analysis fails to detect a difference when none exists. These germ entities are very small, and human organs or instruments can only reach to a certain distance into the infinitesimal world. We know that a stalk of corn actually is a physical organism, but suppose some being to exist as much larger and with instruments as much coarser as we are larger than the "spiritual entity" of a chicken's egg, and the problem were presented to this great being to ascertain by chemical analysis which of either, the Earth or Jupiter, had a stalk of corn growing upon it. He might fall in his showing, and yet the corn is here and not upon the planet Jupiter.

Again, Mr. Kinney asserts that his spiritual entity "produces a physical organism in perfect likeness of itself," therefore after the germ

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EX ORIENTE LUX:

Or the Connection of Spiritualism With the Bible, Faith, and Saviors of the World.

By George Farmer, of England, Author of "Spiritualism and Christianity, Their Mutual Relationships, Parallels and Contrasts," Etc., etc.

[SIXTH ARTICLE.]

INDIA:—THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE BRAHMANIC PERIOD.

(Continued.)

The Ramayana and Mahabharata form together with the Puranas, the most popular of the Hindoo sacred books. I will deal first with

THE RAMAYANA.

which was written long previous to the Mahabharata. It has been aptly called the "Iliad of the East" from its great resemblance to the famous epic; indeed so closely do the two poems resemble each other, that the Iliad is now supposed to be but a copy of the Ramayana, the antiquity of that poem over the Iliad being incontestable. The Ramayana is the work of one author—Vahniki—and is a narration of the exploits of Rama, the seventh avatar or incarnation of Vishnu. Vahniki commences by describing the descent of Brahma to inspire him in writing the poem, and then proceeds to recount the history of Rama's incarnation. Mixed with much that is foolish there are passages of remarkable tenderness and grace, and as an illustration of such portions, I quote the following legend.

Rama's father had in a moment of weakness promised to grant one of his queens any two boons she might please to ask, and she jealous that Rama might supplant her own son on the throne, requested his banishment. When he is gone the remorse of the king is great, and there rises before him the memory of a death which he had accidentally caused when a young man. In his remorse he exclaims: "Oh, Brahm! thy justice is inexorable! With thee sin involves sorrow, as seed the fruit; no atonement, no remorse, can preclude the law. From his own weakness man draws the power to pity and forgive; but those who are sinless can not pardon sin.

"I am very old; scarcely do my heart beat. I know it is because the joy of my Yama is laid upon it—and my son is not here. My eyes are very dim. There is, as it were, a mist before them; I know the shadow of the death-God is upon me,—and Rama is not here! My limbs are feeble, my blood is growing chill. I draw breath hardly—more hardly every moment. My heart—this falling heart—is gasping for my son. My eyes—these fading eyes—are a thirst to see him once again. Alas! my soul my soul!"

"Thou art just, O, Brahm! I heard an old man once on his death-bed—as I am now on mine—cry with his feeble arms extended yearningly: 'Come to me, my son!' and there was no answer, and the faint was mine.

"It was long ago; I was young then—I had not learnt the fellowship of all living things; suffering had not taught me mercy, nor sorrow love.

"One day in the pleasant season of rains, my bow swung across my shoulders, I strolled down to the Sarayu, the sleepy river.

"The surrounding peacefulness and calm appealed to me, and bade me forbear to mar this harmony. But in those days I was insensible to such pleadings.

"I was proud of my skill in taking successful aim, guided only by the indications of sound, the object of my pursuit being hidden from me. Accordingly I placed myself in ambush and presently, preparing my bow stealthily I shot off an arrow in the direction of the sound. I heard the hissing dart tear through the air. There was a second's pause; and then, O horror! the calm beauty of the evening was rendered hideous by a shriek!

"Alas! I am stricken—I am dead!" cried the voice; and aghast my soul recoiled the cry.

"I could not hear it. Trembling with anguish and remorse I sprang forth from my hiding place, and found a poor youth stretched on the river's brink. His face was livid, and from his side issued a little stream of blood.

"Beside him I flung me on my knees, and wrung my hands and cursed the hour of my birth.

"Tell me stranger, faltered the dying boy, what cause of hatred have I given you? I, who love all living creatures; I, from whom the wild animals do not flee when I pass them in the forest. Willingly I have done wrong to none. I live here with my aged father; he is blind, and I wait on him. I came here with my pitcher to seek water for him. Alas! when I am dead, who will care for the old man? Oh! cruel stranger, why have you been so pitiless!"

"Oh live! I cried, 'live! live! I am a skilled archer; there are some who praise me for it, as though it were a grand thing to destroy life. I came here to the river Sarayu because I know the wild animals quench their thirst at even; and I was hidden behind yonder bush. I have stoned; I have been cruel and hard of heart, but I have not merited this hideous guilt. Oh, for very pity do not die!"

"He answered me with ineffable mildness: 'I believe you,' he said,—and there came a supernatural light into his large patient eyes.—'I am sure that you are in grievous sorrow, and I pity you. But thus has the Universal Father willed to show you the necessary guilt the destruction of life involves. To the heedless, each different creature seems a being with distinct hopes and fears, and aims, confined to the slight shell he calls himself. Were this so, a life blotted out would be no great matter; for who ceases to be does not reap existence. But as in the sensible world is no essential gap between the different forms of matter, so there is no void to such between life and life, and make each soul differ from soul otherwise than in outward manifestation. As also the changed position of a single object alters the relative position of all other things, so does one death disturb the whole order of life; but here is not merely the shifting of unconscious relationships, but the rupture of hallowed attachments, the laceration of supreme affection!"

"He had raised himself into a sitting posture whilst speaking; but at the last words, he sank back, and, but for my sustaining arm, had fallen on the ground. The light faded from his countenance, and over his lips crept that fatal blueness which reveals the kiss of Yama.

"For me," he said faintly, "I must die—ready the chill is stealing over me! Oh, stranger, I would not that my father, in his grief, should curse thee for this crime thou didst unwittingly. Seek him, then, at once; kneel to him and say, 'He forgave me!' Perchance then he will forgive to curse thee."

"Then he gave one sigh, and with a last pitying look at my despairing face, expired!

"I sprang up and fled; I knew that I stood outside the dead boy's home. A voice called from within, 'Art thou there at length? Oh, I am beautiful. The time seemed long without thee. Yajnadatta, why didst thou stay so long, my son?' "Then I came forward and spoke rapidly in my grief: "I am not your son; my name is Dasartha; my father is King of Oudhya. I am the most miserable of men! I sought to-day the excitement of the chase; I came to the shores of the lonely Sarayu and hid myself behind a bush. I had never heard that there were human beings in these desolate wilds; I thought only the wild beasts of the forest came down at even, to the cool river, to drink; that was why I hid myself behind the bush. My arrow struck your son—and he died! I tell you it was un-awares; I prayed him bitterly to live; I had gladly given my life to purchase his! He knew that it was unawares; he forgave me;—but, alas, he died!"

"He stood before me, his poor sightless eyes distended, his face frozen into vacant stillness; he gasped once or twice, then he said feebly: "Of whom are you speaking? I am an old man; I am blind; I have an only son."

"Then with sudden vehemence: "Where is my only son?"

"From the ground at his feet, I answered him: "Dead!"

"Then the wretched father threw his hands up above his head. "Dead!" he shrieked; "dead, before me! my boy dead! No, no. I did not hear you aright—am I old; you did not say my boy was dead? A short while since he went forth to fetch water; I heard him singing as he went. I am an old blind man, and have no joy in life save my son—save my son. That was why I said just now it was not possible; I believe in God for now it is not possible! I mistake you words; or perchance you did but jest with me? That was wrong—I am too old! He will be back soon—it is not a great way to the river. I told you! He has gone thither to fetch me water—ne—he will be here anon."

"I answered him only by my sobs. "Monster!" cried the old man grasping my arm in a sudden passion of despair, why don't you answer me? If this be indeed true, and my only son, my only son has perished by your hand, how dare you face my wrathful agony? What care I whether your crime were voluntary or no since it has left me desolate? Do you despise a Brahmin's curse that you are here!"

"From the dust at his feet I answered him: "He bade me come; lying in my arms, very feeble he said, 'Kneel to my father and say he forgave me, and perchance then he will forgive to curse thee.' They were the last words ere he died."

"Then he burst out a weeping. "Lead me," he cried, "lead me to my son! He is not quite dead perhaps; he has fainted; my voice may awaken him from his deep trance, or if he has indeed passed into the silent world, Yama will pity me and give me back my son. Show me where he lies."

"And so I wound my arm about the old man's waist, and brought him to the river's bank, where lay the innocent youth quite stiff and dead, near to the shuddering reeds. The poor father laid him down beside the corpse, and sought to clasp the rigid limbs with his weak tremulous hands.

"Yajnadatta light of my soul! he wropt, speak one word to thy old blind father, only one. Oh, return, return; but for a little hour return to me, and we will depart together. I had died long since, Yajnadatta, but for thee; I waited—waited—I was tired and very weak; but I could not die and leave my boy! And now it is thou, oh, son who hast forsaken the old blind man!"

"So pressing his withered face against the still placid countenance of the dead, the veteran spent himself in wild entreaties and piteous complaints.

"At length exhaustion—and his great feebleness, hushed the rebellious tempest of his grief; and he wept tranquilly as do the clouds after the lightning has spent its fire and the thunder hurled forth its rage. Then to the memory of Yajnadatta we performed the ceremony of lustrous waters, and having piled high the boughs of scented wood, we laid the young anchorite tenderly on his last earthly couch.

"And as the fire enveloped, in a shroud of gold, the body Yama thought to dishonor by his desecrating touch, floating upwards to the supernal azure, the spirit of Yajnadatta lingered a while like an ethereal cloud in mid air. And as the kindly dew fell softly from the bosom of the morning, consoling words floated down wards to cheer the aged mourner.

"Thy loneliness is not for long, father, not for long! The all merciful father will soon stop the wuth in his hand and say, 'Life is too heavy for these stooping shoulders; I will remove the burthen! Rest thou, poor old man! and then shall even the memory of thy sorrow be no more.'"

"But for Dasartha is more cause for pity. A man's deeds are more memorable than his sufferings; he ceases so very soon to feel—and then his joys and griefs are as though they had not been, but his actions which are the reason of his life remain. I sorrow less for thee than for Dasartha."

He spoke truly; in a few days tended lovingly by me, the old man died, and his anguish was no more. And I after these long years am bending now beneath the girdle of my sin.

SUPERSTITION.

The Thunder Spirit—A Tradition of the Seneca Indians.

Heno, the great Thunder Spirit, had his lodge behind the sheet of water that pours down at the Falls of Niagara. For a very long time he dwelt there, attending the Indians with attending pains, but never venturing forth to practice his strange art before their eyes. They could hear him, and knew he was there, but never, as yet, had he been seen—nor is it at all likely that he, or the effects of his sun, ever would have been seen, but for a little incident, the results of which brought him forth.

A young and beautiful maiden, residing at Seneca village, just above the falls, had been contracted in marriage by her father to an old man of disagreeable manners and hideous person. She at once resolved to seek death, rather than drag out the life of misery which such a union might bring about; and with this object in view, she launched forth from the village in a bark canoe, singing her own death song, until she took the awful leap.

But death was not ready for her. Heno, the Thunder Spirit, happened to be wide awake, and when he saw her coming down among the foaming waters, he coolly caught her in his blanket, and conveyed her to his home behind the falls.

Of course, the maiden had romances enough about her to be grateful for all this, more especially when she found she was entirely beyond the reach of the monster her "cruel parent" had selected to comfort her through life. She fell upon the neck of the Thunder, and wept sweet tears. The tears softened his stern

heart, and led him to smooth back, if not to try with, her golden braids. In short, to hurry through a long story, they got to kissing and cooing, they fell in love, they made the interesting fair lovers to each other, and the wretched, though beautiful maiden, became the wife of Heno, the Thunder Spirit. And, as a matter of course, she was very happy.

About this time the Seneca of the village above the falls were visited with a pestilence, which swept them off by hundreds, and while some prayed to the Great Spirit for help, others gathered around the catact and sent in their petitions to Heno. The tale of their sufferings moved the Thunderer, and he sent the maiden forth to tell her people that a monstrous serpent was dwelling beneath their village, just below the surface of the ground; that it was depending upon their bodies for food, and that it came forth at the end of every moon and poisoned the waters, in order that they might die and be buried within its reach.

As soon as the Indians learned this, they pulled up and moved to another locality; consequently, when the great serpent poisoned the waters as usual, the earth brought him no food. This was an affair so strange, that he crawled forth to see what it meant, when, to his surprise, he found the village was deserted.

With many curses on the head of the Thunderer, as the author of the wretched Indians, and started away in hot pursuit. The maiden still loved her people, and when she saw the serpent moving on to effect their further destruction, she appealed to her husband to arrest him. Heno was not quite deaf to her entreaties; and so he stepped forth from his hiding-place and launched a hissing bolt after the serpent, which struck him just as he was endeavoring to cross the narrow some distance above the falls.

The wound produced was a fatal one, and the great monster floated down the stream and lodged upon the verge of the catact, stretching nearly from shore to shore. The swift waters were dammed up by the obstruction, but they finally broke through the rocks behind, and thus the whole top of the falls upon which the snake rested was precipitated with it into the abyss below, excepting a small portion, which is now known as Goat Island.

It almost entirely ruined the home of the Thunderer—for it reduced the great space behind the waters to a very narrow compass. He still occupies it as a sleeping apartment, however, and you may now hear him snoring under there, if you stand on the shore; but if he would exercise himself in his favorite pastime of throwing thunderbolts, he is forced to come forth into space less limited.

Unreasonable as this myth may sound, there can be no doubt but that the Seneca believed every word of it. When they were to be met with in the Niagara country, they pointed out a place near the mouth of Cayuga Creek, where the banks were elevated out in a semi-circular form, and declared that it had been done by the serpent, in his death throes, after having been wounded by Heno's thunderbolt. And this tradition may be attributed their custom of putting away their dead upon scaffolds above the ground, instead of burying them.

THE FLOWER MEDIUM.

A Visit to the Centennial—Philadelphia Mediums—The Clergy Criticized.

BY D. HULBURT, M. D.

MR. EDITOR:—It was our intention to write a few lines for the readers of the JOURNAL on the subject of our recent visit to the Centennial, and give a detailed account of the wonders we had seen, but in looking over the matter we utterly failed to find anything but has been thrice told by able pens than ours.

We will therefore give a brief account of our (wife and self) four weeks' visit. We spent the first week on the Centennial grounds; the first Sabbath we accepted an invitation from a dear brother who resides in Philadelphia, to attend his church, to listen to the voice of God, if I may so speak, as it is heard in the city conveyed to us by his ministers. We took our seats in the Presbyterian church. The minister, a young man of talent and possessing a reputation for his text; "I am the resurrection," and from thence went on with the old story of the violated law, the necessity of justice, the infinite sacrifice for an infinite crime, to satisfy a God of infinite justice and infinite kindness, and to appease his infinite wrath, and to remove from man the infinite punishment, of his infinite crime, in having a progenitor who ate an apple against the orders of this infinite being.

Having heard enough of this infinite nonsense, which we had heard an infinite number of times before, and presuming that your readers are acquainted with the pious routine, we decline further reference to it.

After the exercises closed, our good brother gave us an introduction to the preacher, who favored us with a somewhat protracted interview, in which we freely criticized the application of his text; we found him much more liberal out of, than in, his pulpit; verily we had reason to believe that this good man's voice in the not far distant future, will be heard proclaiming the true gospel as taught by our elder brother; and we think we see his people emancipated from error, and he reaping a golden harvest as his reward.

On the morning of the second Sabbath of our stay in the city, we took seats in Lincoln Hall, to hear the voice of God through the organism of Dr. Maxwell, of Chicago, an inspirational speaker. He spoke to an audience of upwards of three hundred people, as the spirit gave him utterance. The voice of God, through Dr. M., had a different sound from (perhaps the more popular voice of) the preceding Sabbath; for it seems that a preacher may become popular by preaching error as well as by giving utterance to sublime truths. But whatever is born of the spirit of truth will survive.

"To be, or not to be," is the question with us; so we invariably follow Paul's instructions, "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." In accordance with this practice, on the Monday evening following, we attended by invitation, one of Mrs. Fryer's seances held at the private residence of Mr. Chase, one of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of Philadelphia.

We will state what we heard and saw at that meeting without note or comment.

The seance was held on the second floor; there were present about twenty-five persons, nearly all strangers to each other. A table about twelve or fourteen feet in length was placed in the center of the room; many of us examined minutely the room and furniture, which latter consisted of the table and chairs only. When we had taken our seats round the table, the windows and doors were closed and fastened inside. We know this, for we examined them. The exercises then commenced with an invocation the most solemn and beautiful we ever heard uttered, followed by singing, "Nearer my God to Thee." After sitting for about half an hour, Mrs. H.'s lap was filled with flowers of the choicest varieties, which soon commenced to fall in great abundance on the table from one end to

the other; the flowers were fresh as though they had been gathered the moment before, the room saturated with their sweet earthy odor. But the most astounding manifestation of the evening, was that of a white dove, alive and sprightly was placed in the lap of a lady who sat opposite us at the table. This lady kept the bird and took it home with her when the seance concluded. Some half dozen sparrows and a canary bird were also in some mysterious and unaccountable manner brought into the room and flew about quite lively.

The next evening we attended a so-called materializing circle of the Holmeses, No. 6, Fourteenth South Washington Square; present twenty or thirty shrewd investigators, who were also visitors to the Centennial. The seance was held in a large room on the second floor of a brick building.

A small room called a cabinet, was partitioned off in one corner; the two sides therefore were composed of the walls of the house, and the shape was a right angle triangle. The partition facing the audience was composed of black walnut boards. Leading into this cabinet were two doors, the one into the cabinet proper, the other into a cage of iron wire, which stood immediately inside the door and within the triangular room or cabinet referred to. There was no other way of ingress or egress but through this door.

A number of skeptics determined to detect the fraud, if there was any, constituted themselves a committee of investigation, and examined the cabinet and room generally. On being satisfied that the walls were of solid brick and took the least chance for imposition, Mr. Holmes took his seat in the cage, and the audience took their seats in front of the two doors. Some unimportant demonstrations soon took place, which I shall not stop to describe, when there walked out of the cabinet a child of about ten years old, dressed in white, the expression of whose countenance was pleasant and cheerful. She retired in a few moments, but soon returned led by an old man with bald head, bent with age. He bowed to the audience and retired with the little girl. Soon a beautiful lady walked out into the room. She was dressed in white with dark sash. She was recognized by a gentleman from Massachusetts, who though a doubter, had been told, if he came to Philadelphia, this lady, his relative, would materialize so as to be recognized. He declared himself convinced that his relative was there in proper person. She approached him twice with affectionate greetings.

When she retired, a man, or as Josephus is made to say, "If it be lawful to call him a man," dressed in oriental costume, walked forth. He appeared to be some forty or fifty years of age. He spoke in a loud distinct voice, "I suppose you all know who I am?" We replied that we did not. He said he was John Morgan. He answered various questions put to him on a variety of subjects; gave directions about the lights in the room, etc. He came and went several times; on each return he had something important to say, and at length bade us good-night. A few of us followed him into the cabinet almost immediately, but we found nothing there.

Now, Mr. Editor, who heard and saw, claim that we possess the ordinary intelligence of human beings, and we are satisfied that we have not deceived ourselves nor suffered ourselves to be deceived by others. Therefore whenever came those flowers, birds and individuals; it is said that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and the distant critic may enhance himself with the idea that we were cheated by a clever trick; but we who were on the spot ought to know better. Our Protestant theologians say that the day of miracles is past, though Jesus distinctly intimated that those who were to come after him (he did not say how soon or how late after) should do even greater works than he did; may it not be that those are some of the works that he referred to?

Being well satisfied with our visit to Philadelphia, we spent a week in visiting friends in the country. The rattle of the leaves, the gentle ripple of the streams, the night, the perfume, all spoke a far different voice from the preacher in the city. They whispered to us, "Be happy!" The gentle wind which rustled in the leaves, and the noise of the bubbling waters seemed to say, "Rejoice, rejoice!" Even the perfume of the flowers appeared to have a whisper of delight,—"Let us also add to thy pleasures; deck thyself with our beauties, and our perfume."

In the city we learned the religion of man, which is full of despair. In the country we learned the religion of nature, or, perhaps, to speak more properly, of that power whose goodness designed, and whose skill executed. Sturzie, Wisn.

Communication.

We held a circle at my house in the evening during the third week of August, 1876. The circle consisted of Mr. M. E. Smith (medium) and wife, myself and wife, my son Charlie and daughter Ida. My daughter May was in the room to assist in singing. After singing several pieces of music, the medium was entranced and controlled by one whom at first we thought to have died with delirium tremens, but as the seance proceeded, we perceived it was by a person who had been insane. The usual screams of despair, pathetic pleadings, efforts to hide from frightful objects, etc., succeeded. Then came aimless wanderings about the room, examining doors and articles of furniture, occasionally springing away in fright. Then again followed a frightful scene of screaming and cries of "Dora! Dora! come and save me, they're coming!" Seizing Ida's hand she examined her, and said, "You are not Dora; you are good—but you are not Dora, if you were you could save me." Directly the delirium left, and she fainted and sank down exhausted. We placed pillows for her; she called for camphor and smelling it; she called for peppermint, took a little, sat up in the chair, and said, "I would like to talk some to you. I would like to ask if any of you can tell me why this is?"

"To what do you refer?"

"Why, I was mad—and then I died—and then I was mad again; just now, I mean."

"Yes, I can. When you first return to earth, you have the same feelings you had when you passed away, but it will not recur again. Have you ever been to such places before?"

"Yes, I have been to places where they have been holding circles."

"Did you ever control?"

"No, this is the first time I have ever controlled a medium."

"That is it; the first control sometimes brings the same feelings as those at death; but it will wear away."

"I do not see as a relation of my earth experience would do any good."

"I think it would; I should like to hear it. Speaking to Ida, she says, 'Are you married?'"

"No."

"I was married once. I was once young, but I loved, and was loved in return. We married. We had one child, a daughter. We called her Dora. When she was six months old my husband died. I bore up under it as well as I could. I believed God had done it. I believed He had a right to do it. I thought it my duty as a Christian to be resigned; but

it was so hard. But I had Dora left. I loved her, O how I loved my child! She was beautiful. She was accomplished. And here I may remark we lacked nothing of this world's goods. Everything that could be done for her education, was done. But at the age of nineteen, she was laid upon a bed of sickness. I called the physician. I neglected nothing. He gave me no hope. A council was called. Nothing was spared. They told me she must die. Still I had one resource left. It was prayer to God. I had been taught to pray. I believed in prayer. I believed God could do all things. I believed he would hear me. I had lived a Christian. I had tried to be good. I believe I was good. I went to him, and O how I did pray. I told him Dora must not die; she was not prepared to die. She was a good girl, but she had not been converted; if she died now she would go to Hell. I could not bear it; I asked God to bring her back, and I promised to neither eat nor sleep till it was accomplished. But God did not bring her back. Then I was mad. Oh! I was so mad, I cursed God. I told him if he was able to bring her back and would not let her go, I would not be a good God. I said I would go to Hell, too, and be with Dora, rather than go to Heaven without my child! Heaven would be no Heaven to me. But it was not true, Dora was not in Hell. I have found Dora here, she was good; we are together, and are happy."

"You was mad?"

"I was mistaken! And now how am I to get back? Oh! I do not see how I am to get back."

When she was partly through her story she had arisen and leaned against the wall, saying she believed she could talk better. I said, "Sit in the chair. We will sing, and I think you will see your way back." She sat down, we formed a circle and sang, at her request, a song we were singing when she first came. When we had finished she had quietly left control. When she was in her paroxysm, I was out to the quick at her suffering, and said, "This must be stopped," meaning that we mortals must remove the causes of insanity and prevent this trouble. But when at the close, I found it was the teaching of an erroneous doctrine that was the cause of this, I said, "By the help of God I will help correct this matter that has not only caused many to lose their reason, but plained life-long sorrow in the breasts of others. Here is her unsvaried statement. I lay it before the public, hoping every lover of mankind will place this paper before the eyes of all who will read it. Could people have witnessed the depth of fervor and sincerity, coupled with the character of the spirit, it seems to me no one could doubt the genuineness of control, or truth of the statement." C. H. DOX.

Atkinson, Henry Co., Ill.

SHORT SERMONS.

A Scientific Departure—Chemistry.

BY THOMAS COOK.

Science bows the knee to no creeds, dogmas or laws, not even Spiritualism. Nor does true and genuine Spiritualism require it; to but uniting hand in hand with triumphantly travels on through her flowery fields and garlanded bowers, conquering and to conquer with the invincible sword of eternal and infinite truth. Hence all subjects tend to the great scientific ocean of truth, which is Chemistry, as all rivers tend to the sea. In harmony therefore with this great primary fundamental law and truth of nature, by direction and co-operation with my blessed angelic friends and guardians, I have taken the New Departure of introducing chemical facts and chemical experiments into my lectures to aid in demonstrating scientifically the indestructibility of matter and the immortality of the soul, and the effect is truly wonderful. With Chemistry to aid me, the facts of which are in harmony with the spiritual teachings of Jesus, as I have abundant Scripture to prove, I can take the bull of Orthodoxy by the horns and secure him more firmly than the old dragon was chained in the bottomless pit. I am enabled to give facts, one of which I can triumphantly claim is worth all the theories, laws or dogmas ever given from Moses to Henry Ward Beecher. I have delivered courses of lectures in this State during the two months I have been here in Fairmount, Tonawanda, Diamond, Malven, Burlington, Avon, Emporia, Abilene, Salina, Hope, and am now delivering a course in Junction City. With my chemical experiments it is much easier to get an audience, as they afford amusement as well as instruction. My address for a few weeks will be Tonganoxie, Leavenworth County, Kansas; permanent address No. 328 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Press Comments on

"Heroines of Free Thought," by Sara A. Underwood.

The world does not abound in books narrating the deeds and uttering the praises of women, but at the same time volumes upon volume of the most interesting nature have had for their exclusive theme the eminent women of the world. The heroines of history have touched the deepest sympathy and aroused the keenest powers of the ablest writers of every age. The result is that they are delineated—for good or for ill—with a marked degree of vigor that seldom characterizes the biographies of men. True, there are accessories to every woman that afford the artist fuller scope for his brush, but even aside from this we find the character standing out in bolder relief.

In the present work each woman is suggestive of a finely cut cameo. Each stands out alone and distinct. Each subject has been chosen with care, and then brought face to face with the reader in all the reality of life. We have ninety without the least of vigor. None of these women are not already familiar to the people, while many of them have never previously found a faithful and loving chronicle, but such is the presentation, and so much that has heretofore been kept in the shadow is brought to light, that one can not fail to regard each, to a great extent, as a new aspect. Moreover, at no time could a publication of like nature be more opportune. The discussions of the present day in regard to the elevation of woman, her duties, and the position which she is fitted to occupy, seem to call for some enthusiastic and attractive record of the lives and achievements of some of those women who have distinguished themselves in their various occupations and conditions in life. The women delineated in this "Heroines of Free Thought" are each and all calculated, to a great degree, to make an impression for good upon the women of the land, and to develop and strengthen the influence of woman, and her share in the privileges and responsibilities of human life.—Chicago Times.

BARRETT'S HEALTH GUIDE now ready and for sale at the office of this paper. Price, \$1.00. BARNES' LAWYER for sale at the office of A. O. LEARY, Taylorville, Cal. \$1.00

BOOK REVIEWS.

HELEN'S BABIES, with some account of their ways—innocent, crafty, amiable, impish, whimsical, and repulsive—also a partial record of their action during ten days of their existence, by their latest Victim. Paper covers, price 50 cents. Boston: A. K. Loring, Chicago: For sale by Jansen, McClurg & Co.

A New York city young bachelor receives an urgent invitation from his married sister to come up to their "Country Seat" and take charge of their establishment, while she and her husband pay a long promised visit to a very dear school friend. Her houses are cool and roomy, the servants the best, the garden full of flowers, the horses in perfect condition, the town gay with summer boarders, and one divinely dear to him is among them, her two boys, every body says they are the best children that ever lived, have a faithful attendant, so they will be no trouble to him, whatever, and with him in charge she should feel perfectly at ease. He accepts, and his ten days' experience makes decidedly an enjoyable book. Would that more of the novels that are raining down upon the unprotected public were as healthy and harmless as this. Although the MSS. went begging among a half dozen publishers, the book has proved a remarkable test of Loring's usual foresight, nearly fifty thousand copies having already been sold.

HISTORY OF CHICAGO. Historical and Commercial Statistics, Sketches, Facts and Figures. To which is added, What a Remembrance of Early Chicago, a lecture delivered in McCormick's Hall, Jan. 28th, 1876, by William Bross, Ex-Lieut. Governor of Illinois. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price—paper 50 cents, cloth 75 cents.

"Deacon" Bross although only a resident of Chicago since 1846, has had unusual facilities for acquiring data—wherewith to make an interesting history, and he has done the work well of course as he does everything he undertakes.

THE FIRST PHONOGRAPHIC TEACHER. A guide to a practical acquaintance with the literary style of the art of Phonography. By John Brown Smith. Amherst, Mass.: published by the author. Octavo pamphlet. Price 25 cts.

The numerous efforts that are being made to simplify and render more rapid and less laborious the art of writing are worthy of every encouragement and each new scheme should have a fair and candid investigation. Prof. Smith has devoted much time and long and earnest study in perfecting his plan, and we trust it may prove all that its author can wish.

Books Received.

WATER LILIES. New York: The National Temperance Society and Publishing House. Price \$1.50.

THE COMPLETE AMERICAN TRAPPER, or, The Tricks of Trapping and Skinning. By Wm. H. Gibson. New York: James Miller.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR. By H. W. Longfellow. Illustrated by Mary A. Halleck. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Magazine Notices.

FORNIA SCIENCE MONTHLY.—(D. Appleton & Co., 549 and 551 Broadway, New York.) Contents. Fermentation and its Bearings on the Phenomena of Disease; The Protection of Buildings from Lightning; Mormonism from a Mormon Point of View; More Concerning Mechanical Tools (Illustrated); What American Zoologists have Done for Evolution; The Laws of Health; Canine Sagacity; Prof. Huxley's Lectures, II. (Illustrated); On Variation in the Moths; The Constancy of Motion; Sketch of Prof. A. M. Mayer (with Portrait); Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Miscellany; Notes.

THE JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.—Vol. X, No. 8. Contents. The History of Philosophy in Outline; Hedonism and Utilitarianism; Solon in Government; The Basis of Induction; J. Lechelier (translation); Kant's Anthropology (translation); Book Notices Comprising a Review of Brinton's The Religious Sentiment, its Source and Aim; Frothingham's Transcendentalism in New England. The present number has been long delayed, but is fully equal in interest to its predecessors. Terms \$3 00 per year. Issued quarterly. Address Wm. T. Harris, St. Louis, Mo., Box 2898.

THE GALAXY.—(Sheldon & Co., New York.) Contents. Madcap Violets, Chap. XLII, XLIII, and XLIV; After Long Years; The Story of Aspasia; The Cure; People and Pictures at the Fair; The Site of Constantinople; The Fall of Leazes; Prof. Hoffmann's "Folly"; A Chapter in the History of Art in America; Macaulay; Laborate et Orare; Oriental Legends; Mutual Criticism; Gettysburg; Reply to Gen. Howard; by Gen. Winfield S. Hancock; Pride; Tit for Tat; Drift-Wood; Scientific Miscellany; Current Literature; Nebula.

THE ATLANTIC.—(H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston, Hurd & Houghton, New York.) Contents. An Ode for the Fourth of July, 1876, by James Russell Lowell, which occupies nearly seven pages; a Group of Poems by T. B. Aldrich; A Brilliant Discussion of Daniel DeRonda, in the form of a Conversation, by Henry James, Jr.; An Amusing Story entitled The Canvaser's Tale, by Mark Twain; A Paper on Municipal Indebtedness, by Charles Hale; Some Crumbs of Travel, by J. W. De Forest; A Sketch of A Colorado Road, by H. E.; A Graphic Description of Sir William Phips' Attack on Quebec, by Francis Parkman; And further Installments of "The American, Old Woman's Gospel, and Characteristics of the International Fair.

ROMANES MONTHLY.—(Scribner & Co., N. Y.) Contents. Bay Shooting (Illustrated); Mr. Quatty's Great Speech (Illustrated); Maidenhood; Our Diplomats and Consuls; Single-Called Plants (Illustrated); Lafayette College (Illustrated); A Peculiar Case; We Love but Few; Pane Pictures; Tond Land, Rochdale (Illustrated); An American in Turkestan (Illustrated); Nicholus; Mistris; Chorus; Land II. (Illustrated); Sentiments about Constantinople; Antipollution; Fallimon; Philip Nolan's Friends; or, Blow Your Favorite; Chap. XXXVII—end; That Lass of Louisville's; Chaps. XLV, XLVI; Topics of the Time; The Old Cabinet; Home and Society; Culture and Progress; The World's Work; Eric a-Broc.

VICK'S FLOREAL GAZETTE for 1877.—(James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.) We obtain as a rule from nothing publications intended as advertising vehicles by the publisher, but in the case of Mr. Vick we have out his beautiful quarterly at 25 cents a year, we always make an exception and we can do no better than quote him to show the design of the work: "With unusual pleasure we present our readers with the first number of the FLOREAL GAZETTE for the New Year, 1877. We have endeavored to make it first, beautiful, for all that treats of Nature's beauties should itself be beautiful; next, interesting, for we can hope for little benefit from a work in which people are not interested; and last, instructive, for though our Gazettes were both beautiful and interesting, if it failed to teach the people important lessons in Horticulture, we should feel that we had labored in vain."

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The Contents of the number are portrait of Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission. The portrait is accompanied by a brief sketch of Gen. Hawley's life; Automatism and Evolution, by Charles Eiam, M. D.; Daniel Deronda; The Two Quaccoloni; Prince Gortschakoff and Prince Bismarck; Astronomy in America, by Richard A. Proctor, B. A., F. R. S.; Eritrea, by W. W. Spary, Kafir W. Sittings and Kafir Krala, by Lady Barker; Charlotte Brontë; A Monograph; The American Centenary, by Horace White; When the Sea was Young; The Story of a Life; Fairy Plays; The Byways of Bookmaking; Islam, by L. Mason; The Planet Saturn's Dark Ring, by Richard A. Proctor, B. A., F. R. S.; An American Co-operative Community; and The Waiting Angel. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, \$5 per year; Single number, 45 cents.

PHYSIOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—(S. R. Wells & Co., New York.) Contents. Harriet Martineau, (Portrait); Consolence—Morbid and Excitatory; The Man of One Idea; The Lesson of the Fair; W. W. Hall, M. D., late Editor of Hall's Journal of Health, (Portrait); Observations and Experiments as to the Function of the Cerebellum; Another Consideration of some Apparent Inconsistencies; Who would be a Woman? Climbing Plants for the House (Illustrated); The Way it Ended—Conclusion; The Ex-Convict and his Remarkable Work; A new Work on Social Science; Abigail Scott Duniway (Portrait); How to Teach, Partial Development Gives Partial Skill; An English Savant on American Science; How to Draw, Chap. VI, General Expression and Character (Illustrated); Pacemaker, Grange—Concluded; Wm. H. Leisinger, Inventor (Portrait); Man's Proper Drink; How Atmospheric Dust Occasions Disease (Illustrated); Hygienic Counsel for Schools; The True Economy of Right Living; Monthly Scientific Record; Editorial and Current Items; Poetry; Our Memorial Bureau; Wisdom—Mirth, Library, Publishers' Department.

ONE BY ONE.

BY MRS. FITZMAN.

One by one, I count, As the miser counts his gold, For they are my own jewels, And I wear them in my soul.  
One by one the rose-leaves Fall, and bloom, and fade away, While many a tangled brier Fetters my heart with grief to-day.  
One by one they've vanished, All those dreamy castles fair, That hope so high uplifted, In the balmy Summer air.  
One by one, I gather, Up these threads of tatter'd fate, And try to weave, but tremble, Lest they, too, should snap and break!  
Is it strange I count them, As the miser counts his gold? So few the loves that linger, Still, to light my darkened soul!

MOHAMMEDANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

Religion in Turkey—Customs of the People—Lecture by a Native Armenian at Waukegan.

Gregory Michaelian, a native Armenian from Asiatic Turkey, delivered a lecture lately at Waukegan, at a Union meeting in the Congregational Church, about the customs and religion of his people, especially about Mohammedanism and Christianity in the East.

The Turkish Empire, he said, is great, extending far to the East, including Arabia, Egypt, and most of Northern Africa. England wants this empire, and will spend a hundred millions of dollars rather than lose it, but Russia is determined to have it, that she may control the commerce of the Black and Mediterranean Seas and of the great East.

In European Turkey the people are 2,000,000 Mohammedans and 10,000,000 Greek Christians, who hate each other and do not assimilate. The Mohammedans, the minority, rule the Christians with rigor, demanding large revenues of them, hence the present insurrection, which is their struggle for civil and religious liberty.

In Asiatic Turkey 2,000,000 are Greek Christians, while the rest are mostly Mohammedans. The Armenians are the old settlers, the Turks are the invaders and of recent origin. In all the empire the people live in cities and villages, never scattered as in this country. Farmers go five, ten, even fifty miles to their farms, work a few days and return to their homes. The ruling class are called Osmanlis, never Turks there, only when they quarrel and vituperate each other severely; for Turk, a term of opprobrium, means a wild, mean barbarian; so they are greatly offended to be called Turks.

Their cities, very different from ours, are divided so that people of each nationality have a corner for themselves. The Greeks have their corner, the Armenians their corner, the Protestants theirs, and the Moslems theirs, which is always the best part. Each people keeps separate from the others, as the English from the French, speaks its own language, has its own schools, churches, habits and style of living. Boys sometimes cross the national line and fight, but can not understand the language of the other party. No person is allowed to go out of his corner of the city into that of another nation, especially at night, except the Moslems, who are privileged people, rule the country and can go where they please.

The Greek Christians are picture worshippers, all their churches and cover the walls with pictures. Each worshiper entering a Greek Church buys a wax candle, lights and sticks it on the wall by the picture which he wishes to honor. Then he worships, makes crosses and various motions, says prayers, so the exercises are more various and novel than those of any theater. The Moslems go in numbers to witness these strange modes of worship, but allow no infidels to enter their mosques.

A Protestant chapel, so plain, with only a desk and a Bible on it, is a wonderful thing in Turkey, and this way of worshipping God seems sensible to Mohammedans and most easily won them, though they have not allowed Protestants to hang bells in their chapels until lately, lest their should be called Christian country. All that is valuable in the Koran was taken from the Bible, the ideas of purity, paradise, punishment, God and duty, hence is an offshoot of Christianity, and hence the Moslems, if educated, would philosophize and rise above the religion of the Koran to be Christians. So schools and the Bible will bring the millions of Turkey a high civilization. Only ignorance keeps them Mohammedans.

A Moslem quarreling with a Christian says this is our country, you must keep still and obey me, my words are law, yours never. Their coffee houses are news depots, i. e., the

Turks having no daily newspapers, congregate after breakfast in these to sip coffee and smoke, and get news, ideas from each other. Statesmen sit beside farmers to get news and exchange opinions, so to keep posted. The Turks hate whisky and all sorts of wine so only Greek Christians drink and get drunk. Christians are not allowed to accumulate property lest they depose the Moslems and become rulers. One Christian, a banker in Constantinople, became very wealthy. When the Turks confiscated his property and threatened to kill or imprison him he fled to England, leaving only a valuable ring as his treasure; but after several years returned as an Englishman and was welcomed.

So Turkey stands right in the way of progress, and must come up to the standard of this age or be absorbed into other nations. Constantinople is the center of the world, of its commerce, interests, people, and wealth. The condition of females is deplorable. The schools and missions of the American Board are doing a noble and widespread work in Turkey.

Special Notices.

Attention, Opium Eaters!

Mrs. A. H. Robinson has just been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in spirit-life, who have heretofore given her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and the proper ingredients for restoring hair to all bald heads, no matter of how long standing.

Mrs. Robinson will furnish the remedy, and send it by mail or express to all who may apply for the same within the next sixty days, on the receipt of five dollars (the simple cost of the ingredients), and guarantee a most perfect cure or refund the money, if directions accompanying each package are strictly followed.

The remedy is harmless, and not impalpable. She makes this generous offer for the double purpose of introducing the remedy, and for bringing the cure within the reach of the poorest people who use the pernicious drug. The expense of a perfect remedy will not exceed the cost of the drug for continuing the deleterious habit one month!

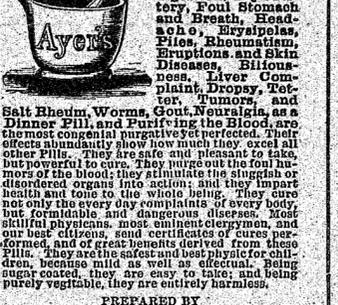
Address Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Religio-Philosophical Publishing House Building, Chicago, Room 2.

We have so much confidence in the ability of the Board of Chemists and Doctors who control Mrs. Robinson's mediumship, that we unhesitatingly guarantee a faithful execution of the above proposition.—[Ed. JOURNAL]

M. Lovess who has but just begun to use Mrs. A. H. Robinson's opium remedy says, "The first night I wore the magnetized paper you sent me, I felt the dear spirit friends within me. They manipulated my head and face for nearly two hours. I have reduced my allowance of opium one-fourth already. Please send me another set of the magnetized papers. Bushnell, Ill., May 10th '76."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

For all the purposes of a Family Physic.



Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, Erysipelas, Elix. Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Catarrh, Tumors, and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and Purifying the Blood, are the most common ailments of the human system. Their effects abundantly show how much they excel all other pills. They are safe and pleasant to take, and never injure the system. They are the most powerful of the blood; they stimulate the sluggish or congested organs into action, and they impart health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the every day complaints of every body, but the most dangerous and dangerous diseases. They are the most powerful of the blood; they stimulate the sluggish or congested organs into action, and they impart health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the every day complaints of every body, but the most dangerous and dangerous diseases. 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KNOWLEDGE IS THE TRUE SAVIOR.

Can Spiritualists Organize Without a Declaration of Faith? If so, is there anything to be Gained thereby?

"THINK FOR YOURSELF AND IMPROVE THAT THOUGHT!" "TRUE THOUGHT WILL GIVE US TRUTH!"

We concluded our last article upon the subject embraced in the above caption, with the following questions, and intimated that we should consider the subject in the next issue...

But how shall we organize? inquires the reader. What can we say that we may not find to be a fallacy as we learn more of the Philosophy of Life...

How shall we organize? inquires the reader. Inasmuch as we are in the habit of thinking for ourselves and expressing our thoughts...

Bearing these truths in mind always, no assumption should be made by the organizers or by the organic body, either by preamble declaration of faith, platform of principles...

If we had space in our paper to take up the subject of religion and trace it back step by step through past ages, we should find first religious prejudice, which is now manifested by one sect towards another...

magistrate. If the will of the combined opposers of Spiritualism is confirmed, Slade will be imprisoned, as Kneeland was, which may Heaven forbid.

But if we had space for recounting the history of religious persecutions in the past, we should not go back but a century to find men, women and children persecuted by devout Christians for witchcraft—the death penalty often inflicted by ignorant religionists...

If we were to go back to the days when the English statutes were passed by the English Parliament, which now sanction the arrest and punishment of an American gentleman for vagrancy, (because he was a medium for spiritual phenomena), we should find the gallows, the rack, the thumb-screws, the faggots, the fire, and numerous other instruments of torture resorted to, not only to compel men and women to confess that they were "conscious of a deep religious nature in man"...

Go back of those days, tracing the way through fields besprinkled with blood and blackened with faggots and fires, whitened only here and there by the bleaching bones of slaughtered heretics, and we find the dogmas of the contending religionists everywhere settling the questions for the people, "that there is a deep religious nature in man," and a recognition "of Jesus of Nazareth as a spiritual leader of men."

But as we still go back in religious history, tracing our way through fields of carnage and dark damp dungeons for the torture of heretics, we find the recognition of "Jesus of Nazareth as a spiritual leader of men," less and less recognized, until we get to a point where we find him like Slade, in the custody of the law as a disturber of the peace.

The boasted intelligence of the English, has not raised them above that religious nature whose God declared "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The Nazarene was not only accused of necromancy—casting out devils by the power of the Prince of devils, but of blasphemy and a disturber of the peace. As those old statutes for capital punishment for such crimes had not been modified, as has been the case to some extent in England, the Nazarene was crucified, while Slade is only imprisoned and put to hard labor.

There are people in the world who look upon this "deep religious nature in man," as they do the sediment in sweet cider and wine, the better (for the cider and wine) for being worked out.

But we still trace the religious history of the world back half a century before the crucifixion of the Nazarene, and then, according to the theory of our friends of the New Movement, man had no "spiritual leader." He was not born! What a sad condition the world was in! Who can contemplate the scene without shedding briny tears of sympathy for the poor hell doomed men, women and children that inhabited the earth for all time (that it was inhabitable) down to the birth of the babe in the manger, in the land of Judea, eighteen hundred and seventy-six years ago!

What a discovery that was for the savans to make, who assembled at Philadelphia in July last, in the name of a "New Movement" for the Spiritualists of the evening of the 19th century!

A "New Movement"? If so, it reminds us of the movement of that little fish (about as much of a fish, as the "New Movement") is like genuine progressive Spiritualism, crawls backwards through mill dams and lets all of the water out. A movement in the wrong direction—a movement backwards.

But let us hurry along back in the line indicated by our friends at Philadelphia—tracing the religious fossils from age to age, until we get back to those benighted people who through fear worshiped the Sun as a great and good spirit, because his rays were warm and comforting, and tended to much that produced pleasure to their physical bodies, when he smiled upon them in Spring and Summer, and who, as they supposed, was angry towards them during the cold storms of winter. To flatter their deity and appease his wrath even as they flattered and coaxed the most brutal of their race, whom they feared and at heart hated, these ignorant barbarians, with whom all systems of religion had their origin, really supposed that all the calamities that befell them was the result of offences which they had unwittingly committed towards the great spirit, and for which he was angry towards them. And as they coaxed and made presents to one of their own tribe whom they feared, so they coaxed and made presents of the little they possessed, to appease the wrath of their great spirit. And as Spring time came, they really supposed that he was getting good natured, as a result of their coaxing and offerings.

As ages rolled on, certain chiefs of the tribes assumed to know all about the great spirit, and told their followers just what he required. This increased their influence and in time the chiefs became High Priests also, and when not leading the tribe to battle, ministered at the altars, as the confidants of the Great Spirit. And thus was first established the presumption that man is by nature a religious being. We deny it.

Man in infancy is destitute of knowledge, timid, confiding and weak—even so with mankind in the early ages of the genus homo. Like children they were ignorant creatures of circumstances, who could not reason from cause

to effect, but confided in whatever some one of their tribe in whom they had confidence, told them. The more marvelous the story told, the more of the ignorant people then as now, believed it.

The outlines of every system of religion now believed in, corresponds with the original idea that the Great Spirit was angry with the people and must be coaxed, flattered and coquetted, to the end of securing his good will. Even the idea of the "infinite sacrifice" of one of the trinity is an offshoot of the same basilar thought. And to say nothing worse of the Philadelphia, so-called, "New Movement," it is ridiculous for intelligent men to ask the great body of Spiritualists to call the adoption of the statement that we are "conscious of a deep religious nature in man," and that "we recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the spiritual leader of men," a "New Movement."

Why, the first proposition is as old as barbarism, and the second is as old as the Christian system of religion, which is based upon the former, that was born of a myth.

Hence we say without fear of successful contradiction, that a knowledge of spirit communion, and the facts gained from spirits in regard to the immortality of the soul, its destiny, occupation in the Spirit-world, and the nature of that world, is not a religion. Nor is it necessary for Spiritualists to make any declarations about Jesus of Nazareth.

The knowledge we get upon any and all subjects tends to develop our minds to an apprehension of the Philosophy of Life.

Knowledge banishes from the mind every fallacy that is assumed as the basis of religion. Jesus of Nazareth, though a great and good medium, gave utterance to no thought that was not already a conceded axiom in moral ethics, and as such had been taught in the schools of thinkers for ages before his birth. Then why say "we recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the spiritual leader of men?"

But how shall we organize if we do not revamp an old theological slipper, either in a platform, statement of aims, or declaration of principles?

We hope every reader has ere this been impressed with a plan of organization so simple that its members will be as free (in the organization as out of it,) to think for themselves and express that thought, with a full expectation that free thought will give him truth!

RE-INCARNATION. The Absurdity of the Doctrine.

A prominent medium has psychometrized us (the Associate Editor) and in doing so she came to the conclusion that we had lived in ages past, and that then we were a "grand old artist!" The theory of re-incarnation is in accordance with the belief of Allan Kardec, and many of the French Spiritualists. We have no recollection of delineating on canvas those superb paintings which were executed in ancient times, and if we lived in the age of Pericles, sat by the side of, and caressed Cleopatra, walked the streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii, or surveyed the eruptions of Vesuvius with Pliny, we have no recollection of any event connected therewith. We take great pleasure in bathing—take it as naturally as a duck to water, and are fond of fish, and feel a great interest in reading about whales, and if we "ever" lived in the past, (which we doubt) we are sure that we were incarnated in "Jonah!"

We are inclined to doubt the assertion of the medium that when incarnated in ancient times, we were an artist, and we have good reasons on which to base our conclusion. For several weeks we brought all the artistic talent we possessed to a focus on a friend, and finally we thought that we had executed a splendid likeness of him, and animated with a friendly feeling, we selected an appropriate opportunity to present it to him. He took it in his hands; he looked at it carefully; he surveyed it with an opera glass, and then with a smile laid it down on the table. We had not yet told him what we intended it to represent, and requested him to tell us what it was. Smilingly he took it up, and glancing at us said,— "Do you think I don't know what that is? Why! it is an animal called the ass!" Is re-incarnation! Now, if we were an eminent artist, we would like to know it. To be misinformed, and led astray; to be induced to waste twenty-five cents in pencil, and spend two months on the likeness of a very dear friend, and then have him pronounce the results of our labor an ass—it is too bad!

If we were not an artist, we must have been Jonah, on account of our fondness for fish, and proclivities for water, and aptitude at prophesying. We are sure we were not Abraham, for we are not fond of maid servants, and never thought of treating any living person as badly as he did Hagar. We were not reincarnated in Job, for we are sure we should have remembered those troublesome boils and rebellious carbuncles that broke loose in a grand carnival on his person. Had we been Noah we think we should still have a vivid realization of the incident when the camel got its "back up," of which we have not the faintest recollection. We were not Balaam, for we have no remembrance whatever of the ass. We don't think we were John the Baptist, for if we had been, we would have dined off of locusts and wild honey during the past grasshopper years; on the contrary we have a great aversion to such a diet. Had we been Jacob, we believe we would still know that we wrestled on one occasion, and had we been Moses, we would have a vivid remembrance of having seen the Lord. We would almost swear that we were not Noah; we certainly should have remembered getting drunk, and our bestial conduct on that occasion would come up vividly in our mind. We were not originally Mozart, the distinguished musical

genius for the only time we can play successfully is "Pop Goes the Weasel," and the only one the piano will respond to when we touch its keys is "Old Dan Tucker." We were not David, because we can't dance either the round or square dances, and when we do attempt to do so, one leg does the dancing, or kicking rather, it being "game," while the other stands still—to take items we suppose. It is considered dangerous for any one to dance in the same set with us.

If we were incarnated in an ancient artist, we ought to have some recollection of the past. Surely we have deteriorated since then, for in attempting to paint a likeness of a near and dear friend, he recognized our efforts as a poor specimen of an animal. Certainly, if we excelled as an artist in ancient times, why should we be such a failure as one now? This rounding out business, through repeated re-incarnations, don't work well.

Nature don't go backward in order to improve. If spirit-life is superior to this in grandeur and loveliness—superior to it in all that is beautiful—in all that can contribute to the happiness of the human soul, why the necessity to return to a much lower sphere of existence, in order to perfect the nature, to develop the mind and all the finer sensibilities of the soul? Does the scientist return to his primary primer in order to increase his store of knowledge? Does the mathematician after years of patient toil in solving those grand problems connected with the movements of the planetary system, leave them in disgust to restudy the simple rules of addition? Place the silver dollar in the muddy pool, and it loses its brightness. Increase the diamond in its thin coat of clay, and how soon those beautiful scintillations are suppressed. And, indeed, compel the wise old sage to come back to earth, and incase his spirit in a mud ball, (his body) and all the grandeur of his soul is eclipsed, his knowledge gained by years of experience is blotted out, and he finds himself again a poor struggling mortal.

But, then, spirits teach re-incarnation. Allan Kardec and others inculcate it, and even some advanced spirits claim they have lived on earth several times. We send to the Spirit-world the novelist, those who wrote romances—narratives of imaginary existences, and who peopled the world with fairy castles, fairy people, fairy adventures, etc., and whose love for the fiction still prevails; they return to this earth and find the love of the marvelous still prominent in the minds of the people, and they feed them on just what they desire to receive.

In being re-incarnated man loses his individuality; as well blot out his previous existence, it is a perfect blank. Should the wise old sage of spirit-life, with thoughts flashing with divine luster, with a soul radiant with knowledge, enriched by instructions received from the highest spheres, seek re-incarnation, and at the same time retain his knowledge to impart to humanity here, then there would be some sense in his movement; but the moment he is re-incarnated the vast store house of wisdom he has accumulated is blotted out—it vanishes, and he, poor puny mortal, has nothing new to impart to the plodding ones of this mundane sphere. Such being the case, re-incarnation to him is a curse, a knowledge-destroyer, and at the same time confers no benefit on his fellow man.

This doctrine of re-incarnation is rubbish—stale rubbish,—has no philosophy for its basis, no superstructure on which it can stand the test of reason, and is simply presented to this side of life, just as Dickens or Fenimore Cooper would give forth a novel "founded on truth"—that is a shadow of truth. If re-incarnation is true, how it would confuse relationship, how it would disrupt family ties, and annihilate all theories in reference to the origin of life. Human souls originate only in one way. They commence with an atomic germ in the womb, they scintillate with life there, they flash forth the emotions of the mother, and the idea that Plato, Socrates, Demosthenes or Mozart, can compress their spirit to an atomic basis of insensibility, and expand again with natural growth, is too absurd for a moment's notice.

The spirit in being re-incarnated returns to absolute darkness and ignorance. Indeed, how would the renowned Cicero appear in the person of that monstrosity, a human-being that lives in this state, and walks on all fours, and has all the traits of a bear! In being re-incarnated spirits run a great risk. They may find themselves idiotic—the lamp of reason completely extinguished—or perhaps struggling with adverse circumstances all through life, they die a miserable death. But mediums say re-incarnation is true! Common sense, philosophy, and intuitive perception declare firmly it is false. To allow it would be a subversion of natural law. The infinitesimal cell that beams with life in the mother's womb, was not intended for the home of Caesar or Brutus; but for a germ of immortal life not heretofore ushered into existence. If Caesar or Brutus can dethrone that law, crowd that immortal germ aside, and systematically implant themselves in a new soil, as it were, then the original intentions of nature can be subverted, and there is nothing certain in existence. What think you, mothers, you on whom the sacred responsibility of maternity rests, of such a monstrous law? If true, you may be nursing one who was a Judas, a Haynau, a Cleopatra, or even the worst fiend that ever existed!

Indeed, we regard re-incarnation as the greatest of absurdities. It is surely a monstrous doctrine, palmed off by novel-loving spirits, those who have not the capacity to understand its absurdity, or that breath of knowledge enabling them to see that it has no basis whatever on which to rest. If we were in ancient times a grand old artist, as a medium asserts, why so destitute of all artistic taste now, scarcely being able to distinguish different colors? The beautiful rose don't go back to darkness to renew its colors; to get fresh rain-

bow tinted hues. When it had become a full blown rose its mission was ended. But man never ceases to bloom in knowledge; each year adds additional beauty to that grand blossom of his nature, that never ceases to scintillate with the fresh ideas obtained. In order to be reincarnated he must extinguish himself, and in a thief-like manner force his way into an atomic germ that nature never assigned to him. Again, imagine Plato in the arms of a mother. All his vast knowledge blotted out; all those grand ideas that adorn the pages of history that originated from his mind, are no longer his; he is now a sniveling infant, knowing less and more helpless than the young of the animal kingdom. Indeed, the re-incarnation ideas of Allan Kardec are inferior to Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. His ideas on that subject are too puerile to find many converts in this day and age of the world.

Bills Must Be Paid.

We have a great deal of money due us of more than one year's standing, that must be promptly paid.

We are determined to make a clean sweep. We know we are not doing justice to ourselves, nor are those who owe doing us or themselves justice by longer delaying payment.

All who remit dues, so that they reach this office before the first day of December of the present year, together with six months in advance, will receive credit the same as if the advance payment had been made. Those who do not pay before Dec. 1st, will be required to meet their bills at full rates of \$5.05 a year, and the same will be placed in the hands of collectors, who will take immediate steps to enforce collection.

We are determined not to be bankrupted on account of the negligence of those subscribers who would forever continue to take the JOURNAL on credit,—some of whom do not even remit the postage. It is but little for each to meet, but to us in the aggregate, it is success or bankruptcy.

Some subscribers who are well off, owe for the JOURNAL for several years, others who are not very well off, can pay, but fail to do so from year to year, through unwarranted negligence. To all such we say in the spirit of kindness, we can not longer wait for our pay; remit and save half a dollar a year together with cost of collection.

Justice to ourself demands this emphatic appeal and announcement, and we mean it for all who now owe one year and upwards for the JOURNAL, and every one who receives the paper is expected to pay for it, as much as he or she would be expected to pay for a pound of coffee delivered by the grocer, unless the paper is marked F, (which signifies free) at the end of the address on the margin of each number of the paper, or on the wrapper. Any one by consulting the instructions at the head of the editorial column of each issue can, in a moment, see exactly when the time for which payment has been made was out.

If any one supposes he or she is getting the paper free where it is not marked F, be at once undeceived; and if the paper is not wanted, remit what is due and order it discontinued. This is business, and it is the only way to guarantee the continued publication of any newspaper, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL not excepted.

All the libel suits that the Germans advocates of nativeness can institute, are of the least possible moment, when contrasted with anxiety caused by delinquent subscribers.

Impostors.

BRO. J. K. MCGINNIS of Moline, Ill., suggests that Spiritualists organize under the name of "Progressive Spiritualists" and thinks we are rather severe upon the bogus "West End" Boston medium, and many others perhaps.

We are sorry to witness so much fraud practiced among genuine mediums, for some phases of mediumship. They are more to be shunned than out and out impostors. They are forfeiting all claims to respect, as they, like dealers in counterfeit money, barter the genuine for large amounts of the bogus.

That class of impostors take advantage of the genuine, to ingratiate themselves into the favor of Spiritualists—but to deceive them in the end, and when caught deceiving, pretend that the spirits made them do it, and we are sorry to say some give credence to their lies.

These deceptive scoundrels are ready to sell out at any time to the churches and go to exposing Spiritualism, so soon as they can get an offer of "thirty pieces of silver." Then they expose their own tricks only, but they claim it to be an exposure of all there is of spirit manifestations, and a majority of their dupes believe them.

We are determined to expose the scoundrels until we compel them to quit imposing upon Spiritualists, and again we say to our readers beware of all traveling pretended mediums, unless you have them well endorsed by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and remember that an endorsement by those who certify to the feats of mediums is not our endorsement. Some think we endorsed the pretended carrying of Withersford from Chicago to Madison—not so, but far from it. We simply published what he and others said upon the subject. We believe it to have been a shallow, puerile deception on his part, with a hope that it would give him character in other places, and our belief has been confirmed by his conduct in other cities since that time. That he duped honest investigators into an endorsement of the genuineness of the supposed spiritual phenomena we doubt not. We know Withersford has mediumistic powers, and in the spirit of kindness entreated him to confine himself to the genuine. Our advice was disregarded, with the vain hope, as we believe, that he could successfully imitate better spirit manifestations than he was a medium for, and that his audience would accept the spurious as genuine.



Voices from the People.

IMPOSTORS.—Is it a well known fact that there are no genuine greenbacks in the country, counterfeit being the only one available. It is the genuine article that renders the counterfeit available. It is the same with Spiritualism. Without those genuine manifestations which emanate from spirits, impostors would soon vanish from the field. The counterfeit invariably follows in the trail of the genuine article. It owes its existence to the latter. Even Mrs. Bennett, the first-class fraud of Boston, derived the very idea, apparently, according to the Boston Herald, Charles Foster, the world-renowned medium, was also taken in a like manner. It appears from that paper that he both exposed and repudiated her pretensions. First declaring her to be a true medium and afterwards an unmitigated fraud. He endorsed her paraffine gloves and writing as of spiritual origin, and in one instance designated the hands from which the pair of gloves were taken as "the only true pair of hands in the mind of the person who had received the gloves. It was reasonably regarded as a somewhat remarkable feat.

LETTER FROM MRS. JACOB BENNETT, OF OATRO, ILL.—Ever since I first read the proceedings of the "National Conference of Spiritualists," I have been full of the sentiments expressed by you in the first issue. I can not therefore deny myself the pleasure of thanking you for your kindness in saying, and saying so well, precisely what hundreds of Spiritualists will be glad to have said. No true liberal can occupy the platform adopted by the Philadelphia convention. It is only broad enough for Spiritualists who are unable to walk the road of progression without crutches; and for those who "yet cast living eyes on creeds. The aims and principles declared by the "new departure" are precisely those which thousands of Spiritualists have no use for and no sympathy with. They do not recognize "Jesus of Nazareth" as the spiritual leader of man, nor do they recognize him in any way. Many of them doubt the existence of such a person, either human or divine. How impossible then, how absurd even, for them to organize under such conditions. Their inconsistency and hypocrisy would be no more glaring, were they to join an orthodox church. They "do not man be deceived upon the subject"; the organization favors of sectarianism. Let me thank you once more for your honest, open, and sensible remarks.

SPIRITUAL BARRIERS.—I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappear one by one from the distant village; and the moon rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver avenues of darkness, as I have gazed upon these quiet graves and shadowy lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted by daisy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick-coming fancies" concerning those spiritual beings which walk the earth unseen both when we wake and when we sleep.—Washington Irving.

The serene philosopher as he gazes forth on the vast ocean of human beings throbbing with active life, and from whom excitements emanate that contain every degree of beauty and splendor, has his mind illumined with the thought that as each one disappears from his view in death, they reappear on the spiritual side of life, the same as the seed vanishes into a flower, or the acorn into a magnificent oak.

WOODLAND, CAL.—Mary J. Bennett writes.—While I live I must have the Journal to read; it is one of the luxuries that I enjoy in this life. My hope is sure and steadfast.

THIR YOUNG MEDIUM.—As is well known, Mrs. Kate Fox, the one who formerly resided at Hydeville, N. Y., and through whom the raps first originated in this country, was married to E. F. Jencks, a distinguished gentleman of London, England. They have a little boy now three years of age, and who is a true medium. The spirits gave the following message through his mother's mediumship, as published in the London Spiritualist: "Years before this dear boy was born, we predicted his future. Now, at three years old, you have the holy joy of seeing a beautiful promising child, far beyond his years in intellect, far brighter than the others of his age. His mind is so delicate, so sensitive, more intellectual. We have some important words of advice to give to you on this his third birthday. Never say an unkind word to him, be firm, but never rebuke so as to wound his sensitive nature; let him only hear from all his surroundings that which is refined in character. The least every word you say will be heard him from all lowering intercourse. Be firm, I remind that some day he will act upon the teachings he now gathers in; guide him with gentle words, always let his reason guide him; and if you do this all we have predicted of this singularly gifted child will come true. We love him dearly; we shall always care for him, our prayers, our most tender love, will be for him. God bless him! God bless also little Henry, who will have his great duties as one of the brightest stars in England to perform. Do by him the same. God bless and prosper his parents."

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Harrison Welch writes.—And allow me to add that I consider your fearless outspoken Journal, has done more than any other to uproot Spiritualism, by encouraging and strengthening Spiritualists in their efforts to lay down the evils, the parasites, which would cling to and either deform or dwarf its perfect proportions. THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM.—There was no idea of the certain, all depended upon divine pleasure—or displeasure rather; heaven was full of inconsistent malice, and earth of ignorance. Every thing was done to appease the divine wrath; every public calamity was caused by the sin of the people; by a failure to pay tithes, or for having, even in secret, felt a disrespect for a priest. To the poor multitude the earth was a kind of enchanted forest, full of demons ready to devour, and theological serpents lurking with infinite power to fascinate and torture the unhappy and impotent soul. Life to them was a dim and mysterious labyrinth, in which they wandered weary and lost, guided by priests as bewildered as themselves, without knowing that at every step the Asmode of reason offered them the long-lost clue.—Col. H. G. Ingersoll.

Speaking of the warfare against science, Countess Cathness says,—"When it was proposed to light London with gas, no less a man than Sir Walter Scott printed his protest against the ridiculous attempt to light the streets of a city with smoke. What was reported by a committee of the House of Commons against railways? And who has not heard of the scorn encountered by the first advocate of vaccination, and of oceanic telegraph? Still those who have had occasion to travel, as Spiritualists will do, can see nothing can resist the collective evidence in its favor. LA JUNTA, COL.—W. C. Gibbons writes.—Having just enjoyed a soul cheering feast, I feel like acknowledging it. I have just returned from the Buffalo Range in the Indian country and Northern Texas, where I have been for several months to recruit my health. In that wilderness, and hunt buffalo. On returning to Granddike I found some dozen copies of the old standard bearer, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Eagerly I scanned them over, then arranged and read them more thoroughly. Contending emotions fill my soul as I read those pages. I felt so much the force of the words Brother N. B. Starr wrote to me once,—"Spiritualism has come to stay." Spurious mediums, like other evils has its work to perform; the true only shines the brighter by contrast. Humbug and pretended exorcists exert a strengthening influence on the philosophic mind, for we have laid aside all previous faith. For the ever fading and absolute knowledge of life immortal and communion with spirits.

QUESTIONS.—Mrs. Jennie S. Edd in reply to a question in regard to criminals, etc., says,—"Or rather, why does not the Spirit-world organize itself into a detective force, rush up and down the land to bring criminals to justice? There are various reasons why spirits do not act as detectives. Rightly has the questioner spoken in regard to the hanging question. Surely there can be no more of man than to hang him, for you can not hang the spirit, and you only send it out

into the Spirit-world to enable it to do more mischief than it would had it remained in the body. In earthly life it does not make it the better cause, one man murder that a hundred men shall commit another by hanging."

SALAM, OR.—G. W. Lawson writes.—Spirits will go everywhere; the cause has to be exhibited in court and camp, I suppose.

PROFESSIONAL CLAIRVOYANTS.—Spiritualism when devoted to high and holy purposes, to the advancement of humanity, and to the amelioration of the suffering, is sure to be attractive. But every city is cursed by a set of fortune-telling clairvoyants, who sell under the garb of Spiritualism, and who for a dollar, will "reveal your fortune" about as sensibly as a goose. Some of them will even go into an abnormal trance, and then look out for "breakers," for their advice is about as correct as the lunatic who imagines himself Gen. Grant. Some of them practice their "clairvoyance" as a bait to "licentious practices," and sometimes their controls carry on for years swindling operations, having first gained the confidence of their victim by a few tests, and then leading them on to ruin. Those mediums whose aspirations are high and holy, who read books containing beautiful tales of poetry and high moral ideas, will attract around them an order of spirits who are above any swindling operations, and from whom no deceit comes. Look out, we say for some of the professional clairvoyants of our city, for one gentleman of honesty and integrity, and whom we well know was swindled out of \$1,000 in a very short time by following the advice of one of these charlatans. In making investments.

DE RUTTER, N. Y.—Julius Hill writes.—There has been within the last few weeks a medium developed here among us of extraordinary qualities. His name is Leroy Howes.

IMPOSTORS.—A Spiritualist medium gave a seance or circle one evening, when the pretended spirit of an Indian girl appeared and jabbered in her native tongue. Some of the company, at least the Spiritual portion of it, believed in the genuineness of the heavenly visitor, but certain skeptics who doubted, went to work and tore up the floor and there found the spirit in the shape of a young woman, who had communicated with the audience by means of tubes passing up through the floor! The discovery was not less comical than humiliating, to think that men and women at Boston, the Athens of America, should, at this time of day, be beguiled by such a silly humbug! The medium and her confederate have not been sent to the House of Correction for swindling, (I understand they have grown rich by this business,) but did you ever hear of read of people who were more credulous than those who believed that these spiritual manifestations were actually genuine?—N. B. Boston Investigator.

The Investigator man should not fail to recognize the fact, that the counterfeit swears existence to the genuine article. If there was no pure sugar, you would never hear of the counterfeit article that sometimes contains a poison that is detrimental to health. The existence of impostors shows that their very life, as it were, depends upon those genuine mediums residing in all parts of our country. Mrs. Bennett is not a medium, and her hog as "seer" she regards as a prophet, the out-throats, licentious characters, prison-birds and deep-dyed rascals, go to work, and with their machinery, a little different from that used by Mrs. Bennett, counterfeit our greenbacks, expecting to secure thereby a competency. Mrs. Bennett's object was undoubtedly the same, but she was a first-class counterfeiter. She did her work under the garb of secrecy; she took the genuine article, greenbacks, for her counterfeit Spiritualism, and why should she not be compelled to disgorge, or follow Jacobs to the penitentiary. In commenting on the above article, the Editor of the Investigator says: "Indeed, Spiritualists should comparatively speaking, be regarded as 'discards' of the basis of its distinctive doctrine, (continued existence,) and claims to be founded on knowledge. Thus, theoretically at least, Spiritualism takes high and commanding ground; and if it is true, practically, then it should be accepted like any other fact of nature, for what else can be said to be worthy of our approval and support?"

FOREST CITY, IOWA.—B. W. Coe writes.—I lectured at Algona, Iowa, to large audiences, and considerable interest was manifested by the people, so deep, in fact, was the interest felt, that they appointed Mr. Ingam, the banker, their treasurer, and made arrangements to deposit with him one hundred dollars to help pay expenses of a test medium to visit the place. The matter is in my hands, with the understanding that I should procure the services of one as soon as possible. I am not in favor of adopting any creed, be it Christian, Pagan, or otherwise, but I am in favor of laying a foundation broad enough upon which to rear a structure that will hold the world.

Will some good test medium correspond with Bro. Coe. SUNDAY.—I propose that the American Government change the Sabbath to any day of the week except the Jewish or Mohammedan Sabbath day. The Egyptian Sunday, of all others, the most proper. As Shaker, I and my people observe it as a day of rest, as rigidly as any people. As an American citizen, proclaiming liberty of conscience to all mankind, I protest against the sectarian superstition of closing the World's Exposition on Sunday. It is not the true spiritual Sabbath. The Government should light down the Sabbath on the Sabbath. No let the Christian clergy blow up the Gates of Hell, open the World's Exposition, free of expense to the world's poor, on the remaining Sabbath days. Then we may keep any day, and as many Sabbath days as we please, unmolested. And we—Jews, Quakers, Catholics, Materialists, Atheists and Protestants will unite to oppose the day of rest to man, beast and cook.—Elder E. W. Evans, of the Mount Lebanon Shakers, N. Y.

My good brother, that is progress. Your sentiments strike a responsive chord in our soul. But how is it that you seek progress in one direction, and reject it in another? Don't the Bible say, "Salute one another with a holy kiss. The church of Christ salute you." The Shakers ignore kissing although they know that it is a natural law, "that leads to love, to a united and yet a cherry lips of the Shaker ladies are allowed to waste their sweetness on the desert air, and nobody benefited thereby. Even a clergyman was arrested for kissing a lady in the absence of her husband, but he was not convicted, because the jury were in doubt, whether the kiss was not one of the kind which the Apostle was enjoined to give. He ought to have been sent to the penitentiary for stealing a kiss. But Elder Evans may insist that kissing leads to licentiousness. The harm does not lie in the kiss itself, but the intention of either the kisser or kissed. Knowing, as Elder Evans does, that kissed lips lose no sweetness, he should recognize the simple fact that where purity of motives exist, no harm what ever can arise to the kisser or kissed, and that a great deal of happiness might result therefrom. We hope to hear from our good brother on this subject.

EDDYVILLE, IOWA.—John Wilcox writes.—Thomas Walker, the "Boy Orator" and inspirational speaker, the wonder and admiration of all who hear him, after delivering three lectures in this city at crowded houses and delighted audiences, was telegraphed the last night (Nov. 9th.) by J. M. Peoples to join him immediately at Osceola, Iowa, for the purpose of arranging to go with him on his second tour around the world. THE NUMERICAL STRENGTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY has heretofore been an enigma not easily solved. The Catholic World, a magazine of high character and ability, has published the official estimate of the strength of that church in the United States, which may be regarded as accurate. A hundred years ago there were in this country not over twenty-five priests of that church; in 1800 the number had increased to about forty; and in 1830 the number was augmented to 363. In 1845 the number was 690. The article further shows that in the decade from 1830 to 1870 the number of priests nearly doubled, having increased from 3,517 to 4,508. At the close of 1876 there were, according to the official figures from the various dioceses, 5,074 priests, 1,278 ecclesiastical students, and 6,535 Catholic churches and chapels in the United States. There are also 33

theological seminaries, 63 colleges, 557 academies and select schools, 1,515 parochial schools, 214 convents, and 95 hospitals under the control of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States.—Liberator.

That Catholicism is making rapid progress in this country, no one doubts. That despoliation furnishes more criminals for our prisons than all other churches combined. In 1871 there were 31,126 communicants of all denominations in Ireland, 38,938 of them were Roman Catholics. The devotees of Catholicism are generally ignorant and unenlightened, and blindly obey every mandate of the priests.

REPORTS OF MEETINGS.—Give us only a brief synopsis. Our readers are nothing about the meeting commencing at 10 and adjourning at 12; then commencing at 1 and adjourning at 5, and so on. They simply would like to know who participated in the exercises, the number present, and the general feeling that prevailed. If any striking incident, give it briefly.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.—H. James writes.—I was one of the original subscribers to the Journal, and continued my subscription up to the end of the year 1874, when I had it discontinued and commenced taking it from a new agent here. Lately the agent "got religion," and now he refuses to touch what he considers as the unclean thing. Verily, "He strain'd at a gnat—the simple soul—But gulped the camel all whole."

Surely, we would like to fully understand the chemical changes necessary for a person to undergo to get religion. Wherein he is different would baffle the scientist to tell.

HOW THE EARL OF DUNBAR CONSULTED A MEDIUM.—Bower records that Patrick, the seventh Earl of Dunbar, in 1285, jestingly asked Thomas of Errolford, commonly called the Rhymer, whether any remarkable event would transpire on the morrow. The bard replied in the mystical language of prophecy, "Alas for to-morrow, a day of calamity and misery! Before the twelfth hour shall be heard, a blast so vehement that it shall exceed those of any former period—a blast which shall strike the nation with amaze—and shall humiliate what is proudest in the island. We shall walk with the ground! The forest wild and tempest that ever was heard of in Scotland." Thereupon, says the Rev. J. M. Wilson, Thomas went to bed, leaving his prediction to be fulfilled either by accident or the weather. At the ninth hour, nothing having taken place, his lordship to prevent the port of amputation, but at the twelfth a messenger, with horse covered with foam, brought the news of the death of King Alexander III. by a fall from his horse at Kinghorn.—London Spiritualist.

Here we have an example where a spirit could absolutely predict the future twelve hours in advance, knowing that the King would fall from his horse. Or had not the spirits arranged to cause his death at the time designated? Henry J. Raymond, a spirit, says in "Strange Visitors," "Standing face to face, and walking side by side, as I have done for the last few days with this man, Lincoln, raised as some suppose for the special purpose of freeing the slaves—a martyr for principle—I find that he enjoys as a good joke, this martyrdom, and he says that the spirit who told him that he was removed not by God, but by spirit politicians, God's agents." In the case of Lincoln, his mind was prepared for the catastrophe by dreams and visions; in other words, spirits predicted the event, then went to work to make their prediction true; something like the negro clairvoyant who told his neighbors that within ten days he had some chickens stolen, but by spirit politicians, God's agents." In the case of Lincoln, his mind was prepared for the catastrophe by dreams and visions; in other words, spirits predicted the event, then went to work to make their prediction true; something like the negro clairvoyant who told his neighbors that within ten days he had some chickens stolen, but by spirit politicians, God's agents."

COLONY, KAN.—Jas. H. Lewis writes.—The Journal suits my idea of a fearless exponent of truth. We have been in hot water ever since the Journal came into the house. There is not a Spiritualist within ten miles that I know of. The next day after the Journal came, the man whom I live with, Mr. E., said his father-in-law, a leading spirit of Spiritualism in the presence of his (P's) family; next he requested me not to speak of that subject while in his family. We told him we would not, but that if he or his folks, or the preacher ever spoke against Spiritualism in our hearing, then we should give them our opinion of the matter. So they have turned us over to the care of their theological "what is it." We have a planchette. I place one hand on it; after a while it becomes cold, and then the planchette begins to draw or make fantastic marks.

A QUESTION.—Now, why is it that some of the writers in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL spend the most of their time in abuse of the church, the Bible, Bible times, the Bible man, and such other things? Please give reason through the Journal.—A reader.

And why is it that you have not courage enough to attach your name to the question you ask? We suppose the reason that some of the writers of the Journal pursue the course they do, is because they see but little value in the subjects you allude to. They judge from their own standpoint.

GUARDIANSHIP.—Yet there is not one of you but has got a recording angel by your side; not one of you but has got some loved one watching over you, touching you with the touch of love, and oftentimes bending down to give you the spirit-kiss. If you wish, Mr. E., to find his father-in-law, let us see his record; look well to each thought; let it not come like a shadow over the soul, or be reflected back to the angel-world, but rather let each thought be pure and bright, like the pages of an unlettered book.—Mrs. Jennie Edd, of Danvers of Light.

True, every word of it. Yet how powerless guardian angels are many times to accomplish what humanity desires. The poor care-worn mother bending over the midnight lamp, stitching, stitching her life away to gain bread for her little ones, prays for assistance, but it comes only as she gives her strength, yes, her life, to her merciless employers, for a mere pittance. The angels bend over, watch each sigh, see each weary plication, yet can afford her no relief, only as they find means to impress the benevolent hearts of others to assist her. Humanity must be elevated so that each one becomes a guardian angel for those less fortunate than himself, assisting them, encouraging them, dividing his prosperity with them, and doing all he can to refine their natures; then there will be far less suffering on earth than at present. If guardian angels had the power, there would be no cases of absolute want—mere shadows of human beings stitching their life away for a niggardly support. The pious orthodox relies altogether on God, and he fails; and that one that leans altogether on angel guardianship will sometimes be allowed to fall, that he may thereby become self-sustaining.

MYOURELL, IND.—Hattie N. Burton writes.—Enclosed you will find the amount due you for the Journal. It is a sacrifice for me to take it there and back, but I feel as if I could not do without it, as it comes each week laden with its golden truths.

But that "sacrifice," my dear friend, will eventually ultimate in your good, and you will feel fully compensated for every effort made to sustain the Journal, and to obtain spiritual food for yourself.

BERT, FRANKLIN.—Rev. John S. C. Abbot says of Franklin: "Benj. Franklin discarded Jesus Christ as an authoritative teacher, and yet he made strenuous efforts to attain moral perfection. He is more worthy of homage than Benjamin Franklin."

Franklin was a firm believer in a future existence. It is to-day, he would be an ardent and devoted Spiritualist. He assisted in inaugurating the "raps," at Hydeville, N. Y. He was a pioneer laborer then.

ly contiguous to the great metropolis of New England, has been greatly stirred by the exposure of Mrs. Bennett, who for purposes of selfish gain, professes to have deliberately practiced the most heinous kind of fraud upon the public, and now after being caught, turns round and laughs at her dupes and victims. Her cheek is only equalled by her unrepentance. She richly deserves to experience the full penalty of the law for swindling. The political fever which now so fiercely has eclipsed or rather consumed the attention which otherwise would be given to a New York celebrity now in Boston, Mr. W. Irving Bishop, who last Saturday night drew a large audience to witness a pretended exposure of mediocrity tricks. To a Spiritualist, his so-called exposure was too preposterously gaudy to merit five minute attention, yet all the daily press of the "Hub" ventilated his doings to the extent of a column space. Though performing in Boston, ostensibly under the auspices of several distinguished gentlemen, and in behalf of a charitable cause of special importance and popularity, the preservation fund for the "Old South," the whole affair was worked up, names obtained and all, by those directly in Bishop's interest. It will be an interesting item to know exactly how much the Old South Church receives from their traveling trickster, especially in behalf of the handling of the funds. This Mr. Bishop belongs to the tribe of Baldwin, Bl., Mellville Fay, Von Vleck, Queen, and their ilk. In private he admits having mediocrity gifts, while in public he repudiates them in toto. His challenge of a thousand dollars to do by mere human agency, whatsoever any professed medium can do by supernatural aid, was promptly accepted, but as promptly declined by Mr. Bishop, on the ground that his acceptor was a juggler.

You are right in your estimation of Mrs. Bennett and Bishop. But what of the following, an interview of a Boston Herald reporter with Mrs. Bennett: Question—So Sunflower could not help you? Who did? Mrs. Bennett—Mrs. Hardy, most of all. Question—Was not figure shown? Mrs. Bennett—Some thought they saw a figure or two; but [with a peculiar smile] only faces and hands showed. When the seance was going on Mrs. Hardy wanted all to go up so that the spirit would touch them. She went up and said she felt the touch of Sunflower as tangibly as if it were in life, and when there were great and uttered sounds to imitate Sunflower's voice. Indeed she did all she could to prevent an utter failure of the seance, and I thanked her heartily after it was over for what she had done, as I considered she had helped me out of a tight place. And yet when I reflected upon it, I concluded that after all, it was to be shown up, what would become of her would be shown up. Question—So that, after all, the very name of Sunflower and Mrs. Hardy's timely aid did the business for you that night? Mrs. Bennett—It did. Sunflower was splendid, and if she had been there I would have been vindicated.

It must be remembered that "Sunflower" was Mrs. Bennett's confederate.

SOUTE ADAMS, MASS.—James M. Carter writes.—I had rather do without one meal a day than be deprived of the good old Journal. I hardly think that you will get that "old Devil" just yet. He has been here for some time, but I should like some of the good things published therein since May last, please send me the back numbers from and including June last and onward.

Many thanks, brother, for your kind regards. THE LITTLE BOUGER should be introduced into every family of Spiritualists. Each number contains food for those of mature years as well as the young.

TROMSEH, NEV.—H. G. Hellig writes.—I am always glad to see the Journal so prompt, and well stored with good logic.

Many thanks, brother, for your timely remittance. We all our subscribers as prompt in remitting their dues to us, as we are presenting them the Journal, how much smoother our business relations would run. Let us all hope for a permanent improvement in business matters all over the world.

IS POLYGAMY A Bible doctrine? We think it is. Hitecheck in his Analysis of the Bible thinks monogamy is implied in Gen. ii: 24; and vi: 18; and in Matt. xix: 5; and Mark x: 7, 8; but admits that polygamy was practiced by the patriarchs. Gideon the Judge, had many wives, and more children than Brigham Young; he had seventy sons. See Judges viii: 20. Saul had a plurality of wives. So David had eighteen, and Solomon had seven hundred wives. Rehobeam had eighteen wives and three score concubines. "But the saints had one man and one woman." "Polygamy," says Hitecheck, "was not prohibited by Moses." On the contrary, there are express laws, regulating and encouraging it. See Leviticus xviii: 18, and Num. xxxi and xxxii. It is mere guess work to talk of certain texts enforcing monogamy by implication. We have heard it said that the one wife system was to be favored because of the great number of each animal and insect were created at the beginning; but it is well known that nearly all animals, birds, insects, etc., are polygamous. Most of the animals went into the ark in pairs. So, that if monogamy is to be implied in the creation, it is equally as applicable to insects as to man. The Greek civilization for the institutions of monogamy; and, if Christ, by the few isolated passages alluded to, had reference to one wife he but repeated what Greece had enjoined by precept, example and law hundreds of years before his day; what the Roman moralists taught and Roman legislators demanded at the very moment, and in the very nature, and of the very people he was talking to.—Common Sense.

In the New Testament we meet with no testimony in favor of polygamy; in the "Old," however, the case is different. There it is to a great degree sanctioned. The Hindoo law allows a man to have as many wives as he can sustain. Mohammed allowed his follower, to have each four wives.

THE FLAMEL JOURNALS.—He then described certain characteristics concerning the raps, trees, plants, and animals. He said some of the animals bore shapes which, upon the earth, he could find nothing that would afford comparison. Every tree bore fruits which, by the collective wisdom of the inhabitants and their spirit-guides, were discovered to contain something useful either as a food, or medicine.—E. F. Burton, a Spirit, in London Spiritualist.

The trees of earth contain the same characteristics. Don't think Jupiter is ahead of us much in that respect. According to Dr. Woldrich (as stated by the Somnambulist Lucy) the moons of Jupiter shine with that bright mellow light, assuming delicate rainbow tints, each one, however, having a certain predominant color, the largest being a bright red, the second purple and golden, the third green, and the last and least, but prettiest, different shade of blue." Let us hope that our next moon may come forth with a color that will outshine in beauty of tints those of Jupiter. Dr. Sherman and Prof. Lyon claim that there is a "moon" now in process of formation, not far from this earth. When they discover the open Polar sea, we will believe the "moon story."

BRELLBY IA.—J. H. Shively writes.—I have the whole community here to fight alone in defense of Spiritualism.

With the aid of the Journal and your own energy and talents, you may rest assured that you can withstand any assault the orthodox can make upon you.

HUMAN SOUL.—There are, however, a small number of persons, who, as it were, detach their souls from the body, and addit themselves with the utmost anxiety and diligence, to the study of the nature of the gods. The presentiments of men like these are derived not from divine inspiration, but from human reason; for, from a contemplation of nature, they anticipate things to come—as deluges of water and the future de-fagration, at some time or other, of heaven and earth.—Cicero.

Cicero had a slight conception of the wonderful powers and capabilities of the human soul, when he made the above statement, "Lucy," the somnambulist, when her soul was sent forth by Dr. Woldrich, did not study the nature of the gods particularly, but she traveled in the heavens, and calmly surveyed the external scenery of the different planets. If she had been vindictive in nature and physically gross, she could have visited her enemies when they were sleeping, and induced the nightmare, troublesome dreams or visions of terror. Little does the world generally know of the wonderful powers of the human soul, for good or evil.

QUINOY, ILL.—A. B. Wilhelm writes.—Nothing in your Journal, an account of a seance that was held at Mr. Harts, at which I was present, your paper represented it to be in Milwaukee. This is to inform you that it was in this city, at 608 Hampshire street. The gentlemen are all well known residents here.

IMPOSTORS.—The display of the wondrous powers of modern mediumship is, as yet, but in its infancy, and considering the ill-usage to which mediums have been and are still subjected, from so-called friends and foes, it is marvelous that so much has been accomplished; making the fullest allowance for cases of imposture or fraud, which I believe are few and far between, and are probably more due to the desire of mediums to satisfy the cravings of curiosity, and the demands of sitters—who must have something for their money—than to wicked intention, there remains a number of highly gifted mediums who, if surrounded with sympathetic spirits in and out of the flesh, possess powers which can be utilized for the resolution of the greatest problems presented to the human mind. Without trespassing further, I proceed to narrate the facts of the memorable sitting referred to.—Wm. Coe, in Spiritualist.

In this country the cases of fraud and impostures "are not few and far between." The salvation of Spiritualism depends on the vigorous attack of all the spiritual papers upon frauds wherever found. This putting cream on an impostor, is what injures Spiritualism. Mrs. Bennett, of Boston, and other impostors, who have obtained money fraudulently, should be incarcerated with Jacobs, in prison. Not until these vagabonds are punished, will Spiritualism be protected from their raids. Under the present circumstances, Spiritualism is an attractive field for those who think they can successfully deceive the public. Let it be known that those who swindle the public shall be punished, and then there will be fewer Mrs. Bennetts than now.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Dr. Thomas J. Lewis writes.—After 1800 years of creed Christianity more poverty and crime exists in London and Paris than ever known before, thus showing it to be a priestcraft swindle and unworthy of recognition by persons holding themselves to be possessed of intelligence and morality.—The following scrap clearly illustrates that one out of many thousand similar cases: "A sad story was told at a coroner's inquest held in Southwark, England, the other day, when Henry Carney, 53 years of age, formerly a wholesale leather merchant in the borough, described the incidents of his wife's death from starvation. He stated that he could not call to his memory the time when any meat was in the house, and two Abernethy biscuits formed the total amount of food taken by his wife during two or three days prior to her death. The deceased was 75 years old."

Our Brother is mistaken in regard to England. Pauperism seems to be on the decrease there, if statistics can be relied upon. In France, the war of course had a demoralizing influence. She will soon recover from that.

EXPERIENCES OF A SEER.—You say that you do not understand the idea I intend to convey by my statement about forms being possibly reflected by an "aura." You may observe that throughout my letter I used the words "aura" and "spiritual envelope"—the fluidic garment of the soul—as synonymous terms. I may have been wrong in this; but if I have not, I am afraid that I shall not be able to make my meaning clearer. The data from which I drew my conclusion consisted in my having repeatedly seen the body of an apparition—say of a man—resolve itself into a series of pictures which have been identified as illustrative of some person's earth life, my description of the apparition having first been recognized as that person's self. One part of the apparition—to make, if possible, the matter more plain—would, while I surveyed it, assume the appearance of a landscape; another would take the shape of a house or a town; others would represent human beings; and what is more, the whole of these would not appear as mere pictures, but as tangible realities. Such is the nature of the phenomena by which I have been enabled to read the lives of many people, both in the flesh and in Spiritualism, and such, I suspect, are the kinds of phenomena witnessed by other clairvoyants. I would like to have the views of other clairvoyants on this subject.—Joseph Skisney, in London Spiritualist.

The visions you see are, no doubt, subjective. Mrs. Richmond (Teppan) in one of her lectures, said: "Many of the images pictured on the brain of mediums by their spirit guides, are professionally psychological. Most visions seen are professionally the work of impressions by spirit guides for the purpose of instruction. Probably not more than one-tenth are actual visions of Spirit-life, while the rest are impressed by a spirit as symbolic or illustrative, as nearly as possible of Spirit-life. This is a process of conjuring, but it is exercised by disembodied spirits as well as those in the flesh."

DYBE STATION, TENN.—W. G. Grant gives an account of how he paid \$1,735 to a life insurance company, which has gone into voluntary bankruptcy, and of course giving him nothing in return for the money he has expended. He says: "I have learned at a cost of \$1,735 the true definition of the word orthodox."



