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

Truth Tears no Ash, Dubs at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

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THE ASSASSINATION OF HON. S. S. JONES.

Facts Developed at the Investigation by the Coroner's Jury.

At little past the hour of noon on the 15th inst., William C. Pike called at the Harrison Street Police Station and surrendered himself as the murderer of Stevens S. Jones, whose body, he said, they would find struggling in death at his office, in Room 16, in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING, No. 394 Dearborn Street, Chicago. An officer was sent to the office in question, examined the premises, found the assassin's words were true, and after assisting to remove the corpse from the floor, where it had fallen from the chair in which the murdered man sat when he was approached from behind and shot dead without even a warning of danger, returned to the Police Station and reported the horrible truth in the hearing of the assassin, eliciting from him the ejaculation, "I told you so," as he prepared to move toward the cell where he was confined until taken before Justice Summerfield, who said to him, "You are charged with murder; are you guilty or not guilty?" to which he replied substantially, that he had no regard for technicalities, but admitted that he shot S. S. Jones, twice.

On post-mortem examination, two bullet wounds were found in the body—one bullet entered the *medulla oblongata* at the junction of the spinal cord, passed upward and forward, and lodged against the *os frontis*. The ball was found to fit the pistol given up by the assassin; the other bullet entered the lower portion of the right shoulder passing upward and lodged in the muscles. Dr. Holden testified that consciousness must have ceased on the very second in which the shot was fired. The assassin claims to be a phrenologist, and had, if the daily papers may be believed, boasted that his knowledge as such, enabled him to select that particular point at which to place his pistol (for it was sufficiently close to burn the hair upon the neck), and insure the accomplishment of this most foul murder against all chance of failure.

Genevieve Pike may or may not be the wife of the assassin, as upon this, as well as many other points, the evidence was conflicting, but the Coroner gave her the benefit of the doubt, and allowed her to make any statement she chose. She declined, but subsequently asked to return and make a statement; leave was granted, but while she talked much, said little, except her statement, "As God hears me, I know nothing about the murder." She stated that a paper which the assassin gave up with his pistol at the Police Station, was in the handwriting of the assassin, and after much urging that she had signed it more than a week previous to the day of the murder. This paper purported to be a confession by her of criminal intercourse with the murdered man, and contained also the further statement, that it was a case of seduction, which the jury entirely ignored, because of her extraordinary manner, appearance and numerous (to draw it mildly) improbable statements in other regards, as well as on account of the indications pointing so strongly in the direction of an attempt at blackmailing having failed, and resulting in the terrible manner before described.

THE WITNESSES were but few in number, and from the evidence it appears that, had not the assassin given himself up, there would have been little evidence to show his connection with the murder, beyond the fact that the murdered man had but a few moments previously passed into the business office, and procured a note of \$24, made by the assassin, and that note has never been seen since, unless by its maker.

THEORIES as to the impelling cause of the murder are confined to two reasonable ones; first, that the assassin, inheriting tendencies to insanity, had been so be-deviled by this woman Genevieve, that he came to believe her stories true; and second, that together and deliberately, a plan was devised by which it was hoped money might be extorted from the subsequent victim, which plan had miscarried by reason of refusal on his part to yield to their demands, and so aroused had the evil passions of one or both become, that assassination was the result.

THE VERDICT.

"We, the jury, find that Stevens S. Jones came to his death on the 15th day of March, 1877, at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING, No. 127, 4th avenue, in the city of Chicago, by two pistol shot wounds, one through the head, and the other through the right shoulder, at the hands of Wm. C. Pike, premeditatedly, deliberately and maliciously, and find it murder in the first degree; we also find evidence to satisfy us that Genevieve Pike, his reputed wife, should be held as an accessory before the fact, and recommend that both persons be held for the action of the Grand Jury, without bail."

LATER. As we go to press, it is rumored that attempts are about to be made to obtain the release of the woman Genevieve, on writ of habeas corpus.

It may be proper to say in this connection, that the family and friends of the man so cowardly assassinated, do not desire the blood of the assassin, nor that of the woman Genevieve, and beyond an honest endeavor to arrive at all the truth (by which they are sure the entire innocence of the murdered man of the charges preferred against him, will be established), they are satisfied the law shall take its course, and inflict such reasonable punishment, short of the death penalty, as may be thought necessary to protect society.

The daily press of our city has been active in disseminating all kinds of rumors and statements; a portion of the papers have been trying to give facts, and just criticisms; others give a mixture of statements true and untrue, with unjust criticisms; and others, seemingly, have endeavored to publish either statement, rumor or criticism, which it was believed would tend to the prejudice of Spiritualism, while all else seemed to be suppressed.

Perhaps nothing better could be expected, while those who seek to establish themselves at any cost with the believers in old theology, are so numerous, and the number of persons claiming to be Spiritualists is so large, who have harbored thoughts of red or fancied wrongs, until—shall we say—it they experienced a relief in the passing of S. S. Jones to Spirit-life, who, editorially, never hesitated to denounce teachings which tended toward the demoralization of society, or fraudulent practices on the part of persons pretending to give spiritual phenomena.

Obsequies Over the Remains of Hon. S. S. Jones, at St. Charles, Ill.

The friends of the deceased, together with the members of the Masonic and Odd Fellow's Lodges, met at his residence in St. Charles, Ill., Saturday at 2 o'clock, March 17th, 1877, and the ceremonies were opened by singing, "The Silent Land," after which Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gave the following beautiful

INVOCATION:

Oh! Thou beneficent and Infinite Parent, into Thy presence by the white-winged Angel of Death we are summoned. The voice of Thy silence is audible, and the spirit keeps silence before Thee. The hand of Thy infinite love with heavy chastisement is felt upon the outward form; but the spirit rises triumphantly glad unto Thee, because of its freedom from death and darkness. Oh! Thou Parent of all souls! Thou who giveth life and death, the birth of flowers and the fruition of the harvest, unto Thee we turn for that other birth, that higher fruition, that loftier harvest, that cometh with the sowing of the seed of life. Even as the body dies, so must the soul be born; even as the outward casement decays and the spirit bursts forth, shedding this beautiful light of bloom, so the spirit of man through death bursts asunder the cloud, and rises unto Thee. There is no word save Thy own presence; there is no Comforter save that which Thou hast promised, even the Spirit of Truth, approaching whenever death shall come to heal the wounded soul and give light and blessing, and peace.

We praise Thee, oh! God, even in the midst of this sorrow, for that light and hope which is given to every soul, for the consciousness that rises above even the outward gloom and beholds the disfranchised soul now freed, once more in its native air. We praise Thee, oh! Thou Living Spirit,

that death, and darkness, and gloom, and all that men fear, are cast away in the certainty of Thy higher life and its loftier attainment, and by such gentle ministrations as Thy spirit can give, by such words of comfort as Thou canst whisper to every soul, may the stricken ones find consolation, and may all in silence attend to the voice of the spirit that rises above death, and, transfigured, leads men through life and love, even to immortality; and may Thy blessing descend upon us, and the spirit of Thy truth made manifest in all Thy revelations in past and present time, to man. To Thee, oh! Heavenly Parent! we give love forevermore.

REV. R. L. HERBERT'S ADDRESS

The Rev. R. L. Herbert, of Geneva, briefly addressed the friends as follows:

Dear friends, as we are assembled here under this deep shadow, it seems to me very unbecoming to utter many words; silence and thoughtfulness seem far more natural and becoming in the presence of the dead. I am also very glad to think that the friends who are most deeply afflicted by this event entertain such views of the divine order of things, of human character, of life and of what we call death. We can say or do very little on such an occasion as this to calm or sustain the heart, for self-possession and calmness under trials like these, is of slow growth, and comes as the result of our thoughts and deeds in past life. This is not the time to hurry to and fro, seeking someone to sustain us; that support and inward comfort must come from our habit of thought and lives, which have been in harmony with God's laws and God's truths; and I am glad to think to-day that these dear friends who are so bereaved, have consolations that come to them as the result of their thoughts, their mental and moral habits.

Bereaved, many of us have thought that death was something to be feared, and that it was going to change everything in relation to us, even God's moral government. Now, it seems to me that this that we call death, can not change God's laws, or his goodness towards us. Whatever we shall be beyond, will be the result of our lives here, for the same kind, just God that rules here, rules there, and the man proper is the same there as here, and whatever may be the new mode of existence it must be under the same moral government and a result of what has been done here.

What can any of us do, dear friends, to prepare for death that we should not do in preparing to live? To live nobly and righteously is our great concern. The consequences come as naturally as any results in God's universe.

There are many different opinions concerning human character, but how few of us are prepared to judge one another. I know very little about the character of the departed one; of that I need not speak. He was well known among you. He has written his own biography and carried his own character. I need not spend time to speak to you who knew him so well, of his grand, good traits; but I may say there is not a saint on earth but who has imperfections; not a sinner anywhere on earth but in whom God sees the soul of goodness. There is a judgment higher than the opinions of men, and we are glad to think that we are always under the beneficent care of that Divine hand, wherever we are; and I think it is this thought that sustains these friends in their sorrows to-day. As it was intimated in the beautiful invocation just now, it is the Spirit of Truth alone that can comfort man, and sustain him in all these trials of life or death.

Ah, dear friends, let me ask you to think that if we try to be noble, good and pure; that if we try to get into sweet harmony with these eternal truths, in life or death, whatever may come, all shall be well, and it will not be well, only as we become right; there is no substitution, no proxy; God takes every one of us just as we are; we shall all die, as we live. Let us make it the chief business to live noble lives and leave the results with the Great Arbitrator of all. Let us make haste to improve the opportunities to do good while in the flesh. Whatever may be the beauties of the life which is to come, the world of matter about us here, is so beautiful, so grand and harmonious—oh! let us try and improve each moment here, and then we can rest satisfied and trustful, knowing that whatever shall come to pass will be the best for us.

Oh, dear bereaved ones, your tears to-day will not change you, but, perhaps, they will help you to see some things that you have not seen in the days of prosperity. A tear is often a strong telescope to the eye of man; it enables him to see things that otherwise he can not see. Some new doors are open, perhaps, in your affections to-day that were not open before. God means to elicit goodness, out of everything. Let us trust him, and believe that all things shall work together for good, not only to those who love God, but to every one who would love him, if they only knew him better.

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND'S ADDRESS.

At the close of Rev. Herbert's remarks the choir sang, "Nearer My God to Thee." Mrs. Richmond then arose, and the controlling spirit said:—

Friends, after the fitting words that have been spoken, little remains to be added; but we are privileged like yourselves to assemble here in the presence of the Messenger of Life, called Death. That messenger always has some message to the living. The one who has gone before has received whatever Death had to say to him. To those who remain the message remains to be spoken by your own souls. Whatever voice this silent angel has to give, must be spoken to you variously, according to your comprehension of the meaning of death; but we are perfectly well aware that, like the seasons in their coming and going, like the everlasting tides of the ocean, or like the tempest that tosses the waves and slays the forests, our opinions on earth can not alter the great potency of the infinite laws; and while death has in time past been pictured as a fiend of terror, a dark and silent messenger, we believe that death is the one great boon of life, next to birth—the greatest voice that God gives to humanity; the next stage in existence into which, whether willingly or otherwise, whether by the portals of slow disease or by the sudden hand of calamity, every soul must ultimately enter; the next grade of life wherein lie all of earth's greatest, and all of earth's least, joys.

The message which is spoken to the spirit risen from yonder casket, is not known to you, may not be known; for if there be secrets in life hidden from any man, into which no rude mind may inquire, are there not secrets beyond the grave, and does not God speak to each soul as He will, to keep His own counsel? It is not our business to tell what God has said to that soul in the great other birth that has come; but only to say that the belief of the departed was such that every hour of life he waited as calmly for that Messenger as you wait, for the morning dawn, and whether fitly prepared or unfitly, it is not your province nor mine to decide.

We glide behind the outward life. Every man's habitation of earth is his castle; the bosom of his family is his sacred shrine. We look at death now through the eyes of affection; we see the risen spirit now glorified by the affections of those who loved him. We see him shaking off the outward dross, the harshness of the external brain, and somewhat of its criticism, and there, with new found blossoming, entering almost as a child into a new region of existence, with new found hopes; we see the mind unaltered, but still not tethered to the dust. We see the spirit quickened, and the glad possibilities of every soul, rises when its messenger speaks, and the voice which it breathes to the living is—if you build your habitation only for earth, if time is all you consider, if each day and hour you rear up structures that are intended only for earth, you build after one manner—lofty edifices, splendid surroundings, temple of glory, ambition and the praise of men; but if you saw the life beyond, wherein these things can not by any possibility enter—the habitation must be left behind, the glory or praise or blame of man must be left behind, all the splendor of intellect must remain here—you would build them far otherwise; and knowing that there is a life beyond, is the one incentive and guide to the manner of that building.

It has been quite fittingly remarked that if a man is worthy to live, he is also ready to die; but if he live only for the present hour and only in the external necessities of life, he is certainly not fitted to live, and therefore can not be ready for that loftier change. But whether ready or not ready, the divine compensation of life is that unto every

grade of existence, whatever that grade may be, death is the next step in the great chain of life. The criminal in the dungeon cell, the pauper by the wayside, the inebriate in the gutter, the Magdalen in the street, the saint in the cloister—all go one step by the hand of Death, and that is a step in life.

With this belief the broad land of chaos, which divides you from that next step is removed. With this belief you enter, as you would pass to another habitation with perhaps more spacious rooms and loftier possibilities. With this belief you go, as you would go to another country, prepared possibly by some knowledge of it and possibly not prepared, but always met at the gateway of that next step by some ministering power, even as you are met here by kindly hands who receive you into this world.

There are those born into outward life, by the customs and various ambitions of men, who have no welcome here. There is no soul born into Spirit-life but what receives a welcome from some higher power; and this is because there are no paupers there, save those who are impoverished in their own souls. There are no almshouses there, save for those who have no habitation of goodly deeds and kindly words, and such the angels supply with raiment. But whatever meanness there may be to sustain, the light of the spirit still survives; and that is welcomed by the hands that are accustomed to receive and minister.

This is the voice that the Angel of Death brings to-day: "That every human being in passing through that change enters the next stage of life; and that wherever, and whenever this silent messenger may come, it is one of the potent agencies of life, the means of introducing the soul into that next higher state where it is to be hoped that every spirit will meet fittingly profit by the advantages around them."

And so, through the tears and the eyes of affection, we gaze on this departed soul, remembering only those qualities that were endearing, remembering only those traits that are enshrined in the memory of those who love him best; and as for the vision of the world, it is nothing! Men view from superficial stand-points and give harsh judgments.

It is given to no man to judge his fellow-man, for God alone reserves the right to determine what a soul is, and he does that by the unerring voice of conscience.

The active brain, the vigilant will, the constant endeavor for uplifting mankind, that amiability and gentleness which was known to every one in near association, have surely made some preparation for this departed spirit; and we know that that activity is not lost here; that by those laws of nature that cause you to absorb the sunlight and the air and the rays from the world of light beyond, so it is good and high and ennobling if those that have passed beyond this earthly life, will return to you like showers, like gentle dews of blessing, like admonition, and the sustaining voice and power of the spirit will uplift you.

We tender to all of these wounded hearts our heartfelt sympathies for the external grief which has come; but even as the tempest cleanses the atmosphere and leaves the pleasant sky above, parting the clouds until the brightness glows more intently, so through this storm of outward affliction the power of the spirit is manifested more and more, and the lesson will be garnered up in your hearts, and you will treasure it until the day when you, too, shall pass to that higher birth.

No word can be spoken other than this: "That all of love, all of usefulness and all of consciousness survives; and the great mutability of time and change can not destroy that which has the image of God, and is immutable."

At the conclusion of the above remarks, Mrs. Richmond gave the following improvised poem:

Two angels came at set of sun
And brooded o'er the earth awhile;
One saw the day's work was well done,
The other waited the morning's smile,
And at the midnight hour they stood
Expectant on the verge of heaven,
Just where golden bars of light
Seem melting into morn or even.
Twin angels seemed they; one of birth,
Bearing burthens of buds, of flowers,
That had not wakened into earth
And knew not life's surpassing powers
(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Reply to a Materialist.

ED. JOURNAL.—Sometime since I received a letter from one who had twice been called upon to mourn the sudden departure of his heart's idol, asking for sympathy, light in the lonely sorrow, and bleak darkness which the Angel of Death had left in his bosom. With an overflowing heart, I replied. But instead of giving him the reasons for the knowledge that is in me, I directed him to a few well known spiritual books, and to search for himself in a circle consisting of his own family or intimate friends who would have no motive for deception. I copy below the important part of a second letter from him to me, and send a reply through your columns.

"S. P., Ohio, Nov. 26, 1876. DEAR BRO. COOK.—Accept our thanks for your kind, excellent and sympathetic letter of Aug. 6th, which came to hand in due season after date, and pardon me for neglecting to answer until this late period."

"If a man die, shall he live again?" is a question asked by millions since the days of Job; but the answer—the answer—that is the rub. But few have ever got the answer. And I do claim that if Spiritualism does not answer this question, it never yet has been answered, and never will be in this sphere. I have witnessed, (heard, not seen,) many strange things in connection with Spiritualism, in noted circles, such as the Davenport, but have never yet been convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt, that man is immortal. I really did hope that Spiritualism had or would demonstrate the great problem. But when I see our great mediums, such as Slade the slate-scratcher, get caught in fraud and imposture, as he has lately been in England, my courage drops and my heart grows sad and faint. When I can see for myself I will be satisfied. All that I read makes little or no difference with me. (The italics are my own.—G.)

"What I want relative to the future is incontrovertible, undeniable argument that amounts to a demonstration. If there is a land of spirits so near us, as many claim, why all so silent with regard to it? Where are all the departed vocalists and orators: yea the untold millions that have gone from earth or from mortal sight?" "I did hope something from materializations, but it is claimed by many that that is a gross fraud, and has been detected like some other theories. I tell you, Bro. Cook, the world is so full of jugglery, shrewd trickery and lying imposture, that I may watch, sift and criticize as much as I please, and yet be greatly deceived. I was reared according to the Methodist faith; and when a child, supposed preachers to be perfect saints. But the closer observation of riper years, leads me now to view them, taken as a body, to be a greater set of scoundrels than horse thieves; and in fact, the greatest nuisances in community."

"If there is a glorious Spirit-world, I believe that Spiritualism and Science will demonstrate it. As for little home circles with their feeble tips and raps, they never were anything else than disgusting to me. Not one particle of satisfaction did I ever yet obtain in them."

"Now, Bro. Cook, please reply at your earliest convenience, and give me your best reasons for the hope within you. I must confess that when it comes to anything like a living faith or knowledge in man's future individual conscious existence, I am a great skeptic. All nature and reason seem to me to be against it. I wish to God I was firm in such a belief, or such a knowledge, for my unsettled condition relative to that important matter, renders me most miserable. Yours for the truth, J. B. L."

REPLY.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.—Allow me to thank you for the candor expressed in your communication, and bear with me while I attempt to reply in the same spirit. I have taken the liberty to address you in this public manner for two reasons. First, there are many minds who, like yourself, are to-day asking these pertinent questions; Second, there is another class who, while they may entertain a sort of shallow, wishy-washy belief in man's immortality, still have no firm foundation for the same. Your inquiries and objections together with my thoughts thereon, may serve to awaken both these classes to thought and investigation. Unfencing investigation in nature's domain, pursued in a spirit of simple-mindedness, with free thought thereon, will ultimately give both parties truth; and they will then have what Huxley calls "justification, not by faith, but by verification."

And now let me beg you to consider what a deplorable plight we should all be in, if, like yourself, we should say, "All that I read makes little or no difference with me." If this were true, how limited would be our stock of knowledge! Of how little value would be the pen and the press, and how greatly have we over-estimated their value as aids in disseminating knowledge and enlightening the masses? "O, but," you reply, "I only apply this to Spiritualism." Why to this, any more than to the numberless subjects of man's inquiry?

Again, have you reflected on what a predicament you place me in by requesting me to write you "my best proofs," etc., and still asserting that "all you read makes little or no difference with you?" I acknowledge I felt some degree of discouragement at this, and but for my belief that a thoroughly honest, candid and thoughtful mind, (and I could consider you none other,) is affected by what he reads on so important a matter, I should have at once desisted from attempting this reply. Permit me, therefore, to ask at the outset of your inquiry in Spiritualism, to place your mind in the same receptive condition as you would in reading of some new discovery in mechanics, or some new planet in astronomy, or the description of some before unheard of thing at the late Centennial.

With a firm conviction that we should "prove all things and hold fast that (only) which is good," and with a full realization that we may sometimes be deceived by designing pretenders, I still believe that there is a constantly increasing number of honest-hearted, clear-headed people—capable observers—who truthfully report the results of their observations in the various departments of human inquiry, for the benefit of their fellow-men. Classing myself among the most humble and unpretending of these, I proceed to give some of the reasons why I consider the immortality of man a demonstrable and demonstrated fact. But if you, my truth-seeking brother, after perusing the foregoing, are still firm in the conviction that "all you may read will make no difference with you" that "all noted mediums are jugglers, shrewd tricksters or lying impostors," and that "little home circles with their feeble tips and raps," are so far beneath your notice as to be "disgusting to you," in all candor and kindness, I advise you to lay this paper aside now, and no longer seek for truth in this "important matter" from the investigation of which, it seems to me, you almost, if not quite, entirely shut yourself out.

About ten years ago, I was brought to an investigation of Spiritualism. At that time I regarded Spiritualists as a set of deluded fanatics; and, in common with other knowing ones who boasted of a scholastic education, and moved in what would be termed the "better circles," I sneered at the "soft-headed listeners" to "feeble tips and raps," and the "gaping-mouthed gobblers of mediums," although none of us had ever witnessed, nor sought to witness the phenomena so far beneath our lordly notice, or had even read anything on the subject except the ridicule of those who, like ourselves, had, without examination, learned (I declared) the whole thing a humbug.

At that time I was acting as principal of the graded schools in one of the beautiful villages of North-western Iowa, and being a "single man," and one of quiet habits, I sought board in a private house away from the noise and confusion attendant upon life at a hotel, where, unmolested, I might pursue my studies. Fate would have it that I should board with a family of Spiritualists, though as you might imagine, I sought in vain for accommodations elsewhere.

After we had become somewhat acquainted, and had several conversations on the subject, my hostess said to me one evening while I was busy with my book, "Mr. Cook, did you ever see any spiritual manifestations?" I replied in the negative, whereupon she inquired if I would have any objections to seeing herself, husband and daughter sit at the stand, for the purpose of obtaining the phenomena? "Certainly not," said I. She remarked, "We may get nothing, but we shall see;" removed the candle from the stand to a large table where I was sitting, and the three took their seats at the stand, with their open palms lying lightly on its top, while I went on with my reading not disposed to give the matter much attention. In a short time the stand began to tip and they began to ask questions and receive replies by means of these "tips." With emotions akin to those of a small boy at a circus, I looked on and listened. At length, more amused at the novelty of the thing than from any other motive (though not without some curiosity as to how the stand could be moved so dextrously), I propounded a question to the stand, which met with a prompt response. I began to study how they moved the stand, but they all declared that they did nothing towards moving it except to lay their hands, which were all in plain sight, lightly on its top, and that they could not tell when it would tip, nor how many times it would tip. "Would it tip if my hands were on it?" "Try it and see," I did so. It tipped as before. I could not see what caused it to do so. Nothing was in contact with it below, and only our hands palm downward lying lightly on its above. Electricity? But the family had no battery nor electrical machine, and my books on natural philosophy said nothing about moving objects in this way unless they were connected with one of these, by a conductor of some kind. Though the room was as light as two common lamps could make it, I could see no conductor. I found by actual experiment, and what could be more scientific? that somebody or something other than myself caused the "tips." The other three sitters declared the same. I could not entertain the thought that they were deceiving me for they certainly had no motive to do so. Besides, they were widely known in the community as honest, temperate people who earned their living by useful toil, and whose word was the very embodiment of candor and veracity.

What, then, moved the stand? My studies in the Natural Sciences gave me no clue to a solution. I plainly saw that eight or a thousand hands lying flat on the top of a stand would not cause it to move. I could see no cause for these movements, but inwardly determining to find it, if possible, I dismissed the subject as lightly as I could with out giving the family offense, and resumed my studies. During the winter we occasionally experimented with these sittings at the stand, which was of plain pine, unvarnished, and without drawers of any kind. Invariably the "tips" occurred. What caused them? The others being Spiritualists had come to a conclusion, I had not. Animal magnetism? But this was jumping from the frying pan into the fire; and my face had scarcely yet resumed its serenity from laughing, in company with self-sufficient scientists, and infallible theologians at the credulity of the weak minded "mesmerists."

Ah! I have it! It must be a new discovery in electricity. The hands of the sitters form a battery, and sufficient electricity is generated to move the table. "But how will you account for these intelligent answers?" Electricity of itself can manifest no intelligence, and yet you ask questions and receive replies as though conversing with some intelligence." I replied: "We, ourselves, unconsciously control its action, and thus unwittingly answer our own questions, as we know to be correct, or as we think they should be answered." We experimented. But answers were now received which were directly opposed to what we expected. However, to test my theory further, it was proposed that I ask mental questions. I did so. The replies were as prompt, as direct, and as truthful, as with oral questions. I was obliged to abandon my hypothesis. "But," says one, "might not the other sitters have mentally perceived your question and thus unconsciously controlled your self-generated electricity to reply?" This occurred to me, but as I knew nothing of their mental questions until they orally told them to me, with the reply, so I had their assurance that they knew nothing of mine till I had done the same. And, as I have before intimated, I felt them to be as honest and candid as myself. I was driven to the conclusion that some intelligent being outside our own number, and unseen by us, controlled the motions of the table, and

thus gave the replies. I saw no objection to calling this person a spirit; for names are but arbitrary signs of things or ideas, after all. From replies received, I saw also that this spirit was either once a denizen of earth, or else a being perfectly cognizant of what had occurred, and was occurring here. It claimed to be the former. I was unable to determine whether or not it was, as it claimed to be, a disembodied human being. For, there might be another order of beings, angels, guardian spirits, or devils if you please, who have means of knowing all that a human being does or thinks from the cradle to the grave, and can thus reply as the dead human would, if still a conscious individual being. Was the intelligence with which we were conversing some thing of this kind? How was I to ascertain?

On further investigation I found that there were many persons (clairvoyants and mediums) who claimed to see these spirits, and that in every instance they described what they saw as actual human beings who once inhabited earth; that very many of these descriptions of spirits seen, were so minute and accurate as to cause people who had known them during earth-life to recognize them (often against their will) as intimate friends or near relatives. Coupling these facts with the invariable declaration of the spirits themselves, and the evidence seemed pretty strong that they were what they themselves declared, "departed" human beings—"They who were dead, and are alive, and shall live forevermore." Indeed, the evidence was all in this direction, for I could get absolutely none in favor of the other hypothesis of "another order of beings," viz.: Angels, Sylphs, Undines, Elementary Spirits, Devils or what not.

Yet, not to adopt a hasty conclusion, though the above seemed far from that, I read "Nature's Divine Revelations," and the first three volumes of the "Great Harmonia," by A. J. Davis. The unassuming manner, clear logic and profound thought of these works, dealing in the most abstruse questions of science and metaphysics, filled with palpable proof drawn from undeniable facts, yet all written by an uneducated, unsophisticated youth—"The Shoemaker's Son;"—all this, I say, taken in connection with what I had myself determined by actual verification, was evidence conclusive, to my mind at least, that man has an existence beyond the grave. Spiritualism undeniably demonstrates this by a multitude of facts more numerous and varied than those which underlie almost any other science or philosophy, or any and all other religions. Further investigations, notably the course of reasoning in the latter portion of "The Thinker" (last volume of Great Harmonia), have led me to conclude, also, that man's conscious individual existence not only continues after death, but is eternal; in short, that man is immortal. Among these investigations, I might mention the letters I received from that excellent psychometrist, Mrs. Mary (A. B.) Severance, who, though an utter stranger to me, gave a better description of my past life than I could have done in so few words, a more perfect delineation of my then physical, spiritual and social condition, and accurately foretold events in my future which have already occurred. I might add how, at the residence of Mr. J. H. Mott, of Memphis, Mo., I have seen and walked, face to face, with the materialized forms of many, among them my own brother, whom I saw, felt, and heard conversing with him upon subjects unknown to any other being in existence, and what pleasure thrilled my being at the old familiar tones of his voice, modes and expression, and motions of his body. All this and much more I might tell, but my letter is already too lengthy. Besides, my truth-seeking brother, the same old, even better means of inquiry which I had, are still open to you. "Seek, and thou shalt find." "Knock, and the door which opens on the flower-encircled path of eternal life shall be opened unto you," disclosing its soul-enchanting vistas, life-ennobling thoughts, purifying influences, and holy aspirations. It is already ajar. Enter thou! Truth shall be thy reward; happiness thy possession; and eternal progression thy destiny! C. W. Cook.

Warsaw, Ill. Old Letters from the Summer-Land.

Below is a couple of communications from a departed husband to his wife, about three months after his decease, to whom he had left several small children to rear to maturity on small competency of this world's goods. This gentleman had in his life time been an ardent student of the natural sciences, and just previous to his death was engaged in investigating the so-called "Rochester Knockings."

The reader is at liberty to speculate whether there are any prophetic words in either, and especially the last letter, that have been fulfilled in regard to looking behind the veil. Yours Truly, Z. T. GRIFFEN. Chicago, Ill.

ISAAC POST, MEDIUM.

Rochester, July 2nd, 1852. * * * * * My change is wonderful; from being a man that had not courage to accomplish what was necessary for bodily necessities, even in comparative health, from a bed of sickness, my body becoming more and more emaciated, until it was unable longer to contain me, I awoke to a state in which activity has taken the place of its opposite. I find no difficulty now in keeping pace with those that outstripped me while I dwelt in the body. When I found I could still accompany my dear wife, that I could still be a support to her and even cheer her when discouragements seemed to be overwhelming, I was exceedingly glad; and when I found I could whisper good to the minds of our own precious children, my joys seemed full. Although we associate with angel spirits, still to assist our precious earthly friends, to assist them to battle against hindering influences, and encourage in performing life's duties, affords us inexpressible satisfaction. I am qualified to encourage the desponding, to lift their heads in hope, for surely there is enough in advance to induce any one to cast all trouble away; for at the longest it will very soon be over; and those that have performed their parts well will be ready to progress when they leave their bodies. I had always cultivated the idea that my soul would outlive my body; I found none had been able to describe death to the body as I experienced it. I perceived I could no longer continue in my body, but when the time appointed to prove my faith, my courage was ready to fall me, but at that moment a light appeared and with the light came the most interesting angel spirits who bid me "be of good cheer; thou hast finished thy perplexing journey, thy troubles are over, henceforth thy pathway will be lighted with brightness, thy feet will be guided by wisdom, thy bodily life has prepared thee for such enjoyment as none can realize ex-

cept those that experience it." Seeing this I could only say, "Surely my life seems to me almost useless; how then can I be entitled to such blessings?" I was answered, "Just and true are all the places of our Heavenly Father; ours is the duty to acquiesce in his laws, and by doing so we go on our way rejoicing, something more and more lovingly presenting itself continually to our view. J. G.

SARAH BARTIS, MEDIUM. Rochester, Aug. 1852.

MY DEAR WIFE.—It is to thee that I want to speak out my feelings, and as Sarah is willing that her hand should be employed to convey intelligence from my spirit to thee I cheerfully accept the privilege. Often, very often, should I keep thee informed of my progression, if the channels of communication were more general, and not as yet confined to but few, comparatively speaking; but how admirably the cause is spreading and becoming developed, even since my short abode on this side of the veil which hides us from your sight; it is well for you to be content and satisfied with hearing when seeing these agents are denied, at present at least. Use your privileges as far as they are dispensed to you, and as fast as infinite wisdom deems profitable for you, I now speak of the believers generally.

Had I known the things I now do before leaving my earthly abode, how much suffering of mind would have been spared me, and when I felt sad and deeply troubled, and the things of the past so much dreaded, would have been comparatively beautiful and pleasurable instead of affliction and gloom. I now find that there was no cause for those feelings to have accompanied me. I think it was the force of education somewhat, and also some of it was the effect of meddlesome spirits finding my mind rather unsettled, felt it their time to work, but they lost their hold on my feelings before the spirit took its flight to these celestial and beautiful abodes, beautiful because of so much harmony and affinity, consequently perfect happiness as far as every one is entitled to. Mental activity has a copious and almost boundless scope, and spirits whose delight it was to feed the mental part of their nature, are not restricted here, but ample provision for such to be gratified, and the mental perception enlarged and so expanded as almost to over-leap all space, and almost all barriers too; therefore thou canst readily see that my mind had not to undergo as great a change as some, but to continue on in the same enjoyment which was greatest to me on earth; it is true I had some wrong ideas and impressions which had to be changed, but how ready was I to relinquish them and cast them away, when all was open to my view, and such vastness of space to occupy and gather instruction from the angelic host, in whose midst I found myself, each eager to do me good and reveal to me knowledge which they possessed; and I also found that scarcely any time had elapsed before my mission and errands of love commenced; and, oh! how joyfully I set about it, and it would now be pleasant if I could make all my friends sensible, and especially myself, what rapid proficiency I made in my new school; I felt not like a stranger in a strange land, but really and contentedly at home, and such a home as I found it to be, and one not to be changed from, but to be eternal—made my spirit leap up for joy, and then the ardent desire to inform my friends that they, too, in their sorrow might be relieved, and received consolation instead of mourning.

I want thee as well as others to do all in your power to establish these truths in the world, that others may not give way to mourning at the departure of friends, for it is an injury oftentimes, and they will not when better acquainted with this subject; and I do desire that the whole world might be relieved from this sorrow and burden, affecting nothing but injury and suffering which all true spirits wish to alleviate. There are many reasons why all should endeavor to help on this good work, and it does go bravely and steadily on and is accomplishing much, very much, among the darkened minds in the world, besides, enhancing the happiness of those who have already embraced it. A united effort on the part of spirits both embodied and disembodied will further the cause beyond calculation; then let us use every measure at hand to bring about such glorious results. J. G.

Converting Infidels and Catching Sheep. BY DR. T. J. MOORE.

Permit me to offer a few remarks on the above business, as it has been pursued in Chicago the past fall by those very humble, egotists, Moody and his "kittail" Sankey. My attention was called to this interesting (?) matter by reading a short article in the Elmwood Observer, a paper published by an old sound Scotch Infidel in our town of Elmwood in this county (Peoria). The article referred to reads thus: "At Farwell Hall Moody had got his men at close quarters as he expressed it. 'How are you getting on, Mr. C?' he asked. 'I am like a child just going to school,' was the response. Moody then said, 'Just get up and tell us if you love the Lord; don't make any flowery speeches; we don't like that kind of a speech.' A man at once arose with the remark, 'I am a married man.' Moody asked, 'Have you set up the family altar?' 'Yes.' 'That is right,' said M. A man who had scoffed at Religion 40 years, said that when Sankey sang, 'Ninety and Nine,' the arrow of conviction was somehow fastened in his heart. 'How many men are there here who used to be infidels before they were converted?' About 20 rose in answer to this question. 'Thus,' said M., 'that shows that infidels can be converted.' Remarks: I have for many years noticed that in all reports of revivals it was quite easy and natural (to Christians) to hugely stretch the truth; we have had the thing done here at Oakhill this winter. A 40 day and night revival was held here, and 55 were reported added to the church and 60 conversions. Several who were added to the Church had previously subtracted themselves from it and so of the conversions, several of them converted for the 2nd or 3rd time.

But the strong point Moody and others of that ilk make, is the conversions of infidels. I said three or four years ago in your JOURNAL, that there were two kinds of infidels: First, negative ones, who embrace all those new professors of Religion who are very ignorant of the creeds and dogmas of the Church, and know very little, if any, of the sciences and are not profound thinkers on any subject, and who have never examined the Bible enough to find out that the history of the creation of the world and of man, and his pretended fall are nothing but huge fables borrowed from fables of a similar kind that existed long before Jesus Christ was ever thought of, and they do be-

lieve in the angry, cruel, jealous God of the Christian's Bible, who has already hurled into an endless hell of indescribable agony, by flood and fire and Christian wars and various other sudden calamities, a very great majority of those unfortunate beings whom he (for his own glory so the Westminster catechism says), forced into existence and out of it, and torments for ever and forever more for doing just what he knew they would do before he made them. These are some of the things that those negative infidels believe whom Moody, Hammond and other distinguished Christian bigots convert. "Only this and nothing more."

Now, any person who can be scared into a conversion by such silly twaddle as these doctrines set forth; still become a believer in all this ancient and now nearly exploded nonsense. Do any of the positive infidels of to-day, the great and noble leaders and workers in all the great reforms of the last 50 years,—say Garrison, Frothingham, Col. Higginson, Weiss, Parton, Youmans, Bradlaugh, S. S. Jones, E. G. Johnson, Ingersoll, Wallace and Grookes, Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and thousands of others, believe anything in such transcendental transparent nonsense? No, never.

If any of the above named persons were by any possibility to be converted by any of the modern revival preaching and accepted, on their own petition, into any of the Orthodox Churches of to-day, it would annihilate one-half of their own-innate humanity. Now for catching sheep, one of Moody's converts above referred to who said he had scoffed at religion 40 years, acknowledged that he was stuck by hearing Sankey sing his "Ninety and Nine." Well, it is really a killing hymn; it more than suggests an awful murder; it informs us by way of a parable that Christ (when Christians say Christ they mean the eternal triumphant God-head, for Scripture says, "these three are one"), had 100 sheep—in the Church, of course—and one of them—only one—got out of the pen and strayed away, probably amongst the hills and meadows in search of a good green healthy bite to satisfy his natural appetite that had been fed for a long time on the dry husks of old theology.

It is to be wondered at very much that this particular sheep should get out, when we see that the old orthodox fence with which the churches have been so long hedged in, is so nearly in ruin as we see it is to-day? This sheep business is to me becoming interesting. Orthodoxy has divided the human race into two great classes—i.e., saints and sinners; sheep and goats. I like this last distinction. What is a gospel Christian sheep? Why, it is only a redeemed goat—only this and nothing more.

Sankey's wonderful hymn represents the great triumphant person of Christ; as chasing this truant redeemed goat over hills, dales and rocks, and through bushes, brakes and briars, tearing his clothes and bruising and lacerating his feet till his holy body tracks were stained with blood. This, of course makes, the second time he shed his blood. We see by this parable that the trio got the sheep and rejoiced greatly and invited their friends and neighbors and had a good time; it seems they took the dear little backslider upon their shoulders—probably one carried a while and then another took it and so had a turn about in carrying it.

I draw a very important lesson from this parable. He (Christ) says there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over 99 and 9 church members that need no repentance! This also teaches that God loves a spunky truant sinner, if they can catch him, better than he does 99 and 9 of the best Christians in the churches. It all appears strange to me that Christ should be chasing that sheep, for it seems that he ought to have known that he would not be lost for the Scripture (?) saith, "Of all thou hast given me none shall be lost except the son of perdition." This quotation is substantially correct though I may not have given the exact words.

Bro. Jones, I wish you would find out and see if the Moody revivalists can produce one case of the conversion of a real live infidel. If you can I would come all the way to Chicago to see him and have a talk with him. He would be really a greater curiosity than Barnum's woolly horse, or the great sea serpent or the fabled mermaid. Let us watch and pray.

SHORT SERMONS. The Culmination. BY THOMAS COOK.

This widespread agitation of thought and phenomena, denominated Spiritualism, must most assuredly produce its fruits—being a culmination; and the apt spiritual student, naturalistic observer can not be ignorant of what are to be the grand outgrowths in society (conditions of this universal wide-spread movement). Its influence is felt and seen in every department of society institutionalism. One wave of agitation succeeds another in church, in state, until there is positively no rest for men and women, who are wedded to their customs and institutions—who have not learned the truth that these waves—this Spiritualism, has come to wash away all human idolatry, whether it be in the image of a Deity, a custom or an institution. Thus we have lately had the wave of "rights," an epoch in Spiritualism that developed "free-love," an inalienable principle that was developed in the noted struggle of 1776, sparking forth in "the Rights of Man" and the Declaration of American Independence. Now as the "rights" of men and women are, by this wave of agitation, no longer to be doubted, but must soon be acknowledged by all true spiritual or natural philosophers, it follows as a law of progress that all this is now to be followed by another wave, more spiritual, more harmonious, which may be called one of duty. All who are reached by this wave, now coming on, may be known as harmonialists, and the influence upon them will not be to go clamoring for their "rights," which they will fully recognize in all and as belonging to all by an inalienable principle, but it will move them to ask, "what is my duty, how can I best bless humanity." All such will find so much to do in this direction that they will want neither time nor opportunity to contend for their rights to love or follow the rule or dictation of any other selfish, animal, or carnal passion; for it is plain that we are upon the verge of the outcropping of a spiritual era, which will simply be an age of perfect justice free from all lust or selfishness. "First seek ye the Kingdom of God" (truth, nature) and all other things will be added unto you. Farmington, Dakota Co., Minn.

(Continued from First Page.)

The other, silent, white and cold, Touched lip and heart and brow on earth.

No story was by those lips told, No song of joy nor outward mirth.

One angel was the one of Life; The other was the one of Death.

One praised in song and heralded By loud acclaim of mirth and glee;

Oh, snowy angel! white and pure, Thou coverest all the earth below

Angel of Death, we wait thy hand; Unto thine arms all unafraid

Is drawn around all spirits here And thou, blessed angel, art most near.

Father of souls, by birth, by death, By whatsoever means we come,

Biographical Sketch of the Deceased.

STEVENS S. JONES, the editor and proprietor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, a weekly newspaper devoted to the promulgation of Liberalism and modern Spiritualism, and the LITTLE BOUTIQUE, a monthly magazine adapted to the mind of children and youth, promulgating the same doctrines, was born in Barre, Vermont, on July 22nd, 1813.

At the age of nineteen Mr. Jones entered upon the study of law, and was admitted to practice at the November term of Court—the first term held by Judge Isaac F. Redfield at Montpelier, Vermont.

At an early day in the history of railroads of the Northwest, Mr. Jones was actively engaged as a railroad man.

At the age of thirty-eight he was delegated by the Iowa Central Air Line R. R. Company as their sole representative at Washington to obtain a land grant from Congress to aid the State of Iowa in building four parallel roads, these projected roads to run west from the Mississippi River across the State of Iowa.

Mr. Jones always belonged to the Liberal school in religion. His parents were Universalists, and he, for many years after arriving at manhood was an active member of that sect.

of that oft-repeated assurance. Then it was that he found himself fully committed to the work of promulgating the philosophy of life through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Mr. Jones' Publishing House was entirely consumed in the great Chicago fire of Oct. 9th, 1871. His loss was very heavy, and he received nothing from insurance companies.

Most vigorously did he go to work to restore his publishing business. His paper for the week of the fire, fortunately, was mailed and on its way to the subscribers, when the "fire fiend" did its work.

He then went directly to New York and purchased an entire new outfit, and in five weeks had the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, full size, in the United States mails on its way to its subscribers.

The great Chicago fire was an important event in the history of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

It aroused the latent energies of Mr. Jones and fired with new zeal the patrons of his paper.

Liberal minded people were urged by old subscribers to take the paper. Thousands sent in the names of trial subscribers, paying for the same themselves.

As appeared from leading editorial articles in his paper Mr. Jones looked upon Spiritualism as a means of evolving a rational system of philosophy which he called "The Philosophy of Life."

Mr. Jones seemed from his bold and outspoken articles, that appeared from week to week, and from month to month, in his paper and magazine, to look at all things in a philosophical light.

He denied special creations and held that all beings, human and brute, are unfolded from spiritual germs, which have ever existed, and in which sex and germs are eternally and unchangeably fixed.

It is but just that due credit should be given Mr. Jones for the boldness he has evinced in the radical, outspoken articles in opposition to the superstitions of what are claimed as supernatural religions, which from time to time have appeared in his columns.

Reminiscences of the Deceased.

It was in his private office that the veteran editor of this paper was brutally assassinated. Sitting at his desk, unconscious of impending danger, the murderer must have applied the muzzle of the pistol to the back of his head, and sent its ball on its errand of destruction.

In his own reception room, beautifully ornamented with paintings from inspired artists, his spirit took its departure to the home prepared for it in the life beyond.

lieve that this Giant Oak of the Harmonical Philosophy had fallen—fallen, too, when his heart was overflowing with a love for mankind, and his mind illuminated with inspiration from the highest source.

Looking down upon his lifeless remains was the beautiful spirit picture of his darling child, painted by Streight, the spirit artist, lending enchantment to the sorrowful scene, while over his desk was a magnificent oil painting, representing a rural district, farm house and environments, the sun illuminating the heavens with a golden light, and rendering the scenery picturesque in a high degree.

On the East side of the room, were beautiful bouquets of flowers painted by that renowned spirit artist, Mrs. Blair, one of which has inscribed in the center the following:

"Cast away both cross and creed, And seek the higher light; Unveil Progression's scroll, For Wisdom, Truth and Right,

That was the mission of his life—to unfold "Progression's Scroll," and present to the world the sublime truths of Spiritualism, and he passed to Spirit-life under the beautiful sentiment expressed by the spirit artist.

"Gently over you I am watching, Every joy with you I am sharing; Onward through this life of care, Richest blessings o'er you flinging,

The flowers—reposing it is true on paper, were emblematic of his life, each one speaking a language representing some loved one of his family, or extolling his many virtues.

On the North side of his room were several sketches by Prof. Anderson, one an exquisitely beautiful vase of flowers, designed, traced and contributed by Raphael Sanzio.

Thus our readers will see that the angels, who can read the minds of men, see the emotions of the soul, and understand all the motives that can actuate a person, appreciated the deceased, loved him, and expressed that love in numberless ways.

We knew the deceased as probably no one else did, outside of his family circle. For nearly eight years we have been in his employ, and learned to love, respect and honor him.

That form now still in death, the victim of an assassin's unerring aim, stood as solid as a mountain, ever conscious of the right that reigned supreme in his nature, and he could not be swerved from a course he deemed founded on justice.

In his room, his arms folded, and head bent in meditative mood; he was induced—from circumstances not necessary to mention

here—to express his feelings for his wife and children; and they breathed forth that tender solicitude and love that stamped him as one of the best of men.

Since his assassination many things have arisen in our mind in reference to him, that otherwise would have passed unnoticed. He had dropped into our office during the last two months, more frequently, and at times would linger there, as if loth to depart, and his nature seemed illuminated, and his conceptions of the spiritual universe, the condition of spirits in the various circles of Spirit-life, and their progress from one condition to another, were grand indeed!

He was deeply interested in unfolding spiritual truths; at times his whole nature seemed absorbed in contemplating the origin of life, and tracing those mysterious currents that connected every human being with the monad.

To-day, according to his theory, and it is a true one, he is on the same plane spiritually, that he occupied here, with greater opportunities, of course, now, for rapid advancement.

During the past few months, we have often conversed with the deceased in reference to the condition of those passing to Spirit-life deprived in nature and saturated with the effects of crime, and in the above his views are cogently expressed.

What he said of the new-born spirit, has, before this, been proved to him:—"The new-born spirit, who at the death of the body, is developed to an inspiration which attracts him to the second circle of the second sphere, gravitates to such societies as he loves to dwell in and associate with.

He was welcomed into Spirit-life, by those who foresaw this event. Only a week before his tragic death, George Fox, one of the most intelligent spirits we ever had the pleasure of conversing with, and one who supervises Bastian and Taylor's circles, said to the deceased, "You will have a surprise within a week!"

While the murderer, the itinerant poverty-stricken phrenologist, was languishing in a cell, beginning to realize the enormity of his offense, his victim was received into the realms of bliss with anthems of joy, with greetings that bubbled up from the souls of those wise sages who had surrounded him during his earth-career.

stricken phrenologist, was languishing in a cell, beginning to realize the enormity of his offense, his victim was received into the realms of bliss with anthems of joy, with greetings that bubbled up from the souls of those wise sages who had surrounded him during his earth-career.

The deceased will not pursue the assassin with a relentless, vindictive hand. He will look upon the poor weak man; see his deplorable condition, and his hardened nature, and will not "haunt" him, and make him any more wretched than he is.

In alluding to the transition from earth to Spirit-life, an extract in the JOURNAL, first page, last week contained the following:—"There is abundant evidence that death by a rifle ball, traversing the brain, is entirely without consciousness or pain."

VOICE FROM THE HOME OF THE DECEASED.

The Leader, a paper published at the home of the deceased, speaks as follows of him:

"Mr. Jones will be remembered in St. Charles as a man always scrupulously honest in every business transaction. He was a pleasant, affable, genial gentleman—and a true friend.

The remains were to arrive here Friday night. The funeral will probably take place to-day, Saturday. Mr. Jones in his life-time erected a fine family monument in our new cemetery. It bears this beautiful inscription:—"Change is common to all things."

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE DECEASED.

Knowing that the deceased would like to communicate with any one with whom he had been intimately associated, last Sunday we repaired to the rooms of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, who has no superior in the world as a writing medium, and submitting a question to the deceased, we received the following response:—

"DEAR FRANCIS:—This is kind of you to allow me a word, so soon after leaving my mortal body, you and I having been so long and so intimately acquainted. I need not tell you how wickedly the press has traduced and vilified my life doing, for you no doubt have read it. But, thank God, my friend, you know better than they do the object and aim of my life.

Your friend and brother, S. S. JONES."

Desiring to know his condition when first entering Spirit-life, we submitted the following:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER JONES:—What were your sensations when first awakening in Spirit-life?"

In response he said:—

"As to that, Francis, it was very like what I communicated this forenoon. When awakened to consciousness, I looked about me, and asked myself, 'Where am I?' At that moment my son George was standing by me, probably to catch the first word spoken by me. I recognized my son, and he advanced, and we embraced as no one but a loving father and son could. I said to George, 'Where am I, and what does this mean?' He replied, 'Father, you are a spirit!' 'Yes, said I; 'yes, I now realize it. I looked about me, and said to George, 'All that has been told me of the Summer-land is true.' Your friend, S. S. JONES."

Who would more naturally meet him, than a son to whom he was so devotedly attached? How thoughtful he would be, too, in watching his dear, dear father, that he might hear the first words he lisped—the first expression made in his spirit home!

Desiring to know the extent of his realizations, we asked:—

"DEAR BROTHER JONES:—Have you found the statements you made in your articles, 'Well, What of It?' realized in Spirit-life?"

In response he said:—

"Every word and idea verified to a dot."

Again we asked:—

"DEAR BROTHER JONES:—What celebrities have visited you since your entrance into Spirit-life?"

"MY DEAR FRANCIS:—As to that I have not been able to meet many besides my own dear ones yet. I have been called upon by Theo. Parker, John Pierpont, Joshua Giddings and Robert Owen, but above a passing salute, nothing was said. I was too weak to talk with any one. S. S. JONES."

"By the by, I recognized a spirit that I met in my early life. He lived in my native town in Vermont—Ira Day. S. S. JONES."

DEAR BROTHER:—Can you do as much for the JOURNAL and reform in Spirit-life as you could in this?

In response he said:—

Voices from the People.

Spiritualism vs. Scientific Materialism.

You speak the Law's rattle; you've raised the men start, eyes and ears, at your fright harum-scarum!

What became of that Star.

We read in the Chapter of Matthew's Gospel, that a star, not a planet, or satellite, nor a meteor or ignis-fatua, but a star fell its orbit, changed its course, and came blazing through space for what? Now this was one of the greatest miracles ever recorded.

Secret Orders.

What had Christ to do with secret orders?—Mrs. Richmond's lecture on Freemasonry Feb. 11th.

Separation of Soul from Body.

In your article, "Is the Devil Dead," you speak of the spirit or soul leaving the body. If the soul of one can leave the body at will, why not that of others?

Excellent Tests.

It appears from the Sumnerville (Mass.) Observer, that some time ago a well-known citizen of Dorchester, Mass., visited Mrs. Jennie Potter, and without making himself known, asked for a sitting.

The Sacrifice.

Old Joe Bruce was a selfish man, And so was Mrs. Jo; And both did follow Moses' plan Of giving blow for blow.

A Voice from Prison.

Geo. Peterson, of Joliet, Ill., Prison, writes:—I take the earliest opportunity of thanking you for your kindness in sending me the JOURNAL, and also of expressing my sincere appreciation of the same.

The Shanty-Palace of the King of Dahomey.

The King's palace is situated in the suburb of Abomey called Jegbe, and a couple of miles southwest of Abomey proper.

The Past and the Present.

J. M. Latta, of Forbes, Mo., writes: To many persons the past is an incubus; they can not shake it off, can not free themselves from it for a moment—every thought and action must be governed by precedent, and they are continually searching for authority among the dead.

acting authority, but I am authorized by myself only. I will recognize no such thing as a authority outside my own judgment in anything that concerns me.

Monadic and Protoplasmic.

Dr. C. D. Grimes, of Elkhart, Ind., writes: Your illustration of the monad as an unextended point, is quite satisfactory and like that of Newton's, of the atom as a center of force, or a mathematical point, is full of light upon these occult questions.

Crime.

I was reading this morning the 63rd sitting of the House in 1876, speaking in reply to a question, asking his opinion of the doctrine "Whatever is right" among other things.

Think for Yourself and Express that Thought.

As the extending bow following in the wake of the storm-cloud, gives promise of sun shine to the weather-beaten traveler, so the above motto, arching over the cheer and freedom, give hope to those who are groping their way through the Egyptian darkness of ignorance out of creed-land.

Ignorance and Superstition.

W. A. Brice, of Tongaxie, Va., writes: Again turning our observations in the direction of the cradle of heathenism and religion, we find that the inhabitants of this ancient Brahminical region of the globe have enjoyed for centuries a religion partaking largely of the mild and benevolent, and almost mixed largely with the ancient mazes of Polytheism, their definition of the Supreme Being is said to be truly sublime; but see in connection with its sublimity of conception, their old superstitions, and their cruel and barbarous rites.

The Penitentiary.

D. Priestly, of Fairburg, Neb., writes: I have been holding meetings here for some time. The other night he said that he once attended the State's Prison of his state, and found only thirty-six women in the whole prison. He said when people taunted the church with getting more women than men, he could remind them that women knew enough to keep out of the State's Prison.

them many of our most noted reformers must have been there, and they may have made great improvements. They may have discovered some new plan for ventilation, or the Devil may have run short of brimstone, and had may be a great deal cooler than they think it is.

Kirkville, Mo.

Bro. John Thomas speaks of being present at a seance held by Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Lewis, in the dwelling house of Dr. Samuel Watson of Memphis, Tenn., on the 22nd of February last, at which seance Geo. Washington and Martha Washington both fully materialized themselves in plain view of the audience.

Our Cause in Michigan.

T. H. Stewart, Missionary, writes:—The work still progresses finely in every part of the State. Now we have a President, I think we shall be able to do something more worthy for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and the cause of missions.

Fairburg, Neb.

T. Dopp writes:—As I am not satisfied with the JOURNAL, please stop it, I do not desire it. I would say, however, your time preaching Christ to the dying souls.

Brief Mentions—What Next?

C. D. Henry, of Scottsville, Mo., writes: "Each day my medical power grows and my field of practice wide. I now have excellent success with all kinds of diseases. I have restored many of the insane to their right state of mind."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VOICE OF ANGELS, containing nothing but messages from the real realm of Spirit-land, will be issued from the publishers, 4 Dwyer St., Boston, Mass., the 1st and 15th of each month.

DEATH.

In the Light of the Harmonical Philosophy, By MARY W. DAVIS. A whole volume of Philosophical Truth is condensed into a few pages.

STARTLING FACTS.

IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By R. B. WOLFE, M. D. Endless signs of the most remarkable and wonderful phenomena, and of the despotism of the material world, are witnessed in the history of our race.

holly deeds and pure works. We will introduce him as the son of Jesse, that little fellow, the shepherd boy, who threw a smooth stone at Goliath and killed him, taking his victim's armor, the handle of which was like a weaver's beam, he cut off his head and carried it to Saul, and demanded his daughter for a wife. Saul told him if he brought him a certain part of the flesh of one hundred Philistines, he might have her. David immediately mustered his men of war and slew two hundred, a hundred more than Saul required, and for this act of barbarism, Saul gave him Michal, his daughter, for a wife. (1 Samuel xvi.)

Francis Baker, of Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "We are very much in need of a good materializing medium here for the satisfaction of skeptics and the agitation of thought, which causes investigation and leads to belief. A medium could do well here. When Peck was here as an hour medium, he had all the audience he would allow, and many were turned away."

Each of our present subscribers should secure one new subscriber for the JOURNAL before 1877 expires, and thus double our subscription list, and aid the cause of Spiritualism.

Dr. C. D. Grimes, of Elkhart, Indiana, writes: "The Rev. Brown, Evangelist, has been saving Elkhart for the time of \$25 per week, an amount of course, at the time he was here, his audience in the whole could swallow Jonah, and he knew it, for he had looked down his throat and he could drive a cart and oxen down, he knew he could."

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