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

Truth Bears no Mask, Bows at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: It only Asks a Hearing.

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S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO. 4.

LIFE'S BEAUTIFUL SONG.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

O might not this life be a beautiful song
If our souls could be sure right were never
judged wrong?
If the thoughts which lie white in the
depths of the heart
Could be read as they are, by some magical
art,
We should, all be more loving, and tender,
and true,
And life were a beautiful song—if we knew.
If we surely could know it were not count-
ed vice
When the warmth of the eye does not shimmer
through ice,
When pure thoughts fly, singing sweet
words, through our lips,
And love's life flows unglued off from
warm finger tips,
Then, we all were more angel-like, tender
and true,
And life were a beautiful song, if we knew.
I wonder, sometimes, if the angels of light
In God's dwellings, are puzzled with wrong
and with right;
And if fear hushes all spontaneity low
In white breasts, folded over by robings of
snow;
Or, is there such dearth there of passion and
warmth
That life may break out in love's beautiful
song?
I know not; but when somewhat splendid
or dear,
Passes near, and I gaze with a prayer and a
tear,
And hush down my heart with a shiver of
pain
Which silently offers its praises full fain,
I wish not a mortal had ever done wrong,
That life might be true as a beautiful song.
Brave hearts growing faint, like to heroes
half slain,
Would but holly bless, who would balm off
this pain;
Yet we tremble, and wait, and our feet will
not go,
While our hearts only sigh under covers of
snow;
But we look up to God with this prayer in
our eyes,
Will not life be a beautiful song in the
skies?

MY CREED.

BY ALICE CARY.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.
I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?
This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go;
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.
Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word.
Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden-bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.
'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.
And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

Prof. Gunning—Immortality, but no Spirit Intercourse—The Play of Hamlet with Hamlet Omitted.

A series of scientific lectures in Chicago, by Prof. W. D. Gunning, have been reported in the daily journals, and intelligent audiences have heard them.
Judging by the reports, they have been of value and interest, as might be expected from the ability of the lecturer, but the last of the series on Immortality, is remarkable for its omission of the latest researches of eminent scientists, and its silence as to any light that Spiritualism might cast on his subject.
I give an extract from its conclusion, as reported in the Chicago Times, with a word of comment thereon:
"Homer describes the dead, under the walls of Troy as lying there, the men stretched on the ground, while their shades were flitting through the air.
In his dream he sees unfamiliar hunting-grounds; he leaps unfamiliar chasms. He wakes and finds himself neither foot-sore nor weary. While he has slept there on the ground another self has been out roaming the woods.
The savage falls into a trance. He hears the voice of man crying from another hunting-ground. He sees unsubstantial men gliding through the air. He calls them de-

mons, or ghosts, or spirits. We find Tertullian arguing for a life after death from the fact that a certain woman had seen a soul and described it as a bright translucent, flimsy body in the form of a man. If the validity of this belief in a continuation of a life after-death rested on the phenomena of shadows and dreams, no one who had emerged from the intellectual haze of savagery would maintain it. If it rested on the phenomena of clairvoyance, as Tertullian and Richard Baxter and Cotton Mather have maintained it by arguments based on these phenomena, we can not waive it aside with a mere breath. If it rested on the supposed universal desire of man it could not be maintained. If it rested on a divine revelation it could be maintained, or denied according to one's skill in manipulating the text. If it involves a resurrection science meets it and stifles it at her very threshold. If it involves only the separation from the body of an immaterial entity, or an entity composed of matter too attenuated for our senses, she will admit it to her inner courts and try it there.

"We find one of THE LEADING SCIENTISTS OF EUROPE, who has enlarged the domain of chemistry by the discovery of a new element, and the domain of physics by the discovery that light is a motor; we find him proposing a scientific search for the hypothetical entity called the soul. To the mind thoroughly imbued with the methods of science, faith in an entity will rest largely on weights and measures. Now, Crooke's proposition is a very simple one. It is this: To weigh a man before death and to weigh the body after death. Let the experiment be performed with balances as delicate as those which weigh the impact of a sunbeam. If the body and the mind weigh more by one-millionth of a grain than the body without the mind, then the doctrine of existence after death will rest on a foundation as firm as gravitation itself. Now, this experiment has never been performed. If you were to say to me that a man weighs more than his dead body, I would have no right to contradict you.

"The doctrine we said of existence after death, we do not say of individual existence. Crooke's proposed experiment would not prove that. The entity which left the body might melt into another entity, as a rill melts into the sea. It might be, as Emerson has sung, that

The Master Death with sovereign rite Pours finite into infinite.

"When there is

THE INFINITE, THE SOUL-SEA?

It is non-apparent. Prove to me that there is an entity which leaves the body at death, and I think I can prove to you, through the law of persistence of force, that that entity will retain the individuality.

"When science shall have fathomed the mysteries of matter and force she may give her answer to the question put to the world three thousand years ago in the tent of an Idumean emir: 'If a man die shall he live again?'

"Already science has founded the matter far beyond the limits of sense. Hydrogen is a form of matter, and yet we pour it through an iron bar as we pour water through a heap of sand. The cosmic ether is matter, and yet it fills the solid worlds as it fills the inter-stellar spaces. It is millions of times more elastic than lead and trillions of times more elastic than steel. We move through this adamantine something as if it were not. It moves through us as if we were not. It is a universe within a universe. Our great mathematician, after an excursion into this realm of ether, supposes that twelve additional senses would hardly suffice to place us in conscious relations the universes of matter around and within.

"Now mind and matter are two faces of one fact. You can not conceive of mind except as a facing to matter. The old objection to the doctrine of immortality, that death must sever mind from matter, falls now to the ground, for now we must take account of these realms of supra-sensible matter.

"The fringes of the vast, supra-sensible universe science can bring transiently within the range of visibility. When you look at the spectrum, below the red and above violet, you see nothing. But science interposes her touch, times

THE ETHEREAL VIBRATIONS

to her will, and lo! on the seeming void flash forth the zones of another iris. It may be that the fringes of a super-sensible universe of mind are brought within the range of our minds, as the fringes of that universe of matter are brought within the range of our eyes.

"The immortality of the soul is not demonstrated, but the chief objection science had urged against it science herself has removed.

"It is not demonstrated, and perhaps it may never be. This is well. It would be a sad thing for the development of human character to live in a universe of nothing but mathematical problems, demonstrated or demonstrable. There is an unknown and unknowable. The air of that realm, too attenuated for the lungs of science, may bear up the wings of faith. Hope, trust, these words will dwell on human lips as long as human hearts bleed over their dead, as long as human feet, in devious pilgrimages, press the high ways of the globe.

Why tell of trances of the savage and ignore the finer trances and richer revelations of cultured man and women of our

day? Why go back to Tertullian and Baxter for clairvoyance and the sight of "bright translucent bodies" in "the form of a man," and ignore later and far clearer like experiences in our midst?

These experiences grow from inherent spiritual faculties and powers, and develop with the growth of character and spiritual culture. They do not pertain to savage man or to superstition, but begin faintly with the savage and the devotee, and gain in beauty with finer culture and the development of reason and intuition.

Why say: "If it involves only the separation from the body of an immaterial entity, or an entity composed of matter too attenuated for our senses, science will admit it to her inner courts and try it there," and yet ignore the researches in spirit intercourse of living scientists of no mean repute, and of hosts of critical and competent persons? Why speak of Prof. Crookes of London, and yet say no word of his researches in Spiritualism or his conclusions, as those of Prof. Wallace, Dr. Hare, and the like?

Mr. Gunning feels, hopes and trusts in a future life, but why this total silence in regard to the proofs of individual existence hereafter which Spiritualism gives? Proofs palpable to the senses, and inspiring and confirming to the *voes within*, which says "thou shalt never die."

A few years ago Prof. Gunning was a Spiritualist, decided, intelligent and open. Is he one still? If so, his frankness is gone. If not, he knows well enough of our researches, but fails to tell what he knows. Treating on a great question, he ignores the facts and ideas in regard to it, which command more attention to day than any other. For his sake I regret this course. Can it be that he is thus silent to keep the popularity won by his ability and eloquence? If so, the word of the New Testament is a fit one, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich.

A CONSOLING LETTER.

A Little Girl in Spirit-Land Sending Messages to Her Parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice kindly placed the following letter in our hands for publication. See JOURNAL of January 17th:

CAIRO, ILL., Feb. 12th, 77.

MR. AND MRS. RICE—I have just received your postal, and hasten to answer it least I should put it aside and neglect to do so. In reply to every question you ask, I might truthfully answer, "Yes," but that answer without some explanation, would mislead you in favor of Spiritualism. Let me tell you the whole truth and you can make what you like of it. We had such a little one as Laura; she has a sister Eda, uncle Mose, auntie and grandmamma. Mollie is with her. We have no acquaintance with Mr. Forster, the writer of the letter in the JOURNAL, and only saw it as you did. So far as I am aware, Mr. Forster knew nothing of our names unless he has seen mine as an occasional correspondent for the JOURNAL BANNER, or some other liberal publication.

The only drawback to the marvelousness of the message you refer to is, that the medium herself is somewhat acquainted with us. She gave seances in Cairo several years ago, and, of course, knows some of our affairs, as she was in our house several days. But, on the other side of the question, let me assure you that we have had much more wonderful manifestations through Mrs. Hollis' mediumship than this one would have been, had she never seen us. This same little one has (in presence of Mrs. Hollis) and in circles of 10 or 12, talked to us in our own home, and given us the most perfect and convincing proofs of her immortality. She has referred to, and even detailed dozens of events unknown to any one present but ourselves. She has even made statements of which we were all entirely ignorant, and which we afterward, by consulting outside parties, found to be true. She has, through various sources, shown us beyond all question, that she is fully aware of, and interested in, all our little home affairs, mentioning such little matters as enjoying some sport her sister had catching a mouse in the parlor; and the dressing of a doll I bought when visiting Cincinnati, that I might bring it home for Eda.

She sent me a message once from a little town a dozen miles from here, requesting me not to give her blocks away. This message was proven true through the mediumship of an independent slate writer hundreds of miles from here. I have the blocks yet, though the little fingers that handled them have been in the grave over three years. This dear little angel meets us on all possible occasions. At Dr. Slade's (where no one in the city knows us), she gave her name, and endorsed the manifestations we had received through Mrs. Hollis. At Foster's, Mrs. Stewart's, Mrs. Webb's the same. She sent word once from a Boston circle (I don't know the medium), by a lady whose sister lives here. She said to the strange lady what her name was, where her parents lived, and said to tell them she was there to give tests to others; that an old lady (who had lived next door to us), was with her, etc.

Mind you, we have always been careful not to publish any of these things or the child's name, because we had a better chance that way of satisfaction. Mr. For-

ster's letter is the first thing to give publicity to the child's name. Had there been anything of doubt left in us, it must necessarily have vanished when this little smiling angel showed her face and bust to us from behind a blanket screen which we hung up and arranged into a cabinet for Mrs. Hollis. There she appeared, first, as an undeveloped, something, resembling an oblong light as large as a large goose egg. Finally this grew into a rounded, smiling, perfect image of our child, and appeared for a few moments at a time, as often as eighteen or twenty times. We have two small parlors opening into each other, and the cabinet was in the back one. In it we had no light, but in the front one were three gas jets turned on in full force. There were no "traps" with Mrs. Hollis's satchel, and no chance—no possible chance for deception. I have seen dozens of so-called materializations since, but nothing resembling that. Even a tiny purple place (a fever blister scar) was seen on her lip, and mentioned by a gentleman who did not know she had it. I knew it ought to be there, but could not see it.

I might write twenty pages of our experiences in spiritual phenomena, and not more than tell you all the facts and frauds we have found. I would not give you these details only that I understand your soul hungers for a word from the hereafter, which enfolds in its (to you) bleak silence, your treasures. I know the intelligence, the spirit of my little one lives. When I say that, I have said in a manner, the same of yours. We all come and go the same way. Search as earnestly and as long for these treasures as I have, and you will surely find the comfort you need; aye, perhaps in one-tenth the time; for the little ones, believe me, have never left papa or mamma; but are only waiting a chance to be heard.

No skeptic was ever more skeptical than I; no soul ever longed for a proof of immortality more than mine; no heart was ever heavier or less able to meet the facts of a death of loved ones. My spirit friends have worked for my salvation, and to them I owe the gratitude of a thankful heart. We, too, shrank from and despised the inhuman doctrines of Orthodoxy, and preferred entire oblivion to the stupid, and monstrous "plan of salvation." There was no proof of immortal life in the Bible, and no comfort from it or its teachers. We were forced to look to Spiritualism, and in it, have found all the knowledge that we can find at all, of the future. Go and do likewise; but take nothing for truth, without proof. We never do that. Charlatans and impostors will mislead you if they can, so you must use your reason every moment. And now, after telling you the simple truth, I will leave it for your consideration, hoping that I may have dropped one ray of light in your darkened sky.

My husband endorses my statements.
Yours Truly,
MRS. JACOB MARTIN.

Letter from Joseph S. Burr.

MR. EDITOR:—I am taking three spiritual papers, two medical journals, two politico-governmental weekly issues, one weekly materialistic paper, and get divers miscellaneous prints, making more than I should read, and more than I can afford these hard times. I must stop off some of them. Which shall it be? All too good to do without. If I receive several at the same time, the JOURNAL is the first one attended to, having taken it from the first volume.

Whether it is the best disposition I can make of my time, money and labor, to thus pursue Spiritualism with such avidity as I have done for the last twenty-five years, is sometimes a question with me; but one thing I know, that I can not rest contented if I drop the investigation thereof; would be far from home, living to but little purpose; all things else compared therewith would seem trifling and insipid. So here again I remit for another year! Although divers objections might be urged against your paper, yet as compared with other spiritual papers, I deem it the best. It is more fresh, forcible, argumentative, logical, philosophical and original than they.

I am pleased with the position you maintain in reference to organization. What ever gave strength and efficiency to anybody of men, except that which came to them through judicious organization? Are Spiritualists in their natures and necessities so different from others that they can afford to dispense with that which experience has proven to be of great service to all other orders of men?

The composition of the human mind is such, and the laws governing the same, that there is a natural tendency for it to coalesce with the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism; hence it has diffused itself beyond any system ever known to men, taking into account the length of time it has been recognized as a system, and the means employed to propagate it, but is far short of what it might have been had early and harmonious organization been adopted. Isolation and individualism are not the best instrumentalities to convert the skeptic to the truths of Spiritualism. Such can scarcely maintain even their own inherent rights, much less compete with well-adjusted organizations.

The same objection generally urged against Spiritualists organizing is the fear of becoming sectarian bigots and creed worshiping fanatics, like the various denominations of the church. Such persons surely have but little confidence in themselves.

Men in business associations entertain no such fears, and find no such results.

Nearly a year ago, we organized in this place "The Liberal and Progressive League," of Leesville, Carroll County, Ohio. We meet on 1st and 3rd Sabbath of each month, and generally have interesting and instructive times; frequently have lecturers from abroad, but when not, employ our own home talent in debating, essay reading (of our getting up) extempore speeches on liberal and progressive themes, etc., etc. We started with some twenty-five members, but divers others have since united with us, and we now embody the principle amount of talent, intelligence, business capacity, wealth and moral force of the place.

Previous to our organization we were called Spiritualists, Materialists, (about equal in number) Innovators, Free Religionists, Iconoclasts, Independents, etc., etc. But miscellaneous as we are, we find no difficulty in co-operating for mutual benefit, which it seems to us, might be done nearly everywhere, at least so far as to cheerfully attend all meetings, irrespective of the sentiments of the speakers; also in finances, to pay lecturers, etc. A perfectly free and independent platform is the *sine qua non* for such organization.

We are favored with much lecturing in our hall,—for which, we generally contract and pay for, but occasionally gratis and voluntary. I never knew a hall anywhere so much used as ours; seldom an evening unoccupied during long nights, also frequently used in daytime.

Without an organization we would enjoy but little, and do but little good. If every place having a few, even half-way Spiritualists, Liberalists and Progressionists, etc., would associate in effort, in a slight organization, then punctually attend all meetings appointed and contribute a trifle (far less than churchites generally pay), to meet current expenses—they would ere long become strong and noted for their ability to elevate humanity out of the ruts of ignorance, superstition and priestly rule.

Leesville, O. Jos. S. Burr.

"The New Shiloh."

I want to say a word to your readers about the matter coming under the above heading, spoken of in the *Banner of Light* of March 10th, editorially.

We use the word "Shiloh" in three senses given it in the Bible record; the reference to the Judean Christ, the name of a location loved for the cherished memories which made it an inspiration to the Jews, and the spiritual meaning given the word by Swedenborg,—peace, tranquility.

Hence, all those without a spiritual home or church relation, may be properly designated "Wanderers from Shiloh."

That there should be many such in these times of unrest, is quite natural, and the reason for it is stated with much force by Max Muller, who says: "It is seldom borne in mind that without constant reformation, that is without a constant return to its fountain head, every religion, even the most perfect, may the most perfect on account of its very perfections more even than others, suffers from its contact with the world, as the purest air suffers from the mere fact of its being breathed." This truth applies with especial force to the Shakers. Since leaving that people, I have been prospecting for a suitable place to locate a gathering-in of those ready for a life which shall include all that has proved of value in Shakerism, joined to so much of individual freedom, as will encourage, as well as permit, entire and absolute freedom of thought, and expression of that thought, while a large and generous culture shall be encouraged of all the faculties and gifts of the individual.

My efforts have been crowned with much greater success than I anticipated. Land improved and ready to be worked at a profit, has been given already, both in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. We are only wanting the ready means to work with and the brain and muscle needed to begin the work in earnest. I shall soon have an "Industrial Home" for women and children, that will throw my real success in the "Chicago Newsboy's Home" entirely in the shade.

I am surprised at the number of Ex-Shakers I find scattered all over the country. Among them are some of the "mediums," who were used by the spirit visitors during that remarkable episode of seven years from 1837 to 1844. That was the opening of a New Dispensation (in the Evolution of spirit causation, which can be traced back through the centuries to the Judean Christ Dispensation) but more clearly indicated in a direct line from the French Prophets of 1688 to the opening in 1848, through the "Fox Girls," after the Shakers had refused to allow their order to be used for the purpose. We are now at the door of a new development—not a new dispensation as some say,—of this last Dispensation. The trials and persecutions which most, or many at least of the "mediums" of today are suffering, are among the many "signs of the times." The gathering in of the "Wanderers from Shiloh," is another sign, full of significance, and one often spoken of by "mediums" during the last few years. The evidence I have received, and am constantly receiving, that the Christ-woman, Ann Lee, is leading an spirit force to aid in this work, is overwhelming and (Continued on Next Page.)

Spiritualists, Which Will You Have, Dogmas or Philosophy?

[THESE PRELIMINARY REMARKS WERE WRITTEN BY OUR DEAR BROTHER, S. S. JONES, THREE DAYS BEFORE HIS BRUTAL ASSASSINATION.]

While discussing the subject of "organization," several weeks since, we most emphatically protested against the movement of the few Christian Spiritualists, who, at Philadelphia last July, professed to speak in the name of the great body of Spiritualists in the United States. We intimated, in substance that the mission of Spiritualism, was to discard all leadership, all church dogmas, all creeds, and all declarations of faith and platforms of principles, about which men so readily differ, and which, have ever heretofore become dissipated like a white frost before the refulgent rays of a morning sun, as knowledge develops the mind to an understanding of the Philosophy of Life. We further intimated to the Spiritualists of America that now is the time for concentrated effort to build up institutions for the development of liberal thought, and that the place to begin, is with local societies. Aye, we further intimated that liberal minds will cluster around other centres than those of the receivers of the reality of spirit communion, unless we put forth positive efforts for the upbuilding the great Pantheon of Progress, that the age demands.

In confirmation of that declaration, we here publish a sermon preached in Chicago, on Sunday, March 11th, by Rev. Dr. Powell, of the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago.

I have heard somewhat since living with you about genuine Unitarianism; and occasionally have heard or read of wanderings from the old way of the fathers. So I used to hear when among the orthodox. The matter has puzzled me somewhat, and I have made diligent inquiry if any one could tell me what good old-fashioned Unitarianism is.

But men differ in regard to this matter almost as thoroughly as others differ concerning what is orthodox. There is no agreement of creed that I can find that takes in even the leaders of the movement. To-day the man Clarke leads a sort of left-handed aid to Mr. Moody. Edward Everett Hale withholds all sympathy, and Mr. Savage thunders his condemnation for base views of God and destructive views of man. In Chicago we who occupy the pulpits differ most emphatically on some matters as to God, Bible, and the future. But leaders amount to little among us. The main question is what do the rank and file believe. Have they an Augsburg confession, a Westminster catechism, or even a Boston platform of any kind that they subscribe to? What is the test of regularity and soundness in this church?

I find that a Presbyterian refers me to his book, the Episcopalian to his ritual, the Congregationalist a little more broadly shows me his church manual. But among the Unitarians I do not find any paper or platform of any kind to settle the question. Each church may have a creed or it may not. The tendency is very strong to have none at all. In fact, the answer from a layman more to be expected than any other is, "We are not bound to think alike in any way. Every man is responsible for himself to his own soul, his neighbor, and his God, and this is responsibility enough if the man is sincere." If he is not, then a written creed will not help the matter. I am told on all sides we are individuals; each with his own line of study, and led to possibly diverse views, or possibly quite similar views of theology. We are free—all men are free to face geometry or algebra or geography, and pursue their researches without restraint. Why not be free in this matter of theological inquiry?

So, then, by inquiry I began to find in answer to my question that genuine Unitarianism is first, of all genuine study of the truth; genuine seeking after that which God wills for the soul, and for what will best save the soul. It is freedom in the most important of all departments of inquiry. Channing has no more right to prescribe limitations of thought than Calvin; Calvin, than Pope Gregory Hildebrand; Hildebrand, than Jesus; Jesus, than Moses; Moses, than Abraham; Abraham, than Adam. When Kepler found out the laws of planetary motion; when Copernicus determined the relation of the earth to the sun and its own orbit, they wrote down the facts they had discovered, and there was so much added to the deposit of the world's knowledge. It was an enormous contribution in either case. But they did not undertake to compel one to adopt their views. The theory stood on its own merits to be proved or disproved. Yet, I suppose the happiness of mankind intellectually, morally, and physically has been affected more by the discoveries of Galileo, Newton, and Tycho Brahe than by the rhapsodies of Isaiah and the cosmogony of Moses.

We ask no greater freedom than the Master had, we will accept no less. Ignorance is identical; knowledge is diverse. Ignorance produces a vast uniformity; knowledge differentiates. In this, ignorance is like darkness, which reduces all to a common hue; while light brings forth the individual and multiple variety. It is our duty to be children of the light. We have, therefore, each soul to gather, with sincerity as gather we can. Heredity, education, surrounding influences, prejudgments, opportunities for study must modify our reception of all authorities. It is simply folly to place in the same pew one who can not read, and one who is in the foremost rank of scholars, and ask if they agree concerning the book, or the possible deductions from it. How it is that the genuine Unitarian finds it impossible to co-operate with many so-called religious efforts. These movements presuppose authority. They are possible only as private judgment gives way to an individual interpreter.

Secondly, the genuine Unitarian denies as frankly and fully all supernatural authority. He refuses, with compromise to submit his conscience to the dictation of a book. If there are reasons for doubting the sufficiency of the illumination of the living teacher, there is more reason for doubting the sufficiency of the translated writings of ancient teachers. If we can not allow the inspiration of living men, we see no reason for granting that of the dead. Why should one or two of the fighting kings of Israel, with exceedingly bad records be considered specially capable of acting as scribes of God. We do not deny the value of the valuable, but propose to test its value by our own judgments. The Bible is a book of great

value; but it has no such unique value and so supreme authority that it is either historically or theologically a sufficient guide. There can be no compromise here, for if there be a book whose words are divine and sole arbiters of all questions, then we have no ground to stand on short of the literal interpretation of its words. We must take it word for word as from God's lips, and all other is valueless. Atheology, geology, chronology are of no value whatever. They cross the track of revelation. The sun can stand still. Man was made of nothing; Darwinism is false. The silly story of Babel is proven. Elijah's chariot of fire was literal. This once established, the absolute book is followed by the absolute interpreter. The Catholic is right, and the Protestant is wrong. But if the Protestant be right in denying the inspiration of the Catholic church, is he not absurd in falling back on the inspiration of the Jewish church. When either burnt the pope's bull he nailed up his own thesis. The first step was taken toward the liberation of the soul from bondage to church, to creed, and scriptures. The Unitarian frankly but firmly refuses to believe that any volume comes from supernatural sources. It affirms that the moral life of the Bible is the same as the moral life of to-day; that it was the product of just that degree of goodness and good sense that dwell in each writer's soul.

All physical life is from the sun, yesterday, to-day, always. The sun's heat ages ago way stored up in coal beds, in peat bogs, in oil wells, but nowhere and in no way to displace or supplant the sun itself. We use the peat and the coal and the oil gladly, and they render us valuable service. But the great luminary is still the god of day; the indispensable giver of light, heat, season, and life. He is greeted with the same joy every morning; the trees clap their hands at his presence every spring. He hides his face for a night, and we sleep. He hides it for a week, and we grow gloomy and ill. So God has ever stored up His moral light in the sayings and doings of great men; but not all combined can enable us to dispense with God's daily presence in the soul. We use the scriptures and rejoice at the help they give in our rough work; but what coal fires are to the sun, such are book-light to God. We turn to Him every morning with the same joy as the indispensable Lord of the soul, the light of life, the giver of growth and virtue and peace. In Him we live and move and have our being. His glory floods the soul and brings in the beauty of our ever-varying seasons of emotion and thought. Glory to God—in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men. It is one of the puzzling facts of history that men should fall under the power of oracles and soothsayings and books. That the Bible says it should be rendered that John, Paul, or David in vastly less enlightened times said it. If they are to displace and supplant our reasons by their authority, then do they supplant God who enlightened them, but leave us to be enlightened second hand.

Thirdly, the genuine Unitarian makes no compromise on the question of God. To him God is one, absolute and omnipresent and indivisible. That which fills all already fills all parts. No human being can be divine except in purpose, will, and character. The stories that come from all the eastern religions concerning a God in the flesh arise from the ancient and childish conception of God as a mighty being hid somewhere behind the clouds or in the depths of lights or invisible in the elements. Such a God occasionally showed Himself on the earth. He talked with Adam. He made matter out of nothing and shaped it in six days. He hewed the stone and carved the ten commandments for Moses. He was alive in Jesus. He ate, drank, slept, suffered, and died. In India and in Egypt He was quite as frequent a visitor.

But from the earliest days of philosophy down, Paul, Plato, Kant, Spinoza, Swedenborg, as well as the English metaphysicians and scientists, have conceived God as the universal soul. What room is there for any other God but the omnipotent, omnipresent, operating force of nature? God walk the earth! God is always here. Kant says you can not consider mind and matter as separate.

There is no middle ground. All theorizing about Jesus as unnatural, as superhuman, as Lord, except by virtue of character, is futile. We may or may not be all agreed that He was the wisest and best of men. But if so, He was the wisest only in certain fields. He had a genius for religion. He was the product of the concentrating life and thought of Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, India. His father was the age; His mother was Jerusalem. We shall bicker about Him, but heartily rejoice in Him; we will not deny Him nor worship Him; or if any Unitarian does he stultifies himself. Every christological hymn is a relic of heathenism. Let us rather name a day of the week in His honor as we have of that other hero of our own blood, Woden. Why callst thou Me god, he cried. There is but one god, that is God. We repeat His own charge to give the glory to God only.

The genuine Unitarian must also stand the fire, and refuse to co-operate in efforts to establish false theology. He can not consistently stultify his own views, and do good combined with evil. This involves him necessarily in much misunderstanding. He will be misjudged. But time will defend him. The aftermath of powerful and fanatical religious fervor is, first, miracles and then Second Adventism. Already the literal return of this slain God is looked for by His Chicago followers. I should not be surprised to see Him coming in the clouds any day, saying one of the leaders. You can make nothing of his immense Tabernacle movement that has shaken the churches to their foundation, but the grossest materialism. It is modern fetishism. It worships a book, as is inconceivable except on the conception of a literal hell. It runs directly toward a millennial rule of Jesus. It involves all the machinery of life; all our industries; all the morality and virtue of the world, in the category of worthless and comparative worthless. Morality is less than nothing. It is filthy rags. The tangle of resurrections and revelations, and the establishment of a theocracy are part of this absurd programme. Any day Jesus may be looked for to turn and overturn and set up an absolutism over the globe. The process by which man has been developed is to be stopped. He is to be revolutionized into perfect citizenship. The saints are to constitute the cabinet and foreign ministers of a world monarch, and the heathen as well as the philosophic converted to right seeing and dead uniformity of sentiment by force. Revival! Of what is this a revival? It is the same old brute force and materialism endeavoring to ride down spiritual life and thought that has often appeared in history.

The genuine Unitarian must, as a consequence of the points already taken, assert strongly the authority of a man's own moral judgment to decide for himself what

is right and what is best. Man, by this doctrine is no longer an accused exile, the spawn of a gully air driven by God from paradise. He is not a wretch whose business it is to sing the plaudits of his spiritual king to please his angry Father and flee from wrath to come. He is what his reason asserts, every inch a man, with all the dangers and all the privileges of manhood involved in the consequences of virtue or vice. He is gifted with reason. He has some experience. He is capable of illumination by commencing with the infinite moral light. Man stands now foremost next to the Deity. He has no terrors behind or before him, except those that lie in the line of his moral choice.

The genuine Unitarian must necessarily deny the paraphernalia of heaven and hell. The future to him is a vast blank in which the imagination can play, but can bring back no more definite knowledge than that given by Milton, the Egyptian priests, or the Apocalypses. Heroes, dragons, scarlet women, fantastic figures, judges, hours are commingled in one fantastic masquerade by the impudence of prophecy. The Unitarian believing in God now, trust Him forever. There is too much to know this side of the grave for the fleetness of time. I know no man who more deserves the whipping-post than one who calls off men's minds from the earnest study of what God has laid at the door of his senses; and strives to terrify him into fear of science, a hatred for rationalism, and a satisfaction with lazy preparation for a judgment day. That shameful gossip day has robbed us of too many golden days of sunshine and work. This only we know, that we shall sow as we reap—no better, no worse; and we abide constant. God is good; God is wise; we trust Him and work when we can see and while we can see. There is no authority concerning the future except that as now, so always; virtue leads to joy, vice to misery.

Genuine Unitarianism, therefore, undertakes to establish a religion of character in the place of a religion of creed. It may or it may not value miracles and prophecies, and interpretations of prophecies; it does value truth and honor, and temperance, and all the virtues. These things make the worth of a soul, and here the emphasis should be placed. This is the material that God has stocked the world with, to feed the spirit. It is our moral duty to use it. The Unitarian may or he may not care to study ancient faiths; he may or he may not have him to read, the relations of Darwin, Gray, Spencer, Tyndall, or Huxley; he yet believes in using means at his command to help himself and his neighbor forward. It is the retreat of seekers after light; not of cowards and idlers. Unitarians are workers, but not so much in prayer circles as in home circles and in charity of circles.

By what standard then are we guided in our judgment of religious character. Every man standeth or falleth to himself. We do not undertake this judgment. It is not possible to separate sinners from saints in this world. It never will be possible in a world of moral choice. It is impossible to determine what has struck the right line of thought, or who has the exact emotional life. We know no way whereby we can say this man is converted and that one is not; this man is going to heaven and that one will reach the pit; this one has a creed that suits God, that one has not. It seems to me blasphemy for any man to enter into God's family and endeavor to divide it; saying this God has left to torment, these He has chosen for life. So far as any one may speak for Unitarians there is a general feeling that we have nothing to do but to strive to better ourselves and better our neighbors, and so to honor our Maker.

This platform of free thought, and free inquiry, of free hope, and intensified individuality, gives the only lasting platform of union and fellowship. Unitarianism grows possible just in proportion as each one is willing to refrain from meddling with his neighbor's private affairs. The star chamber and inquisitorial courts lasted up to the present century. Something feeble like them exists yet in every ecclesiastical court. When I am condemned to eternal torments because I deny the value to my soul of a slain goat, or a slain man, or any other bloody sacrifice, I may laugh at the threat, but that does not mitigate the crime of the threatener.

Finally, genuine Unitarianism is preeminently honest. It is the one faith that never hides itself behind fine-spun language. If it doubts, it is its privilege to question. If it disbelieves the assertion of the multitude, it is not afraid to say it. There are thousands who have lost their old confidence in the authority of a book, the supernatural birth of Jesus, the myths of the Old Testament. Miracles are quietly sneered at by them. Other thousands know that the underlying theology of orthodox involving an atonement by the slaughter of an innocent God to pacify the Father of the universe is false. Sooner or later all will come to see it, and the intensity of barbarism in our blood will be eliminated. But honor, the better hope of the race, the love of God, all appeal to us to speak plainly and not hide the truth.

The Joint Discussion.

The people of this town enjoyed a rare treat in listening to the debate between B. F. Underwood, of Boston, and Clark Braden, President of Abingdon College, in Illinois. It began on Monday evening, the 5th inst., and concluded on Saturday evening, the 10th. We should fail to do justice to both disputants if we did not acknowledge that they handled the subjects skillfully, and we may say, satisfactorily to their hearers. It is gratifying to know that the people of this town and vicinity showed an unusual amount of liberality in listening to these champions, although warned not to attend by the pastors of some of the churches; at least, our Court House being crowded to overflowing every night. Of course the prejudices were in favor of Mr. Braden. Mr. Underwood acquitted himself on this occasion on previous occasions, with entire satisfaction to those having liberal views. While Mr. Braden had all of his master in manuscript form and principally read his side of the arguments, Mr. Underwood handled the subjects extemporaneously, thereby proving him to possess an almost exhaustless amount of learning and skill which compelled the admiration and respect of all his hearers.

We should do injustice to this occasion if we fail to state that although some of the churches tried to divert people from these meetings, the house was crowded twice on Sunday to hear Mr. Braden, and again in the evening to hear Mr. Underwood, who, on about an hour's notice, delivered a three hours' extemporaneous answer to Mr. Braden's remarks, which was enthusiastically admired by the crowded house he was addressing, to 10 o'clock at night. It is gratifying to chronicle that some of the churches had the good sense to close their evening meetings and go to hear Mr. Underwood. Independent, Toledo, Iowa.

THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Letter from Mrs. Emma Tuttle.
COL. BUNDY—Dear Brother:—I can not tell you how terrible it seems to me that poor Mr. Jones should meet so violent a death at the hands of a worthless villain. Is it not too bad? To your dear wife and the family, please express my warmest sympathy and affection. Yours truly,
EMMA TUTTLE.

Letter from Hudson Tuttle.
DEAR BUNDY:—To day came your brief announcement of the terrible blow you have received. I hasten to express my sympathy, and I assure you that I will stand by you.
Express my own and Mrs. Tuttle's deepest sympathy to Mrs. Bundy and the family, in this terrible affliction.
Truly and Fraternally,
HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, O.

Letter from Thos. Cook.
DEAR COLONEL:—With inexpressible astonishment I learned by a telegram in a St. Paul paper, on Friday last, of the cold blooded assassination of S. S. Jones, in his office. His friends in this "up country" hold their hands up in horror, and looking aghast, exclaim, "Can it be possible!" If he is translated to Spirit-life, of one thing I am quite sure, and it is this, that he is still deeply interested in the success of the dear old JOURNAL.
Osakis, Douglass Co., Minn.

Letter from J. S. Shirley.
It is with regret we learn of the assassination of Bro. S. S. Jones. It is, however, some consolation to believe that through his death the Spirit-world has received a spirit of high order. We believe Bro. S. S. Jones will, no doubt, be enabled to render great assistance to those upon whom devolve the task of editing the dear old JOURNAL. We believe we shall hear from him soon and often.
Plum Hollow, Iowa.

Letter from D. A. Eddy.
FRIEND BUNDY:—I am so overwhelmed with grief at the shocking news of Mr. S. S. Jones' cowardly, inhuman murder, that I completely unfit me for business. I am looking anxiously for further particulars. I had the enclosed articles cut out to send before I got this stunning news. The paper must go on, if the proprietor has gone to the other side. His influence and counsel will not be lost.
Cleveland, O.

Letter from H. T. Child, M. D.
BROTHER BUNDY:—I thank you for the dispatch just received. I felt that it was so, and that those persons had received far more at his hands than they deserved, and had manifested their ingratitude in this diabolical manner. It makes me very sad to think that we can not have our brother's physical presence with us, but I rejoice to know that you can and will defend his character against all slanders. Do your best, brother, and I shall be glad to help you. Send me one hundred copies extra of the next number. I know brother Jones' friends will demand them. From all sides I hear but one sentiment of just indignation at the crime. You may rest assured the paper will be in greater demand than ever. Let us strive to make it better.
Faithfully Yours,
HENRY T. CHILD.

Philadelphia.

Note from E. Crowell, Author of "Primitive Christianity," etc.

COL. BUNDY:—What a calamity has befallen your house, his family and the cause! I can not believe there can be any sufficient reason for the charge made by Pike. In regard to your suggestion that I should direct my attention to the subject of penal institutions, I have for two years past entertained the idea, and I am, as occasion presents, gathering materials, but I am afraid it will be some time yet before I can do anything decisive in the matter. It is a big job, and to do it, as I must do it well, I must expect a great deal of labor to be devoted to it, and that I can not bestow at present. I thank you for the suggestion, and it is a little remarkable that I should have entertained the same idea. I shall await the news of the proceedings in Pike's case with much interest, and expect to find Spiritualists and Spiritualism maligned, and hope Mr. Jones' character may be vindicated. I am very sorry for his family. Yours very truly,
E. CROWELL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Letter from Capt. H. H. Brown.
BRO. BUNDY:—I bought a Times on the train yesterday, P. M., and was shocked by the report of Bro. Jones' assassination. I have not yet recovered my equilibrium. Spiritualism has lost a champion that will be missed.

When liberty was degenerating into license, when in re-acting from authority; the acceptors of spirit communion were vibrating to the opposite end of the arc, and would, many of them, write over Spiritualism the word Sensualism, he used the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as a balance wheel, and with all his great firmness at the helm, saved us and brought progressive humanity again to its right mind. I can never be forgetful of this good done, and though I did not always sympathize with the methods, I still shared with him in the end to be gained and rejoiced at the result. That same hand will now be missed, but as Lincoln could go after Lee's surrender, so could our brother now be spared, and I trust that in that other life, he was more needed than here and will help us still more.

May the philosophy he worked for, sustain you all now in your affliction, and oh! do not, I pray, follow the poor obsessed old man that did the deed, with any vengeance. Let legal justice have its way, but in the name of our poor deluded humanity, in the name of our poor, hard-working media already tormented by the spirits of murderers and villains; in the name of the angels of help that come ever to our aid, do not follow him with personal feeling. The protection society needs, let it have, but "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and he will be entered by this terrible crime is enough; aye! in my soul I pity him."
I have prayed all night and day to the angels to overshadow you all and bring the light and strength you need. My sympathies go out to you all, and if there should arise any way that by word, pen or hand I can assist, command me freely.
Fraternally yours,
CAPT. H. H. BROWN.

Letter from Prof. B. F. Underwood.

DEAR BUNDY:—I have just read with much astonishment in the Chicago Evening Journal, that Mr. Jones was fatally shot in his office yesterday afternoon.
A wife that you neither have the time nor are in a mood to read letters, even from personal friends at this time, yet I can not refrain from writing a line giving expression to my profound sorrow, and tendering to Mrs. Bundy and yourself, and the other members of Mr. Jones' family, my heartfelt sympathy in this sad bereavement.

While your hearts are yet bleeding from the loss of one who was so near and dear to you, it is not a fit time for those outside your family circle to dwell on the loss they feel in the death of a generous, warm hearted friend, nor to speak of the loss our Liberal Cause has sustained by the death of one of its prominent and effective workers.
I little thought when I was in conversation with Mr. Jones a few days ago in his office, that that would be my last interview with him, and that he was so soon to be deprived of life, and by the bullet of an assassin.

I feel that I ought to ask pardon for even writing these few lines. Hoping that time will soothe the grief caused by this sad and tragic event, even though it can not repair the loss, with sincere sympathy I remain,
Truly Yours,
B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Letter from Mrs. E. M. Welch.
MR. EDITOR:—It is with deep, heart-felt sorrow that I write you upon the very sudden exit of our friend, S. S. Jones. I visited him a few weeks ago, and enjoyed some hours of an ever-to-be-remembered afternoon, standing so close to the gates already ajar, recognizing the glorious lights that escaped from their portals, yet not conscious that they were already lighting the way to a larger, nobler life to our friend. My husband and self have been acquainted with Mr. Jones for a number of years. Five years ago, we visited him while in deep, deep sorrow. We had just parted with our eldest son, almost 20 years old, killed instantly by a locomotive, the fifth of our six children who were taken from us with almost as little warning. He sympathized so sincerely with us, strove so heartily to get the best mediums, to give us sittings, putting himself to much inconvenience. He spoke so tenderly of his own son, who had left the form after a brief illness. The gentle sympathy of the man with our sorrow, showing a heart tender and generous to the distress of others, won our regard and respect; and our subsequent acquaintance has only served to deepen and strengthen the tie. We have considered him a tower of strength in the cause of Spiritualism, upright and conscientious, standing boldly for the right—exposing wrong and error, never palliating, nor trying to heal over the dangerous, insidious evils, but as a good, faithful surgeon, sending the knife and probe to the very depths, and exposing their poisonous centers. The stand he has taken upon all questions appertaining to Spiritualism, and infringements upon the rights of mediumship, have strengthened the wavering, given courage to the faint-hearted, and largely helped to build up our glorious cause, and while saddened by the loss of his personal presence, yet we know the spirit having stepped forth from its fetters of clay, will still glory in the good and true; and as his life work was the sending forth of gospels, of messengers of light, voices from the Spirit-world, just so will the spirit, released from the time-worn, feeble body, still work with interesting zeal in the good cause, ever inspiring to new efforts, the energies of his co-workers. With much sympathy for you all,
I remain yours truly,
MRS. E. M. WELCH.

St. Paul, Minn.

Letter from C. W. Cook.
DEAR JOURNAL:—We can address your honored Chief no more. The daily papers brought us the sad, sad news, that the hand of an assassin has laid him low. The thousands who have been wont to read with delight his thought-laden sentences, will miss his guiding hand from your bright columns. He has gone from a life of labor in the cause of human progress on earth, to continue his labors in fairer fields and more propitious circumstances in the beautiful beyond. We mourn his untimely and tragic departure. The world needs such workers as he, in the cause of truth and human development. But his influence lives after him, and many will emulate his efforts to promote unadulterated Spiritualism with its clear science, profound philosophy and pure morality; thus preparing the way for the happy era of the Harmonical Philosophy.
A nature like his will never cease his search for truth, nor his efforts to apply it to ameliorate the condition of his fellows. Hence, he with other dwellers in Spirit-spheres will return on missions of peace and good will to earth, and his own may yet be the hand, which shall guide his murderer from the awful hell of his present condition into a better life. Oh! the awfulness of that murderer's present condition surpasses the horror of that dark deed which slew one who so oft had befriended the perpetrator, and who had grown gray in his labors for humanity.
The assassin's bullet could pierce the body of his victim, but his spirit—himself, it could not harm. The good old man has gone to dwell in a brighter world, while his assassin is plunged into the depths of the darkness of a murderer's hell. If the philanthropic soul of the aged victim could again command those cold lips, it would urge in firm and kindly voice in behalf of the assassin, that "justice be tempered with mercy."
The spirit of our murdered Brother! the angels welcomed that as a co-laborer in higher realms of thought and philanthropy, and a co-pursuer of happiness inconceivable by dwellers in this rudimental sphere.
His body, the casket which held so true a soul, we found weltering in its gore!
Oh! "Take it up tenderly! Lift it with care!"
The soul of a hero was late dwelling there: A hero for Truth who fought valiant and long.
Proclaiming the right, exposing the wrong! Lay it where flowers around it may bloom, And beauty surround the tear-bedewed tomb!
Where the stars may look down with sorrowing eye
That the so true hearted by foul murder could die!
Where the friends of Progression all freely may come,
And vow to continue the work he begun; Thus even in death, as in life, it shall be A help from dark error the world to set free.

Warsaw, Ill

C. W. Cook.

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CHICAGO, March 19th, 1877.

TO READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS. From and after this date make all Checks, Drafts, Postal Notes, Orders and other Remittances for the Publishing House of the Religio-Philosophical Journal and Littleton Boulevard, payable to the order of JOHN C. BUNDY, Acting Manager.

CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL 7, 1877.

To Correspondents.

One outside this office would scarcely believe the vast number of letters daily received making applications for positions, from Editor in Chief, down to errand boy.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It is with regret that I am compelled to thus publicly urge those indebted for subscriptions, to remit at the earliest moment practicable, yet all reflecting persons must realize the necessities of the heirs of Mr. Jones, at this time, and to say more would be superfluous.

Confident that each delinquent subscriber will regard this as a personal appeal, and act as he or she would desire others to do, I shall hopefully await the result.

JOHN C. BUNDY, Acting Manager.

Photographs of the Late Editor, Given to Our Subscribers.

We make the following proposition to all our subscribers and friends. We will send an elegant photograph of Mr. Jones, embellished with his autograph, card size, each one finished carefully and in the highest style of the art.

To those of our subscribers who have already paid in advance and who will remit for another year, from the time paid to, we will send an Imperial cabinet size.

To every new yearly subscriber we will send an Imperial cabinet size.

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We wish it distinctly understood, that the offer of these photographs under the several propositions, is not made as a premium, nor entirely from a business standpoint, but as a matter of courtesy between ourselves and friends.

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The Transition from Earth to Spirit-Life.

Death is common to all things. The flower only blooms to present its variegated hues to the world, and gladden the senses with its aroma and presence, and then it withers and dies.

Calamities on earth are of frequent occurrence. They sweep over the fair face of civilization in the form of war, pestilence, famine, cyclones, or crime, and the advanced philosopher sees through all these clouds the glorious sunshine, the bright stars, and blue firmaments that will finally come forth to gladden the hearts of mankind.

Death, or the change from earth to Spirit-life, is within itself transcendently beautiful. The transition from midnight darkness to a bright Summer morning, ushered in by the anthems of birds and the rising sun, is far less glorious than the emerging of the spirit from its earthly tenement.

The bullet of the assassin may interfere with the full development of man, and crush out all the hopes of an ambitious mind on earth, but it can not render less grand and ennobling the new birth, or the process of transition to realms above.

Bishop Polk, who was killed in battle by the bursting of a shell, through the mediumship of A. A. Whellock, said, "I passed suddenly from my earthly body, upon the battle field. I had no expectation of going, as when in a lingering sickness—a wasting away of the body—one looks forward to the change. I was not looking for it. A bursting shell thrown from the enemy's guns forced my spirit out of my physical body, by which for the time all my powers of sensation seemed benumbed. The memory of this is not pleasant to recall.

"When entering spirit-life in the full possession of consciousness, each spirit is taken to that condition of life to which it is naturally adapted, and is aided by the kind guides who welcome it and assist in the process of change, or 'the new birth'.

self possessing a body so natural to me, that for a time it was with difficulty that I could comprehend I had changed conditions of life! So like my earthly form was my spirit body I then occupied, that I failed to realize, in my bewildered condition the change that I had experienced; but when I came clearly to understand the situation, I found myself surrounded by loving friends, who were kindly administering to all my necessities."

Whatever may cause death, the same divine process in all cases follows. The spiritual birth can not be stopped by the hands of a vile criminal; as well stop the earth in its course, or the phases of the moon, or the tides of the ocean. The second, or spiritual birth, to one whose aspirations are pure and noble, is simply a step—a long step, too—in advance, above the paltry affairs that engage the attention of men.

Our philosophy, radiant with the teaching of angels, inculcates the exercise of charity towards all, and never incites one to be revengeful. "Pity the poor criminal," says the Angel of Light, "and try to reform him."

Another Anniversary.

The word anniversary means variously. It is applied to a day, says Webster, on which some remarkable event is annually celebrated, or a day on which an interesting event is commemorated, by solemnities of religion or exhibition of respect; in the Roman Catholic Church, an office yearly performed for the souls of the deceased; the act of celebration; performance in honor of an event.

Of course, as applied to that eventful moment in which Modern Spiritualism was ushered into the world, it means more properly an expression of supreme joy, that the gates of the Supernal Regions swing on their hinges, and through the aperture of which the angelic faces of our dear ones peer, and in sweetest tones whisper their loving messages!

THE 29TH ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

"In the forthcoming Anniversary, the 31st of March, would it not be well to inquire into the origin of this day and the facts that led to its adoption by the Spiritualists?"

"Previous to March, 1868, there had been no Annual Celebration of the Rochester rappings, and by reference to the Year-book of Spiritualism by Tuttle and Peebles, published in 1871 by Wm. White & Co., of Boston, I find that the idea emanated from a band of spirits through the mediumship of Mr. Jas. Lawrence, of this city, in a communication given Nov. 12th, 1866, a portion of which I quote:

"Some acknowledgment should be made for this glorious change, the advent of which has never yet been celebrated as a matter of public rejoicing by the assembled multitudes of Spiritualists throughout the land. It is time some such tribute should be paid to those who have presented to the world, a means of emancipation from error, a day of universal jubilee to be observed through all coming time!"

THE KEY! THE KEY!

Give us the Key that Opens the Doors to the Temple of Nature.

NUMBER XIII.

ORTHODOXICAL PILLDOZERS AND PRAYER-DOZERS—THE PIL-BAG WARFARE AGAINST MAGNETIC HEALERS AND NEW REMEDIES.

Indeed, there are Orthodox methods of cure, of relieving human beings of various maladies they are subjected to, as well as an Orthodox system to doctor the moral delinquency of mankind generally. If you holdly step aside from the customary use of pills in their application to the ills of the flesh, look out for a dismal howl on the part of Orthodox physicians!

There is, indeed, a great similarity between Orthodox physicians and Orthodox Christians; the former pray to, and petition the Legislature; the latter, however, go direct to God—pray to and petition him!

The methods of doctoring the ills that poor mortal flesh is subject to, are as numerous, almost, as the different religions. The Allopath, in many cases, relies on counter-irritation; causes one disease to cure another. At one time in the history of the healing art, a potent remedy was friction, and St. John Long of London, was its principal advocate.

We have, too, among the various methods of cure, electricity. It was supposed that when Franklin drew it from the heavens, it came from near the throne of God, and must of course, be potent in the cure of disease. It, too, is tinctured with Orthodoxy, though not bad enough to hurt anybody.

You know that the New Zealander, somewhat heathenish in his notions, is addicted to the curious habit of tattooing his person in a great variety of colors, and it was curious that those tattooed in blue, were much more stalwart than those who used red, green or yellow colors; those using blue above the waist and yellow below, would soon develop great breadth of chest, while his yellow tattooed legs, would seem to wither like a blasted plant or shrub.

In this progressive age, the utmost freedom is demanded in the investigations of any subject. The tendency among Orthodox Christians is the same as among Orthodox physicians; the one ends with "tian" and the other with "cian," and the end sought by both is about the same, the suppression of free thought and investigation!

magnetism he imparts to the diseased member, they pray to, and petition the Legislature to protect them against his "empiricism."

What the world needs is more liberality among physicians. The remedies of one age, are considered useless by the next generation. The Indians at one time would flog the insane, and even that severe method often effected a cure. A German, being conducted to an insane asylum, jumped off a bridge, struck on the rocks beneath, and was immediately cured!

Now, if all who practice the healing art, must have a diploma, we insist that those who try to heal through prayer, shall also be compelled to have the omnipresent "sheep skin."

The fact of it is, no one knows absolutely, when sick, what cures him, especially if under the treatment of a pilldozer. "D—n you, get out of that bed," said a physician in Ohio to his patient. With fire in his eye, and a fire brand in his hand, she was driven out of her bed, and was perfectly cured, though she had been confined to her room for many years.

The word does not want to be hampered with Orthodox physicians. Progressive thought needs spacious rooms. True, give us educated healers; they will in due time arise to the surface. The fittest only will survive; that which is adapted to the wants of humanity will be lasting; error can not long endure.

We sometimes think that the practice of some in prayer, is simply the worst of empiricism and subterfuge—the thinnest bosh in fact, for such inconsistent entreaties are made to the throne of grace. Two ships meet on mid ocean, going in different directions. The waves roll mountain high, the rain and sleet pour down in torrents, the lightnings flash, and heaven's artillery thunders worse than Grant's ever did before Vicksburg or Richmond.

And why don't the pilldozers (we don't mean by this honorable physicians) insist that those who practice the healing art through prayer, should have a diploma? How can a man pray correctly to God, unless he can correctly diagnose the disease? If an empirical prayerdozer, should pray to God to physic a person, when he simply needed an emetic or a Turkish bath, or a little gentle rubbing down with a coarse towel, disastrous results might follow!

In confusion of this article we say, "Give us a Key that can unlock the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and open an avenue, too, for the angels to come with their pure magnetism, and unite in one grand effort to cure the numerous ills that flesh is heir to." Let all classes of physicians and healers (all are needed) have ample room; the fittest only will survive. The world must advance so that Bulldozers, Pilldozers and Prayerdozers will fall naturally in the background, and reason and common sense prevail.

It is said that the Moslem pilgrimages to Mecca are every year growing larger. Last year over 140,000 pilgrims reached Mecca.

Voices from the People.

The Truth Forever Mine.

How sweet the truth unto the soul, That dear ones seen no more, Reach, after death, a peaceful goal, And tread a brighter shore...

—Henry Blackcock, St. Louis, Mo.

Revival Tactics.

Mary Bunnell, of Kerkonson, N. Y., writes:—I wish to make you acquainted with a few facts concerning the revival now being carried on here nightly.

Serious Accident.

N. B. Starr, of Port Huron, Mich., writes:—I should have written to you before this, but have had the misfortune to meet with a very severe accident...

McLean, N. Y.

E. W. Watson writes:—With me the JOURNAL is a household necessity; should feel left out in the cold if it did not make its weekly visits to us.

The Miser's Story.

I was a miser and gambler. Yes, I was a miser and gambler. I cared for nobody and nothing but money.

Test Conditions.

H. G. Eddy, of Chittenden, Vt., writes:—Your proposals for mediums to test for manifestations under strict test conditions, is just what the public want.

Brother Eddie gives directions

to stick strips of paper over suspected places in the floor, and sprinkle flour on them, in order to detect trap doors, if any.

Special Provisions.

M. Himes, of Spencer, Iowa, writes:—This community is now debating the question of special provisions.

Immortality.

The insect bustling from its tomb-like bed— The grain that in a thousand grains revives— The trees that seem in wintry torpor dead...

—Anon.

It is said the above lines were written long before the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

While we Live, let us Live.

It sounds terribly materialistic, and yet I can remember grave old orthodox professors, who saw no harm in allowing it a prominent place among college mottoes...

Very Visible.

There lives in this city a lady, well-known authoress, who believes in ghosts, spirits, vampires, and anything else of the sort you please.

Distance lends enchantment

to the wonderful performances of magicians. A knowledge of how their exploits were performed—performed at all—may now be regarded as among the "lost arts."

Debater Wanted.

Wm. Wells, of Hampton, Ga., writes:—Your very highly appreciated efforts in the cause of Spiritualism, is a meritorious work.

From personal knowledge,

we can recommend Dr. Fairfield, trance speaker, of Massachusetts. He is logical and eloquent, and fully capable of meeting any Orthodox divine.

The Bible is full of Spiritual doctrine,

but is no reason why any one should call himself a Christian Spiritualist. There is no connection between the two, for those incidents recorded in the Bible, are personal experiences, are connected along with the individual, and if you wish to have any name attached to your Spiritualism, call it Paul Spiritualism, Peter Spiritualism, Balaam Spiritualism, etc., just to suit your fancy.

Lying Spirits.

D. Bacon, Boise City, Idaho, writes:—I can not see a good result resulting from the promulgation of falsehood through fraudulent communications; it forces the impression on the community that the medium is unreliable, which to him is damaging, and to an extent, destroys the usefulness of the physical and pass into the Spirit-world with the same characteristics we had before the final separation.

Monville, Mass.

J. H. Merrill, writes:—God had grand purpose in the creation of man, and I can not believe we were created only for this short and transitory life, and that to be the end of God's grand design.

The Key! The Key!

S. E. Legate, Dorcham, Ont., writes:—I duly received your interesting Journal, of the 20th, of an article, in which appeared your fourth article on the "The Key! The Key!"

Those articles to which Bro. Legate alludes,

will be continued through several numbers of the JOURNAL, and the subject of each one being so different, they will be read with interest.

Dreams.

Dr. W. King stated in his Anecdotes of His Own Times (Murray, 1817), "Baxter's phenomenon of dreaming has given me greater satisfaction than anything else that I have read on the same subject, and yet there are many objections which may be made to his hypothesis; and seems to me a certain truth, that both our reason and philosophy must ever be puzzled, how to account for the operation of our souls when we are sleeping, very often, indeed, when we are awake."

Dreams alone establish the beautiful and sublime truths of Spiritualism.

As every effect must have an antecedent cause, so every dream be traced to a fountain that inspires of causes it. We allude particularly to those dreams not caused by a deranged system.

Strange Incident.

O. Y. of Hague, N. Y., writes:—I thought I would give you a few facts concerning a circumstance that has happened in Theodor's school, in the city of Hague, N. Y.

Bible Spiritualism.

Some men will say How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou answerest not that body which shall be; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him. It is shown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in a body, it is raised in a spiritual body.

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Brief Mentions—What Next?

Mrs. Richmond says, "Any thought or power that is pursued merely for the love which you would receive from it, or for the praise which humanity will give you, is not the thought which uplifts and exalts the spirit."

The Mosaic Sabbath a Myth.

In your last I proposed to demonstrate from scientific facts that the Mosaic Sabbath, is a pious fraud. To do so, I must prove the Mosaic account of creation, upon which it is founded, to be a myth.

According to the first chapter,

God created man "male and female," on the sixth day; according to the second, Adam was made first; and "Eve not until some time afterwards; as Adam is first represented as employed as a gardener, in Eden, and then as a naturalist, naming every living creature, which, as they amount to some hundred thousands, and are said to have been brought to Adam, this must have occupied him a considerable time if true, and Eve does not appear to have been created till afterwards."

This creation was not therefore accomplished

in six days, and contains no mention whatever about a Sabbath, nor of the resting and being refreshed by the Creator of millions of suns and systems, after the fatigues of arranging our little planet.

Again in the first chapter we are informed,

that on the sixth day, man was commanded "to multiply," and God gave him the dominion of the earth, "to replenish," and "to subdue it;" in the second a garden "to dress and to keep."

In the first, God gave him liberty to eat

of the fruit "of every tree" apparently without exception. In the second, mention is made of two trees of the fruit of which he is forbidden to eat.

Then the story of the fall connected with

the second, is inconsistent with the first, as also is the Garden of Eden. And the account of a Garden of Eden, a fall, and of a Christ, an Incarnate God who suffered as an atonement for mankind were taught in India long before they were preached to the Jews; and the Hebrew is only an edition of the Sanscrit the sacred language of the Hindoos; and is understood by learned Brahmins. The writer has learned from the lips of a Brahmin a number of words quoted, which are the same in both, and he stated he perfectly understood Hebrew.

Which is most likely to be the original,

Sanscrit, or the Hebrew; the Hindoo, or the Jewish religion? that Brahmin was Ram Mohan Roy, with whom the writer was a fellow-passenger to England. But to conclude, truth is always consistent with itself; whenever, therefore, two narratives contain contradictory statements, or which are incompatible with each other, one of them must be false; and the other, while unproven to be true, is unworthy our acceptance as truth, and no one will affirm it to be true, but an ignoramus, a bigot, or a rascal, who has an interest in doing so; no lover of truth will.—Harbinger of Light.

another lady, and eight gentlemen, including myself. The lamp was burning in the room with all its brightness that I could see the medium and all the others easily, and could read the time by my watch. After sitting about twenty minutes, a small, white, flickering substance, about the size of a man's hand, appeared above the knees of the lady medium; it increased and diminished in size and brightness, and at last continued to grow until it covered the head, shoulders, and body of the medium in a snowy white cloud. It then took a more definite shape, and descending to the floor, appeared like a young female, at least five feet high.

Prayer.

The Rev. Brooklyn Talmage was in the stock-jobbers' prayer-meeting yesterday (the 1st inst.). After reading the story of the Prodigal Son, he related how he prayed for the return of a Brooklyn boy who had run away from his father, and who, then, of course, came back. Two other fathers who had runaway sons next asked his prayers. He prayed, and these runaway sons were restored to their fathers. If Talmage's prayers are so efficacious in this direction as he represents them to be, he will no doubt soon have plenty of business praying for the return of prodigal sons, and for the recovery of Charlie Ross.—N. Y. Sun.

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