

RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Earth bears no Ash, Holds at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She o' Asks a Hearing.

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

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RALLY!

To the Memory of Hon. S. E. Jones.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

On Reason's mount we stand with those
Who fought life's battle well,
Who martyrs for the truth and right,
Beneath oppression fell.

Chorus: Then rally round our standard
And sound the bugle's blast,
The Future is our harvest field
With blood sown in the Past.

Not puling saints who hold by faith,
Nor priests with cant and sneer,
Nor hypocrites by Jesus' blood,
With consciences washed clear;
But noble thinkers of all time,
The good, the true, the pure,
Who by a life of loving deed,
Have made their calling sure.

Chorus: The weakling through who live by faith,
May go their own blind way,
And boast their own religious night
Better than science's day;
Our faith shall rest on knowledge,
Not blind but sturly-eyed,
Our Sacred Scriptures, Nature's page,
And Reason shall us guide.

Chorus: Then rally round our standard,
And sound the bugle's blast,
The Future is our harvest field
With blood sown in the Past.

THE NEW BIBLE.

Interrogatives in Reference Thereto.

As we are living in progressive times, I take it for granted that we may ask questions of our great teachers; the fifty odd men chosen of the Lord, of course, who are named in all ancient languages, who are about to give us a correct grammatical, rhetorical, and of course, divine, Bible, they having power to take from and add to, notwithstanding that certain passages were to be added to the Bible, and that certain things were to be taken from, should be taken his part in the book of life. We suppose it will not be irrelevant to ask a few questions or make a few suggestions in regard to that divinely authorized work. We would like to know how God pronounced his works good, and by what means the race of men were to be propagated without woman. As the word reads, she was created some time after, just for company in his lonesome hours. If it would not be impertinent, how came this perfect creature to produce as its first offspring a murderer, and why did God set a mark upon him when he and his father Adam were all the men living? Also renew that old question, whose daughters were those in the land of Nod that Cain raised little Cain's son?

Not to be inquisitive we will pass over a great space of time and only ask that as Noah took into the ark (Genesis, 7th Chap., 15th verse), "two and two of all flesh," from whence was the world stocked with animals after Noah had offered sacrifice of "every clean beast and fowl" (as per Genesis 8th chapter, 20th verse) when returning from the ark?

We will pass over some thousand years and trust we are not irrelevant when we ask upon what did the twenty or thirty millions of Egyptians, who had held three millions of Israelites in bondage, live upon after God had destroyed all the vegetables, all the fish and all the beasts, and where did Pharaoh get provisions and horses to fit out (according to Josephus) his army of three hundred thousand men, horses, chariots, etc., to follow the Israelites? As three million of men, women, children, horses, cattle, sheep, etc., can not possibly stretch over a country less than one hundred miles in a scramble march, it would have left the rear of the camp one hundred miles from the Red Sea at the hour Moses began to cross. The place crossed is said to have been twenty-two miles, and was traversed in one night; hence the rear guard must have marched one hundred and twenty-two miles in, say, twelve hours; yea, more than this, Pharaoh was still in the rear, and he managed to close up in time to get drowned. Will the fifty please tell us how this was done?

I will now pass over the glorious old times of forty years of manna and quails, when clothes were not worn out, to Joshua's entrance into Canaan, and ask why he ordered the children of Israel to lay in a stock of "old corn" while he was yet supplied with manna and quails? Also, where did they get the "old corn" to lay in, for at this time they were in the desert?

I do not wish to ask too many questions, but as the fifty will remember that when Moses conquered the Midianites, he ordered all that had ever slept with a man, to be slain; the men then all being dead; also all the children to be slain; that hundreds of years afterwards, these same millions of Israelites were enslaved by Midianites and so held seven years; that this millions of Jews were repeatedly enslaved by various wandering tribes and that this day or any other day, the Jews were never in possession of the land of Judea, a country only 40 by 100 miles at most.

I hope the fifty will tell us what has become of God's promise to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, about that land? As Saul was the first king and indebted for his throne to David, the poor shepherd boy, "who came

in a carriage" some thousands of years before carriages were known, will they please to tell us where David got that carriage, but what is of more consequence, will they please tell us who originated the idea that David was a man after God's own heart? Our reading finds him a rebel, then a brigand, robber, murderer of men, women and children; then again committing murder for licentious purposes and in his whole life not one recorded act of nobleness in the sight of man or God. Of songs credited to him they are often full of the most bitter hatred to, and prayer for curses to fall upon, children's children. The Psalms bear internal evidence of being a selection from hundreds of years, and are so received by honest searchers after truth.

Will the fifty please to tell us where David accumulated the six billions of gold and silver that he left Solomon, and if he did, why did Solomon get Hiram to build ships to send to the land of Ophir, which returned only once in three years, bringing only about half a million? David was never in possession of fifty square miles in his lifetime, and this has not, nor ever had, any mineral in it. He had no intercourse with nations, no commerce, and yet leaves Solomon more cash than all the nations of earth have this day. As Solomon kept the grandest harem of any monarch of earth, and was never in possession of fifty square miles like his father, will the fifty please tell us where and from what he derived his income? Forty thousand horses, twelve thousand hostlers and a thousand fancy women, are not kept on a ten-cent piece or the product of all the land Solomon ever was king of; not to speak of the millions of Israelites that slept in the same bed, and ate of this same land.

Let us pass over a few hundred years and ask this learned fifty how Sampson trapped the three hundred foxes, he living in an enemy's country? But still further, who held the foxes while he tied them tail to tail with a firebrand between? Still more, what harm could they do in a vineyard and olive grove?

But more important, what kind of a temple did they have in those days that could hold the thousands of men, who were supported upon pillars so slender that a man could put his arms around and pull them away? We don't doubt the fact; we only ask the fifty to tell us about those pillars. As to the jaw bone of an ass killing a thousand, we don't wish any explanation, for in our day many more than that are dying every day by asses' jaw bones.

Before I close, I would like to ask the fifty, if God gave Moses the laws, commandments, etc., and if the Jews had ever been guided by this same Almighty Preserver? They being in the habit of worship to the true God, how came it about that Heikiah found an old law book among a lot of rubbish and bringing it to the king, the king was so much excited about it that he rent his clothes? As this little incident happened about seven hundred years before Christ, from which date secular history gives us reliable data in regard to Jewish history, to an unprejudiced mind it looks as though all previous had been fancy and tradition united by some fanatic, and then by Jewish priestcraft adopted, like Joe Smith's Bible, as foundation for a religion by which the people could be gulled for priestly interest. Perhaps the fifty can explain and tell us how Moses wrote his own funeral ceremony, place of burial, etc.? Also why Samuel continued to write on his, Saul and David's history, long after he had passed in his checks? Can they tell us why the Song of Solomon on the word of God, in the compilation called the Bible, which if published in a pamphlet would be refused the mails as an obscene publication? Perhaps the fifty can tell us why the church are such sticklers for faith as the means of salvation, contrary to the life teaching of Jesus? There are a thousand and one more questions that could be most reasonably asked, but we refrain, writing with patience the issuing of God's new edition of that standard book by whose claimed divine authority priestcraft is leading thousands of women down to death and millions of men into gross materialism.—*The Fifty.*

A Mystic Cup.

About one year ago I bought of Mrs. Morrell a "Mystic Cup." To me and my family it was a mere toy. One evening in April, I think a widow lady about sixty, a neighbor—Mrs. G.—called on us for a friendly visit, to stay over night.

She knew nothing about Spiritualism; had heard we were believers and doubtless many rumors that were set afloat by ignoramuses and liars. Nothing was said on Spiritualism till after early lamp-light, when I brought out the "cup," handed it to her, and requested her to look into it. "She did so. After a minute or two, I asked if she saw anything?"

Answer: "Yea I see something resembling a gray head with two little balls, one on each side."

I said, "Look again." She did, and in a minute tears came in her eyes, when she said, "I'll have to believe now."

"What did you see?" I asked.

"I saw my mother and two little children with her."

Her mother had passed away many years ago, and Mrs. G. had lost two children in infancy.

"Take it; I can't look any more."

I said, "Look again and you will see another sight."

She did, and quickly exclaimed with tears streaming down her cheeks, "Doctor, I can't look any more. We can't deny the truth." "Michael, husband, as he lay a corpse." "Look again," I said, "and you will not see that sight."

She looked again and saw her husband as in life. I then said, "Mrs. G., we will form a circle to strengthen you." We did so, and placed the cup on the table, and all joined hands. I then asked for certain spirits who had been to our circle but had not been seen, to show themselves to her. She described as many as called for, whether correctly or not, I can not tell. I then called for some of my deceased friends whom she did not know; but I had their photographs. She described them well, and after each description I showed her the photograph, and she said it was the same person that she had seen in the "cup." I then had her describe others, and after describing, pick their pictures out from a pack of three or four, which was done immediately, and always correctly; to her they were strangers. I had a book that had the pictures of many distinguished personages, both living here and gone, often two on the page, and four in view at once when the book was open. She knew none of them or their history. I called for some of those who were deceased. She described them as per picture, and afterward picked the one out from the four, and always correctly. I called for one living man pictured here. She described him well, and pointed him out correctly. After describing about twenty different ones, we removed the "cup" and continued our circle, where she saw the spirits of two acquaintances clairvoyantly.

T. T. W.

White Cottage, Pa.

ARE ANIMALS IMMORTAL?

What is the Antagonism Between Darwinism and Spiritualism?

A San Francisco correspondent of the *Register* writes: "The question of the immortality of the soul has produced considerable commotion among the Spiritualists of that city. Also that the 'Boy Orator' Thomas Walker, took the stand after him, when the request was made of the control to say which was correct, Darwin or Peebles. That the control as a whole sustained Mr. Peebles, the correspondent adding, 'And A. H. Wallace who says that the influences that have been rendered by both in animals develop mind and intelligence of man,' also that the spirit controlling Walker, argued the immutability of types, and the impossibility of transformation of one species into another species."

I have found it a cardinal doctrine among Spiritualists, that they ignore authority, regardless of the source from which it originated, claiming the right to antagonize even with the denizens of higher spheres, when they cross the track of that which is, or should be, the final arbiter of man—his reason. Consequently I claim the privilege of taking some exceptions, and asking some questions, feeling myself under no obligations to accept anything from Mr. Peebles, or a departed spirit, either, that my reason rejects, yet fully appreciating the important services that have been rendered by both in raising the grand structure of the world over known—our grand Temple of Truth, the grandest philosophy of earth.

I purchased Mr. Peebles' pamphlet as soon as it appeared; read, re-read and meditated. I thank him for it; not only because it set me to digging deeper, and extending my observations wider, but because I wish agitation, provoking deeper thought on these fundamental, bed-rock questions. The farther I am enabled to penetrate into the facts of nature, the more I regard the universe—life—that for the want of a better name we call God, a unit, a single thing that acts and does. To me, every separate thing in the universe has motion—has life. There's life in the stern unrest of primal forces—in the polarities and after-glow of chemical processes. There's life and structural forces in the atmosphere, and "Jack Frost will photograph them upon the window panes of a moist room, after the fire is suffered to go down, when they appear in the form of the leaf, or the tree of life, life's unit of form. There's life in the crucibles of the leaf, in the laboratories of nature, in the ebbing sea, in the flowing river, in the whistling winds, as regularly and systematically as the life currents in the animal economy; in atom, and rock, and vegetable and human, and every leaf rotting by the way side, is but moving on in life to a higher point. If no life, how could it rot or move on.

The life of man is the fruitage of the Tree of Life, one in kind with all life below or above it, representing the grade or condition of advancement from that life we saw in the unrest of elemental forces, and the concentrated, differentiated and individualized fruitage of these material conditions. Then I ask myself, Bro. Peebles, the spirits of the departed, anybody, tell me now, is there anything in the book of life lost off on the way?

If God does of sparrows have a care, And all other lives down to a hair, How can it be that one life is lost, When he preserves to the uttermost? If but one seems within the fold, Where's the ninety and nine, out in the cold?

Out in the cold, and dropped from his care. When he takes charge of every hair!

Life is said to start upward in four grand columns, as types. If Mr. P. and the spirits find but one, where are the three? May they be traveling on different routes to the same goal? It may be said they pass into the great "ocean of life," the great "homogeneous," "monadic," "protoplasmic," "potential" mass, or force. Then I ask, from whence differentiation into types and species, if not from the different qualities of the same force; the one factor or prime mover in all these transactions, that life which is laboring on through all forms, perfecting and beautifying one all that is possible, then beautifying the next so much we hardly know or can classify it?

A horse can not propagate anything but a horse, say some, although you may improve all species; fish, lizards, apes, etc.; but from whence comes the intermediate links between those that are well marked, and which have both the characteristics of the one above and the one below. Prof. Denton finds two such links between the fish and the lizard:

The *Ichthyosaurus*, from *Ichthus*, a fish and *saurus* a lizard, meaning nearest to the fish, having stronger types or marks of the fish than the lizard; the other link, the *Plesiosaurus*, from *plesio* near to and *saurus*, lizard—nearest to the lizard, yet having characteristics of the crocodile below; the reptile, quadruped and the human above; having in its fore paddle or arm, the *regulus scapula*, *humeralis radius* and *ulna*, *carpus*, *meta carpus* and the five *phalanges* of the human. Then how can Mr. P. say, "Not in history, observation or fossil, can a sign of transitional species be found."

When we regard life as a factor, a thing that sets, fashions and forms according to its several states of advancement, ability and desire, the difficulties disappear; and while the evolution of Dr. Darwin is an attempt of an illustration from a material standpoint, with matter for its factor, that of Spiritualists is one from a psychic or spiritual standpoint, with that force we call life as its factor; and in what else they differ.

As man's mental and moral nature, as his capacity and aspirations are so infinitely raised above the brute, so his origin is due to distinct and higher agencies, than such as have effected their development. I fail to see why he should try to call this to his aid.

Of course the "agencies" (forces) developing the higher orders, are higher than those, developing the lower. This is the grand secret of evolving forces. Forms are but a reflex image—an outline of force—"agencies" that formed it. Different qualities of food and remedial agents, are but different forms of force, invariably producing different effects. The force that develops each form of life, is distinct from that which develops every other form.

The vegetable kingdom required a "distinct and higher" force than the mineral. Was there a special creation to furnish it; or was it the result of evolution? So with the animal and human; each required higher "agencies." True, we can not see this invisible force leap and forms changing, but does it not? We can not see anything pass from the grub to the butterfly; from the tadpole to the frog; and yet we know from one the other comes; but there are evidences of its passage; and that it reaches back and forward. Guinea pigs and birds have teeth in embryo; snakes have concealed legs beneath the skin, and horses have their wolf teeth. There are marks of fish gills in the neck of the human, and the fetus in gestation passes through many forms below it, having no less than three different kinds of circulation before reaching that of the human; all proving that the one, the *ark*, are tied up in one bundle, where none can be lost off, but are compelled to move on.

Mr. Peebles' matter has moved on up through the mineral and vegetable to the animal; but he seems to switch it from the track at this point; as he finds it convenient to switch off every other, at some point, but "me and mine"; but I would like to know when some of these "baitings" are buried, because I think some one can call the "Lazarus" forth. Then to the question, are animals immortal? I answer for self, yes; but not as animals. Atoms are immortal, but not as atoms; insects, birds, and beasts, but not as such.

For these are but pilgrims on the way, And "men emerge angels from their clay." DR. C. D. GRIMES.

"DEGENERACY."

Fast-Day in New England.

The present generation of New Englanders has continued the custom of appointing a State Fast-Day, but it has finally become perverted from its original purpose as to be the local Feast-Day. The New Englander still goes to meeting on Fast-Day morning to some extent; but the minister recognizes the changed character of the day, and substitutes for the old-fashioned sermon on some abstract point of doctrine, a patriotic eulogy of the New England Divines, or a comprehensive answer to all the political problems of the day. The afternoon and evening are devoted to social pleasures, among which supper, in connection with

spring-chickens, and dancing, interspersed with ice-cream, are prominent. Not only do the theatres offer entertainments of especial attractiveness on Fast-Day, but the New Englander attends them as though his were one of the brutes that perish. As for the small boy, he regards Fast-Day as a shadow of Fourth of July to come, and devotes it to open "mumblety-peg" and blatant lute-lying. Thus, the festivities of the Thursday Fast-Day offer a sharp contrast to the solemnities of Good Friday, as observed by the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, and the day is meaningless, except as a vague protest against Popish practices. The original Puritans have been dead for so long a period that they would doubtless find it extremely difficult to perform the feat of turning in their graves, and thus expressing, after the custom of conscientious corpses, their indignation against their degenerate descendants. There can be no doubt, however, that they did turn in their graves when the Governor of Connecticut issued his Fast-Day proclamation on Thursday last, and appointed Good Friday as the next Fast-Day. It can not be pretended that he did this in ignorance of the true meaning of his act. He expressly asserted that he had selected the day "commonly called Good Friday" for the reason that so large a part of the Christian world regards it as an appropriate day for fasting. This is a distinct and deliberate recognition of what the Puritans regarded as a peculiarly atrocious Popish practice. There was no doubt in their minds that the man who fasted on Good Friday would burn Protestants in his back yard, provided he had the power to do so. They purposely selected Thursday as their particular Fast-Day, in order to exhibit their horror of Good Friday. And now the sacred soil of Connecticut is defiled by a Governor who wickedly requests Protestants and Catholics to fast on the same day. To this lamentable pass has finally arrived the theocracy planted by the Mayflower, and nourished by the blood of Quakers and other pestilent heretics.

If there still survives a Connecticut descendant of strict Puritan views he is to be severely punished. Either he must fast all day on Thursday, or he must fast with Roman Catholics and Americans on Good Friday, or he must forego all attempts at fasting. On the other hand, the ordinary Connecticut person, who celebrates Fast-Day as a day of fasting and pleasure, will scandalize his pious neighbors who regard Good Friday as the most sacred day in the calendar. Most people outside of New England will approve of the Governor's course, since it will put a stop to the absurdity of turning an ostensible day of "fasting, humiliation and prayer," into a day of excessive dinners and no humiliation whatever. Could the good Cotton Mather have foreseen that his descendants would recognize Fast-Day by hanging up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and honor Popery by fasting on Good Friday, not even the hang of all the witches in Salem could have brought a smile to his saddened countenance.—*N. Y. Times.*

Spiritual Experience of a Quaker Preacher.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Years ago I well remember hearing Priscilla Cadwallader preach in the meetings of Hicksite Friends in Rochester, New York. She was a tall, noble looking woman, full of sweetness and power of speech, with an earnest and inspired manner that carried great weight. A few days ago I met an elderly Quaker lady who was often a companion and nurse in sickness for Mrs. Cadwallader, from about 1850 to toward 1860, and who told me of some remarkable experiences in the ministry of that gifted preacher. In Scipio, near Auburn, N. Y., she was once sick and in danger, and doubted about taking Thompsonian medicine, when a voice within, audible only to her, said, "Take it and thou shalt live." She took it in peaceful confidence, and was soon better. While at Hamburg, near Buffalo, her friend saw her standing quiet, and looking intently into empty space, and asked, "What does thee see?" and the answer was, "I see a tattered curtain waving in the wind and falling in pieces. It is the Society of Friends, which will soon decay and something else will come in its place. I can't see what, but something better." At the same place she was again very sick, and said, in doubt, "What if this same medicine fails and I die?" and again the inner voice said, "Take it and live," when she felt peace, and obeyed. One night soon after, her friend woke in the night, and heard her, through the open door of their adjoining rooms, talking pleasantly and laughing at times for an hour, as though with some imaginary person, and told her in the morning, saying if she had dreamed, when she said in some surprise, "Did thee hear me?" and it was not again spoken of.

She once made a tour in Canada with a woman as companion, and Elinor Coleman, of Rochester, N. Y., as pilot, with his carriage and horse, from one Friend's Meeting House to another. Going over on a respectable looking steamer, to stop at a certain hotel a few miles from their landing place for the night, and did so. It was a lonely place, but they were well treated and shown to their room for the night, but Mrs. Cadwallader felt no wish to sleep, found where the room of Mr. Coleman was, waited quietly in her chair without fatigue, and three

Continued on Eighth Page.

THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Extracts from Letters.

Letter from O. H. Pollard.

I have just learned through the New York Herald, the sad death of Mr. S. S. Jones. This is the most severe blow our cause has received.

Respectfully Yours, O. H. POLLARD.

Oklonah, Miss.

Letter from Judge Holbrook.

COL. BUNDY:—Please allow me to express my sympathies for you in your present trials. I was absent from the city when the assassination of Mr. Jones occurred, and had been for many days.

I am respectfully Yours, E. S. HOLBROOK.

Chicago, Ill.

Letter from A. B. Severance.

DEAR FRIEND BUNDY:—Sad indeed it made me feel when I heard of the horrid outrage, the assassination of S. S. Jones, and I deeply sympathize with his friends.

Again let me extend the hand of sympathy, and express my earnest desire for your success.

Yours Most Fraternally, A. B. SEVERANCE.

Millwaukee, Wis.

Letter from M. R. G. Flower.

COL. J. C. BUNDY:—The terrible and startling news of the murder of our lamented Brother Jones, was announced through the morning papers, the effect of which was a terrible gloom over the Spiritualists of this city, and I doubt not throughout the civilized world.

M. T. C. FLOWER.

St. Paul, Minn.

Letter from Giles E. Stebbins.

COL. J. C. BUNDY:—Dear Sir:—Coming out here, from Detroit, to lecture, I was shocked and surprised to see the report of the sudden death of S. S. Jones, by the hand of violence; a sad loss to you and to the JOURNAL, for which he has wrought with so much zeal and earnestness.

Now, if you think I can help you, I am ready for it.

I write to you frankly to express this feeling, and a hope and earnest desire to put hand and soul to the work.

Accept my sympathy for Mrs. Bundy, the family and yourself, for your sad and sudden loss.

Yours with best wishes, GILES E. STEBBINS.

Letter from W. E. Wheelock.

Friends, it is with sorrow that I am compelled to accept the sad news of the death of our much esteemed brother and worker in the cause of humanity, Stevens Jones.

I for one will say to you, that it is my prayer that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with its tidings of truth, will still go on to the world, and I will try and secure new subscribers to its pages of truth and reform.

W. E. WHEELLOCK.

Letter from Mrs. L. E. Bailey.

COL. JOHN C. BUNDY:—Like a thunder-bolt came the sad tidings of our lamented brother's cruel and unjust assassination. Although it has never been my pleasure to meet S. S. Jones personally, but a correspondence of many years standing, together with the numerous and repeated acts of kindness, and the generosity he has ever extended towards me, have endeared him to my heart; and in thought he seemed not a stranger, but a warm-hearted magnanimous friend, one whom the world could hardly spare; not alone for these traits of character do we sincerely mourn our sudden bereavement, but from the grand army of Spiritualistic ranks, our "Commander-in-chief" has fallen!

Battle Creek, Mich.

Letter from T. H. Stewart.

DEAR BRO. BUNDY:—As a eulogy to our honored dead, ever to be remembered for his work for humanity in the cause of Spiritualism, we stop not for the press in its bitterness.

out, be felt, and interblend in our continued work.

Many pretended Spiritualists, like this vile assassin, were continually stabbing our brother in the back, and now they still continue to throw dirt to cover up their own rottenness of theory and practice, by defaming the dead.

Our cause is more prosperous than it has been for years in every part of the State. Some ten lecturers are now in the field, and calls come to us daily for missionary work.

Kendallville, Ind.

Letter from Dr. J. K. Bailey.

DEAR JOURNAL:—It's a long time since I have addressed the JOURNAL and its readers; such reticence has not resulted from lack of friendly interest in the paper, its work or its conductor and his associates and patrons, but only because of a sluggish condition of spirit in the direction of correspondence, public or private.

It is very hard to reconcile one's self to the inevitable of such a tragedy, and it is sorrowful to contemplate the loss of the energy, devotion and ability of Bro. Jones, in the greatly needed and special work of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL at this stage of the progress of our cause, and in the crises now upon its promulgation.

A few years ago the entire Northern people were horrified with such frequent tragedies in Southern society. Now, Northern society seems even more afflicted by this mania of violent death.

But whatever the remedy for this growing evil, the world and our cause have lost the vigorous and useful services of Bro. Jones "in the flesh," and that potent spiritual business tact, clear discrimination and unrelenting energy and industry, which so characterized him, and his grand far reaching work in the successfully twice establishing, publication and effectiveness of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Accept the assurance of my deep and abiding sympathy; one and all interested.

Dansville, Mich.

DR. J. K. BAILEY.

IMPROVISATION.

A Gift Peculiar to Italy—A Few Remarkable Instances.

An improvisatrice has lately been discovered in Rome, in the person of a young girl fifteen years of age, who has been giving public seances.

That deed is well done, of which a man does not repent, and the reward of which he views gladly and cheerfully.

As long as the evil deed does not bear fruit, the fool thinks it is like honey; but when it ripens then the fool suffers grief.

Good people walk on whatever befall; the good do not murmur, longing for pleasure, whether touched by happiness or sorrow, wise people never state or depress.

They depart with their thoughts well collected; they are not happy in their abode; like swans who have left their lake, they leave their house and home.

ed the power in her, and her talents give promise of a happy result when ripened by time and study, Giannina Milla, originally of Naples, though for some years of Rome, where, until her recent marriage, she had charge of the normal school for girls, is a most distinguished example of this wonderful gift.

The improvisatore is peculiar to Italy, where the very air breathes poetry, and where the many historical associations excite the fancy to an early and advanced development.

The late Mrs. E. B. Gould gives a most entertaining account of an improvisatrice, a perfectly illiterate woman, over seventy years of age, way up in the Apennines.

This is the most valuable portion of the Buddhist Canon, and consists of four hundred and twenty-four verses, and are believed to contain the utterances of Buddha himself.

The Dhammapada, or "Path of Virtue."

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts.

Berlin Heights, O. HUDSON TUTTLE.

DHAMMAPODA.

He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learnt that it is as unsubstantial as a mirage, will break the flower-pointed arrow of Mara, and never see the King of Death.

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The gods even envy him whose senses have been subdued, like horses well broken in by the driver, who is free from pride, and free from frailty.

His thought is quiet, quiet are his words and deed, when he has obtained freedom by true knowledge, when he has thus become a quiet man.

And he who lives a hundred years ignorant and unrestrained, a life of on day is better, if a man is wise and reflecting.

If a man commits a sin, let him not do it again, let him not delight in sin; pain is the outcome of sin.

If a man does what is good, let him do it again; let him delight in it; happiness is the outcome of good.

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not in the crevices of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where a man might be freed from an evil deed.

Not nakedness, not plaited hair, not dirt, not fasting or laying on the earth, not rubbing with dust, nor sitting motionless, can purify a mortal who has not overcome desire.

A man who has learnt little, grows old like an ox; his flesh grows, but his knowledge does not grow.

Self is the lord of self—who else could be the lord? With self well subdued, a man finds a lord such as few can find.

The evil done by oneself, self-begotten, self-bred, crushes the wicked, as a diamond breaks a precious stone.

Do not follow the evil law! Do not live on in thoughtlessness! Do not follow false doctrines! Be not a friend of the world.

Rouse yourself! Do not be idle! Follow the law of virtue! The virtuous live happily in this world and in the next.

Look upon the world as a bubble, look upon it as a mirage; the King of Death does not see him who thus looks down upon the world.

The swans go on the path of the sun, they go through the ether by means of their marvellous power; the wise are led out of this world when they have conquered Mara (the tempter) and his train.

Let us live happily, then, not hating those who hate us, let us dwell free from hatred among men who hate!

There is no fire like passion; there is no unlucky die like hatred; there is no pain like this body; there is no happiness like rest.

Kinsfolk, friends and lovers salute a man who has been long away, and returns safe from afar. In like manner his good works receive him who has done good, and has gone from this world to the other; as kinsmen receive a friend on his return.

Let a man leave anger, let him forsake pride, let him overcome all bondage! No sufferings befall the man who is not attached to either body or soul, and who calls nothing his own.

He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins.

Thou art now like a sear leaf, the Messengers of Death have come near to thee; thou standest at the door of thy departure, and thou hast no provision for thy journey.

There is no fire like passion, there is no shak like hatred, there is no snare like folly, there is no torment like greed.

The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive.

Death comes and carries off that man, surrounded by children and flocks, his mind distracted, as a flood carries off a sleeping village.

A man is not an elder because his head is gray; his age may be ripe, but he is called "Old-in-vain."

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and has reached the other shore, is thoughtful, guileless, free from doubts, free from attachments and content, him I call indeed a Brahmana.

He who, after leaving all bondage to men, has risen above all bondage to the gods, who is free from every bondage, him I call indeed a Brahmana.

The manly, the noble, the true, the great sage, the conqueror, the guileless, the master, the awakened, him I call indeed a Brahmana.

Some people are born again; evil doers go to hell, righteous people go to heaven; those who are free from all worldly desires enter Nirvana.

Letter to a Bigot who Refused the Use of a Town Hall for a Spiritual Lecture.

I. N. THAYER, Esq.,—Dear Sir:—I learn that my application to you for the use of the Town Hall for a lecture on the subject of Spiritualism, has been refused, and that the reason given is that "they are holding protracted meetings, and the influence it would have upon said meetings would not do—might be bad; that when they are over you might be willing," etc.

As a town officer, is it your legitimate function to decide what kind of religion shall be or shall not be inducted? I had supposed that you were limited to the sphere of property, instead of empowered to act, also as guide and umpire in spiritual things.

Your refusal seems to me particularly uncalled for and ill-timed at this juncture when the Christian Church called upon by the materialist to give evidence of the dogma of immortality, has no evidence to give that is less than 1800 years old (and which being hearsay evidence can not satisfy the skeptical inquirer) unless it (the Church) points triumphantly to the manifold demonstrations of the law of continuous life which Modern Spiritualism furnishes day by day to those who seek.

I say the Christian world needs Spiritualism very much, as the only corroborative it can have, or give of its claims in the direction of spiritual things.

It is not, therefore, strange that it should have failed to welcome it; that it has stood aloof from it; has ever denounced it as of the devil and shown that it would like to crucify it, thus repeating the role of the Church of 1800 years ago? Spiritualism rightly interpreted, is in thorough accord with Christianity as it originally appeared.

It is a revival (whatever it may be in addition to that) of the simple teachings and principles and practical demonstrations which characterized the career of Jesus and his immediate followers, and which would have continued to characterize the Christian Church to the present time, had it not clapsed in friendship and co-operation the bloody hand of the State under Constantine, and so down through the centuries, and thus become rich in political power and worldly wealth, though poor in spirituality; an instrument of oppression and persecution for more than 1800 years, sacrificing in the name of Religion and the peaceful Nazarene whole hcatombs of victims by every conceivable torture and hellish ingenuity of hate.

I am sure, my brother, you would not say that you approve of the course taken by the Catholic side of the Christian Church in so many centuries of terrible persecution of whatever rebuked or opposed it; nor doubtless would you like to say that John Calvin, reverend founder of Calvinism, did right in roasting Michael Servetus by slow fire of green wood; nor the Protestant Queen Elizabeth (sometimes called "good Queen Bess") in beheading her Catholic sister Mary; nor the Pilgrim Fathers in the New England (and their cotemporaries in Old England) in boring the ears of Quakers with a hot iron, cutting out their tongues, banishing them, or in torturing or hanging witches or throwing them into the river in a bag, or even in murdering such Indians (if they could) as refused to be christianized and civilized into such a delightful system of creeds and legal customs.

You and I live in a nation that guarantees to every soul its natural and inalienable right of conscience, and prohibits in its National Chart any special recognition by the secular authorities of this, that, or the other religious faith or no-faith; in other words, prohibits any union of Church and State (the great bane of European civilization for 1600 years, the prime cause of the mediocrity and darkness reigning in the State to be neither Baptist, Methodist, Universalist nor Spiritualist; neither Protestant nor Catholic; neither Christian, Mohammedan, Jewish, nor Pagan, Buddhist, Brahmanistic nor Confucian; neither Deistic nor Atheistic, nor any of either one of them all—to be neither religious nor irreligious, but simply secular machinery for doing secular work—no more and no less—recognizing and maintaining the absolute religious freedom of each and all, and leaving the whole matter. This is the aspect of the case that presents itself to me; and I can not refrain from saying in all friendly feeling and due courtesy that you seem to me to have placed yourself in the long black list of tyrants, bigots and cruelists in thus making an official declaration that Spiritualism, claiming to be the Gospel of the angels and in unity with true and original Christianity, must not have a hearing in your village; at least not while certain other religionists (whom you have no official right to prefer) wish you to veto it! This is "Church and State," is it not? If therefore you do not believe in the rack and thumb-screw, hot grid-irons and eye-gougers, pincers, crushers, starvation, etc., etc., as God's divinely appointed instruments of religious conversion, do not, in shorts, like the hideous company in which you have placed yourself (have you not?), say I do hope that you will at once return to the 19th century and the United States of America! In short that you will say to me as did a certain member of one of the churches in your place recently, "I believe in hearing all sides." That you will say, "The truth can not be harmed by the search for it, and you are at liberty to speak in our Town Hall, if you wish, Friday night, Monday following or any other time if it is not in use." I have visited in the course of my itineracy 27 States, Canada, New Brunswick and various Indian tribes, but have never before been refused a town hall or county court house for a lecture on Spiritualism. Has it been reserved for a country township in the enlightened State of Ohio to bear of the pain for illiberality, intolerance and short-sightedness? I trust not for the credit of the State.

J. MADISON ALLKIN.

Cleveland, Ohio.

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N. S. JONES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

J. E. FRANCIS, Associate Editor.

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who only held a few private circles for her friends for materialization, that used to be sick two or three days after each circle; and she finally was obliged to give up holding circles for this purpose. This medium probably is one of the best in the country; for the spirit friends materialized in 'daylight' even to such perfection that the iris of the eye was discernible, and the medium seemingly suffered as much as if she were passing through the portals of death. How can we compensate such mediums? This lady spurned to take a fee, and only could be paid for her services by leaving the money in the hands of some of her friends.

In this matter of compensation to seers we refer to the heaping up of gold and jewels in the ancient oracles of Greece and Rome, and even the Jews had a temple that had to be kept full of gold or the Gods were angry. The business prophets and oracles have always demanded and received a large fee for their services and we see no reason why they should not continue to do so.

If a "true healer" cures an abscess, which is inside of the patient's ribs, away from the surgeon's knife, by a few passes of his hand, why should he not charge a one or two hundred dollar fee, if the patient is wealthy? and the law should allow him to collect it.

Legalized Quackery.

We clip the following from the Chicago Sunday Times, as it illustrates one of the beauties of the so-called "regular" practice of medicine—"Dead men tell no tales." "Miss Gilpatrick, of Hildeford, Me., suffering from neuralgia in the head, a physician injected a small quantity of morphia into her arm twice at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Shortly after she became insensible, and died about 8 o'clock that evening, notwithstanding the exertions of several physicians to revive her."

An instance of the same kind of practice by old school physicians, has recently come to our knowledge in this city. A young woman was confined with her first child; hemorrhage set in; did not yield to treatment by the usual remedies; the sick lady was literally buried in ice; congestion resulted, and though every possible known means was subsequently resorted to by the relatives, to save the dearly loved one, she passed to spirit-life a victim to barbarous treatment according to law.

It is perhaps not surprising, that such of the people who have no knowledge of the treatment given by magnetic healers, do not regard it favorably—they have been educated to expect medicine to be exhibited before relief becomes possible, and have no conception of the power of the subtle agencies employed by the Psychopathic physician.

It is then not a matter of surprise that "healing is a thankless business," for among those who have become sufficiently familiar with its practice to demand its employment, the professional healer is but seldom required, as usually sufficient power becomes developed in one or more members of every family for all ordinary purposes, and when this does not produce the desired result, "the true healer" is most likely consulted, and on the principle of "the selection of the fittest," we trust the most suitable persons, will as time rolls along, increase both in power and in practice; we think this an inevitable result—the effect produced by a cause, to wit: the rapid increase of knowledge upon this subject among the people generally, whether liberal or orthodox, educated or uneducated. Then let magnetic healers take heart, study carefully the best means for increasing their power, not forgetting that this can only be done by strict attention to diet, sleep, exercise both physical and mental, abstinence from stimulants of every kind, including alcoholic liquors, tobacco, morphine, opium, etc., habits of personal cleanliness, and the cultivation of a spirit of love, tenderness and sympathy for the suffering and afflicted which shall go out voluntarily to their patients; the results attained by such magnetic healers will very soon surprise themselves, and the lookers-on will be led to investigate, and after investigation, adopt the practice; none understand this better than Allopathic physicians, hence their efforts to prevent investigation by discrediting the efficacy of Psychopathic treatment. The most intelligent and scientific of their number, not only admit in private conversation the value of this treatment, but actually employ it in their practice, and because the large majority of Allopathic physicians pronounce this practice a humbug, is no argument against it, as fully nine-tenths of them are the veriest quacks known, as is proven by the records of their practice, as well as by the statements of the truly able men of their own school. Owing to the want of organization, the results of Psychopathic healing have never been properly presented to the world, but where is there a person among the physicians of all the various schools, that can show such a record of wonderful cures by means of their materia medica and mechanical art, as those using the Psychopathic, or, as more generally understood, the magnetic system of practice. We challenge the world to produce anything approaching it, outside of Psychopathy. What these healers have done may be accomplished by others, who will by study, self-sacrifice, and close application, supplement their natural gifts as these soul-sympathetic healers have done. The limit of power of the Psychopathic physician over disease of mind or body, is only that caused by positive combativeness on the part of the patient. The legalized quack often asserts that Psychopathy is a sham—that those who practice it are shrewd but ignorant, and one who attempted indirectly to aid these quacks, stated

that "a genuine case of bodily ailment, with no interposition of carno-insanity, always baffles them." Many of these persons are ignorantly honest in these expressions of opinion; such are to be pitied, and should be treated in the kindest manner; cruelly to them is punishable under the law.

Let all magnetic healers adopt for their motto, "By their works ye shall know them;" live right, act right, work right, and they will feel right; which is the basis of success, and thus by success upon success, prove to all the falsity of the assertions of legalized quackery.

BAPTISMAL EXERCISES.

The Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Several months ago we had the pleasure of witnessing the Christening exercises of two little children, son and daughter of Mr. Nichols, a report of which appeared in the JOURNAL. The exercises we then pronounced beautiful; although by some they might be thought as rather imitative of the Orthodox. They possess within themselves real intrinsic merit, although they do not, perhaps, prepare the innocent recipient for a higher position in Spirit-life, or render its career on earth more prosperous and happy. The significance does not lie in that—the power to instantly change the life of a person is not embraced in simple exercises—in a beautiful poem, invocation or music. The effect is not manifested on the child, perhaps, as much as on those present—exercising an elevating influence because innocence is associated therewith; because the Spirit-world is brought closely in rapport with this; because in the angelic sentiments uttered, there is a potent influence that can not fail to do good.

No Spiritualist claims that in mere words there is talismanic virtue which can shape a person's life—mould it to run in a particular groove; but they do claim that in all meetings, in all exercises where the two worlds are brought closely in rapport, great good must arise from their reciprocal action. The blending of influences—spiritual and material—always has an elevating influence. Hence these baptismal exercises, considered from that point of view, are calculated to do good. We have no patience with those who try to ape Orthodoxy; who wish to gain the applause of the world by forms and ceremonies. The baptismal exercises, as instituted by Mrs. Richmond, have not even a shadow of the old bigoted Church connected therewith. She does not even deem them as essential to the child's salvation; the only good realized—and that is enough—arises from the fact that the two worlds meet, the sympathies of the two are blended over the body of an innocent child, a halo of spirituality encircles the form to be christened, beautiful sentiments are uttered, which go forth in tremulous accents, and those present are made better thereby. Mrs. Richmond seems admirably adapted for this work. There is a vein of poetry bubbling up—we can not express it any better—in the Garden of her Soul, where beautiful flowers, trailing vines and green arbors, throw over every word she utters an aroma of sweetness—of love—of devotion to principle, truth and right, hence her presence with an audience, and children especially, is a benediction, and the aspirations of her soul go forth in such tremulous accents, that it is no wonder that fine audiences greet her, and that she is a great favorite with Spiritualists.

It is enough to know, then, that in these Christening exercises, Orthodoxy is not imitated any more than those imitate the same who meet in a circle for manifestations, and engage in singing, etc., in order to harmonize those present, and prepare them for a spiritual influx.

On last Sunday evening, April 1st, Judge E. S. Holbrook's daughter, a very pretty and sprightly little girl, five years of age, was christened by Mrs. Richmond. She walked upon the rostrum, as if unconscious of the hundreds of peering eyes in the audience, and stood quietly, like a fairy queen, Mrs. Richmond saying:

At the altar of baptism we lead Maudie Genevieve Holbrook, Fair bud, wandered from heavenly bowers, Wherein the angels ever stray, Keeping glad time to earthly hours, Unconscious of that home away.

Oh, out of paradise the stars Gleam brightly in the heavens above, And angels from their golden bars Watch over earth with perfect love.

And one flower fallen from that home, Come down to bless the earth awhile; Where'er little children roam, There angels watch with heavenly smile.

And all the flowers of heavenly bloom, Where'er the children's feet may stray, To guide the mortals from this home Upward along the starry way.

And so out of the heavens above, Typical of thy life below, The angels bring a gift of love, A Rosebud is thy name.

Mrs. Richmond having crowned her with a bouquet of flowers, little Maudie, her eyes sparkling and features illuminated with childish innocence, responded:

Oh! I thank thee, gentle spirit, For the roses thou hast given, And I hope that I shall merit All the promises of heaven.

Oh, I've heard the charming story, That there is a world above, Where we all shall live in glory, Rich in beauty, grace and love.

Where we all shall meet each other, Never more again to part, Father, mother, sister, brother, All united heart to heart.

So I'll wear this wreath of flowers, Emblems of that world so bright, Till we reach those angel bowers, Full of beauty, love and light.

Then Mrs. Richmond said: Thus angels answer when offerings Out of your earthly hearts arise, If you give flowers of love and peace, They will answer from their Paradise.

Thus ended the impressive ceremony. Then followed a lecture by Theodore Parker, tracing the rise and progress of Spiritualism during the twenty-nine years of its modern existence.

To the Patrons of the Journal.

He who founded and sustained the Journal through the long years of its desperate struggle for existence, who came to it at the hour of its seemingly helpless ruin, and hopefully embarked his fortune and his good name in the endeavor to make it his ideal, and a power for reform, has been ruthlessly transferred to a higher sphere. A more unjustifiable deed cannot be conceived, or one more horrible in its heartless detail. Could our fallen brother decide, we have no doubt; ay, we know, he would shield the man who committed the terrible deed.

The JOURNAL was an expression of the life of S. S. Jones, broad, liberal, Catholic; inflexible against wrong, fraud, deception, selfishness, rascality and fanaticism; while it made warm friends, it had implacable enemies. Its ruin was constantly sought by those it unsparingly exposed, and Mr. Jones was personally, ceaselessly harassed. Yet he never swerved from his purpose, and the JOURNAL became a tower of strength in the seething sea of reforms, towards which all looked as something that was sure to endure.

He has passed on, but he leaves this work. He has done more. He has so organized the motive power by which the JOURNAL is as it were, created, that it has a life of its own. He falls, but another is ready to take his place.

It seems like a spiritual dispensation, that Col. Bundy has been trained under the eye of Bro. Jones, and is now at this critical time ready to assume the great responsibility the former lies down.

While the same general direction will be maintained, Col. Bundy will infuse a new life into the Journal. He is full of energy, and determination, and knows no failure. A vigorous, terse, and practical writer, he will, of course, by his personality, impress himself on the paper.

J. E. Francis, who has long been at the editorial desk, and on whom the editorial work proper rests, is a host of himself, and will remain.

The corresponding corps of the JOURNAL embraces nearly all the writers in the ranks of Spiritualism.

Thus it is evident there can be no interruption in the continuity or excellence of the JOURNAL. Bro. Jones has not left us. He has declared his powers crippled by death. He will not forsake the great object of his life, but will ever guide and direct. He must be rejoiced by the grand declaration with which Col. Bundy introduces himself to his new sphere as editor.

Every reader of the JOURNAL will rejoice at its ringing notes, which show that the right man stands at the front.

HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

The Future Life Established.

A few nights ago a negative was taken of a spirit at one of Bastian and Taylor's seances, a beautiful young lady, the daughter of Daniel Hale, Esq., of this city. She stood thirty seconds under a magnesium light that was equivalent to 10,000 candles. This is a splendid test, for by no possible means could Harry hide his long mustache, supposing the figure was him, so that the same would not distinctly appear on the face of the negative. The figure will be photographed, when all can have the pleasure of seeing it, when they visit Bastian and Taylor's seances.

Photographs—Patience.

We must beg the indulgence of our subscribers for the short delay they will experience in receiving the promised photograph of Mr. Jones. In order that the pictures shall all be first-class and perfect in every respect, the work on them can not be hurried. But our readers can rest assured, that all who comply with terms, will receive the picture at the earliest moment practicable, and in the order of the arrival of their remittances, we are already sending off a quantity each day.

Lecture Appointments of Prof. B. F. Underwood.

Bourbon, Ind., March 30th, 31st and April 1st; Hanna, Ind., April 2d and 3d; Hudson, Mich., April 6th and 8th; LaTue, Ohio, April 9th, 10th and 11th; Toronto, Canada, April 14th, 15th and 16th.

FRIENDS on all sides speak favorably of the JOURNAL. Mrs. Johnson Clark, of Lane Kansas, says, I have been very much interested with your articles on Organization, the Key! the Key! etc.

P. FARRELL, if you will give your post-office address, we will do as you desire.

THE KEY! THE KEY!

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

NUMBER XIV.

PILLDOZER:—A disolute Republican or Democrat who tries to gain a point by disreputable means.

PILLDOZER:—A dishonorable physician who is opposed to magnetic healers, old nurses, and new remedies.

PRAYERDOZER:—One who prays for winds favorable to his own craft, regardless of those sailing in an opposite direction.

In a previous article we alluded to pill-dozer physicians who, devoid of that merit enabling them to compete with magnetic healers, old women nurses, and hygienic practitioners, pray to and petition the legislature to exclude them from practice. But the meanest, most contemptible and vilest "dozer" in the world is a prayerdozer. Each minister, each gospel expounder or Orthodox dispenser of the "truths of the Bible," if not wholly, is a partial prayerdozer.

Each one would invoke God to bless his own church, regardless of any neglect that might thereby arise to his other children.

A Spaniard and Yankee were dining together, when the former presented the latter with some brains on a dish, remarking, "What you most lack." The Yankee instantly passed him some boiled tongue, saying, "What you have a surplus of." This judging each other, permeates all humanity, and even extends to God himself; hence we have all kinds of views in reference to him—good, bad, and indifferent.

Like the politician, the prayerdozer has an ax to grind. When Adeline M. Leavitt, of New York, entered the church of the prayerdozer, Rev. M. McCraffray, on business with him, when leaving, according to her deposition, "he forcibly kissed her, and inserted his tongue in her mouth." The very air seemingly would blush at such disreputable conduct, and even inanimate objects shrink from the libidinous touch, and humanity instantly turn away in disgust.

He is a prayerdozer, only half-civilized, perhaps no higher in the scale of existence than the New Zealander, who dines on a roast baby stolen from a missionary, if Mrs. Leavitt's sworn statement be true.

The prayerdozer is a cross between a bulldozer and a pilldozer, hence is the greatest ass of the three; his ears are longer; his braying is more sonorous, and he always bears such a somnolent expression of innocence on his features, that one is led to believe that he is incapable of a mean act. But like another hybrid you can think of, he is unreliable, treacherous and cunning.

The prayerdozer, anxious to complete his ocean voyage, petitions the Throne of Grace for fair weather and favorable winds; his prayers go off on the breeze, touch the rising surges of the sea, and expire in plaintive whispers near the throne. "What's that," asks God to angel Gabriel. "Who is praying for fair weather and favorable winds for his craft?"

"Reverend Nichodemus Prayerdozer," said Gabriel.

"Where is his ship going?" inquired God. "To Calcutta," replied the angel.

"How many ships do you see moving in that direction?"

"Only one."

"How many in the opposite direction?"

"Six."

"Tell the Rev. Nichodemus Prayerdozer, that his petition is too contemptible for a moment's notice, and if you desire, charge a cloud with electricity, and strike his craft with a thunderbolt that will send it to the bottom of the sea."

Strange to say, the winds commenced rising, the spray-capped waves rolled mountain high, the rain poured down in torrents, men, women and children were in the greatest consternation, and to add to the terror of the scene, the lightning struck the massive timber of the ship, and lurid flames leaped like fiery serpents around each human being, and those who were not drowned, met a worse death by the surging fire. Oh! what a scene! That Rev. Nichodemus Prayerdozer was a fool! Special blessings are never sent by God! Never! Never!!! He who prays for self—for special favors from God, is a prayerdozer. They may be answered as the negro's was, who prayed for potatoes, and his "master" hearing him in the room above, poured a bushel on his woolly head!

The meanest prayerdozer we ever saw, we met many years ago in the West, where the prairie-flower blooms, and where nature had then been but little touched up with the artistic skill of man. His name was Puleifer Rudy, and he was a class-leader. His prayers were longer, more vociferous, and more tremulous than that of any other member of his church. His countenance wore a solemn aspect; his eyes beamed with an expression that was sad and funeral-like, and his features were always twisted in the attitude of "devotion." He was a walking prayer meeting, always loaded and ready at a moment's notice to educate Deity up to the proper standard of conducting things terrestrial. There, too, was a Scotch minister presiding over this woodland parish, and his daughter, Kitty, as he called her, who like himself, had the seeds of consumption implanted in his nature. We had often seen her—one of the loveliest ladies we ever met. Devotional by nature, and blending therewith her native sweetness and modesty, she presided in her father's household like a fairy queen. She had rendered the log-cabin a little paradise—entwined it with flowers and trailing vines until it was as pretty a woodland retreat as one would wish to see. Old Rudy often frequented their house and engaged in prayer—rattle-

bang prayer; regular artillery prayer, a systematic bombardment of the throne of God. Oh! what a prayerdozer!

Prayer, though it does not move God, moves all who are in sympathy with it, even spirits themselves. The fierce howling of a malicious dog, will cause certain strings of the piano to vibrate sweetly, and not a movement is made in all of God's vast universe that something is not in harmony therewith, good or bad.

The prayerdozer, this infamous scoundrel, had seduced a minister's daughter, destroyed a happy family circle, made her an outcast, and hastened her death. We met Kitty often, conversed with her while the seeds of consumption were gradually destroying her life-forces, and her clairvoyant-vision disclosed the beauties of the realms above.

Knowing nothing of Spiritualism, nothing of the beauties of spirit communion, she conversed with her guardian spirits, held sweet communion with them, and received a description of her spirit home. The Scotch are often gifted with second-sight, as it is called. This faculty seemed to be especially developed in Kitty. Some thought her crazy; thought she was laboring under some strange hallucination.

One day, when sitting by her bedside, and looking out the window that was adorned with flowers and clambering vines, we noticed that she gazed intently at some object. "What do you see, Kitty?" we asked. "See? Oh! I see a coffin!"

The tears glistened in her eyes, her features became radiant with an angelic light, like the smile of an angel, and she said, "My name is printed on the lid; thereon is written also this—'Within six days your soul will pass from the trials of earth to enter one of the many mansions of our Father.'"

"What else do you see, Kitty?" I inquired. "A radiant angel standing at the head of the casket, her features illuminated with a smile of joy. She says she will be present to welcome me."

Taking my hand in hers, she said, "I have only one regret. I wish I could have dropped down dead in the arms of him who proved a libertine, and thus saved my father and mother this disgrace. Oh! I could not resist him. The charm had its effect, the insidious villain did his work, and my vision was blinded, for he said that God demanded it. In yonder arbor where the woodland vines and lilies make a fairy temple, there on bended knees, in prayer to God, and with a Bible in his hand, he declared his love; and though I knew he had a wife and children, I was blinded, confused, subdued to his vile purposes, and when I broke his influence, the pangs of the serpent had penetrated my vitals, added flame to the destroying disease I had inherited, and I was prostrated on this bed. In six days come here, my friend, and see me for the last time." And we did go. It was ten o'clock on the sixth day when we entered her room. The father, mother, and neighbors were gathered around the couch of the poor girl. The dying one turned towards me, and beckoned me to her, and whispered, "You have come to see me die; no, not die, but live. I forgive the living, and die full of peace and compassion. I was ruined, but out of that, I shall be transformed into an angel of light. There she stands, the same lovely creature, accompanied with a bevy of little children, whose faces are illuminated with pleasurable emotions."

Every one present shed tears. It was a sad scene. Death never wears a cheerful aspect. You can't smile over a dying couch when you see a wreck, a young life crushed by an infamous prayerdozer. She passed to Spirit-life as peacefully as the bud expands into a leaf, and was clothed with a more glorious vesture. We will draw a curtain over this sad wreck of a young life.

Prayerdozers are numerous. One-half of the ministers of the Gospel are such. They prey upon God, invade his kingdom with their noisy presence and clamorous petitions. Poor Mary Pomeroy was the victim of a prayerdozer. Her sweet life faded away—even as the dew drop disappears from its resting place on a delicate leaf, laved off by the tongue of a poisonous insect. Old Rev. Glendening preyed upon her, and the poor victim went to repose in that region where prayerdozers are not known.

From this time on, all these hypocritical Christians shall be called prayerdozers. Webster, when he revises his dictionary again, will refer to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as having first prominently used the word, one that was much needed, and which henceforth shall be familiar to every Spiritualist.

Oh! for a key, a key, that can unlock the hearts of contemptible prayerdozers and expose to the world the dirt, the debris, the unclean things therein contained, and thus save from ruin those they would prey upon.

A. J. FISBACK has been speaking at Battle Creek, Michigan, to appreciative audiences.

GILES B. STREBENS speaks in Battle Creek, Mich., Sundays of April 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th.

Our good brother, J. F. SNIPES, of New York, suggests to us an important question in regard to crime and criminals.

Persecutions of Mediums.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I see in a late JOURNAL, a statement of the number of public mediums now in prisons on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. I do not know that those mediums are guilty of deception, but if they are, it is well, perhaps, that they be taught that strict honesty is the best policy; but what are we to say of those who prefer such charges against mediums? Are they less guilty than our mediums are? We shall see.

Not long ago, I heard a Methodist minister state in reply to a delegation of brethren, who came to engage his service, that he would preach the Gospel for them, once each Sunday, for one year for three hundred dollars. Now, what is gospel according to Methodism? It is not gospel according to Universalism, nor according to Catholicism, or Unitarianism. If this Methodist minister should be arraigned before a Court of Justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, by pretending to preach the Gospel of God, can we, for one moment, suppose that he could successfully deny the charge? Members of the Methodist church would not be allowed to sit as jurors, for they would be parties to the case; and no Universalist, Catholic, Unitarian, Hindoo, Chinaman, Free-thinker, Infidel, Jew or Spiritualist, will say that the Methodists preach the true Gospel of God. So we see that our Methodist friends—and other Christians for that matter—all who engage for a compensation to preach the Gospel of God, are liable to arrest and punishment for obtaining money under false pretenses; because we have no universally accepted standard, not even in these United States, by which to determine what the Gospel of God is. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

When men, whether Spiritualists or Christians, assume to stand above their level, they are at once liable to get into trouble. Far more reasonable and just would it be for our Christian teachers to say to the people, "I will preach to you, at stated times, and for such sum, for one year, what I believe to be the Gospel of God." This course would soon bring things to their true level. Every tub would then have to stand on its own bottom. So with our public mediums; no one of whom should ever say, "I will, for a certain sum, open to you a door through which you can communicate with your dead," but rather, "I will sit for you one hour, but you must be your own judge of the cause of the phenomena that may take place." This course would leave no ends loose to be taken advantage of by unprincipled devotees of other religions; for, if I understand the laws governing mediumship, no medium knows, when he sits down for a seance, whether there will be any manifestations or not. If not, under this course, he could not be blamed; but if manifestations should take place, skeptics would be more apt to suspect their true cause than otherwise.

All the true Spiritualist asks in this world is to stand on an equal footing with the rest of mankind. We ask no legal advantage of any one. Give us this chance; then if we can not maintain ourselves as an honest, intelligent, and progressive people, we had better get out of the way and give place to others who can thus maintain themselves.

Clackamas, Oregon. WM. PHILLIPS.

REMARKS.—Certainly our good brother does not wish to justify those unscrupulous characters who, under the garb of mediumship, palm off a bogus figure for a spirit form. Two pretended mediums are now in prison in England, and one in this country. The protection of society is required, and frauds of all kinds—wherever found—should be punished. The honest medium has nothing to fear.

Quarterly Conyention at Lockport, N. Y.

A Quarterly Conyention of Spiritualists of Western New York, will be held in the city of Lockport, the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday in May next, holding session at 2 and 7 o'clock Friday, and at 10, 2 and 7 o'clock on Saturday and Sunday.

Our Lockport brethren have extended a cordial invitation to hold these quarterly gatherings with them for one year, and will, as on former occasions, do what they can by entertaining and otherwise to make them seasons of great intent and profit.

Eloquent, inspirational and normal addresses, good music and singing, and other interesting and appropriate exercises may be expected.

Responsive to this fraternal invitation, your Committee trust that this liberal offer may be generally accepted, and that there will be a large convocation of Spiritualist lecturers, mediums, singers, etc., and that this may be the best of the many excellent conventions held in this part of the State.

Come, friends, from city, village and hamlet, with well-filled baskets, prepared to serve picnic dinners at the place of meeting, thus releasing our hospitable entertainers from preparing for us dinners at their homes.

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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 every old subscriber who is in arrears, upon receipt of the amount due. To each one who shall pay arrears and renew for one year, we will send an Imperial cabinet size.

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. To every old subscriber who has already paid in advance, and who does not feel able to remit at once for another year, and who will procure for us a new yearly subscriber, we will send an Imperial cabinet size photograph, as well as one to the new subscriber. 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. These photographs will not be offered for sale and can only be had upon the above terms. NOTICE.—These photographs are copyrighted, and any infringement will be duly punished.

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Mrs. SCATTERGOOD, Franco and Inspirational speaker from England, is prepared to receive calls to speak in the Middle and Western States on her Journey West. For particulars, enclose stamp for circular, etc., to Fall River, Mass.

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This widely known Feeler has returned from a highly successful professional tour, and may be found for a short time at his parlors in the St. James Hotel, corner of State and Washington Streets. We can speak from personal knowledge of his superior ability and consistently refer the afflicted to him.

Important Notice.

The readers of this paper will find in this issue material that ought to interest every living being who has a liver. The claims set forth in behalf of what Holman's Liver-Pain can do are very strongly and mutually well sustained by a host of persons well-known and of the highest respectability, who tell us what it has already done for them.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER, of No. 136 Castle St., Boston, is a very fine test, business and medical medium. Our readers who can visit her in person should do so, her residence may be reached by either the Tremont Street or Shawmut Ave. horse cars. Those at a distance may enclose a lock of hair with two dollars, and register the letter.

The Russian Court invited Dr. Ayer and his family to the Archduke's wedding in the Royal Palace. This distinction was awarded him not only because he was an American, but also because his name as a physician had become favorably known in Russia on its passage round the world.

Chirvoyant Examinations from Lock of Hair. Dr. Butterfield will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease; its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines the mind as well as the body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y.

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