

RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

NOTED BY ALL PHILOSOPHERS

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth fears no dash, Doves at no human shrine, Seeks neither place nor applause: She asks a hearing.

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S. S. JONES, Editor.
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NO. 6.

Letter from Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

BROTHER BUNNY—Though my own heart, like the hearts of thousands of others who loved and honored our friend and brother and faithful co-worker, S. S. Jones, was stricken almost pulseless with horror and anguish by the announcement of the cruel manner of his separation from the earth, my spirit does not linger in the shadowy valley of his transition. Realizing as I do of how little moment to the strong, healthful, richly cultured spirit of immortal personality, is the circumstance of its passage from one plane of locality to another, when compared with the immeasurable riches of its divine possibilities of inter- or unfoldment, I follow our Brother's real life, entering into sympathy with his unalterable gladness and his freedom from the bonds of clay. I can not for a moment feel that in any real degree he has ceased his co-operation with us in the work that he so much loved, and to which he devoted for so many years the noblest, highest energies of his brave soul and tireless mind.

The Spirit-world seems all the dearer and nearer to me for the abiding therein of so many of our loved ones.

I enclose a humble tribute of my inspiration to the memory of our departed Brother, and be assured I shall lose no opportunity for lending whatever aid and encouragement I can to the interests of the JOURNAL. Were I on the wing as much as formerly, I could do much more for it than I can in my present comparative retirement from public labor. It will give me great pleasure to send you any subscriptions that I may be able to secure, not only because of the interest I have in the education of humanity, but from the more selfish desire to obtain a photograph, shadow of our dear friend and teacher, S. S. Jones. Next to his materialized personality brought into my presence, I should prize a true picture of him as he appeared among us in his mortal form.

IN MEMORIAM.

As one by one our golden sheaves
Are gathered by the Reaper's hand,
Still nearer seems the angel-land,
E'en while our human nature grieves.

The precious, priceless truth to know
That our beloved are still our own,
Though from our mortal presence flown,
Brings heaven to our life below.

Although our earthly beacon-fires
May be extinguished by the breath
Of those transitions we call death,
Their flame of guidance never expires.

From Love's supernal hills divine,
Far out upon Time's rolling sea,
Undim'd to all eternity
Their hallow'd splendors burn and shine.

The earnest, faithful toiler here
In the defense of Truth and Right,
Can on us shed a purer light
Ascending to a higher sphere.

In the celestial realms of thought,
Our Brother's comprehensive mind,
Shall richer draughts of wisdom find,
Than yet to mortal have been brought.

Though he hath won, we have not lost,
We've gained one guiding angel more,
To lead us to a higher shore
His great soul will not count the cost.

Our hearts with sorrow may run o'er,
And burning tears of grief may fall
Upon the marble brow, and pall
For joys that can return no more.

But when we seek the spirit free,
The great Philosophy of Life
He taught, will calm the waves of strife
Betwixt the WAS and the TO BE.

He, potent mind and spirit brave,
Had taken from the Terror-king
Long e'er he pass'd from earth, the sting,
And won the victory from the grave.

The poor imprison'd soul whose hate,
And greed, and lustful wrath would fain
Have our dear friend and brother slain,
Hurled his venom'd shaft too late.

He only dies whose soul and mind
Are chained and fetter'd in the dust
By human ignorance and lust,
To Love's immortal glories blind.

He only lives whom Love and Truth
Inspire, until his every sense
Of being glows with the intense,
Immortal fires of fadeless youth.

The powers of darkness met in strife—
Their victim lingers in prison,
He whom they sought to slay hath risen,
Into a larger, fuller life.

Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER.

LEARN from your earliest days to endure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in a constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear, do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—Sidney Smith.

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL WATSON.

Christening a Child by the Spirits—A Spirit United in Marriage to a Mortal—Excellent Manifestations.

COL. BUNNY—Dear Bro.—I know by experience that letters of condolence can do but little to alleviate affliction. I sympathize with you in the loss you have sustained by the brutal murder of your esteemed Father-in-law, Bro. S. S. Jones. I was absent when Mr. Francis's dispatch was received, announcing the painful intelligence.

Having devoted much time and money to the investigation of materialization for the past three years, I thought after Washington came out in my library five times one evening, and a number of times on his birthday, with my library packed full, nearly all of whom were not Spiritualists, I thought I would cease my investigations of that phase of Spiritualism, after this memorable event. I find it, however, difficult to stop.

Having been invited to witness the performance of an interesting ceremony last Sunday night, I attended a seance by Mrs. Miller, at No. 13 Martins St. She was tied as usual. The physical manifestations excel any I have ever seen or read of with any medium. The laws of gravitation and cohesion seem to be suspended by those who perform many things apparently miraculous. Soon after she was entranced, a number of forms walked out, came up to us, shook hands, and did many things like mortals.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen were there, with babe two months old brought by arrangement to be baptized by Mr. Schindler, who was when in earth-life an Episcopal clergyman, who passed away from this country a few years since. He came out in his surplice, looking very much like the rectors we see at Episcopal Churches in our city. He went to Mrs. Owen, took the child in his arms and brought it to me, placing it in my arms.

His widow was sitting by my side. She saw and recognized her husband as in earth-life, as she said at the time. He took the child from me, and carrying it back near its mother, holding it on his left arm, his right hand extended high as he could reach, baptized it, as Mrs. S. said he used to do in the Church. After this he took the child behind the curtain and kept it there for some time, while others came out. A female brought it to Mrs. Owen who was getting uneasy about her babe, fearing they might take it off with them. This is a plain statement of what occurred.

On Monday evening they came to my library. We use no cabinet, only a curtain hung in one corner of the room with brick walls on both sides. How many came out, and walked the floor and dematerialized I can not say, nor is it necessary. One thing I will state with certainty. There were five different spirit forms came out, one after the other, and stood for some time with their backs against the wall to be measured. This was done by Mr. J. W. Beaumont, of the firm P. C. Thompson & Co., 248 North Third St., Philadelphia.

Many were made with a pencil on the plastered wall and their heights were as follows: One three feet ten inches; one four feet six inches; one five feet nine and one-half inches; one five feet and seven inches. Mrs. Miller's height, as ascertained after she came out, was five feet two and one-half inches.

Last night was our regular family sitting. Our home medium was controlled, and a communication from Bro. S. S. Jones, which I will enclose to you, was given.

Mrs. Miller is coming to my house this evening to give a seance in my library. I will not close this till we see what will be the result of our meeting to-night. We are expecting something out of the common materialization seances. If it is a success I will add a P. S.

I am Yours very Sincerely,
S. WATSON.

Memphis, Tenn.

P. S. THURSDAY MORNING.—Our seance last night was a complete success. I can not tell how many persons came out, but the differences in their size and height were more varied than on Monday night when we measured them. They were from the size of our little "Sammie," who was only about two years old when he passed away about a year ago, to some that were about six feet high. They walked about among us, shaking hands with us as naturally as earth friends could do.

The most interesting matter, however, was the marriage of Mr. S. to Miss Alice Roberts, who was to have been married to Thomas Moore, but died just before the time her marriage was to have occurred. She is a beautiful woman and was dressed in splendid style. She came out looking as natural as an earthly bride. The marriage ceremony was performed by me, and one who might have been there without the knowledge of the fact that it was a materialized spirit, could not have told but that they were both of the earth sphere. After they were finally married I congratulated them, kissing the bride, after which the company came up and did the same.

Quite a number of spirits then came out partaking of the cake, candies, raisins, etc., and handing them round to the company. I took a glass of wine with the bride, both of us drinking a large wine glass full.

Every thing seemed as natural as any of the weddings I have attended as a minister

for a third of a century in this vicinity. I will give a more extended account of this in the next issue of the magazine.

I leave in a few minutes to attend the State Convention at Hartford, Conn., to form an Association of Spiritualists.

As Ever Yours,
S. W.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

Interesting Particulars in Reference to Sleep.

The Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, M. A., in the course of some remarks on a subject which had occupied the previous attention of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, said: At the close of the interesting discussion, at our last meeting on the paper of the president, I asked him how he correlated his theories with the fact of the existence of prophetic dreams. His reply was to the merit of simplicity. He denied their existence altogether. Now, that reply struck me with amazement; for, first of all, I remembered hearing from him some very curious and interesting statements as to the transcendental action of spirit, or super-sensuous perception. If this were so during bodily activity, it seemed to me wonderful that the same power should be denied to the spirit when the conditions for its action were perfected by the repose of the body.

On a priori principle that seemed to me illogical. Moreover, I had facts in my own experience, and had read many in the experience of others, which seemed to me to negate the president's dictum, absolutely and altogether. Almost any book dealing, however remotely, with the subject, records them; almost anybody has had, at some time, experience of them. The fact is, that sleep and its phenomena are very complex. It was ones mooted in a discussion of this society whether it was possible to dream of using senses which the dreamer in his waking state did not possess and never had. Harriett Martineau tells of an old lady, blind from her birth, who yet saw in her sleep, and described accurately in her waking state the clothing of individuals. This would show that the spiritual perceptions are awake during bodily sleep, and that dreams are not merely revived cerebral impressions. Moreover, the combination of time and space in dream is analogous to what we know of the action of spirit, and leads to the belief that the spirit is active then. The truth probably is, that many persons during sleep become conscious of spiritual influences which they do not perceive during their waking state; and what we call dreams are the more or less imperfect recollection of what the spirit sees and does during bodily repose. The incongruities of dreams are the blurs caused by the imperfect transfer of the picture of the physical brain. It was perfect. It is marred in copying. Many persons during sleep become clairvoyant; many are conscious of what transpires at a distance. Many, I believe, receive spiritual impressions during the time of training of their spirits, which they more or less imperfectly recollect on waking.

Mr. Stainton-Moses, in his *Philosophy of Sleep*, quotes a curious dream of his own, which bears on the question of clairvoyance or prophetic dreams. Being in Calcutta, he dreamed that a near relation, residing three hundred miles off, had suddenly died. He awoke in a "state of inconceivable terror." He wrote to inquire, and, till he heard, was in a state of "most unpleasant suspense." Three days elapsed before an answer came, and then it was to the effect that the person in question had had a fatal attack of palsy the very day on the morning of which he dreamed his dream. He was in a perfect state of health before the stroke. It came on him like a thunderbolt.

The death of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was foretold by a prophetic dream, thrice repeated to Mr. Williams, of Scourie House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, on the night of May 11th, 1812. A friend to whom the dream was told on the following morning, recognized Mr. Perceval by the description, and shortly after news came that the chancellor had been shot in the lobby of the House by one Bellingham. Six weeks after Mr. Williams went to town, visited the House of Commons, pointed out the exact spot of the Murder, and gave particulars, minute and exact, of everything connected with it.

Sir Humphrey Davy dreamed that he was ill in Italy, in a particular room, the furniture of which he noted, nursed by a young girl whose face he remembered. Some years after, he was traveling in Italy, was taken ill, laid up in the very room, and nursed by the very girl whom he saw in his dream.

Moore, in his work on *Body and Mind*, relates that an intimate friend of his own, a diplomatist, had engaged a passage to America by a steamer which was to leave May 6th, 1858. A few days after the passage was taken, a lady, well known to both, dreamed of the loss of the vessel. The dream was very vivid, and was twice repeated. Circumstances prevented Mr. de S. from going by that particular vessel, which was lost in accord with the dream. This was told to Moore some weeks before it was verified.

Here is a case of a dream occurring to two persons. A lady, residing with her son in one of the Eastern States of America, dreamed that her daughter, then resident

in New York, was taken suddenly ill. Her son had the same dream on the same night. They were greatly impressed, and compared their respective dreams, which tallied exactly. In due course came a telegram, and the mother went to New York, to find her daughter ill precisely as she had dreamed.

Not to multiply cases, which I might do *ad lib.*, these are sufficient to establish my proposition that dreams do show action of spirit, and are at times employed for purposes of warning. All that I have quoted come from authentic sources, and I might detain you for hours with experiences similar in kind. Probably the experience of most of us contains some such fact. It is so with me, at any rate, and I know many persons who corroborate that statement.

Gerald Massey, in a lecture reported May 17th, 1872, says: "On waking up at seven o'clock my wife informed me that my mother was dead. Asked what she knew. She said she had seen in a dream the black-edged envelope put under the bedroom door. At eight o'clock the veritable letter came." A personal friend of my own, to whom I mentioned this subject, says that she lately dreamed of a letter written to her husband from a relative with whom he had for a long time had no communication. She saw it most clearly, and noticed that it ended, on a particular spot of the third page. The letter came; she looked over her husband's shoulder, and saw the very counterpart of the letter of her dream.

The first thing that drew my attention to this matter, was an occurrence that came before me while I was at Oxford. I had a very intimate friend who was on terms of closest intercourse with me. One day he came into my room with an open letter, which he had evidently received with much concern. He told me that his mother had written in great distress, having, as he said, "Again had one of her horrid dreams." He told me that he originally had three brothers and a sister, of whom the sister alone survived. The others are dead, and before the death of each his mother had had a particular dream, foreshadowing the event and even the date. I regret that I can not now say positively whether she had actual-dreamed of the day of death, but that she had warning I am sure. In all cases the warning had been fulfilled. This letter led him to believe that his mother had now dreamed of the date of his sister's death.

Hence his disquietude. His own death he had a premonition of himself. The date is past; but he went to Australia, and has passed out of my ken. Is it strange that I believe in prophetic dreams?—London Spiritualist.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

The Strongest Manifestation on Record.
A Spirit Photographed by a Magnesium Light.

MR. EDITOR.—With your kind permission, I will lay before your readers a brief, but concise account of what I consider to be the strongest demonstration of spirit power that is yet on record. During the past winter a party of ladies and gentlemen have been holding a circle at Bastian and Taylor's rooms every Wednesday evening, not for mere personal manifestations, but for the development of the phenomena through the above named mediums, and the furtherance of the cause. After having attended for thirty nights (during which the spirits have shown a gradual increase in strength, on two occasions bringing the medium out with them in the presence of the sitters), the attendants have been rewarded by witnessing the climax, as it were, of spirit manifestation.

Last Wednesday evening, Mr. W. Shaw, the well-known photographer of 148 State Street, this city, brought his camera and other apparatus for taking a picture, and to the astonishment and pleasure of all present, succeeded in getting one of a spirit.

The cabinet, which is nothing but a plain board structure partitioning off the end of the room, was submitted to a careful examination by two gentlemen appointed for that purpose, and the medium, Mr. Bastian, directed of all his clothing and closely investigated before the circle began. The company then sang a verse or two of a favorite hymn, and after a few minutes had elapsed, a female form appeared in the doorway of the cabinet and signified to the artist that she was ready to try and be photographed. Turning on the full blaze of a lamp, Mr. Shaw focused his lens and got everything in order for the experiment, after which the spirit receded into the cabinet to renew her strength. At a given signal a magnesium light of the strength of ten thousand candles, was then lit and following the flash out stepped a beautiful being arrayed in white, to take a graceful and easy position by a chair, in front of and facing the amazed and bearded assembly.

Steadily posed, the spirit bowed to the artist, and the cloth was taken from the camera, and the operation began. After standing before the camera for twenty seconds, the spirit retired, the chemical light was extinguished and the lamp turned up to see results. Through some misworking of the lens, however, no impression was found on the plate, and the artist with the consent of the spirit proceeded to try again. The light again put in force, the spirit once more taking the same position, motioned to the photographer to go on.

Uncovering the lens, the artist counted slowly and loudly, one, two, three, up to

thirty, when he threw the cloth on the camera, extinguished the light, and the spirit disappeared, leaving, however, the impression of her angelic form and face pictured on the minds of every one present, and also on the sensitized plate of the artist, to be shown to the world as the crowning proof of spirit materialization.

Such is, in substance, what took place in the presence of fifteen persons, ladies and gentlemen, of high standing in society and intelligence, two of whom, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hale, were the parents of the beautiful young lady. Their daughter has been in spirit-life about twenty-six years, and judging by her heavenly appearance, as she stood there thirty seconds in the intense rays of the chemical light, with every fold in her snowy drapery and each lineament plainly seen, she is in verity an angel.

Crowned with what looked like a silver coronet sparkling with gems, from which hung in filmy profusion a fine lace veil; her oval-shaped face illumined with the light from large, beaming, blue eyes, she was the true embodiment of all that is graceful and lovely. To the father and mother it was a glorious realization of their daughter's continued existence, and to the rest of the circle a grand manifestation, witnessed with ineffable pleasure.

M. B. C.
We, the undersigned, who were present at Bastian and Taylor's seance on Wednesday evening, March 28th, do hereby testify that the foregoing account of the photographing of the spirit daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hale, is substantially correct.

D. H. HALE.	JAMES CLARK.
MRS. D. H. HALE.	MRS. M. B. CARY.
ERNEST SAMLER.	D. STEWART.
MRS. C. DAVIS.	MRS. J. ROBERTS.
VICTOR VOGEL.	J. W. DAVIS.
MARY E. VOGEL.	W. H. SHAW.
H. H. CROCKER.	MRS. H. H. CROCKER.
	MALCOLM TAYLOR.

Reluke by Spirit Telegraph.

DEAR JOURNAL.—I am not a Spiritualist, yet I am hunting for "the evidence of the life after death." I had recently an experience so peculiar that I would be pleased if you would give place in your valuable paper to a brief statement.

About the 11th of March I visited San Francisco, and having heard much of the famous spirit telegraphing medium, Mrs. S. F. Breed, determined to visit her circle on Sunday night at her parlors, No. 21 Powell St. I was not a little surprised to find the parlors filled to the number of sixty or more exceedingly intelligent people.

Mrs. Breed's manner of communicating with spirits is truly wonderful. The sounds that come on the table are to me something like, or very near the telegraphic form, reading by sound the full name of spirits and those with whom they wish to speak. To me this is exceedingly strange.

Can any one explain how an empty table can talk and give such perfect statements of facts? I am willing to accept facts when given to me or others, even if they do come through a table. I am sorry now that I did not seek this strange phenomena years ago, it might have saved me a severe rebuke that I received from the spirit, who came and telegraphing to the medium, said, "Mary, Mary I have you forgotten the promise to deliver a message you made me in 1847 just before I passed to spirit-life?" I asked for the name of the spirit; it was given full, Louisa Biglow Mosher, also the initials of the party, now living, to whom the message was sent. How sadly I felt that I had wronged her, when learning that she did still live. The promise I will fulfill at my earliest opportunity. Not a mortal living aside from the spirit and myself, knew that I had made a promise or the purpose of it.

So many startling tests were given during the evening and to strangers, that I concluded Mrs. Breed must be in close rapport with the world of spirits.

The spirit of Samuel Dunn announced himself and said to me, "I saw you in 1852 pick up a pebble from my grave, and in 1875 you gave it to my wife, now Mrs. Weizner, of Michigan, for which I thank you." These were facts not known to the medium. I will state, that in 1852, while crossing the plains to California, it was common to see newly made graves by the way side. On a grave board I read the name, Samuel Dunn. While picking a pebble from the grave the thought came to me that I might some future time return to Michigan, and I would carry this little memento to his wife, my old friend, and sure enough when visiting the East in 1875 I did present the pebble to his wife as stated.

I would like to have it explained to me how the medium came by all these facts if spirits can not communicate.

I am willing to receive knowledge from the Spirit-world, if there be such a place. I want more light. If any of my friends or relatives, while reading this, think me insane, I truly hope they will make an effort to learn for themselves.

MARY E. BROWN.

Woodland, Cal.

JOHN BILLINGS says he don't know what Jonah did when he was in the whale's society—but if I had him in his place I'd rowed him to shore and then struck him.

WHAT IS DEATH?

What is Death? I ask and wonder. While before the mental eye Visions come as if in answer. Like to sunbeams gliding by. First a miser, with his treasures Piled around him, helpless lay; And methought that close beside him Stood a form in bright array; But a cloud overspread its features, Not of anger, but of pain; Well it knew the one now summoned Still was wedded to his gain. How the old man's bony fingers, Clutch'd the hoard as if to say, Death to him was but a robber, Taking all his gold away. Yet the angel sadly lingered, Striving hard his soul to raise Through the gloom, toward his Maker, Ere he ends his misspent days. Next, I heard a plaintive sighing, Then, I saw a darkened street; Now a form, crouched on a doorstep: Cold and bare her naked feet. She had pass'd the day in sorrow, Sighing though her heart might break; Jostled and the crowd unheeded, Thrilling with her voice so sweet. But the day was wet and dreary, And the folks they hurried past; Heeding not her simple ballads, Scarce a look upon her cast. She will never more be hungry, One is there who knows her grief; 'Tis a fond and angel mother, Bringing now her soul relief. Oh, what glory shines around her, Conel the dark and lonesome street; On a mother's breast she nestles, Death was mercy, death was sweet. Starved to death; as on the morrow, When they found her lifeless form; Cold and silent on the flagstone, Never more to heed their scorn. Still I wonder in my musings, What can perish with our breath; Oh, 'tis but a name we give it, There is no such thing as death. E. W. Hooper, in Medium and Daybreak.

The Present and Future.

BY D. F. KAYNER, M. D., MEDIUM.

Spiritualists of America, why stand ye idle? A sense to a sense of your duty ere it is too late! To you, and to the Spiritualists of the world, a great light has been given—a bright star has arisen—a child has been born. That light, the dawning of reason in its efforts to free itself from the shackles of bigotry! That star, the bright-beaming radiance of intelligence from the Spirit-world beyond! That child, the CHILD OF IMMORTALITY, bearing messages of love and wisdom from the dear ones gone before, who have crossed the river called Death! Shall this light, upon which depends the near future of humanity be blotted out? Shall this star, the brightest of all in the mental galaxy of worlds, be whirled from its orbit and rolled back to chaos? Shall this child, the child of God and humanity—'fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely,' be strangled in its infancy? Shall all our hopes, our aspirations, our rights, be crushed out, and ourselves and our posterity, be forever subjected to the frowns—the tortures and the ignominious inventions of the hellish malice of zealots and bigots? Shall our God-given rights of freedom of thought and opinion, be trampled out beneath the iron heel of superstition, intolerance and tyranny, and ourselves and our children be subjected to a system of mental slavery far worse than death? We have had abundant indications that such is the purpose, with which zealots and bigots are concentrating their energies and combining their forces for the final overthrow of all personal liberty of conscience and freedom of opinion. Look at the combined efforts of the secular press, under the domination of sectarianism, or to cater to religious prejudices for the sake of favor, to ridicule, deride and attempt to degrade all who dare express a belief in "the communion of spirits!" Look at the combined efforts of legalized, (by form of law) medical societies to procure, in the different States, enactments by class legislation, that will suppress the mediumistic healers from curing by "angel ministrations" the suffering sick, or restoring to health those whom the self-conceited bigots of the special schools of physic have in their ignorance consigned to a life of misery or premature death, from their want of knowledge of the conditions and needs of the sufferers, and the natural appliances to afford relief. Look at the malicious falsehoods, denunciations and anathemas of the priesthood of all denominations against the coming to earth of spirits of the dear departed to inspire thought and set reason aglow with the fires of intuition and spiritual knowledge; and then look at the combined influence of all these forces with most of the lawyers and ministers of justice (?) to ostracize Spiritualists, persecute mediums, and assassinate the leading minds and ablest workers in the ranks of the Spiritualists, and tell me if these do not as surely point to their combined determination to destroy Spiritualism; drive out free thought, blot out all right to liberty of conscience, and freedom of opinion as a guide-board is supposed to point the way to town? Then what is to be done? Let Spiritualists, everywhere, rally and take each by the hand, laying aside all petty differences of opinion, and firmly united, stand shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of progression, to oppose with determined will and beat back the combined forces of error to their dark caverns of ignorance or else to drive them out into the light. This is ours to do, and to do now; to conquer in the name of truth and humanity, or to die with our harness on, and "our face to the foe." It is no time for laggards; there is no place for cowards. Energy, action—immediate action—determination, concentration and effectual organization are at once demanded if we would be free ourselves and bequeath the boon of untrammelled liberty of conscience to our posterity—to the great humanity. How can this be done? By the united efforts of Spiritualists and the liberal bestowments of the means in the hands of those who have abundance of this world's goods. The poor man's offering and the "widow's mite, however small, will also add a rich treasure to the donations of the wealthy—they will add a moral—a magnetic—a spiritual support, which is invaluable. With these let organizations be at once effected, and the true mediums, the inspired speakers, the faithful workers be sustained. Let the world know, let sectarians know, let bigots know, that we are united, prepared and resolved to be free at all hazards; and by our determination, assure them it will be worse than folly to attempt any ion-

get to deprive us of our rights and the victory will be won. What now are wealth, position, place or the honor of men to us if to obtain or hold them we must sacrifice our dearest rights? What benefit will the wealth of this world be to that man or that woman who, in this hour of trial, this hour of peril, will hold that bauble with a miser's grasp and let the greatest light of the nineteenth century be obscured for ages, when they meet, as meet they will, the stern gaze of the angels of light on the other shore, and their awakened conscience asks them, in that august presence, "What have I done to help spread this light—this glorious gospel of knowledge, of peace and good will among my fellow-men? Oh! how have I helped, rather, to obstruct the wheels of progression's car and roll back for ages the incoming and outpouring of this blessed light? My soul, oh, my soul! how can I bear this burden? How, oh, my God! can I free myself from the error—the selfishness of the earth-life? What will the accumulation and hoarding of worldly wealth be worth to that soul in such an hour, when, under the searching gaze of that angel host, the soul sits in judgment on itself? Friends, one and all, our cause is just and must be sustained. Our journals, periodicals and spiritual literature must be supported, read and circulated. Our hands must be cemented in the bonds of Love and Truth. The pains of our mediums must be anointed with the necessary means to enable them to live and devote all their energies to the work of unshackling the minds of humanity from "the traditions of men and the doctrine of elders" and you who have the means must employ them practically and liberally now in aid of these efforts or yourselves and your posterity become the abject slaves of the despots of bigotry. Friends, do not pool! pool! at these ideas, nor attempt to put them aside by saying, "Our brother, the medium, has had his fears for the safety of Spiritualism aroused by the action of a villain in shooting Bro. Jones, and these forebodings are the result." Not so. The medium has no fears for himself nor for the final triumph of the truth. His fears are that that triumph may be long deferred and that millions may be made to suffer by having that great light obscured "for a season." And for the sake of those millions, and for the betterment of your own conditions in this, and in the second sphere, we have impressed the truths so forcibly uttered by our mediums. Say not that jealousy, insanity, or avarice, alone or combined, prompted to the damning deed which so suddenly freed the spirit of S. S. Jones from his mortal body; but say, rather, it was the concentration of the hate and malice of the enemies of Spiritualism which had been pouring out in bitter torrents against this fearless advocate of the cause, that found a lodgment in the brain of Pike, and made him their executioner. Thoughts are real entities, whether spoken or not. They go forth from a positive brain into the mental atmosphere as real as does a cannon ball in the physical atmosphere, and as direct to their mark. The unspoken hatred, antagonism, or desire to have some one assassinated, moves out until it finds some mind suited to give it a lodgment. It there takes active shape and stimulates the deed. Then who is responsible for the act—who is the real murderer; the one who fires the fatal shot and sends the bullet crashing into the brain of his victim, or the hatred of doctor-craft and priestcraft through whose spleen, denunciations and curses the evil influence was engendered—the poison distilled and the assassin thereby manufactured to do his dastardly work? And if this inquisitorial spirit can manufacture one murderer, it can manufacture its thousands; and, consequently, there is no safety only in union for defense, to enable all to repel these evil influences by surrounding themselves with an atmosphere of peace, love and good will which cannot be broken through by them. "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety," and nothing short of the strongest determination, the most active watchfulness and wearisome efforts, can avert the calamity. To slumber longer would be like sleeping in the crater of a volcano whose fires are about bursting forth. We have heard the mutterings, we have felt ourselves shakings in our security, and now we must act, and act at once, or it will be too late in this our day and generation. The immediate present is fraught with peril if these admonitions are not heeded. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and none so well understand this as the spiritually enlightened. But great truths never die. They may be obscured by the dark influences of evil disposed minds and may be buried alive for a time; but no tomb can confine them in long, no barrier restrain them from bursting in our "newness of life." Mediums may be persecuted—aye, slain—but the everlasting truth shall live on in the soul of the victim to meet the persecutor and assassin in judgment; while the freed spirit moves in an extended field of activities, and with intensified emotions and enlarged conceptions of the law of causation, sees just how to meet this state of things in a manner to bring the truth uppermost in the end; and with largely increased power to work, the risen spirit will now bend all the energies of the will to produce results that shall soonest and best accomplish that object. Then while the present may appear dark and gloomy, and cause the timid ones and the time-servers to shrink from the work, the future is all aglow with the glorious revelations which the "Heaven of Heavens cannot contain," but which is destined to fill the whole earth with the beaming radiance of the Life Divine, linking "heart of friend to friend," and uniting the whole family of man in one common brotherhood; cementing all in the bonds of universal love and goodness, swelling all hearts with gladness and joy unspeakable that knowledge and spirituality have been united for the enlightenment and betterment of the nations. The immediate nearness of this bright-beaming future to the ever present now, depends upon yourself. Then, Spiritualists, awake to duty! Arise and unite in action, and rest not until freedom be secured and becomes as universal as the light of the sun upon the earth. Organize! Build up Societies! Uphold mediums, and call upon angel bands to aid you in the coming struggle against the enemies of truth and light; and with the assistance of the Mighty Hosts of God your shut pal to rout the armies of "Gog and Magog," and the victory of Right over Might shall be yours. The angels are your helpers, and with them you shall conquer; and the glories of the future shall be blended with the present, and the Mossoms of Hope shall end in the glad fruition of knowledge, and in that "peace which passeth knowledge." St. Charles, Ill.

Remarkable Psychological Experience of a Michigan Pioneer and Railroad Builder. The following remarkable narrative of a wonderful experience, I noted down carefully when it was related to me by Henry Willis, of Battle Creek, whom I have known for years a man of frank integrity, uncommon energy in business, clear and vigorous intellect, practical sagacity, executive force, firm and strong nerve, and fine physical health. He came from Pennsylvania to oversee the building of the Michigan Central Railroad, under State authority, from Detroit to Ypsilanti, has been well known in this region since, enjoys good health at seventy years of age, as a result of his Quaker temperance, and has as the result of his energy and industry a fair competence, which might have been much larger had not his hospitality and public spirit been generous and active. The reference to former well-known residents of this city, some still here, makes this narrative of additional interest. M. W. Baldwin was the first locomotive builder in America, and gave name to the great locomotive works of Baldwin & Co., in Philadelphia. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Willis all his life, connected with him in business and on cordial and familiar terms. I give the words of Henry Willis as given for the edification of his hearers. He has seldom told this strange story, and could only be induced to allow its publicity as a possible help to psychological and spiritual research and knowledge. He said: "In July, 1858, M. W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, Pa., came with me to Detroit, intending to start a branch locomotive building shop on Cass wharf, or river front. We remained near three weeks in Detroit together. I was at that time engaged to build a railroad from Kalamazoo to Allegan, of which Sydney Ketchum, of Marshall, was President. I think it was on a Thursday morning I left my friend Baldwin for Allegan; he was to leave on a steambot at 10 o'clock of the same day for his home. As I passed through Marshall on Friday Ketchum requested me to go to Sandusky, Ohio, and purchase provisions for our railroad men, as there were none to be had on our route, the country being new. I came on and stopped at Battle Creek to visit. On Saturday and Sunday I became very uneasy. I was frequently asked if I was unwell. On Monday morning I went east with some friends in their carriage, and on Tuesday attended a Quaker quarterly meeting at Richard Glazier's, near Ann Arbor. I was asked by many if I was unwell. My mind was much depressed, but I bore up and endeavored to be cheerful, and after meeting left for Sandusky in company with friends living near Adrian. We spent that night at Jacob Walton's and still I was uneasy, and could not imagine the cause. At Tecumseh I stopped to take the stage and paid my fare to Sandusky. The stage drove up within fifteen or twenty feet of the door of the hotel. I handed the driver my carpet bag, three passengers were inside, and as I put my foot on the step to get in I felt a heavy blow on the back of my neck, and the words 'go to Detroit' were as audible, but I turned to see who struck me, and found the driver and passengers, all before me, were nearer than the hotel, twenty feet off. I stood astonished, and passengers and driver shouted 'why don't you get aboard?' I said, 'Driver, hand me my bag.' I took it, went to the hotel and asked the landlord who it was that struck me on the back of my neck. 'No one was nearer you than I, standing here in the door, I saw you,' said he, 'give me a bound as you put your foot on the step, but no one struck you. I know for I was looking directly at you.' 'What is the matter?' he asked. 'I must go to Detroit,' I said, 'and can not imagine why, or for what, I have no business there.' The Chicago stage drove up in a moment or two. I mounted the seat with the driver, handed him fifty cents to drive his route as fast as he could. I repeated it with the next driver. When we drove into the upper end of Main street at Ypsilanti, I told him to go directly to the railroad, not to stop at the stage office, and I would make it all right with Hawkins the stage man, if he felt as though I wanted to fly, so anxious was I to reach the station. As we turned out of Main street I saw an engine on the track. The engineer said to the fireman, as I afterward learned, 'Let us go; we can't find Willis.' The fireman looked around, saw the stage, and said: 'Stop; Willis must be in that stage.' He jumped down, ran and met us 300 feet off. I knew him, and said: 'Why, Jack, what on earth is the matter?' and he answered: 'Baldwin fell down sick in the hotel two or three hours after you left last Thursday. His great wish has been to have you with him. We have been out for days to try and find you. This morning when we left it was doubtful if he lived till night.' We went to Detroit as fast as the engine could go. I ran to the hotel where the Russell House now stands, and as I reached the head of the stairs the landlord and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wales, Dr. Hurd and five or six of the servants were at the door. Dr. Hurd said: 'He is gone.' I pushed into the room, threw off my coat and applied my hands over his head and down the sides of his face and neck as vigorously as I could for some five or six minutes, when he spoke: 'Henry, where have you been? where have I been? Oh, how much I have wanted you with me!' Dr. Hurd said: 'Well, if that is not bringing a man to life what will?' This action of mine, like magnetizing, I can not account for. I never did it before or ever saw it done. He was in a trance or spasm, but not dead. Dr. Hurd told me his symptoms were those of a dying man. I remained seven weeks with him never sleeping in all that time on a bed, except about four or five hours in Lewis Cass, Jr.'s room, when C. C. Townbridge and August Porter relieved me one night. I took him home on a cot to his family in Philadelphia, he not having been able to sit up for some eight or nine weeks. I think it was in 1844 or 1845 I was at work in my nursery of fruit trees, at Battle Creek, with my hand there, as it often had been, on this strange and to me unaccountable matter, how I was some 60 miles from Detroit, going directly away to the South, and on important business, and why I should have changed my course, and a voice said to me: 'The spirit of Baldwin's father was after you to go and save his son and take him to his family.' Down to this time I had never told a living being about this singular affair, not even Baldwin himself. From the moment that I was thus notified in my nursery why I went to Detroit I ceased to wonder, and was, and still am, convinced that there was an invisible power that followed me from the time I arrived at Battle Creek until I took Baldwin to his home. Spiritualism was not thought of at that time. I had never before been so singularly uneasy in my mind. The instant I took my carpet-bag from the driver, at Tecumseh, I felt a relief but was exceedingly anxious to proceed to Detroit.

We arrived at Ypsilanti, two or three hours before the time for the cars to leave for Detroit, hence the strangeness of my anxiety to get to the railroad, since I knew nothing of an engine being in waiting for me, nor did I think of an engine until we turned from Main street and saw it some 80 rods off. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings during four days and nights prior to my yielding to go to Detroit, nor did I even think of Baldwin, except to suppose he was on his way home. The instant I gave up to go I felt great relief, but was very anxious to be off as fast as possible. Any comment on these remarkable facts would be superfluous. They give, surely, abundant food for thought. G. B. STEBBINS. Detroit, Mich. The Man Spirit. Modern Spiritualists, in common with all broadly educated men of the present age, have made not only a change but an immense advance in both the basis or starting point and the style of reasoning on this topic. A change so radical that they themselves frequently stumble and slip back into the old rules unconsciously. That non-descript, immaterial spirit, is now the exclusive property of the religiousist, and is not admitted by the scientific mind. So far, the modern Spiritualist, in theory, in adopting the idea of the materiality of spirit, is up with the times, and occupies a vantage ground which provided the proofs be forth coming, is unassailable. On the contrary, the Platonic theory, borrowed by Christianity, was and is unsusceptible of proof. We might believe, but could not and must not prove. But is it not true that spiritual writers and speakers to a man who has been handled and conversed with by spirits, the time and office of proofs is foregone; but in addressing the multitude who, like myself, have never seen a spirit, evidence is not only required, but it must be such as will bear the closest scrutiny. In one of your issues, under the caption of "What is man?" is an argument designed to prove the existence of this material man spirit. If this argument be addressed to those who have seen these spirits, it is labor lost. If to those who have not, it is unprofitable—because it appeals only to such evidence. It says: "There are two methods by which we know that man has a spiritual body: first, by its effects; second, by its appearance when seen clairvoyantly." The first alone appeals to those not clairvoyant. Again, "All our knowledge of the imponderables is derived from observation of their effects entirely." The great law of gravitation is known only in this way. "This is true of all the other imponderables, chemical affinity, electricity, magnetism, heat, light, etc. This is all true, but instead of its being evidence which gives light upon an alleged truth to those unfortunates who are not clairvoyant, it is simply an apology for the lack of it. It is clearly true that we know but little of chemical affinity, electrical or any of the imponderables, but that fact sheds no light on another unknown quantity. It is true as stated, that "All our knowledge of the imponderables is derived from observation of their effects," but these effects are within the range of observation of all men, and unlike the unknown quantity under discussion, all men may have the evidence of their existence without special, unusual or unknown power. Again we quote: "The spiritual bodies are transmitted from parents, and begin their work of building up the physical body," etc.—Here the very facts sought to be proven is assumed without proof, viz.: that as spiritual body exists. If the fact of organization is evidence of a spiritual cause, then all organized bodies must have a corporeal spiritual cause; the cabbage as well as the man, and then we have an extended revival of the old metempsychosis. Again, "The spiritual body has the power of selecting elements and compounds, and appropriating them to its own use." Each organ (and every part of the external system) is the result of a corresponding part of the spiritual body," etc., and in fact, each and every proposition in the entire article, assumes the fact which it starts out to prove, viz.: "That man has a spiritual body." The writer clearly intimates that he has powers which are denied to most men, and which, had we such powers, any further evidence would be unnecessary—alluding to the case of the little boy suffering from heart disease, the doctor having clasped his hands over the region of the heart, the writer says: "In an instant the spiritual heart, which we could see throbbing in a very violent manner, began to beat with regularity, and in a very short time the physical heart kept time with the other, so that the palpitation was gone." We have here two very important facts: first, the fact that the spiritual heart could be seen, and second, one of the greatest importance to pathology, that the cause of palpitation of the heart is a want of synchronism between the spiritual and the physical heart. We have no desire to question this new fact in pathology, and yet it brings up ideas which it seems difficult to harmonize consistently with former positions. If this spiritual body lies behind the physical, and not only its exact counterpart, but the cause of its every part and every act, how is it possible for it to get out of beat at all? We can understand how it might get out of beat by accident or violence which should injure the physical organ, but this case was stated to be purely "functional and not organic." Another difficulty is if the spiritual body is the motive power as well as its cause of the physical body, and we are allowed to conceive of their becoming unsynchronized or out of beat, then there must be a portion of the physical organism which is not controlled by the spiritual. What is that power? And if a part of the physical organism may be operated by a different power, why not all? Again we may inquire if there be a spiritual organism behind each physical one, whence come they all? Have they always existed? or are they produced as wanted? Do they grow as plants or come into existence in full maturity? It is much easier to ask than to answer questions, but we submit that when a writer or speaker makes a distinct proposition in this matter-of-fact way that he ought to give some reason for the faith that is within him." The line which marks the bounds of demonstrated truth from those of theory and fiction needs to be surveyed carefully, and the landmarks kept up. We are not disposed to cry down either theory or fiction—both have their uses—only by all means let us have them labelled correctly to avoid mistakes. GEO. B. PARSONS. Hooper, Neb.

More About the Planets. EDITOR JOURNAL.—I wish to kindly correct some of the misrepresentations made by Mr. Avery, in a late number of the JOURNAL, concerning the planets. It is evident that he does not fully understand the law of universal gravitation, or that he has written what he did not intend. He tries to show that a body weighing one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth, would weigh four hundred pounds on the planet Mercury; thirty-eight pounds on Jupiter, and three pounds on Saturn. Now this is far from the truth. His error lies in the fact that he has failed to take into consideration the volume of the planets, as compared to that of the earth. If the planets Saturn, Jupiter, Mars and Mercury were just the size of the earth, his calculations would be correct; but such is not the case, some of the planets are a thousand times larger, while others are many times smaller. The law of gravitation is this, that the force of attraction is in proportion to the amount of matter, and decreases as the square of the distance. Now let us apply this law to the planets. The density of Saturn compared to that of the earth, is nearly as one to nine, and its diameter is about ten times greater than that of the earth; hence it is evident that Saturn contains a little more matter than the earth, consequently in accordance with the above law, a body would weigh just a little more on Saturn than it would on the earth. Applying the same law to Mercury, we find that the attractive force at its surface, is a little greater than that of the earth. A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth, would weigh about one hundred and fifty-nine pounds on Mercury, instead of four hundred pounds, as the gentleman asserts. If Mr. Avery will use the rule here given, (which is a correct one), he can arrive at the exact weight of a body on any of the planets. He will also find that there is not a planet in the solar system which is unfitted for being the abode of rational beings, so far as gravitation is concerned. He also objects to the superior planets being inhabited, on the ground that they would not support inhabitants, because of their great tenacity and the small amount of heat that they receive. Such arguments are entirely overturned by the discoveries of modern science, and had I time and space, I think I could convince Mr. Avery of the soundness of the doctrine of a plurality of worlds. My belief in this doctrine is not founded on the word of man, but in nature. JAMES POOL. Friendsville, Ill. Letter from Hon. A. G. W. Carter. MY DEAR COL. BUNDEY.—I have refrained from writing until I saw the JOURNAL and its account of matters and things in reference to the departure of our great friend! And now I have seen the JOURNAL and read what is well and timely said therein, and I am rejoiced to know the dignified and manly stand taken by you, the survivor of the calamity. I am so glad that Mr. J. R. Francis, Associate Editor, communicated so early with the spirit of Mr. Jones, and received such beautiful and satisfactory answers; and I am still more rejoiced, that you announce such a faith and determined purpose of carrying on the JOURNAL. No doubt Bro. Jones will find mediums in abundance through whom he can be of more use now to the JOURNAL, than ever before. If Mr. Jones was so strong as a man, how much stronger will he be as a spirit? I am glad that you manifest such a spirit of leniency to the "deep damnation of his taking off," and to the perpetrator of the cruel deed. Indeed, indeed, he has much to bear, and will have much to bear hereafter: You will not, I think, contribute to his ponderous burden; already you say not the death penalty upon him. This is right; this is good and consistent with the teachings of the JOURNAL, and so mote it be. My dear Colonel, I believe most sincerely, that with your ability and talents, and energy, the JOURNAL will go on prospering and to prosper; and with the spirit help of our departed brother, the paper will be in every sense better than ever. What ever I can do in aid of its prosperity shall be willingly done. Indeed I would like to be a co-worker with you in making the JOURNAL the great teacher of mankind through the help of the Spirit-world. Allow me to assure you of my tenderest sympathy and condolence in the present emergency, and to express all my hope for the better. Your Friend, A. G. W. CARTER. New York. Spiritualism and the Law. One point which is liable to crop up on every occasion on which mediums are persecuted by the law, is that of the refusal of the bench to hear experts, in order to decide whether the alleged phenomena under consideration are genuine, or the result of imposture. This is a point which no counsel who does his duty to Spiritualists can permit to be overlooked. Directly the bench decides that the facts must be imposture, and that experts shall not be heard, as in other cases, at that moment it is the duty of the counsel to most strongly protest and to denounce the unconstitutional and illegal conduct of the judge or magistrate. There is no Act of Parliament relegating legal authorities to the jurisdiction of any particular section of scientific men, neither are they obliged to submit to the dictation of such men of science as refuse to inquire into certain of the phenomena of nature, phenomena which are empirically taboed on the same principle that certain savages, fearless to the backbone, nevertheless think that some evil will fall upon them if they chance to see their mothers-in-law; consequently if one of them passes that fearful woman he trembles with terror, and holds his gigantic shield before his eyes, to cut off from vision the woman herself, who in terror sits with her head plunged in a neighboring sand-bank. With these actions of English men of science and degraded savages, British judges have nothing to do; their business is to administer justice, and directly they officially announce from the bench that the course pursued in other cases shall not be pursued in Spiritualistic cases, that is the moment for the English barrister who is true to the highest instincts of his profession and to the interests of the cause he represents, to rise and publicly denounce the action of the judge, that the impeachment may stand upon record as a matter of history for all time.—The Spiritualist.

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Healing the Sick by Physiological Methods

Our English exchanges have latterly devoted unusual space to the consideration of the art of healing "by the laying on of hands." The last number of The Spiritualist contains a leading editorial of two and a half columns on the subject in its general bearing, while other publications contain much information as to the use of magnetized substances, which is deeply interesting. Few, if any, of our readers, doubt the existence of vast quantities of incontrovertible evidence of cure of disease by healers, after all the powers of the so-called medical profession had failed; most have personal knowledge of many such facts, and for the purposes of this article, it matters not whether these cures were wrought by the "true healer," the "magnetic healer," the "spiritual healer," whether the effect was produced by the "magnetic emanation," the "electrical emanation," by mesmeric control, by the will-force, or by a combination of two or more of these forces, as discussion upon those points would only serve to reveal the fact, that one individual possesses the power of permanently healing all persons who might present themselves, of any disease which had not destroyed important organs of the body, or impaired the same to such an extent that a restoration of the functions had become practically impossible, while other individuals possessed merely the power of relieving or making temporary cures, or successfully treating such persons and diseases to which his or her particular emanation seemed adapted.

In England much weight is placed upon the power of the mesmerist, while in this country it is not considered as the most valuable agency. Prof. Carpenter, of Boston, undoubtedly the most thoroughly developed mesmeric operator we have, confines his labors to lecturing—while Dr. Ormsbee, who, as a mesmerist, is acknowledged to rank alongside Prof. Carpenter, uses this power to carry his patients to the first or second stage only; i. e. To produce that quiet, passive, and receptive condition so essential to secure successful control of the disease, by establishing a community of sensation between physician and patient; for example—the patient once in this condition, when the physician places any substance in his own mouth, it is immediately tasted by the patient; if the physician's hand be pricked with a pin, the patient also feels the pain, showing that some rapport is established between parts of the body of the physician, and similar parts of the patient. The Spiritualist says: "Bearing these circumstances in mind whilst considering the question of the philosophy of healing, there is manifestly a probability that if one of the organs of the body of the sensitive is deficient in something necessary to health—in some organic power necessary for its perfect action—the relationship established with the same part of the body of the mesmerist, causes the organ which is weakened or diseased to absorb fresh life. Those who first try experiments in mesmerism occasionally take some of the ailments of the patients upon themselves, in consequence of not knowing—as older operators do—how to throw off the influence. This fact again bears out the statement just made, because if the patient gains strength from one part of the body of the operator, it is natural that the mesmerist should feel the weakening effects."

That there must be other and additional power employed in the permanent cure of disease is fairly proven by the following extract from the same article: "Experiments in the Mesmeric Hospital proved that some operators can heal diseases while other operators can not." Again the same article goes on to classify the "mesmeric operators," the first "mesmerist pure and simple," the second class "seem to have some power super-added to that of the ordinary mesmerist, and some of the cures affected by

them are of the most astounding nature." We learn from the same source that while "the Mesmeric Hospital failed because it could not pay the salaries of refined mesmerists," yet "the demand for this treatment is much greater than is generally supposed," and mentions the fact that Dr. Ashman has sufficient practice to employ several assistants. From other sources we learn that the American healer, Dr. Mack, who has recently returned from London to Boston, will remain only until the business which called him here shall be arranged so that his personal attention may not be necessary, which taken in connection with the reports of the London practice of Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt, goes to show that the English people are more consistent than many of our own professed Spiritualists, who still continue to employ as physicians, those who treat only through the administration of drugs and medicines, thus furnishing our opposers with an argument against our own lack of faith in the doctrine we have espoused. This is a point to which we particularly call attention of our readers, as an action for which there can be no reasonable explanation, in view of the fact that we have with us the best healers in the world. It is positively discreditable to us as American Spiritualists, that our best healers actually obtain very largely their practice from persons who are not professed believers in our philosophy. If it be true that those entertaining views peculiar to our opponents, receive such benefits as are certified to and may be noticed in the press from time to time, is there not ample reason for confidence on the part of believers in our philosophy, in a system of medical practice so thoroughly interwoven with it? The fact of success with such as not only at the outset lack faith, but entertain feelings of doubt and aversion, should be satisfactory evidence to a reasonable mind, of a power for good surely worthy of employment by all who can appreciate the value of proper conditions.

For the benefit of any who may feel that faith is necessary to secure beneficial results under psychopathic treatment, we give below the well authenticated case recently mentioned by the Elkhart (Ind.) Review as follows, viz:—"While Doctor * * * was at LaPorte, a poor woman consulted him about a sick babe. The child had the dropsy, and had been given up by two or three physicians. Doctor * * * without seeing the infant, gave the mother some magnetized paper, which she made into a dress, and applied next to the skin. The babe began at once to improve, and has been steadily gaining." Here is a letter received from the lady:

Doctor * * *—Sir: The baby is improving. She sleeps well, has a good appetite, and seems to be gaining in strength. Many thanks for your past kindness, and best wishes for your future success.

Mrs. MARGIE KABELIN. LaPorte, Ind., Feb. 27th, '77.

Desiring to learn the subsequent result, we addressed a letter to Mrs. Kabelin, and received the following reply under date of March 21st, '77:

"DEAR SIR—It is with the greatest pleasure I say to you, my child is improving very rapidly both in strength and in flesh; has a good appetite, is very playful, and think when she gets through cutting her double teeth, she will be well, through the use of magnetized paper, and prayer and the will of God."

On March 30th, last amid a profusion of compliments and blessings upon the Doctor's head, she writes: "My little May is getting better all the time." We learned from the Doctor that he has kept up the supply of magnetized paper, and occasionally thrown to the child his own magnetism from wherever he might be, but has never seen or laid his hands upon it; he also stated that the mother is a member of the Baptist Church, which indicates that in no direction was there any faith at the commencement, the consultation having been asked by the mother apparently in the frenzy of despair, on being told by the other physicians that her child could not live.

This is by no means an exceptional case. We could give them by the score, healed through the power of healing mediums scattered over the land, and we can not conclude without expression of our strong desire, to note on the part of believers in our philosophy, a more consistent course regarding the employment when necessary of only such physicians as employ Nature's remedies; the system should be studied in every family, and made a portion of the practical education of old and young, and we hope ere long to see published those valuable lectures given by the spirit Dr. Benjamin Rush, through the organization of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, on "Psychopathy, or the Art of Spiritual Healing," with notes and explanations by some practical healer, which shall make the book valuable in the family as well as physician's library. It will be our aim to bring forward more of the practical questions with which we have to do, while in the form, to prepare us the better to enjoy the life beyond.

The Rev. Major Whittle. Chicago, it seems, can not do without a revivalist; and who is there more worthy to don the mantle of Moodyphobia, now that that "truly great man," Daniel L. Moody, has departed for new fields of harvest, than the Rev. Major Whittle? The Major, it must be enjoined, is none the less qualified to preach the gospel of love toward one's enemies because of his heliocentric predilection, but rather is it to be supposed that he is the better fitted to wield the sword which his captain once said he had brought instead of peace.

The Tabernacle, erected expressly for the purposes of the Lord, represented by the Great American Revivalists, who have been traveling over both hemispheres of the globe for the past few years, misguidedly and misguided, now serves as an auditory for souls thirsting after the waters of life as showered down from the everlasting fountain by the officiating Major.

The occasion for noticing the Major, whom we may label Quack No. 2 in the regular line of Moodyphobic succession, is that the Major paid his most flattering compliments to the Spiritualists in a recent effort of his to tell what he did not know about "Heaven," as the sequel showed the effort to be. The Major preached his sermons few Sundays since at the Tabernacle, to an audience of some twenty-five hundred souls all highly interested in the momentous question, "Whither Am I Going?" The point which the Major succeeded in establishing to the greatest degree of certainty was, of course, his own ignorance of the subject which he had chosen to elucidate, namely, Heaven; and perhaps his greatest inconsistency and folly was exhibited in his first stating that "it was folly for people to pretend, as the Spiritualists did, to hold communication with departed spirits, for such things were not to be found in the Bible," and then in another connection, when it appeared to him to serve his purposes, to cite the case of the woman of Endor raising up Samuel, that of Moses and Elias appearing to Christ and others, and other similar spiritual manifestations narrated in the Bible.

With the Major's interpretation of the words "angel," "cherubim" and "seraphim," we have little to do. Whether these terms are to be applied to special and separate creatures gathered around the "central throne" and occupied in applauding its occupant, occasionally descended to earth to act as special patrolmen of Edenic gardens, prognosticated the submergence of cities by volcanic scoria and ashes, wrestled with men in the night time, or slew vast Assyrian armies before day-break, are questions of not the slightest interest for us.

We are more concerned with the living things of our own day; and perhaps the most important subject for investigation which we have found is that of MODERN SPIRITUALISM; the Major and his "folly" notwithstanding; and why? Because we conceive it to be the key to the rational understanding of man's place in nature. Strip the Christian Scriptures of all they possess by virtue of the law which makes spiritual manifestations possible to-day and their poverty and aridity would be so apparent and appalling that all thinking beings, not excepting Orthodox clergymen, would cast them aside as so much debris.

Our language is thus strong because we know whereof we speak. Have we not seen our own beloved departed, transformed into angels of light, ascending and descending the ladder of spirit communion, and felt their gentle ministrations in holy presence and loving influence, when the cares of life have pressed heavily upon us and led us almost to court the silent, and endless sleep of oblivion? The traditional and questionable tales of the Bible will not satisfy us. It must be our own dear mother, father, sister, or brother that shall come to us and show us that they still live and love, though removed from earthly vision. This is permitted by the beautiful law of spirit communion, and more than this: it is revealed to us by this law that our loved ones come back with a diviner love, heightened and added unto by the death of the body and the birth of the spirit into that glorified realm of existence toward which we are all traveling—the Major and his "folly" notwithstanding.

"Dr. Huxton" alias Blanchard alias Wright, etc. We learn that this incorrigible fraud is now traveling in Iowa, giving séances for materialization. The fellow is probably a good medium for independent slate writing, but he is so prone to cheat that it is unsafe to have anything whatever to do with him. As he frequently travels under different names we will give a brief description of his person, and caution all our readers to give him a wide berth.

He is a blonde, of slight build, weighing, probably, not over one hundred and twenty pounds; has lost the tip end of two fingers on his left hand, and is thus "marked for life," usually dresses in black, wearing a silk hat; is an inveterate smoker, and very nervous at times. He has a wife and infant child, who are probably with him. We have yet to learn of a single redeeming trait in his character, and trust our subscribers will cut out this warning and confront him with it when opportunity offers.

DR. DUMONT C. DARE is now healing at Terre Haute, Ind.; he has taken rooms at the National House.

PROF. ANDERSON, the Spirit-artist, is now in the City at 420 West Madison Street.

THE KEY! THE KEY! Give us the Key that Opens the Doors to the Temple of Nature. NUMBER XV. THE DOOR OF DEATH.

Oh! death, where is thy sting! Oh! grave, where is thy victory! It is well for humanity, perhaps, to ask that question. The tear of sorrow falls on the grave, and sighs come forth from the heart in plaintive melody, and enrobe the scene in solemn grandeur, while the features express the painful emotions that well up in the soul. Mourners never dance at a funeral; they never think of taking the Highland Fling, or putting that fantastic step known by the Plantation Negro as Jim Crow; it is not a season of rejoicing to the children of earth. The mother sees her darling child in the casket; her warm, loving heart, overflowing with feelings that bear upon their bosom the richest treasures of her soul, send forth those affectionate tendrils that entwine, as it were, the inanimate body to which she gave birth. The world is full of sorrow, of tears, of groans, and of sighs that come from over-burdened hearts. The happiest have a cloud of gloom in their soul, and there is no one in all of God's vast universe whose aspirations are fully realized. All stand near the Door of Death; so very near that sometimes you can hear the sweet whispers of a darling child, or the loving voice of a mother, relative or friend; or, perhaps, you can hear those delicious strains of music that escape from the lips of an angel choir, and imbued with the sweetness of their souls, they gladden the hearts of mortals, as illustrated in this extract from "The Lives of the Nuns of Port Royal," and referred to the death of Genevieve, the abbess, who passed away in the Spring of 1646: "I do not know whether I ought to mention one incident which we noticed when she died. * * * The whole of the community was standing round her bed, and were chanting the *Servente*, according to our custom at such a time. A very extraordinary thing happened, which we all noticed: It seemed to us as if other voices mingled with ours, and joined with them in supernatural harmony. We were all certain that the angels rejoiced when they received her soul, and although our senses may have deceived us our hearts showed us the truth." The Door of Death was open, and as the soul was being admitted with anthems of joy and acclamations of delight, sweet music came through it like light through the aperture in the storm cloud; and as the latter tells us of the existence of the sun, so does the former indicate the presence of an angel guide!

There are as many Doors of Death as there are individuals. Yours may be bright, beautiful, and as white as the undriven snow on the mountain top; that of another is of a grayish color; that of another very dark, depending of course on the character of the life.

When Dr. Dum, an English criminal, was upon the hangman's scaffold, standing face to face with the Door of Death, he graciously smiled and said, "Now for the great secret!" Indeed, to all it is, to a certain extent, a secret. The Door of Death is the heritage of each one. Dr. Hunter said, in his last moments, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." And when the New York murderer, Dr. Huloff, was about to be hung, he said, "Have you an idea that you are going to kill me?" Death is indeed a mystery; we published a series of articles on the subject, extending through the JOURNAL six months, and have hundreds of pages of unpublished manuscript on hand, explaining its wonderful nature, and still not a week passes that some new truth in reference thereto is not unfolded to our mind!

It is quite impossible to give people generally a cheerful aspect of the change called death. As well enrobe the vast desert with a lovely dress of flowers, green lawns, and fertile fields. View death as set forth by Celia Logan, in her description of a noted place in New York City. According to her, Twenty-sixth street, on its last block next the East River, has gloomy and suggestive surroundings. Where a broad gateway pierces the long high stone wall upon the northern side one gets a view of the enormous Bellevue hospital building, charmingly surrounding in the general summer time by green grass and trees, but itself a gigantic monument to pain and death. All the year round hundreds of poor wretches groan and writhe in those long wards; not a day passes that the death-rattle is not heard from the throat of some sufferer; not a night that men do not bear away from its gloomy doorway, on the ground floor, to a little house near the college building, long, shapeless forms carelessly draped, extended upon tiers. On opposite sides of the street, near that gateway, stands two medical colleges.

There death is portrayed in all its deep and significant realities. The death-rattle indicates the ebb of life, the vanishing of the vital forces, and the opening of the Door of Death. Some men stand in the very Door of Death, and with minds illuminated with an inflowing current of inspiration, describe the beauties of the Spirit-World. The mother sees her darling child come from the evergreen shores to greet her; the father beholds a son on whom his affections were concentrated; the husband sees his wife who had preceded him long years ago, while others give expression to a brilliant thought that continues to ornament the pages of history as long as time endures. There was B. S. Thompson, a

young lawyer of Merom, temporarily teaching school in Crawford Co., Ill., who, sick with pneumonia stood in the Door of Death. Just before being taken sick he had in hand a difficult problem in algebra, and this seemed to bother him during his illness. He would talk of it in his delirium, and fret over its unfinished condition frequently. This continued until near the hour of his death. Just before he died he called for pencil and paper, and in a very few minutes worked the problem and demonstrated its correctness. Having done this, he handed the paper and pencil to his attendant, remarking as he did so: "There! my work is done," and he laid himself back on his pillow, and in two minutes thereafter was a corpse.

Some are far away from Death's Door, others are near it; others stand in it, oscillating this way a little and that way a little; at times peering through and beholding the angels who come with smiles of joy and anthems of sweet music! The Door of Death is a real one; and the same Door that opens for that miserable assasin, that black-hearted villain, will not open for you. The murderer has one Door; the confirmed debauchee another; the philanthropist another; the corrupt statesman another. They all enter into different rooms, into different departments of the Spirit-world. When old Glendenning dies, the Door of Death will disclose to him the ruin which he wrought in the life of a beautiful young lady. He will see the young life fading out, behold the sorrow he caused, the wreck he made, the fair character he soiled, and he must make reparation. The Door of Death of the cold hearted assassin opens upon the scenes of the disaster he has caused, the ruin he made of an honorable life; the hideousness of the scene will all be referred to him when his Door of Death swings on its hinges! The victim has no reparation to make! With aspirations to benefit humanity, ever planning to assist the unfortunate, and ever sowing the good seeds of reform, his Door of Death opens upon the transcendent beauties of spirit realms. The gorgeous sunset, as viewed from the mountain top, with gardens, green lawns and verdant fields tinged with its vanishing beauties, are as nothing compared with the enchanting scenes that first greeted his enraptured vision.

Infinite in number are the Doors of Death. The sands of the sea and the motes of the air are as nothing compared with their number. To some the Door of Death is opened, the body becomes cold, the brilliancy of the eye fades, the pulse ceases to beat and the heart to throb. The physician pronounces him dead, and he is placed in a coffin for burial. The Omaha papers tell a horrible story to the effect that a corpse encased in a metallic coffin, which was being shipped from California for interment at some Eastern point, came to life while on the road. The express messenger affirmed that he heard sounds proceeding from the coffin, and was laughed at by the train men, but his convictions were so strong, that, upon arriving at a convenient point, the case was opened, and there were signs which convinced him that the man, though dead then, had been alive since placed in the coffin. The Omaha Herald states that when the coffin arrived at its destination and was opened, unmistakable proofs of the terrible truth were discovered. The hands were clinched, the lips bitten, and the mouth filled with bloody froth. The man had been alive, and it was his moaning that had been heard by the express messenger.

The Door of Death was opened to him, he held sweet converse with spirit friends, saw the scenery of the Spirit-world, but for some reason the inflowing vitality recalled the spirit back, the body moves in the coffin and then the last vestige of life fades away. We tell you, then, as one who knows, that your deeds on earth, your actions towards your fellow men, and the character of your very thoughts determine the nature of your Door of Death. You may be poor here; the very air may send forth mocking sounds of want and destitution; you may be thinly clad and your form bowed down in sorrow, yet your Door of Death may enter into fine apartments where your spirit may be clothed in a more glorious vesture than the loftiest imagination can conceive. We speak from authority. We write this lesson of life from actual knowledge. Our soul has access to the inner-temple. Our mind grasps those rays of inspiration that come from advanced shrines of knowledge. As the sculptor carves his statue into a life-like form, so can you—indeed, so must you, carve your own Door of Death. If you lead a dissolute life; if you do not seek to better your fellow man, and cultivate pure thoughts and noble aspirations, your Door of Death, will open upon sterile fields and scenes of squalidness.

Oh, for a Key! a Key! that will open the minds of men to a realization of the fact, that there are innumerable Doors that lead into the Spirit-world, and that each person is hourly preparing the one he or she will finally enter.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield. This medium after a stay of several weeks in Chicago, has returned to New York City. While in this city he was visited by numbers of the most intelligent and critical investigators and skeptics. We have yet to learn of a single instance where he failed to give satisfaction. That some who write letters to be answered through Dr. Mansfield as the medium or through other writing mediums, fail to get satisfactory or convincing proof that the reply comes from the spirit addressed, is well known, but this does not of necessity involve the integrity of the medium as has often been explained in these columns.

To Subscribers.

We hereby return our sincere thanks to the large number who have promptly responded to our request for the payment of back dues and the renewal of their subscriptions for a year in advance; the confidence in the future of the JOURNAL thus expressed, is very gratifying, and will be duly reciprocated. There are, however, several thousand subscribers in arrears who have as yet failed to remit or to state a definite time when they will. To all such we say in the greatest kindness, that the forbearance and consideration so long shown them by the late editor and proprietor of this paper, deserves a better return. He waited long years in many cases for his just dues from you, and went out of the world without receiving them. The affairs of his estate must now be closed up. This involves a prompt settlement of all back subscriptions. Subscribers, you who have so long enjoyed the JOURNAL without rendering any consideration, now is the time to show your manhood, to show the fruits of our beautiful Philosophy of Life, the teachings of our friends gone before. Come forward with alacrity and settle up your accounts voluntarily, and not oblige the Administrators of the estate to enforce collection. We ought to receive many thousands of dollars during the next month. If every reader will make a hundredth part of the sacrifice in order to pay his dues that has been made to carry on the JOURNAL and place it on its present firm pedestal, we can close up the affairs of the estate with ease, and carry the JOURNAL forward to a glorious future.

Appointments.

E. V. Wilson, seer, medium and speaker, will lecture and give readings of character and tests of Spirit-life in Texas, during April, 1877, as follows:

Galveston, Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th and 12th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.; Houston, Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th; Hempstead, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 16th, 17th and 18th; Navasota, Thursday and Friday, the 19th and 20th; Maslin, Saturday and Sunday, the 21st and 22d; Bremond, Monday and Tuesday, the 23d and 24th; Bryan, Wednesday and Thursday, the 25th and 26th; Corsicana, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 27th, 28th and 29th; Sherman, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 30th, and May 1st, 2d and 3d; Deminson, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 4th, 5th and 6th of May. The friends of the cause will govern themselves according to his letters. He will accept calls for May and June, in western Louisiana, the Indian Territory and Kansas. Address him at Hempstead or Bremond, Texas, until further notice.

An Excellent Medium.

The Shreveport (La.) Times speaks as follows of Mrs. Eldridge, the medium:—

In company with two other gentlemen the writer yesterday morning visited this lady at the residence of Capt. J. W. Fuller to witness some of the spiritual manifestations now being given by her. Soon after our arrival we were invited into the parlor, and after making a thorough examination we were soon seated at the table, a description of which we gave yesterday morning. Soon after we were seated several names of departed friends and relatives of each of us were written on the slate, which the medium pressed to the under surface of the table. The medium then told us that if we would place our hands through the arm holes of the cloak which was spread over the table, the spirits would shake hands with us. We did, and to the surprise of both of us they did touch our hands, and a small bunch of flowers was placed in the writer's hand, and a message written on the slate side they were sent by a departed sister. The gentleman who sat opposite, Col. T., was handed a lead pencil through the shawl and in a moment it was taken from him and given to us, and after holding it between our fingers for a few seconds in close proximity to the table something invisible took hold of the pencil and twisted it gently from us, at the same time communications were being written on the slate held by Mrs. Eldridge under the table.

Previous to our visit to Captain Fuller's we had written down a number of questions and placed them in an envelope, and after going all the wonderful things mentioned, we asked Mrs. E. for her folding slate, telling her we had prepared several questions in writing and would like to place them inside the slate and have them answered. The slate was produced and our letter placed inside, after which it was screwed tightly together, and placed by the medium underneath the table in the same manner as before, and in a minute afterward we heard the envelope being torn and a noise like the crumpling of paper, and in a few seconds more the medium took the slate from under the table, but the letter had disappeared and in a second more the envelope was placed on Mrs. E.'s lap, with a short message written on it which was very hard to decipher, and, indeed, the only part that could be made out, read, "Come again, I will see you." When the time came to retire, the writer asked for his letter, which the lady said might be under the table, which she looked under the table and searched through the pockets of the cloak over the table but it could be found nowhere. Mrs. E. said perhaps the spirits would answer the questions last night and return them and the letter to us, after which the party bid her good morning and withdrew promising to call again.

A Prominent Medium Gone to Spirit-Life.

Jane D. Webster, aged 69 years, passed to Spirit-life, March 25th, 1877, at her home near South Bend. For twenty-five years Mrs. Webster has been a firm believer in the beautiful philosophy of the ministrations of angels. Indeed, her faith had lapsed into knowledge, as positive as the knowledge of her own earth-life existence. A powerful medium, the angel world was constantly using her as the means of communication with the people of earth. She was ready at all times to subject her powers to the desire of those who, through her, would hold communication with those who had passed before. Many and varied are the tests she has given to persons of all beliefs and creeds, and the positive assurances she has brought to the skeptical mind of the after-life, and the recognized tests, which, through her, have been presented to their mind, have brought many to the altar of inquiry, and afterward to knock at the door of the angel world, which is always opened to those who desire their company and fellowship. Thus for twenty-five years, Mrs. Webster has been bringing to mortals these glad tidings of great joy—comforting the mourner, the widow, the orphan and the suffering; pointing them to a better way, and leading them from the paths of error into the broad sun light that shines from the land of hope, and promises in the beautiful beyond.

For weeks before, while in seeming health, she foretold with almost certainty the time of her passing away, and arranged her domestic affairs accordingly, and on that beautiful Sabbath morning, like an infant going to sleep, the corruptible put on incorruption, and the mortal passed on to immortality.

The funeral obsequies were held in the Universalist church, Mrs. H. Morse, officiating. Crowds were turned away unable to obtain admission. Mrs. Morse, for one hour, held the company assembly almost spell-bound by the power, beauty and eloquence of her utterances. From scores of people, skeptics and believers, the unbidden tears would come as she so truthfully and fervently pictured the life in the Spirit-world, and the divine truths that cluster around the ministrations of angels.

Thus a loving wife, a fond mother, a tried and trusted friend, has but gone on before, to come again, and in spirit form, bring words of cheer, and comfort, and hope, and knowledge from her spirit home to those she has left behind her.

Items of Interest—Gems of Wit and Wisdom.

The proper study of mankind is man.—Pope.

Be good, do good, fear nothing, worship nothing.—Amen.

An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.—Spanish Proverb.

Liberty is the greatest good, and the foundation of all the rest.—Diogenes.

Nothing is worse than prejudice; nothing preferable to experience.—Theophrastus.

Ancient fire escapes—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

The New York University has opened its doors to women, on equal terms with men.

One of Worcester's eccentric ministers is said to be missing.—Banner of Light.

If Worcester has only one such missing minister, it is what few other cities can say.

The Medium and Daybreak speaks in terms of praise of D. D. Homes' new book, "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism."

The day of fettered limbs and gagged tongues is gone by. Men will not be ruled by man as they have been. The child of the future will call no man master. They will think out their own faiths, and concentrate their own lives.—W. H. H. Murray.

Any phase of Spiritualism that does not make us better men and women, that does not prepare us for more usefulness in this life, and thus fit us for a higher sphere in the other, we consider of little value.—James A. Reynolds, Prattville, Ala.

Truth is but one; thy doubts are of thine own raising. He who made virtues what they are, planted also in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence. Act as thy soul dictates to thee, and the end shall be always right.—Amon.

That farmer understood human nature who said: "If you want your boy to stay at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."—Ed.

Nor keep him there all the time. If you want to keep him at home, make him lovable.

Latest London papers contain the account of a public meeting in that city, at which Mr. T. Everitt made a statement that he had obtained through the mediumship of his wife, direct writing at the rate of one hundred and fifty-six words in a second of time. In a letter written the next day to the London Medium he said that he had referred to his diary, and found that his memory had served him correctly; nine hundred and thirty-nine words were written in six seconds. Besides the swiftness there is the smallness, closeness and the straightness of some of the writing, which renders it physically impossible for any mortal being to accomplish it under the circumstances.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed over to the Summer-land, Brother Abel BAZLEY, is his 74th year of the earth life.

Another BAZLEY was born in Onondaga County, New York, moved to Sweden, Mich., in 1858. He was a firm believer in immortality.

Funeral attended by T. H. Stewart.

Passed to Spirit-life, Oct. 12th, 1874, Dr. A. K. Butler, of Boston, Wis.

He was born in the town of Stow, Summit County, Ohio, March 10th, 1816. Deceased was a firm believer in Spiritism. He leaves a wife and an adopted daughter to mourn his loss.

Mrs. A. H. BUTLER.

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THE WORLD'S SAGES.

Infidels, and Thinkers.

Voices from the People.

My Jewels. Two of God's jewels once were rati-
oned, but not given;
A little while they sparkled here,

The Conscience. Remember for every act
counted there a penalty, and for every tear
counted there a widow and orphan through dis-

Thomas Paine. -D. Priestley, of Fairburg,
Neb., writes:—The N. Y. Tribune some days ago
published an editorial upon Tom Paine, in which

Planchette, Etc. -R. M. Puchet, of Dana,
Ill., writes:—With your permission I would like
to inform the many readers of the JOURNAL, which

The Old Country. -Passing to Palestine,
the speaker described Joppa, a Turkish seaport
town, the streets narrow, old, and dirty, but many

Transformation Phenomena. -In an
article of the Spiritualist (June 30, 1855)
there is mentioned "the following

Our Duty. -W. A. Beice, of Tengenovic, K.,
writes:—What, then, is the duty of us all today?
—both in and out of the churches? Simply to

Another Musical Medium. -B. Gillet,
of Delta, Ohio, writes:—I have enclosed you the
bill of Mr. Arthur for his evening entertainment.

Impression. -Wm. Phillips, of Clakama,
Oregon, writes:—Mr. E. J. Phillips deceased, was a
man possessing considerable mediunic powers.

Good Suggestions. -Mrs. S. S. Montgomery,
of Bloomington, Iowa, writes:—The way to blame,
and more especially ignorant were Adam and Eve, not

Magie. -A. B. James inquires if Magie, as set
forth by Theosophists, is true?
Indeed, my dear sir, that is a question not abso-

The Accents of Spiritualism. -The N. Y.
Tribune writes:—The N. Y. Tribune has been for some
time publishing a series of articles in a "worldly

Dead Utilized. -A plan for disposing
of the dead and at the same time utilizing them,
has been suggested and put into operation on a

Celestial Music. -T. T. W., writes:—Mrs.
V. of this place (of what place?) one night in the
company of the present writer, while the beginning

The Family One. -Mr. Dolde, the Giant powder
man, has the reputation of being a great joker,
but his last performance may be regarded as going

Well, this is not the only account about this
Devil, all of which, if solved, would prove equally
ridiculous. The Devil is the principal plank

God. -J. H. Merrill, of Montville, Mass., writes:
I am a believer in Spiritualism, for I find a true
record of it from Genesis to Revelation. Cast Spirit-

Infidelity. -Oh, we do not realize what it
cost to be an infidel in times gone by—when the
convictions of the race were at the mercy of the

It is said that had not Col. Robert Ingersoll been
an infidel, political honors would have been show-
ered down upon him? Paine, however, was an In-

Mr. Tuttle's works are of such a substantial
character that they will be transmitted to future
generations, the same as the thoughts of the

Our good Brother Evans might as well have
went a step further in utilizing the bodies of the
dead. Why not deposit each person nearer the

Brief Mentions. -What Next? -Mrs.
S. A. Rogers Heyder will answer calls to lecture
and give tests; she is a clairvoyant and psychomet-

Dr. Slade will not go to St. Petersburg until
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(or after) was no longer visible to me, nor his
voice, and I saw clearly, yet as in a
dream, scenes from his former life pass by in suc-

One year ago, another voice. We live in a world
where there is no unalloyed pleasure, a pleasure
that is complete; we are full of dreams, plans, as-

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an infidel, political honors would have been show-
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