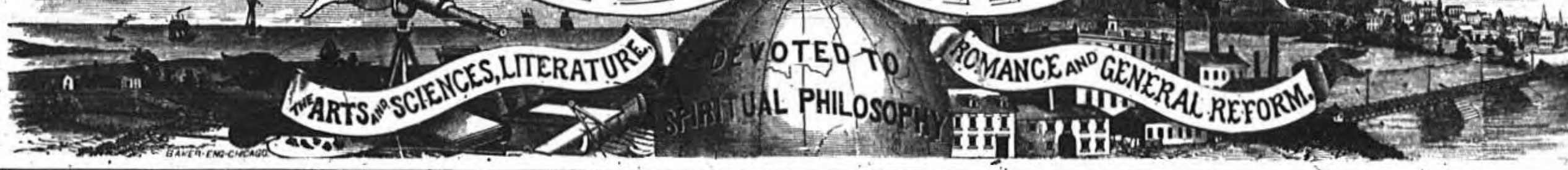


RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



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

VOL. XXIII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 23, 1878. NO. 25.

THE CELESTIAL COMPANY!
The Occupations and Home of Advanced Spirits.
A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Controlled by EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.
Delivered at Grow's Opera Hall, Sunday, January 12th, 1878.

The Celestial Company! In the series of discourses I have given you, I have taken you through the heights of spiritual life immediately belonging to earth—through the diverse stages of terrestrial heavens, beginning with those lower stages that have a correspondence in earthly life; I have taken you, in thought to those who are beyond you in knowledge, in affection, in wisdom, in spirituality; I have shown the different gradations of those spiritual states that make up the average condition of humanity when passing away from the earth. I have carried you beyond this, to that celestial kingdom where souls abide free from earthly affections, whose earthly passions, earthly ambitions, and earthly desires, are all quenched in the ineffable light of perfect love. I have shown that love alone abides there; that no doubt, nor fear, nor complaining can be portions of that life. I have shown that only those souls who have outgrown every material wish, every particle of selfishness, who are not seeking their own happiness, can become portions of that kingdom. I have pointed out in the different degrees of the angelic state, those who by intermediate agency hold converse with you. If any of you have followed this line of thought; if it has been possible for you to be borne above conditions of time, to forget the mass of clay, to cease to think of yourselves, to only consider the divine that is within you, and the divine that is without you, if it has been possible for you to do this, then you may in thought, but not in body, stand in the presence of that Celestial Company; to know whereof they are employed; enter in some degree into their life, be permeated by a faint beam of that surpassing glory that enfolds them only there. You will not be in the presence of the vast whiteness incomprehensible and beyond; not be in the midst of the celestial city, and environed with stately walls, nor among streets flowing with milk or honey, but abide in the spirit of light, whose emanations are from the souls that dwell there.

THE ACTIVITY OF SOULS.
Each soul constitutes a portion of the splendor of that realm. No sun in the far off space illumines their atmosphere; no solar light is needful for the radiance of the place where they dwell, for each one bears his own light; it beams from within. As these suns of splendor through spheres of gradual progress have unfolded, growing more glorious, as they beam more and more perfect in love. You will not be in the company of those angels who forever sing psalms, but you will be folded in that atmosphere from which the souls divine intense rises, like harmony, and constitutes the anthem of heaven. You will be in the midst of activity, of perfect power, of absolute knowledge; not of groping through blind flesh, not a glimmering from the intellect, not merely of the supposition of earthly logic, science and religion, but of knowledge. You will be where the principles of nature are not only known, but applied; where all potential forces meet and are sent forth to rule the destinies of nations. You will be astonished at the majesty and power that abides there, and yet is only a moiety of eternity. You will see countless beings moving like spheres or orbs of light, to and fro through different parts of space, to worlds. You will see them not only reaching by connecting links the earth and ministering to the spiritual state connected with earth, but will see them perform potent ministeries to other planets until all are connected in the same divine circle of ministration.

THE OCCUPATION OF SPIRITS.
You will discover that one of the smallest points in space is that speck of dust, you are accustomed to consider your habitation; you will perceive that is only one of a vast number of spots which through mighty

vistas, the angels proceed to unfold by spiritual laws and methods. You will also discover their occupations and employments all pertain to spirit, and not matter. That their functions are proportionate to their unfoldment and knowledge of spiritual law; these laws but take shape and form through external substance; with these they reach the outer earth and indicate to man and the spirit states near the earth the spiritually beyond; you will discover that for every thing that blossoms and perfects itself during any given cycle of time, there is a beginning, a pulsation, a growth and expression from that spiritual and celestial state; you will find these angelic beings occupied, with no formulas or methods visible or tangible to human mould, not with laws that build up the earthly governments nor the fashioning of dynasties, not with elements simply, and the external vibrations of outward light, but with all those wondrous problems that human thought endeavors in vain to grasp, the substance of the soul itself, the inevitable link that connects souls together, linking spirit to matter, forming suns, worlds and planets, even in many spheres of light.

THE THOUGHTS OF SPIRIT.
You will discover from the souls coming forth, mighty potencies and messages to earth, of human progress, of thought that uplifts, the agencies of sage, and seer, and prophet sent as teachers to men; having first received the light of the essential principles, they send that light upon the world, and they reveal the laws of earth. You will stand in this company all amazed, surprised and baffled.

If the feeblest of human thought in its grasp and direction is such a thing of potency, of power; sometimes not immediate, not measured by physical strength—sometimes like the lightning that tears the atmosphere of earth; how vastly more immediate, more potent, more subtle than these, the thoughts of angels piercing the air; how potent the mandate which from that sphere is heard, to make and unmake worlds.

THE WONDERFUL POWER OF SPIRITS.
With such power as this, there is humanity, wisdom, else the power were not there, and that which can become in matter a living creation, as portrayed in the ancient record, abides there in a lesser degree than in the Infinite, but of the same quality, of the same light and import and purposes. You will be in the midst of those who aid inventions; shape the destinies of nations; who understand the laws of creation, as you do those of outward building, but no more pause beside the threshold of uncreated worlds, than you would beside an invention or structure devised by any earthly mind. As to you the powers of earth are amenable; you working in accord with law—so to them, the powers that make worlds and influence all space and air, are amenable, and belong to the wonderful region of creative power; they are a portion of the world of mighty angels who held in embryo all laws and the dawn of new worlds. They stand beside the growth of empires, understand the beginning of dynasties, and know of the birth and decay of worlds.

They understand the influence of worlds upon one another, and of thought that traverses space, upon beings that all the interests between worlds and planets; they know the meaning of all prophecy; they can foresee the destiny of all those influences that to you are veiled and hidden. They comprehend with inscrutable power the wonders that abide in the created universe.

We shall see them with benign countenance, and faces aglow with the rapturous consciousness of all those powers, with no thought of their own pleasure, seeking not the happiness which is palpable to human thought, but doing continually that work which is allotted them in the great powers of the universe and abiding in the innocent harmony of their perfect bliss. When in company of these angels you forget yourselves; you come out of the thought of selfhood that encloses you, and become a portion of the universe. No longer wrapped in your own appetites and desires; no longer baffled in the wish to do,—and be,—the greatest within you! The greatest is there; alides with you as wings for their aerial flight; it unfolds to their purpose; it shapes to the destiny of the spirit, having influences necessary to become one with the pulsations of light. As the moth itself flies toward the light which consumes it, and becomes dust, so the human thought flies toward the allurements of earthly atmosphere and becomes consumed; but when the aspirations of the soul, when your only thought is for the higher influences, when the absolute, the perfection, of love invite you—whatever wings come then to the soul, they are an invitation to fly toward that truth.

MINISTRATION OF SPIRITS.
In this angelic state are higher heights to consider, more glorious truths and realizations dawn upon the mind,—while the greater heritages, the prophecy, and underlying proofs, that lie in remote spheres, are subject to the Deity himself; but these angels also minister for others who are in higher estate and compared to beings so mighty they are but message bearers of great power to those still beyond. If you, in the feebleness of time and pain, wonder that spiritual beings, leave their spirit homes to minister to you—if you wonder that father and mother, sister and child may leave the spiritual gardens, and bring through the air flowers of pure thought to lay upon a heart of earth, may you not also wonder that from this light and perfected state these angelic existences, mighty messengers, come to minister to spirits, and to those spheres upon earth that may be reached from their height, and the whole world is moved by divine thought and divine presence. Gabriel, from that height, announcing the advent of the Messiah, the archangel Michael standing by the gateway of heaven; and the wonderful glory of that ancient prophecy revealed from this state, belong to that kingdom. He shall usher in the dawn of a new era; one of those messengers, with that flame of light pierces the spirit state above you, rushing down with kindled fire, bids man to know that the new dawn of the feast is here; that with wings of thought, with what mighty portent, with what unthralled love, by the very gateway of human life, these angels stand to say, pleading with mortals to understand, and not be afraid; wipe away the terror of time, uplift from the forms of theology and creeds, and only drop the unutterable glory of love in your midst, that shall wash away all fear.

Even as Christ came to the Jews who received him not, these angels pass by the gates of those who, with glimmerings of knowledge and truth, demand the gates be closed, but with mighty power, with surging voice, with inscrutable desires, these angels burst asunder the walls of time and the hearts of men, freighted with new understanding, feel they know the mighty import of these messages, while along and through the celestial sphere to which that angel belongs, are voices heralding the dawn of truth.

As you would rescue a soul from darkness, as you would unloose the fetters of the slave, as you would liberate one in prison, so comes that messenger who releases from darkness of matter and sense, and unlooses the fetters of creed, and invites you towards that divine companionship.

OTHERS THAN MINISTERING SPIRITS.
I have known that in the silence of monastic and hermitic cells, were those on earth who held converse with the angels; have known that others than ministering spirits attended upon earth at times, and unloosed the gateway of this mysterious light. I have known that essential truths of all must be received from the fountains of light near to the sources of life, that the pure ray may flow through darkened channels without being corrupt—so with all truths in its first inception upon earth as announced by angel messengers—comes pure, fresh and free from celestial fountains, is born by their breath; it is contained in after time by earthly breath—it passes through the human brain and becomes but a faint illumination; but after a time a new way appears, and a glow of light of the spirit state is opened.

WORLDS IN ADVANCE OF OURS.
If possible for you to traverse space in thought with me, and visit some of those worlds really further in advance than yours, greater in material resources, more wonderful in development of science and intricate mechanism—no name upon earth—wills that move to the pulsation of light and the finest wave, yet sufficiently tangible for the real beings that abide there, you would then consider that you were in the

celestial kingdom. Not so; only another world more fraught with active duty and active life than this—simply another state of perfection, towards which the earth is tending, and so when I describe to you the wonders of this acknowledged state, you may, with loud voices, declare, "Oh, this is too fine, too fair, too radiant; we have no powers to grasp; no thoughts to comprehend!" But I say to you that the worm is no more surely a prophecy of that ethereal thing which flutters in the summer air, and perches upon the rose and lily, and fills the day with its light, than you are a prophecy of that angelic state; and I say to you that the small egg in the nest, with its calcareous covering, seemingly impenetrable to light, is not more surely the herald of the future songster that shall pierce the summer air with the blossoms of melody, than you form the prophecy of the angelic state; may more than this, all have glimmerings of it, and in whatever way it triumphs in your soul, all of you feel yourselves a portion in the cord of that angelic companionship. Is there not something which remembers and something that foretells that you shall one day belong to them?

THE DIVINE LIFE.
You all feel in the calmer moments of your lives that you have some converse with loftier lives than that which enfolds you here, either in vision or dream, or revelation; you have beheld even the glimmering which would fan to flame the memory of that angelic state, or would touch its nature into prophecy; it is to pierce that portion of soul, that quickened, will aspire; that you may come forth from yourselves, from the outward self, untrammelled, and become one with the divine, God. It is to push aside, to tear away, to unfetter you from the outward walls that bend to dust, to make you know yourselves; to know that by the subtle links of life that unite together all souls, you also are united to these, and though the steps be many and sacrifices great; though there be thorns and briars in the wayside all the time, yet the spirit does not faint, the soul does not falter, and the angel within you is satisfied to endure that it may vanquish in nature all material things. Out of that night of time the souls of all angels come, in the light of love, that human spirits become unfolded. Be ye wrapped around for a moment with that celestial flame; the dross of earth no more consumes you, nor shall its fires make you afraid, nor shall the pain nor sorrow, for I say that whosoever has tasted of this divine light, of this divine life, can never hunger, nor thirst, nor grow weary, for it is bread, it is wine of the spirit; its light flows into darkness.

HOW APPROACH THE CELESTIAL COMPANY.
I conjure you to remember that it is only by the gate-way of tears, through the pathway of terror and death, that you have to pass to enter this kingdom; I say, remember that if you overcome that fear, and that terror, and that doubt, you are in the midst of the Celestial Company, they are your companions by your side; you are at their feasts and drink from the golden bowl of their life. You are not away—nor death, nor space, nor ought that exists, can prevail. Time does not mar, deface, disfigure or oppress you, for time, for all things in the flight of earth and in the eternity that shall follow, are vanquished. It is that you may abide, that you may remain in that glorious light which I have pictured—the shining light of your own fountains of love, and the splendor of your own thought, that is touched by the upspringing of this ineffable flame, passing through all the time, as the burning star, has light for the weary traveler, something that leads and guides. I ask you to remember, to turn your angelic side more and more towards humanity; to remember that if you have tasted of these fruits, you shall not keep them from others.

If there be that light within you, it will shine? Let it shine, for you know not what time its ray may meet the way-worn traveler—tossed by storms of passion—you see its beacon, but no shore is there. I say to you the world is not oppressed with too much love—nor too much truth. To every one who has felt the power of this flame of celestial life, there are no minds, nor glass of minds, consumed by too much spiritual glory, to fashion their souls' estate, shine upon those who are sleeping, beam on those who are unfortunate—love those who are in sorrow and terror, who are dull, who are

mistaken, who follow not after the best influences; for I know that one potency from that angelic state—one thought of those angels who have charge of the Kingdom of Heaven—one divine purpose from those who possess principalities and powers, is equal to conquering the whole sorrow of the world and to give to the whole of humanity, joy unspeakable. If this be power of angel love; if this be the comparative consequence, what is that diviner state which lies unfolded in the word Messiah, and which belongs to the Infinite, to God! If ministering spirits can send away doubt and terror of death—if angels can dispel slavery, and the blight and curse of tyranny, and war; if out of the human heart be sent passions that disturb and destroy; if the world by the stern Nemesis of Justice can be smitten, and by love of Jesus bade to rise again, to rise to loftier states of love, what then may not be accomplished? and all the potential powers, merged in Love's holy flame, shall ultimately absorb, unfold, uplift, vivify, supply and utterly fill every living soul. Through the vast anterior of time, as through countless ages past, and manifold orbs of space quickened into life by the potential rays of some central sun, and lesser orbs, and systems however vast, these creatures of divine creation, and these, in turn, have shone out upon the chaos of matter, until the brightness of life was unkindled. As thousands and thousands of years your sun, the center of the solar system, has pleaded with darkness, with chaos, with time, with matter for light,—life and creation.

SUNBEAMS AND GERMS.
Through thousands of years your earth has received light and heat of that orb, responding gradually, visibly, slowly, but surely in uninterrupted course of divine life. Sunbeams have slumbered in caves, waited their hour to burst forth in the form of diamond and ruby light; gold and silver and precious stores of all kinds, have waited patiently the hand that should seek for them in the darkness of earth. Germs of flowers unquicken before have slumbered silently during long cycles of time, waiting for summer clime, and the remote Northern glacier holds rocks, fibres and germs, that shall one day float down on the breast of the mighty ocean into the region of the tropics and bloom into loveliness. So during long nights of time the angels have kept watch over thoughts that slumber in earthly life, from darkness and death and terror that is here, waiting and watching and moving until, at last, the upspringing power of thought rewards them for this waiting. So souls that are born into the celestial kingdom of the angelic state, waiting and watching; so God waits through eternity, as suns and systems wait through ages; so the angel in you waits by the gateway of life in the Celestial Kingdom,—waiting, watching and abiding, there until you shall come out and be one, even with these who bear beams of light in them, and stars upon the forehead, and sing songs of redemption in perfect deeds of love, for which you have our perpetual prayer.

IMPROVISED POEM.
There is a beautiful river all crystal clear,
That flows by the regions of light,
Its waters are pure and you ever may hear
Its murmuring song of delight
As it flows, and flows, and flows,
As it flows and flows on forever.
But bright are the ways of that beautiful river;
I have seen many sails of pure white
Pass out on its breeze and into forever,
Into paradise freighted with light.
I have seen many souls go down to sweet rest,
All freed from earth's care and unrest,
And the river flows and flows, and the river,
With its beautiful waves flows forever.
I have seen where the beautiful river may rise,
In the heart of the glorious mountains,
I have seen how in white mist it pierced the bright
skies,
Then descended in crystalline fountain,
Blending many bright streams into the bright river
That flows, and flows, and flows on forever.
I have seen all the ships freighted that go
They bear thoughts, no treasures of gold,
Nothing which mortals have bought here or sold
But the pure deeds and lives all aglow
With thoughts that shall live there forever,
As this river flows, and flows on forever.
I have seen that the oars that ply on the stream
Are not moved by galley-rown slaves,
But only the impulse of life's noble dream,
And conquest over passion dread slave,
Concluded on Eighth Page.



SCENES FROM THE HOME OF QUINA. Written by Quina, through Her Medium, Water Lilly, Cora L. V. Richmond.

PEARL.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VISION OF PEARL.

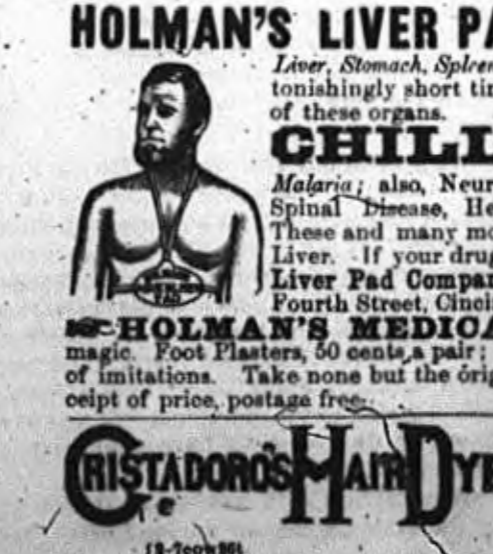
While the little form lay in a peaceful trance in the home of James West, watched by him with tender care, shunned and feared by his wife, regarded by the children with mingled curiosity and awe, the spirit of Pearl, released for the time from its bodily tenement, was amidst scenes most beautiful. The angel mother bore her rapidly through this space, and approaching a lovely star that emitted rays of pure pearly light, Pearl heard sweet music issuing from thence, and felt the waves of light upon her brow like soft warm air; she then grew strong and floated beside her mother, impelled by a strong desire to see the bright place to which they were hastening. There came out to meet them twelve lovely maidens, who circled around Pearl and sang sweet words of loving welcome. They were robed in white, and each wore a crown of pearls, with a girdle of the same white jewels around their forms. As they drew nearer the shining orb, Pearl thought its whiteness would dazzle her, so pure, so white, did it appear, and she wondered how they would descend. While wondering, the maidens bore her in their arms, and the mother first reached the planet; then Pearl felt herself resting quietly on a soft and fragrant couch. As she looked around, the sight was unspeakably lovely. Her couch was like pearl in appearance, yet soft and yielding as moss. The air was balmy and of a beautiful tint, resembling the color of the sea-shell, then changing to sea green, violet, and at last to pearly white. Her mother bent above her, and held out a snowy robe, like those worn by the other maidens; then she sprinkled over her cooling drops which formed themselves into a crown of pearls for her brow. She arose and felt as well though the spirit had never known a pain or sorrow. Above her were arches of opaque white carved in lovely forms, images of grace and beauty; waxen bells and snow-drops; lilies of the valley, and all white as flowers, while sprays of blooming hyacinths and waxen tube roses made fragrant the air around her. Her mother led her to an inner pavilion where waters were murmuring, and songs of birds came forth. There she clasped her grandma, who said: "Ah, my poor Pearl, how sad was I to leave you there alone on earth, but your mother brought you unto me, and he will care for and love you always." "Is Mr. West my uncle, and must I return? Oh, can I not stay here with you and mamma?" Another form came near with a face beaming with love and compassionate tenderness. "My child, my Pearl! Father! Pearl knew intuitively that this was her father whom she had never seen, but for whom her mother had always mourned when they were alone and poor. Oh, how beautiful their home, how happy were they all in that bright abode. A had come forward with bright and lovely face, with snowy brow and loving gesture: "My sister! She had never known a brother, yet she knew this was one who had passed from earth in infancy before she was born. Many more came thronging around her, and she was filled with happiness and peace. The mother never left her, but always explained by her look or pressure of the hand the things which Pearl did not at first understand. It did not seem necessary to speak; they all knew her thoughts, and she, by degrees, knew all they would say to her. The thoughts came from them, and fell upon her brain like soft showers or music. There was no sun, yet the whole place was then lighted up by a flow of pure white radiance, and each face seemed illumined from within. "Does my face shine as brightly as my brother's there?" Scarcely had she thought this question when the answer came: "Yes, my child, for your thoughts are pure and good, and these faces are lighted by the spirit from within." Her mother then said to her: "My daughter, it is permitted by the laws of the Heavenly Father that we have learned for you to visit our home. Your body is held in a tranquil sleep, having no want, nor pain, nor consciousness below. You will after three days, return. You have much to see before you again resume your outward form, which is only the earthly clothing of the spirit. You have also a great work to do, which you will understand by-and-by; but ere you go I must show you our life and labor here. That which you see has been fashioned by us; we make our home." Before Pearl could answer or fully understand, the mother had moved away (and she beside her) floating, not touching the shining ground, until they came to a shaded grotto, something like a cave, only the trees bent above it, and everything seemed alive, even the sides of the grotto wre of some moving iridescent substance like mother of pearl, but deeper in tints. Here a maiden

knelt, her snowy raiments partly shaded by the deep tints of the grotto; her face was uplifted in prayer, and tears flowed from her eyes. "Father in heaven, wipe her tears away; release that sorrowing soul from despair; let me whisper hope to her saddened spirit: let not my efforts prove in vain, not for myself, but for loves sake I am thus born." The angel mother and little Pearl then floated into the grotto and stood beside the praying one. "Iris," said the mother, "are you still here, and do you find no respite for the sad soul on the earth for whom you pray?" "Yes, respite but not release. My tears still flow in sympathy with hers, but sometimes I know that her heart is calm, then the wave of grief returns again." Pearl's mother answered: "Yes, you will succeed for see, I bring these, Iris, blossoms from within my bowler to-day, and by this sign I knew that your labor was not vain. Wear them when next you visit that poor soul on earth, and their sweet fragrance unperceived, will refresh her spirit." "O joy," said Iris, "I will indeed wear these sweet flowers. How blest am I that while I prayed here, doubting if my efforts to assuage her grief had in any way succeeded, in your bowler which mirrors all we do, these blossoms herald my success." Iris' face shone with happiness as thus she breathed her thought. Then she looked at Pearl with half-conscious, half-wondering eyes; perceiving she was one of them and yet not quite the same. "My daughter Pearl, who still lives on the earth, has come to visit us. She has been here in sleep before, but now a trance protects her from danger; while she visits us, sing to her, Iris," said the mother. "She is white as snow, and looks like one large tear," said Iris. "I will sing of my flowers." THE SONG OF IRIS. Out of a life's broken chalice, Out of the shadow of death, Out of the earth's dismal palace, Ye have been born with my breath, Ye have come forth in our bowler, Symbols of Hope, O ye flowers. Petals soft woven of praying, Chalices of love's living breath, Sunbeams that earthward were straying, Wooling from darkness and death. Ye have wonderful magic and powers, Symbols of Love, O ye flowers. Trustingly came forth your plains, O soul into this lovely guise, Fluttering to heaven's dominions, At home, here in our paradise. Blossoms of wonderful powers, Symbols of Faith, O ye flowers. (To be continued.)

THE END OF THE WORLD NEAR: or Anti-christ, the beast of Revelations XIII., containing a Prophetic History from the Bible of the wonderful events which are to happen during the next fifty years, including the Resurrection and Translation in November, 1878; the forty years of Retribution on all Nations; the Universal reign of Antichrist; the visible coming of Christ; the Judgment; the World melted by fire and made into a beautiful Eden; and the Millennial Reign of Christ and his Glorified Saints. By James M. Swormstedt, Cincinnati, O.; Published by E. W. Swormstedt, No. 38, Emory Arcade—1877. This pamphlet of over 300 pages, written in the peculiar style of the Second Advent literature, demonstrates how the "prophecies" of the Bible, can be interpreted to refer to many passing events of our times, while with the admixture of the elements of superstition and large imaginative powers they can at the same time be tortured into supporting the wildest dogmatic phantasies and most irrational and unscientific conclusions, with regard to Human Progress and the soul side of life. To the wiser imagination of the soul-sleeper who expects to awake from the unconscious slumber to walk on the ashes of the annihilated unbelievers it will prove a work of rare interest.

We should not live simply for our own enjoyment, at the expense of others, nor fail to profit by self-examination of all our faults and actions, if we would arrive at the highest unfolding of our own souls. Through this self-purification and ennoblement of soul, we shall be enabled to transfuse into the psychic atmosphere of being, the harmonizing emanations which flow from well-ordered lives; which by example, magnetic impulse, and outflowing aspiration, will silently aid in the general uplifting of humanity.—Dr. Kayner. SHALL WE REASON?—The Suppression of any normal faculty is both unnatural and impossible. Would you paralyze the strong arm because it may be used in acts of violence? Will the sane man stop his ears from fear of recognizing a discord in the world; or pluck out his eyes because they may lead to the contemplation of sad scenes and gross deformities? Would you have the world stricken dumb because men utter lies and blasphemies? Shall we sacrifice Reason—that holds the balance of the mind—because it has been perverted by some men, and is still feebly exercised by the many?—And can we afford to dispense with the godlike power of imagination—the creative faculty of the soul—because some people, in whom it is not developed, are hallucinated and indulge in wild reveries? Such reformers would pluck the plumes from the eagle and make of him a sober dunghill fowl! They would extinguish the fire of Prometheus, annihilate Poetry, Music and all the grand creations of Genius and Art—and for what? Why, merely to "Scatter the idle dreamers of the time," [Dr. S. B. Brittan.]

R. P. HALL'S GALVANO-ELECTRIC PLASTER. A Galvanic Battery is embodied in a medicated plaster, and when applied to the body, produces a constant current of electricity, forming the most powerful remedial agent for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Sprains, Spinal Stiffness, Nervous Disorders, Pains in Back, Stomach, and elsewhere. Its effects are magical. Sold by Druggists, and by mail on receipt of 50 cents. Address: BELL, MANN & CO., Proprietors, 121 Water-st., Chicago. They are Warranted. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL WILL BE SENT To New Subscribers, ON TRIAL 3 MONTHS, FOR FORTY CENTS. We make this offer in the confident expectation that a large proportion of our trial subscribers will renew for a year at our regular rates. UNTIL APRIL 1ST, 1878. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL TO every new subscriber, THREE MONTHS, for FORTY CENTS; for THREE DOLLARS, we will send the paper THREE MONTHS to Ten New Subscribers provided the money and names are sent at one and the same time. We can keep no open accounts with our friends; each transaction must be independent of all others. Our correspondents will, on a moment's reflection see the impossibility of keeping open accounts, as the money received for each subscriber scarcely pays for the white paper, and would not warrant other, than a strictly cash business. We know, from past experience, it would require a small army of book-keepers to take care of the accounts. We must, therefore, reiterate that there can be no exceptions under any circumstances, and insist upon STRICTLY CASH IN-ADVANCE! RECOLLECT—13 WEEKS for FORTY CENTS. Ten Trial Subscriptions sent at one time, \$3.00. Every Trial Subscription stopped when the time expires. Remit by Money Order, Registered Letter, or Draft, at our expense. Small sums sent in currency with almost perfect safety, but we do not assume the risk. Address: JNO. C. HUNDY, EDITOR, Chicago, Ill. PLANS OF SALVATION. A better knowledge of the real teachings of the New Testament can be obtained from this little work in one hour than in years by the ordinary method of reading the Scriptures. Price, 10 cents; postage free. For sale wholesale and retail by the Publishers: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO. THE BHAGAVAD-GITA: OR, A DISCOURSE ON DIVINE MATTERS, BETWEEN KRISHNA AND ARJUNA. A SANSKRIT PHILOSOPHICAL POEM. Translated, with Copious Notes, an Introduction on Sanskrit Philosophy, and other Matters, by J. COCKBURN THOMSON, MEMBER OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY, AND OF THE ANTIQVARIAN SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA. The book is a 12mo., 278 pp., and the mechanical part is finished in a superior manner, being printed on heavy-tinted paper and bound in extra heavy cloth with richly illuminated back, borders and side title. Price, \$1.75. Gilt, \$2.35; Postage Free. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO. POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE. By MISS IZZIE DOWEN. The exhaustion of numerous columns of these beautiful poems shows how well they are appreciated by the public. The peculiarly and intrinsic merit of these poems are admired by all intelligent and liberal minds. Every spiritualist is the least should have a copy. TABLE OF CONTENTS.—PART I. A Word to the World [Preparatory]; The Prayer of the Borrowing; The Song of Truth; The Embarkation; Kender's Vision; Love and Latin; The King of the No. 1; The Meeting of Signa and Gerda; PART II. The Spirit Child (by "Jennie"); The Revelation; Hope for the Borrowing; Compensation; The Eagle of Freedom; Mistress Gleaner; by "Marian"; The Spirit Home; I Still Live (A. W. Sprague); Life in the West; Love (Shakespeare); For a Kingdom; How I Chide (Barry); (Beverly); The Prophecy of Vain (Poe); The Kingdom (Poe); The Oracle or Coffin (A. Lecter); The Meeting of the King (Poe); The Mystery of God's Love (Lecter); Love's Echo (Poe). Price: Gilt, \$2.00; Postage 10c. Plain, \$1.50; Postage 10c. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO. THE 'WORLD'S Sixteen Crucified Saviors; OR CHRISTIANITY BEFORE CHRIST CONTAINING New, Startling, and Extraordinary Revelations in Religious History, which disclose the Oriental Origin of all the Doctrines, Principles, Precepts, and Miracles of the Christian New Testament, and furnishing a Key for unlocking many of its Sacred Mysteries, besides comprising the history of Sixteen Oriental Crucified Gods. By KERSEY GRAVES. 12mo., cloth, 300 pages—price, \$2.00; postage 10c. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO. Chicago Depot for Holman's Liver Pad, 146 Dearborn st., BATES & ATKINSON, Managers. HOLMAN'S LIVER PAD cures without medicine, exerting a Liver, Stomach, Spleen, Kidneys, and Heart. It controls in an astonishingly short time any disease which attacks or grows out of these organs. CHILLS! The Pad is a preventive and a prompt and radical cure for all Malaria; also, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sciatica, Spinal Disease, Headache, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, etc. These and many more have their origin in the Stomach and Liver. If your druggists do not keep them, address Holman's Liver Pad Company, 68 Maiden Lane, New York, or 248 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati. O. Price \$2.00; Special Pad, \$3.00. HOLMAN'S MEDICATED PLASTERS act as if by magic. Foot Plasters, 50 cents a pair; Body Plasters, 50 cents each. Beware of imitations. Take none but the original Holman's. Sent by Mail on receipt of price, postage free. CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE. Is the safest and the best, is instantaneous in its action, and it produces the most natural color that can be obtained. It does not stain the skin, and is easily applied. It is a standard preparation, and is a favorite with every one. Sold by all Druggists and Hair Dressers. J. C. CANTABRO, Proprietor, P. O. Box 1113, New York.



LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE BY THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE CHICAGO.

WE ARE ALSO PREPARED TO FURNISH MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS not in our list, at regular rates, and on receipt of the money...

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Mental Mediums', 'The Bible and the Science of Nature', 'Theosophy', 'Theosophical Dictionary', etc., with prices.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Mental Mediums', 'The Bible and the Science of Nature', 'Theosophy', 'Theosophical Dictionary', etc., with prices.

Agents Wanted. NOTICE TO OUR READERS! SPECIAL CALL! AGENTS WANTED. To sell the New Patent Improved EYE CUPS. Guaranteed to be the best...

Business Cards. FRANK BAKER & S. W. OSGOOD, NOTARY PUBLIC. BAKER & OSGOOD, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS. EDWARD S. HOLBROOK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Physicians. THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT. SEND 25 CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, TROY, N. Y. NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH. CAPT. H. H. & FANNIE M. BROWN. PSYCHOMETRY. DR. W. A. CANDEE. DR. F. L. H. WILLIS. AFARM AND YOUR OWN HOME. DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES! AGENTS WANTED. THE LYCEUM STAGE. THE PLANCHETTE. Psychological Practice of MEDICINE. CHRISTIANITY & MATERIALISM.

Concluded from First Page
Souls know their freedom and light move forever
As it flows, and flows, and flows on this river.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

Wonderful Manifestations in Tiffin, Ohio.

MR. EDITOR:—Having had some very wonderful spirit manifestations in our city here in Tiffin the past five weeks, we feel that it is our duty to make them known.

Our first circles were desultory in character, and ran rapidly through the usual forms of initiatory manifestations, such as raps, moving of the table, table tipping, and so on.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I shall continue to give you further accounts of these manifestations.

Mr. D. was formerly a merchant here, and is a member of an orthodox church, and in good standing. Miss M. is a young lady formerly from Western New York, and now resides here.

When the first writing was done, we were as may well be imagined, very greatly pleased, some little excited, and a good deal curious to know how it was done.

These sentences were evidently in a feminine hand-writing, and different from that of any one in the room. Then we heard the pencil moving again in quite an impetuous manner, and when the light was turned up we found the following:

"Stay here; then go to Chicago and do the best you can. You can do much good. You are doing lots of good—Mary."

"We cannot write well to-night; don't know why—Mary."

"No Creed—No Leader."

In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for January 26th, I find an article headed "Leadership in Spiritualism," with which I was much pleased because it expressed my own views upon that question in so satisfactory a manner.

But Spiritualism by many is misunderstood. In its strictest sense, it must be regarded as a science, because it is a presentation of facts or phenomena in nature which are manifested in definite ways and governed in their movements by unvarying law.

But while all are agreed in regard to the scientific teachings of Spiritualism, they differ as widely as the poles in their religious opinions, for Spiritualism gives us no fixed and definite standard by which to gauge our belief in matters purely religious.

possible for Spiritualists ever to be united under the leadership of any one? On the great question of immortality, demonstrated to them through actual communications from those whom they know to be physically dead, all are in harmony, no matter what their religious belief may be;

Although when taken as a body throughout the world, Spiritualists differ so widely in matters of religious belief, still in America they are in the main remarkably agreed upon one point, and that is in their opposition to any organization or leadership which shall interfere in the least with their rights to think independently, and judge for themselves, or in other words, while agreeing in their scientific views of the subject, they have agreed to disagree on matters connected with religious belief.

Now with this diversity of opinions on religious matters among them, how is it possible that they can ever be marshaled under the leadership of any one head?

President Lincoln and Spiritualism.

In an address at Doughty Hall, London, Jan. 20th, 1875, Mr. J. M. Peebles gave the following relation:

"I have another illustration of the good uses of Spiritualism. I would refer to the means brought to bear on President Lincoln's mind, resulting in the emancipation of four millions of slaves. I personally know the man and the mediums. S. P. Kase, Esq., of Philadelphia, is one of the American 'railroad kings,' having aided in the construction of five railways, and was at one time president of two of them.

"Mr. Conklin said, 'You have come in just the time needed. I want you to take this to the President.'"

After some conversation about the contending armies, and the condition of the country, Mr. Kase said, "I have a letter for you, Mr. Lincoln"—handing it to him. The President reading and re-reading it, turned to Mr. Kase, and said, "This is very singular—this letter purports to be from spirits—the fathers of our country; do you know anything about Spiritualism?"

upon the conduct of the war, the true policy to be pursued, and the importance of immediately issuing a proclamation that every slave in the country should be freed. I here read the condensed substance of what the spirit said, as furnished me by Mr. Kase:—"You, sir, as President of the Republic, are called to the position you occupy for a very important purpose. The world is not only groaning under the weight of mental and spiritual bondage, but four millions, made in God's image, are enduring physical slavery. Their yokes must be broken, the fetters must be severed, and the physically enslaved must be set free, before your nation can be restored to its proper station."

"There is a spiritual congress supervising the affairs of this nation. This civil war will never cease; the shout of victory will never ring through the North, will never reverberate along the verdant valleys of the South; the olive branch of peace will never wave over your fields, and lakes, and mountains, till you issue a proclamation of freedom that shall set forever free the enslaved millions of your distracted country."

DEAR JOURNAL:—He that is a close observer of the times, will soon find that the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism is working its way gradually, "his true, but surely into the hearts and homes of the masses."

Letter from J. H. Hoover.

"I have another illustration of the good uses of Spiritualism. I would refer to the means brought to bear on President Lincoln's mind, resulting in the emancipation of four millions of slaves. I personally know the man and the mediums. S. P. Kase, Esq., of Philadelphia, is one of the American 'railroad kings,' having aided in the construction of five railways, and was at one time president of two of them."

Kabalistic Views—Mystical Indeed!

I have been reading in the JOURNAL a verbose letter from Madame Blavatsky, explaining her Kabalistic views of spirits, etc. After wandering through amaze of matter about "elementals," gnomes, undines and all sorts of unhuman beings, I am puzzled, but do not mean to ask further explanation for that would puzzle me still more.

One thing, however, we learn emphatically; that there are "adepts" fit to lead or guide in Western séances, and that the "trained seers" are in Asiatic "pagodas," while the best of our mediums are "ignorant of their own natures;" also, that her-

witnesses are living men teaching and exemplifying "the philosophy of the hoary ages; said 'philosophy being kabalistic, and said ages wiser than ours.'"

Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.

SAPONIFIER
Is the Old Reliable Concentrated Lye For Family Soap Making.

SAPONIFIER
MADE BY THE PENN. SALT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

WHY I WAS EXCOMMUNICATED
First Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis, Minn. By Prof. H. BARNARD.

UNDERWOOD-MARPLES DEBATE
HELD BETWEEN R. F. UNDERWOOD AND REV. JOHN MARPLES, of Toronto, (Presbyterian).

A NEW AND RARE BOOK! Poems of the Life Beyond and Within.

SOMETHING NEW! SPIRITUALISM PICTORIALLY ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SHORE, ARTIST.

TRANSITION: (OR, THE SPIRIT'S RIGHTS) AND CELESTIAL VISITANTS. (From Longfellow's Footstool of Angels.)