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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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Mrs. Francis H. Green McDougall.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL:
The removal of this noble woman from the field of her earthly labors, is an event that calls for something more than a passing notice from the American press. It is seldom that one so distinguished for independent thought, eminent ability as a writer of both prose and verse, and for all the gentle and ennobling attributes and qualities which at once refine, exalt, and dignify human nature. Her example is a mild reproof and a strong incentive to the weak and irresolute; at the same time it is a severe rebuke to the indolent and the unworthy. With a disposition admirably tempered by thorough culture and mature reflection, a loving and hopeful philosophy of life—softened and sweetened by every tender affection—she was yet invincible in her resistance of every form of evil. With a sympathetic spirit that listened with tearful emotion to every tale of suffering, she combined a supreme love of justice and humanity, and an intense hatred of oppression and cruelty, rendering her firm and forcible as she was gentle and forgiving. For the hoary superstitions of the past, and the gigantic wrongs of the world—for all tyranny and tyrants—Genius had placed in her hands the scourge of Nemesis. At the same time she was an earnest and true reformer, in whom the stern virtues of the Puritan were charmingly modified by every womanly grace and the divinest charity. I may not hope to do justice to such a character within the limits of this article, but I must reverently pay my humble tribute to her memory.

Mrs. McDougall was born in Smithfield, R. I., about the year 1805. She was the daughter of Mr. George Whipple, and her ancestors were among the early settlers and most distinguished families in the State. While at a tender age her father, by a series of misfortunes, was reduced to poverty, and the little blue-eyed Fanny was left to support herself by her own industry, and to depend on such means of improvement as the common school and occasional hours at home. She labored and studied early and late, with a cheerful and hopeful spirit, always making the most of her limited opportunities. Her rare natural endowments soon became apparent to all intelligent observers. More conspicuous than the retentive memory, which enabled her to grasp the principles and details of whatever she read, were the illustrations of that creative power which is the distinguishing characteristic of genius. The first fruits of her prolific mind were short poems, in which she displayed a delicate sense of beauty and harmony; and as early as 1830, she attracted public attention by her poetic contributions to the papers in her native State.

Miss Whipple's first venture in the shape of a book was the *Life of Eleanor Elbridge*, a colored woman. It was a great success, more than thirty thousand copies having been sold. Her strong interest in the laboring classes determined at once the subject and object of her next volume, "*The Mechanic*," which appeared in 1841. This book was extensively noticed by the *New England Press*, and highly complimented by Mr. Brownson, in the *Boston Quarterly Review*. In the same year she contributed to the *Rhode Island Book* a poem entitled, "*The Dwarf's Story*," a gloomy conception, embodied in a composition revealing great depth of passion and power of expression. In 1842, she edited and published the *Wampanoag*, a journal devoted to the interests of labor, and the special improvement of the people engaged in the productive industries of the country. "*Might and Right*," followed in 1844. It was a history of the origin, and a discussion of the facts and circumstances, of the attempt at revolution in Rhode Island known as the *Dorr Insurrection*. She subsequently contributed to many periodicals on subjects commanding the wide range of polite literature, popular science, and constructive art. Among these various contributions to the press—in which she displayed an unrivalled versatility—we recall her papers in *The Nineteenth Century*, an elegant quarterly magazine conducted by Charles Chauncy Burr.

In December, 1847, *The Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher* was started at New York by an association, under the editorial management of the present writer. The new journal was devoted to a spiritual-rationalism; a philosophical exposition of the psychological phenomena of all ages, and the application of natural principles to the relations and interests of individual and social life. It was a phenomenon in journalistic literature, and its appearance occasioned a sensation. Mrs. McDougall, then Mrs. Green, became one of the largest and most important contributors to the new paper. She was deeply interested in the enterprise, and at once sought a home in the editor's family, where she remained for several years in the most intimate and friendly relations. She was never weary in serving others; and during all that period she never, by so much as a word carelessly spoken, disturbed the social harmony, or otherwise diminished the respect and love with which she was regarded by every member of the household.

Mrs. Green wrote with great freedom of thought and diction, and was neither limited in her themes nor the method of their treatment. When the subject involved important principles; when it took hold of great human interests; or presented poetic

aspects, she was often truly inspired. Her mind was full of light, and her pen became a tongue of fire, illuminating whatever it touched. Sometimes a mere question—like the rod that smote the rock in the wilderness—seemed to strike the living fountain of her inspiration. Now and then, a single remark would produce an effect as instantaneous as the falling of a spark into a magazine. We have a remarkable instance of this in the production of her "Song of the North Wind," a poem of about one hundred and fifty lines, in which the force of strong words and the whole metrical movement suggests the blasts of polar storms and the grand march of the tornado. This poem was composed one evening early in March, 1848. The writer of this had just returned from his office at the close of the day. It was a cold night, and the wind was blowing a gale from the north. On entering the door I met Mrs. Green, whom I thus addressed, "Well, Fanny, the Spirit of the North Wind is having a grand rehearsal to-night. The rhythmical movement is rapid and powerful, and the music full of startling crescendos." Starting suddenly, as if moved by an electric shock she made no reply, but rushing up stairs, disappeared. In an hour and a half she returned with the poem complete and ready for the press. My observation, made without premeditation, suggested the theme, and instantly the invisible powers of the air swept over her soul, waking the strings of her lyre to the stately numbers of his boreal march. It was no "ill wind" that produced such a result; it was rather a *divine afflatus*, that gave to the inspired poetess power of expression, majestic and free as the wild blasts which cradled her Muse. Boreas rehearses his victories on land and sea. I will here extract portions of this grand anthem:

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

From the home of Thor, and the land of Hun,
Where the valiant frost-kings dwelt the sun,
Till he, like a coward, slunk away
With the spectral glare of his meagre day
And throne in beauty, peerless Night,
In her robe of snow and her crown of light,
His queen-like on her icy throne,
With frost-dewers in her peary zone—
And the fair Aurora, glowing
Round her form of matchless symmetry—
An isle's mantle of roscate hue,
With the gold and hyacinth melting through;
And from her forehead, beaming far,
Looks forth her own true polar star.
From the land we love—our native home—
On a mission of wrath we come!
Away, away, over earth and sea!
Unchained and chainless, we are free!

As we fly, our strong wings gather force,
To rush on our overwhelming course;
We have swept the mountain and walked the main,
And now, in our strength, we are here again:
To beguile the stay of this wintry hour
We are chanting our anthem of pride and power;
And the listening earth turns doleful pale—
Like a sheeted corpse, the silent vale
Looks forth in robes of ghastly white,
As now we rehearse our deeds of might.
The strongest of God's sons are we,
Unchained and chainless, ever free!

We have looked on Hecla's burning brow,
And seen the pines of Norway bow
In cadence to our deafening roar,
On the craggy steep of the Arctic shore;
We have walked with the meekstrum's whistling
hoof.

And curdled the current of human blood,
As nearer, nearer, nearer drew
The struggling bark to the boiling blue—
Till, resistless, urged to the cold death-clasp,
It writhes in the hideous monster's grasp
A moment—and then the fragments go
Down, down to the fearful depths below!
But away, away, over the land and sea
Unchained and chainless, we are free!
We have started the poisoning avalanche,
And seen the cheek of the mountain blanch,
As down the giant Ruin came.
With a step of wrath and an eye of flame;
With hissing destruction, death and we
On all around and all below,
Till the piling rocks and the prostrate wood
Conceal the spot where the village stood;
And the choking waters vainly try
From their strong prison-hold to fly!
We haste away for our breath and life
With the screams of the perishing multitude!
Of that hour of horror we only may tell—
As we chant the dirge and we ring the knell;
Away, away over the land and sea,
Unchained and chainless—we are free!

Old Neptune we call from his ocean caves,
When for pasture we dance on the crested waves;
And we heap the struggling billows high
Against the deep gulf of the sky;
Then we plunge in the yawning depth beneath,
And there on the heaving surges breathe,
Till they toss the proud ship like a feather,
And Light and Hope expire together;
And the bravest cheek turns deadly pale
At the cracking mast and the rending sail
As down, with headlong fury borne
Of all her strength a dhow's short,
The wood skip struggles to the last,
With the raging waters and howling blast!
We hurry the waves to their final crash,
And the foaming floods to frenzy lash;
Then we pour our requiem on the billow,
As the death go down to their ocean pillow—
Down—far down—to the depths below,
Where the perie repose and the sea-gems glow;
Mid the coral groves, where the sea-fan waves
Its palmy wand o'er a thousand graves;
And the insect weaves her stony shroud
Alike o'er the lumbe and the proud
What can be nobler than we,
The strong, the chainless, ever free.

Among Mrs. Green McDougall's prose contributions to the *Universalist* were stirring papers especially addressed to her own sex. In which she exposes the superficial character of American female education, and uncovers the vain and false motives that influence the lives of many women. She strips the soft draperies of fashionable indolence from those who wear them, and

reveals the scars pride left when it rifled the bosom of its divine affections. She severely chastises the hejeweled fair ones who either coldly turn away from the fallen sister, or remorselessly trample on every poor mortal whose name is woman. We select the following passage from an article on Literary Women:

"Let us pay less attention to external decoration, seeking rather that inward adorning of the mind" which gives to woman her true beauty and that intellectual vigor which imparts her real strength. A wrong motive is still left at the root of female education, and its present consequences are quite deplorable. The same motive which softens down the graces and smiles of our young ladies into a burlesque of all that is natural, bends the knee of the bright-eyed Georgian in the seraglio of the Sultan, and points the electric glances of the fair Circassian; and I know not that the principle has higher dignity here than there. Do not misunderstand me. I neither condemn the wish to please, nor quarrel with the art or the power of pleasing; for both are natural and therefore right. I only deprecate the motive and the power when made paramount to and subversive of all other and higher incentives to action.

Let us not waste time by idly talking of our rights or our capabilities, but put the whole matter directly to the testing process, by commencing, each one of us, the work of self-elevation.

Mrs. McDougall's example was not less impressive than her speech. She practiced her principles with a blameless integrity. She regarded life as a serious matter, and never treated its interests and responsibilities lightly. The following extract will suffice to indicate the earnest manner in which she was accustomed to treat fashionable women:

"Ask for the definition of the word lady, and you are answered, it is a female who, being placed wholly above the necessity of labor herself, may command the labor and services of others. What a dignity is here coveted! No less than that of complete uselessness. Now in these cases the greatest danger is not in mere idleness, but the natural activity of the mind may cause its development in wrong directions. Surely very little moral consistency or dignity of character could be expected of one to whom the highest motive for excellence is to get a husband and a fine establishment!"

To this end our young ladies are taught all that can fascinate—all that can charm the senses. . . . They must dance gracefully, and glide more voluptuously through the spiral mazes of the waltz. The fair round arms make a fine contrast with the dark rosewood of the gilded harp; and the bello must learn to murmur her Italian love sonnets with a more liquid and tender enunciation. The advantages derived from these superficial graces and accomplishments are soon discovered by their possessor as well as by her less fortunate companions. Even before she has left the nursery the theme of her beauty and probable conquests is rife in the mouth of every friend and visitor of the family. She will certainly make a great sensation in 'coming out,' and all her hopes, all her dreams, all her efforts, point to this as the Rubicon of Life.

Strength and self-reliance are supposed to be incompatible with the power of fascination. Whether physical or mental power is implied, it is not presumed to be the attribute of a lady. Thus woman is made the mere parasite of man. She loses her own identity. In a vast majority of cases—in fact almost universally—she becomes hardly conscious of a self-dependent existence. She is made the mere appendage of her father, her husband or her brothers. We have heard the story of Woman, the tender, graceful vine, clinging for support around Man, the lordly, majestic oak, until woman absolutely forgets that she is invested with the power to stand alone, if need be, endowed by nature with all the physical, mental and moral energies of a self-dependent and self-accountable being."

In the interest of abandoned woman, Mrs. McDougall's plea is eloquent and powerful. She appeals to a numerous class of her own sex in a manner which must cover many a fair cheek with a blush of shame, while she applies something like a lash of scorpions to the shameless authors of their ruin. The following will illustrate the spirit of the whole:

"For the honor of the sex, for the holy love of virtue, for the crimson blush of shame, let it no longer be said that woman, by making the disgrace of a single wrong inexorable, shuts out the female sinner from all hope of reformation, while at the same time she takes the libertine, upon whose guilty soul is wrought the crimson stain of that victim's first crime, into the sacred confidence of her bosom friendship! Let it no more be said that the personal sanctity of woman is sullied by the slightest contact with the vicious of her own sex, while it receives no blemish from the closest union with the vile and profligate of the other. Let us hear no more that pious and holy women—tract distributors, leaders of classes and prayer meetings, members of benevolent associations—come into our churches flaunting in the garments from the making of which their own criminal vanity and covetousness has abstracted the price of virtue! then and there to strike hands with the destroyer! Such women are accomplices in his crime. They may envelop themselves in the robes of ten-fold sanctity, but through all the dark plague-spots will appear, the crimson stains of im-

molated purity, of the martyred Life, that was folded in every plait and wrought in every seam! Let woman interpose the majesty of her Medusan shield, not to terrify but to protect the fallen, and let her transfer her smiles and favors from the seducer to his victim.

But there is a better feeling in regard to this subject springing to life among us; thanks to the sainted Thomas Hood for his "Bridge of Sighs," and his "Song of the Shirt," which have awakened tender and mournful echoes, now thrilling millions of bosoms, which but for these sad strains, might never have known the wrongs. Thanks to Etienne Sue, who has given us such vivid portraits of individuals of this class. Through these we get nearer to the human hearts that lie, throbbing in their great anguish, deep—deep—below the wreck of virtue, and the broken fragments of happiness and hope. Does not the image of the gentle and tender Fleur de Marie stand out amid the depths of prostitution and blackest crime, to rebuke with its angelic sweetness the doubt that there may be good—even there? Does it not invest the whole sisterhood with a kind of sanctity—the sanctity of human nature—the sanctity of Womanhood—which, however low its possessor may have fallen—however guilty she may be—is still divine?"

In 1849 Mrs. McDougall and the present writer were associated in the editorial management of the *Young People's Journal*, a monthly magazine designed to popularize science, literature and art. To this work she was the largest contributor. While thus employed, three cautos of her Narragansett, a legend of the Narragansett, were published in Philadelphia. This poem is every way remarkable. It exhibits the fruits of a careful study of the Indian character; a strong and delicate sympathy with Nature; a quiet and accurate perception of the elements of beauty and the laws of poetic expression; great allience of thought and speech; at the same time it reveals a strong imagination, and powers of description which determine her place in the front rank of American poets. I can best justify this opinion by extracting a passage from the poem.

A SUMMER NOON IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Stillness of summer noontide over hill,
And deep on bowing wood, and rock, and stream,
Syllabed the trees, it mutes, he scattering steep
Upon the drooping eyelids of the air.
No wind breathed through the forest, that could stir
The lightest foliage. If a rustling sound
Escaped the trees, it mutes, he scattering steep
Or else the polished leaves were turning beet:
To their own natural place, whence the wind
Of the last hour had flung them. From afar
Came the deep roar of waters, not subdued
To a melodious murmur, like the chant
Of naiads, ere they take their noontide rest.
A tremulous motion stirred the aspen leaves,
And from their shivering stems an utterance came,
So delicate and spirit-like it seemed
The soul of music breathed, without a voice.
The aspen bent low, low drooping head,
Mourning the absence of her transient love,
Till the soft languor closed her sleepy eye,
To dream of zephyrs from the fragrant south,
Coming to renew her life.
The eglin fine breathed perfume; and the rose
Cherished her robbing buds, that drank the light,
Fair as the vomit on the cheek of Hope,
When or in shuddered mood or quietude,
The waters, like enamored lovers, found
A thousand sweet excuses for delay.
The clattering lily blomed upon their breast,
Low tokens of the maiden, when they came
To tattle with the deep, impassioned waves.

The wild bee, hovering on voluptuous wing,
Scarce murmured to the blossom, drawing thence
Slumber with honey; then in the purple cup,
As if oppressed with sweetness, sank to sleep,
In back and orange, by his pendant nest,
Each looked within the other's drowsy eyes,
Till outward objects melted into dreams.

The rich vibration of the tanager,
Or summer-red-bird, flashed amid the green,
Like rubies set in richest emerald.
On some tall maple sat the oriole,
When or in shuddered mood or quietude,
To cheer his brooding mate with whistled songs;
While high amid the loftiest lily,
Perched the loquacious jay, his turquoise crest
Low drooping, as he plumed his shining coat,
Rich with the changeable blue of Nazareth.
And higher yet, upon a towering pine,
Stood the fierce hawk, half slumbering, half-awake,
His eye flickering in his dark throat,
As if he sought for plunder in his dreams."

Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, in his "Female Poets of America," pays a high tribute to the genius of Mrs. Green McDougall. I extract a paragraph in which he expresses his judgment of the poem under review:

"This is a work of decided and various merit. . . . In Narragansett are shown descriptive powers scarcely inferior to those of Bryant and Carlos Wilcox, who have been most successful in painting the grand, beautiful and peculiar scenery of New England. The rhythm is harmonious, and the style generally elegant and poetically ornate. . . . It is a production that will gratify attention by the richness of its fancy, the justness of its reflection, and its dramatic interest."

From the year 1852 to 1854, Mrs. McDougall was a highly valued contributor to the pages of the *Shekinah*, a spiritual magazine, edited and published by the present writer. In the first volume of that work will be found her "Time and the Ages," one of her finest poems. The subject is treated in an eminently original and effective manner. With a rushing sound, as of great pinions smiting the still air, until silence became voiceful, "Time—in the character of a venerable sage—appears, mounted on
—"a majestic car,
Borne by six eagles, black Erebus."

The stately form, the lofty mien, and benign expression of the Sage, are described with remarkable force and poetic effect. His face, which bears the stamp of sovereignty, radiates the light of all ages.

"On that brow
Were the deep traces of all human thought,
With every feature seemed a history
Of human disappointments, sorrows, joys,
Afflictions, hopes, and passions infinite."

Of all the daughters of Time, only the Present Age remains; and she is clothed with all the beauty and glory of the past. Reclining on the massive breast of the Father of all the Ages, she questions:

"Oh, bless me, gentle Father, with the love
My heart so long hath yearned for, of the Dead!
Speak of my Mother, that once sleeping still
In the deep tomb of Ages."

With a smile
That passed o'er his stern features, leaving there
A trace of faintest sunshine, he embraced
The gentle creature with one massive arm.

And in the fulness of his love replied:
"The dead cannot show, my child, *There are no dead!*
His voice voice, urging, like the distant sea,
Pouring its strong bass through some peevish cove,
That softened, white it deepened, the rich tones.
"My children! it is true they all are gone—
All gone, but thee my last and loveliest one!
Singly they came; singly they all departed;
And when their work was done, lay down to sleep;
But never one hath died. Time, forms may change,
But spirit is immortal.
Darkness and death are but rest—
The greater portion of all human hopes,
Thoughts, struggles, passions, labors, and desires—
Whence the ethereal essence hath burnt out—
The ashes of the Past. Yet even this
Hath made soil for the Future. Not one trace
Of life can ever perish. Mid all changes
Of Mind and Matter, every ray of light,
All hope, all faith, all action, and all thought,
That has vitally within thee,
Lives for a fellowship with pure light—
With loftier action, thought, and hope, and faith—
With an ever-concentrating power, that
Which, as it strengthens, reaches heavenward."

Time evokes the spirit of the Ages, and they reappear. The Pastoral Age is represented, and the birth of Poetry and Music illustrated. The Muse inspired the songs of the Shepherd Minstrel. Of these we can only make room for two stanzas, from a

A SONG OF THE MINSTREL MAIDEN.

Go seek the Sky, and ask the Dew,
What moods the drops, and paints the blue;
Seek if the Spirit dwells there;
A voice comes sobbing through the air,
"It is only Echo, murmuring, 'Thee!'"

Among the works which illustrate Mrs. McDougall's scholastic acquirements, is an excellent class-book in botany. She had been a faithful student of the science all her life, and her treatise was highly appreciated by eminent judges of its merits. From 1837 to 1839 she was a frequent contributor to the *Spiritual Age*. A recent period she gave to the public, through the press of Thatcher and Hutchinson, a book of six hundred pages, entitled, "*Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom*," or, "*The Branded Hand*." Translated from the original Showah, and edited by an American Citizen." As will be inferred from the title, the work was written in the interest of the anti-slavery cause. The essential facts in the story of Shahmah, as told in the brief historical sketch by the translator, may interest the reader. He is represented as belonging to the "Kabyles, a tribe inhabiting the high regions among the mountains of Algiers. Amid all the revolutions that have overrun and depopulated the surrounding countries, sowing the borders of sea and desert with the ruins of ages, they have still maintained themselves in their strong fastnesses, a race of unconquered Freemen."

Shahmah Shah was the son of the Chief of his tribe. In early childhood he was taken captive, and for years lived as a slave among the Algerines, and subsequently as a serf in Bohemia. Having purchased his liberty, he returns to his native freedom among the mountains. At length, by the death of his father, he becomes Chief of the Kabyles. But he is dissatisfied. He wants more knowledge and a higher freedom. He is at once a philosopher and a philanthropist, and withal highly religious after the manner of his people. Having graduated from the highest school in his country, he makes the pilgrimage of the Holy Sepulchre, and then visits the famous Khaaba, the pantheon of Mecca. He conceives the idea of a higher life and a nobler freedom than he can ever hope to actualize among the rude people of his tribe. He resolves to find the superior liberty which forms the subject of all his day-dreams. He has heard of the United States, and is assured that he will there find the practical form of his ideal conception. He comes to this country, landing at New Orleans, where commences his observations. He visits different places in the hope of finding the object of his search. On the contrary, side by side he finds the Christian's church and the slave-market. In one, Jesus, the friend of the poor, is worshipped; and in the other, avarice and the auctioneer separate husbands and wives, and parents and children. Things are fearfully mixed. Hemp and hangman, the gallows and the cross, are expressive symbols of the national institutions. The prayer-meeting and the whipping-post are presumed to be equally necessary to the glory of God and the welfare of his people. He finds that the marriage covenant is a cruel fiction; and that young womanhood is shamelessly desecrated is a fact that finds the form and color of its demonstration in countenancing blood of the races. The pursuit of freedom is vain. Shahmah finds

"A large weekly paper, published in 1871 in New York, and conducted by the present writer, with the late W. J. Courtney as an assistant editor. In January 1872 the *Age* was removed to Boston. When the *Age* and *Spiritual Age* were merged in it, after which the *Spiritual Age* was once more under the editorial supervision of Mrs. A. N. Weston and the writer, an ill 1878, when the latter removed his place in its management.

Continued on Eighth Page

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT.

BY ELLIEN J. FINNEY.

(CONTINUED.)

VII.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE.

The idea of the sovereignty of the people is central to the American Republic, as it is the expressed object of the Constitution itself. The Preamble to the United States Constitution declares, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, and secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessings of liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution." The one idea here is POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY; not the sovereignty of any one class, but of the whole People, without distinction of race or sex. This is the idea—the principle which the founders of the Constitution set themselves down upon when they began to build. Nor must it be forgotten that but a short time had elapsed since the close of the revolutionary war—a war which began by declaring that "taxation without representation is tyranny." And when this Constitution was solemnly adopted by the States, this idea of popular sovereignty was accepted as the foundation thereof. Now begins the great work of making this idea practical and logical in all the institutions of the nation. We all know the rest. Grim anomalies in the legislation of the nation and of every State, have been passed, and called laws. Man hunting, woman whipping, and baby stealing, have been carried on in open day, under the very eye of the Constitution, and in the name of the Constitution. This illogical procedure rose so high at last, as to threaten the Constitution and the permanency of the Republic. The rebellion opened its black batteries upon the very sovereignty of the people, as expressed under the forms of law and of the Constitution. The rebellion failed. Such limited sovereignty as some of the people—far less than one-half—were allowed to hold and exercise, was retained; man hunting, woman whipping, and baby stealing was brought nearly to a close. And yet the idea of the Constitution is very far from being a fact. One half the people, plus one whole race of human beings, loyal to a man, woman and child, are still denied the only authority, symbol, and security for that sovereignty, viz: the ballot.

Will it be said that the framers of the Constitution contemplated only a partial and accommodated sovereignty, and not all the sovereignty of the whole people? I answer, England does this. Could our fathers do no better than a kingdom which they had just scoldingly thrashed for claiming the "right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever," and thrashing it, too, with "taxation without representation is tyranny"—roaring from the mouths of all its omnions? We have no doubt that the framers of the Constitution were inspired when they wrote that Preamble, and so may have builded wiser than they knew; but certain it is that the task assigned to the American people by the Constitution and by the genius of our civilization, is the actualization of popular sovereignty.

And beside, in five States, negroes voted for members of the Constitutional Convention, and so come under its sacred "We, the people." It is also stated that in one State—New Jersey—women voted likewise. The first fact is sustained by the decision of the Supreme Courts of Virginia and North Carolina, and by the history of three other States; so that, by the very terms of the Constitution, negroes certainly, and probably women, are represented as part of the sovereign people. Hence, to deny this sovereignty to women and negroes, is a literal violation of the very terms, as well as a greater violation of the spirit and genius of that great instrument.

And if the denial of political sovereignty to women and negroes were not a direct and express denial of the very letter of the Constitution, it is the direct subversion of the very principle itself of the sovereignty of the people. On what ground can political sovereignty be allowed to men, and refused to women? Are not women people? Will it be said that the male gender alone are to be endowed with political power? If so, what reasons can be given for the assumption? Is the proverbial coarseness of men the qualification for ballot? Or will it be put on their greater physical strength and force? Oxen and asses are stronger than man; why should not an elephant vote, then? Will it be said, women are too refined to vote? I answer, they are not considered too refined to work in the field, as slaves; to drudge in the kitchen, as cooks; to do all the dirty work for a whole household of coarse men and boys. Is it more delicate work to scrub, than to drop a tiny piece of paper, carrying the "principle of human rights into legislation," into a ballot-box? Or, will it be said, their sex should exclude them from the ballot? What has sex to do with taxation, with crime, with pauperism, with knowledge, with morality, with religion? Truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, knowledge and ignorance, and all the other common principles and endowments of human life know no sex. Science knows no sex; religion knows no sex; art knows no sex; life itself knows no sexual superiority, unless, as some of the finest thinkers of the age affirm—woman be man's superior. And why should political sovereignty know any distinctions of sex? If there be any distinctions of power to be grounded on sex, woman must be allowed the most power, as her sex is the finest, the most delicate, and the most perfect, physiologically. Or, will it be said, her delicacy of constitution renders her unfit to mingle in the coarse throngs around the polls? Who constitute this rabble but men—women's fathers, husbands, brothers and friends, with whom she is in daily, almost hourly contact? 'Tis not the ballot-box that is coarse, or the polls themselves; all the coarseness comes from men, and men alone, with whom women are compelled, or choose to live in the closest intimacy. The objection would divorce all the husbands on earth; it is insincere, false and hypocritical, or idiotic in those who make it.

It may be objected that women and negroes are not qualified for the ballot. We answer, the use of the ballot alone can qualify them. It was said of the slave, "Two hundred years of servitude has disqualified him for freedom." The exercise of liberty is the only school for liberty. So the exercise of the franchise is the only legitimate training for the ballot. Suppose I bring my son to a blacksmith to be taught the trade, is there so big a fool of a blacksmith on earth as would tell me, "Sir, your son is not qualified to become a blacksmith, because he has had no experience in blacksmithing?" He cannot wield the hammer wisely, or well, because he has never done it; and his arm is not strong enough!" This is the objection of the old granny, who told her son "never to go into the water until he had first learned to swim."

But we will not here spend more space or time to answer the oft repeated, always groundless, and too often insincere and silly objections to the extension of the elective franchise to negroes and women; but we put the whole question on the principle of the Sovereignty of the whole People. In the United States the People are the right and Constitutional Sovereigns. Women and negroes are more than half the people, and, therefore, have more right, on the principle that the majority shall rule, to disfranchise free "white male citizens," than the latter have to disfranchise the former.

Listen, ye old American hunkers—"white male citizens"—the most contemptible phrase that ever crept into statute books; a disgrace to the American people; a libel on pop-

ular sovereignty; a contradiction to both the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and if allowed to go on half a century more, will upset the entire Republic. "White male citizens!" Shame on the people of any State that will allow that phrase to stand a single year longer on its statute books! Think of it, ye real and professed reformers! "WARRIORS MAKE CITIZENS!" Wonder if Deity has written on the walls of heaven, "White male citizens." Hope his Satanic majesty has written over the black arch of Tophet, "None but 'White male citizens' admitted here."

If women should be taxed, imprisoned, and made to bear the other burdens of society and its government, they should be allowed the franchise. If women and negroes know enough to be hung, they know enough to vote, and to make laws.

Responsibility should run parallel with rights and liberties only. It is contrary to every principle of popular sovereignty, to impose taxes without representation. If "taxation without representation be tyranny," then negroes and women are ground to the very dust under the tyrannical laws of these American States. It was the violation of this principle, in the shape of a little tax on tea, that induced the Colonies to resist the British Government. And yet this American people coolly, indifferently, and willfully commit the same outrage on *nineteen millions of loyal American people*. The moral and intellectual indifference of the people to this fact is startlingly painful. Especially the flippant-insensate-silly-sentimental-white-livered indifference of "ladies," whose attitude on this question is a disgrace to themselves and to their sex. Let those not call themselves by the sacred name of "woman" who "have all the rights they want."

The safety of the nation requires the extension of the elective franchise to women and negroes. Women and the blacks do not more need the franchise to secure their own interests, than the interests of "Free White Male Citizens" require it. If the elections are corrupt, it is because woman is not there. Our homes are not corrupt, because woman is there. If bad, and heartless, and inhuman laws are passed, it is because just one-half of our entire *humanity*—and that the most moral, most refined, and most spiritual—is debarred any hand in their passage. If class legislation is vitiating the whole legislation of the country, it is because woman's keen and intuitive sense of justice, and affection for labor and the laborer, is prevented from arresting the savage and divorced male greed which runs riot with the people's hard earned treasure. And if our cities and towns are filled with "abandoned women," it is because man, with the influence of the ballot box, has secured to himself all the first-class places of profit, of emolument, of distinction and of honor; while with the thus over-fed passions and grosser appetites, he reduces his sisters to want, to shame, and to the most savage of all deaths—the death of woman's virtue and honor.

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Necessity of Positive Evidence.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It is constantly reiterated by Spiritualists that Spiritualism has been ushered into the world as a system of positive religion, casting aside faith for knowledge, and speculation for facts. We feel that this claim should be true, and we know that such a religion is demanded.

Faith in miraculous events transpiring two thousand years ago, blind servility to dogmas propounded by red-handed bishops, and reverence for the musty records of antiquity, are giving place to the tangible and practical facts of the present. In science, in the arts, in political life, in social organization, one question is asked at first and at last, Is there positive evidence substantiating each and every proposition? If not, let us seek for it, or hold our statement in abeyance until such proofs are produced.

The world has had quite enough of religions without any sufficient basis, as our own Christianity bears witness. Heisting, as these systems do, on obscure revelations, which must be translated by finite minds, who can decide, amidst the contentions of a thousand sects, the true from the false? Are any of them right? Based as they are on the supposed infallibility of their revelations, and blinded by discarding reason, an incomprehensible jargon is the result. Lost in the fog of metaphysical speculation, which mistakes words for ideas, the religionist wanders over the quaking marsh lands of theology, chasing a will of the wisp of his own creating. He sets out from a false position, and objectless traverses a dreary waste, and if evidence is demanded, he replies, "Faith is all that is required." "Faith," was palatable to the ignorance of the past ages, but facts, not faith, are now wanted. In its facts is precisely where Christianity fails.

Spiritualism claims to supply this want. There is no necessity for blind belief. Absolute knowledge is supplied. The Future Life is proved by clouds of witnesses, and doubt entirely removed.

Positive evidence cannot be gainsaid, and there can be no doubt that such has been repeatedly furnished. The doubt rests with the observer. Often have we heard the assertion of the positive nature of the evidence of Spiritualism, followed by a narrative of the phenomena of which the statement was based, of so loose and puerile a character, that anyone of the least scientific culture would smile at the claim. This is not said in disparagement. Spiritualism is all, and infinitely more than all, that is claimed for it; it is the unscientific manner of observation which we criticize. Scientific men are censured for standing aloof, and perhaps justly, but we must not forget that we are working in a field almost ignored by them, and one brought in disrepute by the senseless methods by which it has hitherto been explored. It must also be remembered that their method of positive observation is the identical one all Spiritualists claim as the distinguishing feature of the New Philosophy, and thus it becomes incumbent on them to institute and record their observations with scrupulous care. It is certain that had all the manifestations which have been made, been observed in all their relations with the same keen perception the man of science brings to the study of other natural events, and as accurately recorded as he records his observations, the mass of evidence which would have thus accumulated would be overwhelming. Why have they not? Repeatedly the cry has been raised, "When will men of science investigate Spiritualism?" It has been asked in vain. It is idle to expect them to leave their chosen fields for this new and unpopular one. Yet their method is unimpeachable; and should be adopted by any Spiritualist who should feel himself to be the "scientific man" called to the investigation.

Prof. Hare understood the matter well, and, as far as he went, vigorously followed the true method. His researches thus have a sterling value. Prof. Crookes has preceded in the same direction, and the value of his investigations is inestimable. The observing Spiritualist need not be told that in receiving communications every possible source of error should be eliminated. The conditions are of such evanescent character, and so little is known of the requirements of perfect control, that at best there remains a wide margin for errors.

It by no means follows that because the manifestations are faulty the medium is knowingly a deceiver, or that evil spirits are communicating. The greatest care and circumspection are required to comply with known essential conditions, and guarding against deception. This is demanded not only for self-protection, but to give value and character to the results. The honest and true medium cannot object to such measures as shall place him beyond suspicion of fraud or collusion, as only by such precautions have the manifestations any great value. As the channel affects the passing current, so the medium affects the communications, and here is a wide field for observation. The circle and the investigator himself have their influence either direct, or in the order of intelligences they attract; and, lastly, these intelligences present as great a diversity as exists among mortals.

I by no means cast aside the ordinary facts of observation. These have their place, and when we are once convinced of their truth, to us they may possess peculiar beauties. The tide of inspiration, or the rare opportunities for spirit communion, will not wait for the application of those measures which science may deem necessary for its positive acceptance. These must be seized as best they may. What we desire is to make sufficiently accurate observations to demonstrate their cause in the positive manner that is claimed. The difficulties we fully understand, and have alluded to. The spiritual elements cannot be confined in a mortar or crucible, nor weighed with the balance. The circle cannot be prepared and results demanded, as with the chemist or electrician. They know the essential conditions and fulfill them, and are confident of the results. Not understanding the requirements, or only partially, of spiritual manifestations, failure is always possible. If, then, we would indicate the positivism of our belief, we must adopt the scientific method and apply it to the changing circumstances, to the best of our ability, and holding all manifestations and statements in abeyance until proved beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Scientist vs. Spiritualism.

BY DR. A. UNDERHILL.

I see frequently articles in our spiritual and other papers, calling on scientific men to come forward and explore and find the law (as they term it) governing the spiritual intercourse or communications, between the earth or bodily sphere of existence, and the spiritual or disembodied sphere, and explain it, just as if any clear comprehensive mind that has not been straight jacketed through colleges and laboratories, could not comprehend a fact, a phenomenon, and trace it to its origin or source as clearly, truly and correctly, as hooped and limited scientists who are by their education and practices, almost, if not entirely, limited to material and tangible or sensuous substances; the intangible to physical senses, has formed a very little part of their studies or experiments, consequently of necessity their educational bias is opposed to the existence of causes capable of producing the phenomena of Spiritualism; their laboratories contain no test agents of the existence of spirits or of the law or principles, or even of the conditions for the production of the phenomena in any of their multifarious manifestations. In fact, they and the priesthood are by their education and practices, the least qualified of any educated class to discover new spiritual phenomena or truths. Why? Because, science of necessity, as now taught, studied and practiced, is generally, materialistic, as illustrated in such minds as Huxley, Tyndall and many others, while the Bible to the priesthood contains all the spiritual truth necessary to man's happiness in this and the next life; it is thus plain that neither are truly conditioned to enter upon the investigation unbiased and impartially.

The best condition of mind, therefore, to enter upon the search after new and undiscovered principles of truth, is that of, as it were, indifference as regards scientific unfoldments on the one hand, or cherished theological opinions on the other, however long time entertained or venerated. The intelligent skeptic, one who doubts almost every thing but his own existence, is far better conditioned to investigate and receive new truths, than your crystallized scientist or theologian. Why? Because he has not come to the conclusion with the scientist that he holds the only keys which unlock the realms of all true knowledge, or with the theologian, that he has a Bible, which is the Alpha and Omega of all spiritual knowledge. The intelligent skeptic is always open to conviction, when undoubted facts point clearly to the cause or source which evoked them. They have no long cherished idols to surrender; all they desire, is the evidence, and they embrace the truth.

One would be led to believe from the hue and cry in favor of scientists coming forward and by scientific tests, to establish or overthrow Spiritualism in all its multifarious forms of manifestation, that the establishment of spiritual intercourse depended wholly upon the result of investigations of this class in community—a more fallacious idea never entered the mind of Spiritualists!

George Comb said, "Common sense was the rarest of all sense." The scientist dare not trust common sense, for he can apply no reagents to test its existence as he can to test the presence of gold, iron or sulphur in a rock or fluid, and hence whenever he has attempted an investigation, he gets up so much fussing, fixings and machineries, that untrammelled common sense finds fault with his doings, with wonder and surprise. And right here let me quote and endorse a declaration found in the New Testament, the substance of which is; "Spiritual truths must be spiritually discerned," that is, the mind must see or discern them.

Spiritualism for twenty-four years has fully coincided with that declaration; all our clairvoyants declare it to be so. What agents or reagents has the scientist to test or detect the presence of spirit, in a fact, phenomena or utterance more than any educated and intelligent mind? Now, do not understand me as underrating scientific attainments in all departments of universal nature. Science is truly the key that unlocks the mysteries of material nature, from the nebulous condition of matter through all its changes and gradations, up to sensuous man, mind and intelligence. It is only when it is called upon to test and explain what strictly belongs to another sphere that I take exceptions as to its powers and reliability over common-sense minds. Inasmuch as the higher ever embraces the lower, and as every term and tangible substance has an inner principle, which gives it form or being, so spirit being the inner of man, gives to him his form and real being. Spiritualism embraces all external science as well as internal causes. But inasmuch as the higher may, can and does exist without the lower, (though the higher may embrace, penetrate and control the lower), it does not follow that the lower can test, explain or demonstrate more than its own existence, without comprehending the powers or capacities of the higher acting independent of the lower; and hence the discovery and comprehension of the fact, phenomena and intelligence presented by what is called Spiritualism, depends upon observations, and philosophically inquiring what cause or causes what power or powers, what intelligence or intelligences, must of necessity exist, that are equal to their production in all their almost myriad powers.

So far I have proceeded without calling in the aid of ancient phenomena and thus correspondently aid in establishing the facts of spirit intercourse; the leading object in writing this article has been to stimulate the unscientific to enter more vigorously into the cultivation of spiritual intercourse, without waiting for dromes in the matter, such as most scientific men and theologians have shown themselves to be.

Of the sexes, woman is much more intuitive than man, and perceives or realizes the existence of spiritual truths much more readily, hence through woman, Spiritualism is to be accepted and disseminated, and thus the race elevated and progressed to a higher plane and a clearer comprehension of the truths, facts and phenomena of the same, rather than by any straight-jacketed, materialistic scientists or hooped and creed-bound theologians; hence also as spiritual investigators, woman, in consequence of her elements being more refined than man's, which enter into both their physical and mental organizations, is much better conditioned for receiving the divine or spiritual influxes than man, and also being from the same cause or causes more intuitive, she perceives the cause or causes of facts and phenomena much more readily than he does. For these reasons, this great inundation of spiritual facts, phenomena and truths, will in a great degree be much sooner clearly apprehended by woman than by man; in fact, a female often feels the existence of a truth for which the scientist has no test, no demonstration; nevertheless the truth exists, and some day will be received and acknowledged; therefore, were I to make a call for investigators into spiritual science, facts and phenomena, I would call for well educated females, or those subject to a spiritual influx.

As to the discovery of any particular law governing all the manifestations, that is out of the question; that conditions great their influence, all understand who have witnessed spiritual phenomena.

It is the common sense practical mind that isto grub out old errors and supply new truths, whether scientist or otherwise. Dr. J. R. Buchanan, I am happy to say, is an exception among scientist generally. Akron, Ohio.

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL WATSON.

The Death of his Brother—The Stricken City of Memphis.

On Friday last, I received a telegram from my friend M. Hawks, of Memphis, that my brother, Dr. K. P. Watson, was dead. He was the husband of our "Home Medium," who some three weeks previously, had gone to visit some relatives at Humboldt, Fla. He, having had the yellow fever there in 1873, and having been a practicing physician there for more than thirty years, felt it his duty to remain at his post. If being in the infected district, it was, I presume, well nigh deserted, which will explain the reference made to his being alone at the time of his departure.

He had been a member of the Methodist church from his boyhood. He was also a Spiritualist, and had written some articles for the *Magazine and Voice of Truth*. The day we received the dispatch, we received the following from his brother, who also was a physician, and passed away before the war. Though personal, it, like Brothers Cook's and Andrew's, has some points of general interest:

Augusta, Sept. 2, '78. S. WATSON. AUGUST 29th—Friday Evening. SAMMY—You meet to-night as a little group of mourners, and yet you should not feel as such. We, I mean William and I, come to say to you, "Be not bowed down, for what is your loss, is the eternal gain of our dear brother." I feel that it is his inheritance to ascend and to enjoy the rapturous delight of the true servant of Christ.

Ken is not with us yet, but we have met on the eternal shore of his safe deliverance. We welcome him to our happy abode, and feel that he can enjoy what he has long toiled for, which is the blessed recompense of a faithful servant; this shall be according to the deeds done in the body, which we all enjoy only to the extent we merit.

O the evidence of grief that we see from the separations all through the country! In many places bitter anguish gushing from hearts, and many a tale of sorrow can never be told on the earth plane; but we can look upon the scene!

You have said that Kendall was alone, but he was not. There may not have been hands of earth's loved ones to minister to his wants, nor eyes to shed tears for his bier, nor lips pressed to his, but there were angel friends in attendance to do this, assembled to see his last expiring breath, to clasp his hands and bid him welcome to a happy and bright home, where he will be free from all care, and all tears shall be wiped from his eyes, and sorrow shall never be known or felt by his over-burdened and crushed heart.

Now, Sammy and the girls, you see there is no just cause for grief, and while I am probably saying what you sense and feel, yet I want you to know that we understand to a great extent the emotions of your hearts and ideas of your minds, and we try to act upon you in order to make you fully appreciate our impressions. You will be surprised when I say that most of your actions and words are truly impressional, and if acted out, you would many times be benefited.

I now refer briefly to the stricken city of Memphis, which is wading through agony of deepest dye, and if you could only see it as we do, you would indeed feel a sadness untold. You may imagine, by your conception of it is only a faint idea of the reality. No tongue can express it, and you have only one link taken from the chain, where many have several. Entire families go unbroken into the unknown world, while others are divided. Oh! how can I venture to draw the picture, which can be so imperfectly done. I expect to greet many of our friends on this side; whether they can attain higher degrees, I cannot yet say. You must not be astonished to hear of many of your friends who are exposed, passing over.

I come to-night as a comforter. You will hear from Kendall sometime I know I go for this time. Your Brother, JOHN. Items from England. BY M. A. (OXON.)

It seems to me that you have been having some rather stirring times lately, and the JOURNAL has taken an active part. I am not sure how far I should go along with it. We are all agreed, of course, as to the broad question of rooting out fraud. Nobody wants fraud, except the fraudulent who profit by it. We are agreed, too, on the desirability of placing the manifestations on such a basis as to secure us from deception, whether from spirits in the body or out of it. But I am not sure that many of the JOURNAL correspondents who have replied to the questions proposed about dark circles, and the editorials which I have read on the subject, throw much light on the means to be adopted.

The truth is, there is blame on all hands! The way in which circles are usually held, is such as to invite fraud, folly, buffoonery and imposture. The first real piece of knowledge that people want, is as to the magnetic conditions of a circle. They need to realize that the phenomena are pretty much what we make them, and that a dozen people can't stand in a room, reeking with food and drink, into a hot stifling back parlor, about John Brown's body, and get angels of heaven to minister to them!

I don't blame the poor medium so much. Of course there are frauds in mediumship as there are in banking and every trade—men who would cheat in any case, and that as much in making a table or a coat as in their present work. But given an honest man, who is a true medium, we do our best to make him go wrong by our want of care in providing suitable conditions. And then there is so much gaping and wonder-hunting, so little real spirituality and desire for spiritual development. All these crude physical testings, tyings, putting in bags, sealings and the like, are sadly against my notions of what ought to be. I believe that we invite the presence of a low class of spirits by such means, and I am fully sure that given the presence of such, although material tests are useless, you will get illusory phenomena, and be deceived somehow. We know nothing of the power of such spirits; little of their methods of action, and we are heavily handicapped.

One thing, however, we do know, and that is that they laugh at material bonds. We have proven that, as for instance, when Miss Cook was lashed hand and foot to Mr. Crooke's library ladder and released out of most complicated bonds in a minute. This surely should teach us to rely less on tyings.

Not! What we ought to aim at in these materialization seances, is to abolish the cabinet, keep the medium in view, and insist on light enough to see by. This will be opposed by the manifesting spirits at first, but they will try and succeed as they have done here. When I first proposed it here, I was met by assurances from all sides that the thing was impossible. It is, however, an accomplished fact now, and nothing will avail to bring anything like convincing evidence of such a portentous fact, except the evidence derived from our own senses, and chiefly of our own eyes.

But even so, I desiderate something higher and better in the shape of Spiritualism. I wish to see the manifestations evoked under conditions of higher spirituality, with a deeper sense of responsibility, with more aspiration and less mere gaping. I should like to see the conditions studied, and the knowledge so gained acted upon. I cordially agreed in Dr. Pebble's words on this subject in a late number of the JOURNAL, and I have said something confirmatory of his standpoint in a review of his works which I have just finished for *Human Nature*.

When all is done that we can do, there will be fraud and folly still. A. J. Davis was right there. We must attack the root, by elevating ourselves, and so getting into the sphere of higher spirits, instead of lopping off a few diseased branches—or rather, as well as doing so, I don't want even to seem to say a word that can be construed into an excuse for what I so thoroughly deplore. London, Eng., Aug. 14th, 1878.

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CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 14, 1878.

Moral and Legal Aspect of the Bliss Imbroglia.

It was Horace Greeley, we believe, who declared that this being a free country, every one had the right to make a fool of himself. And now that hallucinated octogenarian, T. E. Hazard, is not only making such an exhibition of himself, but is attempting the stultification of every person who will read his interminable lucubrations relative to the knavery of the Blisses. Who but a specier maniac would give months of time and hundreds of dollars in money, to the futile task of clearing up the clouds of fraud that directly and legally hang over the career of these jugglers of Philadelphia?

Our Boston cotemporary lends or hires several of its pages to the dissemination of Hazard's book about these arrant cheats, and editorially seeks to screen them from the just indignation of the public, by saying that "his article, which will occupy a certain amount of space in at least two future numbers of this paper, will no doubt in its entirety establish their innocence of fraud to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced person in the land."

This condoning of wicked and criminal fraud, is a legitimate sequence of the sexual license advocated in a book, which has on the Banner's fifth page, over the initials of A. E. G., a column of axiomatic endorsement in the week's issue preceding the one containing Mr. Hazard's voluminous effusion. From this book of eighty-three pages, sold at the Banner of Light bookstore, we make a few extracts, that our readers may see the cordial fraternization of fraud and libidinosity:

"Sexual love is the only natural grounds for the union of man and woman in marriage. Our marriage laws are a disgrace to civilization, and a perversion of nature's work. It does not mend the case to say that husband and wife love each other at the time they are married. As a matter of fact that love dies in a longer or shorter time. It is utterly impossible, as things are now, for most people to love any other person for any great length of time. Marriage is the artificial tie to the most sacred rights of humanity, and blunts all the nobler instincts of the soul. Labor is not sacred; it is simply a cure. Man's sphere is enjoyment. The divine faculties of the soul are absolutely damned by the pernicious and enforced marriage which are alone recognized by society. Paradise will never be regained. All the ties of marriage are as free and untrammelled to be made or broken, as are the ties of friendship now. Marriage is a union of the sexes, simply and solely for sexual purposes. I am quite confident that in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred, it is utterly impossible for a man and woman to live as man and wife. The mutual love of their lives, without cheating and stunting the growth and culture of their souls. A legally enforced marriage is the vilest and most unnatural thing on the face of the earth. We must be free to love whom and when we can. The sexual relations of men and women have no concern for any living soul besides the parties immediately concerned. There is no argument that can be used in favor of legal marriages that will not be as favorable to free marriages. Hell never devised a more diabolical scheme for the destruction of human life and happiness, than legal marriage."

The author and publisher of the foregoing execrable tid-bits of free-loveism, is thus commended and eulogized in the columns of the Banner:

"He reveals the growth of his mind and outlines his experiences and thoughts on many of the difficult social problems, which grow out of the exercise of what are called natural rights. His pamphlet proves that he has native talent, love of truth and dauntless courage, and holds supreme allegiance to what he believes to be the truth. Hence we believe him to be one of nature's noblemen, and that the world is and will be the better for him."

The miscreant who wrote this book, and who is styled "one of nature's noblemen," makes the confession in its pages that he deliberately abandoned his wife and three children in poverty and want, coolly adding, "If you ask me what my wife has done to merit so hard a fate, I say nothing; nor have I." "If the world will be the better" for this social vampire rotting in the selfishness of lust, it will be to point a moral and adorn a tale.

Jas. A. Bliss, imbued with the above quoted doctrine of natural rights and marital irresponsibility, about four years ago, in like manner abandoned his wife and three children in Boston, in poverty, turns up in Philadelphia, and with his mistress embarks in the business of fraudulent materialization. How naturally and inevitably wife abandon-

ment and false pretense follow in the wake of the iconoclastic and detestable sentiments above quoted, which favor the unrestrained use and enjoyment of Natural Rights!

In our intercourse with the inhabitants of the other world, as well as in every manifestation of life in this, law, order and conditions are not only rules of action and observation, but are the fraud-proof armors for protection and safety. If wise laws of limitation are ignored, disaster and degradation are the consequences. It is under the free-love impulse of an exercise of natural rights, without any limiting conditions, that Hazard deals with mediums, and consequently he proclaims in the Banner of June 26th that "for years, as you know, I have labored to convince mediums of all classes to submit to no tests." Hence we have the saddening spectacle of this youth of over eighty winters still existing on this planet, and, like a gentle, sucking dove, reveling in his own gullible receptivity—all the time imagining that he is the great spiritual investigator!

Does not his organ at Boston know that the credibility of this ubiquitous investigator is materially impaired by the garrulity and imbecility of age, his chronic credulity and utter disregard of tests? Justice may be blind—never idiotic.

Our readers remember that about one year ago this James A. Bliss and his paramour were indicted and tried in a Philadelphia court, for conspiracy—the gravamen being the personification of spirits from the other world. In our issues of the JOURNAL of last October, 26th, 27th, and November 8rd, we published the testimony pro and con given on this trial, with the able and impartial charge of the presiding Judge. In that charge he instructed the jury that, "The sole question before them was: Have the Blisses by means of their exhibitions defrauded their victims in falsely procuring inhabitants of this world to personate spirits from the other, or Spirit-world?"

The evidence substantiating the affirmative of this question, consisted of the direct and positive testimony of William O. Harrison and Miss Helen Snyder, who, with special minuteness, detailed how and when they had respectively personified spirits at a large number of the Bliss Séances. These witnesses being co-conspirators and accomplices, the law deems their testimony untrustworthy without corroboration from other reliable witnesses, sources and circumstances.

All of the material portions of the testimony of these two witnesses was most fully and completely corroborated.

First: By the ingenious trap-door in the floor of the séance cabinet, allowing egress and ingress to the secret dressing and paraphernalia rooms in the cellar.

Second: By the identification of the various articles of disguise found in the cellar rooms, as the ones worn and used by Harrison and Snyder at different times when they personified spirits at the séances.

Third: By the testimony of Deisinger and the two Wolfes, who had attended many of the séances as believers in the genuineness of the manifestations, and who testified to many facts directly confirmatory.

Fourth: By the testimony of Miss Ella Diltz, "who worked at Hansell's place" with Miss Snyder.

And lastly by the witness F. W. Migeod, manufacturer of theatrical goods, and by the witness Emma Weightman, proprietor of a hair-dressing store. The case was submitted under the judge's charge and without argument of counsel.

The jury, after being out some time, came into court and reported that they could never agree, whereupon they were discharged, the judge remarking as he did so, "that if there ever was a guilty man yet walked into this court room the defendants are guilty."

It was, at the time stated in the newspapers of that city, that the jury stood eleven for conviction and one for acquittal—that this one was James Dundass and that the other jurors reported that Dundass said in the jury room that, "if there ever was a guilty man on the face of the earth it is Bliss, but I will never send him to jail on my verdict."

Evidence is that which establishes a fact. It is direct and circumstantial.

By these two species of evidence, the sole question submitted to this jury was proven, clearly and directly against the Blisses, without the possibility of a doubt.

This is the "exposure," to the covering up of which the Banner of Light devotes pages of Hazard's pettifoggery. Relying up on his casuistry and credulity, his well-known and acknowledged loose and "natural rights" method of investigating alleged spiritual phenomena, the Banner in its number of August 24th, brands as perjurers the several witnesses (heretofore untrampled) in this case, when that paper asserts that "Hazard's article conclusively shows to every candid-minded person, whether believer or skeptic, that the alleged 'exposure' sometime since, of these wonderful media, was without the least foundation in truth."

The records of that paper and its venerable peripatetic condutor, as reliable investigators, are too much tarnished by "exposures" to warrant them in undertaking to wipe out the indelible fraud stains from the Blisses by simply writing, "out damned spot! out I say!"

The monstrous effrontery that will now lend "aid and comfort" to the fraudulent and criminal career of Bliss and his paramour, is only equaled by the commendation of a book which inculcates unbridled license in the marriage relations and out of

them, to the entire demoralization of domestic life and the chaos of society.

We ask most regretfully: When the oldest spiritual paper in our country gives such prominence to the advocacy of lawlessness in marriage and incites its senile benchman into a single handed combat with the well founded convictions of all right thinking people, ought we to be astonished that Carlyle styles Spiritualists, "a band of chattering dead sea apes"—that Tyndall uses such phrases as, "whoredom of Spiritualism" and a "degrading phantasy," and that even the broad-minded O. B. Frothingham has come to the conclusion "that only a strong head can bear such new wine?"

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Mrs. Boothby, the Materializer, Dr. Mansfield, the "Spirit Post-Master"—Contradictory Messages.

A few weeks since the presence of an esteemed acquaintance was announced with a request for an audience. This gentleman possesses one of the biggest hearts in the city—so big, in fact, that Vermont was not large enough to hold it, and the owner was obliged to "go West" before it matured. He also is endowed with an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor, and is likely to make people feel better who are so fortunate as to be in his presence. Therefore we hailed his call with pleasure, and invited him into our sanctum. But alas! his noble countenance seemed troubled; his expressive eyes were filled with a look of sorrow and diffidence. As he tenderly clasped our hand and mournfully gazed upon us, we were forcibly reminded of a similar pose which, in our youthful days, some good old minister would take, just before saying, "I fear your soul is lost." Immediately we were impressed that spirits were at the bottom of his mental troubles, and we invited him to unbosom his innermost thoughts. With many expressions of kindly feeling, he began to unload, and this was his burden:

He had been on a journey towards the rising sun; he had even ventured so far as Boston, that glorious old center of the world. While there he had visited Mrs. Boothby, the materializing medium, who was an old acquaintance, he having attended her séances during her short stay in Chicago, some time since. After several spirits had materialized and been recognized by the sitters, Mrs. Boothby said there was a spirit present very desirous of holding converse with our friend. The medium was impressed it was best to hold a dark séance, the better to enable the spirit to retain his materialized form, and to talk. Accordingly darkness prevailed in the room, and a spirit approached the Western auditor, who, by the way, is young in Spiritualism, though the gentle zephyrs of sixty springs have fauced his handsome brow. The spirit voice informed our friend he was being addressed by S. S. Jones, who desired to send a message by him to us. With that accommodating spirit, which is the most marked characteristic of his nature, our friend consented to be the spirit's messenger. The voice then requested we should be informed that he strongly disapproved of our conduct of the JOURNAL, in so far as our policy towards certain materializing mediums and their defenders were concerned. The messenger was now in trouble, for his heart is so tender he cannot bear to hurt a friend's feelings, and having no doubt but that the message was from the veritable S. S. Jones, whom he had known in earth-life,—because, forsooth, did not the spirit say so—he came to us in a sorrow to perform a painful duty.

So soon as we had received the message, we smiled our sweetest and looked our happiest, in hopes to reassure our drooping friend. We gently begged him to drive from off his brow the look of gloom, for though numbering but little more than half his years, we were old in such experiences, and took them as a matter of course. We had not been repeatedly favored through the agency of J. M. Roberts with messages from Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, and other Catholic dignitaries, for nothing. The irrepressible Roberts had been deluging us with messages from Mr. Jones and others, which were the flimsiest attempts at deception.

We then cited our friend to the message sent us by Dr. Watson, purporting to be from Mr. Jones, and strongly commending our course. We also referred him to other instances of a similar kind.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield, of New York, was the last man Mr. Jones took hands with on earth; as he did so, his murderer brushed behind Dr. Mansfield and passed into the office. While holding Bro. Mansfield's hand, Mr. Jones little knew that the wild, cadaverous looking object, who was crowding by, would send his spirit within a quarter of an hour where he would have to grasp friend Mansfield's hand, not in friendly adieu, but to convey by that mysterious power a message from his spirit home to the stricken friends, who seemed about to be engulfed in the maelstrom of woe and stekening de-olation. Within a few hours after his terrible emergency, to make a herculean effort to control, Mr. S. S. Jones commenced to write through Dr. J. V. Mansfield's hand and many times daily, during the following week he communicated with us, giving us advice and counsel, and most thoroughly identifying himself.

In view of this experience, we believe we can identify any message coming from him through Dr. Mansfield. We proceeded on the departure of the friend who had brought the message from Mrs. Boothby, to write a

letter to Mr. Jones. We then placed it in an envelope, sealed it with wax and affixed our private seal, but did not address it or indicate to whom it was written. The letter was sent to Dr. Mansfield, promptly answered and returned to us without having been opened. The following is the correspondence:

CHICAGO, Aug. 6th, 1878. Mr. S. S. JONES—Dear Sir: I am informed that you have lately materialized in the presence of a Boston medium and a message has been delivered to me, purporting to come from you at that séance. Will you kindly inform me as to the facts in the case? I am always pleased to hear from you and shall be glad of any suggestions you may see fit to offer at any time. Yours truly, JNO. C. BUNDY

MY DEAR SIR:—With all respect for the parties who sent you that communication, I will only say they were mistaken. I had no part in that manifestation. The medium was simply imposed upon; so look out for imposture; the world is full of it. Sift the wheat from the chaff. S. S. JONES.

During the last days of August we again wrote Mr. Jones, asking him to express his opinions fully and freely on the present course of the JOURNAL. The letter was sent to Dr. Mansfield under the same precautions as the one before mentioned and in due time the following reply was received:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 27th is before me. I hasten to respond to your query and suggestions. I will say that I fully endorse the opinions of the majority of the JOURNAL'S contributors, touching the frauds which have been imposed upon the public for, at least, the last ten years, and I believe the Spiritualists as a body generally endorse the course pursued by the JOURNAL. It has already driven many out of the mediumistic field. I do not allude to honest mediums, but those who have sought to defraud the public for gain.

I know another paper takes issue with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,—and virtually condemns the course pursued by you, believing it productive of more harm than good.

Whether the policy adopted by the JOURNAL is universally accepted by the Spiritual press or not, it is your duty to deal with facts as you find them,—score to the line, and should they be as pernicious penetrate to the core and find it rotten, better know it before such timbers are framed into a building, or it will fall to the ground before half completed.

Yours fraternally, S. S. JONES. I have no sympathy with the churches whatever; do not cater to their whims, or court their favor; they are more rotten than the mediums. S. S. JONES.

The Southern Scourge.

Day after day telegrams from the stricken cities of the South, bring news of the increasing horrors of the pestilence. Whole families are swept off the face of the earth in a single week, and none left to mourn. Dead, putrifying human bodies lie above ground waiting for burial, and grim Death rules the hour. Heroic souls are battling the monster as best they can. The Howards, the Y. M. C. A., the Masons, Odd Fellows, Benevolent Catholic societies, and numerous charitable organizations, are doing noble work. The Romish priest, the Spiritualist and the Protestant vie with one another in self-sacrificing devotion to their fellowmen, and are stricken down one by one at their posts. Money and medical stores have been poured out by a generous North equal to the demand so far. We have refrained from starting any special fund for Spiritualists to contribute, believing they were generally doing as they have done in this city, giving what they could as citizens, regardless of religious beliefs. There are special committees in nearly every locality well known to our subscribers, and to whom it is more convenient to give than for each person to send to some distant center. To those who have not yet contributed, or who feel able to give more, we now most earnestly appeal. Come to the aid of our southern friends to the extent of your ability; give as much as you can and to whom you deem best. To those who have no local committee to whom they can contribute, we would recommend as a most suitable agent to receive funds, Mrs. E. L. Saxon, 254 First street, New Orleans, La. This lady is not unknown to our readers, and is in a position as a member of a charitable association to use most effectively all that may be sent her. Mrs. Saxon will acknowledge through the JOURNAL such sums as may be forwarded to her.

"Woman's Words." Such is the very appropriate name of an ably conducted paper, published in Philadelphia, and devoted specially to the interests of women. In the September number the editor pays the JOURNAL the following tribute:

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL—Causes that may be unpopular in certain quarters never yet have failed to find staunch adherents when their leading exponents of opinion have shown a fearless adherence to honest convictions. Col. John C. Bundy, the editor of the above named paper, who is in some respects the strongest pillar and supporter of the spiritual philosophy in America, permits no doubt to exist as to the integrity of his principles and the vigor of his advocacy. In a number of most trenchant editorials, of late, he has made it manifest, that the able paper of which he is the editor will in no wise countenance anything but truth as he understands it, and it certainly is the very best paper of its class in the country. Every number is readable, and contains a large amount of valuable and interesting matter relating to the various phases of Spiritualism.

LONG ARTICLES.—It is our constant endeavor to avoid long articles, yet it is often impossible. The masterly biographical sketch by Dr. Brittan, as well as Mrs. King's lecture, though lengthy, will richly repay careful reading.

Mrs. Susie Fletcher has sailed from New York for Europe.

Laborers in the Spiritual Vineyard, and other Items of Interest.

Thomas Gales Forster and wife are in Scotland.

Cephas B. Lynn lectures at Stafford, Conn., during September.

Wm. H. Lambdin, of Wilmington, Delaware, will answer calls to lecture.

Lyman C. Howe, the excellent trance speaker, has been holding forth at Eddyville, N. Y.

The able lecture of Dr. Peebles in last week's JOURNAL, is attracting much attention.

Brother Daskam, of Indiana, a life-long medium and cheery, hearty gentleman, gave us an interesting account of his experience last week, while on a visit to Chicago.

A Sixth Congress of Women will be held at Providence, R. I., October 9th, 10th, and 11th, in Low's Opera House. Executive session 10 A. M. Public sessions at 2 and 7 P. M.

"WHAT IS THE MATTER?"—Bro. Lyman C. Howe forwards us too late for this paper, a reply to "Inquirer." It will appear next week.

Mr. J. K. Brown, of Michigan, was one of the numerous callers at our office last week. Brother Brown has several children who are good mediums.

Prof. Denton will commence a course of lectures in Wilson, Kan., on the 16th of Sept., and one in Marysville, Mo., on the 20th, and at Perry, Ia., on the 30th.

A basket of most luscious peaches was sent us a short time since by some unknown friend at Alton. We desire to return thanks for this and similar favors from other equally unknown sources.

Capt. H. H. Brown spoke in Amory Hall, corner Washington and West streets, Boston, Mass., Sunday, Sept. 8th. He gave as the afternoon lecture that upon "Measure for Measure."

George A. Fuller and Henry B. Allen, the physical medium, have returned to Amherst, Mass., where they may be addressed by those desiring their services for lectures and séances.

Bishop A. Beals enlivened our office several times last week with his genial presence. He was on his way from the Grand Rapids meeting, to fill a month's engagement at Waukegan, Ill.

D. W. Jones, of Lebanon, Ohio, gave us a call last week. He is a developing medium, and has also painted under spirit influence. He represents Mrs. Smith, of Bothany, as a most excellent trumpet medium.

Mrs. E. R. HUGHES.—The fine poem published Aug. 31st in our column of "Witand Wisdom," was an original contribution to the JOURNAL, by the above-named esteemed writer, and the omission of her name was an accident which we regret.

Our talented correspondent, Mrs. E. L. Saxon, though urged by numerous friends in the North, to our knowledge, to leave New Orleans, has deemed it her duty to remain in the stricken city. Letters from there speak of her as "an angel of mercy," whose work is saving many lives and alleviating much suffering.

Captain Brown and Mr. Vandercrook are to be in Boston, September 15th; at Vermont State Convention, Hyde Park, 27th, 28th and 29th. They will make week day engagements between these dates. Owing to the yellow fever in the South, they will defer their Southern trip till December, and will make engagements in the Atlantic states or West for October and November. Address care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

The Inter-State Exposition opened in this city on the 4th with great éclat. Over fifty thousand visitors were here on the opening day, drawn here by the triple attractions—The Exposition, the Fireman's Tournament and President Hayes. The Exposition, under the efficient management of Hon. J. P. Reynolds, has steadily grown in attractiveness each year, and all who can visit the city during the next six weeks, will be well repaid.

Dr. Samuel Watson and family, were quarantined by the authorities of Augusta, Ark., and had to remain out of town twenty days. Brother Watson writes us that they were duly warned by their spirit friends to leave Memphis, as the place was likely to be scourged. This warning came before any alarm had arisen, and was promptly acted upon by Dr. Watson, who at once removed his family out of the path of the pestilence.

The Boston Journal says that two days before he died at San Francisco, Montague, the actor, had his lungs examined by four famous doctors, who applied the stethoscope, and, after a protracted test, declared that the lungs were not in the least affected. In forty-eight hours he died, and autopsy revealed the presence of a mass of tubercles, and the further fact that one lung was entirely gone and the other rapidly going. Had he been examined by a good medium and clairvoyant, he would have been told the truth.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, having returned eastward from Kansas, has of late been speaking in the vicinity of Fort Madison, Ia., and New Boston, Ill. During July and August he lectured at Urbana, Pleasant Valley, Zahnville, Clifton and Greenleaf, Kansas; also responded to a healing call at Clay Center, Kansas. He expects to soon pass along the line of the N. W. R. R., from Sterling, Ill., to Chicago. Will likely visit Chicago ere long. Those wishing his services should write to him at once at New Boston, Ill.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hope.

BY G. W. BARRETT.

As on the sea of life we sail, And through its shoals we run, How seldom would life's purpose fail, How seldom be undone, How could always hopeful be, By trusting in the right, And could the "bright side" always see, Presented with its light.

Hints to a Deperated Infant.

Departed bud of mortal birth, Where wilt thou bloom? In Eden fair, above the earth— Beyond the tomb? But did not death thy sweetness blast, Thy splendor blight? Transplanted by his hand, I'm past The gloom of night!

Peckham, London, S. E., Aug. 13th, 1878.

Psychometry.

I attempted in a former article in the JOURNAL to show the importance of a better understanding of psychometry, and I wish to take up the subject again. You are probably aware that every person has, in fact, everything that is magnetic in his person, be it called "force" or "energy," and it seems to emanate from them, and each one is impregnating the same with everything he comes in contact with or touches, so that an experienced psychometer can detect therefrom the character and condition of a person. The clothes your tailor makes for you, he attaches to his magnetism; the wash-woman who washes and rinses your clothes, leaves a part of herself in them; even the cook that makes your bread, kneads in her magnetism, and you have to eat it. The sensitive psychometer can feel all these influences, in all their different ways.

Psychometry.

Psychometry must greatly enlarge the boundaries of every science. Scientific men will at first look upon it with great distrust, if not with absolute disgust. All royal roads to learning have, say they, only paved by paths of blood and tears. Without enabling them to gain one step toward any desirable station. Will psychometry prove any better? It certainly will, and a test, by any unprejudiced scientist, of some one of the multitude of sensitives that exist everywhere, would soon satisfy even the most skeptical. I have described in a former article how I have used it, and how the oil excitement broke out in Pennsylvania, Mrs. Denton psychometrized a specimen of Ravolta's Gothland oil containing petroleum in its cells, and now at once its animal origin, and that it had no necessary connection with coal or carboniferous beds. This I announced in my lectures and through the papers as early as 1859, at a time when, as far as I could learn, all the scientists who had written and were writing on the subject attributed its origin to vegetable matter, and generally taught its necessary connection with carboniferous beds. These now entirely exploded, some of them in New Jersey, within easy access of Philadelphia, for the purpose of discrediting in an orderly manner, rational religious truths. The officers elected were as follows: President—M. M. Chew, Williamstown, N. J.; Treasurer—Mrs. M. M. Chew; Secretary—Henry W. Wilbur, Vineland, N. J.; Executive Committee—J. R. Beale, Philadelphia; Dr. Samuel Marshall, Philadelphia; Dr. Samuel Marshall, Wilmington, Del.; John Longham, Elwood, N. J.; Susan Cornell, Vineland, N. J.; B. F. Read, Hammoncton, N. J.; Oliver Bliss, Sicklerville, N. J.

Mrs. Fuller, the faith doctor, well known in Green county, was "persecuted" at Jacksonville this week, under the law, for illegally practicing medicine; but she does not use medicine, and says where the laugh came in on Jacksonville.—White Hall Register.

Geo. A. Gray writes: I highly approve the course you are taking with respect to false mediums, and read with pleasure your valuable editorials, and the contributions.

The Alliance Convention.

The Alliance Church at Alliance, Ohio, was organized one of the strongest in this country. It was founded by Cassius M. Bradley and presided over by the well known Isaac Errett. Here in 1857, a magnificent college building was erected and under the united energies of Errett, A. R. Benton, the President of the North-western University, and Prof. Hinsdale, it promised a grand future. These supporters were done by one another, and the college went into decline, and in 1873 was discontinued. The church however did not suffer. It was the leading denomination, and gathered to itself the wealth and fashion of the town.

Alliance is a beautiful village, and its site is said to be the highest point in the State. The surrounding country presents a series of exquisite landscapes, and what is more, the people are of that high intellectual and independent order which is the especial characteristic of the Western Reserve. In 1876, the Alliance Church being in want of a pastor, were recommended to engage B. C. Flower, by the Rev. Isaac Errett, who pronounced him the most promising man in the University. Mr. Flower gave great satisfaction. He labored hard and earnestly, and became almost idolized. He had had a singular experience; beginning to preach 17 years of age, he had been at one time and at 30, almost the pastor of a leading church, which had been delighted with the learning of Errett, and the eloquence of Hinsdale.

Mr. Flower was too great for his creed. He became liberal and wanted to let into the church Catholics. If he had such rich stores, he could not hide them away with a creed. He thought and became a Spiritualist. In less than a year he had been led, and had led his church to the high grounds of liberalism, and when the few buran to take alarm, they were too late, four-fifths of the society, and nearly all the wealth, had left the old building, and found a new one in the spacious hall of the college. This was a necessary move for the old house would not hold the crowds of people who flocked to hear the eloquent preacher. He was induced to publish a paper, the Independent Age, as an exponent of his views, and of the doctrine of the "free press" and "free trade" in religious warfare with the faction only gave the new movement strength. The leaders determined on holding a yearly meeting on the 23d, 24th and 25th of August, and their efforts were crowned with unlooked for success. The College Hall, which seats nearly 500 people, was filled with an audience of the sessions, with an audience of marked intelligence, eager for the truth.

The Rev. A. B. Bradford, of Eden Valley, Pa., who has thought himself out of the Presbyterian Church, and at an advanced age, rejoices in his mental freedom, presided. Dr. Fishback, Dr. M. M. Turner and Hudson Tuttle were announced as speakers. Mr. Bradford read two excellent essays, and Mrs. Emma Tuttle interspersed her beautiful songs. On Saturday evening she rested the convention by reading to a large and enthusiastic audience.

Sunday evening the enthusiasm reached its height, even the very staid Quaker-element which forms no small part of the Independent Church, felt the inspiration. It was a postecostal time unlike anything I ever saw in any other spiritual gathering. Mr. Flower arose, and said that he had organized an independent church, for the purpose of supporting meetings, and maintaining a Sunday school, and for mutual, social, moral and intellectual improvement and advantages. They had no creed. To join, all that was required was to come forward, and profess to want to wait with them. Those who desired to join, might take the seats prepared in front. A large number came forward. He then took each by the hand and welcomed them. The well trained choir sang "When the mists have cleared away," and with a benediction by Mr. Fishback, the meeting adjourned for one week.

Bro. D. M. King finds time to leave his farm and his family's shop, for the lecture field, speaking with earnest words. Bro. Fishback has established a circuit embracing Newton Falls, Braceville, Garrettsville, and Mantua, and is creating a revival in the cause. E. W. Turner has recently entered the field, as a trance speaker, and gives good promise of usefulness. He is said to be an excellent clairvoyant and to give startling tests. We never met an association which gave more assurance of permanence or prospected greater results for good! Such men as Father Steele, A. W. Coates, Mantua, and scores of others I might mention, know no such word as fail, and are ready to make any sacrifice for the furtherance of the cause which they seem to regard as of greater value than anything else. H. T.

Letter From Salt Lake.

Deeming that a word from Salt Lake City might not be altogether unacceptable, I address you a few lines. Our society has continued to move along slowly, but I trust surely, keeping up our meetings until the hot weather in July led us to have a short vacation, as far as the public meetings were concerned, but our private sciences have been kept up all the time with good satisfaction. We have lately had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of, and listening to, some most able discourses by Mr. John Tyreman from Australia, who has returned here the last of August, and twice during each week. In handling the subjects treated upon, he shows a mastery mind, and is most exhaustive in his variety of points proving his propositions. His subjects are varied, so as to interest a general audience, and although quite iconoclastic in relation to all theories founded upon superstition and bigotry, he is most kind and sympathetic feeling towards others as to obtain the hearing of those opposed to him in sentiment, and we feel as a society, to strongly recommend him to all our friends he may meet with in his travels to the Atlantic sea-board, and trust that he will meet with a cordial and hearty which his merits demand. Last evening Mr. Tyreman gave an excellent criticism upon the tricks and exposures by T. B. Bishop and wife on the two previous evenings. He lectures again to-night, and finishes his course of lectures with us next Sunday evening, expecting to start for the East early next week. THOS. B. ANSTONTOE.

Camp Meeting Organization.

The Conservative Spiritualists, upon the breaking up of the camp at New Freedom, N. J., formed a temporary organization out of which one more permanent is expected to be evolved, the objects of which shall be to hold an annual camp meeting somewhere in New Jersey, within easy access of Philadelphia, for the purpose of disseminating in an orderly manner, rational religious truths. The officers elected were as follows: President—M. M. Chew, Williamstown, N. J.; Treasurer—Mrs. M. M. Chew; Secretary—Henry W. Wilbur, Vineland, N. J.; Executive Committee—J. R. Beale, Philadelphia; Dr. Samuel Marshall, Philadelphia; Dr. Samuel Marshall, Wilmington, Del.; John Longham, Elwood, N. J.; Susan Cornell, Vineland, N. J.; B. F. Read, Hammoncton, N. J.; Oliver Bliss, Sicklerville, N. J. A subscription list was started and a number of stockholders pledged themselves to contribute funds to fit up grounds and defray running expenses of the meetings. All Spiritualists and Liberals, who believe in order, truth and progress, and feel an interest in the existence and work of such an organization, are invited to correspond with any of the officers, or Executive Committee, and become connected with the Association. Due notice will be given when business, or other meetings of the organization are to be held. HENRY W. WILBUR, Secy. Vineland, N. J., Aug. 26, 1878.

Jesus taught what good spirits are now emphatically teaching, that it is the words and deeds of life which determine the character and actual conditions of men, and bring to them their reward or punishment, and naturally so as from cause to effect. "One good action covers a multitude of sin," says Senator Cameron, alluding to the fact that John Morley had once in his life returned \$19,000 to a young man who had lost it in his gambling hell; it was returned at the earnest solicitation of the young man's parents. B. DIMON writes: I like the JOURNAL very much, and think it is just what we need.

A Future Life.

If a man die, shall he live again?—Job 14:14. It is unknown what we receive upon the death of the human mind, and become a cardinal belief in connection with rewards and punishment among the various gentile nations long before the Christian era. Evidence that it was not of Hebrew or biblical origin, is furnished by the Jewish tradition that man was first designed to live forever conditionally in this life; which privilege was forfeited through temptation placed in his way by the Creator, who foreknew its ruinous consequences when he placed a tempter in Eden. The sentence of: "Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return," was pronounced by a consoling promise that life should be resumed in another state for the evident reason that the doctrine of future existence was not entertained by the writer of this primitive tragedy.

Job not only evinced doubt, as well as ignorance of the language of Moses, but plainly refutes the Christian belief in a corporal resurrection, by saying: "As the cloud is consumed and vanishes away, so he that is sown into the grave shall come up no more." The text often quoted: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that after two days he will raise me up, and on the third day he will restore me to prosperity in his latter days. To give it any other construction would conflict with the general tenor of the narrative. Fatality is also ignored in the Jewish law or so-called laws of Moses. The Hebrew law-giver having his mind set on obtaining earthly possessions for his people through conquest and human destruction, made no reference to a day of judgment or future state, through the whole course of his religious jurisprudence—though possessing such transcendent facilities for obtaining information on this highly important subject in his assumed intercourse with Jehovah. So little did he estimate mortal life when administering his penal code, that immortality received no attention. Jehovah considered it of more importance to spend his forty days with Moses in giving directions for building and decorating a tabernacle, how the priests should be clothed and embroidered, what kind of perfume they should anoint themselves with, and how the beasts should be dissected for sacrificing, than in giving instruction to prepare for a life to come. By making laws and ordinances to the Jews only, Moses and his God plainly show that future life was not a fundamental tenet in their religious formula.

Solomon is said to have been endowed with more wisdom from on high than any other man of antiquity, but openly discarded future life in a complete manner, by saying: "The one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have one breath; so that man hath no pre-eminence over a beast, for all is vanity, etc. Ecc. 3: 19-20. Thus, instead of the Old Testament writers giving testimony in corroboration of life to come, their writings are full of references to the fact that a plebly unenlightened state of mind in regard to this highly cherished spiritual doctrine. M. B. CHAVEN.

Quakerism in the Colonies.

The chapters of Bryant's Popular History of the United States devoted to the history of Quakerism in the colonies, exhibit the gay and unadvised of their enthusiastic relation of the "New Light" in various parts of the world, arrived in Boston from Barbadoes. Mary Fisher had already been several times imprisoned in England for her denunciation of "the sacraments and the ministry." She was the first member of the Society who was sent to the West Indies, she made her way to Turkey, and was admitted to an interview with the Sultan at Adrianople. She was kindly received by him, and was everywhere well treated in the East. On coming into Boston harbor, the "two pestilent women" were not permitted to land. Their baggage was seized, and they were confined in the jail, where they were then transferred to the Boston jail, closely confined under lock and key, deprived of writing materials, and the window of their cell was boarded up to prevent intercourse with the inhabitants. Their persons were stripped and examined for signs of rebellion. After a week or so as they were discovered. Not only the jailer, but the citizens were cautioned not to supply them with food. After five weeks' imprisonment they were returned to Barbadoes, the jailer seizing their beds and their Bibles for his fees, and the master of the vessel in which they had sailed was held responsible for their maintenance during the voyage. They were soon followed by more Quakers from England who were treated in the same way. Women were stripped for a whipping; one of them with a new born babe at her breast; and every refinement of cruelty became the order of the day. The spirit of the sufferers—weep, prayerful, forgiving, apparently beyond the reach of pain, yet resolved to endure to the end—made a profound impression on the minds of the people. But the magistrates, though secretly alarmed, gave no sign of relenting, but rather sought to crush the popular sympathy by increased severity. A law was passed to prevent any more Quakers from coming to Barbadoes, and to prevent any more Quakers as refused to submit to banishment. The children of the recusants were to be transported to "remote parts," and sold as slaves. The first person who was sentenced under the law was Mary Dyer. Her "superb tranquility" at the trial seemed even to touch the hearts of the obtuse Parliament. She was transported to Boston Common, the place of execution, her voice rose above the drums, which beat furiously in order to drown her words: "This is to me an hour of the greatest joy I ever had in the world. No ear can hear, no tongue can utter, and no heart can understand, the sweet comfort of the presence of the Spirit of the Lord which I now feel." Mary Dyer was prevailed at the last moment, "so lofty was the strain of her soul" that she seemed reluctant to accept the fresh gift of life. Her reprieve was changed to banishment, and she returned to her abode in Rhode Island only for a short time, she died there three months after she came back to Boston, as she said, "to flush her sad and heavy experience in the bloody town." Her husband, who was not a Quaker, in vain implored her life of the magistrates. "I only say this," he tells them in his appeal to "their pity and favor," "you yourselves have been of me, or may be, husbands to me, and I say, to one most dearly beloved, Oh, do not deprive me of her, but I pray you give her to me once again. Pity me! I beg it with tears, and rest your humble suppliant." But all to no purpose. The Governor again pronounced the sentence of death upon her before the General Court. She was taken once more to Boston Common, where "she refused to purchase her life at the expense of not performing her present mission from the Lord." Some one taunted her with having said that she had been in Paradise. "Yes, I have been in Paradise several times," she said, "and I have said as much as that." "I said one of her judges scoffingly, 'For others to take example by.'" Such was "Boston Town" not much more than two hundred years ago.

Two months later, Mary Fisher and Annis Austin, who had already made themselves famous for their enthusiastic proclamation of the "New Light" in various parts of the world, arrived in Boston from Barbadoes. Mary Fisher had already been several times imprisoned in England for her denunciation of "the sacraments and the ministry." She was the first member of the Society who was sent to the West Indies, she made her way to Turkey, and was admitted to an interview with the Sultan at Adrianople. She was kindly received by him, and was everywhere well treated in the East. On coming into Boston harbor, the "two pestilent women" were not permitted to land. Their baggage was seized, and they were confined in the jail, where they were then transferred to the Boston jail, closely confined under lock and key, deprived of writing materials, and the window of their cell was boarded up to prevent intercourse with the inhabitants. Their persons were stripped and examined for signs of rebellion. After a week or so as they were discovered. Not only the jailer, but the citizens were cautioned not to supply them with food. After five weeks' imprisonment they were returned to Barbadoes, the jailer seizing their beds and their Bibles for his fees, and the master of the vessel in which they had sailed was held responsible for their maintenance during the voyage. They were soon followed by more Quakers from England who were treated in the same way. Women were stripped for a whipping; one of them with a new born babe at her breast; and every refinement of cruelty became the order of the day. The spirit of the sufferers—weep, prayerful, forgiving, apparently beyond the reach of pain, yet resolved to endure to the end—made a profound impression on the minds of the people. But the magistrates, though secretly alarmed, gave no sign of relenting, but rather sought to crush the popular sympathy by increased severity. A law was passed to prevent any more Quakers from coming to Barbadoes, and to prevent any more Quakers as refused to submit to banishment. The children of the recusants were to be transported to "remote parts," and sold as slaves. The first person who was sentenced under the law was Mary Dyer. Her "superb tranquility" at the trial seemed even to touch the hearts of the obtuse Parliament. She was transported to Boston Common, the place of execution, her voice rose above the drums, which beat furiously in order to drown her words: "This is to me an hour of the greatest joy I ever had in the world. No ear can hear, no tongue can utter, and no heart can understand, the sweet comfort of the presence of the Spirit of the Lord which I now feel." Mary Dyer was prevailed at the last moment, "so lofty was the strain of her soul" that she seemed reluctant to accept the fresh gift of life. Her reprieve was changed to banishment, and she returned to her abode in Rhode Island only for a short time, she died there three months after she came back to Boston, as she said, "to flush her sad and heavy experience in the bloody town." Her husband, who was not a Quaker, in vain implored her life of the magistrates. "I only say this," he tells them in his appeal to "their pity and favor," "you yourselves have been of me, or may be, husbands to me, and I say, to one most dearly beloved, Oh, do not deprive me of her, but I pray you give her to me once again. Pity me! I beg it with tears, and rest your humble suppliant." But all to no purpose. The Governor again pronounced the sentence of death upon her before the General Court. She was taken once more to Boston Common, where "she refused to purchase her life at the expense of not performing her present mission from the Lord." Some one taunted her with having said that she had been in Paradise. "Yes, I have been in Paradise several times," she said, "and I have said as much as that." "I said one of her judges scoffingly, 'For others to take example by.'" Such was "Boston Town" not much more than two hundred years ago.

Michael Fenne, writes: I urant the course you have adopted until every fraud is driven from the field. Handle them without gloves until they become converted.

Nellie Thompson, of Deposit, N.Y., writes: If some good medium and lecturer would come here, they would meet a hearty welcome at the house of Mrs. Henry Coats or Mrs. Valentine.

W. H. H. Nagors writes: I have taken the JOURNAL for eight years, and like it better every week. I like your bold, fearless way of treating all subjects. I believe you will be successful in putting down fraud.

A Communication from the Spirit.

Ann Lec.

There are many things that I would like to say to the inhabitants of earth—especially to the young, who are in private and in public assemblies name by name. Let me admonish them to persevere—to patience under trials—to continue instant in prayer, and to give little heed to familiar spirits, who, while really of the world, stand behind a screen and delight in much speaking. Though spirits, their Spirit-world is the earth-plane of existence. And any communication purporting to come from me that would loosen moral obligation, or lower the standard of personal purity, is from the adversary. The beloved apostle well said: "Believe not every spirit; but try the spirits, for many have gone out into the world, that freedom is the natural result of virtue, love and harmony, guided and controlled by wisdom. All true finite freedom is within the limits of Divine law, and obedience to law must precede the freedom of the soul. God is infinitely free. That which worldly men call freedom, meaning the full exercise of the propensities without restraint, is the deepest and most degrading form of slavery. Such putrid waters drown the soul, and such teachings drag it to perdition. Every soul, in fact, and kindred persons are not to be modified and regulated, as some blind teachers have taught; they are to be extirpated, annihilated. Freedom, based upon obedience, practical goodness, with the exercise of prayer, brings the soul into communion with the Christ-angels. And as often draw near to you in your weakness, and show upon your faces and heavenly influences. The prayed-for increase will come—the invisible forces of heaven are at work—there is a leavening power going on in the widespread field of humanity. The darkness is breaking—and the long, fearful serving shall shortly bring golden sheaves to you. And then, the riches of heaven shall come, shall the church humble in victory, become the glory of our God. To the families, and all true, unselfish workers on earth, I say, God bless you—let your light shine, continue faithful, he forgiving, love one another with the love that angels give. And then, the riches of heaven shall come, shall the church humble in victory, become the glory of our God. To the families, and all true, unselfish workers on earth, I say, God bless you—let your light shine, continue faithful, he forgiving, love one another with the love that angels give. And then, the riches of heaven shall come, shall the church humble in victory, become the glory of our God. To the families, and all true, unselfish workers on earth, I say, God bless you—let your light shine, continue faithful, he forgiving, love one another with the love that angels give. And then, the riches of heaven shall come, shall the church humble in victory, become the glory of our God. 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Continued from First Page.

nothing in the social life of the great Republic to illustrate his ideas. The book consists of a series of letters supposed to have been written by Shahnam during his travels in the United States, and addressed to his brother, Ahmed Hassan, whom he left in Algiers. The characters are fictitious, but the portraits of evil doers, and the pictures of life, are sufficiently real. Owing to the peculiar method adopted in the treatment of the subject, and to the fact that Mrs. McDougall was not a member of the Church, it was much less popular than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the same time the book exhibits a wider range of thought and greater power of dramatic expression.

I have not the space to even notice a number of her interesting contributions to our literature. Her shorter poems are very numerous, and highly diversified in respect to the nature of the themes—presenting many forms and phases of metrical composition, illuminated by a loving faith and a genuine imagination. The following stanzas are from

A SONG OF WINTER.

The gathering mantle of deep snow
The winter-king wrapped around him;
And, pushing with ice-wrought guns, below
Went the great one who had bound him.
He went abroad in his kindly state,
By the poor man's door—the palace gate.
Then the minstrel winds, on either hand,
The music of frost-days humming,
Now fast before him through all the land,
Crying, "Winter! Winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep, loud voices,
That made the heart of their king rejoice;
For it spoke of strength and it told of power,
And the mighty will that moved him;
Of all the joys of the frosty hour,
And the gentle hearts that loved him;
Of children's society interwrought,
With the play of wit and the flow of thought.
While deep in his bosom the heart has warmed,
Of the future life he cherishes;
Nor clinging root, nor seedling form,
Nor genial depths embracing, pusheth;
But gently and tenderly he will keep,
The delicate flowers which he sleeps.
The mountain heard the sounding blast
Of the winds, from their wild howling,
And his rough cheek paled as on they passed,
And the river checked his flowing;
Then, with ringing laugh and shouting shout,
The many snowballs all came out.
The shrub looked up, and the tree looked down,
For with his guns one was crested,
And hissing down on it the crown,
That on the old oak rested;
And the forest shone in gorgeous array,
For the spirits of Winter kept holiday.
So on the joyous skaters fly,
With no thought of a coming sorrow,
Nor ever a sigh, nor a mourning cry,
Has dreamed of the tears of to-morrow;
So free and so happy, then, while you may,
And rejoice in the blessing of to-day.

To our author's fine sense and delicate appreciation every object in nature had a voice, and revealed some phase of essential beauty and the divine life within. Her philosophic theology resolved all forms of evil into temporary conditions to be removed in due time by the outward development of the absolute good. This is beautifully expressed in the following verses from

THE HONEY BEE'S SONG.

On to the bank where the wild thyme blows,
And the fragrant violets are growing,
We'll drink from the heart of the virgin rose,
The nectar that now is flowing;
Glean for the joy of the early dawn,
Zestful in praise of the beautiful morn!
We had not the nettle-king's bristling spear,
Though we linger not here the longest;
We extract his honey, we take his life,
For Love can disarm the strongest;
In the rank cicuta's poison cell,
We know where the drops of nectar dwell.
Our Father has planted naught in vain—
Though in some the honey is weaker;
Ye drop in the wort may still be found,
To comfort the earnest seeker.
Zealous Him who giveth our daily food—
And the love that findeth all things good!

To the foregoing extracts from Mrs. McDougall's writings in prose and verse, I will only add a single stanza from

SHADOWS OF SPIRIT-LIFE.

There came a sound; and then the vibrant air
Awoke with the music of strange melody,
That seemed dipping sweetness every where—
As perfume, light and music, were sent free
From flowers and sunshine, and the minstrelsy
Of joyous birds; and beauty in all forms
Had overbraced the earth, as rainbows after storms.
Mrs. McDougall was divorced from her first husband early in life—for reasons that left no shadow on her own fair name. For many years she lived alone, with her Muse and the living creations born of her own teeming imagination. She spent the greater part of her life in New England and New York. We do not remember the date of her removal to California (it must have been about the beginning of the civil war), where she married Mr. McDougall, with whom she lived on terms of mutual confidence and respect to the close of her long and useful life of some seventy-four years. Her late residence was at Merced, in the county of the same name; but her death occurred while she was on a visit at Oakland, near San Francisco. Since establishing her residence on the Pacific coast, she has been a frequent contributor to the spiritual press. Her papers published in the two volumes of *Brittan's Journal*, were admirably written and greatly admired. She has probably left several volumes in manuscript, of which we shall know more hereafter.

Mrs. McDougall's last published book, entitled "Beyond the Veil," was very recently issued from the press of D. M. Bennett, of New York. It purports to be a narrative of Paschal Beverly Randolph's observations of the spirit-life and world, while under the guidance of Emmanuel Swedenborg. Our dear friend entertained no doubt that the gifted but erratic Randolph was the chief source of her inspiration. I have read the book, but as I have no space for a review, I will not here express my judgment of its peculiar claims. While the style is often marked by the strong individuality of the poetess, the book contains some things we cannot accept, and which probably did not command her own acquiescence. There is, however, abundant evidence that our departed sister was inspired from her childhood. Her life was singularly pure, while her splendid abilities and earnest labors were devoted to the noblest human uses. She always stood for the right whatever the impending peril. In something more than an imaginary sense, she was truth itself endowed with personality. With a nature so unassuming and unselfish—yet aspiring in every worthy sense—and a record with no stain to mar the crystal whiteness of her fame, she was quite as likely to be truthfully impressed as any one of the seers and mediums, at whose feeblest utterance a multitude of unreasoning worshippers bow themselves in deepest reverence.

We cannot disguise the fact that Mrs. McDougall had genius and learning sufficient to have endowed at least a dozen such popular story writers, essayists, and poet-

asters as do most to promote the graceful art of genuflection. In the galaxy that illuminates the literature of New England, she was a star of no inferior magnitude. Nor was this all. She was born not only to shine, but to strive for the victory over wrong. In this life-long struggle she displayed great moral courage and patient endurance. During her whole literary career, of nearly half a century, she was the consistent friend of the poor, the oppressed and the fallen, ready for any work that might inspire their hopes, strengthen their hands, and smooth before them the rugged ways of life. Few, indeed, have made such personal sacrifices for their principles, and especially for Spiritualism. Had this noble woman consecrated her time and talents to the church, her name would to-day have been a household word all over the continent; her unselfish work a sacred memory; and even Spiritualists might have recognized her genius and purchased her books.

She stands by my side while I write this; and it may be, under her guidance, I go away in spirit to the far Pacific coast to behold the closing scene in the earth-life of that strong but gentle spirit. The white-robed angel of Peace is there. No terrors people the soft shadows of life's evening twilight. No forms of ill linger by the portals of the everlasting day. Bright visitors, arrayed in purple and golden splendors, are there. No hearth-stone is ever wholly deserted, and no scene of mortal conflict occurs without silent witnesses. In the life of the spirit, each pure affection, every living thought, and all noble deeds, take form and are perceived to exist as vital forces and objective realities. In that far-away dwelling, by that bedside, around the dear one ennobled by her own life-work, and purified by the ministry of angels, other forms of light and beauty appear to consecrate the solemn scene and the sweet memory of our friend.

"And what are ye, oh Beautiful?" "We are," answered the choral chorim, "Hers means!" Then her soul sparkling sudden as a star, flashed from its mortal weeds!"

2 Van Nest Place, New York, Aug. 6, 1878.

MRS. M'DOUGALL'S ASCENSION—LAST HOURS IN THE LIFE OF THE POETESS.

Fallen are life's golden sands, but the freed spirit is risen. Since the tribute to Mrs. McDougall was forwarded for publication, I have received letters from Mrs. M. P. Parry, of Oakland, Cal., together with that lady's description of the last hours in the earthly life of our dear sister and ever faithful friend. Her pure spirit put on the new robes of her glorious immortality at the quiet home of Mrs. Parry, where she seems to have been surrounded by sympathetic friends, who kindly provided everything that could in any way minister to her comfort, or illuminate the darkness of the night which was followed by a morning in Paradise. Our correspondent informs us that she had been laboring with great intensity to complete her descriptive drama of the life of Joan of Arc, entitled, "The Crown of Fire." The work was unfinished when the summons came to join the glorified subject of her last poem.

Concerning the drift of her thoughts, on the last day, I quote the following from one of Mrs. Parry's letters: "The last day dear Fanny spent with us she talked long and lovingly about you and Mrs. Brittan, and of the happy years she had spent with you, 'in the days of lang syne.'"

The following extracts contain the material portions of Mrs. Parry's description of Mrs. McDougall's last hours: S. B. B.

"A few weeks before she passed on, she complained of a pain in the left breast and arm, but not very severe. She was not confined to her bed, only lying down at intervals to rest. She did not write any on her work. I tried to keep her interested by getting such books as she wished for reference. One, the 'Celtic Druids,' had never been drawn from the library in San Francisco since it was founded, until it was taken for her. The librarian seemed astonished that there was a mind on this coast which called for such a book. Oh, that precious week that I spent with her there! they are the holy days of all my life. I shall dwell on them with loving memories whilst I remain here, and live them over again with her in the 'Bright Beyond.' Precious, peerless friend! be thou first to greet me there! Sunday, June 9th, the last of the days she spent with us, she rose as usual and took breakfast with us. After breakfast she said, 'You are my own 'Brownie,' come up stairs and stay with me. We will listen to the voices; they will have something to say to us.' I complied with her request, and spent the entire day with her. At four o'clock we had dinner, which she enjoyed. After dinner she played backgammon with my husband, and was very much interested in winning the games. After that was past a long, delightful evening, chatting together, she had been in one of her most charming moods. About eight o'clock P. M. she said she would like to rest. I helped her undress, but when I kissed her for 'good-night' she said, 'I wish you would stay with me.' I shaded the light so it would not annoy her, and sat down by the table to read until she fell asleep. She was soon in a sweet and peaceful slumber. It seemed as if the angels were giving their beloved sleep to prepare her for the approaching strife. About nine o'clock she awoke to suffer the most intense pain until the loving angel whom we call 'Death' folded his arms around her, and gave her rest, peace and glory. The last message of the angel voices to her was, 'You will soon be better.'"

She had a yearning for all that she loved in the Valley. She longed to see her husband and the dear friends at Merced. So I told her that as she was not able to write much, I would get her ready, and the first opportunity she had for company, on the way, she should go and make a visit for a few weeks, and I should send the means for her return; that the change would no doubt be beneficial to her, and she would then be able, with renewed strength and energy, to resume her labor of love; that we loved her as tenderly as a mother, and our home was her home just as much as it was ours. She was very much affected, and said she would be so delighted to make the visit, and would return to us and stay until Mr. McDougall should have a home of his own for her. I felt then that she was our very own—our household treasure. . . . When she passed 'beyond the veil' the sun was just flooding the world with the golden light. It seemed as if the opening of the upper gates for her entrance had let celestial light shine through to earth. Her funeral took place from our house, Thursday, at twelve o'clock. Her remains were placed in a plain casket, with a plate bearing this inscription:

FRANCES H. G. M'DOUGALL,
Departed
JUNE 10TH, 1878.

The whole casket was covered with rich, rare and fragrant flowers. One friend

brought a very beautiful cross and wreath. She said she did not bring them as an emblem of any faith, but the cross was a symbol of what she had endured, and the wreath of the victory she had won. Her dress was the gift of another dear friend. It was white, simple, trimmed with folds of satin. Her luxuriant, lovely hair, which I had brushed and arranged so often, I dressed with her own natural curls, and placed above her brow a wreath of fadeless laurel which she had so truly won. It was my last gift for her, my gifted friend. In her hands I placed Joan of Arc roses and immortelles, the one for her husband and the other for her loving friend of Merced. On the piano, by the side of the casket, was placed a beautiful harp made of autumn leaves and grasses. It had no broken string, for we all thought her life had been to us so perfect that no broken link could mar its loveliness.

Mr. Plum, an old friend of hers, made a very good address. There was sung a hymn of the Better Land. Mr. Moore, another friend, read an appropriate poem, another hymn was sung, and a few loving words of benediction said, which closed the services at the house.

We then proceeded to the Mountain View Cemetery. After the casket was placed in the grave we strewed upon it green boughs of the weeping willow, after which all present dropped in a small bunch of fragrant flowers. When the grave was finished we all joined in singing the 'Sweet Bye-and-Bye,' and we left her there to rest. Dear, dear Fanny! thanks be unto God for the unspeakable gift of thy grand, noble life!"

WHAT SPIRITUALISM IS DOING. A Pure Spiritualism.

The triumphs of the Harmonical Philosophy, known as Spiritualism, is absolutely astonishing. Not a religion on earth but is permeated with its principles. Her worst enemies and strongest advocates are found in Christendom. Strange that Christian people should oppose Spiritualism, when in fact it is the basis of Christianity. The phenomena of Spiritualism consist in healing powers, independent voices, materialization, visions, impressions and mechanical demonstrations. Extract the evidences from the history of Christ and his apostles, but little or nothing is left. To believe in Christ and not in Spiritualism, is preposterous; to truly believe in Spiritualism and not in the philanthropic claims of Christ, is impossible. We affirm there is not a modern phase of Spiritualism which does not appear in the Bible, sanctioned of God. Taking from the history of Jesus, Jesus as healing medium, the wonderful materialization of Moses and Elias, the independent voice at his baptism, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased," and at the materialization, "This is my beloved son, hear ye him," take from his history his clairvoyant power and work—when the spirit would come upon him and he would see his future, the future of his religion, the changes it must undergo and its ultimate triumph; in a word, take from the history of Jesus his clairvoyant visions, his healing and materializing power (which is to take the Spiritualism of his history), and you will have a different Jesus altogether from the Jesus of the New Testament. Take the history of Paul, subtract all the Spiritualism from his history, his wonderful conversion in which he heard a voice, but saw no man, the many circumstances in which angels appeared to him, and voices said to him, "You must go to Rome, you shall see Caesar, and proclaim in other countries the new religion;" his journey to Paradise, when out of the body he passed the glowing port of morn into the deep glories of the Summer-land, where he heard truths too sublime to utter to unappreciative mortals, and his clairvoyant vision just before the death of his crown of righteousness; yes, take these things out of his history (which would be to take the Spiritualism from his history), and it would fail to interest you or I, for the beautiful jewels of the record would be gone, and we would have altogether another Paul. In a word, take Spiritualism out of the Bible, and the book would not be worth a place on your shelf; take Spiritualism out of the religion of Jesus, and it becomes a cold, dreary region of mist,

Through which we wander
To the shores of death,
And fall no more to rise.

The more advanced church religions are beginning to realize that to preach the religion of Jesus, is to preach in the highest conceivable sense Spiritualism; that to unfold the germ he deposited means to proclaim and live, love, gentleness and beauty in its highest phase, to cultivate the great and good gift of healing the sick and afflicted, and of producing evidences of immortality. For said Jesus greater things shall ye do, and not on will his disciples produce these evidences (or this fruit), but they will produce them a hundred fold. Every church in the land is being troubled with this spiritualistic phase of religion by having it proven to be true from their own text book. In the late Southern M. E. Conference, the chairman stated that nearly all the young ministers in the conference were taking Spiritualist papers, and reading Spiritualist books, and secretly attending circles, and that he feared it was but a matter of time till the M. E. Church would be split wide open on the subject of Spiritualism. This should encourage Brother Watson, of Memphis, for it indicates the coming in of the bread long ago cast upon the waters. The Episcopal Church of England is being fast committed to Spiritualism through the preaching of Dean Stanley and Canon Farrar, while Murray and Beecher run this sharp, gold-pointed plow of immortality through the American societies of Congregationalism. Two distinguished Presbyterian ministers in California have avowed their belief in Spiritualism, which puts that denomination worshipping in that state in a terrible pickle. The great Methodist debater, Jacob Ditzler, since his late discussion with Mr. Jameson, says he believes there is something true and terrible in Spiritualism, and four representative Baptist ministers in Missouri have lately taken the position that it is the duty of the church to investigate Spiritualism thoroughly. The Disciple church in many places have opened their doors and received into their fellowship avowed and uncompromising Spiritualists. Like the good leaven (we find Spiritualism) in every church working, and it will work until these materialistic, ungodly elements become spiritual leaven. Spiritualism does not claim to be perfection, though it is on the highway leading to it. A general effort is being made throughout the world to make power and higher Spiritualist claims, by purging out all frauds and tricksters, and protecting all genuine advocates. Prominent in this work is Col. Bundy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL

JOURNAL; he has struck the key, and the cry for honesty and a better religion reverberates all along the lines. We are anxious to see Spiritualism become the essence of purity, the basis of honesty, the center of hope, and an infinite altar of love on which the two worlds will blend into an everlasting union. This reform index, such a state of affairs, it is the dawn of the perfect day, the sunrise of the world's millennium.—Independent Age, Alliance, Ohio.

DISEASE AND DEATH. They Are Striking Terror to the Hearts of All the Citizens of Our Land.

The Plague-Stricken Cities of the South Are Deserted. And Their Inhabitants Are Fighting the Death-Dealing Malaria of the North.

A Simple and Efficacious Remedy Announced to the Public. Being None Other than the Holman Liver and Stomach Pad, Which is a Certain Preventive and Cure for Malaria in All Its Horrible Forms.

The prevalence of malarial fever has become the topic of conversation throughout the entire country, and the fact that the best physicians are unable to successfully check the ravages of yellow and malarial fevers is also a subject of anxious concern. The great cry, what can be done to prevent these air poisons from obtaining a hold upon the human system? Judging from the underlying facts, the answer should be, regulate your blood, liver and spleen, by wearing one of Holman's Fever and Stomach pads. The following testimonial can hardly fail to convince the most skeptical of the incalculable value of the Holman Pad.

New York, August 20, 1878.
DEAR SIR:—According to promise I now report to you the result of our trial of your Ague and Liver Pad as a preventive of yellow fever in the port of Havana. You remember that on the 8th of June last, I applied to you and bought Pads to the number of all those on board the brig Sportsman, for Havana, with a cargo of ice to deliver. Two days after our arrival there I made a present to every man and officer on board, the only condition being that they would wear them, whichever promised to do, and did do, except when they were working on cargo, and sweating so much as to spoil them. As soon as relieved they washed and resumed their Pads. We have to say that with the other means to keep the fever out of the ship, we met with perfect success, and while the other vessels suffered much in hospital contracts, and the loss of men and officers, we had no occasion for a single dose of medicine, though remaining in Havana thirty-eight days, and arriving at New York on the 15th of August, all in good health. We believe that no human being, under any circumstances, will take a fever of any description with one of your Pads on.

Yours respectfully,
SHEPHERD BLANCHARD,
Master Brig Sportsman, of New York.
MAX PROSSNER, Mate.
THOS. GATLIN, Second Mate.
CARL GUSTAF, Steward.
MARTIN FISBECK, Seaman.
COMMANCHE, IOWA.

Messrs. Bates & Hanley: I have given those pads a faithful trial in two severe chronic cases, and am surprised and delighted with the results. I shall now procure them in quantities so as to be able to furnish them to any of my patients.

Yours,
G. D. MANNING, M. D.
Westerville, Ohio.

Chicago, March 10th, 1878.
Gentlemen: Some thirty days since I was taken down with chills, and after having tried various treatments to get cured, could get nothing that would effect a permanent cure until I was induced to try a Holman Pad. I am now entirely free from the disease, and feel better than ever.

Yours,
W. O. WEDDLING,
Westerville, Ohio.

Messrs. Bates & Hanley: I enclosed \$2 for another of those Holman Pads. When I received the other one I thought I could live over three months, but in four weeks could work some, and I am well now.

Yours gratefully,
W. O. WEDDLING,
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Yours gratefully,
W. O. WEDDLING,
Westerville, Ohio.

"THE GENESIS AND ETHICS OF CONJUGAL LOVE."

By Andrew Jackson Davis.
Price, in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, 75 cents; postage free.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

ANCIENT SEX WORSHIP.

A curious and remarkable work, containing the "Traces of Ancient Mysticism in the Religions of the Day." A curious, learned and painfully suggestive book. It is evident that special pains were taken to deal delicately with the subject.—Chicago Journal.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH: AN EFFORT TO TRACER PROPER THE PRINCIPLES OF VITAL MAGNETISM; OR, How to Replenish the Springs of Life with-out Drugs or Stimulants.

By ANDREW STONE, M. D.
Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute. The subject matter purports to come from physicians who, residing in the East, have been unable to cure their patients by the attempt from the spirit sphere to communicate through a certain medium, knowledge which shall be given more fully in the sequel. The book is well written and contains many valuable facts.—Chicago Journal.

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50 EXTRA PERFUMED CARDS, with name in case, loc. post paid. W. W. DOWD, Bristol, Conn.

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