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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Tribute of Love. (Given through the mediumship of Mrs. M. J. Kurz.)

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

At twilight I sat in my own quiet room, While night hung her curtains of gold and of gloom, And gazed on the fast fading beams of the day, Till I seemed in a land far away, far away.

I stood on the banks of a beautiful stream, In a land fair and bright as a midsummer dream Where the bright changeful hues, in the sky overhead, Outrivalled the splendors in tales I had read;

Where a soft, soothing sound, like the rustling of wings, And a strain, like the song which the "seraphim" sing, Hushed awhile, in my bosom, the tumults of life, And bore me away from the world and its strife.

Then a voice I had heard 'mid the world's passing din Called forth from a palace, "Come in; oh, come in;" Then I stood by the voice—'twas an angel, I know-And he bade me return with this message to you.

And this is the story the bright angel told, Up there, in his palace of opal and gold; Where mountains upheave, and plains spread away, And the ocean rolls down to the gale-way of day.

"My father, dear father, full many a time I have striven to send you a greeting in rhyme, And as often have failed, for want of a way To write in earth language, my one little lay. But now, I'm controlling a hand just as true As the steel of the patriot soldier in blue, And backward, ah, backward, my thoughts flow at will, To the home where you dwell-our home on the hill.

Your form is bowed down with he weight of much care And silvery threads streak the brown of your hair. I know you are weary, as onward you tread The pathway that leads to the "house of the dead." And darkness hangs thickly your vision around, Because in your home, I am not to be found. But father, dear father, I stand when I will, In the home where you dwell-our home on the hill.

"My mother, dear, beneath the shade Of the Southern oak my grave is made, · Where the glinting waves go rushing by, And the sun burns out from a summer sky, Where flowers, to you, exotics rare, All brightly bloom in the genial air; Where Southern birds of gorgeous wing From out my leafy tombstone sing. Yes, from the land of blood and strife I passed away to the grander life. I sat in the shade by the flowing tide, Breaming of you, on the old hillside, When the bullet sought life's hidden springs, And I meekly bowed to the 'king of kings.' But in the march of the rolling years Strive to dry up your falling tears, For in and out of the open door I'm coming and going forevermore. Dear mother, remember I stand when I will, In the home where you dwell-our home on the hill.

> "Brother, you and I were boys But a little while ago, Together gathering up life's joys, With its little crumbs of woe.

" Now I stand upon the mountains That o'ertop the hills of earth. While you dwell beside the fountains That beneath my feet have birth.

" Soon again, we will be boys, When the 'boatman' bears you o'er, Gathering up unfading joys On life's better, hither shore;

But know while you stay, I walk when I will, In the paths where you walk, round our house on the hill

"My sisters, you ask where my home it may be? 'Mid the rolling waves of eternity's sea. And I turn my eyes from the quiet nook, The house on the hill, and the mill by the brook, And I gaze through the far golden gateway of rest, Outward, and on, to the 'land of the blest,' With its mountains and vallies, its skies calm and clear, So far, far away, and yet, oh, how near. And then I reply, I dwell when I will In the home where you dwell-our home on the hill.

"Yet a home I have got, 'tis a mansion most grand, A palace of light in the bright spirit land. From the beautiful hills, where the white marbles glow, I have sought out my blocks and with chisel and blow Outwrought with my own hand, for my palace rare, An image of each of you in our home there. Yes, dears, we are here, all of us that you see, And those that are living in heaven with me. So, whether in palace or home by the mill, I live with the loved-oh! the house on the hill. HENRY ---."

# The North Pole.

Two French gentlemen recently explored the island of Spitzbergen in a manner never before done. They have measured the mountains, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable products, the geological composition, etc., of the island. They found that the long day extended over several months, during which the sun never sets, becoming intensely hot after a month or two by the unceasing heat from the sun. In this period vegetation springs up in great luxuriance and abundance. The North Pole is only a matter of 600 miles from the island, and it is thought by the two explorers, as by many others, that the Pole itself, and the sea which is supposed to surround it, could be reached from Spitzbergen without any great difficulties being encountered. A singular fact noticed by the explorers in connection with this island, is the enormous quantities of floating timber which Lerally cover the waters of the bays and creeks. A careful examination of the character, condition and kind of these floating logs would, no doubt, lead to a conclusion as to whence and how they came, and probably suggest new theories for the solution of geographical problems connected with the Arctic seas.

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# LIFE AMONG THE "MIGHTY OJIBWAYS."

BY J. OSGOOD BARRETT. CHAPTER VI.

WHITE MAN'S DEPREDATIONS.

One night, as Wau-we-a-pin lay under the hemlock panting before the camp fire, being unduly fatigued, the crew had huddled together in separate groups, when the merits of Indian right became the theme of animated discussion.

"Blast these Indians," said one, "they'll steal your hat and sell it, and with it buy your own whiskey to get drunk with."

"That's it! Blast them, you apothecary of damnation. Your whiskey does the blasting; that puts the steal into the Indian's breast; no business to keep it, sir; hope they'll steal and beg you dry, till you learn that an Indian is more decent than a whiskey vender!"

"Whew! temperance and grandiloquent fanaticism! Well, to set aside the squitty-wau-boo question, the Indians are not such confounded fools, after all. One old fellow came to my camp last winter, begging a piece of bread; he looked tired and hungry. I gave him a hearty meal, and told him to sleep close to the fire all night. Not a thing was disturbed; don't talk to me about Indians stealing. The next morning he went out on a hunting tramp, and at night returned with a fat elk on his shoulder, and laying it down at my fect, said, 'Indian no forget good white brother,' and turned to go away. 'No, come back,' I shouted. 'Here, let's eat it together.' We skinned the animal, and our boys, with the Indian, had a grand feast. We kept him with us all winter, he supplying us with game. Bless the old man! He, I learn; died last spring, and was buried under a big pine where he oft slept."

"Your experience is not like that of my neighbor's," said another gentleman, spitefully expectorating tobacco from his mouth. "A dirty old hag bolted into his camp, just as the men were eating dinner. They gave her the remnants, of which she ate enormously. Finding she was inclined to remain, they drove her off. Don't have any squaws there, sir! But she returned the next day with a dozen vagrants-begging, of course-when the men set their big 'bose' on them, and gave each a cut with a heavy goad stick. It won't do, sir; give an Indian an inch, sir, and he will take an ell,

"Indians and negroes hang on us like vampires, but the war will use them up fast. Won't we make a deep hole in the tribe when we muster in one, two, three, four companies?"

"You savages among savages! The curse of Almighty God is on us in this war for our injustice ! I wouldn't care if the Indians and negroes made a treaty together for a general onslaught, till we learn proper manners towards the ignorant and unfortunate. Are they not human? Have they not human eyes, human hands, human hearts? Several years ago I took a trip up the Mississippi, in the Northern Belle. At one point on the Minnesota side, we took on board a pale young Sioux. It was a bitter cold afternoon. The polite man did not obtrude himself upon respectable society, but stood aloof on the prow, exposed to the chilly blast of a regular Nor'-wester. So sober, so forsaken, I really pitied him. Among the many passengers was a Southern gentleman, with whom I had some conversation about negroes and slavery, during which his opinions were stoutly expressed in favor of the 'divine ordinance.' Seeing several dirty black fellows on the lower deck, wooding up, I called his attention to them, when he, with a dainty smile, remarked, 'Just as I told you; fit only to be kicked and banged; they are not human, but a sort of ourang-half and half. See that thick-skulled, greasy nigger!' Just then the negro finished his meal on the woodpile, when, with a dignified, patronizing air, he beckoned the hungry Indian, who hung bashfully near, hoping for a morsel, but not daring to ask for it. I tell you, sir, it was a beautiful scene-that swearing, lusty negro generously feeding the Indian! Beautiful, sir-the humanity of a negro, the gratitude of an Indian—twin brothers in oppression!

"The most rascally affair I ever heard of, happened a few weeks ago on the Eau Claire; did you hear of it? Report says that an Indian broke into a camp, stole goods and then burned it up, and that the bones of a man were found in the ashes. Now, I'll bet a thousand feet of lumber that no Indian' did that; but some white devil, for the sake of booty, who publicly announced it to be 'Indian depredation and massacre,' to avoid suspicion. Such dastardly work often has been done in these diggings. I tell you, we whites have a fearful account to settle with the red skins, one of these

"Your statements, gentlemen, of white man's trespass, bear the impress of truth; for I know of a circumstance yet more cruel and horrible in reality than anything ever told or published; there is no guess work about it, either, for the witness is alive. The scene was not enacted in this wilderness, but among the Sioux in Minnesota. It is all the same, I believe. Let me tell you that the Sioux, malignant as they have proved themselves to be in the late massacres, have been provoked to war by just such rascality. Think you I would tamely submit to such indignity? Not I!"

"You are getting excited over your own story

before you tell it."

"Well, who can help it? If whites committed | such deeds in my home, would I not tomshawk them?"

"Tell your story, you revengeful philanthropist! Why keep us in painful suspense, all for nothing?" "Oh, it's nothing, I suppose, only that six or seven rough fellows were traveling toward a camp, and, just at night entered a little cluster of wigwams, where they treated the men with whiskey, which always puts the devil into an Indian. After getting the Indian men half drunk, they seized the women for their vile purposes, right in the presence of their

husbands and brothers!" "Is that so?"

"Yes-proved by a valid witness, who happened to be a gentleman among demons. He was not accessory, but fought and entrested, all to poor success. Blame the Sioux, and let the stealer of virtue go unrebuked? Great God! where is justice?"

"Quite a diversity of opinion, gentlemen. Let us now appeal to Cosar-the captain is posted."

The discussional group arese and circled around the captain. "Captain, your wife is a squaw, and your boys are already at the front fighting for us, and of

course, you feel that you are 'a well educated Indian,' whose opinion is to be respected, for you have spent a large portion of your life in these "Out, Monsieur, I have represented the Indians

before governors, but you mistake-I am pureblooded French, belonging to a rich and lordly family of Montreal." Our captain was, as he said, of French descent, having formerly lived in reflect society, but was

now rough in every attribute, and his profanity blended so smoothly with his intermittent language as to be an essential part of his English. "Well, captain, to be frank, don't you think it

would be a grand idea to enslave all the Indians, as we have the blacks, that they may be Christianized ?" "Enslave an Indian! you Anglo-Saxon blood-

hound! Enslave an Indian ! Try it! Try it, you white sponge, sucking the very juice of a negro's muscle! 5

"Pardonnez-moi, I only suggested the plan of certain divines who take to slavery as ducks to water. But what can we do practically to elevate the Indian ?"

"Do? Let them alone! Your leer-eyed, shinplastered, lecturers, agents and other dealers, have cheated them out of their very virtue. You have exasperated them to break treaties; your vices have reduced them to shape and beggary; you have stolen their game, their timber, their fish, their lands! You call them? dogs, begone!' when

they enter your logging campa!" "Then the Indians are not what they were?"

"No, sir! Once they disdiened to beg; but you have broken them-broken down a noble race!"\* Here the captain drew up his foot and stamped, and puffed out the smoke from his pipe with fury, and then added with an oath-

"You whites have trespossed-trespossed, sir; I feel it; I'm but an Indian-I don't care for anything now-I'm going to the war! Who would weep, if we all fell in battle for the liberty which

you make a tyranny over us of the forest?" "Are the Indians destined to be extinct?"

"Extinct! you will not allow an Indian to own a foot of his own continent. Already your authorities of the State are petitioning Congress to remove the Chippewas farther West, and then further West, into the Pacific Ocean They are dying, sir, dying, doomed under your very Christian philan-

"Captain, since I became acquainted with that panting Indian, I have had new views of Indian character and life. I see we must prove to them that we are truly their brothers, and must instruct them in what suits their gentus."

This colloquy ended in long silence. Every one was meditative. Wau-we-a-hin had fallen asleep upon the boughs, his little bby with him, hugged to his deep heaving bosom.

# CHAPTER VII.

COURT ORTHLES. At length we entered Late Court Orielles, the head waters of the Chippews. Near its outlet, it was full of a dense mass of wieds interspersed with delicate white lilies. Other beautiful flowers blossomed even down in its blue lepths, retaining their clear variegated colors as if Treathing in liquid air. On its marshy shores, widening into vast meadows, grew strange plants, spanging out in intensely gree spires, and tipped with dancing red carrings. The main stalks, after throwing up their vertical branches, bent over in regular semicircles into the water again, taking root in the bed of the lake, and thence shot up as before, thus lying in flowering folds, resembling tiny Banyan trees of surpassing beauty. Court Orielles can brnish something new for the botanist. In its mystic depths is verily a floral world.

The Carbine settlement, where we landed, consisting of a little cluster of dilapidated, weather beaten buildings, was once famous in Indian history as a trading post. The gaping rock fireplace, the rough, dim beams overhead, the Indian relies adorning the walls, the old that gun lying across the peeled poles, the yellow leafed Catholic Bible in French, the flat, large cake cooked in the skillet aslant to the snapping fire, the women, sans hoops, sans ribbons, but clean in liusty woolsey, the kind,

bashful, sisterly attentions-all told us plainly how our ancestors lived two hundred years ago. These had a poetry that lingers as the music of childhood, so we sung "Auld-Lang-Syne" with a loving pathos.

Here we found half-breed children enough to form a flourishing school; but no such provision is made by the Government. Most heartly would it be welcomed and faithfully improved by these rural settlers. They demand it; but who is willing to be so immured from civilized society?

We counted about fifty graves, many of them being housed over with birch bark, like roofs, above which stood the rude cross, showing that the Catholic religion has penetrated into these isolated wilds. In the gable ends of these funereal monuments were little apertures, into which the weeping relatives years agone passed gifts to the departed, such as tobacco, wampum, and arrows, intended for the spirits in their new hunting grounds.

At a favorable opportunity an interesting conversation was held with a Court Orielles citizen, who, by the way, is well educated, and is appointed by Catholic authority to act as lay preacher to the Indians. As such he has great influence; his testimony always carries weight in every word.

"Pardon me, my dear sir, if I seem to be very inquisitive; but I desire to learn what I can of the needs of the Indians. Some of the members of your family, I learn, were formerly connected with a Christian mission; why did they abandon it?"

"It ran out; it proved partially a failure. The Indians are a hard race to convert to Protestant religion; they love Catholicity. Somehow our symbols appeal to their senses in natural response to their aspirations. Your doctrines of the fall, of an angry Great Spirit, of atonement, do not naturally adapt themselves to their sensuous natures. Let me relate an incident in point: We had in our mission an old hunter who had fought the Sioux in many a battle, but who in his older years was inclined to meditation and a repentant life. Our minister regarded him as a hopeful subject, and so sought every opportunity to impress his mind with a sense of his native depravity. One day the minister gathered a group of Indians around him under a big tree to talk with them about religion. In the course of his remarks, he spoke of the fall of Adam and the awful anger of God, of the better love of Christ, and his agony on the cross to purchase pardon for a doomed world. The old Indiam buried his face in his hands, deeply troubled in mind. His agitation was uncontrollable; at length he rose up, and with earnest gesticulations delivered himself after this style: 'You say my soul damned because our first father he sinned, because he eat bad apple. Indian was not there then. My old father he good man, but he get drunk; and I was sober. Was I drunkard, too, because my good father drink? You say the Great Spirit was mad, and made a bad place to put us in because our first father did so. My son he steal one day, and I punish him with stick; but I no kill him, I no put him in a pit, I no burn him in fire, but I punish him, and he be good boy. Now I love the Great Spirit; he give me deer and fish and buffalo; he no mad at me, I know. You say Christ was good and loved us; so the Great Spirit punish him, what for? Because you say we are sinners; so the Great Spirit punish his own good boy! I never punish my boy when he is good. Who you say kill that good man? They were bad Jews. I would not let them kill him; with my tomahawk I kill them and take their scalp, and the

Great Spirit he love me!' "Here the old man turned away with a sigh, wrapping his blanket closer around him, and never could be persuaded to attend another preach of the white

"But how do you Catholies manage your points of doctrine, which are similar, when you address the Indians?"

"Oh! we say but little about them; we simply remind them of duties by significant symbols, and with these we do succeed in making scores of converts. Our priest lives at Superior City, and is a great and good man. For our sakes he retires from the world into these fastnesses so wild and dreary."

"Answer me one more question. Suppose the missionaries to these Indians should teach the true Christian religion of neatness, industry, economy, chastity and kindness, and should build-where they believe—on their exalted idea of a Great Spirit and the ministry of the departed in the fair hunting grounds, oft returning to counsel peace, would not that be a more practical way of doing business, conducing to better success in civilizing and elevating these barbarians?"

"Doubtless, sir-oh, yes, certainly, sir; that would be excellent, I wish we had one such teacher. Our children are growing up in ignorance and semibarbarism; we men are so taxed to procure the necessities of life, we are unable to educate them. Oh, sir, do send us that teacher;" and he grasped the hand of his interrogator. can we do for them?

Towards evening we informed Wan-we-a-pin that we were seeking to raise Indian recraits. The old man thought a moment, and seriously admonished us to be careful what we would say, and do, and promise to his brethren. Signifying his intention to return, but fearing we might plead for further services, he put his hands to his eyes, pointed to his son, saving in his manner, "Cheheo-chan's mother cry for her boy-I must return."

. Paying him his money and giving him valuable presents besides, he took our hands within his, and, with a moistened eye, bade us a brotherly adicu.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY OVER THE "CHAIN OF LAKES"-THE SOLDIER'S SQUAW.

Calling a council of war, our captain, speaking in French, addressed the chief men of the settlement, setting forth the claims of the Government, and the immunities of enlisting, to which they responded generously, agreeing to use their strong infinence by going personally with us on the left wing of our journey, one hundred and fifty miles farther westward to Rice Lakes, where the tribe was then set-

On the morning of the 18th, the whole village gathered on the shore to witness, with pensive invocations, the departure of the war expedition, then consisting of ten men, including the two carbineers.

Reaching the utmost limit of the lake, our guides took the canoes and luggage down the river, and thence up a creek, leaving the rest to meet them after walking five miles through the woods.

On a maple hill, central in the trail, we discovered a Chin-gau-bee, or god. It was shaped like an anvil, but hollow on the top, in which the Indians deposit tobacco to propitiate the spirits. They say their departed friends love tobacco still, and come round the Chin-gau-bee to sense its delicious furnes.

Carrying our "traps" two weary miles, we launched upon a chain of lakes, between which we were generally obliged to portage again. These lie in a desolate country. 'Shetac, or Pelican Lake, was green and ropy, owing to its excessive growth and decaying vegetation. Its exhalations were acrid and poisonous. Thousands upon thousands of fishes lay dead upon its surface and slimy shores; acres upon acres of gigantic rushes grew in the coves of this "dead sea" of the North. With these the Indians construct their superb mats. Rolling plovers glanced along the angry waves, rock gray loons rang their defiant, sombre calls, bobbing into the deep at the flash of a gun. A bold eagle carrying a fish in his talons sailed over us, whistling an alarm to her watching mate on the high tree top among the pines. A flock of sooty black buzzards circled round and round above us, cawing a discordant twang in our appalled ears. 'An Indian, afar off on a hill, yelled his angular tenor over this most romantic wizard lake, whose waves tossed our frail vessels as feathers in the wind.

Touching a little promontory, we hailed a wigwam, smoking under the embowering shade, whence issued a swarm of naked, dingy pappooses who scampered slily down to see us. The gipsy mother, her eyes snapping fire, her face lit up with smiles at our greeting, answered our guide's questions about the location of the Indian village, with a voice shrill enough to scare the foxes from their holes. The gift of a handful of tobacco was acknowledged with a half courtesy in awkward, womanly gratitude.

At the foot of the lake, secluded by itself among the young oaks, close by the musical outlet, was a wigwam which some of our party entered. An Indian maiden, attired in tidy calico, saluted us with a modest, happy address. She had carpeted the ground with nice mats, and arranged all the furniture in the neat room in most exquisite order. Was she waiting for her affianced brave to return from the hunt, and wile away the courting hours in love's first dream and promises? Maiden of Pelican Lake! he that wins thee hath found a heart pure as the water springs among the maples.

There is nothing so healthful, so romantic, as a wigwam for a summer residence. It is a decided improvement upon our unventilated, hot houses. A couch of boughs on the bare ground is a panacea for all physical maladies.

After pitching tent at the head of the beautiful Balsam Lake, several of our party, just at sunset, paddled out to a spot near the shore that glittered like liquid gold, where the she-guns (black bass) were leaping up and plunging as ducks before a storm. Whilst enjoying the fun in catching these robust yellowish fish, a half-breed woman, bareheaded, her long hair trailing disheveled down her loose dress, and attended by a bronze gothic-faced Indian, gently shot her canoe among ours with a naive playfulness. She was eager to learn our business there, and was promptly informed that we wanted recruits for the war. She drooped her head thoughtfully for a moment, and with a sober expression akin to despair, emphatically declared that "no more Indian shall enlist." She then told as, with glistening eyes, that her own dear husband had been absent a whole year in the war, and not a word had she beard from him. Was he dedd?

"White man don't care !" she choking it articulated. "No more Indian!" she repeated with great and solemn emphasis, splashing down her paddle into the water with a will that spoke great emotion and determination. "I don't know about my husband-gone so long a long! White man don't care; if we all fight and die for him, he don't care," and the tears fell unbidden down her sunken cheeks "My children," she continued, "are so hungry, and I work so hard to get rice and deer!"

"Have you not heard from your husband, since he had for the war?" asked one of the guides.

"No" she answered; "he can't write like white man, and no Indian yet has returned."

"Did any other Indians go with him?"

"Six," she answered, "from this region."

Poor woman! how could she appreciate white man's patriotism? Widowed, perhaps; she saw nothing but the battle, the death, the loss, the sor-

"But we will pay the Indians well, if they will

go," said the guide, as if that would soothe her grief. "The war is almost over; we will give you money and bread."

She shook her head distrustfully, implying, "We can't trust the whites," and the next instant she seized her paddle, and dashed on to her little wigwam under the green oaks beside the rippling lake. (To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Burial at Sea. BY PRANK A. MARSE.

There was no grand imposing scene Prevailing on the deck : No funeral train was passing by With slow and solemn step; No gloomy hearse moved on before, Bearing a shattered wreck.

A sad assembly stood around A corpse with sunken eyes, And while the chaplain breathed a prayer, Broken with tender sighs. They tried to think about the soul Flown from them to the skies.

How sad the scene-how still the hour. The strong and well-built crew Weeping upon the schooner's deck, Beneath the sky of blue, Knowing the over-hungry waves Would hide their mate from view.

The corpse was stretched upon a board, How strange, how grim death's sleep! A cannon butt of iron cold Was fastened to his feet, Ready to sink the body down Into the watery deep.

The angry ocean rolls along Its wondrous, rocky way, 'Tis dashing o'er the corpse of him They buried there to-day. It seems to weave for him a shroud Of white and ghostly spray.

#### Address to the Spiritualists and all Liberal Minded Persons in the State of Illinois.

Friends and Fellow Thinkers:

The undersigned were appointed at the State Convention of Spiritualists, recently held in Rockford, to present you an address on the subject of ORGANIZATION. As the committee and the Convention were unanimous in feeling and expression in favor of National, State and local organizations, It was, of course, expected we would present some of the reasons for that unanimity, and for the action of that Convention, with its urgent request for you to co-operate in the efforts to secure such organizations, and to perfect the same, therefore we would respectfully present the following, as some of the reasons which actuate us in the movement:

First-We are satisfied there are sufficient numbers of liberal minded persons in the State of Illinois, as well as other States, who are entirely free from all forms of church fellowship and sectarian bondage, to exert greater power and effect greater objects, than any religious organization in the

Second-We are satisfied that these persons possess and advocate more reformatory, progressive and humanitarian principles and ideas than any sect of Christians in the nation.

Third-We are satisfied that among these persons are more knowledge and more facts relating to the soul-to the spirit world, to death and the after life, and the relation of the spirit world to this, and its assumed correspondence with this sphere of being, than is possessed by any sect of Christians, and that these facts and this knowledge are mainly ignored by our sectarian churches, but are vitally important in our age of intellectual development for the further continuance of religious growth.

Fourth-We believe that the FAITH, HOPE and BELIEF of the Christians are not sufficient to satisfy or sustain the religious growth of these liberal minded persons, and that they are not now the most powerful cement of the churches. But,

Fifth-We believe man is BY NATURE a social and religious being, requiring organic and co-operative relations of a broader scope and greater power than the family circle, as contributing to his religious growth and social refinement, and that it is this natural demand which now keeps the churches together, instead of their belief in their creeds or faith in their gospel or future life.

Sixth-We deem this natural demand, with the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, to be sufficient of themselves for a new and broader and more liberal religious and social organization than that of any church in our country.

Seventh-We believe these persons not now in the religious organizations, but feeling the need of social, religious, sympathetic and co-operative effort, are possessed of sufficient means, as well as numbers-spiritual, religious, intellectual and pecuniary-to sustain themselves in the best society in the State, and to carry forward many neglected measures of reform, which are essential to the future welfare of our nation and the race-especially that of universal education without sectarian discipline or theological dogmatism, and that humanitarian equality in the protection of natural and acquired

rights that knows no distinction of race or sex. Eighth - We believe organic and co-operative action as necessary for the furtherance of social and religious reforms as for political, military and civil government, to accomplish its objects; and as we have witnessed the success of military and political organizations in defending our country, and as we have witnessed the success of the temperance and anti-slavery societies, which organize on the broadest basis, inviting all to join for the furtherance of their objects, without regard to sex, color, belief or practice, so we would recommend the broadest basis and platform for organic effort, so as to attain spiritual knowledge and human mental growth, avoiding in every instance all self-assumed superiority or immaculate purity, save in intellectual knowledge and personal discipline, which should always be held up only as individual examples, and not as qualities of any society or organization.

Ninth-As we do not believe a religious society should be accountable for the belief or conduct of its members in their individual capacities, therefore we would recommend no articles of belief or discipline of conduct as a qualification for membership, but cordially invite all to join in such organizations as can furnish support, encouragement, precepts and example for the general good and universal elevation and development of the race, leaving the doors of admission always open to all to come in and go out voluntarily, always trusting to the power of truth, purity and virtue, to sastain themselves as uppermost in the society, but condemning no one for want of them-leaving truth and error. right and wrong, free to contend in open conflict-

lectual and apiritual over the passional and sensual in human Hfe.

Tench-Feeling the necessity of organization to defend ourselves and our principles against the organic action of the opposing and condemning churches, and for the furtherance of the important truths we individually possess by joint effort and united defence, we do cordially recommend local organizations throughout the State on such liberal basis as our State organization and the plan set forth in the RELIGIO-PRILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and also cordially invite all persons to join our State organization who can sympathize with us in its

Eleventh-As our organizations should be purely religious, adopting only practical reforms, which we believe to be true religion, therefore we cordially invite all religious persons not bound in ereeds of sectarian bondage, and who do not desire to bind or be bound, to join in these efforts at true religious growth, and assist us in establishing the truth of spirit life and spirit intercourse, and in settling the true father and motherhood of God upon all human beings, and establishing the purity of nature, and the religious character of all men with the growth of the race into and out of Christlanity as a religion of childhood -of the heart and the passions-and not of the head and the reason.

Twelfth-Feeling that the workmen from both spheres have been laboring a sufficient time in the forests, quarries and shops of human life to have sufficient material, fitted for organic structures in many localities, we invite all who want social and religious homes and home protection, to join us in erecting such religious and organic structures as shall furnish us all our natures require, without the racks and gibbets, thumbscrews and Procrustean bedsteads of our sectarian churches. Without the Catholic ceremonles-without the Episcopal\_ritual and prayer book-without the Baptist diving, or the Methodist discipline-without the Quaker formality, or the fanaticism of revivals-without the common mockery of religious ceremonies or the cold formality of religious meetings-without the pride and arrogance of wealthy churches or the Ignorant stupidity of common Bible worshiperscome, join us in the erection of such religious structures as shall be a home for all, whose beacon lights shall ever be "in the window for thee."

Thirteenth-Believing that we can by organic and united effort roll the sectarian obstacles to human progress out of our educational highway to knowledge, and free our schools from sectarian bondage, and feeling the importance of doing this we do most carnestly invite you all who believe in the supremacy of nature and human intellect to join us in building up this organization for that and other great objects on which we are agreed, and the necessity for which we feel

And in conclusion, believing that those who have stood out singly, and with the aid mostly of spirits, have battled the full force of the organized churches so far as principles are concerned, successfully, but often by falsehoods, slander and prejudice, driven out of public favor, have labored long enough and with sufficient patience, endurance and success, to be publicly sustained by their friends, we do again most urgently request all true friends of Spiritualism, Spiritualists, reformers in general, and humanity at large to ORGANIZE in their respective localities, and send delegates to the State and National organizations, and assist in putting this great and vastly important subject on a footing that it can defend itself and its advocates against the canons

of the old and the hatred of the new churches. We could present many more reasons, but believe these and your own convictions are sufficient on behalf of the State Convention, and for ourselves we do most earnestly entreat immediate action, that our noble prairie State may be among the first and most active in this great progressive movement of the age.

> WARREN CHASE, S. S. JONES, MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, Committee.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Grand Picnic of Spiritualists in Western New York-Association of Ten Counties.

EDITORS JOURNAL: The Spiritualists embraced in that portion of the State lying contiguous to and West of the Genesce river, on Thursday, 16th of August, came together at Portage bridge, where the Buffalo, New York and Erie railroad crosses the Genesee, on a grand picnic. The excursion train consisted of twenty-six large passenger coaches, drawn by two locomotives; and other trains brought great accessions to the party, besides a numerous attendance from the surrounding country. This great gathering of intelligent and advanced minds was estimated to number from four to five thousand. and was, perhaps, the largest assemblage of Spiritualists ever before congregated in this State. The meeting was organized by choosing J. M. Seaver, of Byron, President, and other necessary officers to conduct the exercises. A beautiful spirit poem, given through Nettie Colburn, at Rochester, in anticipation of the occasion, was read, and a committee on resolutions appointed, when an adjournment for dinner was had.

The contents of baskets and hampers were discussed with great gusto, and an hour was spent in examining the great Portage R. R. Bridge, one of the wonders of the world, and in admiring the grand and beautiful scenery of the locality. The party was then summoned to the grove by the stirring notes of the Bergen brass band, engaged to accompany the excursion. The committee reported a series of stirring and radical resolutions, which were adopted with hearty applause. The first acknowledges the civil equality of all citizens, and their right to the elective franchise without distinction of sex or color. The second opposes the admission of unrepentant rebels into Congress, or the permitting them to rule over loyal citizens in the States, and asserts the justice and propriety of their taking back seats. The third advocates the formation of Children's Progressive Lyceums. The fourth pledges Spiritualists to lead consistent and well ordered lives. The fifth recognizes the power of Spiritualism to demolish infidelity, theological intolerance and bigotry. And the sixth recommends the organization of Spiritualists for the more systematic presentation of the facts and principles of the New Dispensation.

The Committee also areported a plan for an organization to embrace the ten most Western counties of the State, Chautauque, Cattaraugus, Allegany, Livingston, Wyoming, Eric, Genesce, Monroe, Orleans and Niabara counties, to be known as the "Genesce Association of Spiritualists," and also rules for its government. The report was unanimously adopted and ratifled, and a committee appointed to recommend names for officers.

trance speakers, then addressed the meeting, after all O. K., and what abully good world it is, to be die by his houses guesding out, and also by hanging same were created, even as the plan of any work of trusting to man's natural and inherent purity for the which the committee reported the following names sure. But you just wait till some flatterer borrows himself both at the same art exists in the mind of the builder before he comultimate triumph of righteousness, and the intel- for the officers of the new organization for the your last dollar; your wife or husband pitches in act; but how his forgive- mences its creation. The analogy of all our sur-

enuming year, which report was accepted and rathfled without dissent

For President, J. W. Seaver, Byron, Genesce Co.; Vice Presidents-Geo. W. Taylor, North Collins, Niagara Co.; Lyman C. Howe, Clear Creek, Cattaraugus Co.; Elizabeth Watson, C. W. Hebard, Rochester, Monroe Co.; Mrs. Maynard, Buffalo, Brie Co.; for Secretary, Francis Rice, York, Livingaton Co.: for Treasurer, A. C. English, Batavia, Genesee Co.; for Executive Committee, L. O. Preston, Mrs. Dr. Biskeslee, Avon, Livingston Co.; Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Lyman C. Howe, Clear Creek, Cattaraugus Co.; J. Forsyth, Mrs. Maynard, Buffalo, Erie Co.; A. B. Gaylord, Springville, Erie Co.; John Sybrant, Gastort, Niagara Co.; Mrs. Capt. Loper, Johnson's Creek, Niagara Co.; D. N. Pettingill, Clarendon, Orleans Co.; Mrs. Eli Clark, Yates, Orleans Co.; Mr. Fox, Jamestown, Chau tauque Co.; Mrs. Maris Ramsdell, Laons, Chantauque Co.; Mr. Cooper, Mrs. A. Miller, Bennington, Wyoming Co.; Edward Jones, Mrs. Amy Post, Rochester, Monroe Co. S. Chamberlain, Le Roy, Genesce Co.; Miss Barali Stevens, Batavia, Genesce Co.; Mrs. Samuel Morgan, Cubs, Allegany Co.

Before adjournment it was resolved to hold the picnic next year at Portage bridge, and the old committee of arrangements was re-appointed. Bro. J. W. Seavenis Chairman, and to him and the Committee are the people indebted for the untiring zeal and effective management they have shown in conducting the present picnic. The meeting adjourned at half past four in the afternoon, and the people were soon on their why to their several homes, after enjoying, by universal assent, one of the most delightful days in their whole lives, and resolved to participate in a similar excursion next year.

> M. A. HYDE, C. W. HEBARD, P. I. CLUM, Secretaries.

#### From our Regular New Orleans Correspondent, P. B. Randolph-No. 12.

A circle is an infinite polygon; so is human life.

A LATTER DAY SERMON. TEXT: Jordan is a bard road to travel !

The equilibrium is constantly being disturbed. We cannot square the circle, neither can we square our lives, thoughts, emotions, loves and dislikes to any standard whatever. Like a billiard ball, we start to achieve an end over yonder; but we earom against another bail midway of the journey, are deflected from the grand course, describe many an unintended angle, find our purposes frustrated, stick our thumbs in our mouths, and either whine about it, coward like, or take it philosophically, shake our heads, mornor "Who'd o' thought it?" and if all our courage has not leaked out, go to workand try again. Must we all wade to heaven through the swamps of hell? That's a deeper question than Hamlet's. It seems so, for there's bitter in our drink; hard lumps in our beds; our neighbors' tongues are long and springy; our husbands chew and smoke, run after pretty faces, stay out late o' nights, drink too much tanglefoot, are cross, sour, grum, mprose, or surly. Well, what of it? I-the ethereal loving scribe-am happy to inform you that "A circle is an infinite polygon and so is human life!" Well, what of it? Why. the sides of a polygon run but a little way in any one direction-your suffering side is but one of them, and you'll appreciate heaven all the more. for having had a jog trot through Pandemonium. It can't last, and the bad side is cut short at the death angle, and away you slide into green fields and pastures new, over in the alleys and vistas of God's garden on the shores of Vernalia-the everblooming country just over the grave. Hurrah! Look back to the distant time when you were a child. Don't you remember when you came to grief by a fall, by stubbing your toes, by a chilblain, toothache, or the larruping your mother gave you for something naughty you had done? Doubtless. Well, you have recovered, and now you smile at the remembrance. Well, some of you, like Claudlus, stubbed your tous in a bad marriage. Well, what of it? It's only an angle of the polygon, full of thorns, perhaps, still useful. Didn't you expect too much-unhappy marriagee? Wasn't you too selfish and exacting on your part? Didn't you whine, and cry, and look blue, and run about telling people how ill-mated you were? and don't you know that we can't love what is unloveable? Don't you know that vinegar won't draw flies? "Well, I'm intellectual, and he (or she's) a fool!" Ah! that's bad! but seeing the mistake has been made, can't you get into another groove, nearer to the mates? Is thereinot some middle ground on which you can both stand? The chances are that there is; but if not, God, nature and the universal common honesty of man proclaim - not divorce-for that supposes marriage-but that you never were joined at da. What a magnificent flood of light was recently thrown on this whole subject through the JOURNAL by the peerless pen of Albert Brisbane. "This is a baby world" in effect, says he, "and we're all enting our teeth." Ruther hard process; but oh, how supremely true! My gums are very sore-aint yours? Well, what of it? Dentition is but another arm of the polygon, and we shall get well, and then with what gusto we shall bite into the rich peaches and luscious melons of existence! Don't you know that human life is a splendid palace? Tes! Well, don't you know that palaces have driy places about them kitchens, slop holes, cellars, cobwebbed, spidery corners, cesspools and noisome places? Well, what of it? Why, such is the law of palaces. Such is the edifice of ite. Most of us dwell in the kitchen; few of us ever go up to the cupola; but many swoop about Me's cellars, cesspools and kitchens, and whine because we are too lazy to go up stairs into the dawing room, parlors, music halls, conservatories and chambers-which places of course get dusty and smell sour, because we don't open the windows for Sod's free sunshine to stream through and gladden. Life is a log of hard wood. Some of us cut it up into beams, others into boards, and only a few work but elegant soul furniturebureaux - Freed Men bureaux, chairs, armoirs, boxes, and beautiful mouldings. Why? Because we are capable of standing a great deal of rest; can suffer an incredible amount of sleep, and are too sluggish to make continued effort. Many of us, now that Diaboludis defunct, cease all trouble,

> "Jim crack corn, I don't care, I don't care, For Massa's gone away.

and like Quashee, sing

A great many of us will find ourselves like potatoes in the spring-full of long, white sprouts; but unable to endure the heat and light of exposure. Generally we are too much given to looking at and admiring number out our own dear selves. So long as our turn is served, we gratity our pen-Lyman C. Howe and Nettle Colburn, eloquent chants, make money, are flattered and courted, it's tell; nor can I tell how Judges could fall down and

for all sorts of trouble; dimes grow scarce, and friends drop off like full leeches from a drunkard's temples, then, Lord 'o Massy! What a terrible bad world it is! Now, that's all gammon. The world-considering that it is only just cutting its teeth-is a very good world indeed; and even if our passage through it is a crooked and thorny one. it is only an angle-a mere arm of the polygon, and when we wash off the mud sticking to us, over there, we shall by and by laugh heartily at our terrors. Dame Nature is our mother, and she larrups us soundly now and then, by way of admonishing us to do better. She recently whipped Uncle Sam-for unjustly punishing one of her bablesthe algger-and she said, "Go, you poor, weak, black darling-go and be free; I've just flogged this naughty boy for abusing you!" And the black babies—four millions of them, got up and shouted "Hail Columbia!" That was one of Nature's black jokes. Now she's going to chastise a few of the kings-Plo Nono, Victor Emanuel, Franz Joseph, Maximilian, the Pruss, and the Nephew of his uncle, all in behalf of her blonde children-for nations, like persons, must wade to heaven through awamps of blood. Stern mother, Nature! great prophet, Brisbane! noble herald! JOURNAL! Glorious future! the good time coming on the wings of gestating years. Who's afraid? Isn't God Almighty the general in command of the people's armies? After all, don't he steer the Ship of State? Then never say "die." Who cares for the clouds, if they are black and stormy? Haven't they all got silver linings? God never was siek: but mankind, yes. Well, He needs no doctors; we do, and so He, seeing the world quite ill, prepares medicine for the nations; gives this one an emetic for billousness, which takes four years to operate; but results in the throwing up of a deal of black bile. Four millions of it! Now he's going to bleed Austria, France, Italy, Prussia, Russia, Spain, England, and prove to them Jordan is a hard road to travel, just as he teaches Tom and Julia, Dick and Sarah that "wedlock is a ticklish thing," and that the road to heaven lies outside of the narrow path of self and self exactions. Just as he teaches us the worth of money by not interfering when we lose it; of pleasure by pain; of joy by its opposite; and so on to the end of the chapter. Murder is a common thing down here in Louisiana. But even murder has its uses. It teaches men to think twice before acting, for notwithstanding the laws deal lightly with those who slay-and can find heavy bail-especially if the dead one is a "nigger," yet the culprits can't bar their doors, or ears, or sight against the troublesome ghosts of these latter days; and murderers never get fat. They often see things most damnably, and can't sleep well. I saw the murder of an ex-federal officer, recently, for "seducing" a man's wife. Well I have no doubt but it nipped several other things in the bud of the same sort. What's the use of growling? It won't help the matter at all. We've got to foot the bills of life, and it ean't be done by proxy. Even kings must endure the toothache. Since reading Brisbane's articles, and some others, I have taken a new lease of life, and only regret that I'm not worth a million, so that I might send the JOURNAL into as many growling households of the realms of Damphulania-a very extensive domain it is. If I could, there would be fewer young ladies fooled by "love," running around and singing, "A charge to keep I have," or men wishing they were widowers, or women studying the science of toxicology or elective affinities, or philosophic worldsavers, pitching into Moses and Auron, Judas and Joiram. God still lives! Aint I glad of that? Well I am! Life's a polygon, and I shall reach the end of this arm by-and-by, and so will we all, and then won't we have a good time over there,

Where the weary ccase from troubling And the wicked are at rest!

We will, and echo answers, "You bet!" P. B. R.

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts .- No. 6. BY WARREN CHASE.

Wherefore that field was called the field of blood UNTO

This is an important fact of the Holy Scriptures, every word of which is the word of God according to our Christian standard of pure and true religion. In the last three words of the text God tells us that an old burying ground was called a field of blood at the very day on which He, through his inspired servant, wrote the account of the reason why it was first so called, and according to the best evidence we can collect from history, this gospel was written in the second century, or at least one hundred years after the transactions therein related, as they were said to have been told by Matthew in his. lifetime. It is fortunate for the record that there is sufficient credulity to believe the writers were inspired by God to write only the truth, however contradictory of science, history, nature or reason; for without this credulity we should place little confidence in a collection of contradictory stories written to record everything which had occurred . over a century before they were recorded, and retained only in the legendary tales of generations, all of which were gone to "that bourne from which no traveler returns;" but when God tells why an old burying ground, long since lost sight of, was called a field of blood one hundred years after it was named, it is of course an important text, and worthy a better sermon than I can afford to write on it. In this call the old legend contained an important item of history, in that this graveyard was bought by the priests with money that was contaminated by being paid to poor old Judas, for which he betrayed his Friend and Master into the hands of those who knew him almost or quite as well as Judas did; and which money, he, in his hours of repentance and sorrow, by which he got to heaven before Jesus, whom he betrayed, returned to the temple and gave up to the original owners. which were the owners of Jehovah's treasury, out of which it came in purity, but into which it could not go again after it was thus contaminated; therefore it bought a graveyard for strangers and heathen. Poor Judas it seems by one of God's holy accounts and perfect records, was in his grief so penitent, that he hanged himself; in another equally perfect

and holy, he fell down and burst asunder, and did

not hang at all; but both and all give him credit

for deep repentance, such as is in any case, ever of

murderers, sufficient for salvation. No repenisore,

according to the accounts, could be more sincere;

therefore if any one is saved by pentione or re-

pentance of sins, Judas is safely in heaven with the

other eleven, and the thirteenth or later persecuting

and repentant apostle Paul, who according to the

stories stiributed to him, might as well have

hanged himself. How Judes, holding and return-

ing the thirty picter of silver, could contaminate

them, only the Jewish God and his priests could

ness by his old friend Jesus, I can easily see, since the latter evidently possessed a very loving and forgiving disposition, and as one account says. called him "friend," when Judas saluted him by the betraying kiss. It is not much matter how Judas did nor which of God's stories is correct or false, since repentance is recorded in them all, and on that ground Judas is safe if any sinner is, even if denying and cursing Peter is safe in his repent. ance or poor old persecuting Paul, in his marvelous vision conversion, which would have been sufficient no doubt to convert any one of Jesus other enemies or persecutors. I cannot see from the narrative why the same power if it desired, could not by the same kind of vision convert and save all the enemies of Christfanity as it did Paul and Constantine by marvelous daylight visions and power. ful convulsions; but I suppose some are made res. sels of dishonor as clay in the hands of the potter, for causes known only to God; so we may as well take our fates and not murmur. I shall not at mine. I believe it is high time that Judas was raised and had temples named for and dedicated to him, since Peter has so many, and even Paul has a large number, either of which could divide with Judas, whose repentance makes him superior to Paul and equal to Peter. I cannot see the Chris. tian reasons for selecting some repentant sinners and bestowing so much praise and glory on them. and leaving others, such as St. Judas and St. Satan out in the cold. I hope justice will in due time he done to all who have acted conspicuous parts in the scheme of salvation, and if it ever is I am sure both Satan and Judas will have ample rewards, for it seems by God's history of the transaction that we could scarcely expect any atons. ment at all but for the important parts Satan and Judas had in bringing it about. Even that old sacred ground and the money which became so contaminated would have holiness now, if we could find them. Wonder if any of the money in our country is the price of blood or treason, and is become so contaminated, it would not be received in the Lord's church treasury if offered. Will any one try it and make an offer of some of the money used in treason, and see if the priests can find any Scripture to condemn it ? If they reject it we will take it and buy a potter's field to bury the Spiritnalists in, as it will be good enough for that purpose if rejected by the priests; but I think that old Scripture is obsolete since Judas' day. Put me down as much a disciple of Judas and Satan as of Peter and Paul, and as much as any of them a child of the same Infinite Source, and not of the Jewis

July, 1866.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"There are more things in heaven and earth th dreamed of in our philosophy."

The ingenuity of man has been exercised in all ages and countries to ascertain what constitutes the original Cause of all things-in other words, what and where is God. Many have assumed that he has the form and faculties of man, and that we are made in his image, and possess in an inferior degree all the attributes of Deity. Others have donted the Pantheistic idea that God in only life principle pervading all nature, and exists in every atom of matter and spirit, and nowhere

One of the Apostles said that "God dwelt in unapproachable light, whom no man has seen or shall see." I do not propose to prove the distinct pesonality of God. We mortals are finite, and our limited capacities do not permit us to know all the mysteries of the universe; nor to perceive even the life power that pervades all animal and vegetable existence, much less to know anything of God or:side of the manifestations of his creative energy. of which our senses take cognizance. The history of religious ideas establishes the fact that in the past and present age mankind has been prope to see some object to worship that the senses could perceive; hence living animals and idols of stone and wood, and often men who once lived on the carri and were in some respects superior to their felicy mortals, have been elevated to the condition Deity, and worshiped by the ignorant and idols

As respects the Pantheistic idea that God exist alone in nature, and not elsewhere, serious objections occur to my mind. I hold it to be a dangerous doctrine, alike subversive of sound morals and personal responsibility. If the sum of God is the life of the universe, if he personally pervades a. things and all living beings are but parts of his great body and soul, then certainly by his emrifi: power he controls all individual thought, appetite and action. No code of morals can rightfully exist, for who can assume to erect a standard of moral conduct which is to regulate Delty in his various manifestations through the various parts of his own body. One part of Deity could not dictate :: another part, and say you shall or you shall not do this one action is right, the other wrong

When we examine the great and giorious works of art that have been rescued from the just ages. we conclude that the genius that devised them existed before they were created; and that mind planned and human labor constructed them. We all know from the historic pages of geology that this world once existed as a mass of hery matter, and that no vegetable or snimel life, no intellectual capacity or moral sense had been developed. From what germ did they spring? Can we indelige the presumption that they developed themselves from the monads of matter by accidental combinations. and that all the harmony and all the adaptation that exist in organic life, and the intellectual capacity of the human spirit are self-created conditions, developed gradually from heert matter !

If we dismiss speculative variety, and consider our faculties and knowledge to be finite; if we once admit that we do not know everything in the great universe .. weeks; there we may come down from the positive to the probable, and indulge the surposition that there may be a Being of a higher order than any mortal eye or angelic vision has heer she to perceive, existing in some place beword our observation. We may safely confess that spirit is superior to matter, and possesses controller influence over it. We may presume that the laws of nature which we see ever active around me pervading matter and spirit, are the result of the exercise of a higher will power, which has stamped en everything its peculiar qualities and affinities. and keeps them in ever active force by its supreme

We may presume that all sense, intellect and feeling existing in the visible world result from organization, that the great controling influence called God has an organized spiritual body, though invisible to man and spirits, and that the archetypes of all things existed in his mind before the

roundings indicates such a Being, and the inexorable logic of common sense constrains us to believe that the Creator is greater than any of his creations, and had an antecedent existence. When the opposite doctrine becomes one of the fundamental doctrines of Spiritualism, the high standard of moral right and elevated principle will departe and the tendency of development will be downward to the abyss of vice and crime.

The instincts of our heart demand some object of adoration. The imperfections of our very nature require that we have some standard of moral excellence which we may strive to attain to as individual men and women. That idea of the human soul is embodied in God, to whom, as a Spirit, full of all knowledge and goodness, we can naturally accord our highest worship. The rationalism of the past ages has accepted that faith, and the Spiritualism of the present era will ordain it as the strongest intuition of the human soul.

O. S. P.

#### Forever. BY L. B. BROWN.

Forever; the word bath a manifold tone, In the chambers of memory ringing, Of friendships or loves, a tear or a groan, It is ever and ceaselessly singing. O'er the sunshine of youth, in the twilight of age, O'er the sunshine of yourn, in the light of meridian glory,
The memory turneth life's varying page,
And readeth the varying story,
Forever!

It speaketh of hopes, high, happy and free, Once cherish'd, now vanished and gone, It singeth of joys, thought destined to be Enduring as you rolling sun. It telieth a tale of affectionate trust, Of a confidence ever unbroken,
And revealeth a faith, o'er earth's crumbling dust,
All deathless and pure, though unspoken,

Porsers!

There's a harp in the chambers of memory, strung With ten thousand varying strings; Whose notes, by the fingers of angels are flung Far out on ethereal wings; Wafting and waving in magical power, O'er the bosom of life's varied ocean,
Foretoning the heart to a gladdening hour,
Or echoing back its devotion,
Forever!

And now, while I pensive and passively sit, Outswelling from those sacred halls, A hallowed melody seemeth to flit, Which lightly my being enthrals. It thrills on my nerves with entrancing control, It enraptures, yet saddens the breast,-"Tis the echoing voice of that "soul of my soul,"
That hath fied to the "land of the blest,"

Up troop the fond memories, gathering fast, Of my childhood, my youth and my prime; Myriad pleasures, all too bright to last, And darkening sorrows of time.

But the memory dearer than any, than all,
That lightens the burden of years,
Is the mem'ry of one, whose gladden'd recal,
Is mingled with heart-gushing tears,

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Rules for Measuring Natural Powers of the Human Mind.

EDITORS JOURNAL: Dr. Parker, in the Journal of July 21st, tells us that the sciences of phrenology, physiology and anatomy taken in connection with educational influences, furnish the true standard for judging and determining the natural capacities and characteristics of the human mind; and that "outside of these conditions nothing is known or can be known in this life, of mind, soul or spirit." Now I beg leave to suggest one or two exceptions to this scientific rule for measuring the immortal mind. Although I have ever been an admirer of the discoveries of Gall in mental philosophy, and for years was an ardent student of his new science, and often both publicly and privately made a practical application of his rules for deciphering human character, mostly with entire success and satisfaction, yet I now find that more recent developments appertaining to the human mind compel us to interpose some qualifications and exceptions to these rules. I have observed many cases recently of the display of mental peculiarities and powers for which the craniological developments depended on by Gall and his disciples furnish no indication and no solution. I have known persons to manifest a power of mind in some particular direction, reaching far beyond the corresponding development of brain, according to the rules of Gall-a power evidently derived from pre-natal maternal influences. (Your humble writer himself furnishes a partial instance of this kind.) And then what Spiritualist is not familiar with the phenomenon now witnessed every day (and one of the most glorious discoveries of the age) of those who are known as "impressional or trance mediums" often exhibiting an augmentation or intensification of some of the mental faculties, especially the intellectual to an exaltation that reaches several hundred per cent. above the admeasurement or extent of power indicated by the rules of phrenology.

Let us refer to one or two cases by way of illustration and proof: Cora L. V. Daniels is a medium of this class. Now hear what the Newburyport Herald says of the exhibition of her intellectual powers in her public speeches: "To say that she does it of herself is to invest her with understanding, information, cultivation and taste possessed by no person that we have ever seen or heard of, while it vious to every one that she is not above ordinary intellects, and her years preclude the possibility of her being conversant with all the topics that come before her. And then her language—the best scholars in town did not discover the misuse of a single word, and her utterance was as beautiful and perfect as the language. And she allowed the audience to select her subject, and it might be upon any topic within the wide range of human inquiry. Now we will ask, was there ever a man who could, upon one minute's notice, lecture upon any subject that could be named, and do it with the facility and learning and beauty displayed by this lady?" Now we will add that it is well known to thousands of Spiritualists that Mrs. Daniels was at that time not only a mere girl of sixteen or seventeen years, with scarcely the advantage of the common rudiments of education when she commenced making these extraordinary demonstrations of mental power in public, but that phrenologically speaking she possesses nothing remarkable, and exhibits but a moderate development or endowment of intellectual brain.

And a still more remarkable case and a stronger proof of our proposition is furnished by the worldrenowned Emma Hardinge, who may be said to display in her inspirational discourses the intellect of a giant. And yet, both physically and phrenologically, she is almost too insignificant to attract notice. A phrenologist might pass her a dozen times a day without stopping to notice her. A small person with a small round head and but a handful of intellectual brain, and yet a Byron or a Humboldt might envy her matchless display of intellectual mind, and a phrenologist upon taking a survey of her cranium must stand aghast after having even read a report of one of her masterly performances.

One other case—that of our well and favorably known brother Hudson Tuttle. Though not naturally insignificant or inferior in mind, yet he fur-

nishes by his inspirational effusions an illustration of the same principle. I will furnish this case in his own language, as quoted from the Arcana of Nature, Vol. 2d: "The giant spirits which overshadow me-how feeble the instrument they have chosen. I gasp when attempting to utter their sublime wisdom." "If the reader is profited by the perusal of these pages, let him praise the real authors and not the labors of one who like himself is taught by them; if he blames and is disgusted, not on me but on the invisible authors the censure falls."

Here let me say that I regard the almost boundless augmentation of intellectual power furnished by these and numerous other cases that might be cited, as amongst the most marvellous and the most important discoveries and developments of the age, and as furnishing the most triumphant proof of the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy. For it must arise from one of two causes, both of which are spiritual. It is caused by the mind of the speaker or writer being en rapport either with other minds in this sphere, or minds which have passed beyond the confines of time. In either case the power is spiritual and the discovery one of great value. In conclusion I will ask Brother Parker what he will do with his phrenological rules for measuring the capacity of the intellectual department of the mind when we all become inspirational speakers and writers, and when, like A. J. Davis, (and perhaps Brother Tuttle may be included with him) we bring down the wisdom of the supernal spheres and deposit it in the recesses of the soul, so that all knowledge shall henceforth be constantly at our command. I throw out these thoughts to excite reflec-KERSEY GRAVES. tion.

Harveysburg, Ohio, July 25, 1866.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Secret Out-Spiritualism Exploded.

The Peoria Daily Transcript has made a discovery! Spiritualism can be readily explained without attributing it to spirits. It has a "theory" which, it says, it does not want the Spiritualists to laugh at nor ridicule; but desires them to be "liberal," and investigate its theory of Spiritualism.

It is kind enough to inform them that they are 'groping in the grossest mental darkness." "They think they have a philosophy, but of the nature of that philosophy they know nothing."

It adds: "They pronounce it supernatural, because they do not understand it, just as a thousand other things have been pronounced supernatural by mankind, but which were afterwards satisfactorily explained."

After making such statements, (which shows its ignorance of it,) Spiritualists will be fully prepared

to receive instruction from such a source. It proceeds to enlighten them concerning its belief,

and then lays down its "theory." "We believe in biology and mesmerism; but not in Spiritualism." That is equivalent to saying that it believes in the solar system, but not in the

Next comes the revelation of the sublime theory" which explains the whole mystery:

We believe that mind can be so acted on as deprive its owner of all power over it. It can even be superceded by the mind of another. We believe a man can abandon himself to influences foreign to his own mind; and under the control of those influences, give utterance to sentiments unknown to his own mind. We do not believe these influences are what are called spiritual. We believe they are mere chance influences, made up by an aggregation of influences from other minds, just as the combination of two or more elements in nature combine to form a third element, entirely distinct and dis-

That is the way it is done! "Chance influences" move tables, produce rappings, paint portraits of the departed, answer questions intelligibly, heal diseases, improvise poetry and lectures of universally acknowledged high order, often confounding the "learned ones," who seem to be so unfortunate as to be unable to secure a strayed influence that has educated ignorant boys and girls until they stand forth before the world as intellectual prodi-

When some individual with no rational ideas of theology, and little or no conception of spiritual matters, abandons himself to these influences and finds himself giving utterance to ideas superior to those which he possesses in his natural state, he at once claps his hands and exclaims, "Eureka! I've got a spirit!"

While he should say, according to the late discovery (!) " Eureka! I've got a chance influence!"

What a grand affair those "chance influences" must be, which will enable an individual, "with no rational ideas of theology, and little or no conception of spiritual matters," by simply abandoning himself to them, to give "utterance to ideas superior to those which he possesses in his natural

How blind and foolish our clergy must be in opposing and denouncing Spiritualism as the work of the devil, when it turns out to be nothing but "chance influences," and of such practical utility as to be admirably adapted to them, "giving individuals with no rational ideas of theology, and little or no conception of spiritual matters," ideas superior to those contained in the stereotyped weekly sermons doled out to sleepy congregations. All the labor of sermon writing, too, could be

The fact proves not that he is influenced by the spirit of any departed being; but it does show that his own mind and his own ideas are interior to a chance influence. In other words, it shows that the fellow has improved by throwing nimself away. This is our philosophy of Spiritualism.

There are no doubt several methods by which persons may be improved. The latest discovery is improvement by "throwing ourselves away !" We are prepared for further development!

W. F. JAMIBSON.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Drop of Water and its Contents.

BY J. WELDON COBB, JR.

It is as undeniable a fact as it is a fixed one, that a single drop of water, of any dimensions, contains millions of living animals or insects. Had the inventor of that indispensible machine, the microscope, died, and his secret as closely held from the world as at its discovery, we would undoubtedly have remained ignorant of this great fact. Without this great dispenser of truthful science, we like the ancients, would have remained in the dark; not knowing that its wonderful revelations exposed and exhibited millions of living creatures, occupyling every portion of the globe and ocean, and infesting in myriads the air which we breathe. Now that these invaluable instruments are in the reach of any person, for a trifling sum of money, no available excuse can be found why the observer and student of nature should not contribute to this curious department of natural science.

We should not, however, give credit to the startling revelations of the too common street philosopher, whose account of the gigantic animals found

in a drop of water, astounds the ignorant listener. This great philosopher may be found at our street corners, with a few brass tubes with a round piece of glass at either end of each, containing the larva of some dragon fly an inch long, or the defunct remains of crabs, beetles or worms, for variety, the latter alive, which he has dropped in for sensation; these are but a poor expression of the confused mass of life, and the hitherto unrivalled organizations which the microscope reveals to us.

To these living atoms the name of Infusoria has been generally given, as they are found most frequently in infusions of animal and vegetable matter exposed to the air. They are found in the liquid portions of plants, as in the glaciers of the colder climates; in the clearest lakes and in the largest oceans; and the air we breathe is relieved of its deadly action by these "animals." In size they vary from one thousandth to the thirtieth thousandth part of an inch. They are found in every part of the earth, coloring the brooks or lakes with scums of various hues, and their shells form deposits to a great extent, of siliceous and calcareous strata. distributed over land and sea, often raised to the top of the highest mountains, or lowered to the deepest mine. Most frequently, however, they are received by lakes, which on this account we often find colored red, yellow, green, and sometimes orange tinted, milky or opalescent.

The forms of these are various, and an attempt at a description, without accurate drawings, is impossible; some are oval, others spherical, while many take the form of fish or worms. They appear to possess to some degree the shape of mollusco. having a shell either of hard flint, or soft and membraneous, and often of marble. The principal organs of the infusoria are hairs or cilla, resembling those of the human eyelash. A hair of this kind forms a proboscis, which is generally used as an oar, and which drags food to the mouth. Great doubt has been expressed of this creature possessing a nervous system; yet recent investigations have led us to infer that they have, as they possess eyes which have the form of red balls, from two to eleven in number, arranged in triangles, squares or circles, generally the latter, and in some of these eves, a crystaline lens has been discovered.

It has been proven that these creatures require what they form a part of-air; when air is excluded from water, these animals die gradually, as with the infusoria. Poison acts cariously upon them; if commingled chemically with water it destroys them instantly; if mechanically, little effect is produced. Strychnine kills them almost immediately after application, yet strange to say, they survive both calomel and corrosive sablimate. The infusoria are killed by magnetic and electrical currents. as by a sudden change. Although many exist in the coldest portions of the globe upon a transmigration to other climates, they hie upon a sudden application of heat. Lewenhock, a close student of this science, has erroneously supposed that infusoria will live after a first death, thus: If they are dried and preserved in that state for months, by applying water, they will be immediately restored to life again. This theory has been disapproved by accurate observations and successful experiments,

It has been a subject of varied and warm discussion as well as of great interest, what causes the phosphorescence of the sea, and has been fully and satisfactorily explained, by reason that the infusoria emit a light, which though a spark, when combined with imillions of others becomes a large, open field of glowing whiteness. It is one of the most singular properties of these creatures, their faculty for the emission of light; like the feminine glowworm or centipede. The species of infusoria which possess this faculty are unlike the others, colorless, the phosphorescent ones being not quite so white; the luminous contain a yellowish, crimson matter, supposed to be developed ovaries. Upon examination of the sea, when in a phosphorescent state, there were found several species of two genera, which occupy siliceous coverings.

The animals which produce this strange phenomena, are members of the family of Noetilucidat, containing only one genus, the Noctiluca miliaris, an atom, about the one thousandth part of an inch in size. Unlike others of its kind, it resembles in shape a peach, and is possessed of a funnel-shaped mouth, with a ciliary process, by which it propels itself through the water and obtains its food.

The animalcular bodies we have been describing are arranged into two great classes, the Polygastrica and the Rotatoria, their names signifying their meaning; the former distinguished by its species possessing a large number of stomachs, the latter by their curious rotatory movements. In this article, however, we shall arrange them into five distluct classes or groups, distinguished from one another by characters, as precise as can be expected on a subject of such difficult investigation; they are the Phytozoa, Protozoa, Rotatoria, Tardigrada and Bacillaria.

The Phytozoa, a term signifying plant animals, have by a large number of naturalists been considered as plants; this is an error, common and excusable to many, as these strange creatures, bordering closely on both animal and vegetable kingdoms, often become a part of either; at times assuming the character of a plant, at others that of an animal. They are of an dval or round shape, and have an unusually long neck; carrying the cilia by which they move, their size and form being strangely dependent upon the light they receive. The motions of some are slow and trembling, of others swift and leaping. They have no mouth or stomach, and imbibe their nutfiment through the many cells of their stomachs. These creatures are hotels or cities in themselves, as they often are multiplied by self division or fission. The cells form around themselves a gelatinous covering, and assume existence of their own, and a colony is often formed in a single cell. A still more remarkable reproduction takes place when the division extends beyond the third and fourth generations, until 1000 or more minute cell structures are produced, in order to propagate the species by future development. These bodies remain in this common cell till its rupture, and then they are set free in open water.

The Monadina, a member of his specie, are the smallest of created beings, some of them being only the six thousandth part of an inch in size, and requiring a magnifying power of 500 to exhibit their tlny structure. Another species contains a globe, enclosing other minor globules, distributed regularly with green spots, which, when they burst, spread out and become separate animals. In one globe a number of tiny creature were found, swimming around as a fish in a glass globe! Oh! what beautiful, glorious sight for the enthusiastic natu-

The second group of infusorial life is the Protozoa, from Greek words, signifying first life. Some of these are amorphous, and other have mouths for the admission of food; some an moved by vibrating cilia, others by false feet protruding from the

body and again withdrawn. As some of these animals are unable to swim, they are often found on sponges or corallines at the bottom of the sea, often at the depth of 12,000 feet. The soundings in the Atlantic are almost composed wholly of these animals. In one grain of sand from the Antilles, 4,000,000 of these creatures were found! If science is enabled to penetrate thus far into the mysteries of nature, what may not we accomplish by diligent study and investigation?

The third group of infusorial animalcules is the Rolatoria, a name derived from the wheel-like motions of these creatures. They have a symmetrical form. with a distinct head and body. So great are the reproducing faculties of this group, that it is estimated that 16,000,000 eggs are laid in twelve days. They multiply with such rapidity in stagnant pools, that the water is colored red or green in a few

The fourth group is termed the Tardigrada, from the tardiness with which they move. They have also received the appellation of water bears, from their resemblance to that animal. They are found Carried by the atmosphere over the earth, they are | in the gutters of houses in large quantities, and elsewhere. They reproduce slowly.

> The fifth group is Baccillaria, so called from a fancled resemblance to a staff or rod. One species of these creatures is animal, the other vegetable. One member of this family, and the most popular, is the Distorn. They abound in water and in air; and in a shower one hundred different species were found on the ground. So great is the quantity of them, and so forcible the rain, that a dust shower which fell at Lyons in 1846, contained solid matter weighing 7200cwt.!

We have neither space nor time to continue this interesting subject, on creatures so common and yet so unknown. Let us conclude with the hope that no student will consider himself educated till this branch of science is thoroughly learned. There remain yet to be discovered many things. Let us press forward, and in the attempt to investigate nature, remember Him, whose bountiful heart has provided us with such grand fields for the expansion of intellect!

### VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

### Spiritual Prescription for Cholera.

The following "Prescription for Cholers with specific directions for its administration, and general instructions for the treatment and prevention of the disease," was sent us by an esteemed correspondent from St. Louis.

"The prescription is the result of a consultation of physicians in one of the medical temples in the Summer Land, and is given to humanity as a preparation every way worthy of confidence."

It was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Chas. J. Osborne, with the special request that it be published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOUR-NAL,-EDS.

PRESCRIPTION.

Ninety-six grains sulphate quinine, dissolved in the smallest quantity of clixir vitriol that will take it up, adding sufficient water to make one ounce of the whole and no more; one ounce laudanum; six drachms spirits camphor; two drachms chloroform. Dose, thirty (30) drops, or half a teaspoonful, in as little water as it can be taken.

TREATMENT AND GENERAL HINTS.

As soon as the patient is attacked, by vomiting or diarrhoa, give a teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of cayenne pepper in a half a pint of warm water. This will at once empty the stomach of its contents. Then give eight (8) grains of dry calomel, to be immediately followed by thirty (30) drops, or half a teaspoonful of the above prescription, adding five (5) drops of the tlucture of Cannabis Indica (Indian hemp) and about a fifth of a teaspoonful, or a good sized pinch of cayenne pepper. Mix the whole with as small a quantity of water as possible and administer it at once, for if it is allowed to stand it will become too strong of pepper to be taken.

Repeat the calomel and mixture as often as it is

When the mixture is retained half an hour repeat the dose, omitting the tineture of Indian hemp. After the second dose is administered wait as long

as the symptoms will allow with safety, before again repeating it. If the case is a violent one repeat the mixture

when it has been retained fifteen (15) minutes. The calomel is not to be repeated after one dose

On no account bathe, any part of the body with warm water. Hot water in bottles may be used,

Mix strong mustard with vinegar, spread it on thin cloths, sprinkle it freely with salt and cayenne pepper and place it on the stomach and bowels first, then on the soles of the feet. If the patient is not better in twenty (20) minutes, put it on the ankles, wrists, and both extremities of the spine.

Remove these plasters as soon as the burning produces a decided nervous irritation in the patient, for this will exhaust, and exhaustion must be carefully guarded against. If necessary, the plasters

can be applied several times. Do not, under any circumstances, allow the patient to rise from a level position. This is of the greatest

We caution against bathing with warm water, because a chill throughout the whole system is sure to follow it in any stage of cholera.

Gentle rubblug is beneficial if it does not make the patient nervous, or expose the skin to the air. The best quality of brandy should be given from the first, with as little water as possible. A teaspoonful after it is diluted is sufficient for a dose. It must be used as a tonic and repeated as often as it is required to keep up the strength. It should be used according to the judgment of the nurse, independent of all other medicines.

A small piece of ice swallowed before each dose of medicine will greatly assist the stomach in retaining whatever is administered.

tating cause that may be in the stomach, the pepper prevents coldness and prostration. The calomel acts on the liver and arouses the vital

While the salt vomits and throws off any irri-

In every dose of thirty (30) drops of the above

prescription the patient will get ten (10) drops of laudanum, seven and a half (714) drops of spirits camphor, two and a half (214) drops of chloroform, and two (2) grains of quinine. The laudanum quiets the excited state of action

in the bowels; the camphor acts particularly on the extremities, warming them by producing circulation; the chloroform acts directly on the nauses -the quantity stated cannot injure any one-and the quinine brings the system up to a positive con-

The Indian hemp also assists in controlling the nausea and quiets all nervous irritation, which is the most exhausting symptom, particularly when the patient is afraid of the disease.

The tincture of hemp is not to be repeated after

one dose has been retained.

Should the bowels become constipated or unpleasantly bound up, from the effects of the mixture, they should be opened by the administration of two teaspoonfuls of the simple syrup of rhubarb. followed in baif an hour by the same quantity of castor oil. These may be repeated, if necessary, at intervals of from six to eight hours, until a natural action is produced. The rhubarb will strengthen the bowels and the oil prevent any dysenterie symptoms.

For slight nauses or diarrhoes, which usually prevails in cholera seasons, or any affections of the bowels, nothing can be more beneficial than camphor and chloroform in the following proportions: One ounce spirits of camphor, one drachm chloroform. Take ten (10) drops of this mixture with twenty (20) drops of paregoric every fifteen (15) minutes until relief is secured.

There are only two conditions of the system that are negative to cholera, viz.: An inactive liver and general prostration. Prevent the system from falling into either of these conditions, and you will have no cause to fear. The want of proper rest will produce both conditions sooner than all other causes combined. Give the system rest whenever it requires it.

The best purifiers are sulphur and camphor. The former should be burned night and morning throughout the house, sprinkled on a few live coals. and the latter strewn on the floors, particularly around the beds in sleeping rooms, in pieces of the

A teaspoonful of the flower of sulphur worn in the sole of the stocking is an almost sure preventive of cholera.

Everything necessary to use in the treatment of cholera, particularly in its earlier stages should be kept in readiness for instant use, as the loss of even five minutes may result fatally to the person at-

Note.-A slight correction has been made in the above article since it appeared in our issue of last week; we therefore republish it.

#### Letter from Hon. Sharon Tyndale.

S. S. JONES, Esq.-My Dear Sir: The accompanying "Circular" and "Show Bill," (referring to H. Melville Fay, the self-convicted bogus medium's bills,) addressed to myself or John Ordway, of this city, reached me through the mail some days since. Upon consultation, we agreed to write, and have written to Mr. H. Melville Fay, the answer, a copy of which I also enclose.

The "slips" referred to in our reply are two, viz: one from your paper, a short article, wherein you decline to advertise for him, and one, nearly as favorable, from the BANNER OF LIGHT, of Aug. 11. 1866. If the publication of these documents will be of any service, we are quite willing that Mr. Fay and every other man may have the benefit of them.

Very respectfully your friend, SHARON TYNDALE.

REPLY. H. MELVILLE FAY, Akron, Ohlo-Sir: We have your "handbill" and circular, addressed to us under date of Aug. 10, 1866. In reply we beg leave to refer you to the enclosed slips.

We are of opinion that with such recommendations, this city will not be either suitable nor beneficial for your performances.

Very respectfully, etc.,

SHARON TYNDALE, JOHN ORDWAY.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 16, 1866.

# Letter from Geneseo, Ill.

EDITORS JOURNAL: There is a general revival, a waking up of the people to behold the light and receive the truths of our Spiritual gospel all through the Eastern and Western States. I have just received eighteen calls from the East to speak for Spiritual Societies. But my engagements are full in the blessed West. I have just given a course of lectures in McGregor, Iowa. My audiences run as high as six or seven hundred, after we were turned out of the Baptist church. I never saw a people more in earnest after the truth and more ready to defend the principles of Spiritualism. Mr. Mc-Gregor made a present of a lot to the Spiritualists to build a Spiritual church on, and the people are about to organize according to law. So the good work goes on and on, blessing and saving humanity. I am now speaking for the Society in Geneseo, Iil. Our gospel is well received here, and we have a permanent society, with a Children's Progressive Lyceum. The Society is strong in numbers and money or means. The people of the great West are all alive to the interests of our country, the freedom of our people. May they enjoy their high hopes-as they are happy in the good work of reform. Yours in every good word and work, August 21, 1866. DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

# Surf Bathers.

An extract from a letter written to a friend from Cape Island, says:

The surf is a great leveler. I think it is the only one that brings the aristocratic and humble on the same platform. Here the possessors of this world's wealth and the heirs of adversity, when they emerge from the dressing rooms, in all colors of comic looking dresses, and all conceivable shapes of ugly hats, position is lost sight of and almost undistinguishable in the way they are brought together, all moving forward with the same impulse, the same idea prevailing with old and young. The surf, the surf; it is perhaps the only exercise in which the heads and the hearts of all harmonize. It is said there have been ten thousand seen in the suif at one time from Cape Island. It is an enviable luxury. We are all independent parties. Although in close proximity to each other, we can scarcely recognize our neighbors from home, only as we distinguish the familiar volves amid the merry shouting that is continually bursting out from the jolly throng, when a heavy breaker comes over them, some falling, some retaining their foothold, and suffering themselves to be buried in the foaming waters; others leaping into the air and riding over the wave; while we splash and sport with the breakers in their headlong speed to embrace the beach. We are looked at by the admiring multitude on share who feel themselves responsible for the safe return to dry sand, of all who have ventured in under their watchful eye. On the ocean side, the porpoises and sharks keep guard; these faithful sentinels do more towards keeping the reckless within safe limitation than the overwhelming flood, that otherwise would carry many to the shores of the Summer Land before they had time to make a contract for a through ticket.

LETITIA W. LUKENS. West Chester, Aug. 6, 1866.

#### Letter from Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 21, 1866. MESSRS. EDITORS: You are doubtless aware that the delegates to the Third National Convention of Spiritualists have many of them had a religious turn of mind, and the result was that they have turned their minds hopefully towards Provi-DENCE. During the past week delegates have been passing through our city bound for that good place, but the great hegira took place yesterday. Those who had business in New York left by the early train, and those who had business in Philadelphia remained for the later ones; while the writer, with some dozen others, who had "no business" anywhere, left at 9 A. M., by the Raritan and Delaware Bay Road. This is rather a circuitous route-but as the sequel proved, quite a pleasant one, the company giving you more ride for less money than any other road between Goat-em, as Mrs. E. Rose called the greatest city of the New World, and our quiet village home, Philadelphia. Providence, I mean the one above, smiled on us in a very different style from that in which he smiled on the convention of "mammies" that met last week in our city, who were only able to repeat the one word "amen," to the doings of a few wire pullers.

The weather was most propitious, a hard rain the night before had washed the air and the earth till they were perfect, and green fields and flowing streams smiled upon us all the way. Twenty miles from home we stopped at Jackson, near the "Blue Anchor" tract-many of your readers may remember that this is the tract of land which our friends Ira Porter, Milo A. Townsend, Dr. Haskell, and others have purchased, in the hopes of wooing Mother Jersey into the birth of a new child. That taking the example of Hammonton and Vineland, two beautiful and lovely children that she has brought forth, the new one is to be even a brighter boy than either of them. I understand they intend to have an Industrial School here. The country is very pleasant, but I must say, not being a Jerseyman myself, that I protest against the want of accuracy in which this great State presents her census. It may be that in this matter she has lost her renses. I always found a great many more inhabitants than are reported and enrolled. I allude to a class of non-voters, although they have a voice in the government—the mus-ketoes, (I like this way of spelling it.) Some years ago I was going down this road and I discovered the reason why they do not report these "natives to the manor born." I had covered my neck and was having a hand to hand fight with these active fellows, and I saw a Jerseyman sitting near me on whose well browned face were about a dozen of these phiebotomists taking their breakfast. I remarked to him that he did not appear to mind these creatures that annoyed me so much. "Oh, no!" said he, "if they let me alone, I let them alone." My sympathy was all lost. It was a long ride, but then there were enough of us to divide the distance, as Paddy said. I heard of a woman who was traveling on one of the accommodation lines; she had a large boy with her, he was large in her eyes, except when she purchased tickets for him on the railroad, then he was her "darling little boy." When the conductor came to take up the tickets he remarked, "That's a pretty large boy for half price." "Yes," .said his mother, "but you must remember he has been a long time on the road, and he; has grown some since I bought this ticket." "He can go," said the conductor.

At New York we embarked on a steamer belonging to the line of the king of the ocean-Neptune. Our company was increased by delegations from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Indiana, Illinois and New Jersey, a very genial company. The scene was magnificent.

"The hazy clouds, pale relics of a recent storm, Had drawn their thin, gray shadows on the sky, And curtained it in beauty."

We were all inspired with the beauty of the scene. After supper we proposed to the captain of the Galatea, the boat on which we were so pleasantly journeying, that we should have a meeting. Having received his consent, Mr. Washington A. Danskin of Baltimore was called to the chair. The writer was called upon to open the conference, which he did by referring to the physical manifestations, both ancient and modern, and showing that the key of modern Spiritualism was the grand and beautiful means by which these were to be understood, and through them we had discovered that an intelligence was behind all these. That was the real matter of importance, and this was the distinguishing feature of the present movement.

Frank L. Wadsworth said, That while the physical manifestations which the Dr. had referred to were a prominent and important part of Spiritualism, there were many other features. Spiritualism taught us the importance of the relations of the present life as well as the life hereafter. That we ought to bring ourselves into proper relations with our own bodies and their surroundings. Spiritualism is a movement, not simply a fact or the accumulation of facts.

Mr. L. K. Coonley gave some of his experiences. Miss Nettie Colburn, of Buffalo, was entranced, and spoke of the Spiritual movement in a very happy and impressive manner.

J. G. Fish spoke of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Gilbert, of New York, was entranced and

spoke in a very impressive manner. Mr. Drake and Mr. Leach, of Newark, gave their

testimony to the facts of our philosophy; and Mr. Danskin made some happy remarks in conclusion. There was quite a large concourse of passengers, many of whom were strangers to our religion, and it was highly gratifying to observe the interest

which they manifested. We had a very pleasant trip all the way, and arrived at Providence at half-past six this morning, and found large, interesting delegations here from many sections of this great country, prepared to enter upon the important labors of the Convention,

a report of which will be forwarded to you. Yours truly, HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,

### 634 Race Street. Letter from Lyman C. Howe.

DEAR JOURNAL: I am moved to write, and I obey the prompting. I will try not to be tedious. I love the Journal for its bold words and uniform spirit of liberality and fidelity to the cause of freedom and of man. I love the noble spirit of Mrs. Dr. Stillman, rebuking the narrowness of the Rockford Conventionists in attempting to stifle free speech and keep all topics of reform at bay. "Spiritualism proper!" What is it? I suppose each will define it for him or herself; but will any deny that Progression is its keynote, and Humanity its perpetual hymn? And how are we to progress if we ignore reform and deny the pleadings of a wronged (self-wronged it may be) race? All over the land are meetings, pienics, mass conventions and Progressive Lyceums, multiplying as the years roll, Our reasoning, therefore, is, that the exercise of

and we feel in these great throbs of the popular heart the shake of progressive thunder. But what is the significance of all this if our conventions are to be cursed by creeds, forgetting humanity and looking only to the glory of a name?

I have recently attended the grand picule at Portage Bridge, and an annual grove meeting at Ridgebury, Penn. The picnic at Portage assembled from five to ten thousand people in the body, and perhaps twice that number of invisible workers who ever select the best opportunities to reach and aid mankind. Resolutions looking to equal justice to all, of whatever color, condition or sex, were adopted by a unanimous vote; and the music of the forest, fanned by the cooling zephyrs, and the soft thunder of the beautiful water as it leaped in a white casende down the rugged rocks, catching the hues of creation from the furnace of the sun, and weaving them into perpetual rainbows on the bosom of sparkling spray, joined in the chorus and shouted a glad "amen." Let those who think "Spiritualism is dying out" attend a few of these gatherings, and they will discover it is themselves that are dying out, or are already dead and buried in the great macistrom of cultivated ignorance!

At Ridgebury, three miles south of Wellsburg, on the N. Y. & E. R. R., we enjoyed the song of heaven, through the grand old orchard bowers. where for six years the faithful have met to be baptized anew in the stream of living inspiration, and the multitudes assembled to catch grander gleams of the after life than the mingled facts and fables of the past could give. The integrity and faithfulness of the few laborers there have won for them the respect of the opposition, and carry much weight in favor of Spiritualism. Oh, it is not so much we say as what we are that writes conviction upon the hearts of investigators. Mr. and Mrs. Parmer, of Big Flats, Mrs. Wilcox and Prof. Mapes are among the principal workers there. Their lives seem full of harmony, and their hearts full of love. And these invite the pure and truthful from their homes in the sky to the beautiful communion that is elevating and revolutionizing the world.

In the evening we had a perfect "Love feast." Even to the presence of the Methodist minister, who, by the way, took an outer seat by the door, stayed through the whole proceeding, during four or five speeches by different ones, and then as we dismissed, the reverend gentleman fired and hastly retreated. We were much amused and instructed by a speech from Mr. Porter Hill, of Millport. Of all the speakers I have ever heard Mr. Hill is the most original and comical. He is supremely and inimitably HIMSELF. But his words were full of philosophy and reform, though some thought it pretty strong meat for babes.

I said a word for the JOURNAL, and think you will get more subscribers from that quarter. The more we work the more we find to do, and if we work wisely our strength will grow with the de-Truthfully thine,

LYMAN C. HOWE.

# Zeligio-Philosophical Journal

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OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 8d FLOOR. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

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## Harmony.

True harmony does not consist in perfect consonance, but in the peculiar adaptation of one thing to another, as musical sounds for instance, which, though essentially different in their individual tones, yet nicely blend, producing a pleasing effect upon the ear. The varied strings of the harp or piano, when sounded in certain malations, jar horribly, and torture the sensibilities of our nature; yet the same strings, sounded in other relations, produce the most enrapturing effects, and fill the soul, " Like the sweet Bouth, .

That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odor." And upon this same principle is all nature constructed, whether it be in grosser or subtler forms, of matter or of spirit. The trilling of the tiniest grasshopper in his indefinable contralto, to our imperfect perceptions, may be in gross inharmony with the double diapason of the rolling ocean; yet in the ear of the Infinite must have their perfect accord, and the rumbling of the mighty earthquake chimes harmoniously with the caroling of the

sweetest songster of the grove. Psalmist when he said, "the morning stars sang

together." In accordance with this universal principle of harmony ought our spiritual lives to be formed, each acknowledging the natural right of every other to fill his own respective sphere. However much men may differ in their peculiar make up, by a due regard to this universal law, harmony will be wrought out of apparent discord, and love and peace assume the ascendancy, where hatred and contention now have sway.

What though the mind of a brother may not be concurrent with our own, shall we assume the right to charge him with a wrong, and seek to bend his views, and to conform his life to our standard of perfection-to our conceptions of right and beauty ? He may be as sincere and true to the laws of his organic being and spiritual perceptions as ourselves, and who shall say to him "thou art in the wrong?" May he not with equal propriety say the same to us? The teachings of the school in which he has had his education, or the circumstances that surrounded his pre-natal existence even, have had their influence in giving to the lenses through which he sees their own peculiar shading; and his sincerity is no more to be questioned than your own,

"With the creation of human laws, the devil had birth; with the cessation of human laws, the devil

"One man's justice is not another's; so one man may not Judge another by his own standard of justice." Hence conciliation should be the rule of action. "If a man cannot forgive sin and bear with it by sympathy and compassion, as Christ did, he will be made to commit it and suffer as a sinner."

charity toward all, and the acknowledgment of the right to independent sovereignty of thought and action, promote concord in the universal human mind-"compensation flows wherever matter runs." "He who strikes the lips of angels with cartlily blows to stop their utterances will get the blows severely on his own, but not in vengeance." "When man shall learn to resist no evil; to bless the curser; and learn to love the murderer; when his charity shall comprehend and approve all beliefs, and cover all sins, he shall be saved from all sacrifices, he shall be finned by the breezes of prosperity and rocked in the cradle of peace and plenty,"

Then every man will be known as a friend and brother, and not one as an enemy or an allen; and the harmonies of the human world will blend undistinguishably with the harmonics of the celestial

#### The Coming Man.

Lest the readers of those papers that make allusion to this subject should misapprehend the views of Spiritualists thereon, we would briefly say that the opinion generally entertained by intelligent Spiritualists is, that man, in his peculiar characteristics, is produced by the force of and in accordance with conditions at the time of his conception, and during the periods of his gestation and external education. And hence the man of harmonious organization, sensitive, impressible, becomes representative. The great mistake is, that those who entertain the idea of the coming representative man, conceive that he is to be originated and brought forth to make the conditions of which he is the representative. This is the grand misapprehension of the true views of the Spiritualists who accept the idea of the coming man. Jesus of Nazareth was the man of his time, developed by force of circumstances and conditions, in the natural as well as the spiritual world. The effluxes from the great laboratory of human thought, through the prophets and seers that preceded him, clearly pointed to Him as the coming man. There have been many prior to and since His day, whose development the circomstances and conditions of things then existing demanded. Epochs have their representative characters; necessities unfold them. Washington became the man of his time, the representative of the first conceptions of a free government-and yet not he alone-and "history's golden urn" will preserve his name untarnished and his character austained, as such, to the most distant coming age. Lincoln was the man of his time, the representative per force of circumstances. of the induction of the principles of entire freedom and equality of the races constituting and protected by the government of which he was the Executive head; but not the only. The martyred thousands and the living heroes attest the verity of this principle. Who shall say, in the language of an ancient record. "for this purpose lave I raised thee up." Great reforms are always wrought out through agencies. The reforms make the agencies, not the agencies the reforms; but the reforms are promoted by the agencies. Then from the great crucible of intellectual excitation, with regard to social, governmental and spiritual reform, we argue, will ultimately be evolved the representative man; and his

name may be legion. Of the thousands that lay claim to the Christly mission, there may be many sincere and honest souls, and there may be some impostors and deceivers, anti-Christs-we do not presume to judge them; they are tried at the bar of their own consciences. There is one claimant to the distinction of being Christ's "Superior Medium" in this city, of whom the World s Crisis speaks in strong terms of animadversion; holding the language, "Thus Satan transforms himself into an angel of light, by good talk, in order to cover up his wicked designs and seduce the unsuspecting;" and winds up with the wholesale charge: "We think nothing can more fully merit the title of "Anti-Christ than SPIRITUALISM."

We know nothing of the individual alluded to. nor of his pretensions to the title of the "coming man," nor of his claims to mediumship, nor that he claims to be a Spiritualist even; and if all istrue that the Crisis charges against him, he alone is responsible. We pity and forgive the World's Crisis for its vituperation and slandering propensity; and in all kindness would say to it and its anti-Christ, in the language of a great pattern man, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

### One Thousand Agents Wanted.

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GEO. H. JONES, Sec'y R. P. P. A., Drawer 6825, Chicago, Ill.

### Sensible Child.

A six-year old lad, whose patriotism rather exceeded his plety, on petiring a few nights ago, thus commenced his prayers

"Now I lay me down to sleep, Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

Yes, shout the battle-cry of freedom, young Sertorius, it is the inspiration of the hour. Freedom to all men, freedom to all women, freedom from spiritual as well as physical bondage, and freedom to children from the formulas of stupid prayers.

When Freedom on her natal day, Within her was rocked cradle lay, An iron vace that round her stood Baptized her spant brow in blood; And, through the storms that, later, swept Against her beanty-laden breast, How well that cirthday's vows were kept, Let all our bleeding fields attest."

### New Music.

A very sweet and graceful piece of music lies on our table, the production of Felice Emanuel Shelling, of Philadelphil. This little author is but seven years of age, and already gives token of rare talent. He names the music, "My First Polka." His parents are well known Spiritualists, and also are charming musicions. This little gem, though not difficult, is an emanation from the brain of an uncommonly gifted child, and every family should procure a copy of it.

Address Felice Stelling, Sr., 723 Arch street, Philadelphia. Price twenty-five cents. Sent by mail free on receipt of price.

The Principles of Nature, etc. (Given inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King, Saratoga

Eprings, N. Y.) Here is a remarkable book-remarkable for three things, to wit: (1) boldness of claim; (2) originality: of treatment; (3) repetition, obscurity and confusion of verbal statement. Let us see how this gen. eral analysis of the character and style of the work is confirmed by facts.

First-There is no lack of confidence on the part of the spirit author, or medium of transmission, or both, as to the exceptional and super-excellent character of the subject matter of the book itself. For instance, following the simple, sensible and clearly written preface of the "scribe" and, also, the equally clearly written preface of the spirit author, we have an introduction-doubtless by the latter personage-presented and clothed in a style one wonders was not adhered to throughout the body of the work-an introduction at once lucid, philosophic and instructive—in which the following

pithy passages occur: "As the race advances, as the reasoning quality of mind develops, the character of revelations changes. It was sufficient, when the ancient seer spoke, to say, 'The earth was without form and vold and darkness was upon the face of the deep. without specifying the signification of 'without form and void, or what caused the 'darkness upon the face of the deep,' which 'deep' was also unspecified. The people addressed were unthinking. unreasoning barbarians; enough was specified to them to awaken in their minds awe and reverence for the divine originator of nature, which was the object in view more especially, than to instruct them with regard to scientific truth. Jesus taught without giving a reason for his philosophy—a philosophy which was to be addressed to the unreasoning, the uninstructed lowly minds of all nations, 'Greeks and Barbarians,' 'Jews and Gentiles.' Plato reasoned as a philosopher; he taught philoso-

"The philosophers of the present day, at fault concerning some of the most important questions of science, need a teacher. That teacher is vouchsafed them by nature—by the Father; is vouchsafed in lowly form, in uninviting garb. Does that teacher come in the lowly form of woman-woman as uninstructed in philosophy, in science as a babe, and vet, because woman is not of them, will they reject her, as the Jews rejected Jesus, because he was not of the Pharisces, or of the Priests? Let them reject the woman; sacrifice her on the altar of selfishness and bigotry; but they will know that truth is powerful and will prevail; that natural science must take the place of obscure theories founded upon nothing; that what of truth man already possesses will be no less truth when brought to the comprehension of the, so-called, unscientific; no less truth when expressed in phrase unvarnished, unstudded with terms incomprehensible to the un-

Here is certainly extraordinary claim. In fact, it amounts to a judgment delivered as against not only such thinkers as La Place, Newton, Herschel, Comte, Huxley, Spencer, and others equally gifted in special departments of science, but our own Harmonial Seers and Spiritualistic scientific writers. Davis' "Divine Revelations" and Tuttle's "Arcana of Nature" must, according to this judicial arrangement, occupy, henceforth, back shelves. The scientific Christ has come-in the form of a lowly woman. Perhaps he has. But we beg leave to say, after struggling through "The Principles of Nature, etc.," we cannot so see it. With a sincere desire to do justice to the claim, character and style of this work, especially since the mediumistic author is of that sex we delight to honor, when honor is duewe cannot drop into the current of affirmation responsive to the gigantic claim of the author of the book before us. If others can, we are perfectly willing that they should. As to the more specific character and style of the work, we shall candidly, and trust not unjustly, speak, directly.

Now we affirm that instead of the sex of the mediumistic mind hereof being a bar to acceptance, it is, the rather, a great aid thereto. Doubtless the so-called special scientists, rejective of this new Spiritual Dispensation, would be apt, at first, to slightly sneer at a work or author claiming so much as against their own positions. But would it be because of simply sex, or even sex at all? We think not. And the accredited status in Europe of such women as Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martineau confirms this view.

In this nineteenth century there is growing up even amongst hard metaphysical and scientific minds an almost chivalric respect for the intellectual possibility of woman. No; these men would as quickly recognize a great and original discoverer and thinker amongst women as amongst themselves. But what they demand, and justly demand, is substance, and the fit statement of it. No more, then, we think, would a woman be discredited by them, when bringing great and original revealments, than, in every age, is every great and original mind, at first, because of the pride of opinion, or envy, or obtuseness, of its cotemporaries.

Besides which, when you take your position inside, and not outside, of the Spiritual Movement of to-day-what do you see? Everywhere obeisance to woman as a teacher. Not only are female speakers but writers readily honored. Nay; they command the field somewhat as against the menwhenever and wherever they show commensurate ability of thought and statement to lay hold of and keep it; and, sometimes, it must in justice be said. when they do not exhibit that ability. Why is it? Undoubtedly a great deal is due to the spirit of newness in the matter, or novelty. But there is a deeper reason: men not only realize that this is an opening dual age of love and wisdom-feminine as well as masculine-but sense somewhat the divine. intent. What is that? To give, for a season, the preponderance of influence to woman, to make up for a long prevailing defalcation and to balance an intensely masculinized age. So, see how it fares with the female teachers. Whether it be the graceful and versatile Mrs. Daniels, the finished Mrs. Currier, the spontaneous and fluent Mrs. Hyper, the spiritually original and originally poetic Miss Doten, or-facile princeps, easily the first for a harry combination of intellectual power, suffused with spiritual life and fire, and splendor of diction-the trans-Atlantic Miss Hardinge, not to mention others less known to fame, but, doubtless, man; of them not less gifted-these all may be said to command the Spiritualistic public mind. Counts met only flock to hear them speak, but when they put lish their works, as in the case of the press through and by Miss Doton, these are excert sought for and delightedly read.

There was not the stightest necessity, therefore, for a deprecation of public judgment of the mediamistic author of "The Principles of Nature." sefer and style of her And must necessity meet | self and others, that I am compelled to deal with."

with the most searching private, if not public criticism-the deprecation of the same by the spirit author to the contrary notwithstanding-because it is fact and truth we want, are after, and have been promised to receive; and because the independence of thought and individualism of opinion bred by this dispensation will demand just judgment, not only of men and women, but thoughts and things. The question, then, is, as to justness of judgment. Here we vary. And it is left for each to determine for himself or herself-judging with that charity that begets the indwelling sense, even in the midst of the heat and light of strongest conviction, of a possible fallibility of the individual judgment.

Second-This book is remarkable for originality of treatment. Opening with a simple but subling statement, that partly reminds one of the Biblical, and partly of the Davisonian style, you are at once launched into a magnineent field and stretch of thought, and in which, if you do not look sharp, you are in danger either of being tied up by the tanglements of expression, pretty much as a spider winds his web-stuff around his vietim, or of being lost in the mazes of a misty diction. The novelty, the originality, the reach of thought, apparently struggling to express itself, strikes you, too, more and more, as you fight through, despite the verbal impediments, the innumerable repetitions, and the general exasperations of the whole style. Whether these original points and statements are true is another question. Because a thing is new it is not therefore, necessarily true. In this case we do not venture any individual opinion, ex cathedra. Time must elapse, investigation ensue, other corroborative or antagonistic views and statements be brought to bear, in apposition or opposition, ere a strongly expressed opinion may justly be given as to principles involved.

Certainly, however, from the beginning to the end of the tri-fold treatment in this remarkable work, you will have, by perusing it, some of the most startling and original propositions presented you for acceptance or rejection.

For instance, the asteroidal system is said to subserve a twofold purpose; first, for "the preservation of the balance of the universe;" and second, for "destroying the balance of the universe when the appropriate moment should arrive." Here we have the implication of the destruction of the present order; and elsewhere it is distinctly affirmed. Davis has, we believe, the same idea. In fact, we are given to understand that the eternities witness many deaths and resurrections or re-organizations of systems of universes. So we ask ourselves the question, does not the law of life and death apply to all the forms of the Univerceiumto it itself, again and again?

Further, we are told that the sun, like the earth, has its mountains, rivers, etc., while with respect to comets, we are informed that "It is taught by the astronomers of the day that comets of long periods enter the solar system, come to close preximity with bodies of the system: that they sometimes move, presenting their tails in the direction of motion; that they change their forms in remarkably short periods, assuming all varieties of form : being apparently anomalous, aimless, erratic bodies. From principles already enunciated in this volume, it will be readily comprehended by the reader that these teachings are erroneous; and founded upon the ignorance of those enunciating them of the laws of systems, of suns, and of all matter."

Compact statements like the following are, like wise, not unfrequently to be met with throughout the book : "Law develops law, as force develops force in matter." Now we know that force develops force. The lately established scientific theory of the correlation and conservation of forces proves it. But does law develop law? Certainly, principles develop laws, because they hold them in their vast embrace. And the former hear relation to the latter somewhat as thoughts do to ideas. One grand idea may develop or hold within :: womb, and give birth to, an army of thoughts- as affluent that idea, to compare sublime verities with small things as, in the spawn season, are the over ries of the shad or herring. Principles, laws, fact. -these make one statement of that multitudinous tri-unity that lies like a key before every great thinker, who has the knowledge, and courage and power to use it, to unlock manifold mysteries.

Now, with respect to quoted statements like the foregoing, scattered through the pages of "The Principles of Nature," we shall neither affirm nor deny them. There they are evidence of originality, if not truth and power. Notwithstanding the mass of verbiage, the awful repetition, and the frequent apparently (or really) inextricable confission of sentences and periods, it may safely said justly be claimed for the work, that the light of great and original views shines through it. That light may be a hidden and sullen one, like as when the sun shines through masses of intervening mist and vaporous matter; but it is there. And occasionally, and only occasionally, it bursts or burns through, clear and bright.

Third-As to the style in which "The Principles of Nature" as a literary or scientific work is written, it is truly terrific; and will, doubtless, canse many a reader to give up in total despair of getting at the real meaning of the thought or idea sou to be expressed. With respect thereta, the st author in the introduction remarks :

"The style of the work is peculiar, and such as will, doubtless, provoke severe criticism; however it is deemed the most appropriate that could have been chosen, considering the nature of the subject treated, the capacity of the medium for expressing. and the capacity of mind in the present age." And further on it is remarked: " In the preparation of the work, the author has experienced difficulty from the poverty of the language in which it is written. Human language is road of terms whereby to give expression to the true principles of nature : therefore confusion of terms is unavolitable. The language has no names for qualities, or for methods of action, which are not known to exist. Thus many terms are misapplied in the sense in which men understand them, and the charity as well as reason of the reader is appealed to for an excuse for this innovation."

These paragraphs embody doubtless as forcible a Agreeation of criticism and as strong, if not clear, an exposition of the reasons for the use of the langrant chosen, as could, under the circumstances, well be presented. But what shall we say? If we say what we feel compelled to, doubtless we shall be accredited by the authors and publisher as either lacking in judicial charity, or possessed with a hypercritical spirit, or being desirous to "show off" our own assumed superiority. Very well; but it is facts and truths we are after, and we must do justice to them to the extent we individually see or apprehend them. Just here we are forcibly reminded of the substance of a conversation we once because she was a women. On the contrary, as her had with a friend in regard to the glaring shortwork will not provide reach many miles outside comings of a mutual acquaintance. Said we, "He of the Sphilmalbile ranks, that that the of itself, meant well;" "Yes, but he didn't do well," revastly in her favor inside of them. But the char sponded the other, "and it is his act, involving my-

So our author means well in respect to style; butwell, we shall leave the readers, just here, to judge more especially for himself, by quoting from the book itself. Ab uno disce omnes-from the character of the style of one page, learn of that of almost all of them.

"Sun's rotary motion was determined by the quality of electric condition of its matter, subject to the quality of the central atom of the system, and the quality of the stimulated motion which instituted the system. The interior stratum of the system was of more positive, of lower electric quality than the next outer division; however, being in quality of density the highest matter of the system, its quality of electric condition was qualified to the degree that it was, at the period of the institution of the system, the highest quality of matter of it. Atomic motion of all atoms composing the solar system, at the period of the institution of the system-the period of their determination to it, was exceedingly undeveloped. That of the most dense atoms was most developed; yet it was of the same quality as of all atoms of the system, in the sense that electric quality of the central atom, and quality of motion of all other atoms of the form, were similar. Stimulation of motion which institnted the system was stimulation of rotary motion of the central atom, and all other atoms of the system; these all assimilating in quality of electric condition. The outer stratum evolving its matter, although of rarest quality, nearly cotemporaneously with the evolution of the central atom, affinitizes more nearly with that than any other atom of the sphere, being evolved matter; whereas, all other is nnevolved. This cotemporaneous evolution of a central atom from an interior stratum of a sphere and matter of corresponding quality of motion of an outer stratum, is termed the evolution of a grade, in consequence of the closer affinity existing between atoms of evolved matter, although of different degrees of density than between atoms of evolved and unevolved, although assimilating in degree of density."

A good hearted critic, in noticing the book under consideration, in another journal, affirms this sort of style to be "remarkably lucid." Sof as would say a German, interrogatively—then what must be ordinary literary or scientific obscurity? Now we do not dogmatically affirm there is neither "head nor tail," nor sense nor savor, in passages like the quoted foregoing, abounding throughout "The Principles of Nature;" for there is; and especially will this be seen if one has caught and held on to the spirit of meaning in which the author uses words, and if this passage is taken in connection with what a long way precedes. But we cannot resist the impression of a certain symbolic mental figure; and we behold a man or woman staggering under the weight of great conceptions, and, half blinded, clutching at sections of the English vocabulary, by which to get support and expression.

What, then, we do affirm of the style of this work is, that it is a tangled one. It is neither ornate, nor simple, nor clear. It is not a front-brain style nor a topbrain style, nor a back-brain style—that is, it is not a demonstrative, a suggestive, or a sentimental style. The demonstrative is the direct, striking out with all the forces of mind through the Intellect. The speeches of Webster, the written decisions of Chief Justice Marshall, the Commentaries of Blackstone, and the luminous judicial papers of all great jurists, (but not the State-papers of diplomatists or politicians,) illustrate it. On the other hand, there is the suggestive style, evidencing the predominance of Insight or Intuition, and exemplified by the writings of Carlyle and Emerson, (so like and 'so unlike,) and by the productions of their followers and copyists. It is somewhat an inverted or rather introverted style—as if the meaning to be conveyed were working in upon itself, and touching up other meanings as it did so. While the sentimental style, the vehicle more of fluent feeling than of crystalized thought, is shown in many religious papers and periodicals, and not unfrequently in Spiritualistic journals. But "The Principles of Nature" are not written after either of these fashions, nor, perhaps, any other accredited one. Its style is sui generis-a tangled one; at once repetitious, obscure and confused. Swedenborg is repetitious, but certainly not confused. Perhaps the nearest approximation to it, if we are informed right, is that of the Teutonic seer, Jacob Boehman. But we should say this out-Boehmanizes Boehman. And the book before us is precisely in danger of the fate that has befallen the works of the illustrious German cobbler-neglect, through lack of patience or ability to thoroughly besiege and master him.

That our criticism may be apprehended as not unjust, let the reader of this buy the book, and go at it. He will find definitions made again and again. Explanations of things or thoughts already explained will start up at him from the most unexpected spots. He will wonder why they could not have stayed explained. And his attention, distracted from a focus-point of meaning he was struggling to reach, will be in danger of losing all life and spring for the time, and he himself of throwing aside the work in despair, if not disgust. Everywhere he will find himself surrounded by clouds and mist. The lines of his exploration will lead him into windings that at first seem interminable - and then, when these last suddenly or otherwise come to a close, he will find himself launched into new labyrinths that wind back upon themselves. But let him keep on. Labor omnia vincit, said of old the Latins; and still ever the right sort of labor conquers all conquerable things. Thus will you win a prize of some sort here. But whether it will be simply a set of paste diamonds or of priceless brilliants, you, oh reader, must determine for yourself.

Now the question will, perhaps, arise, what was the producing cause of this peculiar style? We answer as we apprehend. 1. The frequent absence on every page of the definite article the and of the proper conjunctions, as well as the numerous additions to full periods of tail-ends to them, suggest at once, a mind unacquainted, in full, or quite unfamiliar, with the English language. Indeed this suspicion struck into or out of us at the start. It is highly probable therefore, that some foreign mind in the spirit, finding a fit brain for him amongst the mediums of this country, essayed to get through it as clearly as he could some original and grand principles and thoughts. 2. Or, the mind of the medium was not adequately fitted and adapted, either by capacity to easily digest and assimilate, or properly clothe, the vast conceptions influxed into it. Thus surcharged, and struggling (quietly within, no doubt,) to "wreak itself upon expression," it gave birth to this form of address. 8. Or, both of the former considerations combined to give us the style-ish result.

True, a twofold different reason is presented by the spirit author. First, that fit ordinary language could not be found, and, second, that the entire newness or originality of the propositions sought to be

eliminated demanded a style of treatment altogether out of the beaten track. But both points seem to us inadequate to justly meet the case. The English language, as used, is not so meager, or baid, or wasted, or wanting; and any scientific principles or facts may, by coining new words, or by making compound words, (first to be fully and explicitly defined,) find fair enough, and full enough, and clear enough presentment for the great mass of thinking mind. In this latter way, Herbert Spencer, one of the grandest and clearest minds of the age, treats so as to be understood almost at once, the most profound and abstruse subjects. The difficulty, however, of our author seems to be not only how to use words, but how to fitly and meaningly arrange them. He is not only a mystic as respects style; but, phrenologically speaking, seems to lack Construction. And we have only to add to these special points, that while it is admissible to write philosophic works of a transcendental cast in the suggestive or introverted style, (as for instance, notice what gaps the reader is left to fill in the sentences of the lifeld Emerson.) it is demanded in this exact age that scientific statements be put in the directest and clearest possible way. Finally, we hope this book will largely sell. We suggest to every Spiritualistic thinker to procure a copy. But he must regularly besiege its contents. Nay; he must eat the book. Eschewing all other mental food of a heavy sort for the period of say ten days or three weeks, let him deliberately feed on this volume; and going through with the processes of mastication, digestion, excretion, (for there will be much waste matter,) absorption, oxygenization and assimilation, he will find himself possessed at the end, of substance. But what the quality or quantity will be, "this deponent saith

### PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

A MEDIUM AT A CAMPMEETING.—In a communication, describing her visit to a campmeeting, Mrs. Abbie M. Laflin Ferree says:

"I did not imagine but plainly saw a band of Union soldier spirits in the aisle at my left, and asked them if they would, if they could, move the people off the seats for the space of four seats. Ten minutes had not passed before crack, rap, crack, went the seats; the men sat uneasy, looked up at the peaceful trees, and the sun shining on them. Snap, snap, snap, again went the boards; spasmodic movements in groups. Mr. F. moved with the rest. The four boards were cleared, and remained empty to all eyes in the crowd but mine; I saw the Union soldiers sitting contentedly on the vacated seats as real as the men were one half-hour before."

COULDN'T CAST .- On the occasion of one of Mrs. Foye's seances in an Eastern town, the committee, three in number, was composed entirely of clergymen. The questions propounded by them to their invisible friends were all correctly answered. The reverend gentlemen were nonplussed and astounded. They were called upon to report. One of them. acting as speaker, remarked "the correctness of the communications he could not deny, yet it pained him deeply to see so young and intelligent a lady the victim of such a delusion. His verdict was that she was possessed of the devil." Clergyman No. 2 concurred with No. 1 that Mrs. Foye must be possessed of a devil, and Clergyman No. 3 gave in his adhesion to the belief of the others.

The lady then arose and remarked that she supposed the gentlemen must be correct. She presumed that she must be possessed of a devil, and then pulled on them a passage in the New Testament which reads thus: "He that believeth in me, the things that I do ye shall do also. These signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall he cast out devils." Now, said the medium, you are believers in Christ. Recollect that "these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall he cast out devils." If I am possessed of a devil I call on you to cast him out.

The clergymen could not cast, and the lady retired triumphant.

A. J. Davis' sister, Mrs. Williams, has consented to use her clairvoyant and healing powers for the benefit of the sick. See her advertisement in another

MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON.-This exceedingly talented lady, says the Denver Daily Gazette, delivered one of her lectures on Sunday evening to a large audience at the People's Theatre. Her subject on that occasion was "The Elements of Power." She proceeded, in elucidation of the subject, to prove that every individual who has the thirst for, or ambition to become, what he is not, has the elements within him of the power necessary to achieve his object. She expatiated to considerable length upon the trite old proverb, "Knowledge is Power," and, with that truly wonderful power of language which she undoubtedly is possessed of, she handled its bearings upon society in general, and woman in particular, in such a style and manner as we have never yet witnessed. She is not magnetic in her influence upon her audiences, but they are held together and influenced entirely by her powerful logic and tremendous reasoning faculty, which surmount all obstacles, and overturn, like a quarter horse, all difficulties that obstruct her march.

She claims to be under the influence of the spirits. We don't wish to impeach the veracity of Mrs. Gordon, or of Mr. Wolff as to the things they have seen in connection with the spirit world, but, nevertheless, we cannot but admit that if we were under the same circumstances in which Thomas was placed, we should be very apt to ask for proof as he did, and for that very reason now we ask the proof of these wonderful stories of intercourse with the spirit world. We, in common with a great number of others, are about sick of religious speculations, and fine spun theories. We want the proof brought forward, so that we can place them in the crucible of our brain, and extract the good from the

This age is emphatically a practical one, and demands a cause for every effect, and a premise, true, firm and substantial, for every deduction drawn.

Will the gentleman or lady who sent us \$2.00 from Hamlin, Michigan, send his or her name, that we may fill the order as desired?

# PEN AND SCISSORS.

The growing cotton crop is variously estimated at from eleven hundred bales to three millions of bales. The New York Independent makes the latter estimate and states that contracts for the growing crop have been made at from eighteen to twentyfive cents in currency.

A dispatch from Leavenworth says reports from Forts Sedgwick and Laramic confirm the fact of the burning of trains north of Fort Reno, and between Laramie and Bridger's Ferry. Indian guides also report a battle at Fort Reno, in which from thirty-five to forty soldiers were killed. It is now presumed that the Indian war has commenced in earnest.

Over 3,000 barrels of flour are manufactured daily in Milwankee.

The physicians in England have organized a society, which consists of members of all societies, and which has for its object to warn persons against the use of tobacco as an immoral habit,

The people of the United States have an oath registered in heaven to make wholly and forever free every slave emancipated by Abraham Lincoln.

John B. Gough returns an income of \$13,000, which shows that lecturing is a profitable business

The number of solders in the post and general

hospitals of the countract the present time is 10,958. The wool clip of Michigan for the present year is estimated at 13,000,000 counds.

St. Louis employs 25 steamboats, valued at \$10,376,000.

Good.-In reply to an article in the Round Table, complaining that there is winck of good writers in this country, and asking, "Why is there no Charlotte Bronte, no Miss Muloch, no Julia Kavanagh in America?" the Evering Post pertinently says, "Why is there no Mrs. Stowe, no Grace Greenwood, no Alice or PhebelCary, no Rose Terry, no Harriet Prescott, in England ?"

"Keep your dog away from me," said a dandy to a futcher boy. "Darn the dog, he's always after pupples," said the boy A DELICIOUS BULL -- An Irishwoman applying

for relief the other day, as one of the sufferers by the fire, was questioned as to her family by the lady to whom she applied:

"How many children have you?"

"Six." "How old is your youngest?"

" Me youngest is dead, and I've had another since!"

# Deaths.

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the worn sandal and give the weary rest.

We clip from the Chicago Trinune of this morning, Aug. 28th, 1866, the following telegram:

" Boston, Aug. 27, 1866. "The Rev. JOHN PIERPONT died suddenly last night at his residence in Medford, Mars. He was eighty-one years of

Thus has terminated the long and useful life of a good man, a scholar, a philanthropist and a Christian indeed. On Tuesday last, on resigning his seat as President of the National Organization of Spirkualists, he delivered his farewell address to that body, convened in Providence, R. I.

No language can be more expressive or more appropriate to his memory than the passage of Scripture, "He went down to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe." His mortal form has faded from out vision, but his spiritual life, all blooming and fragrant, still lives and dwells with us, and the sun of his octagenarial years has glowed upon us with more brilliant luster in its setting hour, hallowing with immortal glory the precincts of an henored, and ne'er to be forgotten

### BUSINESS MATTERS.

OUR BOOK TRADE.+All persons desiring any of the books advertised in our columns can obtain them by return of mail, by enclosing the amount of price and postage, with their address fully and plainly written to Geo. H. Jones, Scoretary, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

Any one sending an order and not receiving the books within a reasonable time, will please address us, as all orders are filled immediately.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS, by Clara Morgan. This excellent and popular sleet music is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents. Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Remember the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Associa-TION will fill orders for any and all kinds of sheet and book music and musical instruments, and send by mail, express or railroad, free of charge, at the very lowest prices. Planos and organs at manufacturer's prices.
Selections will be made by Prof. Hughes, and

every instrument warranted. Address "Music" R. P. P. A. Drawer 6825, Chi-

EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.—This book contains Six Lectures given through that highly developed and well-known trance-medium, Miss Emma Hardinge, besides

much other very interesting matter. The following subjects are treated of in a mas-

terly manner, viz.:
1. Astronomical Religion.

Religion of Nature.
The Creator and His Attributes.

Spirit-Its Origin and Destiny. Sin and Death., Hades, the Land of the Dead.

Together with the optline of a plan for a humane enterprise and an attobiographical introduction with an appendix containing the sayings and sentiments of many well-known Spiritualists and other

This volume also contains a fine steel engraving of the author, by Donelly. For sale at this office. Price, in paper, 75 cents, bound in cloth, \$1.00. Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of the price.

CLAIRVOYANT AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN .-Miss Lowry will remain in Chicago a short time, at No. 30014 State street, where she will examine the human system clairvoyantly, and give a diagnosis of the diseased organs, and a statement of the cause of their diseased state, and treat the same.

Will also give psychometrical diagnosis of diseases of those who are at a distance, either by a lock of their hair, their antographs or photographs; and by the same means give a delineation of character, and direct their minds to the profession or occupation for which their organizations are best adapted.

Price for examination, \$1.00. Consultation, Free. Hours for Consultation, from 9 to 11, A. M., and

MEDICAL NOTICE. Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Mertiman Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination The money should accompany orders. [15-tf

Send for one of Harris' Gas Burners, for burning Kerosene oil; fits all lamps, requires no chimney, makes no smoke, saves oit, and gives a splendid gas light. Can be carried about the house without danger of being extinguished. Sent by mail for 60 ets. Taylor, Bunt & Co., 100 Monroe St., Chicago. [25]

'MRS. M. C. JORDAN, Test and Business Medium, 251 South Jefferson street; take Clinton street cars on Randolph street.

HEALING THE SICK BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.-Dr. Persons, late of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, who has treated over 33,000 patients the last three years, and whose cures have never been surpassed in the world's history, will heal the sick at the following places: Cedar Rapids, lowa, at the American House for

fifteen days, from Sept. 5th to Sept. 20th.
Lyons, Iowa, at the Randall House for fifteen days, from Sept. 21st to Oct. Bth. Davenport, Iowa, at the Scott House, for 80 days from Oct. 10th to Nov. 9th.

MORTALITY.—There seems to be a great deal of Dysentery and Cholera Morbus about just now, an our list of deaths is much larger than we are usually called upon to record. Eating unripe or decayed fruit seems to be the principal cause.

Coe's Dyspepsia Cure will be found an invaluable

remedy for all such troubles, and should be kept in the house and immediately used on the first attack. It is also a sovereign sure for dyspepsia, in its worst forms. Those who have tried everything else and failed, will rejoice that an infallible remedy has been

## PROGRESSIVE GATHERINGS.

Notice of Meeting. The next annual meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association will be held at the city of Berlin Green, Lake Co., on the second Saturday and Bunday of September next. The speakers engaged are W. F. Jamleson, Mrs. S. E. Warner and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

J. P. GALLEY, Secretary.

Oshkosh, Wis., August 4, 1886.

Annual Grove Meeting.
The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of Boone county, Illinois, will hold their annual meeting at Belvidere, Illinois, on Vriday, Saturday and Sunday, September 7th, 8th and 9th, 1866.

A grand basket picuic will be held the 7th, with such amusements as will make the occasion pleasant. Good music and dancing will constitute a part of the programme.

Mrs. A Wilhelm, M. D., Miss Sarah A. Nutt, and other speakers are expected to attend the meeting. All are invited.

Per order of Committee.

### NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO, Regular morning and evening meet ings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall—entrance on Hours of meeting at 101/2 A. M., and 71/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.

SPRINGFIZLD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their Hall, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends

of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2½ P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall, No. 130 Main street, third floor. Storots, Mics.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonial Soclety" morning and evening in the " Free Church. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at the

same place at 12:30 P. M. CINCINNATI. - The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, organized under the laws of the State of Ohio, as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists." hold regular meetings on Sun

days, at Metropolitan Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth streets at 11 A. M, and 7½ P. M.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, under the auspices of this Society, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 91/2

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temper ance Hall, on Superior street, at 10½ a. M. and 7½ P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sun CARDINOTON, OHIO.—The Religio-Philosophical Society of

A. M. Seats free.

Cardington, holds regular meetings on the first Sunday of each month, and Conference Meetings on intervening Sundays, at 2 o'clock, in Joseph Smith's Spirit Room. St. Louis, Mo .- The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends

of Progress" have rented Mercantile Library (small) Hall, and have regular lectures every Sunday at 10½ A. m. and 7½ P. M. Seats free.
The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 21/2 o'clock.

Boston-Melopson.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock. Admission free. Lowell.-Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church,

afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon WORCESTER, MASS .-- Meetings are held in Horticultural Hallevery Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 111/2 A. M. every Sunday.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK .- The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 56 West 33d street, near Broadway.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very at

tractive Sunday School, meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2% o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York.

NEW YORK CITY-The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall. Seats free. WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y .- Spiritual meetings are held one evening each week, in Continental Hall.

MORRISANIA, N. Y .- First Society of Progressive Spiritualists-Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 31/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings on Sundays in Sansom Street Hall at 101/2 a. m. and 71/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds ses Sunday afternoon in same place at 21/2 o'clock.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, (formerly a church), Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same

PROVIDENCE, R. I.-Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7% o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 101/2 o'clock.

# SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Laporte, Ind.

J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleto: C. Fannie Allyn. Address Woodstock, Vt. W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521

New York City. Mrs. N. R. Andross. Address Dilton, Sauk Co., Wis. Dr. J. K. Bailey, Quincy, Ill., will answer calls to lecture.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass. Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn. S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker. Address Rochester, Olmstead county, Minn Lovel Beebee, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio.

C. C. Blake. Address Dahlonega, Wapello Co., Iowa. Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Springfield, Mass. L. B. Brown will answer calls to lecture. Address Drawer

6325, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 5815 Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene's address is 32 Fifth street, New

B. J. Butts. Address Hopedale, Mass. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 87 Spring street, East Cambride, Mass.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Judge A. G. W. Carter. Address Cincinnati, Ohio.

Annie Lord Chamberlin, Musical Medium. Address Banner of Light office, Boston, Mass. Warren Chase will lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, during July;

in Gereva, Ohio, August 5th : in Windsor, Ct., August 12th and 19th; in Chicago, during October; in Davenport, Iowa, during November; in Rock Island, Ill., during December. Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. Seth C. Child, inspirational speaker. Address Frankfort,

Prof. J. Edwin Churchill will answer calls to speak on Sundays at a distance. Week day evenings, convenient to Pon-tiac, Mich. Address Pontiac, Mich. Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, inspirational speaker. Address care of

Banner of Light office. Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill. Dr. L. K. Coonley. Address Vineland, N. J. Dr. James Cooper will speak at Cuyahoga Falls, Summit

county, Onio, on the 1st and 2d of September. He will have a supply of books, and take subscriptions for the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," "Little Bouquet," and "Banner of Light."

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address box S15, Lowell, Mass.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Rutland, Vt., P. O. Box 110. Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O. Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, Champlin, Hennepin Co., Monn.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal. Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J. Lizzie Doten. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont st., Boston.

J. T. Dow lectures in Hebron, Ill., September 24, James ville, Wis., September 16. Dr. E. C. Dunu. Address Rockford, Dl. Dr. H. P. Fairfield, trance speaker. Address Monmouth

Rev. James Francis will answer calls to lecture Address Mankato, Minn. S. J. Finney lectures in Lowell, Mass., Systember, Charles and November; Truy, New York, Provider, January and February: Philadelphia, Penn, March Address accordingly,

or Ann Arter, Mich. A. T. Frees. Address Manchester, N. W. Mrs. Dr. D. A. challion will answer could to leavern made spirit control. Address Knokut, lona.

Isaac P. Greenheal. Ashiron Lowell, March N. S. Greenhook Address Lowell Mars. Dr. Am J. Hattherer, Trans Speaker, Address M. Crasstreet, New Haven, These.

th. 14 Manually M. 12, will assessed rails to posture in Wiseria. with Addition Wiseria, Wife W. H. Hukingan, hoveren Address Parentymus, Wie Mrs. S. A. Hornin. Address Brandin Vr.

J. R. Harring Kranishreith, Nicht etc. Bed.

D. H. Hamitten . 1. three Memoria. N. A.

M. Honey Roughton. Address West Paris, Me.

Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y. W. A. D. Hume will answer calls to lecture, on Spiritualism and all progressive subjects. Address, Cleveland. West Side

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson. Address East Braintree, Vt. W. F. Jamieson will lecture in Turner's Junction, Ill., September 1st and 2d; in Berlin, Wis., September 8th and 9th; in Wheaton, Ill., September 16th. Address Drawer 6325,

Chicago, Ill. Wm. Kilpatrick lectures on Spiritualism, Phrenology and Physiology. Will receive subscriptions for stock in the Religio-Philosophical Purlishing Association, also for the JOURNAL and LITTLE BOUQUET. Address, Olivet, Mich.

George F. Kittridge. Address Grand Rapids, Mich. J. S. Loveland will answer calls to lecture, and will pay repeal attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums Mress Hamburg, Conn.

Charles S. Marsh, semi-trance speaker, Wonewoo, Wis. Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan.

Auta M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn. Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch. Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell will answer calls to lecture: Address box 22. Chicago, 511. Miss A. P. Nedyott. Address Atlanta, III.

A. Lo E. Mach will answer calls to lectures and attend fu-nersis, in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y. Sarah A. Nutt speaks in Aurora, Ill., during August; in Beividere, September; in Elgin, October; in Beloit, Wis, November. Address accordingly.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearmil, impirational speaker, Disco, Mich. J. M. Peebles, box 1402, Cincinnati, Ohio,

George A. Peirce, Auburn, Me. A. A. Pond, inspirational speaker. Address, North West, O. J. L. Potter, trance speaker. Address Cedar Falls, Iowa. Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer. Address, Adrian,

Dr. W. K Ripley. Address box 95, Foxboro', Mass. G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls ecture. Address, Brookead, Green county, Wis. Miss Belle Scougall, inspirational speaker, Roskford, III.

Austin E. Simmons will speak in Woodstock, Wt. on the first Sunday, in Bridge-water on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the soming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass. Mrs. Mary Louisa Smith, trance speaker, Toledo, O. Dr. John Maynew will resume his labors for the coming season on the first of September, traveling through Southern Minnesota, Iowa, Northern Illinois, to Chicago; from themce eastward to the State of New York. All applications for lec-

direct to St. Paul. For other points of his route, to care of Enos Gay, McGregor, Iowa. J. W. Seaver, Byron, N. Y., Inspirational speaker, will an swer calls to lecture and attend funerals in Western N. Y. Mrs. H. S. Stearns will answer calls to lecture in the West.

tures must be made without delay from Southern Minnesota

Address, Detroit, Mich. H. B. Storer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address San Jose, Cal. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, Inspirational Speaker, 36 Bank street. Cleveland, O.

Benjamin Todd. Address San Jose, California. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio. J. Wm. Van Namee, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Selah Van Sickle, Maple Rapids, Mich., will answer calls to ecture in that vicinity. F. L. Wadsworth. Address care of Beia March, Boston, Mass.

Lois Waisbrooker can be addressed at Bannez of Light office, Boston, Mass., till October; at Java Village, Wyoming Co., N. Y., during October. Will receive calls westward for Mrs. S. E. Warner. Address Berlin, Wis. E. S. Wheeler, Inspirational Speaker, will answer calls to

lecture. Address Banner of Light office. N. Frank White. Address Seymour, Conn., July and August. Will lecture in Detroit, Mich., in October; Chicago in November and December; Louisville, Ky. January and February, 1867. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments.

A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich. Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., Inspirational Speaker, is engaged in Illinois until the Fall. Will be at the Belvidere Convention, in Sept. Address, until further notice, Box 50, Monmonth, Warren Co., Ill. Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is engaged till Oct. 1st, in Western

New York; after that will receive calls to lecture in Central and Southern Ohio and Indiana. Address at Laona, Chantauqua Co., N. Y., tili October. A. W. Williams, healing medium. Address, Vermout, Ful-

ton Co., Ill. Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker. Address Boston, Mass. F. L. H. Willis, M. D. Address care of Banner of Light. Capt. E. V. Wilson's address for the summer months will

be Menekane, Oconto co., Wis. Mrs. Mary M. Wood. Address 11 Dewey street, Warnester, Mary Woodhull lectures on Spiritualism, Laws of Life and Health. Address Mattawan, Mich.

Elijah Woodworth. Address, Leelle, Mich. Warren Woolson, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y. Miss H. Maria Worthing, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Henry C. Wright. Address care Bela Marsh, Boston

New Premium for New Subscribers. Any one sending us fifteen dollars for new subscriptions to the JOURNAL, shall receive, by return mail, either "The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man," by Hudson Tuttle, "Moses and the Israelites," by Merritt Munson, "Jesus of Nazareth." by Alexander Smyth, or one dollar and seventyfive cents' (including postage) worth of any book in our advertised list; or every old subscriber who will send us the name of a new subscriber, full paid, \$3.00, for one year, shall receive K. Graves' BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN, OF EMBLE HETdinge's volume of Lectures on "Theology and Nature," with a fine steel engraving of the suther, free, by return mail. Here is an inducement for all subscribers to do a good thing for themselves as well as for us and the cause of Spirituslism.

Another Inducement. We offer still another inducement for subscribers for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and LIT-

TLE BOUOUET. Any person sending us one year's subscription for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and three yearly subscriptions for the Little Borquer (new subscribers) shall receive a beautifully bound copy of the CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM MANUAL,

The MANUAL is indispense ble to Lyceum exercises and is a very beautiful and instructive work. It should be in the possession of every family of Spiritualists, and here is a fine opportunity to get it, by simply canvassing yourselves and encouraging the little girls and boys to canvass for subscribers for the JOURNAL and BOUNGET.

Renewals of Subscription.

If our subscribers would be careful and renew their subscriptions three weeks before they expire, they would ensure complete volumes, and full series of continued articles. It requires a considerable outlay to adjust our mailing mechine when a sub-

scription fully expires before being renewed. Let each one enclose the money for renewal in a letter addressed to George H. Jones, Secretary, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill., about three weeks before his subscription expires, and everything will work systematically without cause of complaint or unnecessary delay.

N. B.-We do not pay agents a commission on

Another New Premium for Subscribers. Any person who will send us six dellars for new subscribers by the Extreto Pattonwith at Jour-NAL or the LITTLE BOUQUET, or Or the JOURNAL and Navyer, shall receive by return mail, preraid, either of the following named steel engravfines by Doney, the celebrated American engraver, via : General Grant, I catemant General Sherman, Main General Sherian, Major General Thomas How. & P. Chase, Var Admiral Farragut.

Form for Subscriptions to Capital Stock.

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## COMMUNICATIONS PROM THE INNER LIFE.

"Re shall give His angels charge concerning thee,"

All communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

Public Circles for these communications will be held at the Reception Room of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, (room 87, upper story, Lombard Block, first building west of the Post Office,) on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at precisely half-past ten o'clock A. M., after which hour no one will be admitted.

The Reception Room will be open on those days at ten o'clock A. M., for those who procure tickets to the public circles, and none others.

Admission tickets can be procured at Tallmadge's book store, on the left at the entrance to the building.

Those who desire may present, for answers, such questions, in writing, as shall be of general interest to the public.

August 20.

#### INVOCATION.

Beloved Father, ever present, ever kind, and ever full of mercy and goodness—Thou, who art in the heavens above, on the earth beneath—Thou, who watcheth all things with an eye of wisdom—Thou, who biddest the sensons come and go—changing, yet ever performing a mission—Thou, who hast created man as the highest type—grandest and most noble of Thy works—Thou, who hast marked out the different paths for Thy children—unto Thee we would look with that perfect trust which assureth us that it is Thy will, Thy pleasure, and that Thou "doeth all things well."

May our souls ever be filled with that trust that we shall be enabled to say—even though our paths be filled with thorns, and we become weary and long for rest—from our souls we can exclaim, not our will but Thine be done.

In everything we behold life and power sufficient unto itself—sufficient for its unfoldment upon the material and spiritual planes of life. Yes, our Father, all things are governed by Thee. With the care that Thou bestoweth upon that which is beneath us, need we fear that Thou wilt be unmindful of us, Thy children? Need we ask Thy blessing, when we behold the many benefits that Thou art constantly bestowing upon us? Need we fear for the future? Nay, our Father, we will ever trust in Thee.

Realizing that within the breast of every child Thou hast implanted the trust, the assurance, that we are the children of an infinite Father, let us be true unto ourselves, thereby being true to Theo.

August 28.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
QUESTION BY MR. ROCKES.

Q. I was reading a vision in the RELIGIO-PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURNAL, given some time since through this medium. When are the events there portrayed to take place? Blood was described as flowing freely among the black children who did not get the flags. Is that to come? A. Yes.

Q. What shall we do as Spiritualista?

A. We do not look upon it as actual human blood flowing—do not look upon it in that light. If it would be actually human blood you would look upon it with great horror.

Something deeper, more to be dreaded, than the shedding of human blood—harder to be borne than the exhaustion of that which keeps soul and body together.

We now that it was a struggle for truth, for justice, for every class of all humanity, to remove that oppression that is felt, not only by the black race, but by any number of the white race, which calls itself from free in one point, but slaves in snother.

It is believed in the spirit world that there will be a great many bloodler scenes than have been, in the course of a few years; yet we hope, we believe, indeed we have confidence in that power which unites and pervades all things, that the shedding of blood will not come, but that individuals will suffer interiorly as much as they would exteriorly.

Q. Is there anything new?

A. Something new to the senses. We know of nothing absolutely new, but things are new to individuals—new to them. All truth is old.

Theology declares that the Christ principle will save sinners—save the world. In one sense that is true. Spiritualists have the same idea to-day, for all new truth is saving power. You present it in different forms, but it is the same truth. Christ presented the truths of love and kindness: "Do unto others as you would that others should do to you." You do the same to-day—Spiritualists do the same, reformers do the same. They go still further. They believe in individual rights. They possess that love for themselves, and have a just appreciation of themselves, which they must have in order to know how to do by others.

August 16,

THOMAS TO HIS MOTHER.

I have been trying to remember the day of the month when I was drowned, but I cannot. It was in winter. I was skating on the ice where it was thin—where it had been cut out and then frozen over the top, and it was too thin to hold me up, and I broke through. I was so scared that I did not feel any pain—did not know when I died. The last I remember I was trying to catch hold, to keep myself up, and while doing so my head struck against the ice. It was pretty near the middle. It was on the river, near the middle of it.

I thought of you, mother, but I did not think long. I saw you afterwards when you were looking for me, and I saw myself, too, when you found me. I knew it. There were no spots on me—no place where I was hurt, but when you took the skates off my feet where the straps came round my boots you had to cut them off—the skate straps and boots. You took off my socks, and where the straps came was black, but the rest of me looked just as well as I ever did.

Just as well as I ever did.

I saw you, mother, when you rubbed my feet with your hands, and I saw you cry, too. The tears ran down your cheeks so that they dropped on to my feet. I wanted to tell you that I had other feet—had another body—but I could not do it. I could not make you hear. I tried to make you hear. I went right up to you, put my arms around your neck, and called you, but you did not

I did not see you when you buried my body.

They took me away to stay until I would feel bet-

ter, and you would feel better. They told me that you would be happier if I was not so close to you, so to make you happier I went away, but I was not happier.

The next time I saw you you were at aunt Hester's, and you were talking about me. You did not feel so bad as you did when you rubted my feet, but you felt dreadful bad. I felt bad, too. I have been trying ever since to tell you, but I cannot tell you a quarter of what I want to. I cannot stay.

Your Thomas is happy, but will be happier when you do not feel so bad. I sin't under the ice. I am not away off either. I cannot stay any longer. Father and mother, I cannot stay any longer.

#### WILLIAM H.

It is not to tell you anything new that I come, because I have been to you a great many times, but I promised you, a short time ago, that I would come here to this room, and through this body would prove to you my identity, and some of the powers that I possess now.

This mode of communicating is nothing new to you, and yet you are just as anxious to-day—at this hour—to hear from me, as you ever were. It seems to be a fact that the more individuals (after they enter upon this plane of life) converse with their friends upon the material plane, the more anxious they are to converse with them—never seem satisfied. If they know of their condition to-day, they want to know of it to-morrow—want to know of the progress that their friends are making—that we are making.

I have often told you that it was impossible for you to be any happier in receiving a message from me, than I was in giving that message to you, and that is true to the letter. There are no spirits who exert themselves sufficiently to converse with their friends but would feel more or less pleasure in doing so. I told you that I would come here. I speak of it to you that you may know that this circle—this medium—is true.

You told me the last time that I promised to come here that there was doubt in the minds of many about the truth and sincerity of this office, and also another office the same as this, and you said if I would come here it would convince you that it was genuine. I am glad that I have come. It will convince you. It will convince others, and will set those to thinking that knew me.

Our little girl is doing well enough. She will in a little time—in a few months—be moved upon more easily, and will speak more fluently than she does now; but, as I told you a little while ago, you must not show so much opposition to her. It will not do. You must not arouse her combativeness. You must not try to make her more positive than she is. You say that "it will ruin her if she is left in that negative, passive condition; that she will never do anything for herself, or for anybody else." But if she does not do anything for you upon the earth, she will for us. There are many that will be glad to do all that is necessary for the purpose of hearing from their friends.

There are several names that you would like to have me give you, and you want me to give my name in full, but I will only give you William H. The other names I will withhold for this time. Perhaps at another time I will give them. I am coming here again. If I do, I expect you. [To reporter. You will allow me, sir, to talk again, will you not? [Yes, all have liberty here,] Then I will come, and I say here the same as I said at our house, that I do want you to dispose of that place. and go where you can be more comfortable, enjoy more of the society of liberal, thinking, intelligent minds. I will be with you often. As I have told you before no great sorrow could beful you, because I was too near to permit it. Good bye, all. [Good byc.]

## A. CUMMINGS TO MRS. L.

[The spirit now controlling caused the medium to lean her head on her hand, as if in deep reflection, and said:] Please tell ine the day of the week. [Thursday.] Then it will be one week day, after to-morrow—one week next Saturday—since my spirit, my life, went out on earth.

I was young in years, and not in experience. It is to inform the lady where I stopped, where I died, I say that it is to inform her that I am happy, that I come here.

As strange as my life was, and as unjust, in the eyes of the world, yet there are kind, loving faces around me new.

Mrs. L., you have a great auxiety to find my mother. I would rather that she would not know that I am dead, not, at least, for the present—for some time yet. It is some time since she heard from me. It is not best that she should hear now. It is just as well for my body to rest here as it would be to have it taken home.

I did not toll you correctly in regard to my name, My reasons for so doing (withholding my true name,) were, that I knew if I had, you would have sent at once to my mother. I am glad, heartly glad, that I am through with earth. Although I staid but a few years in it, I saw enough, fult enough, of its sorrows.

The few weeks that I was sick—confined to my bed—I was satisfied with what you did for me. You know I told you I would just as soon you would not do anything for me; if I must die, let me die; if I must live I would try to get along. I saw my sister two hours before I died. She came to me, and told me that I was coming. I did not tell you of it.

If you should ever find my mother, tell her I died of fever. If you think best, say typhoid—you know as well as I what it was!

Before I died I did not believe I could talk to you after death. But, would you believe it, I was no more calm and collected in my whole life than I am at this hour. The persons here seem to be kind—full of kindness. They do not seem to have an unpleasant feeling towards me, and I believe if I would go on and tell them my whole history, they would feel to pity me instead of despising me. [That is so.]

Mrs. L., bury my body—that which was once my body—here. It is just as well, and better, than if you try to find my mother. If I wanted you to find her—if I wanted you to know it—I would tell you where to send. I know where she is, although she is not where I left her, still I know where she is

I did not blame the one whom I called my friend, although he told me many things that were false. I did not believe they were at the time, but I see it now. He never can tell me another falsehood, although he may tell them to others. I told you it was on Saturday last I died. Let my body be buried, and think of it no more. If you should by chance, think of me, turn not to the grave, but to the land where there are true and noble souls, where individuals feel towards each other kindly, as is their highest, most noble aim. There are none to deceive me now, and I would not try to deceive you. I see a number of the girls who wish they had been in my place, Be kind to them, for

there is none but the Father in heaven—none but our God, and they, who know their hearts, who know what they have suffered. I will pray, I will implore the God of Mercy to let me, and to let loving and pitying angels surround them, and cause a tear of sympathy for their sakes.

My true name, I said, I did not give you. I told you it was Cummings. I have given you facts enough here, Mrs. L. I never would say anything to bring reproach upon you, or your place. I will not reveal anything here which will cause anything to be ferreted out. I want you to see this, [to the reporter] and I wish you, ar, to send what I have said to 514—five—hundred—and—fourteen—

Can I tell you, and have you keep it to yourself? [Certainly.] Then let me take a pencil and piece of paper. [A pencil and sheet of paper were handed to the controlling spirit. Spirit wrote on the paper, and then said: Now, I desire that you should, when this is ready-when you have it printed-send one of the papers to the number of the street in this place-[Chicago?]-yes-that I have given you the name of in this paper. [To reporter.] Be kind enough to send or take it there. [Reporter-Will take it there, if you prefer, Do so, and say there is a paper for the lady of the house, and please, sir, be kind enough to let no one know what I have written on that paper, fgiving the paper to the reporter, and ever through time will I thank you for your kindness. I will remember you in my prayers to our Father that doeth most all-if not all-things well.

I thank you for your kindness. [You are entirely welcome.] Put my body in the grave, and let it there remain. Girls, be happy as you can, be hopeful as you can. With the life that is before you you will have to stay but a little while.

Until I come to you again or you come to me, (and I think you will come here before long,) good bye.

L. C. D.

[The spirit now controlling opened the medium's eyes, and said:] It was not in this city that I died, but far away from here; but it seems just as though distance on earth—that which is distance to you—we know nothing of.

I desired this morning to come here, and at the time of that desire I as w you seleep, resting quietly and sweetly upon your bed. How far is it from here to San Francisco? [Gentleman present-About 3,000 miles.) What time is it now? [Halfpast eleven o'clock.] When you were sleeping this sixteenth day of August-the morning, to you, of the sixteenth of August-Isaw you. You had been reading the night before the communications given on the sixth page of this paper. You wished that some one of us would go there and give you a message. You went to sleep with that wish-that desire-so I resolved to go tithe place that you desired some one of us to go to, and try and see what I could do, and if I could converse with you or give you a word or two.

I was here, close by the lady who gave that sad, but I believe true, communication, that you will find just before mine—the last before mine.

I am glad she is happy. I know that with individuals here—with their truthful hearts—she cannot be otherwise. It is true friendship here. It is not for self-gratification that individuals manifest friendship here. I care not what a person may have done upon earth—if a person's life upon earth has been one of sorrow, he or she is treated more kindly when they come upon this plane. If they have seen unhappy days on earth they should see happy days in spirit life.

I am glad, sweet sister, that I can come here, but more glad that I can talk to you, and I am glad that the day is coming when individuals will feel to treat the less fortunate than themselves with kindness instead of crueity and disdain. I want to say to you now that if it is ever your lot to meet with a sister who has fallen from what the world calls a true and virtuous life, show her greater kindness, more murked attention, than if it had been otherwise. Bu sure and do that, and you will find every time you do so it will have its affect, not only upon the sister, but will give to your own life picture its most heautiful brillingey.

Now, although I do not talk with you often, yet I am with you. I am glad (so is father) that you are taking the interest in the departed that you do. You feel as though there must be something in it, and you think if some one of us would come then you could be certain as to lik truth. You have wished for me to come. I have wished to do so, and now I have come. I thought adulchow it would be a pleasure to me to have what it would say follow my poor unfortunatoristor's communication. I am glad that she found a person here that would be true enough to her infter she had left earth-to promise to convey her message to her friends-a promise that will be kept sacred-that he would do it unbeknown to any one. I would thank him for hor that he made that promise, I believe it will be kept secred as the apple of his eye.

I said that distance somed to be annihilated. On the morning of the 18th I was with you. At halfpast eleven I had possession of this body, and have said with pleasure what I flave said to you.

Do not forget, I implore you, Cynthia, do not forget what I said to you—treating a sister kindly, no matter, I say, how low she may have fallen, no matter who there is by that knows of it—the more that are present who would annihilate her, you should do differently. It will be better for you to treat her kindly. The greater will be for you the victory.

I see that you are not afraid of being contaminated. So long as you are true to yourself, you need have no fears of a contaminating influence by treating those who are unfortunate kindly. We all have one Father. We all have one Mother, and we are all children of loving Parents—then we all should be loving brothers and sisters. Those who have not learned that lesson, surely will have enough to do when they reach the spirit land.

[To reporter.] I believe that I did give you my name? [No.] I gave you that of my sister.

name? [No.] I gave you that of my sister.

Kind and loving sister, I will not say good bye here, because, before this reaches you, I will be with you many times. I will be with you when you see this—when you read it. You will not be afraid to have certain persons—a certain few friends—know that you have received this, and that you read these messages. I am ever with you, and will be until you change from the material to the spiritual. Be true to yourself and you will be happy.

Your loving sister, L. C. D. Good bye.

AUGUST 21.
RANSOM MERRILL

[To reporter.] Ransom is my name, sir. My father, I saw you at my funeral. I heard the preacher when he said "he is not lost but gone before." I saw you crying—I saw everything you did. I was right with you, too. I did not know what he meant when he said "not lost but gone before." I have learned that since. I have learned how it is to go ahead and leave our o'ks behind. I

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have learned some things that you cannot do—to get somebody to talk for me. You never learned that, and I want to show you how well I can do it by having you go to a—I don't know what the name is. [You mean a medium.] That is it. A woman sits down by a table and makes it tip, and raps come on it in this way. [Medium raps on the table.] I want you to go and see that kind of folks, so that I can show you what I can do. I will spell out my name by making the woman talk for me, or else by making sounds on the table or by making it tip. I will spell out Merrill Ransom. That is pretty much all I am going to say now.

#### Z. CAMPBELL.

My children, as I turn my thoughts to earth and its scenes, I behold your many needs, your many trials, and your many afflictions. It is then that I become anxious-exceedingly so to let be known to you some of the truths, some of the light that we are possessed of. We once lived, as you now live, on earth, though our experiences were different, and yet of the earth, earthy. Although our experiences are not alike, the knowledge of the experience of others ofttimes aids us in our various paths, so that we can walk with more case and free dom than we otherwise would. I have not forgotten you. I have not forgotten the promise I made you, and which I should have fulfilled if I had remained on earth. Do not know but what I can accomplish something here-that is, if you will give me your attention-not unless you do, however. I cannot manifest myself to you through material means in any form-it matters not what the form is—unless your attention is drawn to the material. Now, death changes us only from the material. Our plane of life is just as real, just as perfect, just as substantial as yours is to you, and vet to make ourselves understood to you we have to act upon your material plane; for so long as you are surrounded by the external, by the grosser things of life, so long you will have to see and comprehend all that you do by, and through, material things-to us grosser substances.

We died to the flesh, but not to the spirit—not to life—the real actuating power. We died to your external senses, but to your internal senses we are ever near and dear.

It will take you but a very short time to over-

come the feelings that you have now, and that you think you should have if you should investigate and try to know of the communications—different manifestations from us. Those feelings will soon pass away; for, as you let in the light of truth it will expel the darkness.

Although I am saying here what I do, yet I cannot talk with the same freedom, that I approved I

not talk with the same freedom that I supposed I could before I took possession of this body. Yet I believe that what I have said is plain enough, and sufficiently pointed, for you to understand it if you will reason. Try. If it be with this as everything else, you will never accomplish anything. You must try, you have got to exert yourself—got to exert your reasoning powers. If you only knew—if I could only make you feel and understand the same as I do, you would not care nor give a thought to what he or she would say.

[To reporter.] I want you, sir, to be kind enough to say for a certainty that what I have said is given correctly. [Reporter—Word for word.] Say that Z. Campbell is happy because he has learned through experience on both planes of life—the external and internal, or the material and the spiritual.

Happiness and heaven consist in our own ability and powers of comprehension-in other words, as we have power to discern the true and the beautiful in all things, so alike will we be happy in heaven; and I feel, now, that to make you see and comprehend it in its true light-its true sense-it will add very much to my heaven - my own individual heaven -- because what is heaven to one is not heaven to another; that which would give joy to one, would give sorrow to another. So every one has his or her own heaven, I believe it to be a fact, a truth well demonstrated by experiences in the past and present, a lesson to me, but not to others. Arrange and prepare for your own happiness, regardless, as I said before, of the ideas or opinious of others. Care more for your own real enjoyment than you do for the views of others. I shall come to you just as often as I can, shall say all that I can-enswer every question that you may see fit to ask me-or what I cannot answer I will get somebody else to answer for me.

To some I will say I am your loving father, to others a brother, to others a triend. [To reporter.] I am very much obliged to you, sir. [You are welcome.]

## LAURA N. P.

My brother said that happiness consisted in our powers of reasoning, our ability to comprehend. That may be true with him, but it is not with me. Circumstances by which we are governed, and over which we have no control, have much to do with our happiness. I am happy because I find it a pleasure to add to the happiness of others. It is my greatest joy when I can see others cheerful, possessing real enjoyment, and know that I have been instrumental in bringing it about. It is a pleasure to me, and I am glad, sweet sister, to say to you that I am happy-that I am often with you; and, although I do not always manifest myself to you as you think I ought to, yet the different times I have been with you, and the hope I have of the future, make me happy, because that assurance will make you happy. You will not expect me to talk here with you as if you were present.

Some time ago a spirit remarked here that but very few persons would consider themselves competent to write an article for publication, and I think his remark was a very true one. Our necessity to manifest ourselves to you compels us to lay aside, in a measure, any delicacy that we feel in reference to the matter. Mother thought, and has for several days past, that when this hour came she would improve it, but she said, "You go, Laura, I will go at another time." How like our dear mother is that: "You go, and I will come at another time." How kind, how good, how gentle, she was on earth. You know she always said, "You go." It was need because she thought I was going to have so much pleasure, but she thought, owing to the conditions that I could say what would be necessary. Let me say, that as kind and considerate as she was on early she is more so now. She watches you from my to day, from week to week. Sometimes a sheet w will come over her sweet countenance as at sees the steps, and knows the result of them. had a power, almost unknown, compose the best of some to disappear, and happened, for and produced to take

We do not think now as we used to. So often I have told you that everything seems so changed here that we are compelled to view things differently. We shall no fixed place of happiness, no fixed place of tormant. We find that these whom we thought would never know happiness are happy and contented, and we find when they approach this circle to manifest themselves they are received.

with just as much kindness as those who have lived as perfect as possible on earth. You see how perfect everything is here. When I say here, I do not mean in this little circle. I will repeat here, that it is a pleasure for us to manifest ourselves to you. Although you do not heed what we say, yet we feel we have done our duty—we have warned you of the result. It is well that you know from experience, and it is well for us, knowing the future, to reveal it to you.

I said that circumstances over which we have no control have much to do with our happiness. Circumstances will not permit me to remain here this morning as long as I would like to; but I will go away happy, and thankful to these friends that it will reach you, and perhaps at an hour, too, when some sad, heartrending news will reach you. Then read this, and remember that though you have no mother upon earth, I am near you. Be kind to your father on earth. Treat him as his age demands. He will not stay very long. Do not think when I say he will stay but a hort time, that in a little while you will lay his body away to rest, but it will seem a short time to us when his spirit will join us on this plane of life, where we can make him happier, much happier, than he has been for

Your dear sister Laura sent this—yes, for your consolation, I will say Laura N. P.

[To persons present.] Accept my thanks, in I see on your faces kindness, and I hope that you will wear that expression for every one you med. [Lady present said—We will endeavor to do so.]

### M. GILBERTS.

[Medium, under control, moved off some distance from the reporter's stand, and said; When I get fixed stranger, I will proceed to talk to my friends, but not until then. This is a peculiar way. Think it would be a pretty good idea to have two individuals here, one male and the other female. It would give us a chance to take which one we would have a mind to. Must be myself, stranger. If I cannot be myself, no use to be anybody-anybedy or anything. Be yourself. Be not Christ, nor his apostles-be not the devil, nor any of his followers. but be yourself-that is what I believe in. If you are an ignorant man, be yourself. If you are an educated man, be yourself. If you are a Christian, be yourself. If you are a hypocrite, be yourself, be yourself. No use putting on, no use trying to make believe, for there is no kind of use making believe here, for you are sure to be found out in it, somer or later. You will be found out in it on earth, too.

My people would not allow me to act out myself—thunder! If I had acted out myself it would have been all right.

I tell you, uncle John, there is no use in your trying to make believe you are in for the Union because you have not been found out. If you didn't make believe so, everything you have got would be, as the nigger said, "cornfiscated."

There is a day coming when all will be known for just what they are. People will be themselves then. I was myself, Hettie. I was myself when idied. I was myself on the resurrection more. Been myself ever since. God didn't ask for me, and the devil didn't take me. Mean to be just like myself and nobody else. I said, mark you! if there is any by-road, lane or alley, that I can get in to come back and talk through, I will do it. But this way is a main traveled road. I ain't the only one, and I shall not be the last, to enter it.

I did not suffer half so much as you thought I did. The nervous twitchings of my face and hands and feet, were not anything that reached the such where the pain lay. I seemed not to have the power to keep them still. Did not suffer what we thought I did-it was a kind of leaving the body. guess-not having anything to control it, to keep it in proper position any longer. Mighty fine thing Hettie, not to suffer, though all may think we are suffering. It ain't anything to die; you ar every day. We have got ourselves fixed in the idea of death-an awful death. It is not awful It is just exactly like the great cak. When the roots are cut away, it waves to and fro, and finally falls down on the ground. It don't hurt it any, it don't feel any more by laying on the ground than when standing up. What a called death, is taking away the roots that hind you to earth, and that which binds you lies down and that which held it goes into another place. That h my idea about it, Hettie. I never could declare it till now-had a kind of an idea about it, but never got it clear. Do not have any fears about dring nor the resurrection either. Every time you go to sleep and wake up, it is resurrection confirmation to consciousness of external things. When puls a in your body then is the time when there is suffering, but when you die-what is called death-there is no suffering. Get over that idea just as quiet as you can. I will help you all I can, too.

When I found myself after death I was well, you know what I mean by that. My left limb was cut off—the one you know I lost when I was but nineteen years old. In the first place it was below the knee, but by some means or other, do not know how, it became so badly inflamed that the only way, they said, was to take it off above the knee, leaving the stump. I told you all about inshouldn't tell you here only to let you know that I know all about it. When it was taken off the second time I get along well. After my death my left limb was just as good as my right one. Hope you will not have the misdictume to lost one of your limbs, but if you do, you will have the large.

Strange, alt T it? [Tes.] Strange!

[To reporter.] Due t Strange to make my letter straight, will you? [It will be at which.]

M. Gilberts.

Make that straight, sit, and I will remounder you in all good wishes to make everybody straight.

[Thank you.]

A Women in a Duncksum—Under this head the Control Of Alaboratio Territory) Alaphary gives the following our confecting to state that Mrs. Brown was in boundary till the year 1889:

Mrs. (mrs. Brown, (codored,) better known to and Characters as 'Aunt Clara,' came here in 1888. and by silve of hard lador and personerance has amount quite a fortune. Last October the secret a her commonly and industry for all these years came to light, and her object apparent. She at that time went East, and has since devoted her time and energies to looking up her numerous pro-gray. For that purpose she traveled through the length and breadth of Kentucky and Tennessee, colinering together her flock, and the result is that she has now come back to her chosen home in the productains with her sons and daughters, with their husbands and wives, and their children, sixteen in aid. She brought them all through at her own expense, arriving last week, and proposes to settle them around her, where she can have an eve we their movements and future welfare. We will put 'Aunt Clara' against the world, white or black, for industry, perseverance, energy and matermal love."

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# Our Children.

O A child is torn; now take the germ and make it.

A bud of count manny. Let the down
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it.
In richest fragrance and in purest lines;
For show the gathering hand of death will break it.

From its week stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hage swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain? O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

#### and the first of The Little Children.

God bless the little children, We meet them everywhere; We hear their voices round one hearth, Their footsteps on the stair; Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er With mirthininess and gleet God bless the fittle children Wherever they may be.

Wa meet them 'neath each gipuy tent, With visage swarth and dun, And yes that sparkle as they glance, With regnery and fun; We find them fishing in the brook For minneys with a pin, Or greeping through the hazel-brush The tinnet's nest to win.

We most them in the lordly hall, Their stately father's pride; Me meet them in the poor man's cot —
He has no wealth beside;
Along the city's crowded street —
They hard the hoop or ball; We find them 'neath the pauper's roof. The andless sight of all.

For there they win no father's love, No mother's tender care, Their only friend the God above, Who hears the orphan's prayer; But dressed in allks, or draped in rags, In childish grief or gies, God bless the little children Wherever they may be.

#### Enigmas, Charades, Etc. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of only twelve letters; yet out of my name can be formed more than 150 English words.

My 1, 9, 5, 12 is what destroys the peace of

" 2, 12, 3, 5, 10 is what none should be ashamed to do.

" 6, 4, 11, 12 is what all should avoid.

" 7, 8, 5 is used on boats.

" 8, 12, 3, 5 is a division of time.

My whole is greatly desired by mediums; and is possessed by many, who are not conscious of the R. M. McCord. fact.

Centralia, Ill., August, 1866. Answer in two weeks.

### WORD PUZZLE.

My 1 is in bottle, but not in cork. " 2 " sheep, but not in lamb.

" 3 " near, but not in far.

Java, but not in Sunda. " 5 " Spanish, but not in Dutch.

William, but not in Bill. maid, but not in youth.

" hand, but not in foot.

" 9 " father, but not in mother.

" 10 " rake, but not in plow. " 11 " lead, but not in iron.

" 12 " knot, but not in tie.

" 13 " king, but not in queen.

" 14 " lake, but not in poud.

" 15 " ink, but not in pen. " 16" fine, but not in good.

My whole is the name of a good and great States-

WM. H. CHILD. Philadelphia, August 17, 1866.

Answer in two weeks.

## BOTANICAL TRANSPOSITION.

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Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO UNIMPORTANT QUESTIONS. If a pair of spectacles could speak, what ancient theologian would they name? Eusebius. (You see by us.)

When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

Why is a lady of fashion like a successful sportsman? Because she bags the hare.

Why are birds the most successful agriculturists?

Because their crops never fail. What is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has yet ever done? Stop a minute.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN NO. 22. Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.-Don't give

up the ship. Answer to Word Puzzle.-Napoleon Bonaparte.

Answer to Puzzle .-There is a lady in this land

Has twenty nalls, on every hand

Five, and twenty on both hands and feet; This is the truth, without deceit.

## The Crowing Hen.

Once upon a time, in one of the greatest cities in the world-which is called Athens-there lived a famous writer who had a magic pen, which tradition saith was plucked from the right wing of the cagle that bears the thunderbolts of Jupiter. I don't know whether this is true or not; I only know that this pen writes the most wonderful things that ever were read-of men, and women, and birds, and beasts, and philosophy—so that all who can read are delighted thereby.

Once this magic pen wrote of hens, and you would think that all the hens in the world must have held a convention, and this pen but wrote their history, so wise and witty and profound was this story about

No doubt there was such a convention, and all the bens were there but my little Patsy, who was sitting on six eggs, and who took more pleasure and comfort in her nest, and keeping her eggs warm, than she could in attending this great Hen's Rights Convention. That is the reason, too, why this famous pen did not write the history of good little Patsy. But it deserves to be written, and so I have taken my best gold pen and begun to write this story; for if the great writer who wrote about all the hens in the world had known my Patsy she never would have said-

"I have made diligent inquiry, but I have not been able to find any person who had heard, or who had ever seen or heard of any one who had heard a crowing hen."

This magic pen thought that crowing was a mark of masculine rudeness. Ah, they did not know my Patsy, for she was modest, and gentle, and mock. Patsy was an orphan. I found her one morning under the large contact. under the barn, crying "peep-peep-peep," in a shrill, desolate voice; so I peeped under the barndoor and saw a tiny chicken trying to hide herself in an old basket. I called "chickey, chick-

" and strewed grain about, which some halfgrown chickens, with three feathers in their tails, ate up very quickly, but the little stranger never moved, and only cried the louder.

Then I got a rake and succeeded in pulling out the basket, chicken and all. I never knew what heartless mother left the little creature there to per-

ish; no doubt she got her reward. So Patsy was brought up by hand, and though quiet and somewhat given to melancholy, at the

thought of her loneliness, she was a very pretty little creature, with a gentle dignity of her own ; and she had a coquettish way of nodding the little great of feathers on her head, which made some of the envious hens, who had no crest, call her groud and haughty.

She soon grow to henhood, however, and a proud orgatura was Palay when she laid her first egg in her own nest. To be sure it was a vary small one, as Speekle told her, who came to look at it. But Speckie was a large, matronly hen, the mother of several large families, who had quite forgotten that the first egg she laid herself was even smaller than Patay's. But that is the way of the world. Patay thought she would do better by and by, and so she did. At length she began to express a wish to have chickens of her own. I said, "Fig. Patay! What can you do with chickens? You're nothing but a chicken yourself."

But the ruffed her feathers, and said, "Cluck, chick," to an imaginary brood, and seemed so much In earnest that I determined to gratify her; and remarked to my brother Tom, that he must get some good eggs for Patsy, as she was determined to

A bright idea seemed to strike Tom, for he jumped up from the table and knocked down his chair,

anyling. Don't you set Patsy till I gat back; I know

where there's some famous eggs. He rushed out and in an hour returned with his trowsers turned up, and ble boots covered with mad, and half a dozen eggs tled up in his handkerehief.
"There's the eggs for Patsy!"

" Where dld you get them?"

"Down on the meadow. Wild ducks, by jingo!"
Tom was a rude boy, and cared for nothing but
a boat and a gun, and always talked loud slang.
Patsy's delight culminated when Tom rolled these

eggs into her nest, and she tucked them up with

her bill, and spread out her wings enough to cover

a dozen. And there she sat day and night, patient and unwearled, scarcely giving herself time to eat. Speckle came down to see her. You wont have many chickens, I suppose?" she

naked. Patsy showed her warm eggs.
"Dear me," sighed Speckle, "so few and so small!
It's poor encouragement, to sit so long, and hatch

out a weak little brood. I wouldn't spend the time.' "I shall be quite satisfied with whatever is right," responded the patient Patsy; "and my time isn't

worth much. "I am sorry for you. I will just lay another egg

in your nest. So Speckle laid an egg in Patsy's nest, and in due time six curious little ducklings, and one little round, downy, saucy chicken appeared. Patsy scarcely knew what to think of the strange little feet of her chickens, and did not know why one should be so different from the rest. But she did not doubt that it was all right; so she marched to the barnyard as proud a hen as ever lived, and scratched and clucked with the utmost industry.

She felt worried, however, to see that the chickens with the queer feet and bills did not gather about her and pick up the bugs and worms she unearthed for them, only the one brisk one, who

scratched and ate enough for the seven.

"Just as I thought," said Speckle, "nothing but ducks!" and as she spake the little things actually flew upon the edge of the watering trough, and

were soon swimming about merrily.
"Don't be alarmed," said Speckle, "I hatched ducks once myself, and they always went into the

ducks once myself, and they always went into the water. It does them good."

"But they don't eat anything. I scratch and scratch, but they don't eat," said Patsy, anxiously.

"Yes, they do. While you are scratching for them, they are catching flies and grasshoppers. They are poor things, and I pity you. My ducks were clumsy creatures, and could not get about any faster than a snail. I nearly moped to death that supmer." that summer."

"But my ducks fly away from me, and sometimes I have hard work to find them. Yet I am very fond of them, and like them quite as well as if they were all like this one."

But soon these ambitious little ducklings sought a larger pond than the watering trough, and one day, while Patsy was scratching and the little chicken was eating the shares of seven-by which means she grew very fat-the venturous ducklings put their heads together and determined to go on an exploring expedition after more water, and immediately started straight for the brook that ran across the road some distance from the barnyard, where they were swimming, and diving, and fluttering, some time before mother Patsy missed them.

She called them again and again, and ran hither and thither, clucking and cackling in great distress, but they could not hear her, and kept at their sport, Never had they had such a rare frolic before in such bright, limpid water, with no cows putting in their mouths to drink, no horses threatening to swallow them.

Poor Patsy was in great distress at the loss of her children, and if she had been a woman, would no doubt have got out all the police force of the town, crying "children lost." At last she flew upon the fence and took a survey of the surrounding country, and away down on the shining brook, floating, fluttering, plunging and circling in all their native grace, she saw her dear nestlings.

She called to them again with her motherly cluck, but they could not hear her voice, they were so far away. Then she cackled, and still in vain. And then poor Patsy crowed as loudly and boldly as

strutting Chanticleer himself. Her strange children heard, and came running and flying towards her, like the good, loving things they were, and she brooded them with more fond-

ness than ever. "It is very fortunate you can crow," said Speck-le; "though for my part I never could have the courage, it seems so coarse—as though you wanted to be a rooster.'

"I don't want to be a rooster, indeed; but I think it no shame to crow when I am obliged to. And whenever I find it necessary to crow, I shall crow, whatever hens or roosters think of me," and Patsy smoothed down her feathers with her beak, with a pretty wilful air of independence.

And ever after that, when she lost her ducklings she would mount the fence or gate and crow, in spite of the cackle of small-minded hens, and never caring that Chanticleer dragged his tail on the ground, and said-

Well, if Mistress Patsy has gone to crowing, I thing it is time for me to go to laying eggs." This is the story of Patsy, and it has at least the merit of being as true as though it was written with the magic pen from the right wing of Jove's

## Counsels to Children.

eagle.-Arthur's Magazine.

You were made to be clean and neat in your persons and in your dress, and gentlemanly and lady-like in your manners. If you have not been bitten by a mad dog, don't be afraid of fresh water. There is enough water in the world to keep everybody clean; but there is a great deal of it never finds its right place. You were made to be kind and generous and

magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger and stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him; request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

You were made to learn. Be sure you learn something every day. When you go to bed at night, if you cannot think of something new which you have learned during the day, spring up and find a book, and get an idea before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your bodies pine and famish? If you stop learning your minds will pine and famish too. You all desire that your bodies should thrive and grow, until you become as tall and large as your fathers or mothers or other people. You would not like to stop growing where you are now—at three feet high, or four feet, or even five. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing; and one of the poorest, meanest, most despicable things I have ever seen in the world is a little mind in a great body. - Horace Mann.

When you hear any one making a great noise about himself, his merits and his good qualities, remember the poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks

### An Encouraging Word.

Little Charite was the dult how of his school. All the rest either langued at or pilled him. Even his master sometimes (annual him with his deficiencies. He became suiten and indifferent, and took no pains to get on. One day, a gent man who was visiting the school, looked over some boys who were making their first attempt to write, There was a general burst of amosement at poor Charlie's efforts. He colored, but was silent.

"Never mind, my lad," said the gentleman, cheeringly; "don't be dischuraged; just do you'r best, and you'll be a brave writer some day. I recollect when I first began to write being quite as awkward as you are; but I persevered, and now look here." He took a pen and wrote his name in fine, legible characters. "He what I can do now,"

Many years afterwards that gentleman met Charlie again. He had turned out one of the most celebrated men of his day; and he expressed his firm conviction that he oved his success in life, under God's blessing, to the encouraging speech made by the school visitant,

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