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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Go Thy Way and Sin no More."

BY R. T. WATSON.

Brother, fainting, weak and weary,
By temptation sorely pressed;
Courage take, and bravely battle
With the darkness in thy breast;
Though the waves may overwhelm thee,
Thou shalt safely reach the shore,
Guided by those words of Jesus,
"Go thy way and sin no more."

Bright above the clouds of error
Shines the glorious sun of truth;
'Twill redeem thee from thy bondage,
Clothe thee with immortal youth
Heir of God; His bright evangel
Whisper sweetly evermore,
In thine ear those words of counsel,
"Go thy way and sin no more."

Sister, with thy weight of sorrow,
Bowed with suffering, sin and shame;
Victim of unhallowed passions
Burning in their lurid flame;
Trembling, outcast and forsaken;
Wall upon life's surging tide,
Beft of love, of hope and beauty,
Human sympathy denied.

Though the Pharisee may scorn thee,
"I am holier than thou,"
There is one whose soul of mercy
Brings a balm to heal thy woe;
Throbbing from the heart of Jesus,
Through the ages evermore,
Come those words of cheer and comfort,
"Go thy way and sin no more."

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LIFE AMONG THE "MIGHTY OJBWAYS."

BY J. OSGOOD BARRETT.

CHAPTER IX. MEDICINE MEN.

In the morning, the Pelican maiden and her tall mother, dressed in tidy calico, visited us, bashfully and gratefully partaking of our lusty fare. The gipsy brown on their faces, their clear, dark eyes, their straight, athletic forms, their deep, black hair combed neatly and falling freely down the neck and bosom, all had a bewitching charm, in keeping with the romantic wilds around us.

Here was an exhibition of native health; every one remarked it so quickly, that it became a subject of lively discussion.

"Hurrah for Indian life!" exclaimed one of the company, "a bed of boughs or grasses, the soft dews, the magnetic stars, the pure, free air, are the best medicines for a sick man in the world."

"Then you don't believe in allopathy?"

"Allopathy! Did God make a drug store, calomel, quinine, and all the other filthy poisons with which you stuff a sick man's stomach, that he may die respectably, and that the minister, equally gulled, may preach, 'Great is the mystery of Providence?' Believe in such materia medica? Ten thousand curses upon it; for, after killing two or three of my children, it has opened my eyes to nature's curative agencies."

Allopathy, having received a general condemnation, no one ventured on homeopathy.

At length our hunter, being a "water-cure establishment," argued for hydropathy with a gentleman who contended for the botanic system.

"Hydropathy for all diseases, you quack! cure consumption, hysterics, spiritual bifalutins and all the 'ills that flesh is heir to!'"

"You speak of spiritual bifalutins. Is that a disease mentioned in the books?"

"No, sir; books have all changed these days, and the world is turned inside out and outside in. The mediums have made a general revolution by their rappings, tippings, wriggings, dancings, trancings, rhapsodies, and the other fulminations of our fast times."

"Bifalutins and fulminations, expressive, sir; but do you not know that, underlying all these strange phenomena, are spiritual forces at work to heal our pattered, miserable, civilized life, which needs a thorough shaking to wake it up from its dead conventionalisms?"

"Well, let us hear, if there is any reason in such superfine nonsense."

"Hear me, then, ladies and gentlemen, and be silent that you may hear: When you are pilled with poisonous drugs, or glutted in your souls with creeds and dogmas, till you are reduced to a moral skeleton, it is glorious to be shaken up with nerves flying, arms swinging, and feet dancing, and lungs acting deep and strong with electric inspirations. These fulminations 'involve a virtue which I will demonstrate,'" and the defender flew at the taunting interrogator, roughly manipulating him, after the style of the magnetic doctors.

"Hold! I am convinced!" shouted the subject, amid roars of laughter.

eyes, as some white physicians are, was applied to for his healing skill. After preparatory singing and dancing, burning buffalo hairs and skunk's gall and other conjurations, he placed the sick man flat upon his back, and, looking into his mouth, noticed an elongation of the uvula, when, with a pair of bullet-mounds, he tore it out, fiber after fiber, the poor fellow submitting to the surgery with unutterable groans.

"Did he get well, captain?"

"Of course not. He died soon after, consoled by the reflection, however, that it was done under able hands, and in a respectable manner."

"Good!" shouted the unvanquished disputant; "that was not hifalutin, but regular practice—allopathic treatment."

"But, gentlemen, we must do the Indians justice," broke in the captain again. "They do perform astonishing cures with their medicines, although in surgery they are rather bungling and rough. Some of our best hunters are medicine men, and possess a power to entrap a deer, fox, or other animal, by some strange charm. I have seen one of these hunters, after getting his eye on his prey, look with an unearthly stare and then yell, when, instantly, the poor creature would stop and tremble and wait to be shot. One day he made a rabbit fall dead at the command of his voice."

"Fie, captain! No fabrications here."

"Fact, sir, believe me; they can tame a wolf by looking into its eyes."

"But what about the medicine?"

"Great doctors, sir, always hit the mark without books. Do you see that little skeleton caboose, yonder? That is the prophet's house of talk with the gods. He gets in there, and goes through all sorts of agonies. After much sweating and puffing he becomes calm, when he groans deep, and gives the warwhoop, and out he jumps, scampering off on a full run to find a particular plant, exactly suited to the disease. Far into the forest he flies, and grasps it with a snort, and rushes back to his patient, who is sure to get well. Sometimes he uses the gall, the stomach, liver, or intestines, of an animal, when like the plant, it is sure cure."

"Well, captain, that will do. Hurrah for the Indian doctors, and all the white folks that believe, and get well on hemlock boughs, bloodroot, balsam and honey dews!"

CHAPTER X. MARRIAGE INFIDELITIES.

"Captain, who is that tall, sinewy woman?"

"I am posted in her history, too, for I have lived with these people many years, visiting every family to buy furs. She is the lawful mother of this girl, and the former wife of a rich, white lumberman who lived years ago on the Ottawa river, in Canada. When other white settlers located in the place, his pride mastered his affection. His coolness to his wife increased; she recoiled from his gaze with a chill. At last his wicked resolution culminated, and in stern repulsive looks, he repelled her from their once happy home, telling her to 'begone!'"

She joined a band of Indians, who in due time moved into Wisconsin, where she married the proud Indian who is the father of this maiden."

"No uncommon thing, you know, for white men who marry squaws, to turn them off in this manner. Some have honor enough to retain their wives and educate their children, as two of us gentlemen can demonstrate in our own experience; but the general rule is to get rid of the squaws when white women appear."

"Do you recollect Mr. —? His squaw is still living, and is now a drunken wretch. He has several promising children by her, whom, to his credit, he educates; but falling in love with a fascinating school-mistress, he offered his hand—for he was then rich—and you know the result. After kicking his squaw out of doors, he married the talented teacher. His first wife threatens to kill them both."

"Several gentlemen, I learn, in St. Paul and St. Anthony, and other border towns, got possession of vast tracts of land by marrying squaws; but when civilized society poured into those places, they just gave them over to the tender mercies of prowling savages, allowing them nothing for the lands, and there were enough among the white fashionables to marry these Indian men."

"Is it not a custom among Indian men to divorce themselves from their wives at will, as these whites have?"

"It is, I confess, and a chief may marry two or three women, if he likes, or divorce them; but, mind you, he must not steal what lawfully is his wife's, as have the white husbands of squaws. Indians are barbarians, and we may expect of them nothing better than occasional divorce for trivial causes. For white men to do the same is an outrage on decency, even if it be on the borders of civilization. Instead of settling the Indians a good example, they simply copy them, acting often 'tenfold more the children of hell.' So the Indians have no moral incentives to rise in the scale of manhood, when brought in contact with the Whites. Hence all the civilizing processes thus far employed upon the Indians are degrading in tendency."

CHAPTER XI. THE PELICAN MAIDEN.

"Who is that Pelican maiden, sir guide? 'Somehow she impresses me strangely.'"

"There hangs a romance. You noticed her neat wigwam, where, in her best attire, she seems to wait for company? Indian aristocracy—high blood—proud of her lineage! Her father is a great hun-

ter, and sells more furs than half a dozen common men.

"A young sprig of the Flambeaux tribe, living east in the finest game land you ever saw, chanced to spend a night at her father's wigwam. He was young, brilliant, gaily adorned; she beautiful, modest, dignified. Four eyes made one pair that very night. Love whistled itself. The emotion of virgin hearts at length found utterance in declarations. They loved. The momentous question that seals one's fate bubbled up like a white water lily in the lake. Strange that the course of true love must always be rough and stormy! The girl was fairly won, but dared not proffer her hand. Her father was an influential Indian, and would never consent that his daughter, so famous among all the youth, should wed any but a brave, crowned with eagle's feathers. She knew her father's pride, and loftiness of purpose, a spirit in which she herself gloried, and with tears more sweet and beautiful than the dews that hang on the flag-tips in summer's morn, she confessed the perils that menaced 'love's first dream.' Both knew it to be a useless truce then to solicit the father's consent. Honor and filial confidence held her back; she would not clandestinely fly to the Flambeaux, afterwards to be stung with her father's bitter curse."

"Her denial was suffused with tears which washed the hands that were clasped so mutely. He related his prowess in the hunt—how he shot the hawk upon the wing; how he caught the fox with his own wooden trap; how he denned the bear and slew her at his feet; how he climbed to the eagle's nest; how he chased the deer and brought her down at the first fire; how he paddled his canoe alone upon the lake in the storm, and won the praises of all the mothers."

"She listened, as one in love only can listen, and answered in that painful, 'No, my Wau-bon-sie, not yet; we will meet again.' He read her thought; he must perform some deed in battle, meriting the honor of her hand; and so gain from her lips what the heart prompted her to say. It was then midnight. Pressing her lips, he darted from the wigwam, and dashed with arrowy speed among the shadows of the trees. She followed with a half precipitate step to the lake shore. She laid her ears upon the waves, and heard the swift splashes of a receding canoe. She called aloud, 'Wau-bon-sie, Wau-bon-sie!' but the wind and spray only echoed an answer. Had he, in a moment of rashness, hurled himself into the angry lake? She trembled at the thought! Often did she skim those waters with her light canoe, scarcely daring to gaze into their fitful depths; but still she searched for her beloved. The poor girl, once so rosy and gay, grew thoughtful and sad. No one knew her secret as well as her own heart, where it was locked in sacred keeping."

"Days—weeks—months rolled by, and no trace of her lover. At length, old Red Bird, as he was called, returning from the white man's market, at the Falls, dropped in, just at evening, and, in cool indifference, stated to her father, that several Indians, who had enlisted early in the spring for the white man's war, had distinguished themselves in a battle on the Mississippi. Her curiosity was at once excited. On inquiring their names, beheld the first was Wau-bon-sie! The fate of her lover was unsealed; she pressed her hand upon her bosom to still the heart's turbulence, and silently passed out to hide her emotions, which, however, were observed by her father, who now read the long sealed mystery. In a moment she returned, and amid blushes, which she could not conceal, asked if any of the Indian soldiers were slain in the battle?"

"'Only one,' he said, 'Not Wau-bon-sie,' he added with careful emphasis."

"Again she rushed out, and for hours walked the pebbly shore of the lake, plaintively and unconsciously calling, 'Wau-bon-sie, Wau-bon-sie!'"

"The news of his glory produced a happy reaction. She saw from her father's manner, that her secret suited his soaring ambition. With her own skillful fingers she built that wigwam, so clean and romantic, and every day she awaits with trembling patience the return of Wau-bon-sie. Is not that true love? Such is the love of the Indian maidens. She keeps no note of time, except to watch the successive suns. Alas! she waits in vain. Wau-bon-sie was killed one month ago in a skirmish! I read his name in a paper among the dead! He was a sharpshooter, and mention is made of his bravery. She who hears my voice knows not my awful words. I dare not break the spell that binds her: she would die with grief. This war, sir! this war! there will be mourning, sir, in these wigwams."

CHAPTER XII. INDIAN INCANTATIONS.

Traversing the entire length of Red Cedar lake, we passed down the shallow Menomonee river, reaching, greatly fatigued at night, a newly made dam, constructed by a Mill Company, to form a reservoir of water for log driving and sawing. We discovered that it had flooded back for a vast distance, literally destroying some valuable rice swamps on which the Indians depended for food. Their indignation knew no bounds; they sought to tear up the dam, but were repulsed by force of arms. What Indian has rights "which white men are bound to respect?"

Abandoning our leaky canoes, we traveled on foot, a set of dirty, filthy Arabs, carrying on our backs what supplies we had left, and rested awhile among the mounds that stud the southwest shore of Rice Lake. These artificial hills, covering a

plain like so many pyramids, were constructed, it is supposed, centuries ago, by an ancient tribe of Indians, for religious purposes.

Whilst reclining upon our packs to recuperate for our tedious journey, the youngest of the guides was solicited to relate some of his experiences and observations in reference to Indian incantations.

"Well," said he, "I will tell you a strange story, nevertheless true. You see that circle of grass yonder, where the green spires are taller than the rest; that we call a spirit circle in which the warriors danced before going to war. That is why the grass grows ranker."

"Did anybody get killed here?" said one of the doubtful, holding up a deer's bone, which he dragged from the grass. "A spirit circle and a deer's carcass!"

"You rascal, stop; let us have the tragedy; you are forever blotching the poetical."

"That is but one bone; and," said the guide, "there is many a spirit circle on these plains."

"We don't dispute you, sir Scotchman; go on with the Indian yarn."

"Five years ago, being then on a trading tour, I was on this spot. It was here I found my squaw. A war party was about to set out for Minnesota to fight the Sioux, then prowling near the source of the St. Croix. It was almost midnight; the camp fire burned with an orgie glare upon the visages of the warriors waiting for the chief to lead on the dance. At length the command was given, and up sprang the fierce fellows, brandishing their tomahawks, and yelling hour after hour, moving round and round in frightful aspect, each sweating, panting, and jumping, till fairly exhausted. All of a sudden, they dropped down in this circle, facing the fire in the center. Their heads drooped, their eyes shut, their breath suppressed; they seemed entranced. After a long silence, the chief rose, speaking low and solemn, and held out both hands to the nearest Indian, as if presenting him with something. Each Indian appeared to grasp an object with a shudder, and then pass it to his next neighbor. After going the rounds, it was handed to me—a live spirit turtle! I saw it, felt it, touched its hideous claws!"

"A grand psychological phenomenon, Monsieur Guide."

"A what?"

"A turtle, of course; but go on."

"After this ceremony, the chief looked with a strange stare to the top of that mound, and in an instant dashed up and stood there in a defiant attitude, as if talking with the stars. He then appeared to be fighting an enemy, when the war party, catching the enthusiasm, joined in the fray with invisible warriors, and dragged a person up the side, and went through motions, such as cutting off his head and tearing out his heart, sending it high into the air, shouting with ecstasy; and dancing with all their might, yelling the warwhoop again and again, they rushed down the mound, seized their war equipments, and in gloomy silence, moved for the encounter with the Sioux."

"Hold, there! your ghost story is grand; did you see all this—the turtle, the enemy, the bleeding head and heart?"

"I did, sir, with my own eyes."

"The best case of psychology ever heard of; these Indians beat us whites in the subtle arts. Who were those invisible warriors on the mound? We live in strange times, Scotchman! You were a bold man to witness all this unmov'd."

"Ay, bold indeed," he answered. "My squaw saw it, and consented! Had I trembled in a single nerve, she never would have said 'yes,' when I popped the question."

"Bravo, bravo! Scotia's Highland son! courting a fair enchantress!"

"That will do for romance; now give us tame matter of fact. Every man his pack—shoulder arms!"

(To be Continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Procreative Principle of Life: or, the Two Joint Laws of Nature.

Impressively given by the spirit of Dr. John Buckler, late of Baltimore.

THROUGH WASH. A. DANSKIN.

The laws which govern the reproductive forces have been but little understood. The medical profession has been content to study the mechanism and learn by what means the machinery might be kept in healthy, working order, rather than dive below the surface and grasp the living principles which impel all action and produce all results.

The old school of medical practice will pass away before the quickened activity of mental research, and men will no longer examine with earnest gravity the superficial symptoms of disease, and prescribe with professional authority specific remedies for local disorder. If they would keep pace with the progress of intellectual and spiritual development, they must lift their thoughts to the central Source of Life, and when, by concentrated and continued effort, they have passed into rapport with the Divine Essence or Great Primal Cause, they will thence flow out upon the electric currents of creative thought, through all forms of matter; passing into the primitive or what has been called the chaotic state, there observing the gathering of primates with which to form nucleate worlds; thence following the nucleus on its eccentric passage through the vast regions of what men, in their ignorance, term space; where it attracts from the

many worlds through whose orbits it passes other elements of life, just as the child in your sphere gathers thought—which is life—from those of more mature age, within whose sphere he is thrown.

When in its seemingly erratic wanderings, this infant world has drawn from its elder brethren the elements necessary to its growth, it then defines its own course and establishes its true magnetic relation to the central orb of the system to which it properly belongs, whence it draws that light and heat which are but other names for life and growth, so necessary to its mature development.

Life does not mean the mere unfolding upon the surface of your globe of vegetable, animal and human forms. Life, properly defined, is thought expressed in action; and when you feel the heat and see the light which flows from yonder sun, to which all the worlds of your system pay tribute, and from which they all draw nourishment, do not suppose that they are simply the external manifestations of a luminous body hung in the heavens to guide your planets on their pathways through the sky. No! Each radiation from that great shining orb is a thought-beam thrown off from those almost deific minds, whose home of light is but an upper chamber in the vast temple of the Infinite. Those exalted ones, who have refined the aura of the globe, from whose particles they were evolved, until no form of grossness now exists within their sphere, have moulded all that which once was crude matter into glowing forms of thought, and those forms are being reproduced upon the surfaces of the family of worlds which are, for the time, the dependents of this central power.

The plant that springs forth from the soil upon your hillsides is not the product of mere material heat; it is a thought germ descended from on high, and had its origin—if origin is a proper term to use—in the unfolded minds of those who hold council in that realm of supernal light and beauty.

The power that passes onward through the plant and laying aside the vegetable, takes on the form of animal life, is not the mere material power of heat, it is the ever unfolding thought which is expanding into higher and more beautiful forms of life; and when the human form appears, it is not in obedience to the impulse of merely animal passion, it is a still more exalted form of thought, which, flowing from the great Central Source, lifts the animal from his groveling position on the earth and causes him to stand erect, gaze upward upon the glorious works of nature's God, and drink in that living inspiration which is his eternal birthright.

Man, being the product of thought, upon thought he is nourished. 'Tis not the mere external form of food that gives strength to the human system; 'tis the interior essence of thought—embodied in every material form of earth—that assimilates with his being, is incorporated into his mental and spiritual organization, and expands and unfolds his immortal nature.

Every particle of matter drawn from the primordial ocean, aggregated and condensed into even the lowest stratum of your mineral formation, passes through a refining process in that mental laboratory which from chaotic primates has evoked the glowing splendors of the skies.

In the formation of worlds, as in the lesser forms of mechanism and art, God works through law, and not by miracle, or the evasion of his own immutable decrees.

He speaks not in voice to the elements, bidding them form themselves into unnumbered worlds.

He ever works through intelligence to produce intelligent results, and when the fiat goes forth, "add another to the starry gems that deck the celestial dome," it passes through channels of thought to those supernal ones who have sufficiently advanced in the scale of creative unfoldment, and they labor in the formation and adornment of the infantile planet, as you labor, in your sphere, in the production of the articles of use and beauty by which you are surrounded.

There is the inexhaustible ocean of matter from which to draw the necessary elements. There is the equally inexhaustible ocean of ideality from which to elaborate the highest forms that love and wisdom may deem it proper to produce. As you work in your sphere, subject to all the laws that govern your relation to the planet on which you dwell, so they, who are the architects of your globe, must work in subjection to those laws that govern the relation of planets and the systems to which they belong, subject to all those great principles of nature that manifest their power throughout the universal domain. With the elements at their command, and the powers they possess, they form and fashion the work thus given to their hands. But it is not the result of undirected impulse. It is the procreative principle of life working through these living intelligences, moulding matter into higher and yet higher forms, until with all crude particles thrown off, the world upon which they labor reaches a condition of crystalline refinement, and man, with all his faculties unfolded, becomes the purely perfect being of which he generally gave promise. Then the two joint laws of nature are more distinctly perceived and more clearly comprehended than at an earlier stage of development.

Thought impregnating and matter conceiving and giving forth forms of eternal life.

When the human mind reaches a state of development that will enable it to comprehend the legitimate action of the procreative principle of life, men and women will no longer generate animals, with every grosser passion stimulated to such degree that all the nobler attributes lie dormant,

while unbridled lust runs riot through the veins. Children will then be the offspring of intelligent reflection and contemplation. The father will lift his thoughts to the attributes of the Most High; will draw himself as closely as possible into rapport with the Divine mind, and thus fashion within himself the highest possible character which he has capacity to conceive, combining intellectual strength with moral purity, concentration of will with loftiness of purpose, executive force with integrity of action; while the mother will contribute all the refining, artistic, intuitive and affectional elements of her nature to give a finer and more delicate finish to this beautiful germ of a more perfect race of men.

Baltimore, July 30, 1866.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Matched.

"Who and what gave to me the wish to woo thee?"
 Dulceer.
 BY F. O. HYZER.
 I do not ask thee, love, what made thee wish to woo me,
 Or what mysterious power so quickly brought me to thee;
 I do not ask, beloved, why in thy radiant eye
 I read a pledge of love that cannot fade or die,
 Here or beyond the sky.
 I've held communion with the world of cause,
 Have read the records of eternal laws;
 My soul hath traced its ante-natal way
 Back where God's crown emits its central ray.
 Where embryotic suns, like scintillating sands,
 Are kissed by purple seas, to which they form the strands,
 Where cherubim and seraphim enraptured raise
 The morning anthems of eternal praise,
 I've traced our love's young days.
 I can remember, love, how in a burning kiss
 Of two celestial beings, blended with love's pure bliss,
 On waves of ecstasy our blended souls did rise,
 Twin-born from out love's glorious paradise,
 Into the boundless skies.
 And how, thus floating in the perfume of air,
 Trembling like adoration in a seraph's prayer,
 A dual, sun-born spark, seeking its aerial place,
 Amid the crystal spheres that mortal mind calls space,
 Caught us in its embrace.
 It folded us divinely in its nurturing care,
 Fed us on lily-dew and perfumed nectar rare,
 Warned us in holy fervor from its pure, stainless breast,
 Wrapp'd us in azure mist, and wooed us into rest,
 From loves, supremely blest.
 And this fair orb, which of the sun had birth,
 Laid into Time's embrace, and called by angels Earth,
 Rocked us upon the billows of the cosmic deep,
 Till thrilled with more of bliss than wakenings could keep,
 Betwixt, we fell asleep.
 Ages on ages rolled, while God's high hand revealed,
 The mysteries of law—in Truth's pure light unveiled—
 Our parent earth was taught through signs and fears,
 Through earthquakes, storms and sunshine, hopes and tears,
 To balance with the spheres.
 Therefore our dreams were troubled, and at times we thought
 Our life forevermore with sorrow must be fraught;
 Sometimes we dreamed, love, that we were torn apart,
 And sold to mammon in a world's cold mart,
 Each with a bleeding heart.
 Again at times we dreamed that we were forced to bow,
 And at a heathen altar pay a marriage vow,
 Which made of each a slave unto a soulless form,
 Which did our natures torture, cripple and deform,
 And drain'd our life upon our lifeless warm.
 And then we'd dream, beloved, we heard each other's voice,
 And with the widest rapture would our souls rejoice;
 But dreaming that we stood again, face unto face,
 We'd reach unto each other for love's pure embrace,
 And lo! we were again, and lo! we were empty space.
 And thus, love, we were sleeping, not the sleep of rest,
 For we partook the anguish of our mother's breast—
 When on the eastern sky resplendent glory broke—
 God's all-redeeming voice unto our mother spoke,
 And our darling, we awoke!
 Awoke to all the raptures we had known before;
 Awoke to find the pains of travail o'er;
 To find the goal of primal Reason won—
 Mind's towering archway opened to the sun,
 And still our spirits one.
 And now, I know what made thee wish to woo me,
 And why with joy I flew so quickly to thee;
 'Twas that from which each soul in nature draws
 Th' exhaustless power of reproductive cause—
 Love's HOLY MARRIAGE LAWS.
 Thus wed in soul we must continue forever;
 No wed in heaven or earth our fates can sever;
 The higher we ascend the clearer we shall see
 What binds thy radiant spirit evermore to me,
 And mine all, all to thee.
 And therefore, beloved one, when thy arms entwined me,
 My waking soul exclaimed, "I knew my mate would find me!"
 And 'tis the same sweet breast in which I slept with thee,
 Pressed to thy glowing heart on the cosmic sea,
 That now embraceth me.
 And this is why I have no power to doubt thee,
 And why my soul cannot exist without thee;
 We are a rhythmic measure in the ceaseless hymn,
 Sung round God's bridal altar by the cherubim
 And star-crowned seraphim.
 And in one quivering wave of liquid harmony,
 So long as heaven's lyres respond to poetry,
 Our souls in one on love's poised wing shall soar
 Through opening skies, and skies we've swept before—
 One life forevermore.
 Baltimore, August, 1866.

When we hear the song of the soaring lark we may be sure the entire atmosphere between us and the bird is filled with pulses, or undulations, or waves, as they are often called, produced by the little songster's organ of voice. This organ is a vibrating instrument, resembling in principle the reed of a clarinet. Let us suppose that we hear the song of a lark elevated to a height of five hundred feet in the air. Before this is possible the bird must have agitated a sphere of air one thousand feet in diameter—that is to say, it must have communicated to seventeen thousand, eight hundred and eighty-eight tons of air, a motion sufficiently intense to be appreciated by our organs of hearing.
 Rnskin says, with his old pungency, in one of his new essays: "You women of England are all now shrieking with one voice—you and your clergyman together—because you hear of the Bible's being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single, downright precept of the book that you are so careful of its credit. The Bible tells you to dress plainly, and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor, and you crush them under your carriage wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice, and you do not know nor care to know so much as what the Bible word justice means."

TRUTH—Every true thought should be looked upon as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

THIRD NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Abstract of the proceedings made up from the daily papers, and Photographic Report in full of T. Child, Pierpont's Address, by our correspondent, H. P. Child, M. D.

Convention assembled at Providence, R. I., August 21, 1866.

At eleven o'clock the Convention was called to order by its President, the venerable John Pierpont, of Washington. The proceedings were opened by the reading of an appropriate hymn by the excellent choir of the Providence Congregation of Spiritualists, after which the call for the Convention was read by the Secretary, H. T. Child, M. D., of Philadelphia.

L. K. Joslin, of Providence, then delivered the following ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

We have thought it appropriate to invite the National Convention of Spiritualists to the city of Providence—the city that received the Baptists, Quakers and other heretics from a sister colony, and here, through Roger Williams, first proclaimed to the world the principle of universal toleration in all matters of religious faith and practice. Contrast the time of Williams with to-day, and behold the more fringed tents of our great progress! Then, the now forsaken sects of Baptists and Quakers were heretic to the established church, banished from Massachusetts, and barely tolerated in Rhode Island. Since that time how many names, until day the Spiritualists of the United States are the great heretics; and as such, the Spiritualists of Providence greet you with their welcome, believing that you are infidel to the old heresies that cursed rather than blessed our whole humanity, but true as progressions, as reformers, and as workers for the elevation and happiness of men and women. We trust that while here, away from the field of your labor and conflict with error, new associations may be formed, new unions of soul and sympathy, that shall be to you bonds of strength in your future life-work, and that the proceedings of this Convention may help on the cause of reform in the world.

I know that I but give utterance to the unanimous sentiment of the Providence congregation in expressing the earnest hope that the spirit of peace and harmony may pervade your deliberations, and that the freest discussion of principles and the expression of the most radical sentiments may be received with that spirit of charity which condemneth not the individual.

But not unto you alone do we look for counsel, for inspiration, and the diviner harmonies. The congregation is greater than the seeming. There are others at the doors. Those of other ages, who were the morning lights to the formidable world of infidel. What does it mean? Etymologically it means an unfaithful one. In that sense I do not regard the unfaithful as belonging to myself; I do not mean those who do not agree in certain particulars with the majority of the community around them. Almost all of the various Christian denominations are very much in the habit of branding those not of their peculiar denomination as infidels. The Catholic church, in my own hearing, spoken of the Protestants as infidels. Many of the Protestant sects speak of the most enlightened and the most Christian of their fellow Christians as infidels, not because they are less faithful, but because, in fact, they are more faithful than themselves. Faithful to what? Is the great question. If faithfulness to a party or a sect is meant, I do not care how soon nor how generally I am called an infidel; I welcome the epithet. But if faithfulness to truth or one's convictions of truth is meant, I hold that we are not infidels, but that, on the contrary, we are faithful among the faithful. Let a man be faithful to the truth, or, what is equivalent, faithful to his convictions as to what is true, and you may trust that man anywhere. But, my friends, it requires some backbone in a man or a woman to be faithful to his or her convictions, when those convictions depart by a very sharp angle from the opinions of those around them. I know that if you mean by infidel an unbeliever, I am infidel to a great many of the forms of popular religion, because I do not believe in many of the points which are held by a majority of the Christian, nay, even of the Protestant church. It is not necessary for me to say in what I do not believe, and in regard to which I am, therefore, an infidel; but let me say how many times, for example, have I heard Wm. Lloyd Garrison denounced in former years as an infidel, not because of his want of belief in the doctrines of the Christian church, or even of the Orthodox church; but because he did not believe with the people at large in the divinity of slavery, and did not believe it was a sacred institution, and said so, and did not do to dissuade others from that belief. Not ten days ago I heard Gerrit Smith denounced as an infidel because he did not believe in the Sabbath; but Gerrit Smith observes both the seventh day and the first day, and is therefore more of an observer of the Sabbath than those who approach him with infidelity.

I said to a friend, "Do you believe in the fourth commandment?" "Oh, yes, sir." "Do you observe the Sabbath?" "Oh, yes, I go to church every Sunday, and carry my children, and support the minister, and do not do any work on the Sabbath." "You do not? Did I not see you at work yesterday?" "Oh, that was Saturday." "Yes, but the fourth commandment says the seventh day is the Sabbath, and on that day you work as much as you please, perhaps more than any other day. I know a very benevolent man in Boston, who had the largest and most extensive private library of any man in Massachusetts. I was speaking of him. A person said that man must be a very bad man; he does not observe the Sabbath day—'Nor do you,' said I. 'How so,' said he. He was a member of the Baptist church, and was a very religious man after his own views of religion. 'Do you not work on Saturday?' said I. 'As much as any other day. Saturday is the Sabbath of the Lord the God. The seventh day thou shalt keep holy, according to the fourth commandment.' 'But,' said he, 'I keep one day in seven.' 'Oh, yes, if the command were not specific, that would do; but the word is, you must keep the seventh day holy, and you cannot obey the command if you take another day. You say the Christians in our day observe the first day of the week. But if you appeal to Caesar you must go to Caesar; if you appeal to the fourth commandment you must go to the fourth commandment, and don't charge your brother that does the same thing that you do, with breaking the commandment. You labor on the seventh day of the week, and you say you keep the first day for another reason. You do it on your own responsibility, and have no right to command your brother to do it.'

So far as infidelity consists in not observing the Sabbath day to keep it holy according to the fourth commandment, every one who does not keep the seventh day is an infidel.

Why are we Spiritualists? Why do I take that objectionable name, and acknowledge it before the world? Because I am thoroughly convinced, by the evidence presented to my mind, that the leading doctrines of the Spiritualists are true. The facts upon which those doctrines rest—as all doctrines rest—fully support the facts. I know by experience that if you can show the fallacy of the reasoning by which I infer the doctrine from the fact, show it. If not, perhaps you had better refrain that charge of infidelity until you can establish it on better evidence.

Why does any man believe in any religious doctrine? If he believes it in the proper sense of that word, he receives it as true upon the ground of having seen evidence of its truth. If he takes it on the authority of pastor, teacher, or parent, it is not belief, it is an echo. His intelligence has nothing to do with it. He says he believes it, because he is told to say he believes so, or told to believe so. A proper belief in regard to matters of

religion consists in the conviction of an intelligence, and from that intelligence it is inferred that that proposition is true. No other belief on the subject of religion is worthy of the name of religion. We believe in the doctrines of Spiritualism. You ask, what are those doctrines? I have not time now to explain them; we believe in the fact, that under certain conditions, in these our days, communications do come to us from the spirits of those who have passed through the gate which we call the gate of death, through certain media or mediums; and from that fact we infer that the spirit survives the body in a personal, conscious, intelligent, moral, active, that fact makes us Spiritualists; or rather, (speaking only for myself,) that fact makes me a Spiritualist; not because I hear the statements of other men and women of facts which they have been cognizant, though this has its weight; but because of facts which I have witnessed, to which my senses have borne their testimony. I believe on the same grounds of reason that induced the beloved disciple to believe the Gospel. The things which his eyes had seen, and his ears had heard, and his hands had handled, these declared to him his fellow disciples, and to the world at large. And what higher testimony can we have of any fact than the testimony of our senses? What I see with my eyes, dim as they are now, and what I hear through the medium of my nervous system, I know; and I know that as well as St. John knew what he saw and heard and felt. For my use and my purposes, my senses are as good as the senses of St. John, the beloved disciple, of any other saint. God in that respect has put us upon an equality, and has given us senses by which we hold communion with the objects of the external world around us.

Now, here are two questions which present themselves to every intelligent and thoughtful mind: whence came it? whether it is going? These questions are to be answered by the reasoning faculties of man. Whence came it? I put my hand upon this desk. This object I see is at rest; it cannot move itself. I go to hear a lecture on natural philosophy. The professor stands by his table and says, "All matter is endowed with what we call vis inertia—the quality of lying still. It cannot move itself. It would lie there until it was decomposed, if not moved by some power outside of itself. The same is true of matter. Holding up an ivory ball, he says, 'What is the center of the earth? It is just in my hand, and which I move in my hands, is held as true of this great ball, the ball on which we stand, and on which we move and have our being.' 'What moves that ball?' I ask. 'Why, my hand.' 'Is not your hand matter?' 'Yes.' 'What moves your hand, then?' 'There is a mechanical arrangement here of levers and pulleys, and my arm moves my hand.' 'And what moves your arm?' 'And what moves the nervous system?' 'Well, the brain, which is the center of the nervous system.' 'What is not the brain matter?' 'Yes.' 'What moves the brain?' 'The spirit that is in man.'

And when we come to the last analysis, it is spirit that moves all matter. The ultimate spirit power of all the motion of the universe is spirit. That is what I believe, my friends. I believe that inasmuch as matter cannot be said to move itself, as matter cannot move, spirit cannot rest; it is always active, always in motion; as incapable of rest as matter is incapable of motion. Then I come to this: all the growth in the vegetable world, all the formations in the mineral world, indicate design. The formation of the quartz crystal in the bosom of the limestone, the formation of the diamond, the work of spirit, and that spirit pervades that rock as perfectly as it pervades space—that it pervades every sphere in every system—that it is universal. Then I come to an omnipresent, an omnipotent, and an omniscient spirit, that God is spirit; and I read in the New Testament, "God is a spirit." So I make a distinction between the Maker and the things that are made, and realize that that spirit ministers to all that it produces, and manifests itself through all the worlds and all time, and that he works, not six days a week, but his work was from eternity and probably will continue through eternity. He works through certain principles or laws of action; and will you excuse me if I ask you to consider that which is not always understood in our spiritual discussions, that things are produced by laws? Laws are often spoken of as if they were the cause of production; but according to my idea laws never do anything. A law is defined by the elementary writers on law as a rule of action, never an agent. A law never acts, but is the rule according to which some agent acts. Principles are never agents; principles do nothing. Men act according to principles; but principles never act. In spirit you always have an agency of action. Therefore I am, and therefore are you, I suppose, Spiritualists.

Then more especially are we Spiritualists when, having asked the question whence we came, we comprehend that we came from spirit, not from matter, not from nothing, as some have taught. When we look around upon the material world, we see matter changing continually its forms, but not its nature as matter. There is less Mercury at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit into water; it is the same substance, but different in form. Carry it up to two hundred and twelve degrees, and the water changes its form, and becomes vapor. You cannot see it, but it goes into the cool regions of the atmosphere, and there assumes the form of visible vapor in clouds; and when it goes higher, it changes its form again, and comes down upon us as rain.

So other objects continually change their form, but their nature is the same; and no part of matter ever comes to nothing. Men act according to nothing, from nothing, nothing ever came to nothing, nothing ever goes, according to the old maxim. Then all life, all motion, all change, cometh directly or indirectly from the action of spirit; and hence we receive the doctrine, that the spirit survives the process we call death, the man survives it, and is the identical man. Not that his external form is the same; we know it is not. Philosophers tell us that the whole human body changes once in about seven years, but the personal identity remains the same. My form is not the same as it was sixty years ago. No longer ago than last week I carried upon a lady whom I had not seen for sixty-five years. She did not know me, and I did not know her, until we began to call up old reminiscences, and then we knew each other, not from anything in the outward—it was our spirits that recognized each other. I therefore conclude that I come from spirit, came from the spirit world, and am myself a spirit.

Then comes the question, Whither am I going? Whither are we all going? This question is not always deemed important by those in younger life. When we come here our interests are naturally absorbed in this world; how we shall get the most good out of it. But when our heads become whitened with the snows of time, and we come close up to the curtain that divides the spiritual world from the carnal world, then comes the question whether, when my spirit goes to the other side of the curtain, am I to be a conscious being? What says reason? Reason says spirit cannot rest; spirit cannot be annihilated; spirit must live, must set, wherever it is. The great question then comes, shall this spirit, which is now personally identical with an individuality, retain its individuality after it passes the curtain that divides the present from the future, or shall it be merged in the infinite spirit, as one drop of rain is merged in the ocean into which it falls? There is the great question. And when I know that the spirits that have known me, and that I have known and loved, do, through certain media, hold communion with me; when I see the expression of my will, who has been more than ten years in the spirit world, speaking to me from another place, when she beams up upon me from another place, when she reminds me of the past, when she tells me of her present condition, when she assures me that there is a pleasant place waiting for me through a medium who describes her in particular, she looks like me, and tells me in fact, which no other human being in the world, but myself and he knows, I am sure that I am having a communication from my father; and that, when I cast off the fleshly part of my nature, I am to meet the spirit of my father on the other side of this curtain, and that I am going into his society. When a woman whom I never saw before in my life, and who probably I never saw me, tells me that there is a spirit who was called by a particular name, who was alive and well when I saw him last, and I say it is a mistake, that he is not in the spiritual world, and he tells me that he has not been there several months, and he inquires of his friends, I think that he has been in the spirit world several months, and he feels just in

saying that I know. These things have often been communicated to me.

Now I ask, can any one come to the conviction that there is a spirit in him, and not feel blessed and benefited by it? Who has not said, only relieve me from the dread uncertainty that hangs over that state, only let me know that I shall be and be individualized as I am now, and I ask no other question: I know that I am in the hands of the Universal Spirit, and it will be well with me as it has always been well with me in his hands. Upon that arm I can cast myself with entire confidence, only let me know that I shall be that I can rely upon him. Through Spiritualism I do know that the spirit survives the body, and that when passes through the grave it has communion with those who have gone before. I have all the knowledge of this except the highest form—the consciousness. I have knowledge of the same characters as that which I have that there is a tree or a man, or any other object outside of me. I have not the same knowledge that I have of myself. All other forms of knowledge are not equal to consciousness. Now, does not reason say the same thing? It argues from the facts from the past. When the spirit was first incarnated, what was its condition? Weak and helpless, but loving eyes were looking upon it and loving hands ministered to its wants, and so it was led on to consciousness here, and will it be otherwise again? Will not loving hands receive us there also, and prepare us also for the consciousness of that state. When, therefore, I am asked the question, whether I am going, I answer, I am going into the spirit world, there to meet kindred spirits; "to join," in the language of the Scriptures, "the general assembly of the church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven." "In heaven?" But where is heaven? That question has been in my mind for years, until the fact of Spiritualism came to me. I asked, where is the spirit to go? whither to? what place? Shall it go to one star or many, or roam from star to star? Shall it go from luminous world to luminous world, or shall it be confined to the present star for this earth that we live on is a star, as bright and beautiful when seen from Venus, as Venus is when seen from the Earth. Shall we go to Venus or stay upon the earth; or shall we move it will through the whole stellar universe? If you ask what spirit world would you choose, I should say, I have seen this world so beautiful that I should be content to stay on it forever. I should like to escape the changes of heat and cold. I should like always to enjoy its beautiful views, its lovely streams, majestic mountains, the more beautiful as I see them from my new home. I should like to hover around the home of my friends here, and if possible, I should love to hold communion with them—spiritual communion, and I believe that I should do that; for as Milton said, "The vibrations of spiritual beings walk the air unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." For myself, I am satisfied that before long, in all probability, before I have the pleasure of addressing another Spiritual Convention, I shall have put off this earthly garment, and when next you meet, I may be with you, unseen, and may possibly hold communion with one or more of you, when you wake or when you sleep. At all events, that is my faith; and to that faith I do not mean to be blind while I live, and do not think I shall. People may call me what they please. Faithful or unfaithful is a question which lies between me and the Infinite Spirit alone. With Him I am perfectly content that it should rest. I, therefore, as it becomes me on this occasion, retire from the chair to which, through your kindness, I was invited last year, with the knowledge that I am inadequate to perform its duties. I cannot see your faces nor hear your voices to-day so well, even as I could last year. I gratefully acknowledge your kindness to me, and trust that as the faith in which we are held together as brothers and sisters is not a new faith, but a faith that has been held by some in all ages, more than in the past, evidence are had that it is the true faith, more and more will gather round this standard; and although, before you meet again, I may have passed away, I believe that I shall be permitted, even then, to meet with those who are still left on this side of the stream which flows between the seen and the unseen worlds.

The speaker was frequently interrupted by hearty applause.

An extract from a letter from the venerable philanthropist, Thomas Garrett, of Delaware, one of the Vice-Presidents, now seventy-seven years old, was then read by the Secretary, in which he expressed his regret that he could not, in consequence of indisposition, be present in the body, though in spirit he should be with the Convention.

The President resigned the Chair to Vice President H. S. Brown, of Wisconsin.

The following resolution, offered by Warren Chase, of Illinois, was adopted:

Resolved, That the delegates from each State and the District of Columbia be requested to nominate one person to represent their respective States on the Committee on Credentials, to whom all credentials shall be referred, and whose duty it shall be to make up a roll of the members of this Convention.

The following named persons were appointed to compose said Committee: Maine, Thos. J. Whitehead; New Hampshire, Frank Chase; Vermont, D. P. Wilder; Massachusetts, L. B. Wilson; Rhode Island, Dr. C. Webster; Connecticut, A. E. Carpenter; New York, Leo Miller; New Jersey, G. T. Loring; Pennsylvania, M. B. Dyer; Indiana, Chas. Yeakel; Illinois, Warren Chase; Wisconsin, Dr. H. S. Brown; Maryland, Washington A. Danks; Michigan, David B. Harrington; District of Columbia, Dr. J. A. Rowland; Missouri, N. O. Archer.

On motion of Mr. Chase, the Convention then adjourned to 3 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention was called to order at three o'clock, and after singing by the choir, the credentials prepared by the Convention on the preceding day were read, comprising two hundred and ninety-nine names, the President stating that there were doubtless others who had not yet arrived.

DELEGATES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston—John Wetchee, H. F. Gardner, M. D., Charles H. Crowell, Mrs. J. H. Conant, A. B. Child, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Wilson, Noah Little, Jacob Edson, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Smith, John R. Pierce, Miss Sarah A. Southworth, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hayward, Edward Hayes, George A. Bacon, J. H. W. Toohy, Edward S. Wheeler, A. E. Giles.

Charleston—First Society of Spiritualists: Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Lane, Mr. M. D. Hill, Mrs. L. F. Wood, Mrs. M. M. Wood, J. H. Bickford, Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, Mrs. Anna C. Cushman, Mrs. D. Mansfield, Mrs. P. Stone.

Independent Society of Spiritualists: Mr. and Mrs. C. C. York, Miss Susie A. Hutchinson, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Miss Harriet Brown, Mrs. Spencer Thomas, C. H. Vose.

Lowell—N. S. Greenleaf, Mr. and Mrs. J. Nichols, Mrs. Mary Perrin, Enoch B. Carter, A. B. Pinyton.

Salem—Geo. Knowlton, A. C. Robinson.

Malden—Prentiss Clark.

Newburyport—Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Richardson, J. T. Loring, Mrs. Elizabeth Collins.

Marlboro—Sidney Howe, Mrs. J. A. Yeau, Mrs. S. L. Chappell.

Taunton—Mrs. Mary Anderson, W. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Potter, Mrs. Jennie Radd.

Springfield—E. W. Dickinson, William Hitebeck, Rufus Almer.

Ware—J. H. Dewey, Mrs. M. E. Stearns, J. L. Tarbox, Miss J. Tarbox, S. C. Moss, Mrs. S. P. Dewey, E. R. Fritler, L. B. Wilson, Mrs. N. P. Jacob, Progressive Lyceum—Wm. D. Frost, Dr. W. E. Richards.

Souris—Parker H. Weaver, John P. Parker.

New Bedford—J. C. Ray, Eben Kington, George C. Tew, Benjamin Dexter.

Quincy—John Lawrence, Mrs. Mary Page, John L. Southey, B. M. Lawrence.

Worcester—Mrs. Fannie S. Young.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Portland—Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Whitehead, Joseph Rogers, Bernard Shatt.

Rochester—Charles P. Greenleaf, Sam'l Woodman.

Roxbury—Charles P. Greenleaf.

New Hampshire.

Salem—Frank Chase, Andrew T. Foss.

Greenville—N. L. Fowler, W. G. Brown.

VERMONT.

Windsor—D. P. Wilder.

Woodstock—James Malcolm Allyn, Mrs. C. F. Fanning Allyn.

Danby—Mrs. E. M. Wolcott.

Randall—Mrs. Jennie M. Weeks.

Leicester—M. O. Child.

State Convention—Newman Weeks, Geo. Dutton, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, East Middlebury—R. D. Farr.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence—Dr. Stephen Webster, C. V. Kenyon, Olive E. Taber, Mrs. Louisa Broomer, John G. Scudder, Wm. G. Rowland, Wm. Foster, Jr., Joel G. Scudder, Wm. H. R. Mowry, L. T. Foster, Jr., Chas. E. Lewis, Wm. Lewis, Harris W. Aldrich, Miss Laura Blyden, Miss Phelps C. Hall, Mrs. May Rose, Mrs. Lucy Carter, Mrs. Abby Potter, L. K. Joslin.

Woonsocket—Orville L. Aldrich, Miss M. M. Miller, S. H. Vose, Mrs. M. E. B. Albertson.

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford—William Chamberlain, Mrs. L. S. Read, H. Read, Mrs. P. May.

Willimantic—Wm. P. Yates, Dr. H. E. Emery, Mrs. Maxon G. Clark.

Hampden—H. C. Wright, J. L. Laplace, G. M. Beebe, At large: J. S. Loveland, L. W. Barnum, A. B. Carpenter, Elijah A. Williams.

Norwalk—A. M. Kettle Colburn, Schuyler Moore, Mrs. M. A. Moss, Wm. W. Parsells, Chas. W. Hayward, Jas. J. Marsh.

Brad—Benj. Starbuck, Elisha Waters, Anne Atwood, D. B. King, Mrs. L. A. Keith, Mrs. C. Everett.

Schenectady—Stephen Wm. Alex. Slocum.

Schenectady—Ezra Sprague.

NEW YORK.

New York City: Ebbitt Hall Society—Dr. Ralph G. P. E. Farisworth, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, Mrs. Farnsworth, Dr. D. B. Marks, Miss Morrill.

Dodworth Hall Society—Dr. Horace Dwyer, Rev. William Benning, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Luce, Mrs. and Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Jennie Dickson, Mr. C. P. Simmons, Mr. Bush, Wm. R. Prince, Mr. E. M. P. Bill, Mr. Scriber.

Buffalo—Samuel H. Wortman, Mr. and Mrs. John Swain, Miss C. H. Maynard.

Rochester—Mr. and Mrs. Leo Miller.

Albany—Jas. McCluer, John Brownell.

Ballston Spa—Isaac Bush, Joseph W. Foster.

Rochester—Miss Nettie Colburn, Schuyler Moore, Mrs. M. A. Moss, Wm. W. Parsells, Chas. W. Hayward, Jas. J. Marsh.

Brad—Benj. Starbuck, Elisha Waters, Anne Atwood, D. B. King, Mrs. L. A. Keith, Mrs. C. Everett.

Schenectady—Stephen Wm. Alex. Slocum.

Schenectady—Ezra Sprague.

PENNSYLVANIA.

State Society—J. R. Durfee, Dr. Wm. R. Fahnstock, Dr. Geo. Newcomer, Mrs. Wm. Street, J. G. Fish, Milo A. Townsend, Isaac Leitch, Caroline A. Grimes, Dr. Henry T. Child, I. F. Leitch, Mrs. Gilbert, W. H. Johnston.

Philadelphia—Louis Belrose, Miss Ella Stanley, John Pierpont, J. S. Harris, Mr. Stanley, Miss Allen, Mrs. E. Thompson, Peter C. Thompson, M. B. Dyer, Miss E. C. Odiorne, Mrs. M. J. Dyer, Mr. R. A. Wilson.

Corry—W. H. Johnston, Mrs. Dr. Webster, Rachel A. North, Hon. S. M. Lott, Patience Pascoe, C. Messenger, Charles E. Fox, Lyman C. Howe, Henry C. Wright, Mrs. E. B. Chase.

NEW JERSEY.

Newark—Mrs. Mary E. White, Wm. M. Drake, Mrs. Elizabeth Judson.

Hammonton—Sarah A. Fish, Mrs. M. F. C. Kline, Mrs. A. W. M. Samuel, Mrs. I. C. Bladell.

MARTLAND.

Baltimore—Washington A. Danks, I. H. Weaver, Isaac Corbett, James Frost.

WISCONSIN.

Fond du Lac—Miss Mary Taylor.

Milwaukee—Dr. H. S. Brown.

MICHIGAN.

Sturgis—F. L. Wadsworth.

Port Huron—David W. Harrington, Col. D. M. Fox.

Adrian—Mrs. S. A. Green.

Battle Creek—N. Frank White, Mrs. C. D. Fols, John C. Dexter.

State Society—E. Whipple, Selah Van Sickle, S. J. Finney, J. M. Brown, J. M. Peetles, H. N. F. Lewis.

ILLINOIS.

Springfield—Amos H. Worthen.

Rock Island—Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Norris, S. H. Todd.

St. Charles—Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Mrs. H. A. Jones.

Convention—S. S. Jones, Warren Chase, Mrs. Dr. F. M. Brown, Geo. Hambley, H. W. Low, Dr. E. C. Dunn, Dr. James E. Morrison, Mrs. H. W. Lee.

Rockford—H. H. Waldo, Miss Belle Scougall.

Chicago—Warwick Martin, Mrs. Martin, Wm. J. Butler, Geo. A. Shufeldt, A. James, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Robinson, Jas. E. Coy, S. P. Green, C. L. Deason, H. W. Lee, N. Dyer, Miss Emily B. Tallman, Charles A. Hayden.

INDIANA.

Lafayette—Charles Yeakel, F. L. Wadsworth.

Lafayette—J. B. Harrison.

OHIO.

Toledo—A. E. Macomber.

Cincinnati—Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. W. Carter, David H. Shaffer, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Walters, Henry Beck, Mrs. Mary Norton, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ludington, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. B. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Clark.

Children's Progressive Lyceum: Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Pugh, Mrs. Henry Beck, Leonard Beck, Miss Lizzie Keizer.

MISSOURI.

Hannibal—Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Archer.

St. Louis—Peter Behr, Mrs. Olive D. Ives.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco—Mrs. Kimball, Victor B. Post.

The following resolution was then adopted: Resolved, That a Business Committee be appointed, to be composed of one person from each State, to be designated, whose duty it shall be to arrange and prepare the business of this Convention.

Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, moved that the Convention be adjourned to nominate a committee to select officers for the Convention.

L. K. Joslin, of Providence, offered the following resolutions, and moved their substitution for the motion of Gardner: Resolved, That the delegates from each State be requested to propose the name of one person to serve on the Committee on Credentials, to whom all credentials shall be referred, and whose duty it shall be to make up a roll of the members of this Convention.

Resolved, That the Committee on Credentials be requested to bring forward the name of one Vice President from each State, if practicable, whether such State be represented in this time or not.

Dr. Gardner accepted the substitute.

On motion of Charles H. Crowell, of Boston, the last resolution was amended by the substitution of two Vice Presidents instead of one, and the resolutions were then adopted.

Warren Chase, from the Committee on Organization of last year's session, offered the following report: To the Third Session of the National Convention of Spiritualists and Reformers convened in Providence, R. I., August 21st, 1866.

The Committee on Organization respectfully report that since the last annual meeting, the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, and other States, have effected State Organizations, and other States are effecting the same in such manner as seems desirable to result in efficient action. Local organizations have also been largely extended, and many new ones started, with liberal constitutions, on the broadest and most comprehensive platform, in accordance with the catholic spirit of our national movement. Our committee are happy to report the most encouraging prospects, both in the spread of a national and philosophical Spiritualism, and in the progress of centralization in local and general organizations. The evident tendency and general body of Spiritists and Reformers is toward such co-operation and co-operation will render their power efficient and effective in bringing about such reforms as will raise man from the bigotry, superstition and pride of sectarian Christianity, and assist in carrying forward reforms in every department of human progress which tend to the development of human happiness, spiritual growth, and social harmony. Your Committee would respectfully recommend to the Spiritualists and Reformers in all parts of the country the earnest and consistent prosecution of the work of local and State organizations.

On motion of Dr. Gardner, a recess of fifteen minutes was then taken, to enable the several State delegations to make the nominations required by the resolutions just adopted.

The Committee having attended to their duty,

The Convention was again called to order, and the following Committees reported and confirmed by the Convention:

- Business Committee—Washington A. Danksin, Maryland; Wm. H. Johnston, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Mary E. B. Albertson, Rhode Island; Miss Mary Taylor, Wisconsin; Mrs. Kimball, California; H. B. Storer, New York; A. T. Foss, New Hampshire; Geo. Dalton, Vermont; Wm. Drake, New Jersey; Charles Yeakel, Indiana; E. Whipple, Michigan; T. J. Whitehead, Maine; G. W. Burnham, Connecticut; Dr. J. A. Rowland, District of Columbia; J. H. Dewey, Massachusetts; Peter Behr, Missouri; Dr. Haskell, Illinois.

The Committee on Nominations reported the following list of officers, which was unanimously adopted:

- President—Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vt. Vice Presidents—M. A. Blanchard, Portland, Me.; Frank Chase, Sutton, N. H.; Mrs. S. A. Horton, Brandon, Vt.; Dr. H. F. Gardner, Boston, Mass.; L. K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.; G. W. Burnham, Norwich, Conn.; Leo Miller, New York; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Vineland, N. J.; Washington A. Danksin, Baltimore, Md.; J. C. Smith, District of Columbia; A. E. Macomber, Toledo, Ohio; F. L. Wadsworth, Lafayette, Indiana; S. P. Finney, Ann Arbor, Mich.; J. H. Stullman, N. D.; Whitehead, Wis.; Henry Stagg, St. Louis, Mo.; Isaac Water, Philadelphia, Penn.; Warren Chase, South Pass, Ill.; Thos. Garrett, Wilmington, Del.; Victor R. Post, San Francisco, Cal.

The Convention met at eight o'clock, President Weeks in the Chair. He said he assumed the duties of the position with a distrust of his abilities to discharge them. He would have preferred that some one of more experience should have been selected, but trusting to the cordial cooperation of the members of the Convention, he assumed his duties. He had labored in his humble way and sphere fifteen years, and ever stood ready to go where duty dictated, or the partiality of his friends directed.

Frank L. Wadsworth was the first speaker. He spoke of the false philosophy and outgrowth of the idea of supernaturalism. Popularly, the universe is presented to us as having a natural and supernatural side. Theology and its institutions are based on the idea that the divinity is outside of that which is natural, and that there must be a supernatural process to induce the divine in the human. Spiritualism recognizes naturalism, which comprehends the entire scope of existence and all the relations of life. We therefore have greater opportunities for thought and philosophy—for practical labor and the presentation of truth than has been, or is possessed by any other body. The diversity in nature and in human nature, is universal and absolute. Nothing is outside of God, and God is not outside of anything. The spiritual movement in its parts is education. It has no supernaturalism in it. It does not propose to convert the world in a moment. It therefore becomes us to do more than ever to announce our purpose. We must proclaim that our purpose is to move onward, continually working to uplift human nature and human institutions. Insultations will stand in our way. Every one based on the supernatural, at the same time we must build. Our advancement must be by work. Emerson says that truly he who will not work shall not eat. Here, then, we have our destiny; unless we work, basing ourselves on philosophy, Spiritualism must pass away, as all else which has been found incompetent to answer the whole demands of human nature.

The Business Committee announced that there would be three sessions daily, commencing at nine A. M., three and eight P. M., with an hour preceding each, for conference or consultation; that there would be three addresses each day—one in the afternoon, of an hour, and two in the evening, each forty-five minutes.

Miss Susie M. Johnson next spoke of the importance of education, and the necessity of laying for the coming generation a broad, firm and philosophical foundation upon which it may stand, and upon which it may rear better and freer institutions than we have had in the past.

A. T. Foss followed, speaking of the tendency of the age, which was progress. Theology is not what it once was. Its rough edges and sharp corners have been smoothed down, and more yet to be smoothed. This is the age of investigation and inquiry. The old is bodily arraigned, and where found defective is set aside. The signs of the times are hopeful, and though there are lowering clouds on our political horizon, the bright sun behind shall shine forth in glory and strength.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION.

The Convention met at nine o'clock. Resolutions were presented by Warren Chase, Henry C. Wright, E. W. Burnham, B. J. Butts, and others, which were referred to the Committee on Resolutions, selected by the several State delegations as follows: Wisconsin, Miss Mary Taylor; Massachusetts, Rufus Elmer; Illinois, Warren Chase; Missouri, N. O. Archer; Ohio, A. E. Macomber; Maryland, Washington A. Danksin; California, Mrs. Kimball; Rhode Island, Wm. Foster, Jr.; New Hampshire, N. L. Fowler; Maine, Samuel Woodman; New Jersey, L. K. Coonley; Michigan, Selden J. Finney; Pennsylvania, Louis Belrose; Indiana, F. L. Wadsworth; New York, H. B. Storer; District of Columbia, Dr. J. A. Rowland.

The Business Committee presented the following topic for consideration—Spiritualism, and the best method of disseminating a knowledge of its facts and philosophy, to be considered; the delegates limited to ten minutes each.

Dr. Gardner moved that a committee of one from each State be appointed to revise the resolutions constituting the Constitution of the Convention, which created much discussion. The motion prevailed, and the State delegations were directed to report to the Committee at the opening of the afternoon session.

Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, read an essay on Force and Compulsion, deprecating their use on education and morals, the standpoint of which was love, which must be the standpoint of reformers to-day. The church has left it, and we must go back to it. Thus the world will progress, and mankind arise toward and into the divine.

Adjourned to two o'clock in the afternoon. (To be continued.)

The human body falls asleep by degrees, according to M. Cabanis, a French physiologist. The muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those that support the head, and these last, sooner than those that support the back, and he illustrates this by the case of persons who fall asleep on horseback, or while sitting or walking. He conceives that the sense of light sleeps first, then the sense of taste, next smell, and lastly that of touch.

As one single drop of black ink will tinge and pollute a vessel of crystal water, so one little act of faithlessness may irretrievably poison a whole lifetime of the purest friendship and confidence.

John Stuart Mill asserts that at the present rate of consumption, the coal mines of England will be practically exhausted in three generations.

A brief young lawyer thinks that any young lady who possesses a thousand acres of land has sufficient ground for an "attachment."

The talent of success, is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well what you do without a thought of fame.

Men who fight duels have two seconds to live after they are dead.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

To the Bells.

GIVEN THROUGH A LITTLE GIRL EIGHT YEARS OLD.

Those tinkling bells, a joyous sound; With innocents and mirth around, To still the thoughts of life and care, Float gently on the morning air.

Unlike the busy din of man, In war and strife with impious hand; To scourge the earth with wrong and strife, And curse the peaceful walks of life.

Oh! God of love and truth divine, Will man e'er learn thy love sublime; To live and act with just desire, While smiling on life's boundless sea.

Prepare this life by truth divine, In future worlds to brighter shine, Pass gently on with hope and trust, To life immortal with the just.

To live on earth definitely true And walk the path of virtue through, Requires of man his utmost zeal, Lost to temptation he should yield. Monticello, July 28th, 1866.

Whisperings From Beyond the Tomb.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

A week after the tragical death of a notorious New York gambler, who mysteriously committed suicide in the dungeon of a malefactor, I received through the city post the following letter:

"No. 392—STREET, NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1846. 'DEAR SIR: Having been a patient of yours, you will, I am sure, pardon this appeal to your humanity from one who is this moment sorrowing in the loneliness and darkness of a desolated home. The death of my beloved husband, so sudden and terrible, has driven me to distraction. My brain reels, the room darkens, and I fear that I'm going mad. For heaven's sake, dear sir, if you can get me a word of comfort and sympathy for me, please let me receive it without delay. God grant that a communication from my poor husband may come at once, for my pain and suffering are greater than I can bear.'"

Weeks, months, years passed, before a word reached me from the lady's husband. The peculiar circumstances attending the communication render the whole case one of unusual interest, and therefore it is deemed worthy of record.

While on a visit to Providence, R. I., in 1854, a medium called upon me and said: "A man has been to me every night for nearly two weeks, saying: 'Call on Mr. Davis and request him to receive my communication.' I have tried to rid myself of his presence, but resistance only makes the matter worse. So here I am in obedience to his detestation. An hour was agreed upon for the interview, and at that time the medium promptly arrived. On entering a private room, his face was instantly pervaded with a demoralized smile; he violently stamped his feet; he gazed wildly around; a laugh of derision filled the room; and turning toward me, he exclaimed: 'Oh God! they're erecting the gallows!'"

The medium gashed his teeth in a frenzy of rage. He hastened to the opposite side of the room. Then, with a cautious and hardened expression of countenance, he silently walked slowly back to where I was standing. With a bewildered look the agonized medium glanced around; then great tears filled his staring eyes; then a look of utter despair and indifference settled upon him; and thus he walked to and fro, seemingly plunged in a gloomy reverie.

I was not prepared for such an exhibition. It seemed that I was alone with a powerful madman (the medium being a large, muscular person) who was premeditating the accomplishment of some terrible crime. The possessed medium now rushed about the room; he screamed aloud; he laughed like a maniac; then, dropping on his knees, he prayed with a truthful vehemence.

"O God! Great Heaven! the agony of this hour is devilish. They're erecting the gallows. They say I'm to be taken from this cell to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck until I'm dead—dead!" The suffering medium lifted up his voice and shouted: "Dead! Dead!" three times, and so loud that I feared that persons in the street would stop to inquire the cause.

Continuing in a kneeling posture, and looking, if possible, sun more wretched and mad, he shouted: "Are they going to strangle me? Say, are they? The fiends! O God, save me! help me! give me back my strength! my own power! Great heavens, save me from the gallows!" Oh, the dreadful penalty! He is compelled to tend to you to break these solid walls and escape! My God! they come—with rope and guards to hold me! Quick! quick!"

With this last utterance the powerful medium grasped his own throat, and tightened his grip with such frantic energy, that in a few moments he turned black in the face, gasped like one in the last agony, and fell apparently dead on the floor!

Imagine the horror of the situation. There was I alone in a room with a stranger, who had deliberately committed the crime of suicide, and I the only witness, who might possibly be accused of wilful murder! His countenance was fearful in expression. A white froth oozed from his mouth; and his whole appearance—the eyes fixed and protruding—was that of a man who had been choked to death!

Horried with the scene, I started in haste to open the door and call for witnesses. As my hand touched the door-knob, the medium groaned and said: "Stay, my friend; I have a communication for you."

"Not dead!" exclaimed I; "is it possible?" A kindly smile broke over his face. He raised himself carefully up, and stood calmly on his feet: "Not dead!"

I breathed once more freely, for the medium appeared as well as he did before the apparent suicide. The demoralized expression was entirely gone, and nothing remained of the agony and frightful paroxysms, through which he had just passed.

In a few moments he seated himself by the window, and asked me: "If I had received anything satisfactory?"

"Nothing could be farther from it," I replied. "Tap, tap, tap," was instantly sounded on the table, at the opposite side of the room.

"Some spirit is present," said the medium. "Suppose we seat ourselves at the table?"

We carried the stand to the center of the room, seated ourselves on opposite sides, and waited for further developments.

"Tap, tap, tap," sounded louder than before, and with such force that the windows shook as though a heavy person was walking on the floor. While waiting for a repetition of the vibratory sounds, the medium was suddenly entranced and caused to speak: "Ask your questions, friend Davis."

With this permission, I interrogatively remarked, that "The frightful exhibition I had just witnessed was incomprehensible."

The medium being deeply in the trance, replied mechanically: "Thus did in the city dungeon." Not at the moment recalling any case of the kind, I replied that "I had no knowledge of any such circumstance."

"My wife wrote to you a week after my death in the dungeon," he replied.

"What a test!" I thought I. Here in Providence, years after the letter was received from the suffering lady, through the mediumship of a person who had no knowledge of the letter or the transaction! If skeptics could have been present—could the doubters have known all the circumstances—what a weighty evidence of spirit existence and intercourse this case would have afforded them!

But the unexpected return of this mysterious self-murderer was not designed as a "test." Another and a very superior mission was his— "to send a communication to his still sorrowing wife." This, he said, was the object of his visit.

"Why, then, did you give me an exhibition so fearful to behold?" I asked.

"Tell my wife, Jennie, all you have witnessed," he replied. "Tell her how a man dies in a dungeon, with the madness of delirium tremens. I thought that was a murderer. It seemed to me that I had been sentenced by the Court to be hanged by the neck until I was dead. I thought I was guilty of great crimes. The carpenters were busy putting up the gallows in the prison yard. I heard them

talk over my crimes—heard their fiendish expressions of gratification that the gallows was to end my days! The door of the prison opened. A hundred men from Pandemonium entered, commenced to tantalize me with their epithets. They laughed at me, and filled my soul with disgust and burning indignation. In the midst of this agony I strangled myself to death. Oh! the memory of it is horrible!"

The strange and frightful conduct of the medium was now explained. It was intended as a pantomime of the gambler's last hours, and to reveal the manner of his mysterious death.

"You say," I interposed, "that you were bound in prison, and that in a fit of delirium tremens you committed suicide. Now, I would like to know what were your experiences immediately after death, and what has happened to you since that fatal hour?"

"The story would be too long," he returned. "I know that there is among people a morbid curiosity to know all about the fate of a self-murderer. I do not wish to conceal any feeling or thought that would gratify you. My condition, long before my last day on the earth, was awful. Gambling and intemperance, with all the excesses destructive to both body and soul, led me on to the end. One of my worst passions was pride. My pride did not begot self respect, but a feeling of scorn and bitterness toward my enemies. It got me into trouble frequently. I would fight when my pride was roused, no matter who was the assailant. This, with intoxicating drink, threw me into prison. I regret, exceedingly, my early pride. It caused me to think that I knew everything better than my neighbor did. I frequently disobeyed his injunctions, because I thought that I was wiser than either father or mother. In the fulness of my soul I regret this earliest sin of my life—I was too proud! too proud!"

The medium was here silent. He seemed to sleep very soundly. Then, after a few minutes, he opened his mouth mechanically, as before, and his tongue slowly said: "The last events of my life in the dungeon are too painful to revive. I thought, in my pride, that I was the object of the spite of every officer on the island. Everybody's finger was straightened at me. I longed to mete out the most inhuman punishments upon the heads of my tormentors."

"Did you live at home during the years of your boyhood?" I asked.

"At home!" he exclaimed; "that word has no charm for me. In my twelfth year I started in the world for myself. On a cold dark midnight, when the dogs barked in the bleak streets, I left my father's house. I wandered to and fro all night. Next morning, with my bundle and fifty dollars stolen from my mother—not thinking I was doing wrong (oh, I was so proud!)—I found a captain, who gave me a situation on his ship, which was bound for China. For this lady's spirit, who is lurking in my character. After being at sea a few weeks, I longed for a vessel of my own. I pitied the fool who would spend his days in doing the bidding of any man. I hated the captain and the mate. They ordered me about the deck as though I was a dog (oh, I was so proud!) 'Look out,' said I, angrily, to the captain one day; 'look out, or I'll make you a better pack for China. For this lady's spirit, who is lurking in my character. After being at sea a few weeks, I longed for a vessel of my own. 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the Bible? If not, you had better do so, and see if it contains any Spiritualism. You ought to be careful how you persecute this thing; you might be checked up in your mad career; you are no better or smarter than Paul was when he persecuted Christianity.

Now, in all candor, I would say for the love of truth, investigate a thing before you pass judgment on it. Spiritualism is as old as the Bible. The Bible is full of it; hundreds of passages might be quoted to prove it; but let a few suffice, and those doubting may search for themselves. The following passages are to show that those manifestations in the Bible accord with those of the present day.

"Moses and Elias appearing to men of earth," same as spirits do now to those in the proper condition at the present day. The law being given on Mount Sinai by angels or spirits. The angel appearing to Moses in the bush. The dispensation of the Spirit of the Gospel by means of spirits or angels at Pentecost. "I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things, etc." The spirits at Pentecost were heard as a mighty rushing wind, and appeared as tongues of fire. Phillip was carried by a spirit. The great stone was rolled from the door of the sepulchre by spirits. (Jesus was thought to be a spirit when he was walking on the water, which goes to show that people in those days thought spirits could be seen.) Paul was carried up to the third heaven. The three children and Daniel were protected by spirits. Peter's chains were taken off, and the great iron door of his prison was opened by spirit power. Healing by spirit power. Handwriting on the wall. Jesus accepted the ministrations of angels or spirits. The spirit appearing to Zacharias. The spirit appearing to Mary, announcing the conception of the Saviour. The spirits appearing to the shepherds, announcing his birth, etc., etc.

And this fair orb, which of the sun had birth, Laid into Time's embrace, and called by angels Earth, Rocked us upon the billows of the cosmic deep, Till thrilled with more of bliss than wakefulness could keep Beloved, we fell asleep.

Agonies ages rolled, while God's high hand unveiled The mysteries of law—in Truth's pure light revealed— Our parent earth was taught through hopes and fears, Through earthquakes, storms and sunshine, sighs and tears, To balance with the spheres.

Therefore our dreams were troubled, and at times we thought Our life forevermore with sorrow must be fraught; Sometimes we dreamed, love, that we were torn apart, And sold to mammon in a world's cold mart, Each with a bleeding heart.

Again at times we dreamed that we were forced to bow, And at a heathen altar pay a marriage vow, Which made of each a slave unto a soulless form, Which did our natures torture, cripple and deform, And drain'd our life-pulse warm.

And then we'd dream, beloved, we heard each other's voice And with the wildest rapture would our souls rejoice; But dreaming that we stood again, face unto face, We'd reach unto each other for love's pure embrace, And grasp but empty space.

And thus, love, we were sleeping, not the sleep of rest, For we partook the anguish of our mother's breast— When on the eastern sky resplendent glory broke— God's all-redeeming voice unto our mother spoke, And darling, we awoke!

Awoke to all the raptures we had known before; Awoke to find the pains of travail o'er; To find the goal of primal Reason won— Mind's towering archway opened to the sun, And still our spirits one.

And now, I know what made thee wish to woo me, And why with joy I flew so quickly to thee; 'Twas that from which each soul in nature draws Th' exhaustless power of reproductive cause— Love's HOLY MARRIAGE LAWS.

Thus we in soul we must ascend forever; No power in heaven or earth our fates can sever; The higher we ascend the clearer we shall see, What binds thy radiant spirit evermore to me, And mine all, all to thee.

And therefore, beloved one, when thy arms entwined me, My waking soul exclaimed, "I knew my mate would find me, And 'tis the same sweet breast in which I slept with thee, Pressed to thy glowing heart out on the cosmic sea, That now embraceth me.

And this is why I have no power to doubt thee, And why my soul cannot exist without thee; We are a rhythmic measure in the ceaseless hymn, Sang round God's bridal altar by the cherubim, And star-crowned seraphim.

And in one quivering wave of liquid harmony, So long as heaven's lyres resound to poetry, Our souls in one on love's poised wing shall soar Through opening skies, and skies we've swept before— One life forevermore.

Baltimore, August, 1866.

When we hear the song of the soaring lark we may be sure the entire atmosphere between us and the bird is filled with pulses, or undulations, or waves as they are often called, produced by the little singer's organ of voice. This organ is a vibrating instrument, resembling in principle the reed of a clarinet. Let us suppose that we hear the song of a lark elevated to a height of five hundred feet in the air. Before this is possible the bird must have agitated a sphere of air one thousand feet in diameter—that is to say, it must have communicated to seventeen thousand, eight hundred and eighty-eight tons of air, a motion sufficiently intense to be appreciated by our organs of hearing.

Rnskin says, with his old pungency, in one of his new essays: "You women of England are all shrieking with one voice—you and your clergy together—because you hear of the Bible's being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfill a single, downright precept of it."

Letter from Daniel Winder. Eds. JOURNAL: In the JOURNAL of the 18th inst., we have a report of a question asked in your public circle, and the answer of the controlling spirit, which I doubt not, was read with much interest generally. I allude to the question, "Is food required in the spirit world?" I think the answer was not such as would have been generally anticipated. Reasoning from analogy, and guided by the unfoldments from the spirit plane in general, the philosophical conclusion would seem to be that the spirit body, like the material, was dependent upon elementary nourishment and sustenance for its growth and development, and the perpetuity of its

existence. As the spirit body "corresponds with the material, only in a more refined condition," reason would indicate that it was nourished and sustained in a corresponding manner, only by food more refined.

In answering the question, "What likeness is there between the spirit world and this earth," the spirit used these words: "All that you have upon the material plane, we have in spirit. There is nothing which exists upon the material plane but has sufficient of the life principle for us to use—there is a principle of spirit in every particle of matter." Now, if this be so, how shall we harmonize this truth with the declaration of the spirit which follows: "We do not require food to sustain the spiritual body?" Perhaps the spirit meant material food; such as we use on the earth.

That life is sustained in the spirit world, by food adapted to the nature of angels and spirits, is a sentiment in harmony with rational philosophy, and entertained by ancient prophets and seers, I think will generally be admitted. In the 78th Psalm, David, in speaking of the Israelites, says, God "rained manna upon them to eat,—had given them the corn of heaven. Man did eat angels' food." I quote this passage merely to show that David believed that angels used some kind of food.

I am not one of those who believe that the spirit, when it leaves the material body and enters a higher plane of life, is invested with omniscience and infallibility. In matters of experience, their testimony, so far as their own individuality is concerned, is to be credited; but in matters of opinion merely, their communications should be tested by all the ordinary rules of rational criticism and investigation. And I think we are just as liable to misunderstand them, and they us, as we are to misunderstand each other. I therefore conclude that the spirits did not intend to convey the idea that they do not receive nourishment adapted to their nature, but simply that they do not desire or use our kind of food. The answer was only intended for those persons who "look upon the subject with the material senses."

DANIEL WINDER. Carthage, Ohio, August 22, 1866.

Religio-Philosophical Journal CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

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Spiritualists and Universalists.

To us it has always seemed strange that there should exist a spirit of antagonism between Spiritualists and Universalists. There is no essential difference in faith between intelligent Universalists and Spiritualists upon the question of future and eternal progression of mankind. Spiritualists know from spirit communion that which Universalists believe and theoretically teach and attempt to prove, sometimes by far-fetched, biblical quotations.

In spite of the religious dogmas in all past ages, seers and prophets have occasionally arisen above the creeds and church doctrines, and given utterance to their highest conceptions of a glorious hereafter for the whole human family.

These great truths have been gathered as precious gems by Universalists, from the primitive history, New Testament and early writings of the Christian fathers, and have been presented to the world as proof positive that the doctrines of endless hell torments are fallacious, and only the imaginings of religious chiefs in the early periods of man's existence upon the earth.

Spiritualists care but little for the authority gained from such a source. Reason, intuition, inspiration, and above all, direct communion with those who once lived on the material plane as we now live—but have passed on to the spiritual plane of life, and speak to us from their own experience after death, is evidence incontrovertible—such evidence as would settle any question beyond controversy, when preconceived opinions and religious bigotry did not exclude it from the mind without giving it a candid hearing.

But Spiritualists, as a class of religionists, recognize a broad and free platform, that includes every phase of reform; therefore cheerfully and cordially extend the right hand of fellowship to our Universalist brethren, as co-laborers and religious reformers. Indeed, we recognize the fact that Universalism and infidelity, so-called by self-styled evangelical Christians, paved the way for the ushering in of the new Spiritual Dispensation.

Infidelity and Universalism liberalized the minds of the people by dispelling the fear of the devil and hell torments from the minds of thinkers, so that the spirit world was enabled to get a hearing from the loved ones left behind.

Until the fear of the devil was dispelled by Universalists and infidels, whenever the inhabitants of the spirit world attempted to manifest themselves through some phase of mediumship, the clergy at once pronounced it the work of his Satanic majesty, and all the people cried out devil, crucify, crucify! and lo, the thumb-screws and every conceivable means of torture were resorted to to compel confessions from bewildered mediums, (Christian's witnesses) and grave, learned judges sat in judgment and condemned hundreds of thousands to an ignominious death. The cry of old went up, "ye shall suffer no witch to live," and so great was the power of darkness and ignorance, that the spirit world, to save innocent people from such demoralizing persecutions from the Christian world, found it necessary to first raise up bold men and women who would openly denounce the pernicious doctrines of theologians, and prove the final holiness and happiness of mankind from the same bible that the doctrines of endless hell torments was predicated upon; yea, more, a class of bold, free thinkers who denounced the Christian devil as a creature of imagination, a chimera of the brain.

Our Universalist brethren have done a good work in paving the way; they have been the John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness. Old theology trembled before Universalism, and as is common with cowards when fearful of being exposed and

overcome, said all manner of evil things against the tendency of Universalism, and accused Universalists as they now do Spiritualists, of every immorality of which they themselves are guilty.

Taking this view of Universalism, why should there be controversy or antagonism between Universalists and Spiritualists? Is it not a cardinal doctrine with Universalists and Spiritualists to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is true."

Seven-tenths of the Universalists are believers in spirit intercourse; seven-tenths of the money invested in Universalist churches, colleges and other institutions of learning, belong to Spiritualists.

Lombard University, that all liberal people of Illinois are proud of, was largely endowed by and derived its name from one who does not hesitate to acknowledge his belief in spirit intercourse, and has several beautiful spirit likenesses of his departed children as evidence of the truth of Spiritualism, to say nothing of the great numbers who contribute towards and patronize that University. A majority of the clergymen of that denomination are believers in spirit intercourse, and are daily becoming more and more outspoken upon the subject. Then why not meet in the spirit of fraternal love, and work together everywhere to promote the great cause of universal reform?

Our attention has been more fully called to this subject from the proceedings of the Universalist Society of St. Charles, Illinois.

The liberality of that Society is worthy of all commendation, and we trust our Spiritualist brethren everywhere will, as we do, feel to reciprocate in every possible manner, every like evidence of fraternal regard, from our Universalist brethren.

We ask a careful perusal of the following proceedings of said Society.

UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY AT ST. CHARLES, ILL. At a meeting of the members of the First Universalist Society of St. Charles, held at their meeting house on Sunday, the second day of September, 1866, Bro. H. O. Hyde moved that the trustees of said Society be authorized to sell the meeting house to the Swedish church.

Bro. S. S. Jones moved the adoption of the following preamble and resolutions, as a substitute for Bro. Hyde's motion, which, after discussion, were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, This Universalist meeting house was the first erected by that order in the State of Illinois or anywhere west of Lake Michigan; and

WHEREAS, Many who were engaged in its erection have passed to the higher life, who lived and died in the full belief of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind; and

WHEREAS, Under the preaching in this house in the early history of this State, liberal sentiments were laid broad and deep in the minds of many; and

WHEREAS, The members of this Society still have a lively hope in the continued promulgation of such sentiments; therefore

Resolved, That we are now and forever opposed to the sale of this house to any church or society whatever.

Resolved, That we hail with pleasure the proposal of Bro. H. Hyde to preach twice a month in this house, and that the trustees be requested to confer with him upon the subject.

On further motion of Bro. S. S. Jones, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

WHEREAS, Many of the members of this Society, and many who contribute to the erection of this meeting house are believers in Spiritualism; and

WHEREAS, There should be no contention or inharmony existing upon the subject of our respective faiths; therefore

Resolved, That when the meeting house is not occupied for religious worship by the Universalist Society, the Spiritualists may use it for their meetings and lectures, provided they will pay one half of the expense of necessary repairs on said house from time to time, subject to the control of the trustees of said Society.

On motion of Bro. S. L. Adams, Resolved, That copies of these proceedings be furnished to the NEW COVENANT and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for publication, and that said papers be requested to publish the same.

A true copy from the record. S. L. ADAMS, Moderator. Attest: JOHN OLIVER, Clerk.

The Strange and the Marvelous.

Below we give extracts from reliable newspaper sources of two marvelous and truly wonderful discoveries. One, that of the outbreathing and spontaneous enkindling of latent fire or voluntary ignition by invisible hands; the other the discovery of a remarkable cave containing a human skeleton of incredible dimensions.

As regards the spontaneous combustion or ignition by invisible hands, we have read of similar occurrences before. (Cases of a parallel character to the one below reported have occurred in Wisconsin and Michigan within a few years past, and no satisfactory elucidation of the mysteries has ever been given to the world, at least we have not seen it.)

The mind naturally supposes trickery in all such cases; but, is it reasonable to suppose, that one mind is capable of eluding the scrutiny of scores of others, acting singly or in concert; or in other words, is one man, woman or child, or whomsoever it may be, smarter than all the rest of the world? It is very easy for some minds to solve mysteries by calling them all humbugs, but this does not inveigh against stern facts that address themselves to the senses; the same senses by which we determine any facts in existence. If the statement of the match being marked, placed in a box carefully guarded, and then part of the same identical match being found in another part of the house be true, it indicates adroit trickery, or a fact of a startling character in the operations of some laws hitherto understood. It opens the door to the deeper realms of science and philosophy, to which the penetrating powers of the human mind have not yet reached.

We wish to be distinctly understood that we are not endorsing or crediting this statement, not one syllable of it. It may be that the whole thing is a catchpenny hoax, got up by some hotel keeper, stage proprietor or lazy man, to create an influx of guests or passengers, or patronage to his respective business, by operating upon the credulity of the public, through the organ of marvelousness. That paper, however, that will publish any such statement without some knowledge of the truth or untruth of it, places itself in an unenviable position before the world, subject to the severest censure of its readers, the withdrawal of their patronage, and the scorn of the public. And that paper that would descend so low as to publish any such statement for a paltry fee, and thereby subject the credulous world to needless expense, deserves the most condign punishment.

We know it is said that "fools will not learn in any but the school of experience," and some may excuse themselves for practicing humbuggery upon this ground, claiming that it redounds to the ultimate benefit of the victim, but in our opinion the lesson learned in this way is not worth the cost, and that the victim lies at the door of the humbugger, and he should pay the penalty, if any one has been injured to suffer.

We have said we have heard of similar cases. Is this a repetition of the trick, or is there some great good to grow out of it? It brings a crude development of occult laws which shall ultimately be rendered practical and useful as the power of steam.

The discovery of the power of steam was called a humbug, and the discoverer a madman. Copernicus was ridiculed to death for his discovery of the planetary system, and Galileo was forced to acknowledge it a humbug, and yet *sub rosa*, affirmed the fact.

There may be "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," yet.

With regard to the marvelous story of the cave, it all seems possible, nay even probable, but the thirty-eight feet six inches skeleton. But the writer says he has seen the teeth; that they are now "on the counter of the Pioneer Hotel for general inspection."

We confess this looks like a smart trick of the Pioneer Hotel man to draw patronage. Is business so dull out that way, that such artifices must be resorted to to get a living? We pity the poor hotel keeper or perpetrator of the hoax, whoever he may be, when the humbug, if it be one, is found out. But then if it possibly should be true, what an opening of the back doors of the most distant past there must be to discover the age in which this mighty giant lived, and what was the then condition of this habitable world? Did man walk among the giant pines and redwood of the Rocky Mountains, no smaller in comparison to them than man is to the ordinary size of timber in the forests of Michigan or Wisconsin now? Did he toy with buffaloes and mastodons then, as mankind now with mice and puppies? Drink dry the mountain streams at a single draught, and eat a whale or elephant at a single meal?

If these things are proven we shall begin to believe the mythological story of the giant lying asleep beneath the volcanic mountain, and when the earthquake heaves the surface of the mountain he is turning in his bed, and when the whole earth trembles with his fearful rumbling, he groans, or is only snoring in his profound slumber of centuries' duration.

But here are the extracts. Our readers are at liberty to draw their own conclusions:

INVISIBLE INCENDIARIES—STRANGE OCCURRENCES.—The *Herald Courier* says that a dwelling house situated in Pike county, Mo., has, for a few days past, been besieged by numerous individuals, eager to investigate the cause of the recent unaccountable fires which daily and sometimes hourly occur in the dwelling. Sometimes the mosquito bars are discovered on fire, but the flame is no sooner quenched than fire breaks out in the chamber amongst the wearing apparel. Extinguishing the fire in the chamber, and an alarm is immediately given from another part of the house, where least expected. As many as forty persons have stood guard in the building, determined to ferret out the cause of alarm, but with no success, flames continuing to burst out in the bedding, towels, curtains, dresses, etc., all during the day. At night there are no disturbances by the fiery element. On one occasion the investigating committee marked a match, placed it in the box securely covered, placed the box on a table and guarded it closely for a few moments—then the next alarm was raised—when they found to their utter amazement, a portion of the identical match which they had marked lying near a burning garment in another part of the house. All who have witnessed these manifestations affirm that it is not the work of any human agency.—*Daily State Journal, Springfield, Ill., Aug. 27, 1866.*

A MARVELOUS STORY.—A St. Joseph, Mo., correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*, says that a wonderful cave has been found in the bluffs about a mile above St. Joseph, which has been explored by some of the leading citizens of that place. Provided with all things necessary, they entered the cavern about ten A. M., and were gone till four P. M., when they returned, expressing the greatest wonder and relating marvels almost too strange for credence. Before proceeding very far, they came to a vast and splendid chamber, whose ceilings and sides were adorned with various stalactites of every form and hue, and transparent in their brightness. Fishes, beasts and human forms were represented by this brilliant accretion, and massive curtains of it, brilliant in hue, were pendent from the ceiling and hung heavily around the walls. Passing through this vast chamber they found themselves in a sort of grotto, whose sides were formed of crystal columns, and whose arched ceiling resembled a bow of diamonds. Emerging thence they beheld another hall, vaster than the first, and far more gorgeous in all its appointments. Here were niches, recesses, columns, fountains, all arranged as if by the hand of some great artist; and what was still stranger, a sort of low melody seemed to fill all the space. The last they attributed to the murmur of a crystal streamlet, which leaped from a portion of the wall and ran into a recess over glittering pebbles. On one side was a raised platform of pure white marble, extending the entire length of the room; and on this platform they discovered a human skeleton of gigantic size and in excellent preservation. Its length from head to feet was thirty-eight feet six inches. They could not measure the circumference of the head, but it was immense—they should imagine about six feet. Two of the teeth were dislocated, and these they brought to town, and I have seen them. They are now on the counter of the office of the Pioneer Hotel, for general inspection. One of them is ten inches in circumference, and the other six. It is almost impossible to imagine an animal large enough to use such masticators.

To Our Readers.

We are in receipt of several able and eloquent addresses which were made at the National Convention by some of our most able and earnest co-workers, which we shall take pleasure in laying before our readers at the earliest opportunity. One from J. S. Loveland, of Boston, on the "Fundamental Principles of Morals," will appear next week; also one from M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia, on "Dark Circle Manifestations," if we have room. Our friends are favoring us at the present time with many excellent and instructive articles; our only embarrassment is in the difficulty of finding room for them all, and determining which shall appear first.

We would also notice the reception of a report of a meeting at North Collins, at the hands of its efficient Secretary, Miss Josephine F. Smith, which report in its clearness and orderly arrangement, as well as in its matter, indicates that the grand cause is in good hands in New York.

This let us work with all our mind, might and strength in all parts of the land, each in his own respective sphere until all wrongs shall be righted; until freedom shall triumph over all forms of slavery and bondage, until truth and righteousness shall burn out all error and superstition, until

"Ever the right comes uppermost, And ever is justice done."

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D.

The above named able and efficient lecturer in the field of spiritual reform is now confined at Bro. Marsh's residence, in Chicago, with an attack of chills and fever. She was unable to fill her engagement to speak at Music Hall last Sunday. She hopes to be able to attend the Belvidere Convention, yet it is quite uncertain whether she will be there.

T. Woodruff, send on your present address, etc., as you desire.

Grove Meeting at Turner Junction.

One of those soul gratifying reunions which are becoming so (none too) common, came off at the above mentioned place, about thirty miles northwest from the city of Chicago, on Saturday and Sunday, the 1st and 2d instant.

The Convention held its sessions in a large and commodious schoolhouse on Saturday; was presided over by Hon. H. C. Child, of Wheaton, Ill., Mr. W. F. Jamieson, of Chicago, acting as Secretary. Speeches were made by the Chairman, Mr. L. B. Brown, (at present of Chicago,) Rev. Mr. Call, (Universalist clergyman,) of Wheaton, Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Yeager, of Chicago, and others, until the afternoon session, when the first regular address was given by Miss Sarah A. Nutt of Aurora, Ill., upon the question of "What is Truth?" and was followed by Mr. John W. Cowen, of Woodstock, Ill., trance speaker, upon the "Philosophy of Inspiration."

Mr. L. B. Brown gave the regular discourse on Saturday evening, upon the "Higher Life," after which the meeting adjourned until Sunday morning. Sunday morning convened at the schoolhouse, and by personal invitation of the proprietor, adjourned to the beautiful grove of Dr. John McConnell, near his pleasant and hospitable mansion. The first address was made by Mr. Geo. I. Yeager, and the morning was profitably occupied in asking and answering questions.

At the conference, in the afternoon, some resolutions presented by Mr. L. B. Brown, were discussed, which (we are sorry we have not a copy of these resolutions for publication,) elicited a great deal of interest, and their discussion was participated in by Mr. Child, Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Winslow, (of Geneva,) and others.

The regular and crowning discourse was given by W. E. Jamieson, in his soul stirring and masterly style.

We should not forget the singing by Miss Clara Morgan of her own beautiful song, entitled, "Spirit Rapping;" this song has been noticed by us before, and cannot be too highly recommended, especially to Spiritualists. The meetings were also enlivened by the singing of various and appropriate songs by Miss Morgan, Mr. Winslow, Mr. Yeager, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Church.

A good time generally was had, because every body seemed determined to make it a good time; and we doubt not a favorable impression was made upon the minds of the citizens at Turner Junction. Their general liberality and cheerful hospitality, (although but few of them are professed Spiritualists,) go far to recommend them for their friendliness and kind hearted dispositions; and when the meeting adjourned from the grove, the proposition was to meet there again in one year from that time, which was heartily, and apparently unanimously responded to, and so the meeting stands adjourned.

It is due to the friends that we should mention the names of some of the earnest souls and hearty co-workers in the good cause, of Turner Junction; and many of us have abundant reason to hold in grateful remembrance Mr. Joseph Smith and his excellent lady, and the other members of his family—Mr. Spencer Smith and his family, Mr. James Barber and his son, whose name we have forgotten, Mr. Bushnell, and Dr. McConnell, and others whose names we regret to say, we do not know.

At the final breaking up of the meeting on Sunday evening, every one seemed overflowing with thankfulness. The people thanked the officers and speakers, and the speakers thanked the people, and the guests thanked their entertainers, and everybody seemed perfectly happy. And when the year rolls round, look out for a reunion time in Dr. McConnell's free grove at Turner Junction.

Reality of Spiritual Life.

"The Spiritual world is as natural as the physical; it is the deeper world of nature."—*Christ and the People.*

From all sources of information, both ancient and modern, the statement above quoted is sustained. That which is denominated the physical or natural world is but the crude outward expression of the inner spiritual or real world.

Clairvoyants whose spiritual sight enables them visually to enter upon the transcendently beautiful realms of the spiritual plane, all agree in their descriptions of that sublime sphere as appearing perfectly natural, or in other words, perfectly corresponding with this outer sphere in all its appointments, only in a more exquisite form of beauty. There are mountains and plains, there are valleys and hills; there are oceans and lakes; there are rivers and streams; there are forests and fields; trees, shrubs and plants; buds, flowers and fruits; sunshine and shade; all that can charm the eye. Beasts, birds and beautiful insects, sweet songs of birds, soft sighing zephyrs, murmuring streams, and the deep roar of mighty oceans, all that can delight the ear. There are temples of art, mansions of taste, homes of luxury and gardens of pleasure; there are societies for intellectual culture, colleges of learning, and schools of education—all that can elevate the soul and exalt the being is here attainable.

All these things are attested by not only clairvoyants, but by an occasional traveler from those sublime abodes, who, through the feeble instrumentalities of this outer sphere, sustain and corroborate the relations of clairvoyants. But it is only to those whose embodiment of soul, and refinement of spirit, will enable them to appreciate the exalted character of a spiritual life, that the inexpressible joys of the natural, the true existence of the spiritual being, is comprehensible.

It is not to wait until "we have shuffled off this mortal coil" to enter this sublime sphere of life. It is begun here. It is attainable in the mundane world. It is but to cultivate the graces of a true, a just, a sincere, loving and forgiving nature, to enter into this spiritual life. There is but one life, and that life is eternal. There is but one God, and that God is the universe. There is but one heaven, and that heaven is in the soul.

L. Judd Pardee.

L. Judd Pardee closed his engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago Sunday evening, 8th inst., speaking twice on that day. In the morning upon the subject of "True Marriage," in the evening upon "The Origin, Vocation, Methods of Manifestation, and Destiny of the Soul."

We are pleased to learn that a handsome testimonial is being made up by the friends of Mr. Pardee in Chicago, to be presented to him as a token of their appreciation of his valuable services, and their sympathy for him under the depressed condition of his health, and to enable him to rest and recuperate his physical energies.

Renewals.

One more number completes the second volume of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. We earnestly request all old subscribers to renew their subscriptions at once. We really need your cord support.

Reserve.

We clip from the Chicago Tribune an extract from the New York Tribune, which, for its cool reserve, merits attention. It is as follows:

"JOHN PIERPONT.—In 1819 he was ordained minister of the North Street Unitarian Church in Boston. His position in speaking on the temperance reform caused trouble to his congregation, which resulted in a seven years' controversy, when he resigned. In 1835 he accepted the charge of the Unitarian Church in Troy, New York, where he remained four years, and then took charge of the First Congregational Church in Medford, Mass., where he continued to reside until the beginning of the war. Of late Mr. Pierpont, probably unfitted by age for the active duties of a clergyman, was obliged to accept a clerkship in the Treasury Department, and holding that position, died."

The reserve with which our contemporaries speak of a noble and fine spirit, is peculiarly marked.

Why not speak of the religious status of John Pierpont at the time of his death, when he stood out more prominently before the world than at any other period during his long and useful life? Had he not just resigned the chair of the Presidency of the National Society of Spiritualists, in session at Providence, and after enjoying the social pleasures of a trip on Narragansett Bay on Thursday, parted from his hosts of friends there, and then retired to his home at Medford, and on the Sunday morning following laid off the mortal form, to rise an unembodied spirit into more exalted and expanded conditions of immortal life.

"We quote from his farewell address to the National Convention, delivered only four days before his death, to show his religious faith and trust, in the hour when above all others religion is or is not available to the soul:

"Through Spiritualism I do know that the spirit survives the body, and that when it passes through the grave it has communion with those who have gone before. * * * For myself, I am satisfied that before long—in all probability before I have the pleasure of addressing another Spiritual Convention—I shall put off this earthly garment, and when next you meet I may be with you, unseen, and may possibly hold communion with one or more of you, when you wake or when you sleep. At all events, that is my faith, and that I do not mean to be infidel while I live, and do not think I shall. * * * And although, before you meet again, I may have passed away, I believe that I shall be permitted, even then, to meet with those who are still left on this side of the stream which flows between the seen and the unseen worlds."

Does this last declaration of faith—may, of knowledge—from the trembling lips of the dying octogenarian philanthropist, merit no attention from the journalist biographer? Is it just to the departed Pierpont to endeavor to leave the impression on the minds of the public that he died in the faith and in charge of the First Congregational Church at Medford, over his solemn declarations of faith in modern Spiritualism, made, as it were, on the verge of the unseen world into which his foot was already lifted to step! We would be just to all men, and more especially to those who have daguerreotyped their own spiritual features upon the world in the last and most glorious rays of their life's setting sun.

Do Orthodoxy and the pandering secular press suppose, by their reserve in relation to, or even the suppression of glowing truths or striking facts, they can draw the veil of obscurity about them? "Steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," and make John Pierpont's closing life enure to the glory of a moss-grown and crumbling edifice that is upheld only by priestcraft, bigotry and superstition.

Education of the Freedmen.

Rev. J. D. Fulton, of the Tremont Temple, Boston, made an appeal from the pulpit, in behalf of the "National Association for the Education of Colored Preachers and Teachers," from which we make the following extract, trusting that the interesting facts given, and the earnest words uttered by this philanthropic man, may stir the hearts of the people to do something practically in so worthy a cause.

We have already called attention to the efforts of Dr. P. B. Randolph in this direction, and we sincerely hope that a cause that promises such glorious results, will not go unheeded. That the immense price of blood and treasure that has been paid in vain. That the colored man shall be raised to that moral and intellectual status, and fitting station in the world of man, his God designed him to fill.

The work was really commenced by Rev. L. A. Grimes, pastor of the Twelfth African Church, in Boston, he himself having learned to read in a cell in Richmond, where he had been thrown by the slaveholders for having dared to talk too earnestly to the negroes. He went down to Washington and there began to teach those who are now teaching others. The movement has followed up until now the Association has thirty-two schools in active operation, with more than five hundred people now studying. The operation was a much more simple one than many might suppose, in view of the utter ignorance usually ascribed to the colored race. The fact was that they were imbued with such a desire to learn to read the Scriptures that it was on their thoughts night and day till they had accomplished the task. A few weeks sufficed, and then these students went out to teach others. Had we as many as three thousand in a row, all earnestly desiring to be instructed, who was pointing out the letters, and giving their combinations. It was a treat to see the way in which those simple minded people taught and learned. The aptitude of the colored race for instruction, was a something remarkable, and their eloquence was surpassing. He had often heard colored preachers who could not read a word, discoursing in language elegant and pure as that of the college student. Indeed, he confidently looked forward to the day when the brightest specimens of oratorical eloquence would flow from the lips of the colored man. He had often felt, while listening to Fred. Douglass, that there was more of the genuine orator in him than in most speakers of the white race.

Three hundred and twenty-five thousand colored men and women have already learned to read. The rest need instruction. Funds are needed to pay the expenses of educators; the men are ready, all that is wanted is the money. Fifteen hundred dollars a year is all that is paid. A much smaller sum than the average paid for pulpit ministrations in the North, and for this, men are willing to take their lives in their hands and teach the colored people.

New Publication.

A REPLY to the Rev. John Weiss on "Our Relations with the Spiritual World," by F. T. Lane, of Lawrence, Mass. This is a pamphlet of some nine pages. As evidence of the views of the author and the character of this little work, we take from its pages the following extract:

"Science demonstrates that matter is coeval with spirit. Science also shows that matter is indestructible. In the last chemical analysis of matter, what do we obtain? Spirit—that which eludes us. Therefore, from these considerations we affirm that spirit is the only substance in the universe. "Spirit and matter differ in degree and not in essence. As man contains within his organization all the elements of mending life and progress, we predicate his universal relationship to the universe."

Correction.

In the poem "The Rising Moon," by Emma Tuttle, published in No. 23 of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in the fifth line of the first stanza please read "The truth" instead of "The first." Also in the fourth line of the last verse but one read "Where'er" instead of "Wherein."

Our Contemporaries.

EVERY SATURDAY: Ticknor & Fields, Boston.—We are pleased to record the complete success of this excellent magazine, a success resulting from the fact that it supplies just what the American public have long needed—standard literature in a popular form. The number for September 1st appears with an increase of eight pages in size and the commencement of a "thrilling story from the French of Edmond About." While we regard the latter, and indeed all continued stories, as of doubtful utility in magazines of "choice reading," we must return the publishers our thanks for the excellent selections they have hitherto regaled us with, and wish them what we know they will receive—renewed success.

WESTERN STAR AND HOME VISITOR, of Indianapolis, Indiana.—The conductors of this journal should remember that a little originality in a paper purporting to be the literary paper of the Northwest, is highly desirable. The number on our table contains twenty-four selected articles, ranging from good to indifferent and bad, besides the advertisements and a column of local and foreign news. We can recall the time when this paper, under the able management of Mrs. S. C. Hall, was an honor to the West; but of late it has greatly degenerated. A little more original matter and a little less "sawing machine" is what it needs.

THE NATIONAL BANNER, of Cincinnati, Ohio.—We take great pleasure in calling the attention of our friends to this paper. Its outspoken advocacy of political and religious freedom, and its uniform fair treatment of the claims of Spiritualism and Spiritualists, recommend it to the attention of reformers.

A MURICAL COW.—A gentleman residing near this city has a cow that evidently has an ear for music. She will permit no one to milk her who will not sing while performing that operation. The moment the music ceases she becomes restless, and will break away unless it is resumed at once; but while the singing progresses she will remain perfectly docile. She does not seem to care so much about the quality of the music, provided the quantity is sufficient. She exhibits, truly, a remarkable freak.—San Jose Mercury.

A STORY OF A SENTINEL.—A story is told of a Prussian sentinel stationed on the steeple at Troppau, and left behind there when his company retreated. The citizens attempted to take him prisoner, but the Prussian easily defended with his bayonet the narrow winding stair by which alone access could be gained to the steeple. They then decided on reducing him by famine, but the Prussian, having a good supply of cartridges, announced that unless he was regularly and well fed, he would shoot every one who passed in the streets around the church. The brave soldier thus contrived to maintain his position for two days, when Troppau was re-occupied by the Prussians, and he was relieved.

NEVER BE IDLE.—Our years are but few, and every minute of indolence, by taking a grain from the heap, shortens our span. If we knew that but a day remained for us to live, and we had some great work that we could just finish in that period, with what industry would we labor to complete it. We would strain every nerve, and grudge every second, watching the sun's decline with trembling and fear. Yet life is but a day, and we will have more than enough work to perform. The river of time rolls by without ceasing, and on its bosom we are hastening to the great ocean of eternity.

Musical and Musical Instruments.

We hope our friends throughout the Northwest will remember that we can furnish them at their own homes with the very best sheet and book music, pianos, melodeons, organs, and all other musical instruments, cheaper than they can get them elsewhere. We deliver them by mail, express, and railroad, free of charge.

Col. N. W. Daniels and his excellent lady, Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, have been giving lectures recently in Rochester, N. Y. The former upon the "Freedmen," the latter upon "Spiritualism." Both are effective workers in the fields they have respectively chosen to labor in. Mrs. Daniels also gave a lecture upon the "Saviours of the Nation, or Woman and War."

THE DAVENPORTS IN EUROPE.—A correspondent of the London Spiritual Times, in writing to that journal, says: "Your readers will be pleased to learn that the Davenport Brothers are still at work on the continent. After remaining at Brussels a month, during which time they gave seances nearly every night to large audiences, they visited Liege, a large manufacturing town in Belgium, where they remained five nights, and excited the astonishment of several hundred persons."

"The Belgium press has acted very liberally and honorably towards the subject, and through its instrumentality the fact has been made known to thousands. In Louvain the Brothers were particularly successful, the hall overflowing, the audience being composed of great numbers of students of the University."

"In addition to the public seances at Brussels, private ones were given, one to the chief literary society, and also to the Spiritualists, who considered themselves 'nothing unless critical,' and carried their tests to a ridiculous extent; so much so, that they came and tendered an apology for their conduct the next day."

"Two highly successful exhibitions have been given in this town, (Nemur) which, by the way, swarms with Roman Catholic priests. The Brothers go to Charleroy next, and after visiting a few other towns in this country, proceed to Holland."

Miss Clara Barton, whose devotion to sick and wounded soldiers in the late war is so well known, proposes, in compliance with numerous requests, to lecture, the coming season, on "Personal Reminiscences of Scenes on the Battlefields."

Rear Admiral Stewart, "Old Ironsides," completed his eighty-eighth year on the 28th ult. He is the oldest officer in our navy, and is still active.

Hiram Powers, the sculptor, is a Swedenborgian, and proposes to execute a statue of Swedenborg.

M. Renan, author of the "Life of Jesus," is still rather a young man; he was born in 1823, in Treguer, in Brittany.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

MORE BRUTAL CHILD WHIPPING.—Joseph Inman and wife, of Westfield, Ind., have been arrested for tying a young girl naked to a tree, where, after scourging her with a rawhide whip, she was allowed to remain till the sun blistered her.—Sturgis Journal.

Pass around the child whippers and child murderers, brother contemporaries, until the fierce flames of public indignation, and censure shall scorch them into contrition; and the thongs of justice lacerate their consciences until they wail a cry for mercy at the bar of God.

A DAUGHTER OF THE FOREST.—A very curious event lately occurred in Hungary during a bear hunt. A very savage she bear had just been mortally wounded, when all at once a young girl, about twelve years of age, rushed out of the thicket and threw herself on the expiring beast, giving utterance to most lamentable cries. After a good deal of difficulty this young savage was captured by means of cords and nets. It has been discovered that a peasant woman some twelve years ago lost her child (a little girl) on the confines of the forest, and had never since been able to obtain any tidings of her. A certain Countess Erdoll has taken the little girl under her care, and is obliged to feed her with roots, honey and raw meat—the usual food of bears. It will be most interesting to discover, when the child has received an education and her mental faculties develop themselves, if she will remember her former state, and be able to give an account of her life in the forest.

REPRESENTATIVE RELATION.—All things in our experience have representative relation. All our

past is a volume crowded with ripe instruction. Every good act is planted; every ill, rebuked and condemned. Experience sets the just value. There is no crucible that melts and dissolves all like time. So much that seemed so large and important, that our spirits yearned for, and our hands toiled for, sinks to small dimensions seen in the retrospect of the past, and so much that seemed little, has proved great. When we thought ourselves getting most, we realized least; and when we thought least, there we found most. Time abases the high and exalts the lowly. Continued prosperity, abundant gratification, and earthly possession are seen for the illusive vanity they are, while outward limitation, necessity for labor, resolve, and inner reliance, become glorified, become media through which descend to us the light and fitness of God. How base seems all passion viewed in the past. How pusillanimous that we should have lost our temper and fumed. Occasions that seem at the moment overpowering, taking us from our possession irraditably, shrink down to trifles and nothing, and we wonder we should ever have been so weak and dependent.

EATING AND DRINKING.—We do not all know exactly what is best for us to eat; and some are so situated that they can have but little choice, except in regard to the quantity of food taken. Yet it is an acknowledged fact that the physical condition has much to do with the moral and spiritual state; and the food eaten has much to do with the physical condition. So it is our duty to eat (if we can have our choice) such food as will most favor the highest degree of health, both bodily and spiritual.—F. H. Chamberlain.

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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 July and plainly written to Geo. H. Jones, Secretary, Drawer 6825, 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 sheet 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 ASSOCIATION 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. Pianos 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, Chicago, Ill.

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 masterly manner, viz:

- 1. Astronomical Religion.
2. Religion of Nature.
3. The Creator and His Attributes.
4. Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny.
5. Sin and Death.
6. Hades, the Land of the Dead.

Together with the outline of a plan for a humane enterprise and an autobiographical introduction with an appendix containing the sayings and sentiments of many well-known Spiritualists and other reformers.

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

MISSING PAPERS.—We receive occasional letters from subscribers, informing us that some numbers of the JOURNAL are not received. To all we would say, if you do not receive any numbers to which you are entitled, write, and they will be forwarded by return of mail. In writing be particular to specify the number of the paper, or the date, or both.

Thus: "Send me No. 11, Vol. 2, dated June 9, 1866, which I did not receive." We have no request to make, and that is that subscribers will not allow more than two weeks to elapse, as we cannot guarantee the sending of a paper after that interval. Address the Secretary.

CLAIRVOYANT AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Miss Laura will remain in Chicago a short time, at No. 300 1/2 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 autographs 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 from 1 to 3, P. M. [24-1]

MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Meridian Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination \$2. The money should accompany orders. [13-1]

Sent for one of Harris' Gas Burners, for burning Kerosene oil; it's all lamps, requires no chimney, makes no smoke, saves oil, and gives a splendid gas light. Can be carried about the house without danger of being extinguished. Sent by mail for 60 cts. Taylor, Burt & Co., 100 Monroe St., Chicago. [35

Mrs. M. C. Jordan, Test and Business Medium, 251 South Jefferson street; takes Clinton street cars on Randolph street.

HEALING THE SICK BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.—Dr. PETER, late of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, who has treated over 35,000 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, Iowa, 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. 5th. Davenport, Iowa, at the Scott House, for 30 days from Oct. 10th to Nov. 9th.

TRIAL BY JURY.—The trial by jury is a right which every citizen of the United States has claimed as his prerogative. But it is of much greater importance to those who have been suffering for years from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and general debility, that Coe's Dyspepsia Cure will certainly cure them. The proprietors guarantee it in every instance.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 12 30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their hall, at the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. GENESEE, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall, No. 130 Main street, third floor. BRUNSWICK, MICH.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society" holding 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 Sundays at Metropolitan Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth streets at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, under the auspices of this Society, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9 1/2 A. M. Seats free.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, corner State and 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M. COLUMBUS, OHIO.—The Religio-Philosophical Society of Columbus, 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 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock. BOSTON.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays at 2 1/2 and 7 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 Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 1/2 A. M. every Sunday. PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Eubitt Hall, No. 56 West 33rd street, near Broadway.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday School, meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock. Speakers willing to make engagements to lecture in Eubitt Hall, should address P. O. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5079, New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Doodworth's Hall. Seats free. WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings are held one evening each week, in Continental Hall. MONROEVILLE, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M. PHILADELPHIA.—The First Association of Spiritualists holds regular meetings on Sundays at Washington Hall, southwest corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets, at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Lyceum No. 1 at the same place.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings on Sundays in Sanson Street Hall at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds sessions every Sunday afternoon in Sanson Street Hall at 2 1/2 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 place.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 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 Allen, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton. C. Fannie Allen, Address Woodstock, Vt. W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521 New York City.

Mrs. N. B. Andrews, Address Dillon, Sank 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, Olmsted county, Minn. Lovel Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio. C. C. Blake, Address Dahnemga, 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 52 Fifth street, New York. B. J. Butts, Address Hopedale, Mass. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Address 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Albert B. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Putnam, Conn. Judge A. G. W. Carter, Address Cincinnati, Ohio. Annie Lord Chamberlain, Musical Medium. Address Banner of Light office, Boston, Mass.

Warren Chase will lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, during July; in Geneva, Ohio, August 8th; 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, Ross Co., Ohio.

Prof. J. Edwin Churchill will answer calls to speak on Sundays by a distance. Week day evenings, convenient to Pontiac, 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. Cooley, Address Vinland, N. J. Dr. James Cooper will speak at Cuyahoga Falls, Summit county, Ohio, 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."

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lectures. Address Rutland, Vt., P. O. Box 110. Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O. Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, Champlain, Hennepin Co., Minn. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, Address Box 818, Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal. Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J. Lisette Dolan, Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont st., Boston. J. T. Dow lectures in Hebron, Ill., September 2d, Janesville, Wis., September 10th.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, Address Rockford, Ill. Dr. H. P. Fairfield, trance speaker. Address Monmouth, Illinois. Rev. James Francis will answer calls to lecture. Address, Estherville, Emmet co., Iowa. S. J. Finney lectures in Lowell, Mass., September, October and November; Troy, New York, December, January and February; Philadelphia, Penn., March. Address accordingly, or Ann Arbor, Mich. A. P. Foss, Address Manchester, N. H. Mrs. Dr. D. A. Gallion will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control. Address Keokuk, Iowa. Isaac P. Greenleaf, Address Lowell, Mass. N. S. Greenleaf, Address Lowell, Mass. Dr. Jos. J. Hattinger, Trance Speaker. Address 28 Court street, New Haven, Conn. J. B. Hartison, Kenosha, Wisc. Noble Co., Ind. D. H. Hamilton, Address Hammonds, N. J. G. D. Russell, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Wisconsin. Address, Waterville, Wis. W. R. Houghton, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis.

Mrs. E. A. Horton, Address Brandon, Vt. M. Henry Houghton, Address West Paris, Me. Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y. W. A. D. Howe will answer calls to lecture, on Spiritualism and its prophetic subjects. Address, Cleveland, West Side P. O., Ohio.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchison, Address East Brainerd, Vt. W. F. Jamison will lecture in Turner's Junction, Ill., September 1st and 2d; in Berlin, Wis., September 8th and 9th; in Wisconsin, Ill., September 15th. Address Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill. Wm. Kilpatrick lectures on Spiritualism, Phrenology and Physiology. Will receive subscriptions for stock in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, also for the JOURNAL and LITTLE BOUQUET. Address, Olivet, Mich. George F. Kitching, Address Grand Rapids, Mich. J. S. Loveland will answer calls to lecture, and will pay special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address Hamburg, Conn. Charles S. March, semi-trance speaker, Worcester, Wis. Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan. Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 776, Bridgeport, Conn. Mrs. H. M. Miller, Racine, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch. Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell will answer calls to lecture. Address Box 22, Chicago, Ill. Miss A. P. Mulgrew, Address Atlanta, Ill. A. L. E. Nash will answer calls to lecture and attend seances, in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y. Sarah A. Nutt speaks in Aurora, Ill., during August; in Berlin, September; in Elgin, October; in Detroit, Wis., November. Address accordingly.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearlall, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich. J. M. Peckles, Box 1492, Cincinnati, Ohio. George A. Peires, 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, Michigan. Dr. W. K. Ripley, Address Box 96, Foxboro', Mass. G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Brodhead, Green county, Wis. Miss Belle Scougall, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill. Austin E. Simmons will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first Sunday in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass. Mrs. Mary Louisa Smith, trance speaker, Toledo, O. Dr. John Mayhew will resume his labors for the coming season on the first of September, traveling through Southern Minnesota, Iowa, Northern Illinois, to Chicago; from thence onward to the State of New York. All applications for lectures must be made without delay from either Minnesota direct to St. Paul. For other points of his route, see care of Euseb Gray, McGregor, Iowa. J. W. Sewer, Byron, N. Y., inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals in Western N. Y. Mrs. H. B. Stearns will answer calls to lecture in the West. Address, Detroit, Mich. H. B. Storor, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. C. M. Stone will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address San Jose, Cal. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, inspirational speaker, 96 Bank street, Cleveland, O. Benjamin Todd, Address San Jose, California. Hudson Todd, Berlin Heights, Ohio. J. Wm. Van Name, Brooklyn, N. Y. Selah Van Sickle, Maple Rapids, Mich., will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity. F. L. Wadsworth, Address care of Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass.

Lois Walsbrough can be addressed at BAXTER of LIGHT office, Boston, Mass., till October; at Java Village, Wyoming Co., N. Y., during October. Will receive calls westward for the winter. Mrs. E. E. Warner, Address Berlin, Wis. E. E. 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., in January and February, 1867. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. A. E. Whiting, Albion, Mich. Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D. Address P. O. Box 2903, Chicago, Ill., during September.

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, Chautauque Co., N. Y., till October. A. W. Williams, healing medium. Address, Vermont, Fulton Co., Ill. Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker. Address Boston, Mass. P. L. H. Willis, M. D. Address care of Banner of Light. Capt. E. V. Wilson's address for the summer months will be Menasha, Oconto co., Wis. Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Address 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass.

Henry Woodhall lectures on Spiritualism, Laws of Life and Health, Boston, Mass. Mrs. Mattawan, Address Leslie, Mich. Elijah Woodworth, Address Leslie, Mich. Warren Woodson, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y. Miss H. Maria Worthing, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill. Henry C. Wright, Address care of Bela Marsh, Boston

Mrs. E. A. Horton, Address Brandon, Vt. M. Henry Houghton, Address West Paris, Me. Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y. W. A. D. Howe will answer calls to lecture, on Spiritualism and its prophetic subjects. Address, Cleveland, West Side P. O., Ohio.

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Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearlall, inspirational speaker

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He 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 be 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.

SEPTEMBER 4. INVOCATION.

Let our thoughts for a few moments be directed unto Thee, Spirit of wisdom, truth and contentment. We would ask to ever be blessed by the Spirit of Wisdom—that we be enabled to deal justly with one another.

Unto Thee Spirit of Truth, we would ask that Thou wouldst establish Thy throne in the center of every heart, and unto Thee, Spirit of Contentment, we would ever desire Thy mild and gentle influence.

Feeling that everything that has an existence, hath also its origin in a Father that is infinite.

To be guarded by a Spirit of Truth will enable us to speak kindly, truthfully, of one another.

Wisdom tells us that it is their sphere of action, not our own, and leads us to consider well before we express ourselves in any way toward them. Truth—being true to ourselves, we shall ever treat all in their absence as we would if they were present. If they have faults, as all have, for there is none perfect, let us deal with them in wisdom and truth. Let us ever strive to make ourselves worthy of these blessings.

AUGUST 28. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION BY DAVID WINDER, CARTHAGE, OHIO. Q. Do spirits ever sleep, or repose in any way, analogous to our sleep in the material body?

A. Spirits do sleep, repose as they do upon the material plane, for a certain length of time. Many spirits feel they need, and therefore desire that rest, that quietude, which they had on earth in sleep. [Gentleman present—Force of habit.] Yes, force of habit. That it is necessary for the spiritual organism to have repose, we feel is not so, but when spirits feel a desire for rest in sleep, they receive it.

QUESTIONS BY D. M. GRAHAM, M. D., EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

Q. Can a spirit take possession of a physical body, and hold possession for years, or during physical life, thereby producing what is termed insanity?

A. That spirits can and do take possession of material organisms for a certain length of time, is what a good many upon the material plane will bear witness to; but that the organism is ever held for a length of time, until it loses, as it were, its individuality upon the material plane, we will not say that it is impossible, but will say that we have no knowledge of such a case.

We would say here, that spirits upon the material plane, who have had experience and possess intelligence, would not permit a spirit that had not proper intelligence to hold an organism, to that extent that it would prove injurious to the spirit of the organism. Individuals often possess a diseased organism through which the spirit manifests itself.

It is not a "spirit of darkness." So far as "evil spirits" are concerned, we shall say, again, that inasmuch as we do not believe in anything that is evil, we cannot say that "evil spirits" take possession of material organisms. Look at yourselves for a moment! Consider, think. Look at the physical organization of the individual that you call wicked, sinful! See what organs the spirit must manifest itself through. Then think of that spirit being relieved of its inharmonious body, and surrounded by intelligent beings. Is there not a chance for it to advance as rapidly as any on the plane at the present time? Individuals should think of that. Persons who possess angular natures will receive the aid of those whom they meet in the spirit world, and who are sufficiently advanced to relieve them of their benighted condition.

Q. Can a healing medium have any influence over the spirit thus controlling, by which the obsessed may be relieved?

A. So far as healing is concerned—a healing medium possessed of psychological power over the spirit of the organism, (not a disembodied spirit)—so far be, or she, would be enabled to remove the disembodied spirit—in other words, to restore the spirit to its natural and legitimate state in its own way. Think not that spirits in the material form possess greater power, light and truth, than those who have become inhabitants of the spiritual form, who have reached the spiritual plane. That is about all we want to say.

Q. Are there not instances where the developing influence of spirits upon mediums is supposed to be spasms, or fits, produced by physical derangement, and if the medium was left alone would result in mediumistic development?

A. We should certainly agree with our brother that there are cases of supposed physical derangement, when it is a power foreign to the subject trying to get possession to such an extent that the idea fastens itself upon the minds of unbelievers that it is a clear case of insanity.

That it is necessary to let them alone we cannot believe to be so, but, when properly understood, they can be aided very much.

The philosophy of spirit control (and also of disease,) is in its infancy, and is not understood. Very few have a clear conception of its reality—the modus operandi by which either is accomplished. Let individuals in cases of physical, or of spirit control, understand just what to do, and they can do much good. A great many have an idea of making passes downward, but if you want to remove a disease, make the passes upward. In manipulating, for instance, for simple pain, you can work downward. [Will not the passes downward relieve pain in all cases?] They will help it sometimes, that is the imparting of vitality will help it. There is a great deal of vitality in the magnetism

of the earth. It will depend upon the organization of the individual as to the best mode of manipulating. Both ways are beneficial.

Sometimes a diseased person may entertain the idea that the passes made in a certain direction would produce relief. In such a case the passes downward would produce the desired effect.

AUGUST 27. P. J. C.

[Spirit controlling opened the medium's eyes, and for a few minutes seemed engaged in deep meditation, and then said:] Again, my child, I am upon the material plane of life. Again I seem to have the same feelings that I had upon earth. Again all the discordant elements upon the material plane of life seem to take possession of my body. I am not disappointed because I speak thus. I have never yet found a body so near like unto my own, that I could feel like myself—i. e., as I was wont to feel before I changed places of existence. It is not to tell you anything new: it is not because I have arrived at a greater stage of happiness, but it is to remind you of my delayed presence with you, I speak now. Shadows, dark from the spirit world's horizon, flit before your vision; you seem at times to be left alone, dark and wretched. You pray that with the means your friends in the spirit world possess, they may remove you from a world of suffering to a world of light and beauty. Everything is changing, changing, for your good. It will be but a little time—a very little time—till your surroundings will be so different that you will enjoy much more than you have for many, many years. Your mother, your sisters, all send their love, all invoke the blessing of Him who ruleth upon you. Their prayers will not be in vain. Look up, be hopeful, for a happier day is to dawn, my daughter L. I know what you suffer in spirit.

You never told any one your deepest sorrows. You hide them within your own breast, which makes them doubly hard to be borne. If you would confide in some one who would help you to bear your burden, you would suffer less. If I were on earth you would confide in me. The one, my child, that you look upon with so much dissatisfaction is doing that which seems to him best. I do not feel to blame him, although you seem at times to think that I would, and so I would if I were upon earth. I have talked with him many and many a time. I see his object, his motive, so that it is for the best to be more condescending. That principle is not in your nature. I look back upon conditions prior to your birth, and see their marked effect upon you. Hope—that bright star—tells me that you will see that it is much more worthy to live and let live.

Your father, P. J. C. [To reporter.] Thank you. [You are welcome.]

JOSEPH WILLOUGHBY.

May I sit over there, [alluding to a lounge,] near that lady? [Yes, if you wish to.] Well, I am going to, anyhow. [Sitting on the lounge.] I didn't like to sit over there. [Is this a lady controlling the medium?] I ain't [nothing but a boy!] I will tell you what this makes me think of: One day when father and mother were gone away, and no one left but us children, my sister got on mother's dress. This seems just like it, only I ain't a girl. [To the circles.] This is kind of nice, ain't it? Wish my mother was here, now. Wish my father was here, too. [Where are your father and mother?] What is it? [Some persons rapped at the door, and were admitted.] So many folks coming in I don't like it. Did you say you would send for my father and mother? [Where do they live?] Where is this? [Chicago.] I do not know where that is. I know where my folks be, though. [Where are they?] They are in Minnesota. Where's this? [Illinois.] How far is it? [Gentleman present—I have just come from Minnesota. In which part do your father and mother live?] St. Paul. [It is four hundred and fifty miles.] Oh, ain't it a good ways! Then you can't go for my father and mother! [No, not very well.] I ain't going to stay here, then, because these folks say it is four hundred and fifty miles. [We will send your letter to your folks.] A man says he will send it to you.

I am sorry I went out hunting. Mother didn't want me to go. Don't know how I came to—don't know anything about it. I put in too much powder. I tipped up the piece of paper so, [illustrating by gestures,] you know, and got in a double charge. I shook it in so, [gesticulating.] I got in too much, and made it fly all to pieces. [Made what fly?] The gun. It struck me right in here, [pointing to the medium's temple,] and I died. [Do you like where you are now?] Not much. I don't like it here, either. Will you send this for my father and mother, now? [Immediately.] What does he mean? [Right off—to-day.] Then you send it to Jacob Willoughby.

My name is Joseph Willoughby. You tell them I want them to come, will you? [To a lady present.] You tell them, will you? [Lady—it will not be necessary—you can have mediums where they live.] I want them to come right away. How many days does it take them to come? [People can come in two days. I have performed the journey in that length of time.] You will make a letter for me? [To publish?] Printed? [Yes, it will be printed with the other letters.] Printed? That ain't a letter! [Yes—we call them letters.] I don't know. [How old are you?] Me! how old be I? Pretty near eleven. I guess I was nine when I got killed. I didn't do right. Can't help it now. [To reporter.] Will you make it all right, and send it so that I can talk? I will make sure. Are you sure you will do it? [Yes.] Then, good bye. [Good bye.]

GEORGE SMITH.

Our desires seem, when we come here, to overcome our reason, don't they? [Do not know.] We seem to think what we will do, feel what we will do, know what we will do, and then when we come here, we don't do so. [The controlling spirit at this point requested the privilege of removing the medium from the lounge, where the little boy had left her, to her usual place, near the reporter's stand. After changing seats, spirit said:] Well, this is a little more like it. [You don't object to sitting near that lady, do you?] That woman seemed to feel a good deal of kindness to the boy, but I suppose she would not have as much for me. [Lady—We should treat all kindly.]

It is not impossible that my folks look upon this as being an strangeness, because it is rather a strange, mysterious affair. I never yet have seen the persons who have gone through this process who could tell me just how they did it. They could not tell. I cannot tell. If none can tell how they do it, it cannot be expected that any one will believe it.

Here I am. O-o-h, how cold it is! Here I am—[shuddering]—how—devilish—cold. [Lady—Do you want this shawl?] A woman's shawl, ain't it? [Yes; it will keep you warm.] [The shawl was wrapped around the medium.] Thank you. The long and short of it is, it ain't the cold—I see that

now. I got right into a place where I—o-o-h—froze—to—death. [Medium shivered violently, and her teeth chattered for several seconds.] I died two years ago in an awful storm—froze to death. Lost my way. Got snowed in with my team. I was awful cold. I felt the cold shake when there was not enough of me left to shake with before I died. The strangest of it is, I did not get across, so there is no use of your expecting any one, or any word that I am alive, for I am not alive on earth. You may look for me from the other side after death, but you cannot look for me as ever coming. No use sending word upon earth. [What part of the country were you in when you died?] Crossing the plains.

George Smith is my name. They told me that everything you say here is printed in a paper, is that so? [Yes.] It is a weekly issue, is it? [Yes.] Then let it go. Has it a wide circulation? [Yes.] Any of your papers go to Milwaukee? [Yes.] When I can go where I will not feel the same freezing feeling, I will talk to you again. [You may feel better next time.] [To reporter.] Don't forget my name, George Smith. [It is written down.]

HENRIETTA L. MILLER.

I want to enlighten my friends of the fact that I possess the power now to manifest myself to them. I can talk to you now as well as before death, and it is to inform you of this fact I have put off taking possession of this medium. It is not now to say what we desire in detail, because I know that would not meet with your approbation. I never should have believed this myself, if I had not experienced it. By what means it is done I am not able to say, but I think when you make proper conditions at our home that I can talk to you there with greater ease, more freedom, than I can here. It is not because there seems to be a lack of kindness in the people here, for I feel that they are kind—but they are not my own friends—not yours. It is for your benefit that I would wish to talk here, but I will not say here what I would, for there are still many obstacles which present themselves to you. You will have to be strong, persevering, to enable you to meet them. If you will listen to me—to the voices of those who have passed to a higher, more beautiful plane of life, they will give you strength—greater strength than it is possible for you now to conceive of.

In the change from earth to heaven, (what we call "from earth to heaven.") I experienced very little suffering. The dread of it was greater than the reality. I remember now the feeling that oftentimes came over me. Similar to that when a person faints away. I faint, and remember that feeling. It was of very short duration. There were no unpleasant feelings accompanying the change. When I came to consciousness I saw you trying to restore me. I knew that it could have been but a few minutes that I had been unconscious. You were in hopes that I would revive again, even if I could not stay long. Inasmuch as my body was so diseased, that the restoration to health was impossible for me, it was best for me to go then. I did not regret it at the time—never have since.

Now, if you will only give me an opportunity to talk with you there, it is all I will ask. Never mind, never mind, let the sayings be said, let the frowns be gazed. They are nothing compared with what you can receive from this life here which you might enjoy. I was told before I came here that it would make you stronger to try your strength, to have any one oppose you, otherwise you would not know how strong you were.

It has been but a little while since I left you. It will be but a little while before this reaches you. It will not take you long to do all that is necessary to be done.

Now, I am going away from this body—leave her to herself, or some one else that desires to fill the same place.

With a lighter heart than I came—the same heart which is full of love for you as when on earth—your daughter and sister, Henrietta L. Miller. [To reporter.] Do not make a mistake, please, in my last name. [We will not.] Accept my thanks.

AUGUST 28. THOMAS.

You can talk, merely, and say you do not believe, but that will not alter the truth. Belief and facts are two things. Believing is hearsay, facts are experience. Now, put yourself in a way to experience, and instead of saying you do not believe, you will say you know, and when asked how you know, you will say because you have experienced. If I felt here at all as I had an idea that I would, in all probability I would not say a word to you. But there is such variety of opinion in regard to a future state, that I don't care for opinions any way. I think it is just to us, who have passed from earth to the future state, to have a hearing—a proper hearing—not out the thing off saying by saying you don't believe it. If a man says he don't believe, it shows he don't know, and if he says he knows, it shows he has experienced something. Yes, sir, "I believe so and so." "I don't believe so and so." "I like to hear any one say he knows."

The first thing is birth on the natural plane of life. On the other plane there is first a resurrection; after the resurrection life and knowledge. After a person has passed through birth, death, resurrection, it is not strange that he wants to let his friends on earth know that he is living, and to set them on the right track. There is that good old passage of Scripture—good, not only to preach but to practice, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." [That is said with reference to the spirits—"Try the spirits."] Well, it says try, anyhow. Don't pass an opinion until you have tried. Try us. Give us a good, thorough trial, and see if we cannot convince you of our real existence. Try me. If I cannot convince you of my life, my existence, after death—prove to you conclusively that I have passed through the resurrection—then you may say that there is nothing in it; but do not say so until you know; for your own reason will tell you that it is not possible for me to appear to you as I used to. My expressions may be the same, but my looks manifested through another body, cannot be the same. And if I talk a little differently, express a little different opinion with regard to certain things, attribute it to the experience, the knowledge, which I have gained since death. This is about all I want to say to you. I do not want to give any thought or idea here that would make you think that I felt any of that solemnity which you connect with death—or anybody that is dead—do not want you to think of it. For that reason I have not said a word to make you think or believe any such thing. You will think to know why I did not tell you such and such things. For the best reason in the world—if I told you here, you would not try to furnish the necessary conveniences to receive them personally. Now, if you want to hear things, (and I know there is much that you wish to know,) arrange matters for me.

It is a very fine morning with us.

us.] Well, I hope it is with everybody. There are a good many with whom it is not so. [There is a good deal of sorrow in the world.] To a great many it is the saddest morning ever experienced—bringing its deepest, most lasting, afflictions. Thank God! those afflictions are material, not spiritual, and the sufferers will arise out of them. [They bring them on themselves.] No, they do not bring them on themselves. The forces and circumstances around you have their influence and determine results. You cannot see them ahead in the morning. At night you look back and see what you might have done.

Another thing I want to say, if it is in order—if it is not, I will put it off until another time. [There is the greatest freedom here for whatever you wish to say.] What I want to say is the idea of people making their own individual selves happy or miserable. People do not make themselves happy or miserable. I don't believe, any more than they make themselves in the first place; they did not make themselves in the first place, you know that. Everybody knows that. But by the experience of others they can shun a good deal of sorrow that they might have experienced. For instance: Here is a deep precipice. Two individuals are walking towards it in the dark. They do not know anything about it! There is a man who does know—knows the result which must follow if they go ahead heedlessly and recklessly. He calls out—gives the warning. One of the persons heeds this warning and stops. The other, differently organized, does not mind it, proceeds on his way, and goes down. One is so organized that he can heed the advice not to proceed. The other cannot. Can you get my idea? [Yes.] Some can profit by the advice of others. Now, my brother, is not that your condition—unwilling to take advice? If you will listen to me, and some others, too, you can save yourself as the man did at the precipice. This is the reason why I have said what I have.

Let me say, I am your brother in love and truth. Thomas.

The rest of the name I shall not give. Good morning.

FRANCES.

It is not to warn, or advise, that I come. It is because it is a pleasure to me to speak with you. It is a part of my greatest happiness to watch over you from year to day, from week to week, month to month, year to year—in fact the whole time. Also, to tell you of my constant care over you. You do not experience it at all times. I promised you faithfully that if spirit communion was true, I would manifest myself to you as often as possible. You know how much we talked about it, and our different expressions with regard to it. You know that I did not believe it was possible for a spirit to manifest itself to you, Milly; yet I believed that they were so constituted that they could see you every day. So far I was correct, i. e., in seeing, but my idea of manifesting was incorrect.

I shall not go into details here, but want to say sufficient for you to see that I have not forgotten you, nor my promise, and to let you know that I am happy. Ours is a happiness real and tangible, because we do the best we can for others.

There is a lady at Bloomington whom I have influenced several times. I have desired her and her friends to send my communication, my message, to you, but they feared to do it—feared that it might give offence. They told me to come here, and that whatever I said would go before the public, and my friends would receive my message. I believed them, and have come.

[To reporter.] Now, if you will write to her—[What is her name?] Mattie Hale. [Where does she live?] In Bloomington. [In this State?] Yes, Illinois. Write to her. Just say Mattie Hale. She will recognize it. If you will acknowledge what you recognize, it will be easy for me to manifest myself to your external senses at home.

Your sister and daughter, Frances.

NICHOLAS COKING.

This is a good deal like awaking from a sleep, ain't it? [Medium has not been asleep, have you—] ain't it? [No, no, but it makes me think a good deal about sleep. Cannot seem to get really awake. [Cannot collect your ideas.] Collect myself, that is it. I went to sleep one day. Had the scarlet fever. My throat was sore, and the rash came out all over me. Did not stay out. It all went away again—then I was sicker than ever. Yes, father and mother, I was sick, dreadful sick. You did all you could for me. You took vinegar and red peppers, and a piece of red flannel, and rubbed me all over with it, and wrapped it round me, but that did not bring the rash out again, and I ached all over until I went to sleep. When I waked up out of that sleep, it was a good deal like awaking here. Now, I didn't sleep, sir. Eyes are shut when we sleep. I didn't know what I was doing. I do now, though, but I cannot get to be myself exactly.

Grandmother has told me many times to go and tell you how happy I am here, and how happy every one is here, and that I ain't dead. She said you would feel better. She told me to say—how shall I say it to make it right? [That is right.] I don't know. [To a gentleman present.] Are you used to this? [Yes.] Well, I ain't. [To L. B. Brown.] Are you used to it? [Have had some experience.] Did you ever try to make anybody else talk for you? [Mr. Brown—No, I am a spirit in the form.] You are! I am, too. [Mr. Brown—Yes, but not in the earthly form.] Yes, I am a spirit in the form. [Mr. Brown—You laid off the body—the earthly body.] I didn't lay off my body. I laid off the rash, but I didn't lay off my body. I have my body yet. [Mr. Brown—Didn't you leave your material body when you were sick?] I don't know what you mean. I didn't leave my body, for I have got it. I laid off that rash and my sore throat, but I didn't leave my body; as sure as you live, sir, I didn't leave my body. I didn't die. No, sir, I slept. Went to sleep, waked up. I went to sleep sick, and waked up well. [Mr. Brown—Did you wake up and find yourself in that diseased body?] I tell you I waked up and found myself well. [Mr. Brown—You left that diseased body, did you not?] Oh, no, I left the sickness, but not my body. [Mr. Brown—But were you not detached from that diseased body? Did you see it after you went to sleep and waked up?] Didn't leave that body, for I wouldn't have had one. I woke up as if waked my eyes, so. [Medium rubs her eyes as if just awaking from sleep.] [Mr. Brown—Then you are not conscious that you have left your material body that decays and goes back to mother earth?] I did not leave my body. I have got it now. My body now is just like I was before I was sick. My body now is in line, little pimples like. Don't know where I got it; but when I waked up the pimples were all gone. [Mr. Brown—To bring you to a realizing sense of your condition, I will ask have you seen your friends since you waked up?] Oh, yes, I have seen my grandmother and my little sister. They called her—oh, you know. [Mr.

Brown—Were they not all dead? They said they died. [Mr. Brown—Were not their bodies buried in the ground?] I don't know. I didn't see. I saw little sister in the bedroom—her hands were tied together. They told me she was asleep—death sleep, they said—and I never saw her again until after I came here. [Mr. Brown—What did they do with her?] I don't know. [Mr. Brown—Where was your body put?] What? Do you mean that I have two bodies? [Mr. Brown—You had a material body; now you have a spiritual body, which is not subject to disease. Your old body was subject to disease—scarlet fever is left out.] I didn't leave my body. [Mr. Brown—Where was you when you went to sleep?] There were some chairs near the settee, pretty near the stove, went to sleep on that bed—never saw it since. [Mr. Brown—Where did you find yourself when you awoke?] Why, with my grandmother, and I have been visiting, visiting, ever since. She told me if I would come and tell my mother that she would not feel so bad. Oh, no, sir, you are mistaken. I have got my body. [Mr. Brown—Do you think you can return and live with your mother?] And be sick? [Yes.] Oh, no, I don't want to. Mother is coming here. My grandmother told me to keep still, and mother would come here. She told me that if I wanted to live with her I should be sick again.

I don't want to live there, mother. You cried because I didn't live there. You needn't cry any more, for I have waked up. [How old were you when you went to sleep?] I was nearly eight. [How old were you when you went to live with your grandmother?] Ever since I waked up. [Can you tell how many years it is since you awoke?] Oh, I know what you mean, you mean weeks, don't you? [Yes, weeks. Ask your grandmother how long it is.] It—[pausing]—it ain't weeks, she says, it is one year and three months. It ain't years. She says this is August. This is August, ain't it? [Yes, 28th of August.] Oh, she knows. [Then you are more than nine years old?] Yes, more than nine. I went to school, but not such a school as I go to now. I didn't like to go to school. I will tell you why. I didn't have a good seat. I was not seat at all, so I did not like to go. Did not like the woman, either. If we didn't sit just so straight up she would "thump" us. She thumped me a good many times. Thumped me right up here on the head. [Medium snapping her thumb and finger on her head.] I don't get thumped here. [What kind of a schoolhouse was it where you went to school?] It was made out of boards, timbers and plaster. [A frame house?] Yes. In the summer time the sun came right in on us. Didn't like to go to school there. [You have a better place now.] Yes, it is a nice house. I don't know how it is made. It is so pretty you don't want to take hold of it, and if you do you don't get thumped. [Who is your teacher?] He is a man—tall man, nice man, too. He has got blue eyes. He don't get mad at us. [Do you know his name?] Oh, yes, his name is Walters. Simmons was the woman's name that thumped me. [What town did you live in?] You mean where our schoolhouse is? Why, we live in Minnesota. We do not live in the city. I went to the city once. I will never forget that. It was a nice day. Mother bought me raisins, almonds and some round candy. [What city was it?] I don't remember. It was a big town—it was a city.

I am awake now, and am not going to sleep. I am going now. [Wasn't you come again?] I don't like it as well here as at my grandmother's. My grandmother wants me to tell her name. It is Maria. Mine is Nicholas. Didn't I tell you my name? [Not until now.] My father's name is Mr. Cook. Good bye. [Gentleman present—I thought all the time that it was a little girl.] No, I ain't anybody's little girl, either.

NO NAME.

If you go, my daughter, to my closet, take down my brown coat and look on the inside of the vest pocket, you will find the papers containing all necessary information in regard to my financial matters. My mind has not changed with regard to the means which I possessed. You will find the disposition made of them that I desired in my calm, deliberate moments. If I had been sick weeks and months, and had been conscious of what I was about, I would not have changed matters in the least. All that I would have done that I did not do, would have been to have had you bring the coat to me, and I would have given the papers into your possession. I have been to two persons similar to this medium, but have not had the control, the possession, that I have of this body.

In regard to what I found, I cannot, ought not—in fact, will not—speak of here. You will wait. Perhaps I will be stronger, will know more of the influence, of the power, to manifest myself in this manner. I have been here but a little while, consequently have but little in the way of experience to tell you.

Look into that brown coat—kind of a snuff color, between that and brown—and you will find, as I have told you, the paper, or papers, giving you all the information that you desire. That was about all the information that I would come. That was about all that I could say through the person that I nearly got possession of. Do what you may think for the best with those papers. It will have no effect upon me. Property is so material that it is no longer of any benefit to me. [To the reporter.] Give this room, sir, in the columns of your paper. It is short. It will take up but little space. [Your wish shall be complied with.]

NO NAME.

Brother David, it was myself, and none other, that appeared to you at night on your way home from Burlington. If you did not know the place and the arrangements that had been made between you and me, I would enter more fully into particulars. You said go there and say whether or not it was you, and you said that if I would do so it would be all that you would ask.

No other except the person that this is intended for, will take much interest in it. To others it will be of but very little moment, inasmuch as the names of individuals are not given. It is for my brother David. I will come to you again, but I may not appear to you in the same manner that I do this time. It will not be necessary. I will appear to you as you saw me last. It will not be necessary to assume the form that I had on earth in its diseased condition, in order to be recognized by you again, so I will not. When you speak to our folks about this, remember me in love and kindness to them.

The population of the world is now about 1,226,000,000. Protestantism enrolls about 80,000,000. Catholicity and the Greek Church report about 230,000,000. Not one-fifth of this world's population is even nominally Christian, and out of the 80,000,000 of Protestants not more than 15,000,000 are estimated as devout members of the Protestant Churches.

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Is a man a whit the better For his riches and his gains? For his acres and his palaces..."

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I am composed of 20 letters. My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 is an article of furniture...

WORD PUZZLE.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 1 is in hat, but not in cap. "2" sleep, but not in nap...

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Sagacity of the Dog.

A gentleman of the name of McLaughlin, residing in Rockingham county, New Hampshire, a few years ago, possessed a dog that was very remarkable for his sagacity...

MUSICAL.—A celebrated composer wrote to a friend, requesting the pleasure of his company...

Molly was telling an absurd dream, when her mistress exclaimed, "You must have been asleep when you dreamed such stuff as that..."

Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death...

Josh Billings remarks with as much good feeling as truth, that "in the good old days there was more fun in thirty cents than there is now in 7 dollars and a half..."

Gaspar Morgan's Temptation.

Cold, hungry and ragged was Gaspar Morgan as he stood looking in at a famous bakery in Boston. His little cold nose was flattened against the great window-pane, his blue fingers were thrust in pockets that had seen better days...

"Oh, dear!" sighed Gaspar, as he saw a servant loading a basket. "Wouldn't it be nice to carry home that basket to mother and Sue..."

Gaspar was a highly amused witness of the scene, and was giggling "all to himself" by the large window, when he caught sight of something white on the pavement...

"My bread, you young rascal!" cried he, glad to vent his spite on some one. "How much have you stolen beside?"

Gaspar told his new friend his sad story; how his father had died and left his mother to take care of the children, how she grew sick, and Sue cried for bread...

What is the Tongue for?

God made the tongue; and, since he never makes anything in vain, we may be sure he made this for some good purpose.

One Way to do Good.

Emma Gray, on her way to school, passed a little boy whose hand was through the railing of a gentleman's front yard, trying to pick off a beautiful spring flower.

The true and good never die. Science, philosophy and art have their limited scope, beyond which they never stray. But who ever saw the grave of a dead truth, or the obituary of a deceased virtue?

There is nothing lost in all God's vast work—not a grain of sand, not a flash of light; not a bird-song of all the dewy morning since the first dawn of creation...

All the upward reaching aspirations, all the untranslatable yearnings within us, of which we are but dimly conscious, are the stirring wings of another life, the tapping of the swallow's bill breaking the boundaries of one life to gain the light and freedom of another.

MUSICAL.—A celebrated composer wrote to a friend, requesting the pleasure of his company "to luncheon; key of G."

"FORGET HIM UP!"—An old negro woman, in one of our stores yesterday, had bought a flaming red calico, Dry Goods measured off ten yards. "Is dat ten yards, not seven?" asks darkness.

The reason why people know not their duty on great occasions is that they will not take the trouble of doing their duty on little occasions.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

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