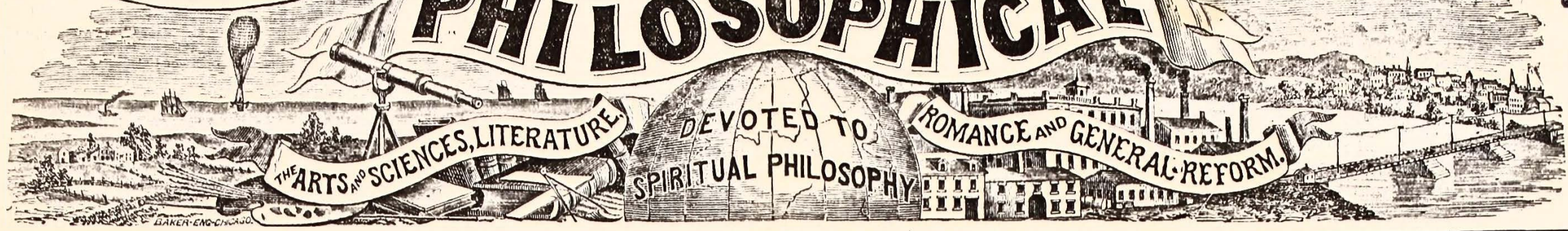


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RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



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

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CHICAGO, MAY 5, 1866.

VOL. II.—NO. 6.

Down by the Sea.

BY DR. W. STUBBS.

A vision came upon me in the night, and I was down by the sea.—Emma Hardinge.

Once when the eve had fallen,
Still on the lonely sea,
Spreading a sable mantle
Over the world and me,

Lowly I sat where the ripples
Played on the sandy shore,
Musing in silent wonder,
Lulled by the gentle roar.

Softly the whispering zephyrs
Stole o'er the sea-girl's face,
Breathing a song of gladness,
Sweet as an angel's smile.

Proudly the moon was shining,
With her bright banners unfurled,
Bathing the sea with a glory
Brought from the angel world.

Lightly there came a vessel,
Rowed by a single hand,
Bearing a loved-one's message,
Far from the Unseen Land.

"Ever, my love, remember,"
Oh! such a musical chime!
"Her who is fondly waiting
Over the River of Time."

Quickly the boat departed,
Leaving the isle and me,
Musing in silent wonder,
Down by the lonely sea.

Covington, Ky.

ETHEREALISM.

Who shall answer the question where are the boundaries of genius. What are the limitations of power? Where will the human mind pause? How vast its resources? From how many quarters can it gather aid? There is a soil; imbedded in it are ores; these ores are exhumed; carried through elaborated processes they are brought together in certain relations, forms, with reference to certain ends. Caloric plays its part. The laborer does his work, and presently there is not only a highway constructed, but a car is thereon, an engine is there, and the human mind has but to so will and the car moves. "This mind which calls out these ores from their resting places and puts them to work without fatigue for man. One sits in his office, touches certain wires, and thought flows from and to him. These wires were once in ore. Man hath taken these, commands elements, and these obey his will. Rudimentalism here pauses. Occasionally there is a mentalist who passes up into finer fields, and waits the dawn of a morn when the locomotive and the wire will be unused. Everything in rudimentalism moves sluggishly, corresponding to the grossness of surrounding elements or matter. Yet the human mind has traveled and will continue to progress. The planter prepares his soil, deposits his seed, cultivates the earth, waits for both the early and later rains. By a very slow process he gathers his crop. Passing up into the ethereal state labors of this slow character are unknown. Does one propose a feast for a great occasion, elements can be commanded instantly to produce the fruits which the rudimental state would require much diligent labor. Hence, the ordinary garner is not needed, but the aromatic and the nutritive qualities are preserved to be expanded or concentrated to suit a want. Thus labors of this sort are committed to the charge of the ablest elementists, and one of these can arrange to feed almost momentarily any number of persons. This may be done either by the direct use of the masticators, or by inhalation, or by absorption, using in these latter cases such conductors as are suited to a work of that character. These conductors may be of any length, not overstepping certain boundaries. Thus the ethereal nutrition may be conveyed to a distance, and the wishes of the eater may be forwarded on the return wires. It were difficult to think of an elementist standing in the midst of a circle of wires corresponding to the web of the spider, though infinitely finer. There he is feeding a multitude from his elementive table; and that multitude enjoying all that repose and sociality which attaches to group-life. Thoughts of this character will lead the able rudimental etherealist to ask if, as there are electric wires used for certain specified purposes, whether or not ethereal wires might not be constructed by which he could sit in his office, touch his wires and etherealize any number of patients; do this work as effectually as the electrician or magnetizer does by machine or person. 'Tis not to be concealed from the reader of this paper that one purpose of its transmission is to excite inquiry and to create a desire in some degree to actualize as far as the gross circumstances will permit, some of the thoughts so familiar to the ethereans that they are perplexed to know what use can be made of teachings which measurably they have outgrown. The higher must descend to teach the lower; and the teacher must have the adaptive power, else success cannot be secured. If, then, the solar orb, if the soil, if moisture combined, can act upon a seed, bring out of that seed a flower, peach, plum, apple, who shall say that there may not appear a chemist who can cause this seed to germinate in less than an hour, where months and years are now requisite. The optician must do much; and the geolo-

gist must lend a hand; the etherealist must not stand back; the meteorologist must be of the company; the colorist must instruct; the analyzer must dissect; the currentist must guide; the exhalationist must impart; the absorptionist must give; the generationist must teach; the evenist must adjust; the solarist must invigorate, and the timist must regulate. In fact it will require the ablest metaphysicians of an age to act on that seed to produce results which would attract the attention of a crowned head. The whole subject of the uses of the stem, the growth of the bulb, the opening of the blossom, the forming and ripening of the fruit, would of necessity be entered into. Yet all this knowledge is gathered in a human storehouse, and can, conditions being favorable, be brought forth, put upon parchment, lain upon a table, and the results will correspond to the perfection of the labor. Able persons from higher spheres would simply let down their knowledge as the fabled sheet appeared to a hungry teacher. What is idealism in one sphere, is actualism in another. The human mind cannot idealize that which is not. It never did, it never can imagine that which does not exist. It never will sculpturize in its highest flights that which has not been done. It perceives only that which is. In undertaking to present sketches of ethereal life, nothing can be said of the structure, beauty, harmony and compactness of an ethereal mind. Only can it be said that it is as much finer than the magnetic, as twelve is more than seven. Hence, its ability to idealize beyond rudimental conception. A mother idealizes a young existence; intelligent, assisted by the cultivated classes, the elements are brought to her being suitably compounded to give results in harmony with her conception. Thus the babes are, as it were, mentally grown, physiologically expanded, to suit her loftiest conception. If she has a choice whether it shall be a male or a female, or hybrid even, elements are prepared giving the result in that aspect. If she has a choice of the hair, the eyes, the general physique, the ethereal chemist prepares with as much ease as the colorist figures his carpet or decorates his garments, so perfect are these elemental combinations. The human mind in the rudimental state finds itself wearied by flights so lofty, comes back, seeks that mundane repose so essential to rudimental life.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

In proportion as there is internal harmony will there be a critical observance of times and of seasons. The four seasons have their peculiar functions; the spring its, the summer its, the autumn its, the winter its. Life, young, fresh life belongs to the spring; elaboration to summer; maturity to autumn; receptivity to winter. If one were to undertake to do the spring's work at midwinter, the results would be uncomparative. So, were the spring permitted to pass, and an effort made to bundle the spring and summer together, the labors would be fruitless. So each day has its four seasons; its fresh, beautiful morn; its elaborative meridian; and its evening of maturity, followed by the night correspondent to the winter. Sleep, then, is to the soul what the winter is to the external world, the season of preparation for the joyous morning labor. As in the spring the blade most readily pushes itself up, so in the quiet morn does man most happily project and more easily does he ascend to the worlds above. The winter and the spring nicely interblend. There is no chasm, no sudden start from one season to the other, so in coming forth from the winter of sleep would the divine man emerge into the spring of the morn. Thus the mind is not jostled; the diviner faculties are quiet, and the holier powers can more sweetly sing, "Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear my voice ascending high." The harmonic man, the divinely etherealized soul will see the beauty and sublimity of the thoughts about to be expressed. Wearied, the inner man seeks repose; refreshed, he comes forth into active life. In the ethereal state where there are myriads of worlds, as it were, in a particle of matter, smaller than the grain of sand, there is a critical observance of everything conducive to the divinest harmony. In the rudimental sphere oftentimes when parties are brought into close relations, angularities, sharp corners are felt, and the parties must be somewhat widely separated to enjoy a tolerable degree of harmony; but as these angularities are removed, and there comes to be a more beautiful roundness of life, parties can more happily conjoin their labors. Vast territories are now cultivated by a naked isolation; fences and barriers numberless are constructed, and each location has its kingly or republican administration. As man floats out of the sea of contest and fluds himself on the glassy surface of harmonic life, he will no longer paddle his individual bark, but will unite his forces, unfurl the canvas of faith, and hoist the insignia of hope, and sail into the port of holy tranquillity—there to know and to do the Divine will. Then the morning will have its place, the meridian its, and the evening its. So the ethereans arrange all their labors, all their devotions, with reference to the seasons. It were no easy task to put upon canvas the glory and splendor and harmony of an ethereal morn—not only is there one sun, but there are worlds of suns, which to the etherean eye speak of the past, declare the present, and unfold the future. As sun after sun gilds the horizon, all nature is redolent with harmony and beauty. While the morning sun of the rudimental sphere is beautiful to look upon, yet the eyes wearies as it gazes upon its harsh light; yet the bow with its charming reflections, its divine rarefactions, never wearies

the eye. So in the ethereal life each sun gives its peculiar tinge, and the whole creation is kindled into joy and peace. Then the devotee, arising from slumber, goes forth and worships the divine Alta. Each sun has its peculiar impregnative power, and its rays are soft, mellow, like unto the autumnal moon. These suns correspond to the stars which are seen in the azure vault. Gathering wisdom, or love, or fidelity from one or all of these suns, there is an internal harmony and a glorious unity which one solar orb could not in its individuality impart. There is a world yet to be discovered. The astronomer, the astrologian, have done something through an acquaintance with the exact sciences; but both have yet to see and feel the beauty of the expression "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted aloud for joy." The etherean would say, "The morning suns united their forces and sent forth their rays, interblending each and causing the beholder to exclaim 'great is Alta, the Lord God of the suns.'" Music, harmony, unity are one. And as the skillful constructor arranges and puts into harmony his stringed instrument, so can human souls be so attuned that they will sing in their labors, and every blow struck shall be harmonious; every concussion shall so vibrate upon the human ear that disturbance or discord shall be unknown; because the discords of the past shall have wheeled into divine harmony as perfect as the dew upon the flower. All imperfect and adverse colors shall have been so perfectly brought out, so charmingly arranged, that there shall be unity. The twelve passions shall come into tune, and each play its harmonic part. To do this, the morn must like the young spring, have its true place. There must be, as it were, a gradual arising from the slumber, and a more perfect awakening, until the meridian of activity is reached.

Saved from Infidelity.

EDITORS JOURNAL: At the request of the Spiritual brotherhood of this place, I forward to you for publication, a report of a very interesting test, which is much talked of, and the particulars of which, all are anxious to procure a copy. On the 25th of January, the following letter was left at the house, where one of our circles are held twice each week. (Document A.) In which was enclosed the following (Document B.) to which the following answer was given through three organizations, (Document C.) I then wrote and forwarded the following letter, enclosing the above, (Document D.) to which I received the following answer, (Document E.) enclosing all the originals, with the following endorsement on the letter of his spirit mother, (Document F.)

This is one of the most remarkable tests I have ever met with, and no one needs to ask the question after reading this, of what use is Spiritualism, even if true? I have hesitated about sending this until the demand for copies of the test is so great that I have been obliged to promise to ask you to publish it.

The certificate referred to is in my possession, signed by thirteen of those present, but I deem it unnecessary to parade their names before the public.

I would say further, that if A. B. G. will notify me of his arrival in New York, I will give him the information he desires.

Yours for the truth,
W. R. MILLER.
New Orleans, March 24, 1866.

[DOCUMENT A.]

MR. FERRETTE.
SIR: Will you be so kind as to favor me by handing the enclosed letter to some medium before opening it, as I understood from a gentleman of my acquaintance who received an excellent answer at your circle last Tuesday night, that circles were held at your house once a week, and being anxious to get something reliable; and as I leave for Red River on the S. B. Saratoga this evening, I take this method of sending this to your circle, hoping that I may have my faith in the Spiritual philosophy confirmed. I have been investigating it for the last ten years. I have tried many mediums at the North and West—celebrated as the best—Konklin, Mansfield and others, and thus far, all have failed me; but I do not give up. I still persevere, and will. Should my letter be answered next Tuesday night, please send me the reply enclosed in an envelope directed to Alexander B. Gannis, New Orleans, La., through the post office, and I will get it when I return.

With much respect, I am,
(Signed,) ALEX. B. GANNIS.
New Orleans, January 25, 1866.

[DOCUMENT B.]

TO A—A W—TT.
MY DEAR MOTHER: I ask again, as I have often asked, and according to the promise you made on your dying bed, that if it were possible you would commune with me, and you have not done so; why is it so? Is there an immortal life? Do we live again after death? Am I deceived? Oh, mother! dear mother answer me! For God's sake answer, and quell my doubting heart! For years I have nourished the hope, the thought, that you, beloved mother, if any spirit could, would answer me. I am fearful that I will become an Athelst—fearful that there is no God—that all is but chance—that there is no God—no spirit, no life after death—that this

life even is but a dream! Oh, mother! blessed angel of love while on earth, is that love no more? If you cannot answer me, to whom shall I go? Oh, bless me with a ray of hope; tell me you still live; that sister, my beloved sister A—mes is with you. Oh, mother, dispel my doubts, lead and direct your affectionate son,
A. B. G.

[DOCUMENT C.]
MY DEAR SON: I fulfil my promise to-night. Oh, my son, doubt not; you doubt the immortality of the soul almost. That which was, is, and will ever be immortal. Never, until to-night, have I been able to answer you. These organizations are necessary for it now. (*)

I and Agnes are here now—your beloved sister and mother. Oh, my son, how can you, how could you believe that all came by chance? Oh, horrible—worse than annihilation! There is a God, an overruling spirit, whose love, ay, whose love is stronger, purer than a mother's! None but God—none but God! I cannot be with you always, but my influence ever will be. Live right, do right, and Agnes and I will welcome you to the land of roscate shadows, when your earthly pilgrimage shall end.
May God guide you and guard you.
From your devoted mother,
AMELIA WESCOTT GANNIS.

Born Wescott, who passed on 16th August, London, 16th August. Twelve years last August.
No. 39 Toulouse st., Jan. 25, 1866.

(*) This answer was given through three organizations.

[DOCUMENT D.]

MR. ALEXANDER B. GANNIS.
SIR: I was present at a circle held last night at the house of Mr. Ferrette, No. 39 Toulouse street, where and when your sealed envelope was laid on the table. It lay there for some time untouched, but just as I had lost all expectation of its being answered, Mr. — took it in his hand, laid it on the table, placed the hand of Miss M— on it, laid his hand on hers, pointed his finger to me with the single word, "write," took the hand of Mrs. F—, and dictated the enclosed letter, which I wrote as dictated. After it was written, I insisted that the envelope should be returned unopened; to this the influence controlling said, "open it and see if it is an answer." I objected that you would be better satisfied if it were returned unopened. Then came the words, "Open it, open it, open it, there are others to be benefited besides my son." Then I opened the letter, and oh, my dear sir, I know not how to thank you. You have done me good, oh so much good. Like you I miss the loving words of a mother who has gone up higher; like you I have for over ten years sought for a response from that mother; like you I have tried Mansfield without success, but now hope brightens—I again live, and I assure you that not one of the fifteen persons present at the opening of that letter, but went away determined to live better, purer, holier lives. It was good for us to be there. For this we all thank you. I have prepared a statement of the facts attending the opening of the envelope, which will be signed by all present.

Circles are held at the house of Mr. F. every Tuesday and Thursday evening, where, I am authorized to say, you will ever be welcome.
With reiterated thanks, and feelings of great respect, I am yours,
W. R. MILLER.
New Orleans, 260 1/2 Lafayette st., Jan. 26, 1866.

[DOCUMENT E.]

MR. WM. R. MILLER.
MY DEAR SIR: I received a few days since from a friend in New Orleans per mail, your kind letter and an answer to one I addressed to my angel mother. I am very thankful for your kind invitation to attend the circles at Mr. Ferrette's, of which I will certainly avail myself, should I again visit New Orleans. I leave in a day or two for the interior of Texas, and it is probable I shall visit Mexico before I return North. I am profoundly grateful to you, my dear sir, for your kindness in taking so much trouble for me, a stranger. I never can repay your good friends associated spiritually with you, and least of all the God blessed medium through whom I received that wonderful and mysterious answer from my dearly beloved mother. Worshipped, idolized angel mother, I thank you.

God bless you all, and what I cannot do in words I will do in deeds to suffering humanity, wherever my lot may be cast. Oh, how thankful am I for the bright light from the "better land," which has thus timely beamed upon my darkened soul. I am indeed made new, born again into living realities, holding fellowship, kinship with my blessed mother and sister again. Yes, my friend and brother—I must call you such—I live now with a hope, an assurance that all is right; that there is no doubt that God is, and what seemed more to me than aught else—that my sainted mother and dear sister still live. Oh, sir, you must not think that I am crazed with joy, nor think of me with less respect than you do when I say that since my worshipped mother's death, she has been to me my more than God. My angel mother and sweet sister have been all the world to me.

A father's love I never knew, as he died when I was quite too young to remember him; but my blessed mother always said he was too good for earth, and I know that my sweet mother must have been to him such as is seen in an angel's dream of the true, beautiful and good. My dear sister Agnes was a perfect type of her sainted mother, and she departed this life in the city of Rome, Italy, August 14th, 1852, aged 16 years. I had taken my dear

mother and sister there for the benefit of their health, and in the following year, August 15th, (instead of 16th, 1853,) my sainted mother died in the city of London, England. Now, my dear friend, here was a question answered which I did not ask in my letter to the circle, and the fifteenth of last August was exactly twelve years ago. This is more remarkable than anything else, as no one knew—and I never have asked that question of any medium before—and who else could answer such a question except my blessed mother or myself? No one. Previous to my blessed mother's death, not an hour before it she told me in these words: "Alexander, my child, be assured that if there is a life beyond this,—and I believe there is—and if it is possible I will, indeed I will, manifest myself to you in such a manner as will satisfy you beyond a doubt that it is your own dear mother." Her last words with her latest breath were, "I'll not forget my promise; your sister Agnes and I will come again—we will. She is waiting for me now—live right as I have taught you, my child. God is good—grieve not—I'll be with you always if I—I—I—." Blessed mother—she had not strength to finish what she desired to say. Joy, joy is mine! They have come again, and I am blessed indeed! Oh, sir, that the world could feel as I do now! What unutterable love must have pervaded the soul of the medium while influenced by my blessed mother and dear sister. Such a medium it seems to me should be very happy—should never know want. What a glorious and divine privilege to commune with those dear ones who have passed beyond. I have asked myself a hundred times since the receipt of your balm of Gilead letter—why it was that I could not, or why I was not made the instrument to get what has already been received and blessed with. Thank God, I am better satisfied as it is. Had I received the information I should have doubted it on the grounds of its having emanated from my own mind. Now I do not doubt—God be praised! The information you received of when, and where, and the time my sainted mother died, was foreign to any thought of mine, and is of itself, stronger proof to me than any evidence I ever heard in law, and in addition to that the filling up of the partially blank names of my sainted mother and dear sister, is indeed very remarkable—truly wonderful. The only error, if error it be, was in the date—15th August, instead of 16th.

You, my dear sir, may have misunderstood the medium—he might have said 15th and you may have thought it was 16th, but it matters not—it is near enough to the time to satisfy me, if no one else. Take it in part or as a whole, and it is most wonderful, and is a perfect shaking of hands over the river of death. God bless the dear medium. Bless him, bless him! Oh, God, my sainted mother and dear sister live! Oh, happy thought!

For many years I have tried the so-called best mediums, North and West. All have failed me, and now accidentally in the sunny South, by a medium unknown to me or the world, I am blessed—I am blessed indeed! I am more than repaid for all the time and money spent in following what I began to think was a Will-o'-the-wisp. Now I feel as if born again into newness of life, and that my sainted mother's influence has indeed been with me—directing me to the circle where you and others meet. God bless you, sir, and yours and all others. I need not add, may God bless your excellent medium, for he has, and I am sure, ever will. Give my warmest regards to your circle, and oh, my friend, (summon me to call you such) give my best soul-felt love to the medium, for I feel assured that he cannot be an ordinary man; he must certainly be above the common run of men—that is if I understand the classification of men—for my blessed mother never would have influenced him, unless she knew he was a worthy instrument. In this life my idolized mother loved the true, the beautiful and the good, and I think she must be more alive to what is really good now, than ever before. Hence the chosen instrument to bring me back to life, immortality and a further knowledge of my blessed mother and sister must be true; and yet it seems strange to me that my dearly beloved mother said nothing of my dear father. Perhaps it is all right. Why should I ask for more when I have been blessed with so much? I am fearful that I have taxed you too much already with this long letter.

You have my sanction to do as you please in regard to publishing the whole matter. Wishing you, and all others spiritually inclined, long life and an abundance of similar manifestations, I remain truly your devoted friend and brother,
(Signed,) A. B. GANNIS.
P. S.—When an opportunity serves, you shall hear from me again. Ever yours,
A. B. G.
Jefferson, Texas, February 12, 1866.

[DOCUMENT F.]
I return you, my dear friend and brother, the above, which is the original letter enclosed and directed to where the circle meet, at Mr. Ferrette's No. 39 Toulouse st., New Orleans, which you can use as may seem best to you.

Allow me to say in addition, something I may have forgotten to write in my answer to you, as I have not time to read it again, the S. B. Richmond leaving soon, that my blessed mother's maiden name was Amelia Wescott, and my father was Edward B. Gannis, and my sweet sister's name, Agnes Amelia Gannis.
Very respectfully yours,
A. B. GANNIS.
To Wm. R. MILLER, 260 1/2 Lafayette street, New Orleans.
Jefferson, Texas, February 12, 1866.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Drunkard's Wife.

Wearily a mother sits By her bedside all alone, Waiting for the day to dawn, Think would bring her husband home. Home! Alas, if such can be, Where reigneth want, and misery.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Bogus Mediums.

BRO. JONES: I have watched with much interest the progress of the JOURNAL. I am convinced that it is true to its motto, which summed up is, "Truth at any cost." My attention was particularly attracted this morning by your notice of the whilom medium, John McQueen, in the JOURNAL of April 21st. As some of your readers are aware, I was unfortunately connected with this gentleman as manager of his dark circles at the time of his detection as a deceiver by the Kalamazoo skeptics.

possessed of more zeal than wisdom, you have found it convenient to adopt this last course. "I sincerely hope, however, that you have been made a prisoner by the spirits. I will hail with undisguised pleasure any positive proof of your mediumship. I love Spiritualism, but spare no pains to enforce the doctrine of the necessity of a rigid investigation of everything, and in aiding to expose and denounce error wherever found. I am a Spiritualist of the infidel school. I believe what I must, and reject what I can. I have been persecuted in the house of my friends, because I believed you to be minus the spirit aid in the production of physical manifestations. No doubt every human being is possessed of mediumistic power. In this general sense you are a medium.

The edge of the cage strikes his boot, and he forthwith strikes his colors, becomes spooney, rapidly attains the consistency of soft soap, falls to adorning the crinoline—as the cage is called—and its wearer; mutters a few phrases about eternal felicity, meaning duplicity; the twain go to her house, sit up with each other, take to the tallest kind of lying; in a month they ask the consent of the public, go through a rite, not rightly, have a pleasant vacation for a month or more, and then—"How are you eternal felicity?" Oh, it's really funny to think what nonsense goes on off yonder on that contemptible spot of mud called earth. Why, the fools actually kill each other to settle disputes; just as if that very killing didn't protract the chance of settlement. They believe that marriage consists in a ceremony, instead of consent. Did you ever hear of such folly?" and the philosopher danced about the room as if the most tickled fellow alive.

viz.: that a "substance cannot be carried away from earth." Whose science teaches this? Whence came the earth? Can substance be resolved to its original elements? Does the sun give light to each and every planet of our system? "Third." To both questions—yes! Why not? Does the air need "replenishing?" Does it not become putrid? Do the currents in the minutest microscopic life need "replenishing?" Can thought stand still and hold its own? Is not all progress dependent on change? "Fourth." "Happy" is for each individual, exactly that which he conceives it to be! Some need and demand facts; others gather as much from reasoning; some worry, others take things for granted as they find them; some are happy in acquiring knowledge, others are miserable in the same pursuit. Who claims to be "supremely happy?" Does not existence necessitate an axiom, about like this, viz.:

From our Regular New Orleans Correspondent, P. B. RANDOLPH—No. 10.

A LATTER DAY SERMON. Text: "Disturbing the balance!" I purpose to preach to-day on human discontent. First: The man who is satisfied is a fool. He may be able to dance, and is all the more a fool; for to whomsoever absolute satisfaction comes also senility. "If I only had a husband!" says Miss Carrie, at sweet sixteen. "If I only was a widow!" says Madame Carrie, at sober six and twenty—not often, of course, but only in ninety-five cases in each hundred. Why? Because she didn't get her ideal? No! but because her soul was grown to the foot-rule at sixteen, but to the tape line at twenty-six.

The noise scared me and I turned faint, which being observed by a "little girl" twenty-two feet high and four hundred years old, was attributed by her to hunger or vital exhaustion; so clapping her hands for a servant, she ordered him to bring three small bags of "mixed degrees of life for this marrowless little idiot," alluding to the author of my writings. In a few moments the man returned with three large sacks, about as large as a good-sized orange, which he handed to the "child." Seizing one of these, the lady turned a screw and applied two small pipes of the sack to my nostrils, observing as she did so, "I suppose the savages of earth yet live by eating and drinking, as our ancestors probably did while earth was yet a ball of fire; but we, on this planet—[Meccirus, the sixty-fourth satellite of the sun Ide-ono, in the constellation of the Harp—P. S. of a thousand strings,]—live by odors, fragrance, ethereal essences. For instance, this bag now at your pesky little nose contains the mixed life of three of your bushels of wheat; five bushels of your finest fruits, and the energizing power of an entire ox, all distilled and concentrated from the elements, thus obviating the dreadful necessity of slaughter." I breathed it in. Ah, Heaven! how exhilarating! It was indeed new life; every fiber in me thrilled and trembled with the most exquisite and delightful titillation imaginable, and I forthwith deemed myself immortal. Rosicrucius' elixir of life had been drunk at last.

The price of all knowledge is pain! Who desires to be "supremely happy?" Is not the desire a proof of indolence, and therefore maudlin? Will not the following expression cover the ground—"all is activity!"

His reductio ad absurdum is made upon assumed ground, viz.: "It may be claimed," etc., and yet it reverts; for because "nothing is impossible with God," it does not follow that God finds it necessary to do certain things, for he concedes that "God ever acts through certain immutable laws and never contrary to them." Is the immaculate conception an "immutable law?"

His next sentence appears to be confused, and to refute his "concession," that "God's laws are immutable." Who "admits" that while God's laws are immutable, they yet are different at different times and in different places? Shall we lose sight of individuality, the laws governing individuality, and the attributes of identity? When we lose sight of those we let go existence—for the very fact of existence necessarily implies attributes which must have identity; otherwise that existence is out.

He says, "It is utterly impossible for me to believe a doctrine," etc. This is right and rational. Can he not understand a philosophy which says about thus:

Something cannot be destroyed! Life, individuality, emotion, are something! Identity, attributes, are something! Therefore existence and its identity are eternal—they are governed by God's laws, "God's laws are immutable." Man gets his understanding from God alone. Understanding is an attribute remaining with the individual. If an individual can, upon earth, understand "right and wrong," pleasure and pain, shall he not understand them hereafter? Progress will not hinder a change in his valuation of pain or of pleasure, but will more surely show him his personal responsibility and the certainty of the fulfillment of each and every "law!" To my understanding it follows as a sequence, that "as ye choose (or elect) so shall ye be rewarded," and until ye grow out of any particular way (evil or otherwise), so long will ye remain ignorant of the results of other ways. "Seek and ye shall find! Ask and it shall be given ye! Knock and it shall be opened unto ye!"

Permit me also to demur to the explanation made by the editor in his "firstly." You ask "can a spirit die?" and you answer it cannot. Theodore Fulton's question is, "Can a spirit's body die?" and he shows that it can. Now both are right, provided you agree upon definitions. Let me ask, does not the spirit inhabit a form on earth? Have we not the right to infer that it will hereafter inhabit a form? Does it not leave its earth form? Can it not leave its next form, ad infinitum—and are not form and spirit two things?

God is infinite, and yet even thought cannot realize Him. How can our senses realize ethereal things, and yet we know they exist?

Your remarks to the query, "suppose a spirit should accidentally get shut up," etc., do not form an answer. Does not the "query" suggest an impossibility? Can thought be "shut up?" Can we imagine any more distinct "shutting up" than the immediate decay of the physical body? Yet the spirit frees itself! Have not hundreds—aye, thousands—at different times been instantly buried in mines and caves hundreds of feet below the surface? Where are they? Both Mr. Fulton and yourself apply progress to knowledge and to physical things. Why not apply it to time and space? Your word "accidentally" is a dangerous word—perhaps fatal—in that connection, to Spiritual Philosophy. We speak of ether, magnetism, electricity, and think we have ability to see to the uttermost limits of the laws and facts which govern and influence us. Is not this presumption? Who knows "all?" What is there beyond the limits of our ponderable (ponderable to our senses) atmosphere? Who shall assert that beyond is mere space? Is there any place for nothing? Does nothing exist? Is not nonentity a nonsense?

My dear sir, it seems to me that so long as our senses are limited, so must our ability to comprehend be limited; and the fact that the spirit may free itself of one form gives us the right to infer that its faculty to leave form must be such as to enable it to avoid being "shut up." Why, sir, the body returns to its elements. Shall we call that "shut up?" Let us never forget that assertion does not make either fact or argument, and that any one who asserts that there is nothing so refined that it cannot pass through substance, asserts that which he knows not, and which is direct contradiction to infinite divisibility.

He who asserts that there is infinity, and that the existence of the human soul is eternal, let him grasp a more extended view of infinity than one more life after this earth. Let us all cast off the sense-limiting idea that we live in eternity with only one change in life. Let me ask you, and all others who hold to Spiritual philosophy:

First—Do you believe in the three great attributes of Deity, viz.: infinite wisdom, infinite power, infinite love?

I do not expect to confine your reply to the word Deity or God, or any other word; but to the fact of the existence of those three attributes as infinite. Second—Do you believe all or any of the very extraordinary and supermundane occurrences related by thousands of credible and truthful persons as occurring daily in this and other countries? Do you believe the most extravagant of those said-to-be occurrences—such, for instance, as the miraculous preparation and production of a supper for some eight or ten persons; procuring "from the elements" certain medicines by the manipulation of hands—so that even water takes taste and color; the physical appearance and tangible acts of disembodied spirits?

Third—If you believe in all these things, viz.: infinite wisdom, power and love, and spiritual miracles, do you "claim" that anything which ever has occurred, ever could occur, ever shall occur, is impossible to infinite wisdom, power and love combined?

With respectful regard, your friend, SHARON TYNDAL, D.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. What is the Mission of Spiritualism?

The question is sensible and pertinent, "What good is intended by Spiritualism, what benefit does it tender to humanity?"

This interrogatory has often been put to the invisibles who purport to minister through mediums, and their responses have been eminently consistent and satisfactory. One class of minds, such as controls at physical exhibitions, replies: "We would convince skeptics of continued life beyond the grave." Another, and more intelligent class of minds, such as usually officiate where tests of personal identity are being given, responds: "We would convince you of continued life in another sphere, after your emergence from your pupa state, where all of the denizens of earth unite in one harmonious brotherhood."

A class of minds, such as officiate and control conscious trance speakers, commissioned to teach us, replies: "We would convince skeptics of eternal life and bring into unity all of earth's inhabitants. One religion, one political, moral, social, commercial and jurisprudential code, shall be theirs. All diversity and competition shall give place to co-operation, tranquility and universal unity. Furthermore, we intend to induct all of God's children into social relations with each other, whether they be yet residents of earth or inhabitants of the upper realms; that all, at their slightest wish, may be responsive to each other. This is man's inherent birthright; he is endowed with this faculty, but it has remained latent. We come to instill man in his rightful prerogative. For as long have God's children been separated; some famishing upon the barren mountains of error, while others have been basking in the glorious sun rays of truth and love. This state of things must cease; measures are being inaugurated to raise the people of earth to a more exalted plane, and we are the advance guard of the innumerable hosts of God's ministers, sent forth to complete the work initiated by Jesus. Long enough has man, through his perverted faculties and misdirected endeavors, wandered in gloom, fearful and despondent. We will raise the veil that shrouds his vision and disclose his future home, and fill him with enraptured hope."

If we ask why so sparsely hitherto, and now so bounteously, are angel visits afforded us, we have the reply, "From the beginning we have watched and waited. Efforts have been put forth at sundry times to open the way for communication between mortals and immortals; but hitherto with poor success. Now, through the refining and perfecting process of nature, under the law of universal progression, men have become so far matured that our efforts present promise of success. At the time of Jesus, humanity was crude. His mission was a failure. Men could not then be reformed, but only restrained. The laws of Moses restrained man by the force of fear. The precepts of Jesus taught love, tolerance and forbearance. These were to set men free from servile fears, that they might reform and no longer desire to transgress. When love reforms, the stringency of fear is no longer needed."

"At the time of Jesus, men were but children, wayward, angular, impulsive. Now the rigor of intellectual manhood is attained. Then they stoned and crucified those sent to them; now they only defame and misrepresent. Then mediums could but know in part and prophecy in part, looking through a glass darkly; now (putting away childish things), that which was in part is passing away, and men may see, eye to eye, and know even as they are known, as the new day lightens."

By these answers it will be seen that spirits are profitably engaged, each in his own sphere of usefulness. Even those on mischief bent, teach us that such are extant and may deceive; that caution and discrimination may be aroused and the mind educated.

I have given a brief synopsis of angel lessons received at sundry times during a period of fifteen years of patient and critical research into the import, uses and purposes of Spiritualism.

Waukegan, Nov. 21, 1865.

ICONOCLAST.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

One of New Haven's largest business men of to-day, was a ragged boy in the gutters a few years ago.

A few weeks after his detection by the Kalamazoo skeptics, and the prompt endorsement of his mediumship by the Kalamazoo Spiritualists, he announced that the skeptics were right and the Spiritualists were wrong in regard to his mediumship. In his announcement he claimed that for five years he had practiced high-handed deception, making himself the meanest of the mean, and a very great liar. Of course the mass who had witnessed his manifestations were unwilling to acknowledge that they had been so easily duped, therefore contended that John McQueen, notwithstanding his declaration that he was not a medium, having acknowledged himself to have been a notorious liar for several years, could not be believed when he spoke the truth; but as the exposition of the manifestations of his own circles did not depend upon his word, the objection (of itself a just one) had no force in its application to his acts in proof of his ability to perform the manifestations. It was claimed on the one hand that McQueen was incapable of performing said manifestations, therefore spirits must have been the operators. On the other hand, McQueen claimed that he could do what the believers said he could not do, viz.: make the manifestations alleged to be of supermundane origin. He did perform every manifestation that I ever witnessed in his circles. Facts are stubborn. Every time a little light has been shed on his performances, the operator was always rendered visible in the person of John McQueen. Since his confession of the imposture, an Eddy and a Fay have followed in the same course. Who is prepared to affirm positively that spirits can operate better in the dark than in the light? I have read the history of Spiritualism amiss if such affirmation can be proved. I have no evidence that there ever has been a genuine dark circle spirit manifestation—others may have. They are heartily welcome to the evidence! I believe that bogus mediums have a mission to perform. Judas certainly was entrusted with an important one; without him Jesus Christ never could have performed his mission. If anything has been, and is, needed to check fanaticism among Spiritualists, bogus mediums fill that need. Every observer cannot have failed to notice a great amount of credulity among a certain class of Spiritualists, ever ready to accept all which purports to come from the spirit world. True, this was more generally the case ten years ago than it is to-day; and yet, strange to say, these fanatical Spiritualists were uniformly in the habit of sneering at the superstition, bigotry and credulity of the Orthodox! Error in the name of Spiritualism is as hideous as that which wears the garb of Christianity. In all systems there is a strange admixture of truth and error. Spiritualism is not an exception—rather there has been more deception, trickery and imposition connected with Spiritualism than with any other system ever known. The philosophical Spiritualist feels that it is his right to analyze everything within the scope of human investigation, accepting only the true, rejecting the false.

In your notice of McQueen you say, "he is now penitent and claims to be a good medium." You felt, however, that it was well to be guarded, and that it would not be judicious to endorse him. The sequel proves that your view of the matter was wise.

On the 15th of January last Mr. McQueen wrote me the following letter:

"HILLSDALE, MICH. "BRO. JAMIESON: I am still thundering away at trickery and deception; still trying to sift Spiritualism, for which many condemn, but for which many applaud. I say I! not I! The spirits have taken the work out of my hands.

"Dear brother, they have arrested me! I have surrendered! I am overwhelmed! I am taken! I have humbugged. I am humbugged much the worse. The spirits have revealed their deep, deep plan at this late day. Your brother, "JOHN McQUEEN."

REPLY. "BRO. McQUEEN: Your letter of the 15th is received. Well, John, your last position astonishes me more than any former one assumed by you within my knowledge. I have never had a hard thought against you on account of your course, although I have never hesitated to criticize it. I felt that if you decided for five years that you needed sympathy and encouragement in a better course, instead of condemnation; and I felt that when you were engaged in exposition of any error, you were engaged in a better work than while deceiving. Many Spiritualists pretend to believe that you have, in the whole matter of physical manifestations, and subsequently of their exposition as trickery, been controlled by spirits; and yet have, inconsistently, visited upon your head the most bitter denunciations, meanwhile, as I stated, believing that you were a mere instrument in the hands of the spirits! Why they should have held you responsible is passing strange, if not unphilosophical.

"Now, you come out and say that the spirits have captured you. John, you have given the world the privilege of believing you a liar, for you claimed to act in that capacity for at least five years. Therefore you will please excuse me from accepting your last position as a true one; but more especially do I desire this on account of your thoroughly convincing me by actual demonstration that you could do, and did do, all that, in your case, was imputed to the spirits. Have you anything in your new position, or old re-assumed, to prove that the spirits really have captured you? When you give me as good proof of your arrest (?) by spirits as you did a year ago of your humbuggery, then you may consider me a believer in your last novel position. No, Mc., I cannot believe that you are a medium for physical manifestations, and as I consider that Spiritualists of the credulous stripe were in a measure to blame for your five years' deception, so I now think that through the efforts of the believe all school, who are ever

This yearning for ideals constitutes the bliss of myriads of us Godlings, of the gods themselves, and for not a few human goings to boot. You have all read about Voltaire's Microgemos and his adventures; if so you must have been struck with the amazing suggestions of some of them. Not long ago I was ordered to duty in a part of this State whence the chances of being sent back in a box were most excellent—and to which I depart the same day that this sermon goes to the pulpit, i. e., the blessed JOURNAL, and while pondering on the problem of discontent, and its meaning, the chances of getting bushwhacked on the way, or of getting a stray bullet through the head, I became a little discontented at the leaden prospect, albeit I am brave—when out of danger; am not afraid of bullets, when fired to other way, and can bravely pass a graveyard—whistling as I go, and don't care a fig for a ghost—in daylight; yet I felt somewhat dubious as to the results, and forthwith fell into a brown study, thence into one of another color, and while in this last condition experienced the following strange series of adventures, and as all those to whom I preach—readers of the JOURNAL, are every one of them sensible people, they can judge how funny I must have felt.

In the twinkling of a lamb's eye, I was, like Brother Paul, caught up, and found my parents' son on a planet a long distance off, if not more so. The Barnum of that locality instantly seized upon me, bent on having a raree show at a pound a peep—quarters not being circulated in that region. He clapped me in a cage, and forthwith advertised that he had caught a human from another planet, to be seen at such and such a place. The rush to see the "elephant" was nearly as great then as when that elephant used to trumpet Lang Sync down here among the dead men. The crowds were immense, many being ladies, who, being kind-hearted, frequently took me up between their forefingers and thumbs, and examined me at leisure. Soon I learned enough of their language to understand what was said, and you may judge of my surprise when I heard a celebrated philosopher present explaining to the crowd the peculiarities of the animal—meaning me. Said he: "You will observe, my friends, that this creature is a fair specimen of the infinitely ridiculous race of human beings that inhabit a little mud ball called 'Earth,' situated somewhere on the northern outskirts of God's creation!"

"Ahem! that's cool!" thought I. "These little wretches," said he, "are reported to be the most quarrelsome humans yet developed; and their conduct is often such as to impress sensible people like us with disgust of man and other monkeys. The people of earth, however, are, but pitiable, for the poor things scarcely know when right is right; but this comes of a bad habit of squinting which they have, and also results from the horrible food they partake of—for men there eat not only each others hearts but their own words. They live a very little while—less than eighty revolutions of the mud ball around its tiny sun. They are but miniatures, too, for if five or six of them should stand on each others heads they would not reach the attitude of our dwarfs. Their lives last such a little while that they have scarcely time to develop the first six senses, while we boast many more, and that length of days which we possess and enjoy, some twelve thousand times that of earth's people—enables us to know during infancy vastly more than these little fools attain to in a life time!" "Fools!" we "philosophers!" they? Just think how funny I must have felt as the epithet escaped the giant's lips—the fellow was thirty-four feet high. "The ignorance of these human insects," said he, patronizingly, "is deplorable. They have few poets and no philosophers among them. This little wretch (meaning me) was what they call a schoolmaster, and I think from the cut of his beard, was a tutor in the royal family of the principal nations of the earth. I judge he is of the reigning family of that part of earth inhabited by the tribe of Ham, and of course are porkeaters. They are black, and rule with a strong hand—they are strong in a double sense, physically and morally, and it is but a short time since the people in A Merry Key, as that country is called, erected a black statue in the center of their temple, and proclaimed, 'This be thy god, O Polly Ticians'—the name of a sect of sages who claim the right to rule or ruin; and no sooner was this proclamation made than all the people cried 'Amen,' and were forthwith attacked by a disease known as 'nigger on the brain' according to one set of doctors, but as 'justice in the heart' by another. They are a singular set, indeed," pursued the speaker, "and have some very curious and rather funny notions and customs—ha! ha!" and he laughed till the very ground shook again. "Why, bless me! if a lady wants a husband there, she does not tell the fact to the beloved one, as here is done, nor does she show the state of her heart in her eye. On the contrary, she proceeds to an ironmonger for a cage of that metal, not for him, but for herself. Into this cage she gets, keeping out of it from the waist upwards, while all below is cased in burnished steel to the distance of three feet and more. Thus equipped, she carefully covers the trap with fabrics of fine hue, and forthwith parades the places where the males of these animals walk up and down. Soon a victim draws near—she swings the trap—nearer he sighs; still nearer, and they touch hands.

I swam in a sea of voluptuous delight, such as Byron never dreamed of for his hero, Sardanapalus. She gave me the third bag, and my eyes were opened as if scales had fallen therefrom; and also did the mind become clarified. With a thankful heart I acknowledged that discontent was the beginning of effort. I saw the justice of suffering; realized that all of excellence must grow from dissatisfaction; and I saw that my views of existence were very limited.

Just as this conclusion had been reached, the effect of the little bladder of essence took the form of slumber. I dreamed. Beside me stood the Man of Ages, Miakus the mighty, and he said: "Child, cast all thy fears to the wind. Of course you must die, but what of that? You must live and toil—what of that? Do you not see that the Christ of the ages is just now yearning to be born; and do you not see that parturition could never be if all or any were satisfied with anything that is? Today's revelations exceed the prophecies of yesterday; and next year's possibilities will pale before the realities of the year after. You have been dreaming, but that dream is true! Your dealings with the dead are to have a sequel. Prepare to write, for we are prepared to instruct. It is time that earth knew something tangible about the worlds above and around them. The people are discontented with what they have. Let them remain so. Work, write."

He left me. Where was I? Not in the presence of the giants, but here on Chestnut street, at the house of my friend. I had fallen asleep while packing my saddle bags, preparatory to my peace mission among the parishes. But my dream was not in vain. Amen! P. B. R. New Orleans, La., February 12, 1866.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Another Reply to Theodore Fulton.

His statement of the "theory" is, I judge, in the main correct, but I should think that his understanding of the philosophy is not the result of much nor deep thought. His statement may also be considered confused, because with progression, he mixes non-corruption and freedom from "death and sin," which mixing is incompatible, whether he holds that evil has a positive existence, or is only absence of wisdom: for if evil be positive and a spirit grows in it, it progresses.

Philosophy, as I am taught to understand it, cannot assert that a man being fallible here, and retaining identity, must be infallible hereafter! What becomes of identity? If it has attributes and progresses, how can it be otherwise than "in doubt respecting the future and God?" In each and every future it must have doubts or there is nothing to learn, and hence no progression. Being progression there must be "liability to error and sin," because there must be ignorance of the future. (Let me put here in parentheses, that philosophy takes error and sin for one, the result of ignorance, whether wilful or otherwise.) As to the remainder of his "statement," viz.: "That a spiritual body cannot enter or pass through," etc., these are mere speculations in science. Philosophy does not state as fact, that which it cannot prove. Let me ask, does he not know that it is a mathematical fact that there does not exist any stationary thing—that the polished surface of the hardest steel is not stationary? We need not attempt to grasp practically this fact until we shall be able to comprehend infinity, and yet it is a fact.

To his "first" question, let me in reply put another. What is the meaning of progression? Does it signify that after one change there will be none other? or does not eternity necessarily carry with it many futures to any and everything excepting the great Infinity?

His "second" begins with a fallacious assertion,

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Acrostic.

BY MRS. F. A. LOGAN.
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,
Evince truths mighty, eternal,

Pleading the cause of true woman,
Honoring her as something quite human,
Instead of a slave to Dame Fashion,

Joyfully telling to mortals
Of the best elysian portals,
Unting in one chain of being,

New York City, March 20.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

An Hour at the Spiritoscope on the Subject of "Perfection."

OPENING INVOCATION.

Oh, our Father, give these Thy inquiring children
The absolute knowledge that in this hour of prayer
Thou wilt show them the path that shall lead them

Ideas of perfection vary with every human soul,
As a horizon of brightness at every step to the
mountain top. Perfection is the result of labor,

Perfect holiness is not attainable until reaching
the beautiful beyond. Our idea of perfect holiness
is that maturity of mind which prevents it by

I have heard you discussing the inner law of
security. I will give you our opinion. It is that
nothing can give you perfect security under the

Letter from George Jones.
DEAR JOURNAL: Each emanation from the
Almighty is a globe in itself, however small the
atom.

The air we breathe, the food we eat, the clothes
we wear, even these corporeal systems, all proclaim
to spiritual minds that God is here, is everywhere,

stand ourselves. Conditions, what are they? Can
each one answer for himself and with himself be
satisfied? No two experiences are alike, although

Conditions sometimes mean harmony. Harmony
means, what? Minds that are en rapport blend. A
positive and negative coming in close proximity,

Sergt. Co. B., 7th Reg't U. S. V. Vols.
March 13th, 1866.

Letter from Battle Creek.

DEAR JOURNAL: Many plans have been devised
to establish Industrial Associations which have
failed for the very reason that the social harmonious

It would be easy to plan if all were true and just
to humanity, but our social relations must be well
trained before we can find a system that will work

Such a system has already been commenced, and
it now remains to carry out the plan in detail. The
seed is germinating, and may mature in an abundant

In conclusion, I will remark that the old system
of organism is too much like old theology; it is
limited to the chosen few, and its benefits are not

Union is power, or strength; and by uniting the
active elements of life under a proper rule or govern-
ment, giving just and equal privileges in trade

Battle Creek, Mich., April 3, 1866.

Letter from Wm. Brinkworth.

DEAR EDITOR: E. V. Wilson has again visited
this city. On Friday evening he addressed a large
meeting of the working men at the Court House,

In commencing his address, Mr. Wilson said:
"Ladies and gentlemen, I do not feel adequate to
do justice to this important subject, the shortening

DEAR JOURNAL: Each emanation from the
Almighty is a globe in itself, however small the
atom. The ethereal mist or essence, far above us,

Improvement. I say the man who is educated is
the best one for all kinds of work.

"Take an example. Two men took a job on the
Wabash canal; one was ignorant, the other edu-
cated. The first failed; the other made money.

"To you who have stepped into the traces of this
great work, I would say you have taken a great re-
sponsibility, and you will be watched. Let me say

"A word or two for the ladies. What are you
going to do for the seamstresses, who work fourteen
or sixteen hours, daily, for about forty cents? They

The above is the substance of the lecturer's re-
marks. He was listened to with breathless atten-
tion for an hour and a half by a large and intelli-
gent audience.

The steambot disaster, of which you have doubt-
less heard, has cast a gloom over this community.

The reverend gentleman who was to have dis-
cussed the question of modern Spiritualism with
Wilson, has backed out, or in other words, proposed

Your friend and brother,

WM. BRINKWORTH.

Madison, Ind., Feb. 26, 1866.

Letter from New York.

Our cause, heaven's cause, the cause of humanity,
is steadily "marching on." It is fast becoming to
orthodoxy "terrible as an army with banners."

Among the scores of reliable mediums, none
holds a higher place for tests from the invisibles
than does Mr. J. V. Mansfield. He is daily

In speaking of our mediums, the best of them, I
do most decidedly disclaim any intention to claim
for them "infallibility." Far from it. They all

Monday, 26th, took cars at 8 A. M. for Warsaw,
from whence passed on by stage to Mankato,
arriving about 5 A. M. on Tuesday 27th. Here I

are vagabondizing about for a meeting place. We
have no place we can call our own to meet in, while

For shame, for shame, Spiritualists! Progres-
sionists, open wide your hearts to the cry of
humanity for bread it can digest and that will

"Best society" is not now-a-days asked how much
morality an individual has? How much goodness?
How much charity, loving kindness and benevolence

At the close of the evening exercises, Bro. Davis
came forward and made a statement in justification
of the managers of those meetings for charging an

I notice with regret in our Spiritual meetings,
when crowded, the same selfishness that character-
izes all assemblies. You'll see four persons spread

Letter from Dr. Mayhew.
DEAR JOURNAL: I now send you greeting from
the far Northwest—from the city of Mankato,

Next morning, 21st, made McGregor, Iowa, where
I waited over for next train, which gave me twenty-
four hours with my much loved brother and sister

Friday, 23d, thirty-five miles to Mitchell, and
Saturday 24th, forty miles to Austin. Here I found
I should have to remain till Tuesday morning for

Monday, 26th, took cars at 8 A. M. for Warsaw,
from whence passed on by stage to Mankato,
arriving about 5 A. M. on Tuesday 27th. Here I

On Saturday 31st, and Sunday April 1st, held a
spiritual convention in connection with my lectures.
The weather being unpropitious and the roads bad,

On Saturday 31st, and Sunday April 1st, held a
spiritual convention in connection with my lectures.
The weather being unpropitious and the roads bad,

Blue Earth City, Garden City, and St. Peter, were
all represented. There has been a form of organiza-
tion here, of a temporary character, but now a

President, Judge Finch; Vice-President, M. T. C.
Flower; Secretary, Z. Paddock—who comprise the
Executive Committee. Corresponding Secretary,

Steps have been taken to establish a Spiritual
Library as a means of educating the public mind.
By request I have given them a list of books which

Brother Marshall, minister of the Presbyterian
church, in the exercise of Christian love and charity,
and no doubt from a deep sense of duty to his flock

The cause so dear to our hearts is decidedly
moving onward in this city and its large surround-
ings. I hereby earnestly recommend all Spiritual-
ists,

It is a very fine country for stock raising—
especially so for sheep, and there is, generally
speaking, a fair proportion of timber. The water

I have had two circles here for the development
of the healing power, and I think I shall leave
seven or eight, perhaps more, good healers, whose

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Unitarian Liberty.

An article appeared last winter in the Banner of
Light very properly commending the Unitarians of
Ripon, Wisconsin, for their liberality—in opening

The case is different in the city of Janesville,
Wisconsin. A movement was made here about
two years ago to build a house; the Unitarians,

How is it now? The eastern Unitarian Associa-
tion loaned the Society \$2,000 to finish the church,
and took a mortgage. The Spiritualists also gave

Last February we engaged Charles A. Hayden
to lecture here three week-evenings when we knew
the house was unoccupied. Mr. Farrington was, as

We made this concession to avoid a quarrel, but not with the intention to in the least disclaim our just rights in that church.

Understanding that a different course would be pursued towards us by the trustees, we again employed Mr. Hayden to lecture the 18th and 19th of April, and presented a request to the trustees in writing for the use of the house, and received an answer that the majority of them referred the case to Mr. Farrington, and by his decision refused us the house.

Still, in violation of his own teachings, in violation of the guarantees of men who we believed would do as they had agreed, we were again denied the rights that are justly ours, and in obedience to the intolerant bigoted dictation of a man who has no right to control that church, we are denied its use.

The Sunday following the church was freely opened to a Swedenborgian preacher, though we think no Swedenborgian owns any stock in the house, rents a pew there, or supports Mr. Farrington.

JESSE MILES, E. H. STRONG, J. BAKER.

Janesville, Wis., April 23, 1866. Banner of Light please copy.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

To the Spiritualists and Other Friends of Progress in Michigan.

FELLOW CITIZENS: There probably never was a time in the history of the world when there was such moral, political and religious commotion as at the present.

We have at present many grave questions, which are of all importance to the future welfare of the race, to settle; and we, as friends of progress, and advocates of individual liberty to all, and the general elevation of the race, should have much to say in settling those questions, and determining what that future quiet shall be.

Bear in mind that we form a great proportion of the progressive element of the age; that we are a power and are being recognized as such; and consequently upon us much depends in giving proper solution to the pending questions.

Let us all feel and take an interest in this matter and act energetically, as if the whole responsibility rested upon each individual. I hope that all who read this call will join at once in the endeavor.

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Sec'y of St. John's Society of Spiritualists. St. Johns, Mich., April 17, 1866.

Letter from A. James.

MR. EDITOR: I have just returned from a visit to the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, Lowell, Jamestown, Provincetown, and from the Pennsylvania oil region, where I have seen and conversed with many noble souls, whose hearts beat strong for our good cause.

Everywhere do I find the great light of Spiritualism spreading itself outward, illuminating and unfolding minds that have been so long enslaved by ignorance and superstition.

During my absence I find an immense number of letters from dear friends all over the country have been sent me, and fearing the writers may wonder at my silence, I wish thus to give them the reason therefor, and assure them that my first duty will be to respond to all.

ABRAHAM JAMES.

Letter from A. J. Davis.

BRO. JONES: We are all pleased with the design for frontispiece of the Little Bouquet. Of course the artist, in expressing his idea of angels, will do finest work on them under the eye-glass, thus by superior work judicate superior beings.

A. J. DAVIS.

Extracts from Letters.

DEAR JOURNAL: Allow me to say to your readers that Spiritualism has not yet done a great work in this State. It still remains to be done.

The world needs nothing so much at the present time as the truths of Spiritualism to harmonize its discordant elements. The breaking up of old error will be the unfolding to us of a new heaven and a new earth—a more marvelous change than the coming of spring to a region bound by the ice and snow of a long and dreary winter.

Yours for truth, A. G. SPALDING. Anoka, Minn., March 31, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: Permit me, through the columns of your paper, to call the attention of the Spiritualists of Michigan to the necessity of calling a State Convention. I, for one, feel that it is time for us to be up and doing.

Yours for Progression, EDWIN CATE. Paw Paw, Mich., April 16, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: Enclosed find \$3.00 for three copies of The Little Bouquet. I will try to help the good cause along by a contribution occasionally. I love to interest little children and give them all chance for future development.

ALLEN C. HALLOCK, M. D. Evansville, Ind., April 16, 1866.

DEAR EDITOR: I read the JOURNAL with a very deep interest. Its philosophy harmonizes, in many respects, with my ideas, and it may be well said that it has revealed itself by turning tables, it may attain such developments as to turn the whole world.

Will you permit me to ask you one question in relation to spiritual manifestations? I would add, that I do not make this question with the intent of criticizing; but, on the contrary, to obtain some light on the subject.

My query is, why is it that no French or German spirits manifest themselves through your medium, in their national idioms; and that every spirit, as it appears by the JOURNAL, is from this continent, and none from abroad.

Yours, very respectfully, P. G. St. Anne, Kankakee Co., Ill., March 15, 1866.

[EDS. NOTE.—We would say in this connection that we have no doubt of the ability of our spirit friends of any nation to communicate in their native tongues—but what would be the advantage of speaking in French or German if our reporter could not report in those languages; or if she could, it would be necessary to translate such reports again, for the majority of the readers of our paper.

It is a well-known fact that spirits often come and talk in a language totally unknown to the medium, (as Greek, Swedish, and many others), but this only proves the perfect control that such spirits have over the medium; it is also a test that the intelligence is outside of the medium.

CONUNDRUM.—Why was Herod's wife like a Fenian organization? Because she had a head set her. (Head Centre.)

Religio-Philosophical Journal CHICAGO, MAY 5, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

To Postmasters. All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain forty cents of each \$3.00 subscription, and twenty cents of each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

To Our Patrons. Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to George H. Jones, Sec'y. In changing the direction, the old as well as the new address should be given.

To Our Subscribers. We appeal to our present subscribers to exert themselves to extend the circulation of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

We appeal to our present subscribers to exert themselves to extend the circulation of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. You know its worth, and by this time must feel that you are warranted in saying to your friends that it is a paper not only worthy of patronage, but financially sound, and that subscribers will be sure to get the paper for the full length of time for which they subscribe.

New Premium for New Subscribers.

Any one sending us fifteen dollars for new subscriptions to the JOURNAL, shall receive, by return mail, either "The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man," by Hudson Tuttle, "Moses and the Israelites," by Merritt Munson, "Jesus of Nazareth," by Alexander Smythe, or one dollar and seventy-five cents (including postage) worth of any book in our advertised list.

Pretended Omniscience.

One of the most singular characteristics of the preachers, and professors of the religion of Christendom, is their pretended extraordinary knowledge of God, his character and his works.

Of course they claim that it is their office and duty to declare and proclaim his will, and to disclose and direct how, when, and where it shall be regarded and obeyed.

The inquiry naturally arises here, how they came to know so much about the Creator and his doings and designs. Is it plain and easy to account for it? A man, many thousand years ago, by the name of Moses, told them.

He teaches them how the Lord went to work to create this earth, and all things else, and he became so familiar with him, that in fact he knew all about him. It would seem that Moses was peculiarly qualified to write his biography. It is true Moses lived in an age of great ignorance and barbarity; but somehow Moses knew all about the Lord, what he did and what he wanted.

It did not seem to occur to Moses that it was an absurdity as well as an impossibility that these two powers and personages should always, through the endless ages of eternity, remain in irreconcilable enmity and war with each other. He did not discover that it was absolutely impossible for the Lord to have an enemy, or be at enmity with anybody, being, principle, matter or thing.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal in Europe.

We would respectfully call the attention of our trans-Atlantic friends to the card, published among our business notices, of J. Burns, Progressive Library, 1 Camberwell Road, London, Eng.

Our Cause—The Press—Our Duty.

Our cause stands foremost in the ranks of all reforms. Indeed, there is no reformatory movement of the age in which Spiritualists are not the prime movers. We do not mean to say there are no true reformers and workers in the field of labor who have not embraced our faith and philosophy; but wherever we find such we also find leading Spiritualists equally zealous at work in and for the same reform, and we glory in the thought that Spiritualists never stop to inquire the particular faith or belief of their co-laborers in any work which shall advance humanity.

Our philosophy teaches us that every phase and type of religion has been and is necessary for the unfolding of the growing mind of humanity. We are on the material plane of life, and we use material figures and symbols to illustrate thoughts and principles.

Let us be charitable to all, but resolute in exposing the fallacies of religious dogmas and unjust institutions, whether founded on ignorance or the cunning devices of designing men. To that end, ought not every reformer to so let his or her light shine as to be a beacon light to those still in darkness? How very weak many are who fully appreciate the truthfulness of our philosophy and the facts of spiritual phenomena.

We commenced to say something about the duty of the Spiritualistic press. Well, now we have reached that point, we believe. Kind friends do all they can to make the baby stand upright and walk without hiding its face in its hands or apron when it passes by a stranger to the household.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in the midst of the terrible carnage, leaped into existence, as it were by divine command, and the promptings of those who have passed to the other shore, as a co-worker with The Banner of Light in the vast work of human emancipation from the thralldom of all phases of slavery.

With the help of that power which giveth life to all that exists, and the fostering care of the angelic world, the duty and work of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION shall be well performed. With our able and clever cotemporary in the East, the JOURNAL and The Little Bouquet in the West, as vehicles of thought for the brave and true of the mundane and supermundane spheres; backed by the energetic workers and supporters of our glorious cause, liberal principles may bid defiance to all opposition, and the weak and fearful may lay aside all fears of a happy result in the coming conflict—for a conflict is inevitable.

We are no alarmists—but let Spiritualists everywhere stand firm by their principles, and remember that now, as in the past, truth and justice ever win victories for their brave followers.

Sayings.

- 1. The sayings of one who has the right to say, as all have, more or less.
2. Sayings should be valued according to their truth and their practical and beneficial importance.
3. Say-sos are as "plenty as blackberries," and each one has its own peculiar trait of character, from good to bad and indifferent.
4. Every one, then, may make or choose such as may suit the peculiar taste, condition or want, as occasion may happen.
5. "Going to law" without evidence, is like going to war without ammunition, or going to heaven upon one's own strength, without the grace of God.
6. Ignorance, literally, is not the want, but barely the absence of knowledge.
7. Equality dethrones supremacy.
8. Liberty, permission by authority, to be and to do, on conditions.
9. Freedom, the right and power to be and to do, without permission.
10. Accountability, a liability to the consequences of one's own acts; accountable to himself and his fellow man only.
11. Unbelief, the absence of belief; what is it worth? Faith and knowledge annihilate it.
12. A phenomenal organization indisposed to believe truths and facts upon probable and even competent evidence, is at least an imperfect and unfortunate condition, and tends to leave its subject in conservative ignorance, opposed to all reformatory progress.
13. Shadows, although nothings, by their inflexible opposition to light, strange as it may seem, have frequently been known to accompany and adhere to the movements of living human forms.
14. It is proverbial that old persons love to talk, especially of themselves, and to tell what they

have seen, and heard, and done, and the consequences, which are their experience.

15. Although the aged, from their experience, should be prepared to give advice, as they are usually disposed to do, the young will not be disposed to regard it, or even to hear it, as they will be inclined to act on their own views, often visionary, and thus blindly meet the events of life as they may happen.

16. A right education will respect old age, and thus old age will be more deserving of respect, and the benefits of such education will be mutual.

17. At death, we leave some friends here, but we shall find more and dearer friends there, and those we leave here will soon follow us there, so we shall all be together again. After threescore years and ten, we have less attraction here, and considering the feeble and worn out condition of old age, how little have we to dread the change of worlds, by which we have so much to gain, and so little to lose.

The Authority for what is Said or Done.

It will, doubtless, be admitted that all sensible and rational persons will have some good reason for whatever they say or do. More especially will it be imperatively so, whenever they undertake to disclose and teach important facts and truths of which all others are ignorant, yet deeply interested in.

In all such instances, it will not be denied, that those who speak or write for the instruction of others in matters of great interest and universal concern, should have good authority for what they so speak or write. Otherwise, they are impostors and should be so considered. Fabulous stories and works of fiction have no such claim, and are mostly intended for amusement. From these considerations what must be the conclusion with regard to Moses in his account of the creation, and the described consequences? In this stage of the inquiry the requisite proof of the truth of his narration is required. As he was not present at the scenes and events he describes, nor any one else, there could have been no personal witness of the transaction. What evidence could he have had of the truth of his story? He does not himself tell how he gained such knowledge.

It is not rational or admissible that the Almighty should inspire any one to utter falsehoods for truths. It would then appear requisite to inquire whether this story of the creation by Moses is true. If it does not appear rational, or in any way credible upon a proper examination, nor conclusively sustained by competent evidence, it should most certainly be rejected, and its author be denounced as a deceiver and impostor. When there is no conclusive or satisfactory reason to command our belief, it must necessarily be supported by additional or other competent evidence, or be rejected.

The whole story in its statements, is neither probable, rational or possible; but is improbable, irrational and impossible, and therefore, there neither is, nor can be, any rational or competent evidence to sustain it. It is pretended to be sustained by Scriptural authority. The Scriptures have no such authority. They themselves furnish a rule to test the validity, the credibility and competency of testimony as evidence of truth and justice. Witness Deut. 17: 6. "At the mouth of two witnesses or three witnesses shall he that is worthy of death be put to death; at the mouth of one witness he shall not be put to death." Matthew 18: 16, "But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established." 1 Timothy 5: 19, "Against an elder receive not an accusation, but before two or three witnesses." Num. 35: 30, "Whoso killeth any person, the murderer shall be put to death by the mouth of witnesses; but one witness shall not testify against any person, to cause him to die."

These are instances of Scriptural rule to establish the testimony of persons as to make it worthy of credit and belief. The testimony of one person it would seem, was not deemed sufficient to settle questions of grave importance. Moses is one, and alone in his account of the creation, and there is no corroborative proof of the truth of his statements. If his account was such as by any possibility might be in the nature and constitution of things, it might be different. It is absurd on the face of it, and contradicted by all known laws relative to any such events and circumstances. It is an attempt without "searching, to find out God," and to tell what, in the creation and government of this world he did, why and how, and when and where it was so done—a tissue of absurdities and falsehoods. If he had represented his story to be a novel, a fiction, a work of his own imagination, and had not presented it as a true narrative of what he knew to be a solemn and sacred truth, he might have escaped the character of a deceitful impostor, in a matter of the most serious import to his nation and its posterity, and a large portion of the world called Christendom.

As it has been, and now is, he is the author and founder of the fundamental doctrines and matters of religious belief of most of the various sects and professors of Christianity at the present day, throughout Christendom.

An Impostor.

We have just learned that the advertisement of William Jackson, which was so long in the JOURNAL, is an imposition upon the public. We are advised that a certain impostor is using the name of William Jackson, who is a willing tool to obtain money under the false pretences set forth in the advertisement referred to.

We request all who have been duped by this advertisement to inform us of the facts, and urge any one who knows either Jackson or his accomplice, to search out the fraud being practiced, and help bring them to justice.

Obtaining money under false pretences is an indictable offence, punishable by fine and imprisonment, and we will do all in our power to bring all impostors to justice.

Spirit Identified.

In No. 4, vol. 2, we published a very long communication from Amos Colwell.

Mr. Milo Porter, of DuPage county, Illinois, a gentleman of undoubted veracity, called upon us a few days since, and informed us that he knew the spirit while in earth life—his relatives referred to, and their places of residence, north of Syracuse, New York.

We invite those who have that number of the paper to re-peruse the communication.

Time and Human Action, Measured by Infinite Power.

A CHAT AT BREAKFAST. Mrs. A.—What is the time by the clock? Mr. A.—It is 9 A. M. Mrs. A.—The clock is too fast. Mr. A.—The clock is a free agent; it goes as it pleases. It has a mainspring, and by that and the power behind it, it is compelled to go as it does. All persons are free agents in very much the same way. Like a clock, they sometimes go too fast, sometimes too slow, and sometimes stop. At times, having run down, they need winding up. They also need and have a conscience regulator. In order to keep true time, this regulator must be often used to check any wrong movement. Persons have also sensation and a will, and sensation will act as a mainspring in the action of their clockwork, and by that mainspring and the power behind it, persons are influenced to obey the laws of their being; and if that makes them free agents, why then they must be free agents—that is, compelled to be free agents.

Colchester.

On Saturday, April 21, by invitation, a party of ladies and gentlemen from the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL called on this widely-known medium, at his rooms at the National Hotel, for the purpose of witnessing some of his manifestations. Each one of the party wrote the name of some of his friends in the spirit world, or propounded interrogatories on separate slips of paper; which after being well mixed, were placed on the table before the medium. No one present could possibly have selected his own slips from the others, and no one could see what was written on the slips, they being closely folded. He requested one slip to be handed him, and immediately wrote out the name of the person, or an answer to the question, written on the slip of paper. He wrote the fac simile of the spirit friend's autograph, both with a pencil, on paper, and in blood red characters on his arms and hands. The writer of this was presented with the autograph of his brother, written with pencil on paper, who has been in the Summer Land over twelve years, also the initial letters of his father's name, in his own peculiar writing, upon the hand of the medium, where a moment before there could not the slightest trace of a letter be seen. All these manifestations were produced in broad daylight—no dark circle—everything plainly to be seen by any one. After repeated manifestations of different kinds the seance broke up, each one being perfectly satisfied that there was no jugglery practiced, but simply what is claimed—spirit manifestation. We would invite our readers, and especially all skeptics, to give Mr. Colchester a call.

Church, the Medium.

We learn upon reliable information that Church, the medium, has been caught imposing upon the members of his circles at Belleville, Illinois. He has been suspected of imposition in several particulars, at different times and places, and yet it is a well known fact that he is a good medium for physical manifestations. We sincerely hope that Spiritualists will adopt and insist upon such precautionary measures as will put a veto upon all phases of imposition from mediums. Weak-minded men and women may have mediumistic conditions for physical manifestations in dark circles, and from flattery and laudations cannot remain content with such manifestations as the spirits are capable of performing through their mediumship, but will attempt to do something more marvelous.

Spiritualists themselves are very much at fault in objecting to lights being sprung upon these dark circles when the medium least expects it. Let mediums understand that such a course is to be pursued with them, and the public may rest assured that true mediums will be content to allow the work to be done by spirits or not done at all. In conclusion, we repeat, let Spiritualists be continually on their guard, and take every precaution that will aid in detecting and preventing imposition. Spiritualism is a great truth, and needs no tricks or sleights of hand for its support. Spiritualists who have a system of philosophy which harmonizes with science and nature, should rejoice at the exposure of all impositions attempted to be practiced in its name.

The Little Bouquet.

Our subscriptions and all necessary to hasten the early issue of the Little Bouquet, are progressing finely. The artist has embodied our ideas in the most beautiful heading that ever adorned a child's paper. If the engraver succeeds in doing his part of the work as well as the draughtsman, it will both please and instruct children—children of larger as well as smaller growth. The little girls and boys are busy getting up clubs and sending in the money therefor. The work goes bravely on. We want some more nice articles from our old writers, first class writers—and from those who never wrote before, and also from the little children themselves. Let us hear from you all. Don't be afraid to write, little ones and mothers. A few lines will help to fill up some niche or corner in the Bouquet. You know it takes a great variety of flowers, leaves, etc., to make a pretty bouquet. The effect of each separate would perhaps not be very fine, but when properly combined, would be beautiful. Let us hear from scores of you as soon as possible, for No. 1.

Another Reply to Theodore Fulton.

In our issue of April 14, we published a letter from Theodore Fulton of Elkader, Iowa, in which he states his objections to the doctrines of Spiritualism, and attempts to show up some of the inconsistencies of such a belief. The letter was followed by a few condensed editorial remarks, explaining our belief in Spiritualism. At the same time we extended a cordial invitation to our numerous readers to answer these questions from their own standpoint. In this issue we cheerfully give place to a communication from Hon. Sharon Tyndale, Secretary of State, in answer to those interrogatories. If any of our other numerous correspondents think the objections are not fully answered, we shall be pleased to hear from them at any time.

Our Capital Stock.

Don't forget, friends, everywhere, that you now have an opportunity to do some good for the cause you love—Spiritualism—which will give a permanent benefit, and at the same time yield you a fair return in dollars and cents, by subscribing for one or more shares of the capital stock of this Publishing Association. Our cause is onward and upward, and demands that every individual who appreciates the great

truths that underlie all reforms, should be an active and energetic worker, and contribute according to his or her means to promulgate truth.

Miss Ella Bratton's Sociable.

The sociable, under the direction of Miss Ella Bratton, for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, came off according to announcement, and was a brilliant success. Every one was delighted. The Lyceum realized, as we are informed, over eighty dollars thereby. Frank May and Miss Ella are deserving great praise for their fine entertainment and timely aid for the children. We understand they will repeat their effort. That is right. Let us all patronize the sociable projected for so laudable a purpose. The children need a library, and many other things for pleasure and comfort. Remember you get your dollar's worth of fun at the sociable, and the children get the benefit of your dollar to help make them good and happy.

Book Notices.

LUCY ARLYN: by J. T. Trowbridge. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Who does not love a good story well told? and who tells a story in better style than Mr. Trowbridge? We have perused this charming work with undiminished pleasure, from beginning to end. We could not leave it until we had finished it—little page, table of contents, and all. It comes neatly bound in cloth, plainly heralded as "Lucy Arlyn," and is written in Mr. Trowbridge's best vein. The plot of the story is replete with matchless interest—the characters are vividly sketched. Lucy is the type of a singular delicacy and purity of character; wounded in the holiest feelings of her heart, neglected, maligned, she turns not upon her persecutors, but hides her wrongs, bearing them with sweet patience. Guy is the earnest, impassioned aspirant, who is struggling out of the mists of sin into the pure light of a lofty faith. The simplicity of the widow and her son are well portrayed, and are refreshing in contrast to the worldly malice of Lucy's aunt. Were we to particularize, we should extend this notice indefinitely, as the book abounds with real men and women, acting just as men and women do to-day.

The author has fearlessly and candidly shown up the truths and crudities of Spiritualism. He impartially discusses it, and gives a just endorsement of it by so doing. In fact, we think that he has written himself a Spiritualist. We can only say to our readers, purchase the book, and enjoy it for yourselves. You cannot find a pleasanter companion. It is for sale by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

THE BIBLE TRIUMPHANT, is the title of a new book of 144 pages, published by Mrs. H. V. Reed, of Harvard Ill., for sale at this office: Price 50 cts., postage 4 cts.

It purports to be a reply to 144 self-contradictions of the Bible, published by A. J. Davis & Co. We recommend the perusal of the above work to our readers. It claims to republish the self-contradictions, and to explain them by other quotations and comments.

The author has done a good work, doubtless unwittingly, for liberal principles. This little book will be read by thousands who could not have been induced to read the "144 self-contradictions of the Bible," in any other form.

We have just received the following books, which we are prepared to supply at the annexed publisher's prices. The books will be sent by mail on receipt of price and postage:

THE PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY of Voltaire. Fifth American Edition. Two Volumes in one, sheep. Containing 876 large octavo pages, with two elegant steel engravings. Price, \$5.00; postage, 65 cents.

PAINE'S POLITICAL WRITINGS, to which is prefixed a brief sketch of the Author's Life. A new edition with additions. Two volumes, sheep. Price, \$4.00; postage, 62 cents.

COMPLETE WORKS OF THOMAS PAINE, Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs in the American Revolution. Three volumes. Consisting of his Political, Theological and Miscellaneous Writings. To which is added a brief sketch of his Life. Price, \$6.00; postage, 94 cents.

HISTORY OF ALL CHRISTIAN SETS and Denominations—their Origin, Tenets, Condition. By John Evans, L.L. D. Price, 75 cts.; postage, 16 cts.

A LEGACY TO THE FRIENDS OF FREE DISCUSSION; being a Review of the Principles, Historical Facts, and Paragons of the books known as the Old and New Testaments; with remarks on the Morality of Nature. By Benjamin Offen, formerly Lecturer of the Society of Moral Philanthropists, at Tammany Hall, New York. Price, 75 cts.; postage, 10 cents.

KNELAND'S REVIEW of the Evidences of Christianity. Price, 75 cents; postage, 8 cents.

YABOO. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents.

THE SYSTEM OF NATURE; or, Laws of the Moral and Physical World. By Baron D'Holbach, author of "Good Sense," etc. A new and improved edition, with notes by Diderot. Translated, for the first time, by H. D. Robinson. Two volumes in one. Price, \$2.00; postage, 24 cents.

THOMAS PAINE'S WRITINGS, Theological and Miscellaneous. The most complete edition ever published. Containing his Age of Reason, and all his writings on Theology, with many miscellaneous and poetical pieces, and his letters to Washington. Price, \$2.00; postage, 36 cts.

PAINE'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS. To which are added, the Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar, by J. J. Rousseau; and other Miscellaneous Pieces. Price, \$1.50; postage, 20 cts.

THE DISEASIS; being a discovery of the Origin, Evidences, and Early History of Christianity, never yet before or elsewhere so fully and faithfully set forth. By Rev. Robert Taylor. Price, \$2.00; postage, 24 cts.

REASON, THE ONLY ORACLE OF MAN; or a compendious system of Natural Religion. By Col. Ethan Allen. Price, 50 cts.; postage, 8 cts.

BIOGRAPHY OF FREE THINKERS. Price, 75 cents; postage, 10 cents.

THE LETTERS TO EUGENIA; or, a Preservative against Religious Prejudice. By Baron D'Holbach, author of the "System of Nature," etc. Translated from the French by Anthony C. Middleton, M. D. Price, 75 cts.; postage, 10 cts.

ESSAY ON DREAMS. By Thomas Paine. Price, 25 cents; postage, 4 cents.

THE INFIDEL'S TEXT-BOOK; being the substance of Thirteen Lectures on the Bible. By Robert Cooper, author of "The Holy Scriptures Analyzed," etc. First American republication from the London edition. Price, \$1.00; postage, 12 cents.

ASTRO-THEOLOGICAL SERMONS. By Robert Taylor. Price, \$1.50; postage, 18 cts.

DEVIL'S PULPIT. By Robert Taylor. Price, \$1.50; postage, 18 cts.

Deaths.

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the worn sandals and give the weary rest. Passed to the Summer Land from San Francisco, California, Little LULU, eldest daughter of Almazin B. and Kate V. Paul, aged 4 years. "They called her sweet, pet names, When they kissed her living brow, Their 'Bird,' 'Bud,' 'Blossom sweet,' They call her 'Angel' now." Funeral services by the writer, Laura Cuppy.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

OUR BOOK TRADE.—Orders by mail are filled out as soon as they reach this office, but it sometimes happens that we may be out of some book ordered. That may cause a few days' delay until our stock is replenished. We regret this, that those ordering books may not be disappointed if they sometimes get a part of the order on one day and the remainder on another day. We intend to be prompt in filling orders for the paper and for books. If either should fail to come to hand within a reasonable time, we urgently request our friends to advise us of the fact, giving names of persons, places of residences, and the amount of money sent; when the order was mailed, and to whom directed. All such orders should be addressed to Geo. H. Jones, Secretary RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, drawer 6225, Chicago, Ill.

EMMA HARDING'S LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.—This book contains six lectures given through that highly developed and well-known trance-medium, Miss Emma Harding, 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 human 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 likeness of the author, by Donny. For sale at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association. Post Office Drawer 6225, Chicago. Price 75 cents. Forwarded by mail on receipt of the price, free of postage.

Mrs. C. M. JORDAN, Writing and Prophetic Medium, 78 North Dearborn street, Chicago. 10-1f.

MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Merriman Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination \$2. The money should accompany orders. [15-1f]

CLAIRVOYANT and HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Miss Lowry 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 5, P. M. [24-1f]

Send for one of Harris' Gas Burners, for burning Kerosene oil; fits 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, Bunt & Co., 100 Monroe St., Chicago. [25]

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.—Dr. J. Wilbur is permanently located at 561 Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wis., is using Magnetism with great success in curing diseases, both chronic and acute. He uses no medicine whatever, yet he challenges competition from prescribers of drugs and nostrums. Patients at a distance are cured; all that is required is a superscribed envelope and fifteen cents. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. [32-3m]

"GOT THE BLUES."—How often do we hear this complaint made. The reason generally ascribed is that something has gone wrong, but if you will question the patient in regard to health, habits, etc., you will very often find that indigestion is the prime cause; the intimacy of the brain and stomach is very close, and nothing so soured the feelings and disposition as dyspepsia. It is a singular fact that most suicides are dyspeptics. If our nourishment is properly digested the brain is free and unoppressed, and will solve our troubles, pointing the bright side of life; thus it is our duty to guard against this monster—indigestion—and we know of nothing so potent to assist digestion as Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. It has cured some very bad cases of dyspepsia of even ten or fifteen years standing.

HEALING DISEASE IN DUBUQUE, IOWA.—Dr. A. N. Miller has postponed his journey East, which we announced in our last issue. He left here April 24th, for Dubuque, Iowa, at which place he will open rooms for the healing of disease by the laying on of hands. Those wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity will apply during the month of May, as he remains only until the first of June in that place.

JOSEPH FLEMING, DRUGGIST, No. 84 MARKET STREET, PITTSBURGH.—Sir: I take great pleasure in stating that, after having suffered from dyspepsia for about fifteen years, at some periods much more than others, I have been entirely cured by the use of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. My friends know that of late years my case has been an extreme one. I had great suffering from eating any kind of food, and on an average would vomit about one-third of my meals, in a sour, indigestible mass. When the severe attacks would come, I would lose all strength and be utterly helpless. Some of the attacks could be so severe that for days together I would not retain anything on my stomach, save a little dry toast and tea. For years I knew not what it was to pass five consecutive hours without intense pain. From the time I took the first dose of this medicine I ceased vomiting, gradually all soreness passed away, and flesh and strength returned, and ever since I have been able to eat any kind of food set upon the table. Six months have now passed without any symptoms of the return of the disease. My case was considered by all, even physicians, so marvelous, that for a time it was feared it might be fictitious; but I am now so well convinced, that I have been cured, merely and permanently cured, that I can conscientiously recommend Coe's Dyspepsia Cure to all the victims of dyspepsia.

ISAAC AIKEN, Late Pastor of the Beaver Street M. E. Church, Allegheny, Pa. 2-6-11

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.

MILWAUKEE.—The Spiritualists of Milwaukee meet every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M., at Bowman's Hall. Regular speaking by Miss Hull. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their hall, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, near Pennsylvania avenue. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

BOSTON—MELROSE.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Admitted free. Speakers engaged.—Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, April 1 and 8; J. G. Fish, April 22 and 29.

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 weekly sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS AT NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Elm, N. Y., No. 55 West 33d 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 wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York.

TEMPLE OF TRUTH.—Meetings at the "Temple of Truth," 814 Broadway, New York. Lectures and discussions every Sunday at 10 1/2, 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The hall and rooms are open every day in the week as a "Spiritualist's depot" for information, medium's home, etc., etc. All are invited to come, and make themselves at home.

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 same place at 2 1/2 o'clock.

VIRGILAND, N. J.—Meetings of the Society of the Friends of Progress in their Lyceum Hall on Plum, near Sixth street, every Sunday morning at 10 1/2 A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds session in the same Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—The Spiritualists of this place meet every Sunday at McDonnell's Hall (Ferris & Garrett's Building) for lectures. Lecturers wishing to make engagements, will please address the following gentlemen: Thos. Garrett, Secy.; Lea Pusey, Esq., Treasurer; or Dr. Wm. Fitzgibbon, Secretary.

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. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as the "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, corner of 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th streets, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuppy lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of Fourth and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Admitted free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Mrs. Caroline Abbott, developing medium, 300 1/2 State street, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. Orrin Abbott will receive calls to lecture on the Spiritual Philosophy. He will also take subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and stock subscriptions for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. He is also a healing medium of great power. Address Chicago, Ill.

J. M. Allen, trance and inspirational speaker, will lecture in Ludlow, N. Y., the second and fourth up to July, and will speak week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments, and attend funerals. Address, Woodstock, Vt., in care of Thomas Middleton. Refers to Thomas Middleton and to G. A. Bacon, box 305, Washington, D. C.

C. Fannell Allen, box 70, Rockland, Me.

Wm. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521 New York City.

Mrs. N. K. Andrews, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill.

George W. Atwood will answer calls to lecture in the New England States. Address, Weymouth Landing, Mass.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.

Mrs. M. Adie L. Ballou, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn. S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker, will receive calls to lecture on the Harmonical Philosophy. Please address him at Rochester, Olmsted county, Minn.

Miss Martha L. Beckwith, New Haven, care of George Beckwith.

Love Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio, will respond to calls to lecture.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker, will speak in Middle Granville, N. Y., the first and third Sundays in each month, and in Kingsbury, N. Y., the second and fourth up to July. Will answer calls to lecture evenings during the week, and attend funerals. Address Middle Granville or Smith's Basin, New York.

C. C. Blake, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture in different parts of the West upon Grecian and Roman Spiritualism, as compared with modern. Address, until further notice, Dahlonga, Wapello Co., Iowa.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly.

A. P. Bowman, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

Mrs. M. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, West Brattleboro, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer 5813 Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullen's address is 32 Fifth street, New York.

B. J. Butts will answer calls to lecture. Address Hopedale, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Lynn April 1 and 8; in Charlestown, Mass. 15, 22 and 29. Address 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Carley. Address, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Albice E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Putnam, Conn.

Judge A. G. W. Carter, of Cincinnati, Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on the Spiritual Philosophy.

Mrs. Sophia L. Happeel will answer calls to lecture. Address, Forest Hill, Onondaga Co., N. Y., care of Horace Farley.

J. B. Harrison, formerly minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, Kendallville, Noble Co., Ind.

D. H. Hamilton will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Commentary Life. Address, Hamonton, N. J.

Mrs. Lovina Heath, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

Mrs. Anna E. Hill, inspirational medium and psychometrical reader, will answer calls on reasonable terms. Address, Whitesboro, Onondaga county, N. Y.

W. H. Horington, the blind preacher, will answer calls to lecture on Ancient Egypt, Political Economy, or Astronomy. Address Lockport, Ill., until April 1st.

Mrs. E. A. Horton will speak in Troy, N. Y., during April; in Ludlow, N. Y., May 6; in Eden Mills and vicinity during June and the first Sunday in July. Address as above, or Brandon, Vt.

M. Henry Houghton will lecture in North Wrentham, Mass., every Sunday until April; in Taunton, April 29 and May 6 and 12; in Southwick, May 20 and 27. Will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the remainder of the year. All applications for week-evening lectures and the attending of funerals will be happily received and speedily answered. Address as above, or West Paris, Me.

Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

Miss Julia J. Hubbard, trance speaker, has again entered the lecturing field. For the present her address will be Boston, care of Banner of Light office.

W. A. D. Hume, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson will speak in Willimantic, Conn., during March. Address as above, or East Brantford, Vt.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.

W. F. Jamieson, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich.

Miss Susie M. Johnson will speak in Haverhill during April. Miss Sophia Kendrick, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address Leavenworth, Mo.

George F. Kittridge, will answer calls to attend public circles and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Address, Grand Rapids, box 992.

Mrs. E. K. Ladd, No. 179 Court street, Boston, Mass., will answer calls to lecture.

Dr. B. M. Lawrence will answer calls to lecture. Address, 127 North Street, Boston, Mass.

J. B. Loveland will answer calls to lecture, and will pay special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

Charles S. Marsh, semi-trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture throughout Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and other Western States. Address Waconowoc, Juneau county, Wis.

Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan.

Mrs. Elizabeth Marquand having removed to the State of Missouri, will answer calls to lecture in the West. Persons wishing to see her on a scriptural and normal lecturer, will please address Chamois, Osage county, Mo.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

Leo Miller will speak in St. Louis, Mo., through April. Address as above, or 22 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch.

Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism Sundays and week day evenings in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri. Address Hillsdale Hillside county, Mich., care of Oscar Hancock. Will attend conventions during the summer in the West, if desired.

Dr. G. W. Morrill, Jr., trance and inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, 426 1/2 Washington street, Boston.

Dr. James Morrison, lecturer, McHenry, Ill.

Miss A. P. Mudgett, trance and inspirational speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address her at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, care of Geo. Gates.

B. T. Mann will lecture on Spiritualism anywhere in the country within a reasonable distance. Address, Skaneateles, New York.

A. L. E. Nash, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Sarah A. Nutt. Address Claremont, N. H.

L. Judd Pardee will speak in Buffalo, N. Y., during June. Address, care of Thomas Rathbun, P. O. Box 1231.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearnall, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich.

J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich.

George A. Peirce, Auburn, Me., will answer calls to speak upon the Sabbath, week day evenings, and to attend funerals.

Miss B. C. Pelton, Woodstock, Vt.

A. A. Pond, inspirational speaker. Refers to Warren Chase. Address, North West, Williams county, Ohio.

J. L. Potter, Trance

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—the spirit world.

INVOCATION.

Infinite Spirit God, again we would clothe our thoughts that they may be received by our brothers and sisters who are yet upon the material plane of life, showing them that within our souls there dwells thankfulness and praise unto Thee for the assurance Thou hast given us that we are Thy children—a part and portion of Thee, Infinite Spirit. We would have them realize the truth that Thou in Thy wisdom hast given unto us the power to manifest ourselves unto them—Thy children who are yet clothed with the material covering, but are unable to see Thee in every form of life. We think Thee that Thou hast given us that assurance that we have but to aspire for truth and that it shall be opened unto us.

In Thy wisdom Thou hast implanted within us a desire to impart that truth unto every immortal soul. We thank Thee, Infinite Spirit, for the blessing and the privilege of manifesting ourselves to those who are yet groping their way through the, to them, dark and dismal paths in which Thou art leading them. We thank Thee for the assurance that in time they will be brought to see all things in their true light, and that we will be enabled to pluck from the rosebush of life the flowers unpierced by the thorns thereof. Step by step, precept upon precept, Thou art manifesting Thyself more fully unto us, leading us, and opening unto our once obtuse vision, light, purity, and love.

QUESTION BY P.

Q. Is the man now living who will construct a machine which will take electricity or magnetism from the atmosphere without exhausting metals or acids, and make it a motive power to the extent that it will take the place of steam for that purpose; and will he use the means arising from the invention for the spiritual cause?

A. No one man will accomplish that object, if it is ever accomplished at all; but ever is an eternity—a long while. That it may be consummated remains for the future to develop. We cannot see the man who will accomplish the object which the question seems to demand. Spiritualism is something that will take care of itself—devise its own ways and means, and accomplish its own desires and objects.

QUESTIONS BY CAGWIN.

Q. Who and what am I—known as Cagwin?

A. From the question we would say that you are an individualized being, and have passed through many sore trials. They have made such an impression upon you that you are led to make the inquiry. We would say that you are an individualized immortal soul, or being, known by the name of Cagwin, from the fact that that was the name your parents bore, given as a lawful inheritance unto you. We would say, further, that although your experience has been severe, yet we would not have you lose sight of the great object to be attained, that is, to make yourself more fully understood, and thereby obtain a greater share of happiness. I see that you are kind, good and noble-hearted, yet are not appreciated by the world.

Q. Will my spirit be individualized after passing from mortality to immortality?

A. We would infer from the question that our brother desires to know if upon the spiritual plane of life he will be an individualized being, and retain consciousness of his individuality upon the material plane. We would say most emphatically that he will. We can speak from experience, for we once lived upon the material plane, and passed from the material to the spiritual, and we still retain our individuality, and also a perfect remembrance of our experience upon earth.

Q. Matter being indestructible, is that part which now composes the body absorbed by the spirit at death, or is it, launched into the great ocean of matter?

A. My brother would know if his spiritual body is to be composed of that which he now occupies as his material body. In other words, if that material body will be necessary for the perfect organization of his spiritual existence or body. We would say that your spiritual body is now covered from your external senses by an external form. You take cognizance of things while upon the material plane through the material organism, yet it does not follow that there is not a spiritual organism or covering back of the material, and in that will the permeating life principle manifest itself to you upon the material plane, both through the spiritual and material. At death there is a dissolution of the material only; the spiritual with the life principle passes upon the spiritual or second plane of existence. That material body, goes, it is true, into the great world or ocean of matter, quickened and brought into action by the pervading spirit which you term God.

Q. Does not our early education have much to do with regulating our lives?

A. Certainly it does, from the fact that if you educate a child to be in constant fear of something or somebody, it will take centuries to obliterate or erase that feeling so permanently fixed in childhood. It is a source of more or less unhappiness; while on the other hand, if children were educated to look upon all things that they find in the universe as being in accordance with the great positive Mind for their development and unfoldment into a higher form of life, it would not only add to their happiness, but the happiness of all who may know them. Q. Can we really know of immortality from experience?

A. The question of immortality upon earth is settled from the fact that we have an existence after death. That existence must, of necessity, be immortal, yet it is in the minds of some, whether or no, in the great ocean of time, individualized men lose their identity, or are swallowed up in the great ocean of spirit, to be passed through another experience upon earth—if not upon this planet, upon some other one similar to it. We know of none who have ever yet reached a point of perfection in which there was nothing left for them to more fully understand. We believe that it is in eternal progression including all time. When you say all time, that signifies eternity.

Q. Would it not be better to put a mark upon Jeff. Davis, as they did upon Cain in Bible times, than to hang him?

A. We would say to our brother inquiring, that our brother Jefferson Davis has his mark upon him already, whether recognized by those that do not know him personally, as the cruel Jefferson Davis. Yet the consciousness within himself that he is the

one looked upon and despised by so many, is a sufficient mark for him. Now for a moment, let us consider the question in accordance with theological ideas, that the birth and crucifixion of Christ was necessary for the salvation of the world. Was not Judas, his betrayer, just as essential to accomplish that end as Jesus himself; was he not necessary to be the betrayer and give him into the hands of the Jews, so that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets? Now we will say, if freedom was necessary for the salvation of our colored brethren, then was not Jefferson Davis necessary in his position as well as Abraham Lincoln in his—all brothers, and children of the one parent, God. So we would say, brother Davis, brother Cain, brother Judas, and brother Jesus, we thank you for fulfilling your missions in the past, and look upon you all as being in accordance with the will of our father God.

Q. What is meant by "Thy will being done on earth as it is in heaven?" We notice discord and confusion upon earth; are we to infer that it is the same in heaven?

A. When that prayer was given, people looked upon heaven as being a place of perfect happiness, and they desired that earth life might also be a scene of continued happiness, yet their powers were so limited they could not conceive of the will of the Father being done on earth, except it brought happiness. His will is done alike in heaven and on earth, or on earth and in heaven, and out of that which is seeming darkness shall He bring light unto you. Happiness is a place. Heaven is a place; yet those places are within the human soul.

APRIL 6.

FRANCES STEPHENS.

I want to tell you that I am afraid if I commence I shall talk longer than is agreeable. I will be as brief as possible. You know that it is very natural for woman when she commences to talk to say a great deal before she is aware that she has talked much, or whether it means anything or not. I want to say this right here, because I think that woman is wronged in that sense. Man will go to work and by actual labor and experiments arrive at a conclusion and correct idea before he will be convinced of a thing. A woman, by her intuitive faculty reaches the result without that experiment; and because she can arrive at conclusions, it is said by men that she jumps at them, and from the fact that she jumps at them you do not know whether it is so or not. If men and women would follow out their first impressions closely, they would save themselves a great deal of trouble. In wading to get something more substantial they lose the first impressions, which are the best.

I do not know but in waiting to manifest myself to you I have lost the best part of what I would say, but if I can give enough for you to recognize me, whether I say all that I intended to or not, I shall be satisfied.

My health was very poor before the birth of my child. At the time it was born the physicians, as well as my friends, supposed that I was in a safe condition, but after I had rested twenty-four hours I was taken worse, and died in a short time. I wish to speak of this in such a manner that by giving these particulars my friends will be more sure that it is me.

I left three boys. My babe is now with me. It lived only about one year after I left the earth. Grandmother Rachel told me as soon as I came here that she saw that I was coming here a few weeks before my sickness, and tried to tell me that I was coming to her—tried to warn us, in order that we might be prepared, or perhaps do something by which I might be saved, if we knew the danger that I was in. By our not being able to understand the laws by which she was trying to manifest herself to us she was unable to aid or warn me. You will remember the manifestations to which I refer.

My name is Frances Stephens. I was in Marietta, Iowa, when I died. Before that I had lived in this State. I have been here in this city many times. I want George to read this letter, and I want I to read it too. I speak of them because I would like to have them give more attention to these things. I wish I could tell you how it is that I talk to you, but I cannot do that. I can only say that I can talk. There are a great many who come here and tell about being perfectly happy; but perfect happiness I have never found yet. It may be that others have, but I have not. [Pausing.] My friends, I seem to hear you say, will you not come to us often? I will do so.

ELLA McMASTERS.

I just want to say that Ella McMasters is well this morning, and has been ever since that time when she was sick and died. I just want to tell my name, and how old I was. I was just a little bit more than six years when I died, and it is not a year since. I want to tell you that I am happy—then you will be resting. [Hesitating.] [You mean their minds will be at rest.] No, I mean their hearts will be at rest. Don't you know that when you cry your heart comes right up into your mouth? When they know that I am happy they won't feel bad any more. I know where I am. All my folks live in this city. I know all about them. Good bye, ladies.

CARROLL WHITE.

The spell is past, and I will now say what I desired to say at first. Mother, you know I was weary of life. You know my soul was estranged from earthly strife or joys, and that earth possessed not one single attraction for me. You know, too, that from childhood, disease fastened itself upon me, and all the while that I staid upon earth my spirit was sorely tried. You know how recently I parted from that body. I wished that God in His mercy would see fit to take me from my earthly frame, that I might rest either in the grave or in heaven—any place, I often said to you, where I can be free from this body, will be preferable to the condition that I am now in. Now that I am free I want to tell you of the happiness that I enjoy. You know you often said to me, my dear boy, sweeter will be your rest for the suffering through which you have had to pass while here. Perhaps it is from that suffering that I feel as happy as I now do.

I know you will be glad to know that I am happy, and in possession of a healthy organism. When I say that, don't think that I mean just while I have possession of this organism through which I am speaking to you. I mean my own, when I am away from this medium. I am healthy and well, day in and day out—weeks and months—and I believe that I shall continue so for years to come. I want you to know that I am in that condition; and better than all else, I can tell you of it and give you an idea of the place where I dwell. Father is already here, you know. In time he will talk to you. He does not feel to say anything to you at this time. He says mother can tell all my feelings as well as if I should express them here.

Mother, everything seems very beautiful and perfect here. I see everything just as I saw it upon

earth. We have all that you have, but I see them internally instead of externally—things do not have an ugly, rough covering. You would ask me, mother, if we have streams or bodies of water here, and shrubbery, forests, flowers, birds, and all those things that you love so much. Yes, we have them, and they are just as perfect in body as those upon earth. Our trees have no rugged bark to protect them from the elements by which they are surrounded. Things do not grow old here. Old men and women after coming here assume a youthful appearance, and have nothing that bespeaks their years of toil or sorrow they spent upon earth. I have noticed, too, that those children who came here when they were small, have become developed to manhood and womanhood. The accumulation of knowledge does not make them grow old. Now, from what I have said you have a correct idea of the place where I am, and the place where you will come before a great while. When I say a great while, mother, I do not mean that it will be within a few months or years—that is what you would call a great while, but if it be eighteen or twenty years it is but a short time to us here when we think of eternal life or eternity. Although I suffered very much while upon earth, I have now reached a place where there is no suffering. Don't cry if some of our folks say that you are insane, and think that you don't possess the same reasoning faculties that you once did. Remember that father and Cora will be with you at all times; then you will not cry at what they say. Do not condemn them. They must ascertain something about this philosophy before they can believe it.

My name is Carroll White, of Springfield. You may send this to my mother, Cordelia A. White, Springfield, Mass. I am happy that I have succeeded in saying what little I have to you. Mother, I will continue to be with you, and I know that God will bless you. I am your loving son, Carroll.

QUESTION BY GEORGE MORGAN.

Q. Do spirits rest as well as act?

A. It is hard for individuals while upon the material plane of life to make a distinction between the spirit and the covering of the spirit. The spirit is never weary. It is only that through which it manifests itself to you that becomes tired and needs rest. The spirit has a covering upon this plane of life as well as upon yours. That we should require rest would not be at all strange, for remember that we have bodies as well as you, although not like yours or those that we once had—subject to disease and change. Those were subject to change, and they passed through what you call death, wasting away by disease, but ours don't. Bear in mind, my friend, that although we are upon the spiritual plane, yet each one of us has a form corresponding in every particular to the form that we once had; the form that we now have is given us so that we may be recognized by one another.

When persons arrive at that point when, in speaking of friends that have left the material plane of life, and entered upon what they now call the spiritual, they are enabled to recognize them as individuals, then the feeling of wonder and astonishment at our manifesting ourselves to them will have passed away. When you look upon us as possessing power equal unto yourselves, then you will readily perceive that we can accomplish something while upon the spiritual as well as upon the material plane of life.

WILL CAMDEN, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

What is that I hear? [Spirit listening with his hand behind his ear.] [It is a man calling straw, to sell in the street.] No, he is not calling straw, but—[imitating]—c-h-a-r-r-o-o-a-l. Well, don't beat the devil! [Examining the room.] How do you do, old lady. [To a lady present.] Come here, I want to tell you something; when I came here the first thing I heard was a man screaming c-h-a-r-r-o-o-a-l! c-h-a-r-r-o-o-a-l! We don't burn charcoal where I am. Well, that is the first thing I heard when I got this medium's eyes open. Then I looked all about and spied you. Ho! ho! [To reporter.] Now you take the scratch while I talk to this woman. If I don't look out I shall get tangled in the medium's hoops. [Don't you wear hoops?] Good heaven, I hope not. [Then we are to suppose that you are a man.] Well, I should be if I had a man's body to speak through; when you take possession of a woman then you have to be a woman. There is where the joke comes in. Ho, ho, ho! Do you ever expect to make sense out of that? [Looking at the short hand notes.] By the way, I shall have to talk sense to you, or you will not be able to. Well, now, to come right down square to the work, I will tell you what I want. I want to write to my folks, and they are good folks, too; they belong to the church. I did not belong to the church, and they never expected anything better of Bill than that he would go to hell. They believe that evil spirits can come back. Well, then, I give the devil more credit than I do God, because we, being evil, are permitted to come back and talk with you. I tell you I am not in hell, nor am I half as near it as I was when I was with you folks who preach hellfire, brimstone and damnation right into us during your protracted or contracted revival meetings. I used to go to those meetings, and they got around me and tried to persuade me to get religion, hunt up Christ—seek him. Well, I concluded to do so. I got down on my knees in this way—[the medium got down upon her knees, and placed her elbows on her chair, and put her hands over her eyes,] and I looked for him some time, but I could not find him. [Still on her knees.] Well, now, you know that it is the most natural thing in the world to peep through your fingers—so I peeped through, and there stood the good brothers and sisters, sighing and sobbing, and saying amen and glory, and glory and amen. Well, I guess if there was any devil, he took possession of me then, so I got up [getting up] and told them right square off what I thought of them—right before the whole meeting. I told them that I got down there on my knees to find what they said was to be found, and not finding it I then did the most natural thing in the world; I looked through my fingers and saw them all getting around me to love me when I had found Christ. They did not know that I could not find Christ—had given it up, and was seeking them. Well, that was so, and I got up and told them just how the case stood. Why, there were women there that pretended to have found Jesus Christ, that came right up to me, put their faces close beside mine and sighed, and took on and loved me. Why, if any other women should do such a thing in any other place they would call them low women, street walkers, free lovers, and everything they could think of. That would be the Christ coming out of them. I told them all that and more too. Well, a while afterwards I was taken sick; my friends called the doctor, and they did everything they could for me. It was no use—they saw that I must die; so they sent for the minister. He told me that all was a great sinner, and said now, brother, if you had only found Christ, then you would have been all right. I told him it was no use in my trying to find God if He would play

hide-and-go-seek, because He knew all the good hiding places. He says, Will, I am afraid you will have a hard time, you had better make your peace with God; and I said, I tell you, and God will bear me witness, that I never had the least trouble with Him in any way. Never being at odds with Him how could I make up with Him? I stood strong right there until the day I died; and when I died, or went out of the body, they said if I had only found Christ and been convinced of my sins, why, they could have let me go a great deal easier. Now you see that being the case, don't you suppose that they will think that this comes from the devil?

I want to say this—if the course I took sent me to the devil, and the devil has so much compassion within his breast as to let me come back here and say what I have said, why then I say three cheers for the devil, and I shall go for him every time. I say go it, old fellow, and get all that you can on your side.

Now, it was no use for me to seek God, if He is all powerful, could make us and make Himself out of nothing, and had the privilege of dodging into all the good hiding places. Now I want to tell you that your idea of seeing God and the devil is just about as ridiculous as the idea that I was going to find God or my Saviour, by getting down on my knees before all of you, and making pretensions that I had found Him.

You think that I am with the devil. You said that the devil would claim me when I died, for if God was going to claim me I should feel willing to seek still farther for Him. I tell you if I am with the devil, I am very well satisfied to remain with him. Now let me tell you—for you may as well see right where you stand first as last—I know that you do not see God nor the devil. You have been most wonderfully deceived by your fine silky preachers, and made to believe that what you were looking for, God and the devil, was there. Now when you come to get over here, you will find that you have been terribly duped. [Spirit paused and nodded the medium's head in the affirmative and negative, as if talking with other spirits. We asked what they were talking about, when the spirit replied:] There is a lady here that don't want me to talk in the way that I do, but I tell her to let the confounded ministers and their miserable sophistries catch it; it will do them good. Since I died, or rather got out of my body and came over here, I have the best chance in the world to see the preachers and brothers and sisters, the whole caboose of them, and I would tell upon them now, if it was not for making them so confounded ashamed that they would not know where to put their heads. I will tell one thing. You remember the second revival that you had after I went over, and you remember where the elder staid all night. The minister staid at our house, and you thought it was kind of strange that the elder did not stay, too. Well, I saw the reason why he did not remain with us. I am not going to tell why he did not—it would make you blush. You smoothed it all over, and said that he was chosen of God to preach, and if he erred, why he was human. Well, if I erred, I was human, and if you err why you are human; and I am inclined to think he was human. That is where the matter stands. Now you see I am not as bad as I might be, considering that I am with the devil, for I was I would come right out and tell the plain facts about them all, but you see I have a little compassion.

When you ministers come here you will find no chance for deception; for if you lie in your souls it will show itself upon your faces. There is nothing here thick enough to cover it up; we see things internally as well as externally. I told grandfather that I would be careful about telling names, but I'd be blessed if I would not tell the truth. He said, now, Will, it is not worth while to be telling things to make unpleasant feelings. Well, I have not told anything to make such feelings, but I will tell you if you don't want me to tell what you do, then you see you must not do anything but what is right, and then you won't be ashamed to have it all told. If you did not take so much pains to hold yourself in the church, I would not care anything about it. It is just like a person dressing up, with nice clothes outside, while on the inside the garments are all rag, jag and bobtail. Now I am going. I have had a first-rate time, and told you just exactly what I thought, and let you know that I can come, and that I am not in hell; and I hope that it will be a consolation to you to think that I am not there. After a little while rolls around—a little while to me, but a thundering long while to you—you will find that your fine church theories did not send you into a fine heaven all paved with gold, with oceans of diamonds and pearls, and angels and archangels, and cherubim and seraphim, and every such thing you can imagine, with reserved seats for yourselves on the right hand of God. You will find that you are in just such a place as I am in, and maybe it will not be quite as good. Maybe you will feel so bad to think that you have conducted in the way you have, that you will want to go into some corner so as not to be recognized. I should not wonder if you got right there, if you don't try to open your eyes soon. I have talked in the way that I have for that very purpose—that you might begin to see right where you are. I was not going to smooth matters off, but let them get right square along, and hit just exactly where they will. Do you wonder where the medium is while I have possession of her? [Yes, explain it if you will.] She is here in her body. It is like this: you know that your head don't grow any larger because you get new ideas. There is always plenty of room; yet your storehouse is not increased in size. There is plenty of room for her and me too, but you see if we both had our ideas at work at the same time, I would be checking her up and she would me. It is kind in her to keep still a little while and let me talk. Let me ask you if anybody takes your paper in Brooklyn, New York? [Yes.] Well, I will tell you what I will do. I will just say—don't put me down William or Bill, but Will Camden says that when he took possession of this body he felt happy, has felt happy all the time, and is going away happy, and if what he has said don't have a good effect upon his folks, he is happy still. I would tell you just where to send this if it was not for grandfather. He says, Will, never mind, you have said what you wanted to. Would you take his advice? [We don't like to say.] The old gentleman is pretty good. I guess I had better let it go until the next time I come, and then I will send my letter right square smack to you. Good day. I hope you will have a nice time when you come over on our side.

ANNA LARKINS.

Perhaps you will think me selfish, still I cannot help thinking that it is quite as well when we come here not to say much in regard to the past, and gloomy prospects for friends upon earth. It will not change matters at all. I am very well contented with all that I find here; and if I could in any way repay these friends for this opportunity of talking, I would gladly do so. The *modus operandi* by which spirits or departed friends return to earth

I do not understand, but you will find it is no fallacy. There is more truth in it than I had supposed, and more than many of you will care to admit. If you could see just as I do in regard to it you would not have any fears of its injuring you either mentally or pecuniarily.

When you acknowledge that evil spirits do come to earth and influence its inhabitants, you have acknowledged the phenomena, for none are altogether good. Now when they talk to you about being beset by evil spirits, and that they will take away your happiness, say to them that your assurance of the presence of the friends who have passed the fiery ordeal, death, gives you a strength that will enlighten not only your mind but the minds of those friends that come around you, whenever dark or evil. I did not intend to say a great deal in regard to this fact when I came here. I only wished to say enough so that you might know certainly that I could come and manifest myself. My name is Mrs. Anna Larkins, and this is intended for I. C. Larkins.

Now you may think that I have not had to exercise myself any to say what I have. Be that as it may, I have said what I intended to. I possess the same independent spirit that I ever did. If you feel disposed to arrange matters so that I can speak to you at home, I will come—if not, very well. My existence will continue just the same.

ALEXANDER WORCESTER.

How in thunder does that woman who has just spoken expect her folks to get her letter? She went off without telling where to send it. Now, my friends, after taking all the trouble to come near enough to you to hear the noise, din, bustle and confusion by which you are surrounded, I think that it is best that you should meet me half way and say, not in words but in deeds, that you are glad that I did come; and inasmuch as I have come, that you will give me a chance to come close to you in my own way. I cannot tell you how to do so as to let me come. If I had had the responsibility of closing up this medium's ideas or mind, perhaps I could tell you. [Did you find her senses sealed when you took possession?] Yes, perfectly. I suppose it was done by those who give us this opportunity. It is just like this—we pass through, one after another. After one has gone, that leaves room for another. I cannot tell you how it is done, but I will direct you to just gather yourselves around that little table that stands there under the looking glass in the sitting room. Set it out pretty near the middle of the room, and I guess you had better put your hands upon it. Sit perfectly quiet, and don't feel afraid that you will fall. Don't feel bad, that will spoil it all. Don't fasten your minds upon me, uncle Merrill or little Kitty. We will come and do the best that we can. Please send this to my brother in Terryville, North Georgia. His name is Rufus Worcester. I am just the same as ever, your brother Alexander.

IRA COOK.

Madam, if you will be kind enough to say that Ira Cook is happy, although not in heaven, you will oblige me very much, and bestow a great favor upon my family. I make this announcement that you may know that I am not of earth now. I have entered upon another plane of life—whether it be a better one than the earth plane I have yet to learn. That is all I have to say. Good morning to you.

ABBY.

Dear sisters and brothers, to please you I will say a word or two through this organism, and tell you that there is much of real happiness upon earth as well as upon the spiritual plane. I am happy, but I see those who are not so, and I feel it is because they have not set their houses in order interiorly, for if they had there would not be a nook or a corner that needed their particular attention. Not needing their attention, they could go about at will and enjoy everything that is to be enjoyed in the house. When you arrive at that point you will realize what I now do. That is, as I said before, happiness. I see some persons that are happy on earth—just as happy as those that are here. I see persons here with a discontented nature, who are not happy. Be content and look for happiness on earth; feel that you have it, and do not look ahead to the time when you shall leave earth to find that treasure. To all of my relatives, friends and acquaintances, let me say that I am ever the same Abby. I have friends here in your city and in different places. I have one sister whose health is so poor that she thinks when she comes upon this plane she will be very happy. Well, dear sister, the laborious part of your work will be done, but methinks after you reach this side you will say how much good I might have done had I remained, that would add to the welfare of my family. Then I will leave it for you to say whether or no you will experience perfect happiness. Your loving sister, A.

Letter from L. B. Brown.

EDITORS JOURNAL: Observing in your paper frequent and urgent calls upon the friends of progress and religious reform to organize in local, State and national organizations, I beg leave to add the weight of my experience to the many reasons already offered.

We have had an organization here, under the statutes of the State of Michigan, authorizing the organization of "religious societies," for more than a year; and as such have been able to sustain courses of lectures, from time to time—say, at least, four times a year—from some of our ablest and best speakers and mediums.

Our society is not large, numbering not over twenty-five in all, but very harmonious. At our last annual meeting, on the first Sunday of January last, the old officers, with one or two exceptions, were former officers had removed, were re-elected.

The present officers of "The Circle of Spiritualists of De Witt" are: L. B. Brown, President; Miss Ella Williams, Secretary; Mrs. M. M. Brown, Treasurer; Jos. E. Williams, F. R. Reid, Esqs., and Mrs. J. Butterfield, Trustees.

Allow me, through the channel of your paper, to urge upon the friends of religious reform—Spiritualists in particular—the necessity of a State organization in Michigan; and to this end I would call special attention to the article of Bro. Selden J. Finney with regard to a State Convention. Let the friends of the cause move at once, and they may be assured of the co-operative action of

Yours, for the cause of human elevation and progress. L. B. BROWN.

De Witt, Mich., April 29, 1866.

"Are you still in the land of the living?" Inquired an aged man of an aged friend. "No; but I am going there." This world is the shadow; heaven is the reality.

The highest inhabited place on the globe is the Posthous of Anconimiro, in Peru, which is nearly 10,000 feet above the sea.

Dr. Evans, the American dentist in Paris, has been appointed dentist to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Call for a State Convention in Pennsylvania.

We, the undersigned, believing that a more intimate association and co-operation of the Spiritualists of this State will be beneficial to ourselves and to the community...

NOTICE.

THE SPIRITUALISTS and Friends of Progress will hold a three days meeting at Greensboro', Henry county, Ind., beginning on the 25th and closing on the 27th May next.

Third National Convention.

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the World: At the SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS held in Philadelphia by adjournment from the 17th to the 21st of October, 1865...

Great Harmonies, by A. J. Davis, 5 vols., viz:

Table listing various books and their prices, including 'The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man', 'The Biography of Satan', and 'The History of the Israelites'.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED, JANUARY 2d.

An Original and Startling Book! THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF PHYSICAL MAN, SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED. PROVING MAN TO HAVE BEEN COTEMPORARY WITH THE ANTIQUARIAN DETAILING THE HISTORY OF HIS DEVELOPMENT FROM THE DOMAIN OF THE BRUTE AND DISCUSSING BY GREAT WAVES OF EMIGRATION FROM CENTRAL ASIA.

THE GREAT LYRICAL EPIC OF THE WAR. A TALE OF THE GREAT REBELLION. A Purely American Poem. It is an Autobiography. Its Characters are from Life. Its Scenes are the Great Lakes.

A NEW BOOK. Just published by the "Religio-Philosophical Association," entitled THE BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN; Or a Historical Exposition of the Devil and his Domains; Disclosing the Original Origin of the Belief in a Devil and Future Evidence of his Existence...

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ARCANA OF NATURE. Vol. I. The Laws and History of Creation, THIRD EDITION. PLAN I. To show how the Universe was evolved from chaos by established laws inherent in the constitution of matter.

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WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL BOOK, ENTITLED BRANCHES OF PALM, BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

To those who are acquainted with the writings of Mrs. Adams, nothing need be said to commend this new volume to their attention. The thoughts it contains bear evidences of a rich spiritual growth, and a maturity resulting from additional experience.

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A NEW POEM BY A NEW AUTHOR! MANOMIN: A RHYTHICAL ROMANCE OF MINNESOTA, THE GREAT REBELLION, AND THE MINNESOTA MASSACRES. BY MYRON COLONEY.

THIS work recites some of the most celebrated battles of the War, such as Bull Run, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Mechanicsville, Savage's Station, Malvern Hill, Chantilly, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, &c., &c., follows Sherman to the sea; recites the heartrending account of the Minnesota Massacres, &c. In short, it is a Romance of a Broad and Comprehensive Character.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, LONDON, - - - ENGLAND. Keeps for sale the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and other standard Spiritual publications.

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HYGIENIC THERAPEUTIC COLLEGES.—The lectures of the Summer term will hereafter be given at "Western Hygeian Home," St. Anthony, commencing on the Second Tuesday in June. The winter term will be held in New York, commencing on the Second Tuesday in November.

A. JAMES, THE MEDIUM ARTIST, THROUGH WHOM the design for the heading of this paper was given, will send to any address, for 25 cents, one of the greatest tests of spirit-power yet made; and for 25 cents he will send a Photograph copy of A. LINCOLN, called the EMANCIPATOR. The original was given through his hand, while in the trance state, in 25 hours. It is 62 1/2 inches in length, and said to be the largest drawing of the kind, under glass, in this country.

HEALING THE SICK BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS. THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietors of the DYNAMIC INSTITUTION, are now prepared to receive all who may desire a pleasant home, and a sure remedy for all their ills. Our Institution is commodious with pleasant surroundings, and located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground overlooking the lake.

DRS. S. B. COLLINS & S. A. THOMAS, SPIRIT PHYSICIANS. Heal by the Laying on of Hands, LAPORTE, IND.

Dr. COLLINS: I had been troubled with Fever Sore on my lips for several years, and during the time had consulted a great number of different physicians, but was not relieved. I then called upon you, and after taking your medicine for forty days as directed, was entirely cured. I send you this for publication, as it may be the means of sending those to you who are similarly afflicted.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. THESE celebrated powders act as carriers of the Positive and Negative forces throughout the system, to the Brain, Lungs, Heart, Womb, Stomach, Reproductive Organs, and all other organs of the body. Their magic control over diseases of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: All active or acute fevers; all neuralgic, rheumatic, pain, spasmodic or convulsive diseases; all female diseases; Dyspepsia, Dysentery; and all other Positive diseases. THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE: All typhoid fevers; all kinds of palsy, or paralysis; and all other Negative diseases.

Winchester's Hypophosphites. THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, even in the second and third stage (at a period, therefore, when the action of the medicine is to the nature of the disease), IS THE RULE, while DEATH IS THE EXCEPTION.—Dr. Churchill, to the Imperial Academy of Science, Paris.

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Our Children.

"A child is born: now take the germ and make it a bud of moral beauty. Let the dew of Obedience, and the light of virtue, waft it in richest fragrance and in purest hue; For soon the gathering hand of death will break it from its weak stem of life, and it shall lose All power to charm; but if that lovely flower Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain, O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

A Sad Story.

Something dreadful has happened of late, It shadows the place like a cloud; Let no whisper the story to you, I'm ashamed to tell it aloud.

Half a dozen young boys who had friends And homes that were pleasant and bright, Have been tried in the law-courts for theft; Alas, what a pitiful sight!

Shall I tell how these boys, step by step, Have come down to crime and disgrace? The first step was straying from home With the bad, wicked lads of the place.

At evening, when home should have been Their refuge and happiness sweet, They would steal from its sheltered lounge In the stores, or to play in the street.

Soon they lingered awhile by the doors Of the drinking and billiard saloons, And they hung round the low stinging clubs To catch the coarse words and the tunes.

By little and little they lost The fear of the law and its might; Every day they grew bolder in crime, More reckless and daring each night.

Now, locked in the prisoners' cell, If their words to your hearing could come, I am sure they'd contend you'd bring home "Boys, spend all your evenings at home!"

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

CHARADE.

When winter storms have howled around, And robed the earth in purest white; My first with gay and joyous sound, Oft breaks the silence of the night.

But when old Winter's run his race, And Spring comes on with smiling face, The wren will to my second repair, And fix her habitation there.

My whole, I'll have you now to guess, 'Tis a young, gifted poetess. April 14, 1866.

S. B.

A TRANSPPOSITION.

I asked my trises what her favorite moep was. She replied, *Holdecrann*. I told her I preferred *Ahtianwah* by *Godecrann*. I added that there were beauties in the *Avern*, but I liked the *Sellb* by *Oep* much better.

MAY TURNER.

WORD PUZZLE.

I am composed of ten letters. My 1 is in June, but not in May. " 2 " cool, but not in warm. " 3 " hoe, but not in rake. " 4 " mine, but not in yours. " 5 " make, but not in have. " 6 " cat, but not in dog. " 7 " you, but not in me. " 8 " hat, but not in cap. " 9 " then, but not in now. " 10 " Will, but not in John.

IRENE C. WOOLLEY.

My whole is the name of a pioneer lecturer. Washington, Iowa, April 20, 1866. Answer next week.

ANAGRAM.

The following letters comprise the name of a post town in the State of Pennsylvania. What is it? o o e e c h h n n k s

J. M.

PUZZLE.

Find four American legal coins, which, when added up shall amount to fifty-one cents. Answer next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA, ETC. Answer to Anagram.—Springfield. Answer to Anagram.—

But happy they, the happiest of their kind! Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

Answer to Riddle.—The whale that swallowed Jonah. Answer to Mechanical Problem.—Four and nine-tenths miles per second.

MAGGIE E. LANE, of Chicago, sent the first answer to Charade.

LIZZIE GOFF, Dundee, Ill.: Your answer to the anagram is correct. The answer to the riddle is not right, as you will perceive. We do not see that the anagram in No. 4 was misspelled.

What Would You Do?

I saw, the other day, two girls who were not the best of friends. Their names were Clara and Fannie. Clara had evidently some cause for anger, whether real or imaginary I do not know.

Fannie asked Clara some question which I did not hear. Clara replied in a very volentous manner. "Don't speak to me! I hate you, I do! and I never want you to speak to me again—I'll not answer you if you do."

Now, children, I will not tell you what reply Fannie made, but I wish to know what you would have done.

A Few Words to Our Children.

Take good care of yourselves, children, for upon this depends your own comfort, and the happiness of those about you. This injunction may seem to imply the right to disregard the rights of those about you. Not so. In taking care of ourselves we often save our friends much trouble. Then again, if we are unjust to others we wrong ourselves. If I speak ill of you, if I deal unjustly by you, I wrong myself far more than I do you. If I steal your purse you have lost only your money; but I have lost my self-respect. No one may know that I am a thief; but I know it, and go where I will the thought of my wicked deed goes with me, and makes me very wretched. You may soon get money again, and forget your loss; but I have made a scar upon my soul that I see, and all the angels know it is there. If you are selfish, the wrong is not to others but to yourself. By giving the easy chair and the most comfortable corner to a person who is old and infirm, you are doing a good deed that will make you better and happier. I like to see those who are rich divide with the poor, not altogether because it makes the poor richer, but because it makes the rich better.

I knew a little girl, Carrie Lewis; her father was rich, and she was his only daughter. She had all the fine clothes and money she wanted. One day she said: "Do you know, mother, what will make me happy?" "No," said Mrs. Lewis, "what is it?"

"Father has given me twenty-five dollars to purchase some furs. I do not need them, and I want to take the money and get some clothes for Mrs. Raymond's children. I know it will make us all so happy to see those poor children clothed so they can go to school this winter." The clothes were purchased, and Carrie wore instead of furs a little wool scarf of her own knitting. She is an angel now. Do you not suppose she is better and happier in heaven for doing this one noble deed?

Little Freddie Lucy kisses ladies who have no little boys, "because they are so very poor." The little fellow fancies himself a benefactor, and so he is, for who is not blessed by his childish affection? Freddie, too, is happier by his contribution of kisses to the childless.

Take good care of your health. This is a duty you owe yourselves and those about you. Girls are much in the habit of disregarding this command. I have seen them out this past winter in low-neck dresses, short sleeves and thin boots. Ask the little foolish things if they are comfortable, and they will say "no." Then why do they dress so badly? Why just because some one else has—that is all. Supposing some simple-minded girl should cut off her fingers, would you do the same thing? It would be quite as well as it is to destroy your health by tight lacing or by any other means.

Late suppers and unventilated bedrooms, hasten people to the grave. You owe it to yourselves and to the world to take the best care of your bodies. People who have gout, dyspepsia, or consumption are fretful, nervous, unhappy, and they often make those about them very uncomfortable. Besides, if you are diseased you will never amount to much intellectually. A poor body is not a good workshop for the spirit. Now I will conclude this letter by repeating my command, take good care of yourselves. Be kind and just and generous.

FRANCES BROWN.

"Lilla Died Yesterday."

A few days ago a dispatch was passed along the wires by God's swift-winged messenger, and it told me "Lilla died yesterday." That was all. The afflicted mother who penned that dispatch had lost the angel of her household. Had lost, did I say? No, not lost. The mother had entered the vestibule of the spiritual temple, and had caught faint glimmerings of the living glories farther on. She had something more than a dead faith, but she lacked that wholeness which knowledge alone can give. She saw as through a glass darkly. Light was in the clouds.

On the evening of the day when the dispatch came, I found myself on the elegant cars of the Chicago and Northwestern R. R., on my way to Jefferson, Wisconsin. The widowed mother never before felt my coming so precious to her. The spirit of Lilla, after seven years and seven days of earth-life, had flown to the arms of her father, who had been suddenly killed before the birth of this precious child. The mother's faith was strengthened by my assurances of positive knowledge of her child's immortality. All that was mortal of Lilla lay on the bed ready for her coffin. Never was mould more perfect. Had I possessed all the power of the best artist to execute, I could not, with the marble before me, have changed one feature. Her form was perfect. The seal of divinity was stamped so plainly that death could not tear it away.

Mr. Rogers, late chaplain of an Illinois regiment, from Lake county, now settled at Jefferson, Wis., came to attend the funeral. He is a Universalist, more than half spiritualized. He is good, genial, humane, practical, liberal. His discourse could hardly have been improved. He said he knew Lilla was with her father and little brother, gone before. He repeated the blessed assurance again and again. I was glad to learn that Mr. Rogers is doing a good work in Jefferson. It is the county seat of Jefferson county, and his church is the most influential of any there among Americans born.

How plainly the influence of Spiritualism is felt everywhere upon the religious minds of those interested in, and belonging to, other churches. Thousands believe and would investigate, but are held back by their relations with the churches to which they belong. Yet these new and beautiful truths are infectious, and pervade the moral atmosphere around us. I discover the gradual change they are bringing around, wherever I go.

May it soon be the mission of the electric fluid to herald the glad tidings of "Born to higher life," rather than "Lilla died yesterday."

SETH PAINE.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.—I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything. Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notice and *cartes de visite* with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses and bouquets. No matter what "other girls" do, don't do it. Schoolgirls, flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish, wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother everything. Next time she is ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidante, all you think and feel. It is very strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother," that which is most important that she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her own fair young daughters than she does herself.—*Fairy Fern.*

CHILDHOOD.—Happy season! No clouds overshadow the youthful beam; the child glances not at to-morrow; in the present is the embodiment of all its aspirations and hopes. As the bee gathers honey from every opening flower, so the little child gathers pleasures from every passing event. The trials after years seem as nothing in comparison with their own petty annoyances and grievances, which for a while throw a gloom over their little sports until dispelled by the sunshine of an experienced guide. Children, like flowers, thrive and flourish in a genial atmosphere. As the heavy gale will crush the tiny blossoms, so will harsh words compel the sensitive nature to shrink within itself, thus destroying the fresh outburst of childish enthusiasm; for it is from the pure originality of the expression of a child that we obtain the inner workings of the youthful mind, which is easily moulded for good or evil, according to the influence by which it is surrounded.

Alas, little ones, seek not enjoyment alone, but mingle "wisdom with mirth."

"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness. "For I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bell begins to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got anything new."

Brave Kitty.

It was a hot July afternoon. Scarcely a breath stirred the maples, which extended their loving green arms around the schoolhouse, and tossed their leafy fingers into its windows. The large and busy schoolroom, too, was still. But a moment before it had been a scene of activity, as if a hundred scholars; but the tinkling of Mr. Snow's bell had silenced all, and now everything in the school and classroom was very quiet. Ponderous lexicons, and well worn grammars were produced from the polished desks, and young heads were bent thoughtfully over puzzling lessons. Nothing was heard but the soft rustle of leaves, and occasionally the scratch of a pencil, as it obeyed the active brain, in working out some difficult problem. Suddenly the Principal's voice broke the stillness. He spoke sternly, for a rule of the school had been broken, and he was very strict. On one of the front desks lay a massive Latin dictionary. Now the rule was that no scholar should leave a book on her desk when school was dismissed at noon; and if he did so, her report for the month bore disgraceful traces of her careless disregard of the regulations.

"Young ladies," demanded Mr. Snow, "whose book is that?" Several boys answered, "Mary Tilden's." "Mary Tilden is absent, is she not?" "Yes, sir." "Who sits with her?" inquired Mr. Snow. "Ada Wheaton." "She is in the classroom. Miss Nannie, will you call her?"

Ada came trembling, for such a summons generally portended a scolding, such as Mr. Snow knew well how to give.

"Miss Ada," queried the teacher, "is that Mary Tilden's lexicon?" "Yes, sir."

"That is sufficient; you may go." The scholars resumed their studies; some rejoicing in the disgrace of a classmate, whose excellent abilities made her an object of envy; and some pitying her thoughtlessness. One might have been observed bending over her algebra, with a troubled frown, as if she were thinking of something besides the "x" before her. At length she pushed the book aside, and drawing towards her a slip of paper, wrote upon it, "What shall I do, Carrie? I am almost sure that I sat down in Mary's chair before school, this noon, and that I took the dictionary out of it, and put it on the desk. Had I better tell Mr. Snow?" Then pushing the little note towards her seatmate, she awaited an answer. It was not very satisfactory.

"Do just as you think is right, Kitty." The afternoon wore on, and four o'clock came. The bell struck, books and papers were hustled to their places, and the scholars departed. All save one. Kitty remained alone with the stern principal. Very stern he looked, but Kitty was brave. Advancing to the desk she said softly, "Mr. Snow." He raised his eyes from the composition he was correcting, and fixed them on her. Keen black eyes they were, but she did not quail.

"Mr. Snow, I don't think you ought to spoil Mary Tilden's report, but mine." "Your report?" "Yes, sir. Mr. Snow was thoroughly interested, for Kitty was one of his best scholars.

"Because, sir, I am almost sure that I was to blame. I wanted to sit down in Mary's chair this noon, and her dictionary was in it. I think I took it out and put it on her desk; and Mary's report ought not to be spoiled."

The tears stood in Kitty's eyes as she finished, for she was ambitious, and she felt sure she should be disgraced in Mary's place. I will not affirm that there was no moisture in Mr. Snow's eyes as he said, "Miss Kitty, if you say so, Mary's report shall not be spoiled."

Kitty turned away from the desk, feeling light-hearted. She wondered at herself, for she was very sorry to lose her standing in department.

What was her surprise at the close of the term, to find that not only Mary's report was unsullied, but her own ranked her higher than ever before. People wonder sometimes why Mr. Snow so rarely commends, is so warm in his praise of Kitty Leland. Her schoolmates say, "Mr. Snow is partial." But he who "loves the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," looked down into Kitty Leland's heart that summer afternoon, and he has rewarded her.

FINDING FAULT WITH CHILDREN.—It is at times necessary to censure and punish. But much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be therefore more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent. And hardly anything can exert a more injurious and demoralizing influence upon both of parent and child, than the disposition of influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting, and at last, finding whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

REPANTEE.—Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as generally to attract attention. He was one day riding on the turnpike road in the county of Durham, when a wag approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and mistaking his man, thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport, and as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.:

"I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?" "Yes," replied Mr. C., who was never at a loss for a rejoinder, "I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet his goose!"

The assaillant was struck dumb, while the traveler jogged on.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITTLE BOUQUET.

Published on the 15th day of each month, at Chicago, Ill., by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET Will be exclusively devoted to the interests of CHILDREN AND YOUTH And will be an especial advocate of CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

It will contain eight pages, printed upon fine, clear white paper, one-half the size of the Religio-Philosophical Journal or Banner of Light, and will be embellished with electrotype illustrations, which will give it a most attractive appearance. It will abound with short, pithy articles, contributed by the best writers of the age, all of which will be adapted to the youthful mind to the highest standard of truth and goodness. Its sole aim will be to begin at the foundation, and lay a basis of a noble character and pure principles, by inculcating those sentiments of virtue in the hearts of tender children, which will bring forth rich fruits in mature life.

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Carte de Visite, 25 Cts. Address: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, Drawer 625, Chicago, Ill., or Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

GROVE MEETING. THERE will be a grove meeting of Spiritualists held on the 4th day of July, 1866, at Farmers' station, Clinton Co., Ohio, on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad. Spiritualists and liberal minds are earnestly invited to attend.

STATE OF EDWARD R. SARGENT, deceased. Public notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against the estate of Edward R. Sargent, deceased, to present the same for adjudication and settlement at a regular term of the County Court of Cook County, to be holden at the Court House in the City of Chicago, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1866, being the 18th day thereof. SEITH PAINE, Executor. Chicago, April 1st, 1866. 24-3t.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum. FOURTH EDITION—JUST ISSUED. A MANUAL, with directions for the Organization and Management of Sunday Schools, adapted to the Bodies and Minds of the Young; By Andrew Jackson Davis. Price per copy, 50 cents, 8 cents postage, when sent by mail; twelve copies, \$8.40; 100 copies, \$65; gilt per copy, \$1.

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COLCHESTER, THE WORLD-RENOWED MEDIUM,

HAS taken rooms at the NATIONAL HOTEL, on the corner of Wells and Washington streets, where he can be consulted in reference to the PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE, giving the whereabouts of absent friends, telling whether living or dead, showing the

Autographs of Deceased Friends in Blood Red Characters on his Arm, Besides many other astounding manifestations. 25-1/4

Notice to the Readers of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I HAVE published a very radical and original work on CONJUGAL LOVE.

I desire that every person whose reason rules over his or her education and bigotry—any person who is not afraid to think freely—should read it. I promise that all such will be interested in it. I am very poor, supported by charity. I was born quite lame. I gave the best of my life without pay; have now been feeble for twenty years; have not stepped upon my feet for eight years, nor fed myself for three. Ask those who are able to send me somewhere between fifty and seventy-five cents, for the book in cloth, or one dollar for two. But any sum, from ten to twenty-five cents, will bring the book in paper as the least will pay the postage and the woman for mailing. Direct. R. A. ROBINSON, AUSTIN KENT, 25-2t East Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., New York.

A State Convention at San Jose, California. The undersigned Spiritualists, being desirous of calling together all the liberal and progressive minds of California, for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with each other, and to consider some plan by which the glorious Gospel of the Spiritualism may be presented to the people, and also to give our youth a natural and unsectarian education, do call a State Convention to be held in Socrates' Pleasure Garden, in the city of San Jose, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 25th, 26th and 27th of May next.

Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foote, the wonderful rapping test medium, will be present, and give sances in the evenings. Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Mrs. Laura Cuppy and other speakers are engaged to cooperate with the National Speakers in the Atlantic States are invited, and some are expected to be present.

The various Children's Progressive Lyceums are invited to be present, and to cooperate with the National Convention. It is hoped that all Spiritualists and progressive minds who sympathize with the objects of this Convention, will avail themselves of the opportunity to make this, the first effort on this coast, an interesting and profitable occasion.

J. H. ATKINSON, " JOHN C. MITCHELL, " J. D. PIERSON, " Mrs. L. A. CUPPY, " R. H. HALL, San Jose. A. C. STOWE, " J. J. OWEN, " W. N. SLOCUM, " Mrs. C. M. STOWE, " WM. F. LYON, Sacramento. H. BOWMAN, " PRESCOTT ROBINSON, " San Jose, Cal., March 28th, 1866.

NOTICE. The Spiritualists, Reformers, and liberal-minded persons generally, who are willing to cooperate with the National Convention of Spiritualists, and especially those who are citizens of New Jersey, are requested to meet in State Convention, in the Friends of Progress Hall, in Vineland, N. J., on Thursday and Friday, May 24th and 25th, 1866, for the purpose of organizing a State Convention, to cooperate with the National organization in the objects and purposes of said organization. Convention will be called to order at 1 o'clock P. M., May 24th, 1866.

WARREN CHASE, C. B. CAMPBELL, JOHN GAGE, } Committee.

OIL AND VARIOUS DEPOSITS FOUND. I WILL now answer letters inquiring concerning the Mineral Deposits of any specified locality, giving a description of them to the depth of from one hundred to one thousand feet. Having been engaged in this business, more or less, for fourteen years, I now give the public a chance to be benefited by my clairvoyant and scientific researches. Write your name and post office address plainly, enclosing \$5.00, with stamp, and address A. D. BALLOU, Mankato, Minnesota. 2-2-1/4

REALLY A GOOD THING! THE best method for Tanning, Dressing and Coloring Furs, together with the latest style patterns for making Gloves, Mittens, Victorines, Muffs and Skating Caps, sent to any address in the United States, on the receipt of \$2.00. Address Mrs. F. A. LOGAN, Station B, New York City. 2-1-1/4

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BOARDING HOUSE. 296 State Street, Chicago. MRS. W. A. FOSTER has opened a Boarding House for day and weekly boarders, with or without lodgings. Her accommodations are good, and she will be pleased to receive the patronage of Spiritualists and other friends visiting the city. 16-1/4

OF A HIGH ORDER OF INTELLIGENCE can be had through the agency of THE SPIRITSCOPE, by addressing Dr. B. Box 280, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

This opportunity is made public in the interests of Light and Truth and replies will be given FREE to those who want Light and seek Truth, but are unable to pecuniarily assist the dial operators; others may determine for themselves what remuneration to offer. 17-1/4

PRIVATE CIRCLES are now forming at the "Temple of Truth," 814 Broadway, New York City, for the scientific investigation of Spiritualism. The best Test Mediums will be employed to give communications. Each class is limited in number. Apply as above.

A public circle is held every Monday evening. Lectures, discussions, etc., every Sunday. Mediums can be consulted privately at the "Temple." The hall is free daily to visitors. The morning light is breaking. The angels are greeting The friends of other years. 18-1/4

D. N. HENDERSON, CLAIRVOYANT HEALING MEDIUM, will attend calls and take patients at his house at Talleyrand, Keokuk Co., Iowa. 25-1/4

DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER WILL be given by enclosing a lock of hair and stating sex, etc. A full description will be returned upon the receipt of \$2.00. Address Mrs. ISABELLA TALMADGE, box 2250, Phila., Pa. 25-1/4

MR. & MRS. FERRIS, MEDIUMS for Physical manifestations, can be addressed at Coldwater, Michigan, care of Alonzo Bennett, 14-1/4

MRS. C. A. GENUNG, HEALING, CLAIRVOYANT AND BUSINESS MEDIUM. EXAMINATION made on Lock of Hair, on enclosing \$3.00 and two three-cent stamps. No. 1, 14 South Clinton street, Chicago. P. O. Box 1899. 10-1/4

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This journal will be published by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

CONDUCTED BY AN ABLE CORPS OF EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS. It will be published every Saturday at 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Reception Room No. 87 Lombard Block. The Journal is a large quarto, printed on good paper with new type. The articles, mostly original, are from the pens of the most popular among the liberal writers in both hemispheres.

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A watchful eye will be kept upon affairs Governmental. While we stand aloof from all partisanship, we shall not hesitate to make our journal potent in power for the advocacy of the right, whether such principles are found in the platform of a party apparently in the minority or majority.

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Editor for publication should be marked on the margin, "Editor," all matter for the corporation should be marked "Treasurer," all matter of subscriptions should be marked "Secretary." S. S. JONES, President of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

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