



QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

- 1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong...
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life between the grave, and of the intercommunication between the two worlds?

RESPONSE BY A. J. KING.

1. My father belonged to no Church; was a Universalist in faith. My mother was a member of the Baptist Church. She died when I was but six years old; yet I have never forgotten how she taught me to pray. I belonged to the Baptist Church about twelve years, from 1849 to 1861.

lines with her writing and go over it when done and cross each T, and dot each I, and make any corrections necessary as read by one with their eyes open. She wrote what none of us knew, and in various languages of which she knew nothing. To illustrate: I will give two instances. One Sunday, Maria, Caroline, and I had returned from attending our (Baptist) Church. Maria and the little girl were in the kitchen getting dinner and Caroline and I were sitting in the sitting-room, when she told me a spirit had tried to influence her at Church, and it was with great difficulty she had kept her hand quiet and prevented a scene there. She blamed the spirit for trying to expose her mediumship and thus bringing her to notice and disgrace. I suggested it might be some one who had very urgent communication to make, and felt justified in drawing her attention then, and thought she ought to give the spirit a chance to communicate at once, and immediately got paper and pencil for her.

dant robe. I seemed to be walking among grasses and flowers; and so keen was my spiritual perception that I could almost smell the perfume of violets about my feet. My ears, tingling with the sharp wind that swept over the barren fields, could catch no vibration of air save that produced by the distant puffing of a locomotive, the occasional crowing of a cock, or the cackling of barnyard fowls; but the inner ear of my spirit seemed entranced with the song of birds, and all the merry sounds of spring. As I came to the edge of the stream, the dark waters flowing between their snowy banks seemed to sing of ending grasses and daisies, and birds that come to rest and bathe. The cakes of ice floating on the surface seemed to be water lilies, and I could almost catch the delicate perfume of their petals. I walked on, following the course of the winding stream. Now and then reality broke rudely in upon my dream, as my foot sank through a thin sheet of ice into a pool of water beneath. But in the main my illusion remained, and I lived for a time in the atmosphere and scenery of summer.

run to racing stock, especially runners, but as to trotters,—well, if you should be attacked with enlargement of the heart, and with malice aforethought, conceal a 2:30 trotter in my stable, and properly apologize,—well, try it. I'm not cruel, and I know editors are just doing these things for jokes, and I like jokes, especially practical ones. Our next resting point was Montgomery, the city of unsavory rebel legislation. 7:30 brought us within its limits, where we found most excellent quarters at the New Windsor. I find I had misjudged the eating accommodations of the South, for we have met the best of hotels, and it seems the Northern spirit has caught on quite firmly, and, through the direct way to his affections, the stomach, is winning his love. I visited the capitol where Jeff sat and guided the tub of Confederacy, through the waters of slavery into the sea of oblivion. From the dome we looked over the slow old town of 30,000 inhabitants, with nothing of interest to hold the eye, save a monument now half completed, to the Confederate dead soldiers which will be very beautiful when finished.

and of the utmost intelligence. Respondent will refrain from giving as that would no doubt displease the pe. who underwent the startling experience set forth below. The house in question is one of the many princely old mansions that thit city possesses, which are monuments of antiq etym days; when gay Tuscaloosa was the State capital, and the home of wealthy planters who, leaving their plantations in charge of overseers, came here to dwell and mingle in the gaieties of the social life of the capital. Many are the stories that are told of those good old days, when beautiful and accomplished belles and elegant beaux from every portion of the State gathered in this fair city which was the recognized social center.

A WINTER MORNING'S WALK.

REV. SOLON LAUER.

"I have had a most rare vision."—Midsummer Night's Dream.

Having occasion to wait an hour for a train at the country station L.—I determined to spend the time in a ramble over the fields. The morning was biting cold, and the ground covered with snow to the depth of several inches. But as there was a thick crust over the snow, the result of a recent thaw and succeeding freeze, walking was easy, and the cold air served to stimulate the vital forces.

A PHANTOM PLOWMAN.

Tuskaloosa Has a Haunted House.

A WEIRD TALE.

Some time ago the wife of a wine merchant living in a large town in the Gironde was found dead in bed. A letter by her side explained the circumstances of her death. She had said, taken poison, being tired of life. The tragedy created a profound sensation in town, where both husband and wife were well known. The loss was all the greater for the husband, who was overwhelmed with commiseration. The wife was buried, the husband's distress not being in any appreciable degree modified by the circumstance that a large rent list that had formed her income came into his hands.

A TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Realizing that your correspondence and communication for the JOURNAL savors so largely of logic, psychics, physiology and other subjects that "carry weight in life," I feel a sort of paralysis creeping over me as I assume the attitude of a correspondent, for reason that the soil of my puritanical solemnity was too thin to produce a crop, and besides it had never been watered with the tears of the damned to a degree to enrich it (I speak from a Jonathan Edwards standpoint), and life is too short on the river side of threescore and three to begin now, so I leave it for the more rationally inclined to devote and take up the line of passing events and tell you what I saw below the line, in the "black belt." Our party consists of three, and we had endured the rigors of a Chicago winter until it had become burdensome, and we resolved to unbuckle every strap and just let ourselves loose onto the solid south, regardless of consequences. We fixed upon Friday as a lucky day and if ever there was a time when it was good to leave the Garden City for the everglades, that was the day. The clouds were just doing their best to make up for the little snow of the winter, as we left the city limits, but ere long it changed to sleet, then rain, and lastly mist, till the fog settled down upon us and obscured our way, so we had only one alternative, to die by the rails and trust to luck, or freight ahead of us however, had failed to "luff" in time and had gone into the ditch, which, when discovered by our fellow passengers, made me think we had struck a bismuth mine. Five hours delay; we entered Louisville at 12 o'clock.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Tuskaloosa has a haunted house! There can be no doubt about it, as the fact is vouchered for by a lady of the highest social position.







Voices from the People.

EMILY WARD-EIGHTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

The Detroit Tribune has a long report of the eightieth birthday of Emily Ward of that city, a woman of large heart and mind, of great strength of character and beautiful kindness...

Contradictory Communications.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The article in your issue of March 2nd, on "Contradictory Spirit Communications" brought vividly to my mind the perplexities I have experienced in trying to explain similar occurrences.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Wiggins' Reverie.

CON. BRANSON.

Wiggins was uneasy; he sat in his dingy prison, misnamed "the office," with heels upon the top of an upright stool, his nose pointing warily at the cobweb ceiling.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A frog sixteen inches long is reported to have been captured at Orlando, Florida, during a recent heavy rain.

A Plea for Frusts.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In the JOURNAL of March 9th, I see a communication headed, "The Devil," in an editorial criticism. I have entertained the opinion for more than a year that the much abused Trust-idea contains the only ray of light to follow.

Politeness of Royalty.

The groundings of this world are always pleased when the gods bow in recognition. For that reason, the following correspondence will have an interest for many:

Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. While I was living in Tipton, I was on intimate terms with a Mrs. Lena Stover, an educated woman...

Notes from Elmira, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

During the month of February, we had a special dispensation of good things in the way of spiritual gifts and knowledge among us. G. W. Kates and wife were engaged by the Society for Ethical Culture to lecture and it is safe to say they pleased all who had the pleasure of hearing them.

The Devil as a Factor in Life.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Your correspondent of Parkersburg, W. Va., certainly gives a lucid and somewhat ludicrous account of the "devil" which is well worth reading.

Psycho-Breth.

This is the name of a "Spirit-talking board" which is an improvement on the planchette.

Cure for Hydrophobia.

Chance has led to the discovery of a cure for hydrophobia. In Ayacucho, Peru, a man was bitten by a mad dog, and shortly after the dreaded disease developed.

Does His Work While Asleep.

Joseph Robinson, twelve years of age, living with his father four miles south of St. Joseph, Mo., is afflicted with neurosis.

Politeness of Royalty.

To His Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA-Fermit me to present to you a small copy of my unpretentious volume of poems, entitled "Angel Whisperings for the Searcher After Truth."

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