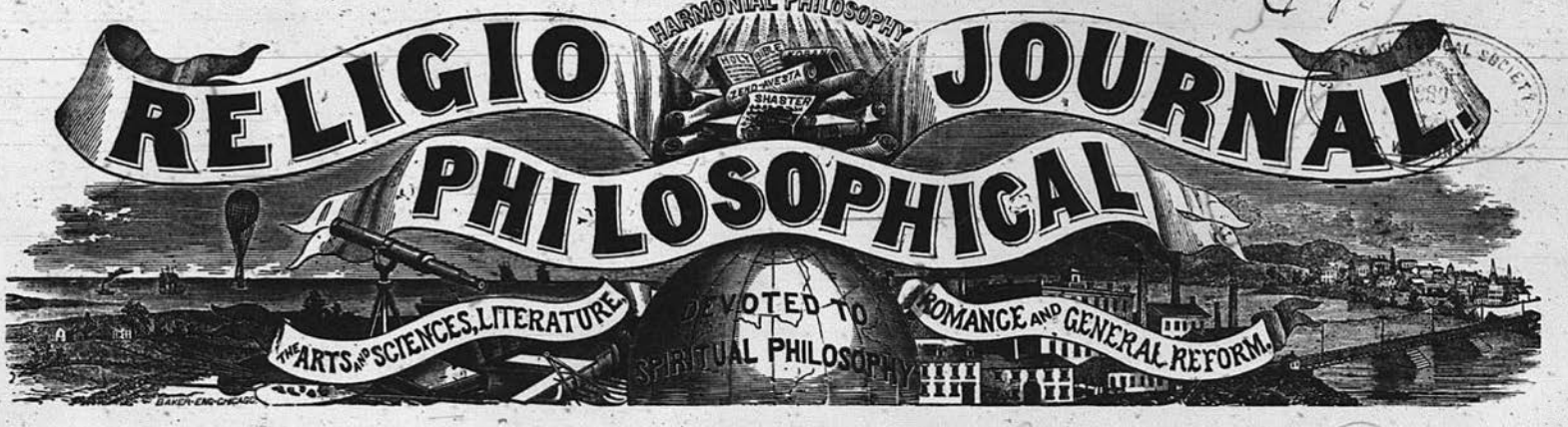


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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 23, 1869.

VOL. V.—NO. 18.

Literary Department.

From Lucy Larcom's New Volume of Poems.

MY ANGEL-DRESS.

Heavenly Father, I would wear
Angel-garments, white and fair:
Angel-features, angel-eyes,
Will Thou give unto thy child?

Not a robe of many hues,
Such as earthly fathers choose;
Discard we the gaudy vest:
Not in such let me be dressed.

Take the raiment shod to-day
That I wore with shame to-day:
Give my angel-robe to me,
White with heavenly purity.

Take away my cloak of pride,
And the worthless rags 'twould hide:
Clothe me in my angel-dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

Perfume every fold with love,
Hasting heaven whither I move:
As an Indian's white's
Whisper of her costly baubles.

Let me wear my white robes here,
Even on earth my Father dear:
Holding fast Thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.

Let me now my white robes wear:
Then I need no more pray
All apparel for my love:
Whoso'er thou callest, "Come!"

That apparel, I shall be
As a saint set for Thee,
That the wretched and the weak
May the same fair garments seek.

"Buy of Me," I hear Thee say:
I give myself wherewith to pay,
But I give myself to Thee;
Clothed, adopted I shall be.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR; OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK SECOND—THE ARREST.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE LIBRARY.—THE DE-TECTIVE-GAMBLERS.

When Alfred Tracy entered the breakfast saloon on the succeeding morning, he found only a domestic in attendance.

"Quite late, Margy, am I not?" he remarked.

"Breakfast is waiting for you, Mr. Alfred," replied Margaret, a stout, healthy country girl, employed as a cook in the family. "Mr. and Mrs. Tracy left the table an hour ago; but I have kept a dish of hot coffee for you, and some nice buttered toast."

"Thank you, Margy."

The young man took a seat at the breakfast table. He ate, sparingly, an egg or two and a bit of toast, and leisurely sipped his coffee. He was roused and thoughtful. The expression of his features was indicative of mental uneasiness and distress.

Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of the weather out doors, his toilet manifested the utmost care and attention.

From the breakfast saloon Alfred Tracy proceeded to the door of an apartment in the second story. He tapped lightly at the door and was instantly admitted. Mrs. Tracy was sitting near a small table, the surface of which was covered with books and portfolios of prints and engravings. The apartment was small, having two sides occupied with shelves and a choice collection of standard works in the modern languages and containing besides a carpet, a table, several chairs, and a number of choice engravings, elegantly framed, hanging from the walls.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tracy," said the young man. "This damp, drizzling day must be my excuse for late rising, and for intruding upon you."

"You are welcome to my sanctum, Alfred," replied Mrs. Tracy, with a serene expression of countenance. "As regards your late rising, you have, perhaps, a better excuse than the weather."

"My entrance disturbed you last night?" said Alfred Tracy, inquiringly.

"I heard low voices in Mr. Tracy's apartment at late hour of the night," observed the lady, gravely. "Was there an altercation between your brother and yourself?"

"There were some sharp words, certainly."

"Do not quarrel with your brother, Alfred. He is hasty and violent in his temper, but you are the younger and should not retort with bitterness. I am deeply interested in ascertaining if the altercation was on my behalf."

The young man hesitated to reply.

"It is as I feared," continued Mrs. Tracy, with increasing gravity. "The past cannot be recalled, whatever may be the extent of my pain and mortification. But if you really value my friendship you will abstain hereafter from the intermeddling of any interference between my husband and myself. I act on fixed principles in all my relations to others, which I cannot suffer to be interrupted by mistaken zeal or kindness. Excuse me, Alfred, for this necessary freedom."

"You need not fear any repetition of my quarrel with Owen," said the younger Tracy, humbly

—especially as I am so soon to leave New York on a perilous voyage."

"A voyage, Alfred?"

"Yes," replied the young man. "I am weary of idling about New York, and I have accepted the post of supercargo to Canton."

"It affords me sincere pleasure to hear that you have obtained active employment, even at a distance from your home and friends. At your time of life every man should be engaged in some useful and profitable occupation."

"I sail in ten days."

"So early!" exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, in a tone of surprise.

"My departure is indeed sudden and unexpected. The interruption of our friendly intercourse, and the destruction of my dream of intellectual enjoyment in this pleasant library, are occasional sources of regret."

"You will soon overcome these feelings. Your nature is ardent and enterprising, and will assert itself in a career of honorable exertion if you acquire the mastery of your inclinations and passions."

"Difficult task."

"Difficult, but not impossible. Self-control, the first requisite of greatness. To him who has conquered his own spirit, all other triumphs are easy."

"I perceive, my dear sister, from the tone of your remarks, that you have some distrust of me. This distrust is founded upon a just appreciation of my mental qualities. I am rash, impetuous, excitable."

"The knowledge of your faults will the better enable you to correct them."

"You puzzle me greatly," said Alfred Tracy, with a peculiar smile. "You are free from conceit and hypocrisy, and yet I am not deceived by your apparent coldness of manner. Sentiment—enthusiasm—passion—all are yours."

"They exist, perhaps, in every human soul," observed Mrs. Tracy slightly confused.

"Within me," replied the young man, "they have inspired a restless craving for excitement which has at times driven me into follies and vices."

"It is wrong, Alfred."

"My judgment does not yield implicitly to yours. The hope of happiness is the source of human exertions."

"The life of a true man, or true woman, is a continuous struggle between reason and passion. Happiness does not spring from indulgence."

"But there are natures whose impulses are irresistible. In mine, among other powerful desires, is an insatiable thirst for affection and tenderness. I will condemn me in your eyes if I confess that the hope of quenching this thirst has tempted me even into the haunts of profligacy and vice."

"It is not for me to condemn you," replied Mrs. Tracy, seriously; "but you will find it impossible to derive the gratifications of such feelings from the society of unworthy objects."

"I know it," replied the young man, eagerly; "yet how can I hope to meet with a being whose sympathies will entirely correspond with mine?"

Mrs. Tracy remarked, with a pleasant smile, "You are yet young, Alfred."

"Ah! do not mock me," exclaimed Alfred Tracy, with a flushed countenance, and a rapid, impressive articulation. "I have never found a human being to whom I dared confide the most sacred emotions of my heart. Such a being I should love, cherish, idolize. And yet my love would be controlling, exacting, merciless. I should demand every pulsation of the heart, every thought of the soul. I should be jealous of the beauty and majesty of nature, of the ceremony and kindly intercourse of society for I should want to exist perpetually in the atmosphere of love, and to revel in the sunshine of tenderness. This has been my dream of delight, even when I have seemed most wild and reckless."

"Why not seek to realize it?" said Mrs. Tracy, in reply.

"How? where?"

"There are thousands of persons in the world whose desires are ardent, whose souls are as exacting as yours."

"You comprehend me, then? said the young man, with a beaming countenance. "You have dreamed, like me, of a life which should be love. Ah! pardon me," he continued, as Mrs. Tracy withdrew her eyes from his fiery glance, and turned her face aside covered with blushes—"pardon me, if I have torn away the veil from your heart."

Mrs. Tracy recovered herself instantly, and replied with calmness, "The question is not of me, or of my feelings."

"At that moment the door of the library was opened by a servant."

"Well, Thomas?"

"A gentleman at the door wishes to see Mr. Alfred Tracy."

"Fred Willoughby, for a pound," said the young man, rising and addressing Mrs. Tracy. "Last evening I made a partial engagement to spend the morning with him, but I did not expect him in such disagreeable weather."

"Alfred Tracy bowed, respectfully, and withdrew to join his visitor in the hall."

"So Willoughby, after a night's sleep, you are still determined to seek revenge on our southern friends."

"You make shrewd guesses, Alfred," replied Frederick Willoughby.

"The announcement of your name recalled at once the challenge of Captain Harcourt. Though but little of a Yankee, I guessed, instantly, that you had armed yourself for the contest like a knight of true valor."

"You are right," said Willoughby, laughing, "and now to the deed."

The young man left Owen Tracy's residence, arm in arm. Their promenade was by no means agreeable. A chilly, northeast wind had

commenced blowing during the night, and the air was filled with a thick, drizzling mist that defied the protection of umbrellas. The pavements were wet and muddy. Every thing looked uncomfortable—the streets, shops, the straggling pedestrians; the cabs and omnibuses with their lean, plodding horses and sulky drivers; even the gilt-lettered sign-boards, and the magnificent plate-glass windows, had a dull, heavy, unattractive appearance.

At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the corner of a building devoted to the mysterious rites of the sporting gentry, Alfred Tracy and his companion entered the club house without ringing, and passed up stairs to a large room in the second story.

The apartment was richly furnished. The floor was covered with a three-ply Brussels carpet of an elegant pattern. Half a dozen large mirrors, with carved gilt frames, and as many fine oil paintings by celebrated masters, were suspended from the walls. The chairs and sofas were of mahogany, stuffed with mohair. Beneath a painting of the Graces, by an Italian master, stood a magnificent side-board, nine or ten feet in length.

Upon this side-board an excellent lunch was hospitably provided for morning visitors. There were several dishes of meat and poultry, pine apples cheese, Bologna sausages, soda crackers, fresh rolls, and two or three varieties of fruit, Decanters of brandy, gin and other liquors; bottles of Sherry and Madeira; pitchers of iced water and empty glasses, were ranged behind the more solid refreshments.

Tracy and his companion partook slightly of the lunch and then advanced toward a small group at the upper end of the room. Eight or ten well-dressed persons, of gentlemanly appearance, were assembled round a Faro table and were betting heavily against the bank. The table itself was constructed of mahogany, in a finished style of workmanship. All its appointments were elegant and costly. The counters were of ivory, beautifully colored and stamped with figures to determine their representative value.

Their appearance was greeted with a slight nod of recognition by several of the players. Chairs were offered them, but they remained standing in the vicinity of the table. While thus engaged in watching the events of the game a small spare man in the dress of a waiter approached them. He wore green goggles, and spoke with a peculiar, indescribable drawl:

"Colonel Harcourt and Mr. Orme are playing at cribbage in the card room."

"We'll join them, at once," said Alfred Tracy, turning to his companion.

The young man left the apartment and proceeded up another flight of stairs to a room in the third story. Upon entering the door they beheld two persons seated on opposite sides of a mahogany card table, with a cribbage board lying between them. The players threw down their cards as the young man appeared, and rose to exchange salutations.

"Upon my word, I am glad you have come," said one of the players, a tall, gentlemanly personage, with prepossessing features, black glossy whiskers, and a long curling moustache. "I am no match for Harry, this morning at cribbage."

Your favor, fortune, has jilted you, Captain," replied Henry Orme, with a low chuckle. The speaker was a short, thickset man, with an ill-favored countenance and a decided squint of the eyes.

"Not a bit of it, Harry; only a little caprice of her's," rejoined the Captain; "but I'll be up the game to you. What a deuced disagreeable day," he continued, addressing Alfred Tracy.

"Yes," said the young man, "a promenade in Broadway, at present, is as bad as a run of ill-luck."

"Do you think so?" remarked the Captain, with a keen, searching glance; "we'll test your philosophy this morning, Walter!"

The man who had accosted Tracy and Willoughby, in the lower apartment, presented himself.

"Ha! a new face," continued Colonel Harcourt, "What is your name, waiter?"

"James, sir."

"Well, James; arrange the table properly, and bring new cards."

The waiter obeyed the orders of the Captain promptly and quietly.

The gentlemen seated themselves around the table, and Orme commenced shuffling the cards.

"Now, James—a thimbleful of brandy and water to stiffen my nerves," said Captain Harcourt. "Tracy—Willoughby I would recommend it to you, as a specific against cold and rheumatism."

"Deal, Harry. They tell me the racing was splendid yesterday on the island. I promised Colonel Johnson, positively, that I would be there; but I was obliged to disappoint him. He will lecture me with a vengeance, for he always keeps an engagement himself, and he expects it in others. He is a devilish good fellow, Harry."

The best man south of Mason and Dixon's," replied Henry Orme.

Captain Harcourt's loquacity soon gave way before the interest excited by the events of the game. There was little conversation between the parties except in the technical language of play. At regular intervals of about half an hour, the waiter entered the apartment to ascertain if his services were required. Although seeming to take no interest whatever in the game, he sometimes lingered near the players, fascinated, as it were, by the heaps of gold and bank notes lying before them.

During an hour or two the scales of fortune were almost evenly balanced; but, at length, Frederick Willoughby began to lose heavily. His prudence deserted him amid his reverses. As he continued to lose, he bet more and more freely.

It happened at length that a spirited contest arose between Captain Harcourt and Willoughby. The amount of money upon the table, with the pictures downward, drew a small wallet from the pocket. He took out several bank notes and flung them carelessly upon the pile in the centre of the table.

"Five hundred more."

You bet largely upon three kings, Mr. Willoughby," interposed the waiter, with his peculiar drawl.

The players turned their faces toward the speaker in wonder and astonishment, and Willoughby exclaimed, somewhat angrily:

"What does this mean?"

"It means, sir," said the man, respectfully, "that you might lay your cards with the pictures up with as much propriety as to spread them before you in that manner. You are playing with advantage cards."

"Advantage cards?" said Willoughby, inquiringly.

"Certainly, sir," replied the waiter, with a quick motion, seizing the pack of cards, upon the table and running them off rapidly, with the face downward. "Turn the cards after me, Mr. Willoughby: six of hearts—queen of diamonds—four of clubs—nine of clubs—ace of spades."

Thus he ran through the pack, Frederick Willoughby following his movements with awakened curiosity and kindling suspicion. The countenances of the other players revealed the most contradictory emotions.

"Why have you furnished a party of gentlemen with such cards as these?" demanded Willoughby, with dignity.

"I did not furnish them."

"Who then?"

"Perhaps Captain Harcourt can explain," said the man, with an emphatic drawl.

"Liar and puppy!" shouted Captain Harcourt, his eyes flashing angrily; "where is your master fellow?"

The waiter quietly removed the green goggles from his eyes, and gazed upon the speaker with an expression of hatred and contempt.

"Jim Fogle," muttered Captain Harcourt.

The man smiled, and turning to Frederick Willoughby and Alfred Tracy, remarked: "Young gentlemen, you have been deceived in your associates; permit me to introduce to you Captain Harcourt, alias John Harker, alias Black Jack, and Mr. Henry Orme, alias squint-eyed Harry—gentleman well known to our fraternity."

Willoughby started to his feet, with a sense of inexplicable contempt and abhorrence. "Let us be gone Tracy, we are among cheats."

The other players rose likewise from the table. The detected swindlers vainly strove to brave the exposure.

"The man is a liar," Captain Harcourt attempted to say.

"Captain—Harry—give it up," said Jim Fogle, quietly. "It's no go. Did I not promise you last December when you served me that stabby trick with Sam Stevens, that I would be even with you? Noise and bluster is useless, here. Don't I know that you are a couple of as arant cowards as draw breath in the city? I have had my revenge, and am willing to say quits—quits shall it be?" inquired Fogle, with a smile.

Either from policy or fear, the men made no reply.

In the meantime, Fredrick Willoughby was moving toward the door followed by his companion Tracy, who was earnestly reconstructing with him the events of the evening.

"I will go, Alfred," said Willoughby, with determination.

"Not till they have disgorged."

"They are cheats, common swindlers," said the other; "I will have nothing to do with them."

"Go, then," exclaimed Alfred Tracy, "and leave me to deal with them. They shall disgorge the money they have won from us, and account for their letters of introduction to me, or I will hand them over to the police."

"As you please, Tracy."

Frederick Willoughby left the house with a firm resolution never to expose himself a second time to so mortifying an adventure. His feelings toward Alfred Tracy were insensibly affected by the scene which had occurred. Through his agency, however innocent he might be, he had comforted, during a portion of two days, with swindlers and cheats.

The drizzling rain had entirely ceased, though the sky was still dark and cloudy. The young man did not proceed directly homeward. In the course of a circuitous walk he at length discovered that he was traversing Orange street. Glancing at the stoop of an old wooden building, which he was approaching, he perceived in the doorway the person of Mr. Joshua Grayson, a respectable and wealthy resident of his own neighborhood.

Willoughby bowed, and passed on.

fortunately left open at the time, although the girl left in charge of the place avers that she had closed it on going out. The child tumbled into the front yard, it is supposed, and was crying and sprawling around, when a great gray eagle, seen by the girl as she was leaving the barn, came swooping down, and fastening its immense and cruel talons in the clothing of the little boy, rose up apparently with much difficulty, as high as it could, which was not very high, and sailed off across the adjacent woods, just as the servant says, the tops of the trees.

When the servant saw the eagle coming down, as she was leaving the barn, she had a presentiment of the strangest kind, and says she felt that the child was out of doors, and that the fierce bird of prey was pouncing down upon it; but when in a moment after, she beheld the eagle disappearing over the woods in the direction of the Cumberland river.

She was filled with but one impulse—to rescue the little boy. She became as one frantic, for she had a remarkable affection for the child. She rushed forward, bounded over the fence as if she were endowed with the lightness and agility of a deer, dashed into the woods, and crossed the river, and landed on the opposite bank, and fell to the ground. Her weakness, however, did not continue long, the cold air blowing across her face revived her quickly, and jumping on her feet and gazing round wildly, she saw the eagle disappearing over the woods in the direction of the Cumberland river.

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Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HUMAN RIGHTS.

BY WILLIAM W. ROCKWELL.

What are thy boasted rights, O man! So hollow all thine own. Created for thy life's brief span, Thou wouldst enjoy alone? Is aught the mad hath power to gain, Creating joy or woe, Deep wrought into life's mystic chain For thee alone to know? Did he who formed the heavens above And all the earth beneath, Form man for stern men to have, And hold in servile chains? Ah, no, he surely cannot be: The God of heaven is just; And when by truth's clear light we see We'll love her more and trust. She has an equal right with man: The sanctified lover they love; And this we claim in wisdom's plan: From time's first days of old. God gave to all like powers of mind: The sanctified lover they love; And they should be through life inclined An equal life to share. Equality and liberty, Alike to both he gave; Designing they should both be free, And neither live a slave. Yet man assumes the power to reign, And higher rights than claim, Although in reason's light, 'tis plain Their rights are just the same. Though man's and woman's rights are one, Their duties are not such; For rights quite parallel may run, While duties differ much. While duties vary as they run With time's unceasing flight, Man's rights all alter as in one: The right to do what's right. That which is fit, and just, and right, A woman may pursue, And strongest wills and iron of might, No more than this should do. And though this may seem packing strange, At this enlightened time, It is the truth and will not change With any age or clime. And when the critic's mind seems Shall here a test apply, Consistency will then be seen, And every doubt will fly. Confound not rights and duties then, Withhold from none their due, Assume no power, my fellow man, That heaven meant not for you. Man's highest right is woman's too, As truth's fair page will show; And when we all our duty do, The world more joy will know. Thin why still envy her, O man Of arrogance and pride, The right to be through life's brief span, Are equal by the side.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

When Shall man Find Rest from Trial and Care?

BY MARIAM KING.

The heading of this article is the purport of a question asked in a circle, not long since. It is a question that is being continually propounded by the tried and suffering sons and daughters of the race in the cars of listening spirits, many of whom are as totally unqualified to answer it, as the questioners themselves. Tossed on a sea of troubles, perplexities, and anxious cares, with billows rolling, breakers threatening, winds and thunders roaring, and vivid lightnings flashing all about them, threatening destruction; what wonder that mortals longingly watch for the shore where security from the tempests, and rest are to be enjoyed! What wonder, if amid the cares of life, they languish, and murmur at a providence whose ways are inscrutable, and whose appointments are the decrees of fate! When shall the spirit understand its footing, and be satisfied that it is on safe and solid ground, with nothing to fear for itself, whatever may befall it, and with nothing to fear for humanity? This question covers broad ground. A man must discover its solution, before he can be fully satisfied with things as they are. The purpose to be served by the trials that are inseparable from man's lot on the low plane on which he comes into existence, is his elevation to a plane on which it is possible for him to understand his own nature, its wants and possibilities, and apply all appropriate means for his own advancement; besides being fitted to submit with equanimity, to the necessary discipline to insure his elevation to still higher planes. This is only possible when the object of discipline is fully understood, and the spirit has outgrown its propensity to impatience, and its indifference to its own welfare, and the necessary means to insure it. Man, on the first plane of his existence, is blinded by his sensualism; it being impossible, on this plane, for his intellect to comprehend the necessities of his nature, and the only method whereby it is possible to rid it of sensualism and qualify it to fully understand its necessities, and the means nature provides for carrying on its development to its ultimatum. The wisdom that instituted the discipline to which men are subjected in the flesh, found no other means in all nature whereby to effectually secure the end in view. Trials accuate the mind and brain as nothing else can; and consequently, promote the degree of action necessary for the evolution from it of low elements. Action, or friction of atoms of elements, is the only method of developing matter of any grade; and this action is as necessary in the brain and mind of man to secure their purification, or the evolution from them of the grosser elements which enter into their constitution, necessarily, until eradicated from them, as with any other grades of matter. The brain as the receptacle of the mind, in a degree, decides the quality of the latter; and physical grossness is incompatible with refinement of intellect. A gross body

begets a gross mind; and mind and body act reciprocally upon each other to promote grossness or refinement, according to the nature of each. There are no exceptions to the rule, that the physical brain, and correspondingly, the mind of man are gross in his first stage of existence. Physical matter has inherent in it the element of grossness; and especially, while a planet is advancing through its lower stages; consequently, however high individuals may be, compared to the mass of mankind in the flesh; they have still within their natures the grossness that inheres in physical matter and mind connected with it—hence the discipline to which all are subjected without exception. It is incomprehensible to mind in its first estate, how action, and consequent purification of the physical brain is secured through trial, as individuals are only sensible of the emotions of mind consequent upon suffering. The physical eye cannot detect the action of the brain more than it can the action of mind; and until the mind is educated into the science of development of mind and matter, it must be oblivious alike to the necessity and efficacy of suffering. Man weeps and mourns; agonizes and desponds; trembles and is dismayed; waits and longs; fears and distrusts; and curses his fate while he yet hopes for a better future. He arraigns the wisdom of God who appoints his path, and charges upon his fellow men the authorship of many of his misfortunes; nevertheless, he writes and complains in vain. He can no more escape from his fate than the chained victim from the vultures that fed upon his vitals; for his "fate" is his salvation. Were it possible that the Supreme Intelligence that overrules the universe could overlook the needs of man, and neglect the necessary means for his salvation from that depravity which inclines him to a low plane while it is a part of his nature, then might man escape discipline. It would be like the invalid escaping the only remedy that could insure his recovery to perfect health. The spirit is not destined to find its rest immediately upon its entering the spiritual state; as in that state it is, in a sense, to live over its life in the flesh; as only after it has dispensed with the physical veil can it take in the full significance of its experience in the flesh. It rests, in the sense of being divested of physical life, and delivered from the constant succession of ills to which only the flesh is heir. It rests, because its home is in a sphere where its wants are appreciated, and where benevolence reigns; and such measures of love and sympathy are meted out to it as entice it to esteem its new condition a heaven, compared to its former state. It escapes trial through the first period of its existence in the spiritual state, according to its susceptibility of appreciating its true condition; of understanding its real standing among men on its own plane of being. The sacred conscience, the mind deadened to the sense of its responsibilities, is often long in reaching the condition where it can suffer as it reads its book of life, and recounts its past crimes and errors. Such a mind escapes no pang because discipline is delayed, from the simple fact that it is not capable of suffering, being of too low a grade. A nature must be first elevated to a plane where mental suffering is possible, before it can undergo the necessary discipline to answer its regeneration. One who is sensitive to suffering in a sufficient degree to hasten its legitimate effect upon his nature, advances rapidly through the circles; divesting himself, step by step, of the imperfections of his nature, and discerning more and still more clearly the light of celestial wisdom as he climbs, step by step, the rugged mountain of progress, from the summit of which he discerns its broad light as he could not while his view was interrupted by the rugged projections, the thorny thickets, and towering cliffs, which obstructed his path, and rendered his progress so toilsome. There are natures which blithely spring up the rugged pathway, as it were, leaping the obstructions, and pausing not for a moment's rest until the summit is gained. There are others who linger long at every obstruction, fearful to attempt to overcome them, anxious to avoid them by the slow process of finding an easy pathway—one which will ultimately lead to the summit by winding round and round the mountain's base, and gradually making the ascent to the summit without scaling the cliffs, piercing the thickets, and mounting the projections. The former are stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of mind; the latter, the pale unnoted ones that glitter almost unseen amid the multitude, and whose light is to that of the brightest, as the light of the moon is to that of the sun at mid-day. There are minds of intervening grade, that surmount the obstructions, not avoiding them; but with great expense of labor and hardship, and who attain the mountain summit in the rear of the first class. Every grade of mind has its appropriate discipline and experience appointed it in the second sphere, and this is no more or less than it can bear with safety and profit. Men progress with a rapidity corresponding to their capacities of mind; and sooner or later all grades of mind are destined to high development. When the spirit has outgrown its sensualism sufficiently to be divested of ignorance, gross selfishness, impatience and short-sightedness, it becomes satisfied with itself and its fellows, and all the appointments of nature with regard to itself and all else. It is at peace with itself and all about it; not being harassed with shadows of coming ills and perplexities such as annoy while reaching that plane. Its rest is complete in the sense that it has attained to a condition where suffering is not possible, inasmuch as there is no more sensualism to be eradicated from the mind. Action of mind does not cease on the attainment of this condition; for the spirit has but just arrived upon the plane where a thirst for the wisdom of the celestial spheres begins; and it cannot be satisfied upon its present plane, but passes on in its progressive career by the method of discipline and experience as

before. But henceforward discipline is not productive of suffering as formerly; as suffering, in its true significance, is an infliction of real calamity, as the spirit appreciates it, of something that lacerates the sensitive nature from its inability to comprehend its significance or use. Physical suffering corresponds with mental, in its use to the physical nature; and it can be partially outgrown by the spiritualization of the physical nature, as mental is outgrown by the higher spiritualization of mind. The biting, gnawing sense of pain, is outgrown when the spirit has learned all the uses of experience; and notwithstanding that an eternal life of varying experiences awaits the spirit, it dreads nothing in contemplating its future. Inactivity is not rest. Idleness is a sure sign of sensuality; as no spirit from whose vision the scales have entirely fallen, fails to discover signs of the treasures of wisdom which are his to gather through diligent industry; and his love of such treasures prompts to energetic action. Such treasures come not unsought, even in the highest spheres; and man is destined to labor eternally. But his labor is to be his delectable employment. He is not destined to drag through an eternity of labor like an unwilling slave; but like a light-hearted school-boy who loves his task, he is to solve, one by one, the great problems which are presented occasionally to him for solution. His labors are to be interspersed with his seasons of recreation and repose, as this is nature's appointed way—the mode appointed to man in the first sphere of existence, and which becomes natural to him before he passes into spiritual life, if he reaches adult age in the flesh. The spirit finds its seasons of rest—rest from anxious care, trial, and labor—scattered all along its way at intervals; as it must, since its nature imperatively demands them. There are seasons when mortals cease their complaining, and lean confidently upon the bosom of the Parent that they feel is guiding their every footstep, appointing their every path in Infinite love. At such seasons, circumstances, which at other times would appear misfortunes, are regarded, as tokens of the Divine interposition, and taken as omens of good; as it is permitted the spirit at such seasons, to look behind the veil that at other times conceals the designs of Omnipotence; that shades the ever benign countenance—the Distributor of nature's gifts. Spirits on every plane experience such periods of repose. They are periods when nature demands that energetic thought shall cease for a season, that the mental energies may recuperate. At such seasons it is the pleasure of spirits to desert from labor, and recreate, throwing off care, ceasing to look for subjects of thought and investigation. They are the holidays that spiritual beings enjoy as children in the flesh are wont to enjoy their holidays; because they divest themselves of care from principle, knowing the necessity of this. Men learn to live by slow degrees. They acquire real wisdom as slowly as the sun seems to move in its vast unmeasured orbit; but acquiring wisdom, atom by atom, through the experiences of life, they gradually accumulate a store. As the ages advance, and eternities succeed each other, this store is increasing; and still are they unsatisfied with present attainments, and still are they grasping after more. For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Spiritualists of Des Moines Iowa. BY B. N. KINYON. MR. EDITOR:—The First Spiritualist Association of Des Moines—a legally incorporated society, with William H. Getchell, President; Mrs. Lydia Davis, Vice President; H. C. O'Fleneck, Recording Secretary; B. N. Kinyon Corresponding Secretary; and W. W. Skinner, Treasurer; constituting the executive body of the same, is in full working order, and has a Children's Progressive Lyceum also commenced. Meetings are held in the Good Temple Hall, (west side) each Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. for lectures, conferences and music. The Lyceum is held at 1½ P. M. Henry C. Wright, of Boston, occupied the lecture stand the last two Sundays, and is now on a lecturing tour to Adel and Redfield, from which he is to return to this city to spend New Year's day, and will lecture the first Sunday after. His theme last Sunday, at 10½ A. M. was: "The existence, locality and occupation of man after he leaves this body," and at 2½ P. M., "Heaven and Hell, what and where are they," at 7 P. M., "How to keep Hell out, and Heaven in us." These themes were discussed in a masterly and purely Henry C. Wright style, to no large, but appreciative audiences. On seeing and listening to him for the first time, I was impressed with the idea, that he resembles the giant oak of the forest, with its massive trunk towering majestically Heavenward amid the common trees, with its branches reaching out in loving sympathy towards suffering humanity, inviting all to recline and be at rest beneath its cooling and invigorating shade. He is emphatically paradoxical, "speaking in tenets or notions contrary to received opinions, applied to persons." He appeals boldly to the strong common sense of his auditors, and rests his arguments upon (to him) universal conviction. His logic is like a tornado, riding down all impediments, and crushing out all opposition. When he boldly declares that men and women are the principals, and institutions, governments, and religions, the accidents, and that men and women must be held sacred, though institutions, governments, and religions all perish, he is truly Henry C. Wright, towering in majestic sublimity above the fogs and clouds of institutionalism, and the pigmies of the pulpit and rostrum, who reverse this grand proposition, and calmly rests in the realm of individualism, and direct communion with, and responsibility to God through the individual organism. This proposition comes from the high seat of justice, and goes to the centre of justice in each individual. Venerable and noble man! Noble and soul sanctioning proprietor! Man, the

noblest work of God! Man, God incarnate in the flesh. Hear his soul gushing out for the sacredness of men and women. If the Bible condemns the man who hung, "hang the Bible and let the man live." If the God of the Bible condemns the man to be hung, "hang the God and let the man live," says the majestic old man. He worships at none but the shrine of a humanitarian God. "Be killed rather than kill, suffer rather than inflict suffering," are maxims of his, too good for the common minds of the age to appreciate. These are but specimens of his many maxims covering the whole field of human mundane existence, and I place his work styled "Self Abnegationist," in many respects superior to Christ's Sermon on the mount. Still, I cannot but think, that he fails to carry his maxims down to their logical results, as necessary to inaugurate the millennium. Good maxims in past ages have been produced by Confucius, Christ, Paul, Plato and hosts of men and women, and in the present are preached from all the pulpits, by infidels, spiritualists, atheists, by judges as they pronounce sentence of death upon so called criminals, by sheriffs as they strangle them, and by generals when they go into battle, while maxims, if practiced, would make this most desirable world for mankind. Still, war, murder, rapine, and extermination as against the Indians on the frontiers, stalk horribly at noon-day through our land, and make night hideous. The world knows that under the institutions, to practice these maxims is to starve. We say as Spiritualists that the essence of goodness or God is in each human soul. The secret of the past history of man is in the unprogressed and young condition of the earth, to produce higher and nobler types of mankind. In the future, as the capability to produce nobler types is unobeyed by progression, and which, some of us now think, we see, we must mount upon a higher plane, where cause and effect shall conspire to the millennium era, that is, men's motives and highest self-interest must accord with the desired end. We must ascend so high as to discover, that all the principles, laws and effects of God and Nature conspire to the happiness, universally, of the individuals of mankind; that we most promote our individual happiness by promoting the happiness of our fellow men. They will each produce to the extent of his efforts, mentally and physically, to give freely to his fellows in need, and the motives and spring of conduct then will be to give out, rather than gather in, as at present. Then will each consider all, needful and beneficial to supply the needs of mankind, as belonging to God, instead of himself; and that he is God's steward, to dispense where needed, all he can. Of course, the separate and exclusive ownership of property, the common mother of war, rapine, murder, and crime will be abrogated, and the "shortest road," the only one that ever was safe and sure, will be adopted by earth's inhabitants, viz: (To do good to others, and thereby promote their welfare, as that directly and immediately brings happiness to our own souls. Now we toil, sacrifice, and suffer for wealth, not that it will immediately make us happy, but that it may at some future time, which seldom, if ever, arrives. The noble old man in a private discussion with me, affirmed the doctrine of the right of the man to his own earnings, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to supply his needs. "Earnings," I insisted, was an institutional term, based on the separate and exclusive ownership of property, as established by man, and which cannot be found in the universal laws of nature. Again, if a man is entitled to his earnings, what is the man entitled to who is crippled, or incapable of labor? He insisted that a man should earn before he eats. I insisted that this involved the determination of the exact period in our growth at which the term "man" is properly applied, since we are born helpless, and must be fed during infancy. But the venerable man declares that, "man's natural demands, are (to him) God's only commands." Man's innate and natural demand is, for happiness in his own individualism, and in these utilitarian days of steam travel, and lightning messages, the "shortest road" is required. This is by abrogating the low, miserly selfishness of accumulating property and money, which sets duty and interest in antagonism, and harmonizes duty and interest by ministering to the needy and afflicted, without inquiring who they are, or how they became so, which always brings a direct return of happiness to the soul. December 25th, 1868. Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. To the Sisters of "The Revolution." DEAR SISTERS:—Please do not look backward on the "Chase" for a standard bearer to lead our army, when our forces are all equipped and ready for the field. Turn your eyes and steps resolutely and determinedly away from all men who are office-seekers or office-holders, or leaders in either of the political parties, who now distract and misgovern our, or rather this, beautiful land which ought to be sacred to Liberty. We want no old party hacks of any kind or degree. Give no trulent time-server a chance to become well read up in his profession of having woman on the brain; to that degree that he is piously willing to be made a martyr, all ready to ride into place and power on the top of the first incoming popular wave that sets in the direction he has so long desired to go. Thousands, calling themselves radicals, shouted themselves hoarse over the wrongs of the poor negro, his wonderful capacity, his equality with the white race, etc., and have professed to feel so aggrieved and shocked at the irreverence of the Democrats when they have called him nigger, have not, and do not now care any more for him, his rights, his unjust sufferings, or what becomes of him, than for a flock of black birds or crows. He was merely used for selfish, political, party purposes, and was thrown back

and forth, from side to side, like a rubber ball. That game is played out; it belongs to the past. And now the scene-shifters, whippers-in, lobby-loungers, and slum-scavengers must re-set their sails and re-adjust their ear-trumpets to catch the first whispings of the breeze that blows in the right direction for their purpose. The future is pregnant with mighty and vital issues, all awaiting the enfranchisement of woman, and her entrance into her rightful and sacred heritage, and the consequent introduction into our Government and common laws, of a new and vitalizing element, notwithstanding the boasting assertion that our Government and laws are almost perfect, containing all that is needful for the highest rights of man, his progress and independence. That may be true for man or men, but so far as woman is concerned, it is not true. The first new element or principle to be introduced is justice; simple justice, in its clearest and broadest sense. Next, our best men, and women too, must be sought out, whose daily lives show the clearest record and highest degree of principle and purity, to fill the highest and most responsible positions of trust and honor, in place of the mercenary leeches who have forced themselves in, for their own selfish purposes, disgracing the office they hold, and making the title of American citizens a by-word and reproach. The next, and perhaps above all others, in its work of purification: an educated, intelligent suffrage; for which I have contended, against the sneers and ridicule of politicians of both parties for twenty years. The votes of those too ignorant to read and write, have been used to tip the scales on the side of the highest bidder. The one who will pay the most, no matter on which side, is generally the fortunate winner. An educated qualification vests, in part, this mighty engine of power and corruption from the hands of the designing pretender, without, in any way, abridging or interfering with the rights of any human being; but in the end, promoting his or her highest good. One other measure seems to me to be called for, and in my humble opinion, I think it would be well if it could be introduced before another bloody sacrifice of thousands, ay, tens of thousands of innocent victims upon the altars of bigotry and lust of power. And that is, the exclusion of all foreign elements in the making as well as administration of our laws. I know very well what will be said against this proposition, for I have had to favor it, single-handed, for many years, and in consequence, have been called strong-minded, weak-minded, foolish, etc. Of course, I have not yielded my convictions, founded as they are upon the principle of strict justice to our own country, and the highest development of humanity. Not all the sneers and ridicule that I have met, or opposition that I will yet meet from any source, will prevent me from reiterating my conviction that the exclusion of all foreign elements and influences in the development and administration of our strictly national affairs, is necessary for our progress and safety as a nation, and as chosen conservators of the highest and most sacred rights of humanity. Next on the list, and the last I will speak of, is one term, only, for the Office of President. Let all who call, study out the mighty Revolution that would be born on the passage of such a law. Only think of the hundreds of thousands of nurslings whose occupation would be gone, and who would be reduced to the necessity of seeking some kind of honest employment during the long intervals in which they might starve, till the wheel should roll around again. The men have left "Bachelor's Hall" long enough, and however persistent and determined their opposition may be to the entrance and influence of woman into the sacred and forbidden temples, wherein they have hitherto held undisputed and undivided sway, they will be silent and hang their heads in shame when they see the improvement that will follow her entrance with the new brooms of reform in her hands. With new measures, we want new, clear men, and such there are. Before the time comes that we need a standard-bearer, he will be all ready, with his noble companion by his side, his ever-present help, his counselor, friend. There are many streams to be united to swell this onward flowing river of reform. I know well that I have not expressed a new idea. My only incentive is that these few words may reach the eye and heart of some weary captive that has never seen, and perhaps never heard of "The Revolution." Go on in your holy work, you will have help as you need it, and as woman's name has no significance now I will sign, NO NAME.

From the Banner of Light. FIFTH NATIONAL CONVENTION. BY JOHN D. WOLFF. In presenting the following review and suggestions, the writer disavows any personal hostility or antagonism toward any person who may have participated in the Fifth National Convention. Those who were most active do not claim infallibility, and if they did, their rights can only be determined by their capabilities. That they should err, was to be expected; and that some one should point out their errors, or object to their plans, is but fair to presume. It is utterly impossible that we should all see alike; by interchange of thought and free criticism we may come nearer right; even though it be somewhat disagreeable to some of us. We can each only speak for ourselves, and our opinions must go for what they are worth. The more we examine, the more fully we will be convinced that the organizer made some fatal mistakes: 1. In organizing a Secret Order; 2. In mixing it with the business of the Fourth and Fifth Conventions; 3. In taking possession of the entire work by that Order. The moment this becomes generally known, the dissatisfaction will become general; and unless something is done to remedy this mistake, another Convention will certainly be called. Men with the best of motives make mistakes; it may be a mistake to expose the defects of this Convention and Organization, but still it must be done, and no one whose motto is *excelsior* can consistently complain. To avoid any permanent division in our efforts, we should continue to discuss the subject

Religio-Philosophical Journal

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, JOHN W. SMITH, S. S. JONES, PROPRIETORS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription or Premiums and Proprietors on right page. Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

F. S. JONES, EDITOR

All letters and communications intended for the editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S. Jones. All business letters to John W. Smith.

84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

FATHER HECKER AT LIBRARY HALL.

On Friday evening, the 8th inst., the Rev. Father Hecker delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Catholic Association of this city, on "The religious condition of the country." The Hall was well filled, notwithstanding the night was dark and stormy; and from the frequent demonstrations of applause, it was not difficult to discover that the larger portion of the audience sympathized with the avowed sentiments of the speaker.

He introduced his lecture by observing that there were two tendencies operating in the religious world at the present time—one lead to Rome, the other to reason; one towards Catholicity, the other towards infidelity. Protestantism had been, and was a failure. Its fruits were visible in New England; they had there degenerated into Unitarianism, Universalism, and Spiritualism.

We submit his language: "The sects most popular in New England are the Unitarians, Spiritualists and Universalists—the churches that have the least positive Christianity. At present the Unitarians and Universalists are uniting, in order to support preaching, and even then in some cases a minister can only be supported by a 'grab-bag'."

The announcement will undoubtedly prove a little annoying to the stereotyped sects in New England, as well as to their followers in this city, and throughout the west. It is no news, however, to those who have watched the rise and progress of our philosophy during the last twenty years. We only wonder that the stupidity of the sects is such that they have not long ago discovered what is now apparent to our Catholic brethren.

Nor are we insensible to the fact that Unitarians, Universalists, and all other half-way houses on the road to Spiritual liberty, find it difficult to "support preaching." We predict that their trouble will rapidly increase as the age advances.

Men are not usually satisfied to long remain with a part when the whole is accessible; and the rapidity with which our semi-spiritual brethren are "wheeling into line" with us, is peculiarly gratifying. Let them come! "No pent-up Utopia is ours," and our Church is so broad that nothing less than the "limitless heavens" can cover it.

The lecturer assumed that protestantism had attempted too much, and its exaggerations had produced a reaction. We quote the following: "The result of this was that a reaction took place in favor of free will and man's humanity. At first man could only be saved by Christ; now man can save himself. Once the Redeemer was all, and man nothing, now man is all, and the Redeemer nothing. Once women were hung as witches, now they nearly all have dealings with spirits [laughter]. This movement will spread until it will cover all the country in sufficient time."

Father Hecker has here stated the issue more clearly than he evidently intended. The old theory of "total depravity," "original sin," etc., is fast being discarded by the more progressive minds of the age. Horrid as he anticipated the statement would be to his hearers that man can "save himself," it is nevertheless one of the prominent questions that now agitate the public mind. Can that be redeemed and regenerated that lacks all the elements of redemption? If he cannot save himself, does he possess the power to destroy himself? and if so, whence did he derive that power?

Why not preach salvation to trees, rocks or stones; as well as human beings, if they possess no power to comprehend and accept the prerequisites to salvation. The rising significance of man is indeed ominous, and when the dignity, and divinity of human nature is universally accepted, we shall hope for present as well as future salvation.

We certainly rejoice to know that spirit communion is becoming universal in the docility that once "whipped at the cart's tail" and hung on Salem Hill; and if the children of those who "hung witches" are beginning to see the "errors of their Fathers," as undoubtedly they do, we are disposed to "let by gone be by gone," and work with them and our spirit friends, that others may be as richly blessed.

We are glad Father Hecker is sagacious enough to see that it "will spread until it will cover the country." We sincerely hope its light will so penetrate the "gloomiest glooms" of the Catholic Church, that she will forget her desire for conquest, withdraw the greedy hand she stretches out to grasp our "reins of empire," break in pieces the despotic chains with which she fetters man's religious aspirations, and put the songs of spiritual freedom in the mouths of her vassal millions.

Father Hecker closed his lecture by assuring us that this country was destined "no distant day, to become Catholic." We certainly compliment him for his frankness, and beg leave to assure him that "the land of the free and home of the brave" can never become the throne of religious despotism. We have drank the free air of this western world too long to obey the edict of any Papal Bull or decree.

We realize full well that the struggle is coming. The question of religious liberty is yet to be decided, and when the contest is forced upon

us, the American people, true to the spirit of the Fathers of the Republic, and with those fathers watching over them from the higher life, will raise the flag of civil and religious liberty, from the bloodiest fields of battle, shouting in the language of an inspired statesman, "When it falls, if fall it must, let there be nothing around it but crumbling walls, and nothing above, but the angel that shall declare the end of time and beginning of eternity."

TRUTH—ITS CONVERSE, ERROR.

What is truth? We propose to analyze its nature, its general tendencies, and characteristics, and determine, if possible, how it can be known and understood.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail" is an ancient maxim, yet it gives us no insight into its true nature. If, however, we can determine what actually exists or prevails, at that moment we step from the region of darkness, into beautiful light emanating from the highest source; yet we are not, thereby, arriving at a full knowledge of the truth, but only know its existence, the true nature of which, we cannot readily understand. We know that light exists, that day and night alternate, and that the earth with the vast planetary system is in constant motion, yet our knowledge in relation thereto is not perfect.

Truth always existed; it is the business of man to unveil it, and understand, if possible, the wonderful phenomena of its actions.

Truth is evolved, not created. Mind, takes cognizance of nothing that is created, but that which is evolved constantly demands its attention.

The friction of two bodies evolve a truth, the flashes of electricity springing forth as its witnesses, to demonstrate its actual existence.

Galileo, noble soul, divinely inspired, his whole countenance beaming with the truth which had been evolved by the motion of matter, was conducted into the presence of pontifical officers, and compelled to disown his own convictions.

His form was bent with age, his beard silvery white fell upon his bosom, white, without, white within, radiant with the purity of an unspotted soul—there he stood, mighty, grand, resolute, yet not unquailing, for they compelled him to disown the truth that he had seen evolved by the motion of matter, establishing thereby the fact that the earth revolved; yet when he turned from their august presence, his soul-chords vibrated with the emphatic thought, "It still moves."

Truth is evolved, not created. The friction of the elements, the motion of matter, the constant changes in the animate and inanimate world, evolve truths in nature, which the mind under favorable circumstances will recognize. Evolved I say, not created. True in nature, true in mind, beautifully true everywhere.

Cassandra, Princess of Troy, a flower of rare beauty planted in the garden of humanity, was reposing at one time in the vestibule of Apollo's temple, when she fell asleep.—She was then a mere child, artless, pure, charming in all her actions. Apollo's temple never had a more precious jewel reposing in its vestibule, and the sun never shone on a more lovely scene in the nineteenth century. She was carried home by her parents on a bed of laurel leaves, she being entranced at that time, and her spirit holding sweet converse with the wise sages of the spirit world. When she awoke, she told her parents wonderful things, and finally predicted the destruction of Troy, and the entrance of the wooden horse. Her predictions were realized, and why? They were truths, created by impressions made upon her mind, by her spirit guardians. The truths of science, the truths of art, the truths of nature, truths everywhere, are in all cases evolved, not created.

The spirit comes to your bed side at night, when sleep has gently touched each faculty and hushed them into a gentle slumber, and through the instrumentality of a beautiful law, transmits to your mind an influence which causes you to dream that your brother is dying. You awake in the morning, and realize the truth of your dream. That dream evolved a truth—it did not create one.

Among the different orthodox churches, we find action, determined in its nature and prolific in its results, not evolving truths, but errors.

Preach, Methodist! Preach, Presbyterian! Preach, Baptist! Preach, Catholic! Evolved therefrom will be errors, and errors only, in regard to the true nature of God. Perhaps such evolutions are necessary, in order that mankind can more fully appreciate truth, by its contrast with error.

Man in all his actions evolves either truths or errors, and they in turn react upon the physical organization, stamping thereon their effects. A sensitive mind will enter a crowd of a thousand persons and select therefrom those whose souls swell up with pure and noble impulses, and through whose veins tingle the sweet chimes of pure and noble thoughts.

Think not, then, that your actions, that each thought, word and deed, is not prolific of results, for there is evolved therefrom, truth or error, vice or virtue, which have their respective characteristics.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

Feeling the necessity of giving our JOURNAL a wider circulation among Spiritualists and all other classes of readers, who are willing to know the truth, we propose to send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for three months to any new subscribers on receipt of twenty-five cents.

We make this proposition for the express purpose of giving our present subscribers an opportunity to contribute twenty-five cents, to put the JOURNAL into the hands of some acquaintance, for three months, that such persons may be the better enabled to judge of Spiritualism and this paper, devoted to its promulgation. Now, friends, a few dollars from each of you who are able to do so, will send the JOURNAL to many of your friends, who through your means, may become not only permanent subscribers to our pa-

per, but fully converted to the truth of our philosophy: No one is too poor to send us at least one quarter of a dollar, for that purpose. It will only pay for the bare cost of paper at wholesale prices, before it is printed,—come, friends, let us try the experiment.—We want to begin at once.

A. B. FRENCH AT LIBRARY HALL.

We had the pleasure of listening to an address by A. B. French, at Library Hall, on last Sunday morning, on this subject: "The inspired characters of History."

It was eloquent, logical, forcible and well calculated in every respect to do good.

He deals in facts; his ideas are clearly expressed, and fall upon his hearers with sledge-hammer force.

He traced the stream of inspiration, as it moved along before the days of Christ, following it in its pulsating waves as bursting forth in the minds of the ancient philosophers, until it culminated in a mighty river as manifested in the nineteenth century.

He alluded to Pythagoras, and his mediumistic powers, and the inspiration that seemed to well up within him. In his case, he might have mentioned many more startling incidents.—Pythagoras was a child of nature. He did not, however, understand himself. To the people of his day, he was wild and eccentric. They did not understand him, and their wonder was excited at the strange power he manifested. The birds of the air could be made to feel the influence that seemed to well up from his organization, and would circle around him, singing their sweetest songs.

Ancient history says, that when standing by a troublesome ox that had broken into a field of beans on several occasions, he whispered into his ear to never repeat his adventure again, and it is said that the animal obeyed his admonitions.

Pythagoras was his starting point in that beautiful stream of inspiration on the surface of which he saw rising forth distinguished characters in all ages of the world. They might be compared at the time in which they lived to an oasis on a barren plain. He spoke of Socrates and the demon that attended him—not a demon as generally understood, but a bright pure angel, whose smiling countenance threw a halo of light over the pathway of this ancient philosopher. We like the history of this ancient philosopher. His mind was towering, seemed to grasp intuitively, the true aspect of nature. His light is reflected on the nineteenth century.

He alluded to his humble position in life, tracing the interesting events of his career in an eloquent masterly manner. We like him for what he said; it still tingles in our mind like the sweet chimes of the morning bell, and we feel that we were made better thereby. Yet he could have said much more in reference to him, that would have been of interest to those in attendance, but when would his lecture have terminated, had he culled from the stream of inspiration all the little incidents that seemed to be floating on its surface, like so many flowers, the incense of which filled the whole world with a fragrance that can never vanish.

In turn, he alluded to the career of Mahomet, Confucius, Luther, and a host of others, that inspiration had developed for a special purpose, the grandeur of whose acts will be transmitted to all posterity.

His allusion to the shepherd girl of Dahouey was transcendently beautiful. Her unutilized innocence appeared to be a beacon light that attracted the highest intelligences of the spirit world, and she seemed to be a special agent designated to save France from ruin. At eight years of age, she conversed with spirits, saw the angel Michael at midday when walking in her father's garden, and who told her to be a good girl, and her footsteps should be carefully guarded in the performance of a mission that was all-important to France.

This effort of Brother French was a masterly defence of one platform of our beautiful philosophy, viz: "Inspiration." We thank him for this effort, so full of pure logic, cropping out here and there an electric flash, that seemed to lighten the inner chambers of our mind. Go forth, brother French, and with unwavering footsteps march into the temples of error and burst them assunder with your eloquence, scattering to the four winds of the earth the fragments thereof.

OUR THANKS.

Our sincere thanks are due to the many friends who have interested themselves in our behalf by getting up clubs of trial subscribers for the JOURNAL.

A club of twenty and upwards can be gotten up by one day's trial in any country town, to say nothing of the larger class that can be obtained in large towns and cities. A few noble souls have taken this matter in hand, and sent us long lists of names with the money accompanying the same, to pay for three months, on trial, for twenty-five cents each. We hope hundreds more will follow their example. We know the loss we shall incur at first, in this experiment, but we are prepared for it. Our paper is worthy of patronage, and we fear not that the time will soon come that it will be appreciated. Then it will be a welcome weekly visitor, to the fireside of every Spiritualist and other reformers through the country.

GOD IS A SPIRIT.

Nearly two thousand years after the martyred Jesus proclaimed this great and original truth, the true mind began to catch glimpses of its true and generic significance. In a valued contemporary we find the following words bearing beautifully upon this topic:

"God is spirit. Spirit is Divinity. He is the Source or Father of all Spirit. Spirit communion therefore, is the bright light of the soul, and what we call evil, as connected with it, will be found to be a lesser good, simply, or something in our condition which is less than spirit."

"A mind guided by the spirit, living in and of the spirit, lays down the flesh, and looks beyond to see the celestial ray that guides it on. The same light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, is held out for you and me, for all. Oh let us grasp and receive it in the spirit in which it is presented."

PLYMOUTH PULPIT.—HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMON.

We shall publish next week, another sermon from the inspired mind of this eminent Divine. His sermons are received by the people with a great deal of pleasure, for they plainly discern therein ideas that do not belong exclusively to him; a part ownership resting with the high and holy influence that surrounds him.

We are indebted to the politeness of J. B. Ford & Co., of New York, for permission to publish Beecher's Sermons, as furnished by them in the Plymouth Pulpit, a weekly publication. No doubt Messrs Ford & Co. will be well remunerated for the enterprise which they have undertaken, as they deserve to be, in furnishing the people each week with a neat publication, containing a sermon delivered by Mr. Beecher.

They furnish it at the exceedingly low price of \$3.00 per annum, or eight cents per copy. Address J. B. Foltz, & Co., No. 164, Nassau street, New York.

INDUCEMENTS.

Old subscribers who are in arrears, are offered the following inducement to deal justly with us, and help themselves at the same time.

All those who pay up arrears; to the first of January 1869, and renew their subscriptions for that year, will receive the JOURNAL, from January 1st 1869, to January 1st 1870 for \$2.50.

We really hope, no one owing us will, for a single day after reading this notice, fail to make the necessary remittance to comply with the above terms.

VELOCIPEDES.

We received from Messrs. Duryea and Pearson, a complimentary ticket to their grand exhibition of velocipedes, in Garrett's Block, 69 State Street, on last Wednesday evening. We repaired thither to witness this Parisian novelty, that is now attracting so much attention in the large cities. We were greatly surprised to see it managed so easily and gracefully.

On our return home, we called at Ellsworth Zouave Hall, and witnessed the efforts of those inexperienced in its management; they created much merriment.

OUR THREE MONTHS LIST.

A friend sending us a long list of names, with the money to pay for the same for three months, made the suggestion that we advise those who may receive the JOURNAL, that the same is paid for, or they might not continue to take them from the office. It is a good suggestion, and those receiving the JOURNAL, will please take notice, that we do not send it in any case when not paid for in advance.

EXCHANGES.

We are sending the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in exchange for many papers which are of no value to us; yet we are willing to continue to exchange with all who will give the JOURNAL a notice, and therein inform their readers that we will send it at the cost of the blank paper, viz. twenty-five cents per copy, for three months.

Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Literary Notices.

Peterson's "Monthly Glee Book" and "Parlor Companion," for December, has been received. They are replete with choice original music, and should be in the hands of those who desire to excel in the most desirable of accomplishments, the art of singing in a clear forcible style, and in a manner that cannot be excelled.

Terms, \$3 per annum. J. L. Peters, Publisher, P. O. Box 5423, New York City.

"Onward" is the title of a new Magazine, just gotten out by Capt. Mayne Reid.

It is replete with original matter, from our best writers, and will carry into every family circle it may chance to enter, a halo of joy.

Terms, \$2 per annum. G. W. Carleton, Publishers, 497 Broadway, New York.

Personal and Social.

Lucy Stone is an emanation from Oberlin.

J. W. Van Name, speaks at Adrian, Michigan, Sunday, January 17th; Hillsdale, Sunday, January 24th; and expects to go to Battle Creek next month.

Schools for instruction in riding and managing the Velocipede, are in active operation in various parts of this city.

The weather, for January, has been exceedingly mild and agreeable for the past week in this locality.

Dr. Henry Slade, of Jackson, Michigan, the well-known test medium, was married to Mrs. Aleinda Wilhelm, M. D., the able and popular lecturer on Spiritualism, on New Year's Eve, in Philadelphia. Brother Peebles, who was present, says: The gathering was large, joyous, imposing, the music inspiring, the refreshments choice and plentiful.

A grand Masquerade Ball is announced to take place at Crosby's Opera House, on the 8th of February next.

On the 9th inst., a preliminary meeting was held in this city of a number of ladies and gentlemen, favoring universal suffrage.

The gathering was composed of some of the leading and influential men and women of the city, and in point of respectability and earnestness of purpose was all that the most zealous advocates of the contemplated reform could desire. It was designed, and stated to be, of an informal character, and convened for the purpose of accomplishing nothing more than the preliminary steps in the calling of a state convention at such time and place as might be hereafter determined upon.

Mr. Longfellow has ransacked the libraries and bookstores of Paris for rare works to enrich his library in Cambridge.

Amusements.

Sharply and Cotton's Hall, corner of Clark and Monroe streets. Last week of "After Dark." "Captain Jinks," "How much am you sorry?" "Tea-Table Tattlers," "National Public Sale." Monday next, a great novelty.

Mr. Adams, the excellent and artistic tragedian, is performing with fair success to good houses at McVicker's Theatre. He has appeared as "Narcisse, the Vagrant," and the beautiful play of "The Marble Heart."

A contemporary, speaking of Mr. Adams says: He is one of the few, very few, good tragedians on the American stage. The taste of the people at large runs more to the comical, eccentric, or extravagant school of acting. Mr. Booth draws large houses, but his magnetism is attributable as much to the family name and to the fact that it has become the fashionable thing to see Booth, as to his own merits as an actor. It may be heresy to say it, but in many, if not in all respects, Mr. Adams is fully equal to Mr. Booth as an actor. His presence is equally as graceful and as self-possessed. His knowledge of the stage and stage business is just as thorough. His reading is free from many mannerisms which mar Booth's best personations. His faculty of merging himself in his character is just as pronounced. His style of acting is more natural in that he does not resort to any sensational effects and very rarely exaggerates or resorts to riat. Lastly, his talent is more versatile, for in the school of genteel comedy there are few better actors than Mr. Adams.

At the Opera House, the new comedy, "Young Chicago," alias "Young New York," with its current Chicago topics and velodipe episode, is proving a genuine and seasonable attraction. In point of action, it is one of the strongest pieces the management has yet given us.

It will, however, give place, on Friday evening, to the Richings-Bernard troupe, who will give us the always popular "Martha," one of the strongest, if not the strongest opera in their repertoire. The opera for Saturday evening has been changed to "Crown Diamonds," which will serve to introduce all the leading artists of the troupe. The almost unprecedented sale of seats for these two nights shows that the musical portion of our people are ripe for opera again, and the two evenings will undoubtedly be very pleasant ones to those who attend and very profitable to the management.

At Col. Wood's Museum, a principal feature of the week has been the benefits of several of the company. The Daily Tribune of the 13th, says: "On last evening occurred, at the Museum, the benefit of Miss Susie Chier; the 'juvenile lady' of the company, and a benefit, in every sense it proved to be, for seldom has the auditorium contained a more numerous or fashionable gathering of ladies and gentlemen."

The play of "The Mormons," began last week on the occasion of Mr. Keller's benefit, became elevated into a popularity, and still holds the boards and draws full houses.

On Saturday afternoon and evening, it should be remembered, Mr. Aiken takes his farewell benefit, prior to going into the new Dearborn Theatre on Monday next. The tickets for the opening night are selling very rapidly.

That wonderful musical prodigy, Blind Tom, is to commence a series of concerts at Library Hall, on Monday evening, the 18th inst., to continue during the week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Tickets for reserved seats can be obtained at Lyon & Healy's.

Those of our city readers, or those who may chance to be in the city during the week, who have never witnessed this genius, will find the present a favorable opportunity to do so. His wonderful musical talent is too well known to need mention at our hands.

LATEST NEWS.

A collision took place in Princess Ann County, Virginia, on Friday the 8th inst., between some Negroes and a party of United States troops; which assumed quite a warlike aspect; resulting in the killing of three Negroes and the mortal wounding of a Sergeant.

The effort to establish a Territorial government for Alaska has been defeated in Congress.

The efforts of the Virginia committee to have the pending constitution in their state amended, so as to provide for universal amnesty and universal suffrage, are likely to be realized.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—Advices from Candia by mailfully confirm previous reports of the submission of the Cretans to the Turkish authority.

A letter from Calima, Mexico, gives an account of the terrible earthquake experienced in that city on the morning of Dec. 20th. At several places the ground opened, trees were uprooted, hills leveled, water courses changed, and a general upheaval of the earth took place.

Rizors Rangabe, the Grecian Ambassador to the Paris Conference, has been refused participation in its sessions; for which reason it is thought that the Conference would disband without accomplishing anything.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

The Suez canal is almost completed.

The workmen of Brooklyn project a \$100,000 building in which to hold the meetings of their several societies.

In Florida land is worth fifty cents an acre, and a \$500 house is as good as a \$2,500 one at the North.

Explorations have proven that an excellent vein of coal lies within 100 feet of the surface, at Genesee, Ill.

The sufferers by Vesuvius' eruptions are to be relieved by the lava being quarried and sold for paving stones.

The drawing room of a Madison avenue (New York) mansion is furnished entirely with gilt furniture.

Communications from the Inner Life.

We shall give His angels charge concerning thee... All Communications under this head are given through MRS. A. H. ROBINSON...

INVOCATION.

Thou mysterious, unchangeable, and to us unathomable God. In our inmost souls, we ask Thee for light, wisdom and understanding...

JANUARY 5th, 1869.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Can spirits look down into the crust of the earth and distinguish the different strata one from another, and if so, can they measure the distance so as to minutely discern what they see.

A. Some can—others cannot. It depends upon the will power and the perceptive faculties of the individual. Those who are able to see can easily describe its appearance and depth.

Q. One of them is the imperfect control of the organism, another, the spirit may not have the power to describe correctly that which they have in reality seen.

Q. How do you realize them? A. Those who have had experience in earth-life realize them as a necessity, as well as from the difference in appearances of certain portions of the globe at the time they transpire, for you must know that while a severe storm may be raging with you, at the same moment sunshine and calm may be realized not far distant from you.

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earthlife while you were yet in such tender years could not of itself blast your happiness here or hereafter; for that mother can watch with the same tender and loving care, your every-day experience, that she would had she remained upon the material plane of life—the fact that you are not conscious of her presence, can in no wise change her tender care and love, and that she will see you, and make herself known to you, when it shall be yours to pass the great change that all must pass, there is not the least shadow of doubt. The very fact that you cherish such kind remembrances of her may be a sufficient evidence to you that she is not unmindful of your interest and happiness. When the time comes that I shall be able to give you any information regarding her, it shall be done with the greatest pleasure—hoping that you may ever keep in your mind's eye and cherish it as one of the most sacred things, that of a mother's love, and that your actions and progress may be such as to meet her approval. I will bid you, good by for the present.

QUESTIONS BY MR. JOHN FRANCIS.

Q. Where is the spirit of the medium, while you have possession of her organism?

A. That, my good brother, is indeed a question of great interest. We will answer it by asking you the question, where is the spirit of the water when you add the spirit of tea, coffee or any other kind of spirit?

[Mr. Francis, I am not answering questions how, that is your business.]

A. True, you are not answering the question, so I will say that the spirit belonging to this organism remains with the same, the external senses only being closed, while we manifest ourselves to you through the external to reach corresponding senses of your own. It is supposed by many that the spirit of the medium must of necessity leave the organism to give place to another, yet that has never been our experience. Still there are many mediums that seem to experience the feeling, that they themselves left the organism. We believe that to be owing to the condition of the medium, at the time the external senses are closed, and to be induced by that spirit, taking possession of such organism. As we have said before, we never having experienced anything of the kind ourselves, nor ever witnessed the same in others, and it being contrary to our sense and reason, we do not believe that the spirit of the medium ever leaves its organism.

Can you as a spirit read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL?

A. Yes, my dear brother, as a spirit I can, and any printed matter; also the thoughts of an individual before-impressed upon paper, if I desire so to do, yet it requires a positive will power of my own to accomplish such seeming, to you, tasks.

Q. Is Somnambulism one species of mediumship?

Ans. Most certainly it is, for everything you behold is a medium or media for certain purposes; it may be for the improvement of the spirit within the natural organism, and it may also be for the purpose of enabling the spirits who are upon the spiritual plane of life, that have once lived as you now do, to manifest themselves, to their friends in earth life.

Q. How are inspirational speakers controlled; or by what method are ideas impressed upon their mind?

A. Our inquirer would know by what means inspirational speakers are inspired. We could answer it by a simple word—impression, for it is an impression made by the spirit of a disembodied spirit, or that of an embodied spirit upon the mind of the speaker. For instance, you will many times sit and be thinking in your own mind that which another mind will give expression to, and you will at once exclaim, "that is just what I was thinking," and as there is nothing lost in nature, so every thought is a living entity unto itself.

Q. Can mediumship be induced by artificial means?

A. No, and why? Because there is nothing artificial in nature, yet by the aid of positive and negative forces induced by other individuals, the power may be brought forth in various ways.

The different phases of mediumship, it will not be necessary for us to speak of.

Q. Does clairvoyance result from a peculiar organized brain?

A. Not peculiar, yet fitted to that phase of manifestation.

ORRIN ABBOTT.

Brother Jones, I am glad to meet you. I have sat in this chair many times, and not very long since. [Alluding to an arm chair in which the medium was sitting.] You don't know me do you? No I do not. I wish you would tell me. You did not come to see me while I was sick, but Mrs. Robinson, the medium did, and she did me a great deal of good too. [Is it Brother Abbott?] Yes it is, but I am very weak and can't say much.

In my last sickness I thought over my life in the past, my views in regard to the future, and I thought also of what my brothers and sisters, "in Christ," would say to me now that I was so near death, and in their prayers for mercy and petitions to God to change my belief. But yonknow my mind was sound, although the number of years had told upon my body. All they could say could not change me; mine was not a belief of a future state but knowledge. I knew that God did not require of us to fear him or the devil for the purpose of meriting his love or gaining heaven.

I found that I was not mistaken. This world is worth living for, no matter what we have to endure to reach it.

Brother Jones, I have met your son, I must tell you of it, I know you will be glad. [Yes Brother Abbott I am always glad to hear from him.] He says to me I cannot help Father at the desk, but I can help him in many other ways and I will do it. Do not regret the change Brother Jones, that he was called to pass so young. [Is he happy in his new home?] O, yes, he is—he would not change, though he loved

earth and things of earth, yet he would not change if he could.

My wife will tell you that she has felt my presence a great many times since I left my body, and I do not come as a test to my relatives or to you, but it is because I have had a desire to come to speak with you. I desire to say to you that before my change, I believed in your paper as a success, now I feel that I can give you the perfect assurance of its success. Your paper and the BANNER OF LIGHT can and must be sustained. The people need them. The spirits demand their success and it must be so. A great many, Brother Jones, will recognize me in this message. With the best of feeling, Brother Jones, I must leave you. You know it used to be Rev. Orrin Abbott, but we will let the earth have the Reverend, and we will be known as ORRIN ABBOTT.

REMARKS.—At the conclusion of the foregoing message, brother Abbott requested us to call upon his wife, who resides in this city and inform her of his having communicated at our "Inner Life Seance." We did so, and read his message to her. She confirmed all that he had said about his having manifested himself to her. She said, frequently at night, his presence would be so apparent to her, that it seemed as though she could take him by the hand, and that she had often extended her hand out from the bed for that purpose.

Mrs. Abbott is a fine developing medium, residing at 127 South Clark street. She will confirm all we here say upon the subject.

Brother Abbott was the author of "A Peep into Sacred Tradition," and for many years a Methodist minister of much renown. ED.

RUFUS L. MAYHUE, WATERTOWN, N.Y.

It is not a year since I died. Never have I yet found the spiritual world to abound in such pleasures that I have not had a desire to come back and tarry longer upon earth. My nearest and truest friends are upon earth; and it is in accordance with nature that we should be attracted to those nearest and dearest to us. Consequently it is not strange that I should be attracted to earth. There are many spirits that come here and talk, and their friends receive what they have to say. I shall give what I think best, and if received, I shall be glad; and if not, I shall feel that I have done my part. Now to father and mother, Louisa, Nellie and Harrison, I will say, that death did not separate me from them. There are many here that tell me that if I would seek for that which is beautiful upon the spiritual plane of existence, that I would feel better. Perhaps I might, but I don't think so. I don't feel so; I feel happy only when in my home—the best spot on earth or in heaven. I do not feel that it is right that I should die. I do not think that the doctor did well by me. I think that he cared more for others than he did for me—did not pay me that attention that my disease and condition demanded. Mother feels this, too. But, mother, don't feel too bad—don't grieve over it, although you feel as I did—that it was not right that I should die. It will not bring me back. This is the first opportunity I have had of speaking or influencing this medium. I thank them all very much for it, and I will try and improve my time here. I do not believe that it is right for any person to die while he is young. Do you? [To a gentleman present.] "I do not know, brother, but that it is right—still I do think an earthly experience and well matured existence beneficial upon entering the spirit life." It don't seem to me that it is right at all. After persons have lived long enough to appreciate their friends and enjoy the conditions in which they are placed, and then suddenly, by disease, to be taken away, seems to me hard. I wanted to let you know that I could come back. It is not coming back either, for I have not been far away. It is not in my power to manifest myself and tell you what I wished to.

My grandfather, my mother's father, is here, and says that mother will feel bad if I talk in this way. I do not talk for the purpose of wounding or grieving her. I only tell you exactly how I feel about it, and let you know that I can talk, so that when the time comes when you are willing and glad to listen, I will come and talk. It would do me more good than anything else to converse with my mother, and have her tell me what she thought was best. I feel that she was one of the very best of mothers that ever breathed on earth. I do not say this boastfully, but it is just what I feel to be true. I know that you are grieved that I should be taken away from you, and I do not think it strange either. I shall be twenty-five years old next June. Now I don't want you to feel bad about what I said. I said that I did not think that I ought to have died, and I still feel so, and I could not help telling my dear mother. Her name is Mary E. Mayhue.

THOMAS WILSON, OF RUTLAND, Vt.

You will find out after a while that all sorts of folks come here. My speech will be not quite so long as that of other fellows. [Spirit yawning loudly.] I am sleepy. I was very sick, and the doctors gave me stuff to make me sleep, and I did sleep, on and on. When I woke up I found myself on the other side of Jordan. I am not sleepy now, except when I endeavor to control a medium. I wish the doctor had not given me so many sleeping powders. If he had not given me so many sleeping powders I could have said more. I never would have believed that I would have felt so sleepy again. But then instead of lying down and going to sleep I will hurry up and get out of this body. It makes me feel drowsy to come to this body, just as I did after I had taken the powder. The doctor said that I had typhoid fever. I know it was a fever strong enough to lay me out. I was thirty-two years old. My name is Thomas Wilson, Rutland, Vermont.

Since I have been here this thing is done, I guess the next time that I come I shall not be so sleepy. Now my folks will know that I can come. I don't care about their sending notice to this printing house that they have heard from

me. I do not care anything about that at all. If they will only give me a chance, I will be satisfied. They surely would have given me one had I not died. This paper that you print goes there. I died the 7th of January; Good-bye. I shall not be able to go to sleep when I get away from here.

DECEMBER 22. WILLIE STEBBINS.

Please, lady, will you let little bits of boys come here? I am only just a little bit of a boy—just seven years old. My papa and mama live in Memphis. This lady's body is bigger than mine was. I want to tell my papa and mama that I have many nice little things. I am not sick at all. Uncle Willie, my mama's brother, is here. My Uncle Willie took me right in his arms from my little bed when I was so sick. I saw mama and papa cry. Uncle said that they cried because little Willie was dead. I did not know that I was dead. I was just living like I was before. I was just the same when Uncle Willie took me—living all the time. My throat was sore; they put blisters upon me. I had the diphtheria, and it made me almost choke. Uncle took me to his house, and takes care of me until my father and mother come. He gets me lots of nice things. I want my mama to know all this. Uncle Willie says my mama's name is Hattie. My papa's name is George. It is one year and five months since I had the diphtheria. Mama thinks I am dead, but I am not. What makes that bell ring? [It is the Court House bell striking eleven o'clock.] I want to send a kiss to my mama and papa. Will you write that Willie sends a kiss to his papa and mama? Tell them that Uncle Willie will bring me again some day. Mama will be glad to hear from her little boy. When she used to put on my nice clean clothes she would say, "Willie is mama's nice little boy." Tell her that there are lots of big men here, just like there was in our city.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Financial Condition of the Illinois State Missionary Bureau.

BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXEN.

DEAR JOURNAL.—In the last report of brother Jamieson, one of the Illinois State Missionaries, I find this clause: "No contributions for the Missionary Bureau." Now as I have labored constantly since the middle of last May in the State of Illinois, with the exception of five Sundays in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and one in Indiana, I am naturally particularly interested in the state of our glorious cause in this rich and fertile section. The report to which I allude may be found in the BANNER OF LIGHT of date Dec. 26th.

May I ask why Spiritualists of Illinois do not contribute to the Missionary Treasury?

May I ask why these Missionaries are thrown entirely upon their own resources, and receive no aid from the Bureau?

May I ask what constitutes a State Missionary Society, and what may properly be denominated a Bazaar?

As far as I have been informed, a Convention of the few created a nominal Board and Bureau by "unanimous vote," as is frequently done in these Conventions, and walking in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors, this Board sent out its two duly constituted Missionaries, to labor in one of the most fertile of all these United States. And it seems a source of much regret to some that there are no contributions for the Missionary Bureau, although the reporting missionary received as much, and indeed more, from the people in remuneration for a month's service than other equally capable and devoted workers. It was my good fortune to attend, one year ago, the "Unitarian Channing Conference," then holding its sessions in Taunton, Mass.

Much "godly sorrow" was manifested by leading speakers, that New Bedford Society had sent no delegates, and considerable time was devoted to this expression of deep regret on account thereof, coupled with assurances of closest christian friendship for that important Society. It was desirable that all influential Societies should become auxiliary to and a branch of the National Conference, and likewise of the Sectional and Quarterly Conferences, by which all business might be transacted in "orderly shape," argued the several speakers.

At last a member of the New Bedford Society arose, stating he was not a delegate, and in the absence of one, wished to set the Conference right upon the subject under discussion; claiming to speak only upon personal responsibility. He argued that while New Bedford Society bore the most tender and Christian feeling toward the Conference, it wished to retain its own inalienable congregational right, and was just as deeply interested in every saving measure as before, but felt that it was a serious mistake to waste money and time, so precious, by over-reaching its true field of labor. "Let us plant deep," he continued, "and become a power in ourselves—then invest our Missionary fund in adjacent villages and towns, which we may easily and effectively reach.

The very sensible remarks of this speaker were not lost upon me. I know from close acquaintance with some of the best Societies in the State of Illinois, anything smacking of subordination, anything bearing an ecclesiastical look, anything drawing off home facilities, will be regarded with suspicion by them.

But no people in the Union are more hospitable, or appreciative of the true worker; and whatever other States may have done for their Missionary Associations and Bureaus, it is self-evident to every candid observer, that Illinois Spiritualists do not recognize the Bureau, which "the few" by "unanimous vote," attempted, in the absence of the majority, to make canonical—for if it were the child of the State, would not the parent support it?

There may be something in the magnetic lines interlacing this fruitful prairie and promising State, which forbids old measures, and "Individual Sovereignty" may have grown stronger here, amid golden grain fields, and countless

herds, than in more densely populated localities, for certain it is, that no State in the Union is more progressive or radical, and not one has so large a per cent. of its children in school, as Illinois. And let any truly inspired teacher go through the State, with the simple object of making societies strong and independent in their own right, and the people will cheerfully support such workers. And such workers as go to the people, reposing confidence in them, in preference to that ghostly Bureau, will find a hearty welcome. My calls have been double what I could supply, and I only wish I had the bodily and magnetic vigor to meet them all. I would joyfully answer each Macedonian cry from the fields of Illinois now white for the harvest. But not a dollar would I draw from any new and struggling society for the Missionary Bureau. I saw it provided with its Lecturing, Lyceum, Library, and other facilities for a healthy existence.

Many are averse to the Missionary system as at present conducted. As auxiliary or branch societies, all funds must pass through the several hands to the Central Bureau, and in disbursement by the National Bureau, after paying expenses, (an important item, by the way,) the money raised by New Bedford Society became a mere fraction at last, to send a Missionary, perhaps to Nebraska, or some distant point; when in the immediate vicinity of New Bedford, the people were left destitute as before. Nebraska, with her towns and societies, might do the same, and thus, much, in time and means, was lost by this investment in an expensive "egg-gathering."

It is a fatal mistake to organize in the present pressure, and immediately draw from these infant societies, all, or nearly all, their means of existence. Better that some should wait their time patiently, till the steady wave of inspiration touches with its freight of love their homes and gardens, or better still, that they should cultivate its presence in all the home talent they possess, and trust to the angels of truth and wisdom, to send them in due time, a Missionary for their need. For unless those societies already organized can stand strong and secure against the hosts of bigotry surrounding them, our enemies will gain fresh advantage in our weakness, and every new example of such failure is but a graceless repetition of the mistake.

Hoping that all may work together for a better understanding of our true duty, I remain, fraternally yours.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Impression.

INTRODUCTORY.

BY JOHN FRANCIS.

Our Father, whose presence fills immensity to Thee, we again turn the inner promptings of our heart for Thy inspection and guidance. We recognize Thee, O God, as the ruling element, the life principle of all animate existence. The little songster, that sends forth its notes of joy, that skips from branch to branch under the animating influence of delicate perfume, points to Thee, our Father, as its Creator—indeed, all nature beams with the skill of Thy handiwork, whether in the winged songster, or in the lowest order of creation. All nature sings Thy praise. The little rivulet that murmurs along over pebble and sand, the zephyrs combing the tree tops, the roaring of the ocean, in fact all things, animate and inanimate, speak in unmistakable language, the nature of Thee, O Deity, the indulgent Father of the innumerable children of earth. We bow before Thee, recognizing the grandeur of Thy laws, and the justice of all Thy actions, and we would solicit the presence of those ministering angels who come with rich treasures of knowledge from the spirit land, to shower down upon the children of earth. When studying the nature of Thy laws, our mind constantly expands under the genial instruction of those messengers that come from the spirit world, laden with an influence extracted from past ages and experience, which they are ever ready to present to the yearning children of earth for their instruction and benefit. We would ask, O Father, that the stream of inspiration that flows from those that surround this humble instrument, may furnish rare gems of knowledge to the children of earth, and may they feel that they are benefited thereby. And in conclusion, O Father, we would dedicate the forthcoming articles to the "Spirit of Truth."

Metaphysicians in all ages of the world have ignored certain elementary principles connected with the action of the human mind, and launched their bark on the great "Speculative Sea," which to a certain extent only exists in the imagination. It is true, we are compelled, many times, to reason from certain data, taking imaginary line, or lines, for example, and determining their directions and angles, we are enabled to establish certain facts. Knowing that lines and angles do actually exist, for the sake of convenience, many times, we ignore the actual to a certain extent, and branch off into a system of speculation that is partly real and partly imaginary. The idea of Locke that the infantile mind is a blank, which age and the experiences of life, would, as it were, write upon, contained no truth which foreshadowed or explained its true nature.

The human mind in all its manifestations is governed by certain laws—no chance system directs it to do this or that. A certain law governs the formation of a thought which within itself possesses form, organization, just as much as any part of the system. The liver, don't think, the kidneys do not reason, the lungs can not explain the nature of the blood they are constantly purifying, the stomach can not explain the nature of digestion. There is something outside of them that possesses a well-defined organization that can take cognizance of their real condition, and explain the nature of all the phenomena to which they are subject.

In this series of articles, it is not our intention to explain the abstruse principles connected with the action of the mind in all its manifestations, for to do that would require a year's time and would comprise a volume as large as Nature's Divine Revelations by Andrew Jackson Davis. These

