

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY  
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

(SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS)

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

VOL. V.—NO. 20.

## Literary Department.

### LIFE WITHOUT AN ATMOSPHERE.

How wearily the grind of toil goes on  
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear  
And heart are starved amid the pleasures  
Of nature and how sad and endless  
Is life without an atmosphere. I look  
Across the laps of life a century,  
And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower  
Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,  
Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place  
Of the sweet daisy greeting of the rose  
And honeysuckle, where the house-wives seemed  
Blissing in sin, with out a trace of love  
To cast the treacherous shadow of its leaves  
Across the curtains of life's windows.  
Flattered the sign of life's windows.  
Within the cluttered kitchen floor unwashed  
(Broccoli-leaf I think they called it), the best room  
Stiff in a cellar dark, shot from the air  
The furtive, slender, leech-like  
Save the furtive, slender, leech-like  
Over the fire-place, a mourning piece,  
A green-haired woman, penny-checked, beneath  
Impossible wilks; the wide-throated boath  
Bristling with faded pine-logs had festooned  
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;  
And, in and keeping with all things about them,  
Still, spectral women, sour and still-meat,  
Upright, devoid, hid it face their time,  
With scarce a human interest save their own  
Mourning round of small economies;  
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;  
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,  
Treating the May-flowers with regardless feet;  
For then the song sparrow and the bob-link  
Sang not, nor wails made muffled in the leaves  
For them in rain, guttered, and  
Burned, gold and crimson over all the hills,  
The sacramental mystery of the woods,  
Church spires, fearful of the unseen Powers,  
And grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,  
Saving, as thread economies, their souls  
And winter park with the least possible outlay  
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life  
Showing an utter want of comprehension  
Of Christian charity and love and duty,  
And the sermon on the Mount had been  
Outdated like last year's anatomy;  
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,  
And yet so parched and bare and comfortless,  
The vester's straggling limbs on his rounds,  
The sun and air his sole sustenance,  
Laughed at a poverty that had its own,  
And nagged its rage in self-complacency?  
Whittier's "Among the Hills."

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

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EUGENIE DE LACY, OR THE  
COQUETTE," ETC.,

### BOOK SECOND—THE ARREST.

#### CHAPTER XX.—THE TAPIS FRANCO—REACH- ERY.

Passing through the front door into the street,  
Hugh Simonson proceeded at a moderate pace  
down Orange street to the corner of White  
street, and thence to Broadway. He pursued  
his course toward the Park, unnoticed among  
the crowd of pedestrians, many of them worse  
dressed and worse looking than himself.  
Arriving at long street, he entered successfully the  
Park Theatre, he entered successfully the bar,  
rooms and bowling saloons which form a spec-  
ies of vestibule to that school of morals, drink-  
ing occasionally a glass of gin or brandy, and  
scrutinizing unobtrusively, yet closely, the fea-  
tures of their visitors.  
The object of his search was James Fogle.  
Not finding him in any of the public resorts,  
he turned into Ann street, and directed his  
steps toward a story and a half building on  
the south side of the street, at the distance of  
two or three hundred yards from Broadway. There  
was something in the external appearance of  
the building, mean, dilapidated, and unfavorable  
indications of the character of its inmates.  
The windows were partially closed, but  
through the interstices were perceptibly dirty  
panes of glass, and indistinctly the outline of  
moving figures. Simonson approached the  
front door and opened it without knocking;  
he passed into a narrow entry, and thence  
through a side door, standing half open, into a  
small apartment fragrant with the fumes of  
brandy and tobacco. The walls dirty, the floor  
absolutely covered with mud and tobacco spic-  
tle. A narrow wooden counter was placed in  
the south-east corner of the room, upon which  
were bottles filled with a variety of liquors, and  
a tray of common glass tumblers. Several  
coarse prints, in wooden frames, were sus-  
pended from the walls. The room was occupied  
by a group of persons, mostly young men of  
reckless, dissolute habits.  
As Simonson entered, he perceived in the cen-  
ter of the circle of smokers, a youth of eighteen  
or nineteen years of age, attempting to dance  
a jig to the negro air of "Jim along Josey," who  
was by one of the company. Shouts of laughter  
followed his irregular reeling movements, and  
his distorted grimace. The young man had evi-  
dently drunk to excess, and was becoming the  
butt of his associates. He seemed conscious of  
this, but it was hardly possible to decide from

his manner whether their coarse jests caused  
him amusement or uneasiness.  
After an ineffectual effort at a break down, he  
staggered to ward the bar, amid a general roar  
of laughter, and leaned against the counter.  
"Some gin and sugar, Harris," said he, ad-  
dressing a tall, tank, middle aged man, who  
was rinsing tumblers in a pail of water.  
"You have had enough, Nash," replied the  
man.  
"I have got a flip left," said the young man  
muffling in his pockets until he extracted a small  
silver coin. The remark of the bar tender, who  
was also the ostensible keeper of the house, had  
excited a feeling of irritation. He threw down  
the coin, and striking his fist violently upon the  
counter, exclaimed:  
"I want some gin, Harris."  
"Certainly, Jerry," said the other, soothingly.  
"Don't make a fool of yourself!"  
Harris placed an empty tumbler before the  
youth, and commenced pouring the liquor from  
a long necked, black bottle.  
Several of his comrades interposed at this mo-  
ment, with the inquiry:  
"Jerry, ain't you going to treat?"  
"Treat ino. You are a set of common suck-  
ers. When—"  
The young man gulped down the liquor at a  
single draught and placed the tumbler on the  
counter, then studying himself as well as he  
was able, he fastened his eyes, bloodshot and  
fiery, upon the countenance of Harris.  
"Do you know what they call your cursed  
hole, about town?" inquired the intoxicated  
youth with an attempt at a scornful sneer.  
"No, Jerry."  
"They call it the Tapis Franc."  
"What's that?"  
"Did you never read the Mysteries of Paris?"  
stammered the young man.  
"No."  
"Well, the Tapis Franc, Paris, is a low place  
where thieves and rascals assemble to drink  
and skin each other; and this is the Tapis Franc  
of New York."  
"What harm has it ever done you?"  
"Harm enough," exclaimed Jerry Nash.  
"I came here with two dollars, this morning,  
and now I haven't got one red cent."  
"If you don't like it, you needn't stay here."  
The pale face of the youth grew red with  
anger at these words, and he actually seemed to  
grow sober on the instant.  
"Needn't stay. I wish to God that I had  
never seen the inside of your doors. Needn't  
stay!"  
An associate pulled him by the arm:  
"Bob Harris was in fun, Jerry."  
"Every snigger that I can earn, or borrow,  
is thrown away in this miserable hole; and they  
I am told I needn't stay."  
With a mocking smile, Harris remarked:  
"You had better go home to your mother, Jerry."  
"And if I do," merely replied the young man,  
"I shall hear her curses upon your head. You  
will sick yet, Bob Harris, under the bitter  
curses of heart broken wives and mothers."  
This reckless levity of the party, was in a  
measure silenced by the strange bearing of Jeremi-  
nah Nash.  
During the progress of this scene, Hugh Si-  
monson had remained standing near the en-  
trance of the room. Careless, however, of the  
josses or sufferings of others, the robber pass-  
ed through the midst of the group of spectators,  
and descended a flight of three or four steps,  
which led to an adjoining apartment or base-  
ment, in the rear of the building. There were  
assembled a score—perhaps two dozen individ-  
uals, varying from eighteen to sixty years of age.  
The greater number were gathered around a  
large table, some as players, others as lookers on.  
The stakes were generally small, often as low  
as a shilling or a quarter of a dollar, and rarely  
exceeding one or two dollars. A young man  
well dressed, with dull eyes, and calm, passion-  
less features, dealt the cards from a small tin box  
passing at every turn to gather in the winnings.  
He dealt the cards of the party, was in a  
measure silenced by the strange bearing of Jeremi-  
nah Nash.  
The attention of Simonson was almost instan-  
taneously attracted by the group around the last table,  
by the sound of a smooth, monotonous voice be-  
hind him. He turned about and beheld a party  
of four persons, playing bluff at a small square  
table at the opposite side of the room. The  
voice belonged to a thin, spare man, sitting with  
his back towards the robber—and that man was  
James Fogle.  
Hugh Simonson approached his confederate  
and touched him gently with the end of his  
cane. Fogle gave a nod of recognition, and  
soon afterwards, leaving the card-table, followed  
the stout robber through the back door into a  
small yard in the rear of the building.  
"I have found you, Jim Fogle, in the nick  
of time," remarked Simonson.  
"Silence, Hugh, till I look about us; there  
may be eavesdroppers near."  
Fogle examined the premises until he was  
satisfied that no listeners were present.  
"Now proceed as best you may. Fences  
may have ears as well as walls."  
"Well, Jim, our work must be done to-night.  
The sky will be cloudy and dark—just the  
thing."  
"Are you strong enough, Hugh?" said Fogle,  
with a quiet, provoking smile, "you lost some  
blood last evening," very cautiously.  
"You say this to chafe me," replied the thief,  
bitterly. "If I meet that chap again I will repay  
him with interest."  
"Banish all thoughts of revenge. If you regard  
my counsel, and stick to some trade more profit-  
able than fighting."  
"I don't want your advice," muttered Simon-  
son, gruffly.

"Not now, Hugh; but you will, ere long,  
You are getting continually into scrapes."  
"All this palaver has nothing to do with our  
job in Bleeker street," continued the other, im-  
patiently. "My apprentice, Williams, has just  
stolen the indentures, and, though he has no  
great pluck, will make an excellent pack-horse.  
I have promised to break him in to-night."  
"But this is Tuesday," remarked Fogle, with  
a slight start.  
"Tuesday—what cares?"  
"I cannot go out with you to-night," said  
Fogle, in a grave, decided tone.  
"Why not?"  
"Because, Tuesday is a black day with me.  
Some thing unlucky always turns up against me  
if I undertake an enterprise on Tuesday."  
"Hidious!"  
"I have in my memory example upon example  
and I never tempt fortune to betray me."  
"Fortune be damned," replied the ruffian,  
coarsely; "she is a slippery jade at the best, and  
I don't give her a thought. I have always  
heard that Friday is an unlucky day, because  
it is Langman's Friday; but I do not know why  
the other days of the week should be unlucky,  
unless it is because they are wedding days."  
"You do not know, nor Leithers."  
"Fogle, this looks like a get off. I did not  
think you had such a soft spot in your cunning  
head."  
"Just, or so, or kneel me down, as the  
boy served you last night," replied Fogle, "you  
will not alter my determination. I have prom-  
ised myself, with an oath, that I will never try  
a venture on Tuesday."  
"What shall be done?"  
"Put it off until another evening, or proceed  
at once."  
"By George, I have a great notion to under-  
take it, with the assistance of Williams."  
"Do it, Simonson. You will do better with  
him than with me."  
"Do't you believe in the thing, Jim Fogle?"  
said the other, with a serious glance. "You  
did not seem so indifferent yesterday."  
"Wait till I have done," replied Fogle, quiet-  
ly, "before you start off in a pet. It is the trea-  
sures of the Bank of Eng. and were in question;  
I would not go out to-night, for I have a pre-  
sentiment against it. But your plan is a good  
one and the right promise finely. I will do  
it." "Hugh; you can go out with your man,  
Williams, and make the trial; if you secure the  
stuff, bring it to my quarters in Laurens street,  
as we agreed. You will find me there, with a  
good fire in the furnace, and the tools to run  
the power into solid, marketable ingot."  
Hugh Simonson, during this speech, stood  
gazing intently upon the features of his com-  
panion; but the countenance of James Fogle rarely  
manifested more than his words, unless his ob-  
ject required it.  
"Cool and calculating as you are," said the  
former, "you are not in the habit of shrinking  
danger."  
"Danger always, Hugh; but not the risk of  
perilous circumstances. Are you not sharp  
enough to see the distinction?"  
"Not I, and besides, I cannot discover any  
great difference in the luck of the thing, be-  
tween taking the powder and blowing the  
fire."  
"Look you Simonson, I assure you that I will  
not lend the turn of a finger to this business  
till the clock strikes Wednesday morning.  
If you don't suspect me of foul play, say so,  
and the game is up."  
"No, Jim Fogle, I always have trusted you,  
and I will now. Whatever others may say, I  
do not believe that you are such a cursed ras-  
cal as to abandon or betray a comrade. You  
will see us, Williams and I, in Laurens street,  
before cock crowing."  
The ghost of a smile flitted across the demure  
features of Fogle, as he replied:  
"Have a care, Hugh, you are apt to be too  
confident and daring."  
The thieves returned to the smoky apart-  
ments of the Tapis Franc. James Fogle re-  
sumed his seat at the card table, and Hugh Si-  
monson, passing through the building into Ann  
street, directed his footsteps towards the scene  
of the intended burglary, for the purpose of re-  
connoitering.  
Two hours later, Mark Masters the police  
officer, and James Fogle, were closeted together  
in a private apartment at Crumley's Hotel.  
"It was a capital thing, Mr. Masters," said  
Fogle, with a dry laugh, "a capital thing. I  
went to Colonel Wint, and hired myself as a  
waiter at fifteen dollars a month, and found,  
the moment I set my eyes on the chaps, I knew  
them like a book."  
"Who were they?"  
"Black Jack and an aquinted Harry."  
"What, regular jail birds?"  
"They were playing a strong game, Mr.  
Masters. Jack Harker was dressed in tip top  
style, and talked large—Harry Orme backing  
him up in everything. They were beating the  
youngsters, Mr. Tracy and Mr. Willoughby,  
most beautifully, with advantage; and I was  
glad of a chance at one time, to settle an old  
score."  
"You caught them cheating," inquired the  
police officer.  
"It was as open as daylight. They changed  
the cards at the beginning of the game, and had  
it all their own way."  
"Well, you exposed them?" observed Mark  
Masters, quietly.  
"I did, Mr. Masters, Jack Harker was sav-  
age at first, but as soon as I unmasked myself  
they knew it was all up with them."  
"How did the young men behave?"  
"Mr. Willoughby was off at a flash as soon as  
he knew the real character of Captain Harcourt  
and his cronies. Heated out and out like a gen-  
tleman. But I tell you, sir, if I am any judge  
of human nature there is something wrong about  
the other young fellow, Mr. Tracy. He said  
behind to parley with the detected gamblers,

and to make them poney up their winnings.  
There were high words about letters from the  
South and some talk of the police. But it seem-  
ed to me that they were shaming it all the  
while. It is true that Mr. Tracy compelled  
them to hand over the money which they had  
won from Mr. Willoughby and himself."  
"Nothing wrong in that, Fogle."  
"I'll bet sixpence against a rotten apple that  
he knew the standing of his associates when he  
sat down to the card table."  
"Likely enough; there are rogues in all  
stations."  
Fogle nodded approvingly.  
"You have done well in this affair, Fogle,  
and are entitled to the reward I promised you on  
behalf of my employers."  
The police officer produced a large pocket-  
book from the breast pocket of his coat, and  
taking therefrom a bank note of the denomina-  
tion of twenty dollars, presented it to James  
Fogle.  
"And now," continued the police officer,  
with a peculiar glance, "how stands the busi-  
ness with Hugh Simonson?"  
"I know not to-night, Mr. Masters."  
"About?"  
"No; he and one of his neighbors—a man by  
the name of Williams."  
"What is their game?"  
"A lot of gold and silver plate at No. 38, Bleek-  
er street. The plan is well laid, for I had a  
hand in it myself."  
"You are an accomplice."  
"If Hugh Simonson gets off safely with his  
plunder," said James Fogle, with a significant  
chuckle, "I shall come in for a share of the  
proceeds."  
"This is honest, Fogle," said the police officer,  
rising. "You have earned a reprieve from Sir,  
sing for a few months; but don't presume too  
much upon it."  
An interval of an hour elapsed between the  
departure of the police officer and James Fogle  
from Crumley's Hotel.  
Completion of the Suez Canal.  
Almost simultaneously with the completion of  
the railway which is to connect the opposite  
coasts of the North American Continent, we shall  
probably have to record the triumph of another  
great work of human ingenuity and persever-  
ance, which is to unite the Mediterranean and  
Indian Seas. The project of cutting a ship canal  
through the hundred miles of sand which unite  
the continents of Africa and Asia is as old as  
the age of the Pharaohs, and nearly twenty cen-  
turies ago a canal was triumphantly digged  
to the Gulf of Suez, two-thirds of it, or about six-  
ty miles, cut by the labor of man. It was repeat-  
edly choked up with the drifting sands of the  
desert, and repeatedly reopened. At last over a  
thousand years ago, it was finally abandoned.  
The first Napoleon designed a few canals, but  
decided after a year of the undertaking, which  
he decided that the level of the Mediterranean was  
thirty feet below the level of the Red Sea. This  
proved to be an error, for the two bodies of wa-  
ter have exactly the same level, and when this  
fact was ascertained, more than half the dif-  
ficulties in the way of the undertaking disap-  
peared.  
The cuttings have now been going on  
under the direction of that enterprising French  
gentleman, M. de Lesseps, for nearly ten years,  
and one, or perhaps two years more will see the  
end of them. His plan makes no use of the Nile,  
except as a feeder, but the canal runs in, nearly  
a straight line across the isthmus from Port Said  
in the Mediterranean to Su-az at the head of the  
Gulf of the same name, which sets up from the  
Red Sea. At each end an enormous port has to  
be constructed, running, the one three and the  
other five miles out from land in order to secure  
a permanent depth of water sufficient for large  
vessels and also across the Mediterranean end to protect  
the canal from the enormous deposits of mud  
which are continually carried down by the Nile  
and swept eastward along the shore. The canal  
is about 100 miles long and 100 yards wide, and  
when finished will be 20 feet deep. Already 50  
miles of it have been excavated to the full width,  
and opened to the sea, and forty enormous  
dredging machines float on it, digging out the  
channel to the required depth. The remaining  
nearly five miles are in various stages of progress;  
but a navigable passage has been opened, and not  
long since a French war vessel passed through  
on the way to Madagascar. The work was not  
the first step, however, that crossed the isthmus of  
Suez. During the Abyssinian war British gun-  
boats took the same route, and as early indeed  
as August, 1835, a vessel of some sort, probably  
of very light draught, was also floated through.  
The complete success of M. de Lesseps's scheme  
involves no other problems, therefore, than time  
and money. The rate of expenditure now is  
about \$12,000,000 a year, and after the work is  
finished the keeping it in order will be very cost-  
ly. Beside the difficulty of protecting the banks,  
exposed as they will be to windings and the wash  
of large steamers, there will be another serious  
trouble in the 500 tons of sand which is calcu-  
lated will be drifted into the canal from the desert  
every day. These difficulties are by no means  
insuperable, nor even seriously perplexing, but  
they will prove expensive.

over the face in death, the features were tran-  
quil, the hair was black as jet. No one recog-  
nized the face—a generation had grown up since  
the day on which the miner went down his  
shaft for the last time. But a tottering old  
woman, who had hurried from her cottage at  
hearing the news, came up, and she knew again  
the face which through all these years she had  
never quite forgotten. The poor miner was to  
have been her husband on the day after that on  
which he died. They were rough people of  
course who were looking on a liberal education  
and refined feelings are not deemed essential to  
the man whose work is to get up coals, or even  
tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the  
gray-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the  
youthful corpse, and poured into its deaf ear  
many words of endearment uttered for forty  
years. It was a touching contrast; the one so  
old, the other so young. Their lives had been  
young those long years ago; but time had  
gone on with the living, and stood still with the  
dead.  
New Lyceum in Milwaukee.  
S. S. Jones:—We have formed two Children's  
Progressive Lyceums here, because it was  
thought that leading Spiritualists would work  
more harmoniously in different societies, than  
in one. The number of children attending both  
Lyceums, last Sunday, was nearly double those  
attending the one previously, and there is every  
prospect that the number of working Spiritu-  
alists will be doubled in a few weeks, by this di-  
vision.  
J. L. Potter is lecturing here each Sunday,  
and doing a good work. Since he arrived here,  
nearly three months ago, we have formed a  
legal society, and got it in working condition  
and the cause of Spiritualism has been advancing  
slowly but permanently in the hearts of the  
people. The good seed has been scattered among  
them to grow and ripen into a rich harvest, that  
will bless the people with frequent angel's visits  
to guide them to every heavenly truth, and  
in the paths of wisdom. Yours,  
H. S. Brown, M. D.  
425 Milwaukee street.  
Letter from W. Millson.  
Bro. Jones:—I consider it a duty I owe to  
Mrs. Jenny Waterman (Annals, No. 313, East  
Third st., N. Y.), to state for the benefit of the  
afflicted, that last winter I had a very aggravated  
case of ulcerated inflammatory sore eyes, and had  
been confined to my house for several months;  
finally I went to her for treatment, and in three  
weeks, I returned home. There has not been  
any of the usual weakness or sensitiveness about  
them since, that is so common in the old-practice  
cures.  
I most cheerfully recommend the different  
kinds of syrups and other medicines put up by  
her, after the formulas of her spirit guide, hav-  
ing used them in my family, and have satisfied  
myself of their virtues. Yours respectfully,  
W. Millson, M. D.,  
New York, Jan. 4th, 1869.  
We Pass for What We Are.  
A man passes for what he is worth. Very  
little is all curiosity concerning other people's  
estimate of us, and all fear of being known  
is not less so. If a man knows that he can  
do anything—knows that he can do it better  
than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowl-  
edgement of that faculty all persons. The world  
is full of judgment days, and into every as-  
sembly of men a man enters, in every action he  
takes, he is gauged and stamped. In every  
troop of boys that whoop and run in each  
yard and square, a new corner is well and ac-  
curately weighed in the course of a few days,  
and stamped with his right number, as if he  
had undergone a formal trial of his speed and  
temper. A stranger comes from a distant school,  
with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with  
airs and pretensions. An older boy says: "It's  
of no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."  
Ralph Waldo Emerson.  
Avoiding coarseness and vulgar enten-  
des there is as much merit in entering for the  
humorous side of nature as to the sober and sedate.  
Men and women were made to laugh and to in-  
dulge in pleasures just as much as to pray and  
fast. Because a face is uncommonly long instead  
of wide, it does not follow that its possessor is a  
first-class saint. We would as soon trust a coun-  
tenant got up on the broad as on the long  
gauge.  
A Western clergyman advocating obstan-  
acy for the right, illustrated it by naming a  
deacon, who, when a member of the church, at  
the suggestion of the pastor, prayed that the  
Lord would either take away their deacon's ob-  
stinate nature, or else take him to Heaven, be-  
cause they could not get along with him on  
earth, nor profitably in his place and said  
"Brethren, I won't go."  
Little Susie had never seen any kittens  
when her brother brought in five wee-bits of  
things he had just found in the hay. Susie  
looked at them a minute in silent astonishment,  
and then exclaimed, "O, Johnny, who has broke  
old pussy to pieces?"

Original Essays.

A Beautiful Tribute.

The following letter and poem was sent to us by a friend in California. This friend, whose initials precede the poem, having read some of Miss Carmichael's writing, felt anxious to know somewhat of her history and accordingly addressed her a letter, in which he stated that he had lost a very dear friend, and would like to have her favor him with a production from her pen upon this loss. The following letter and poem was her reply. Miss Carmichael has of late changed her name, by entering the marriage relation; and may the tidal waves of her future life flow as sweetly as the songs she has sung!

Your beautiful letter reached me some days since. I answer it with pleasure, and shall endeavor to comply with your complimentary request at my earliest convenience.

I am, at present, like Martha, "troubled about many things"; but I always esteem it a favor to be allowed to sympathize with souls that are earnest and true, in their sorrow or happiness.

There are few things in the world so beautiful as the white roses of affection, to be placed upon the pillow of the dead. They look, perhaps, the soul-sufficing fragrance of the rose-tinted blooms we breathe about the living brow of happy love; but are they not less changeable in their beauty? The dust of the world cannot sullify them, nor the chill blasts of time wither them. We cannot, it may be, hold them so closely to our selfish human hearts, yet they are ours, as the stars are far away, it is true, and so pure that they seem cold to our shrinking earthly natures; yet are they not as certainly our own as when they dwell upon the earth beside us?

It is the custom of the world to speak of the soul as a shadow—of the body as the substantial part; yet we know it is otherwise. The body is a shadow, for it fades away; the soul is the substance, it is immortal. Love is life's most subtle essence; how could it be quenched by the damps of the grave, and the coarser portions of life remain immortal? Love is the only portion of life that is stronger than death. Let those doubt the imperishability of love who do dare to question the immortality of life. I do not.

Love speaks in silence; hearts which we possess are audible to us; and though they speak from heaven, may we not hear them? The heart is a strong bar, yet it bids no life and parts none; it only prisons dead. They who love the dead have fathomed life's deepest emotion in its current of Time; its ocean of Eternity is unfathomable.

True heart! be brave and strong; live, aspire, and wait, for the hour of a love so pure and high and changeless! Yet be true to earth, as the soul's field of toil and triumph; be trustful and be happy!

May God bless and comfort you, is the humble, heartfelt prayer of,

Very sincerely, your friend,

SARAH E. CARMICHAEL.

THE LOVE OF THE LIVING.

TO J. R. L.

I kissed thee good-bye in the darkness,  
With lips that were frozen and white;  
But I came to know the Love of the Living,  
To kiss thee another good-bye.

My hand is as rest on thy shoulder,  
My cheek nestles closely to thine;  
The white brows of Eden are bolder,  
Than those that the earth-faces twine.

Is it dust that is clinging about thee?  
Is it shadow that answers thy prayer?  
The shadow of love the cold death  
Will pass with thy dying despair.

My voice to thy heart, though another  
Most lend it the mist of a breath,  
For souls that the death-shadows smother  
See nothing unshelved with death.

The way must be paved by its portal,  
The lightning is shod by the storm;  
Loft Love, there is nothing immortal  
In the tangible shadow of form.

The Home-light of love is above thee,  
Its peace hath no tear-drops to shed;  
No mortal can tell how I love thee,  
O, Love, in the world of the dead!

II.

I give thee the Love of the Living;  
It pities and pardons thy woe—  
The beautiful joy of forgiving,  
Is sweetest that angels can know.

I pity the soul in its misdoings,  
That clings to the shadow and stain,  
And measures God's annual of kindness  
As miles in a journey of pain.

O, Love! have the perishing flowers  
No whisper of coming again!  
Do the gold-sanded feet of the hour  
Went onward forever in vain?

Is there nothing to cheer thee in music,  
The beautiful spirit of words,  
In wild lute, the trust of poets,  
Or poets, the wild of birds?

Though all of earth's faint prophetic-voices  
Leave something beyond their usual,  
Each whisper prophetic rejoices,  
O, Love, in the world of the dead!

III.

I give thee the Love of the Living;  
Hush! heart, I am speaking to thee,  
The white bread of life I am giving  
Thy staff through the death's valley may thee.

Repeat not the breath of profaning,  
That judges presumptions of Him,  
Whose closed hand hath power of retaining  
The light that leaves mortal eyes dim.

Trust not the profanity spoken  
That measures God's plan by a breath,  
But take His Creation as tokens  
That life is stronger than death.

Take thou for thy prophetic, Clearest;  
Let this be thy scripture engraved:  
The soul is the source of salvation,  
And the link of soul, cannot be severed.

Most pity the righteous uplifted,  
Whose whitened words heavily fall  
On hearts where the death's bath defiled,  
Whose shadow is over ye all.

Also! when the darkness is parted  
And gathered away from the light,  
For the measure of men shallow-hearted  
Life's kindest pulse only is white.

The righteous are wrong in assuming,  
Their blossoms of thought may be bright,  
But perish while the heart is blooming  
More near to the source of life.

The just measure right too exactly,  
The misers have nothing to spare;  
Far better the measureless portion  
That answered the Puff-blast's prayer.

The good are the hearts-million-crovered  
That shelter thy work from thy woe;  
The famous spirit, who was understood,  
That blend with Creation's repose.

The good as the best of Creation,  
Their lives to the Infinite spread;  
And star-like have luminous stations,  
O, Love, in the world of the dead!

I kissed thee good-bye in the darkness  
Of life that is mingled with gray,  
When the glow of thy fullest existence  
Exalts in the noon of the day:

Thy heart to a silent heart, sobbing  
And trembling with agony, clung;  
Yet who so impatient with throbbing  
In the cage where thy bird-spirit sung.

The robin thy glad song was singing,  
The lark's music joy floated high;  
And which went so far in upspringing  
Or caroled so gladly as I?

Yet think not it pleased me to leave thee  
So crushed with mortality's chain;  
I cost me much anguish to give thee this;  
I never shall sorrow again.

But I would not come back, Love, believe me,  
And love thee in bondage again,  
Earth's love is as faint and as fading  
As the shadow of flowers on a wave:

There is many a thread in its binding  
Too surely to cumber a grave,  
But the beautiful Love of the Living  
Is deep as Eternity's tread,  
And strong as the power of forgiving,  
O, Love, in the world of the dead!

I kissed thee good-bye in the darkness;  
Once more, in the shadow, good-night!  
The beautiful Love of the Living,  
Hath circled thy forehead with light.  
By love, like the pure light that passes  
Unaffected from blossom to star;  
Like moonbeams that kneel on the grass,  
Yet reach to the heaven's afar:

Close clinging, yet far in attraction  
That beckons the spirit to soar;  
Society always sufficient  
That seems to make solitude more;  
So perfectly meeting and blending  
With life that it seems but a part  
Of the circumscribed feeling something  
That breaks through Humanity's heart:

Yet pure, and offer, and finer,  
Less bright, more serenely intense;  
Less quick in prophetic divining;  
More subtly blending with sense:  
By love like a murmur of blessing;  
Like charity ever twice blessed;  
Emotion caressed in caressing,  
And joy in giving possession;

By faith, the sublime and unchanging,  
To the halls of Eternity wed,  
Thy love may approximate my loving,  
O, Love, in the world of the dead!

S. E. CARMICHAEL WILLIAMS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Come, let us write for our paper.

BROTHER JONES.—As you have often called upon every one to write for the JOURNAL, I will by your permission, take a little while to a particular class of your readers. If, on perusal, you find it is not worth publishing, you are at liberty to throw it among the rubbish.

A number of years ago, before the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL had an existence, or perhaps, had ever been thought of, a distinguished friend of mine, who was widely known and respected, but who now is an inhabitant of the spirit world, said to me:

"Doctor, why don't you write for the Spiritual papers? You certainly have a talent that should be exercised and cultivated, not only for your own benefit, but for the benefit of others."

Ho! said I, laughingly, that question can be easily answered. In the first place, there are but few Spiritual papers published, while we have a respectable number of first-class writers, and also a large number less gifted, who can write intelligently and instructively upon almost any subject. I have no objection that editors' drawers are always open to replenish. In the second place, if I should force a communication upon the press, it would be published, if published at all, through courtesy, while more important matter would necessarily be crowded out, or the editor might allow its publication, in order that some one might severely criticize me by my presumption.

"My dear sir," said my friend, "you like many others, have fallen into an error, and consequently, wrong conclusions. These ideas you have just advanced are false, and they are based upon your want of confidence in, and a just appreciation of your own abilities. It is therefore necessary, that I lecture you a little upon this subject."

I have had some experience in editorial labors and know something too, of the anxieties, perplexities and needs incident to publishing institutions. I have conversed with a large number of persons upon the same subject I have now introduced to you, and it is singular that a large majority entertain views similar to your own."

Taking up the BANNER OF LIGHT that lay on the table before him, he continued:

"Now, let us take up the ideas you have advanced and examine them separately. You say we have a respectable number of first-class writers. This is true, and this number is destined to increase instead of being diminished. From such contributors we expect lengthy, close and analytical disquisitions. With such contributions as these, editors are always supplied, either directly from the writer, or indirectly from former publications."

Now, look here. You see that the first page of this paper, and two columns on the second page, are filled with a contribution of this kind. The subject is an abstruse one, and one that has engaged the attention of the learned for centuries. The writer, no doubt, has studied upon it for years, and during that time, he has dug deeply into scientific lore, and brought up gems he before, had no conception of. Now, there is still another idea connected with it. Though its arguments might strike you forcibly, and furnish you with mental and spiritual food, how many are there do you suppose, (who read the BANNER) who have not the education and mental culture to grasp and comprehend the ideas here advanced? I suppose there are many, and hence, one contribution of this kind is sufficient for one number. You know that variety is as necessary to render a paper attractive and instructive, as it is to render a landscape beautiful. What would appear beautiful to one mind, would either not be observed or appreciated by another mind. Now, in order to obtain a variety that will meet the wants of different classes of readers, we must have a wide circle of writers, and those, too, who write from different experiences and different stand-points. In order to illustrate our subject more fully, let us turn to the sixth

page of the BANNER. The first thing that strikes our eye, is an eloquent and sublime invocation to the Infinite. Here we are struck at once with elegance of diction, and imagery of thought, by which the sublime and beneficent character of the all-pervading Spirit, and the humble and dependent condition of finite beings are set forth, in immeasurable contrast. Here is matter of fact that defies the comprehension of the most astute minds; and conscious of our own weakness and dependence, we involuntarily bow in humility and adoration, and ask for wisdom and protection. Here, for a while, we linger at the shrine of thought, while reflection furnishes food for our interior natures, in proportion to our ability to grasp the thought and imagery here presented.

Passing onward, we next come to questions and answers. You once told me that you were more interested in this department of the BANNER than any other. Yours is a representative mind of a large class of readers and thinkers. They, like yourself, find much here to satisfy their wants. You must not suppose that this is the case with every one. I know many people who take no interest at all in this department. Some have even told me that they wished it was left out.

We next come to spirit communications. Here is one from a highly developed spirit. His thoughts are elevating, his language chaste and instructive. He advances not an idea which an orthodox clergyman could honestly quarrel, yet, there is a class of Spiritualists who contend that spirit communications are of no importance to our philosophy, and if they could have their own way about it, none would ever be published, notwithstanding they are the only tangible evidence we have of a future state.

On further, in another column, we find a communication from an undeveloped spirit. His low and vulgar mode of expression corresponds with his undeveloped condition.

Now there is quite a large class of Spiritualists who entertain a pious horror against communications of this kind. They say that: "Such communications are an injury to us away with them, don't publish them."

Now, saying nothing of the benefit the spirit himself derives by being permitted to control our mediums, surrounded as he necessarily must be, by the magnetic influences of a highly developed spirit circle, this kind of communication is just the thing to convince another class of persons of the truth of Spiritualism.

A gentleman who is a natural skeptic, once said to me:

"If it were not for the diversity of mind, and culture, manifested in spirit communications, I never could have become a believer in Spiritualism."

If spirits communicate at all, we should reasonably expect every conceivable variety of intellect and culture, inasmuch as we know that such was the case with those who have passed from the stage of action. The progressive system of nature utterly ignores sudden omniscience, or even one grand step towards it.

This man is a representative of quite a large class of persons, who think and reason from logical deductions. These persons, as a class, are not piously enthusiastic, but are cool and deliberate thinkers. They entertain no sickly sentimentalism, but view facts and principles from the stand-point of reason. With them, one solid truth is of more value than all of the vague theories ever entertained by the church, or by one out of it.

Passing onward, you see that two or three pages of this paper are filled with contributions of various lengths. Editors, on receiving them, usually separate them into three different drawers or packages, according to their length and importance. If they have a large number on hand to select from, you can see how easy it is to make up the paper from week to week, with a variety of useful matter. Here is a column, filled up with clippings from other papers, and another column, headed, "Personal and Local," which contains interesting matter that will attract the attention of almost every reader. Here is a column in which there are three communications of different lengths. They just fill that column. Others are filled up in the same manner, some having a large number of contributions, and some less. Here again is nearly a page devoted to advertisements, &c. Thus we have a paper made up, in which every class of mind can find something that is interesting and useful to some present want. But the most important idea is yet to come; and, perhaps, I cannot impress it upon you more strongly, than by relating an incident in my own experience.

One Sunday, some years ago, I attended the Methodist Church. The preacher was a tall and robust man, and of commanding appearance, yet very affable and easy in his manners. He was an eloquent and earnest speaker, his language well selected, and his mode of expression full of pathos and meaning. The subjects of his discourse were, "Christian duties, the sins of commission and omission."

He handled these subjects with the skill of a master, as only a man of his learning and mental calibre can—and here by the way, I will say, that it was the best spiritualistic sermon I ever heard from an orthodox pulpit.

When his sermon was ended, he stood for a few moments and gazed attentively and anxiously around upon his congregation, and then said:

"An opportunity will now be given to every one who has a word to say to speak. We hope the time will be improved."

Instantly half dozen or more arose at once, and for a few moments it was difficult to say who should speak first. At length, an elderly gentleman led off in a five minutes' exhortation, commending the truths we had just heard. For an hour or more, we were regaled in quick succession by short speeches from both men and women. As soon as the congregation was dismissed I approached the preacher. He grasped me by the hand and said:

"Bless God! What a backing up I have had!

I have long been impressed that I had an especial duty to do for these people. But I confess, I had many misgivings; for said I to myself, my usefulness among these people, depends upon my popularity and the confidence they bear towards me. If I should offend them in word or deed, my usefulness would be greatly abridged. But the impression followed me, and I at last yielded. Thank God! I have been doubly repaid. For if ever I had the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I have had it to-day. I tell you, brother, the earnest simplicity of those dear brothers and sisters, gave me more heart-felt satisfaction than any amount of eloquence from more gifted tongues could have done."

"This little story illustrates several facts, and especially the idea I wish to impress upon you at this time. The idea illustrated, is this: Though financial means are necessary to carry on business, yet, with the editor, they are of little value compared with the moral and intellectual support of his readers. This support he craves at their hands; because it relieves his anxieties, lightens his labors, and gives him new energy and devotion."

You need not fear criticism, unless you court it. Criticism is not allowed, except upon certain writers. We have a class of writers, who are called speculative writers. They are useful in calling forth thought in new directions. They pride themselves in lofty flights of the ideal, and delight to launch into deep waters, rarely surveyed by other minds. Some of the best writers of the age, were formerly of this class. Some of them, who have scanned the heavens and waded deep through the labyrinths of nature, in order to theorize upon speculative ideas, have at last been brought down from their lofty flights, by severe criticism, through stubborn facts, and stern realities. Criticism in this direction is right, and writers of this class expect it and court it.

If you express an idea or sentiment that is obviously erroneous, the editor himself will correct you in a modest and inoffensive manner and you should thank him for so doing. This is one of the means we have, in getting our errors and wrong ideas corrected. The editor stands to us as our preacher, and we to him, as his supporters and pupils.

I was urging a gentleman a few days ago, to write for the JOURNAL. He said he:

"I can't write. My education is limited. I am a poor penman and poor speller. How would my scribbling look by the side of the productions of those great writers? Besides, I have no knowledge of grammar." Said I:

"You have (in common phraseology,) a good gift of gab. You have had a varied experience, and you have many good and useful ideas, deduced from observation and thought, and you have a very facile manner of expressing those ideas, in your own way. Now, write just as you talk. If a word is spelled wrong, the compositor will correct it, while setting it in type; if there is a grammatical error, the editor, with a dash of his pen will correct that; if an idea can be better represented by the substitution of another word, that change will be made; if more force and perspicuity can be given to an idea by a little change of phraseology, that change will be done also; and yet the thought will be all your own." He answered:

"That would be subjecting the editor to an endless and unnecessary labor. He had better do all of the writing himself."

"That is not the idea," said I. He wants the facts that come within the observation of his readers. He wants to know what progression our beautiful philosophy is making, and the influence it has upon the minds of the people, and he wants too, the individual experiences of his own subscribers, and the general sentiments that prevail around them. You and I and every one, are ought to be, interested in these matters. We want just this kind of information for ourselves, and how could the editor send it to us, unless it be first sent to him?"

We are erecting a noble structure, the temple of truth, the foundation of which is but just laid. It is our duty as well as our right, to lend a helping hand in this grand undertaking. If we cannot put an artistic finish, we can do something else. Here is work for everybody, none need be idle. If you cannot write a legible hand, you can dictate, and make your son, daughter or friend your amanuensis. It is nothing that will draw out the soul, enlarge our conceptions and improve the intellect, like composition. In this direction, the editor is our preacher. If we give him such support as we are capable, he is in duty bound to correct our errors. In this way, you can give your best thoughts, your observations of facts as they occur to you and around you—and move. With a liberal hand in your pocket, you can in this way induce lecturers to come and labor with you. Your money, your moral and intellectual support, are all needed. There can be no backing down when you take a comprehensive view of the magnitude of our undertaking and the glorious results that are to flow from it. Come on then, and prove yourself equal to the task, and never say again, "I can't."

The above is addressed to those who, like myself have indulged a false delicacy in offering contributions, lest they might not prove acceptable. But as we have been called upon through our much esteemed JOURNAL and as our friend and how spirit guide has wiped away all excuses we have nothing left for us to do but to whirl into line and give our most worthy and able editor a grand salute.

No doubt but that noble band of writers and speakers, who have as yet borne the burden and heat of the day in the great conflict, will welcome our company. Yes; brother Jones, we are coming, or in other words, we will send our representatives, in the shape of contributions. They will carry to you our best thoughts and suggestions, observations and conclusions, and our progress and surroundings.

There are thousands of Spiritualists scattered throughout the land, but we know not who they are, or where they are, except the very few comparatively. In this way we mean to make their acquaintance, in order that we may all act in harmony and carry an undivided front before us.

We thank brother E. V. Wilson, P. B. Randolph, and other eminent writers and speakers, who have of late fed our hungry souls through the JOURNAL. Their inspirations have added much to the value of the paper. May the good angels continue them long in their good work and may they meet with a hearty welcome and liberal support wherever they go, is the earnest prayer of their humble brother and well-wisher.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Physical Revolution of the Present.  
BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

Revolution is the order of the present time in the intellectual and physical world, to a degree that indicates that nature's combined forces are in action for the accomplishment of a stage in the progressive development of man. Political, religious, moral, and intellectual revolutions are in progress, at the same time that physical nature is being actuated by such energetic forces as cause the frequent occurrence of terrific volcanic eruptions, destructive earthquakes, and climatic changes, in various quarters.

It is the law of nature, that all forces act in harmony; that the world of mind is actuated simultaneously with the world of matter, by whatever forces nature brings to bear for its advancement or repose. Since man existed upon the planet, there have been periodic seasons of energetic action, of rapid development of human intellect, and contemporaneous with these, periods when electric forces of matter were so stimulated that progress of all forms was rapid. There have also been periodic seasons, when repose of mind and matter was the order, from the exhaustion of the energy of the forces actuating these. Periods of energetic action of mind and matter have been marked by political revolutions among the nations, and in the intellectual world; and also by corresponding physical phenomena; as volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, etc.; and the periods of repose of mind and matter, by stagnation in the political, moral and intellectual worlds, and in physical nature.

The single agency operative for the production and maintenance of this universal harmony of action, is electric force; or the universally distributed element, electricity; which is of as many grades as there are grades of matter in the universe. This life element of nature, from highest to lowest grade, is stimulated by a single effort, at the period when the positive and negative elements constituting this force or electricity, are equilibrated after a period of repose, which repose is the result of the loss of the equilibrium of the positive and negative. At different periods, there are what may be termed universal stimulations of this force; or such marked energizing of action in all sections of the planet as stimulates progress in all, in a marked degree.

Again: There are stimulations of this force in alternate or corresponding sections of a planet, and in alternate or corresponding localities of a section. These may be termed in one sense, universal stimulations, as they are felt in all sections, to a certain extent; yet, they are, properly speaking, developed by the electric forces of the sections where they are most energetic; and are termed partial stimulations, to distinguish them from universal, or such as are developed simultaneously in all matter. Different sections of a planet's surface develop different conditions, which is evidence of their diversity in quality of matter and electric condition. This diversity is expressed, emphatically, by the fact that the electric forces of the different sections require energizing at different periods. Nature has expressed this great fact in past ages by the oscillations which have been in progress over the whole surface of the planet, from era to era, which have determined that contiguous sections of the crust have been alternately elevated and depressed, while surface conditions of contiguous sections have been the same at different periods.

The application of the principle above stated to the phenomena of physical and intellectual revolutions explains them, and the fact that they occur at different periods in different portions of the earth, and that they are also some times of universal occurrence over the whole surface of the earth. The present is an era of universal action, as is demonstrated by the commotions among the nations of the two continents, and also the physical disturbance in progress in various quarters of the two hemispheres. "Wars and rumors of wars," have disturbed the quiet of nations over the length and breadth of the continents within the present century and corresponding physical convulsions have disturbed the conditions of the surface and atmosphere. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions have been accompanied by marked climatic changes in various parts of the earth, indicating the effect of the change in the atmosphere produced by the gases thrown into it, by volcanic eruptions and the increased volume of the electric currents flowing into the atmosphere from the moon and the other near planets. To account for all the physical changes that have occurred within the present century, and like changes which have occurred at other periods, it is necessary to understand the effect of different grades of electric elements, upon a planet's surface and atmosphere, which rush in from other planets during active periods; also, the effect of the volcanic gases upon an atmosphere partially stagnated for want of appropriate action within it. Atmospheric action is only stimulated by intermingling with the atmospheric volumes of gases which flow from volcanic craters, or from mineral beds on the surface of the planet, or from other planets. Such gases circulating in currents from planet to planet, thus causing planets to act reciprocally upon each other to promote each other's progress. Earth's electric forces stimulate the Moon, and vice versa.

Universal stimulations are felt throughout an entire system of planets, being propagated from one planet to another, and, in fact, throughout the universe.

Nature's most beneficent action is often manifest.

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BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

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It is the law of nature, that all forces act in harmony; that the world of mind is actuated simultaneously with the world of matter, by whatever forces nature brings to bear for its advancement or repose. Since man existed upon the planet, there have been periodic seasons of energetic action, of rapid development of human intellect, and contemporaneous with these, periods when electric forces of matter were so stimulated that progress of all forms was rapid. There have also been periodic seasons, when repose of mind and matter was the order, from the exhaustion of the energy of the forces actuating these. Periods of energetic action of mind and matter have been marked by political revolutions among the nations, and in the intellectual world; and also by corresponding physical phenomena; as volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, etc.; and the periods of repose of mind and matter, by stagnation in the political, moral and intellectual worlds, and in physical nature.

The single agency operative for the production and maintenance of this universal harmony of action, is electric force; or the universally distributed element, electricity; which is of as many grades as there are grades of matter in the universe. This life element of nature, from highest to lowest grade, is stimulated by a single effort, at the period when the positive and negative elements constituting this force or electricity, are equilibrated after a period of repose, which repose is the result of the loss of the equilibrium of the positive and negative. At different periods, there are what may be termed universal stimulations of this force; or such marked energizing of action in all sections of the planet as stimulates progress in all, in a marked degree.

Again: There are stimulations of this force in alternate or corresponding sections of a planet, and in alternate or corresponding localities of a section. These may be termed in one sense, universal stimulations, as they are felt in all sections, to a certain extent; yet, they are, properly speaking, developed by the electric forces of the sections where they are most energetic; and are termed partial stimulations, to distinguish them from universal, or such as are developed simultaneously in all matter. Different sections of a planet's surface develop different conditions, which is evidence of their diversity in quality of matter and electric condition. This diversity is expressed, emphatically, by the fact that the electric forces of the different sections require energizing at different periods. Nature has expressed this great fact in past ages by the oscillations which have been in progress over the whole surface of the planet, from era to era, which have determined that contiguous sections of the crust have been alternately elevated and depressed, while surface conditions of contiguous sections have been the same at different periods.

The application of the principle above stated to the phenomena of physical and intellectual revolutions explains them, and the fact that they occur at different periods in different portions of the earth, and that they are also some times of universal occurrence over the whole surface of the earth. The present is an era of universal action, as is demonstrated by the commotions among the nations of the two continents, and also the physical disturbance in progress in various quarters of the two hemispheres. "Wars and rumors of wars," have disturbed the quiet of nations over the length and breadth of the continents within the present century and corresponding physical convulsions have disturbed the conditions of the surface and atmosphere. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions have been accompanied by marked climatic changes in various parts of the earth, indicating the effect of the change in the atmosphere produced by the gases thrown into it, by volcanic eruptions and the increased volume of the electric currents flowing into the atmosphere from the moon and the other near planets. To account for all the physical changes that have occurred within the present century, and like changes which have occurred at other periods, it is necessary to understand the effect of different grades of electric elements, upon a planet's surface and atmosphere, which rush in from other planets during active periods; also, the effect of the volcanic gases upon an atmosphere partially stagnated for want of appropriate action within it. Atmospheric action is only stimulated by intermingling with the atmospheric volumes of gases which flow from volcanic craters, or from mineral beds on the surface of the planet, or from other planets. Such gases circulating in currents from planet to planet, thus causing planets to act reciprocally upon each other to promote each other's progress. Earth's electric forces stimulate the Moon, and vice versa.

Universal stimulations are felt throughout an entire system of planets, being propagated from one planet to another, and, in fact, throughout the universe.

Nature's most beneficent action is often manifest.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Physical Revolution of the Present.  
BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

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understood, as it often works for the institution of the changes that are at first destructive to the established conditions; as stable climatic conditions of sections, and healthy conditions induced by stability of other conditions. Epileptics follow in the wake of the great changes which ultimate in the rapid progress of the planet's surface; being induced by the changes in the electric conditions which affect all elements and the human system, disturbing the equilibrium of the electric forces of all forms in nature. The destructive plagues which have, at intervals, swept the earth of millions of its inhabitants, have been introduced by change in electric conditions over the surface; which change is most appreciated where conditions are lowest, as in such sections the low gases distilled into the atmosphere from various sources, find more of their affinized elements, and consequently produce greater disturbance of established conditions.

Epileptics have, invariably, originated among people depraved by vicious practices, or degenerated, in the sense of being upon a lower plane than that upon which they had, as a people, formerly been.

All conditions of a section or locality, harmonious: if the people are depraved, there is a corresponding depravity of atmospheric, magnetic, and surface conditions of their locality; and hence, the unwearying sword of nature eradicates root and branch, the foul conditions where pestilences sweep, just so far as her instituted action is able to wield the sword effectually. Man stands upon a par with every other element of nature about him, at such seasons; and he is no more spared, being deprived in his nature, than is the scum which poisons the stagnant atmosphere of his locality.

This is but justice to universal nature. If man's short day of physical life is cut shorter by premature death in consequence of the sweeping pestilence, it is only that his successors may live more naturally, and longer. Men's shortsightedness—his ignorance of universal law, causes him to attribute to anything but the right source, the calamities which sometimes overtake whole nations of people, as it were, and sweep into one common grave almost the entire population of whole districts. An intuitive conception of the effects of depravity, causes peaceful priests to ascribe such calamities to the displeasure of God at the sins of the people, and useless prayers and invocations are offered in the temples, and pompous processions and senseless ceremonies consume the time of the people, which could have been more profitably devoted to useful labor and instruction in the art of life, which promote high civilization.

Prayers never cleanse an atmosphere of the poisons injected into it with the magnetism of depraved human beings; and missionaries would do well to understand this when they go among the heathen, who have defiled themselves by all manner of vicious practices. Magnetic conditions of a locality are not changed by senseless ceremonies and adoration of saints, prompted by fear and ignorance. They are only rendered more depraved by such exhibitions of depravity on the part of the people. An effectual way of bettering matters, where people are standing in fear of catastrophes, would be to change the localities of the towns and cities, or vacate the old haunts and begin life on a higher plane, in localities where all conditions are higher than they were where men have lived and degenerated for centuries.

There is a significance in the fact that when earthquakes occur, they are so destructive in densely populated districts; often swallowing up whole towns and cities. It is significant of the degeneracy of all conditions in such localities; and vice is thus awarded "just retribution," according to the idea that many entertain of retribution; and, indeed, according to, its true significance. Nature always depraved conditions to exist in any locality, only until she can prepare her forces for their regeneration. When, from any cause, or combination of causes, a district or whole section has degenerated so that atmospheric conditions are low, and corresponding conditions in society are low, she sends her energies in the direction of securing the energizing of elements in that section. She gathers her forces beneath it, and qualified electric currents above it, and these act reciprocally for the institution of a force that shall somewhere read that surface and cause a renovation of the atmosphere, by means of volcanic fires, or streams of gases from crevices opened into earth's bosom, by the action of earthquakes. She depopulates it of its degenerate inhabitants, and makes room for a higher people; because only thus can her purposes of benevolence to the race be accomplished. "I create and I destroy for the accomplishment of my purposes toward universal nature!" By this maxim, has nature wrought from the beginning; and thus will she continue to work, though nations perish in a day.

It is for men to comprehend nature's action, and to study the necessary means to promote such action as shall tend to the safety of communities. All people should be taught habits of industry, as well as of purity. They should be taught that the cultivation of the soil, the exhaling of minerals, and opening of trenches, are the natural means of keeping the atmosphere of a district in healthful action; as from the disturbed soil and mineral beds arise such gases into the atmosphere as it imperatively requires for this purpose. The practice of the arts of peace, the various industrial pursuits followed by enlightened nations, are potent means for securing the safety of the people composing such nations, from catastrophes, from earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions.

Great disturbances of the earth's crust must occur in many localities on the surface, before the planet can be so qualified and perfected, that it will need no more such strong convulsions to rid it of low elements. Many communities of enlightened and pure people must suffer from such convulsions, in localities where they may chance to have settled, while instability marked the conditions of the district. This, however, does not change the natural action of the law

that determines that nature is assisted by the efforts of men in fitting a planet's surface to be a safe abode for them.

Physical convulsions of a nature to be destructive to man, and works of art and developed planetary surface, will gradually cease, as the race and all elements progress to the high plane where purity can be maintained, and intellectuality takes the place of sensuality. Man is destined to assist nature in the regeneration of her elements, as he has never yet done, when he, shall have learned more of his power over them, and the uses of various chemical agents in nature. He will not only intelligently assist in promoting the fall of rain, but also in promoting the invigoration of the atmosphere of whole districts, and cleansing districts of miasma. If he cannot stay the terrific earthquake or fiery eruption after nature's forces have gathered themselves up for such outbreaks, he can yet so improve planetary surface that such outbreaks will be of rarer and still rarer occurrence, as venturals roll on, until they finally cease altogether, as an effect of equilibrated conditions over the surface.

### ROSICRUCIAN PAPERS. NO. 5.

Eden, Gethsemane and Paradise.

BY F. B. RANDOLPH.

We hold it mean to abuse the bridge we have safely crossed; to speak of Jesus as "the bastard of Bethlehem," to berate Moses; to compare the blood of Christ, or to any other martyr who died for the truth within him, to "the blood of Cock Robin," or the Bible to "Mother Goose." Such sayings are both undignified and unwise, and engender disrespect both for the speaker and the speech, besides contempt in the minds of persons disposed to examine into the merits of the truth we advocate.

Iconoclasm, or breaking down, is all very well for a time; yet after all, sugar is better than vinegar to attract the lovers of sweet, and very few of us are ever fond of either the sour or that which is bitter; and this for the tremendous reason that we are human, and immortal, and therefore, dependant upon all the rest of our kind for what we have power, and beatitude, we may be destined yet to know; and as it is better to win men by displaying the beauties of the vine-leaf of God, than to excite the horror of deformity, I respectfully protest against that sort of speech, and writing last mentioned. We are indebted to the entire past for all of elevation, we now boast of, all the advancement we have made, and but for the armies past behind, and the strong bulwarks they have left behind them to protect us from a relapse into primitive barbarism, we were, indeed, in a sorry plight. Everywhere, I hear complaints of the deadness that prevails, and I believe it springs from lack of the divine element.

Last Friday night was the turning pivot of my life, for I underwent an experience of soul unparalleled in my past career, and it turned upon the very point I now write about. What that experience was, the world will never know till I am dead; suffice it, that my soul turned a new corner in God's universe, and for the first time I realized what a transcendently magnificent religion lies covered up beneath mountains of philosophy, and the vast ocean of science.

I have fared hard in the West, and borne my own expenses, yet not for a king's diadem would I change my present soul state for its condition all along the bitter years, culminating at 11 o'clock last Friday, as will one day be seen, after I have been tried by my peers in heaven—of the crime of having had an octo-mother, and stand acquitted by unanimous votes. That was Gethsemane to me, and calvary is just ahead—just as that self same calvary whereon thousands of media and seers are being crucified to-day. Hark! Do you hear the heart wrung sobs and wails of anguish coming up from a myriad of women's hearts? Look! Do you not see the very earth flooded with brine from strong men's eyes? because both are desolate and life below an arid waste and wilderness of heart. Now, who shall help us as we lift up our voices and weep aloud? Who shall help us, as we repeat "Eloi, Eloi, Sami bachani?" Oh, the myriads of dying Christs. I say who shall help us in our strait, if we banish God from the world, and condemn his worship as a farce. It will not do to speak of Him as "the airy gentleman beyond the stars," and put our trust and hope in blind chance, and accidental advantages. Some do this. They are in Eden, and Eden was ignorance, for they do not know that they are naked even till the very God they despise makes them aprons of fig leaves, (science, and philosophy,) to hide them from each other and themselves. Now aprons are good things in this tropic, (self-conceit) but are poor for temperate climes, (reason) and worse when the winds come down, (negation) and we find ourselves out in the cold, (absolute selfishness and septicism.) Then, we want to get back to Eden from whence we have been driven by our own willfulness and decide, but find flaming swords (lost time) bar us out, and now we set out for Gethsemane, with a large stock of provisions, (axioms, ideas, postulates) lashed to our backs—but as we jog along,—we drop them one by one—as I have, and you, and thousands more will until we are wholly betrayed; (by friends, husbands, partner, wife,) and then up the sharp, steep cliff, spat upon, buffeted, trampled, maligned, lied about, all the way, and then comes the cross (death of personal ambition, pride, self,) to which we are lashed and nailed, bitter springs to our fevered lips, crowns of sharp thorns on our brows, mocking, laughing scoffers near, jeer us, and over our heads, "This is the king of the Jews!" while sharp spears prick our sides, and the ground is wet with blood and perspiration. Now, you are all alone in your agony—are you? No! listen to your own voice, cursing? No, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." *Iris* Christ—good—reigns again! and a deeper voice says in your agony freighted ear: "This is my beloved son (or daughter) in whom I am well pleased, as this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The little birds sing East, and the little birds sing West, Toll slowly—

And we pause to think God's greatness Flows around our incompleteness. Round our rottenness, His rest.

And Paradise is gained. And this is the history of all true souls. Albeit it cost something to be true, for if you don't mind what people say they will assuredly wish you off the bridge, and then damn you for not knowing how to swim.

Alas! for the vanity of true human charity under the sun; yet it is better to have lost the game of life, than to have falsely gained it. True, it is unpleasant traveling over coals of fire barefoot; but there are good doctors in the skies, and they will come and comfort you when all of earth shall fall.

Once, an cautious human titan thought to build himself up by tearing me down, through calling me names, based in my great grandpa's complexion, and telling people I was a hushish crier, (I never took an eighth of an ounce in my life and in my anger, I expressed retaliatory thoughts. That night I was illumined and had a distinct view of his soul—and forgave him for it was so very small that he could not help it. It was his nature to lie and malign, and I would not exchange an ounce of my swarthy skin for his entire possibilities here or hereafter. I felt better for forgiving the poor little fellow; he is now dead—died partly in Rock Island, went further in Joliet, and then went out of the world in Chicago. Peace to his ashes. He had not gotten fairly out of Eden, had yet to reach Gethsemane, and when he reaches the Calvary Cross, will have learned the sublime lesson: "Love one another."

And so we all must travel through the three gardens, nor is there any evasion. But that there cometh a time in which we will reap the crop of rich fruit that crowns the tree of suffering, let us all feel perfectly assured. The good is just ahead.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Prenatal Existence.

BY G. S. FOSTER.

The prenatal existence of the human soul, as an individualized organization, inhabiting other human bodies, is being asserted as a truth by several writers, and also by some of the spirits that communicate through the BANNER OF LIGHT.

It has been said that an honest skepticism is the basis of all true knowledge. So far as I have any conviction in reference to the great truth taught by the Spiritual Philosophy, I have passed through the crucible of thought, and accepted only such were sustained by satisfactory evidence, and which on other reasonable hypotheses I could explain.

I do not consider the theory of another life of the spirit, antecedent to this, as probable nor sustained by any evidence that is not liable to objections. I know that there have been individuals famous in the past and present who have entertained strong impressions that they have passed through another life, or lives, and stated recollections they possessed of such antecedent existence.

Many of those persons were devoted to intellectual pursuits, possessing more or less imagination and were, no doubt, also mediumistic. We know that many persons are singularly impressionable, and whether awake or asleep, are psychologically influenced by other persons or spirits, and many impressions of a previous existence, may have been derived from such sources.

We are often unable to discriminate between some of our dreams and imaginations, and the real scenes of life through which we have passed. What assurance have we that every apparent recollection of past scenes and circumstances is derived purely from the memory of the fact as it transferred in action?

Nor can we say what impressions may be made on the embryonic mind by the mother during the period of gestation.—We know that many marks of the body, many peculiarities of the mind and spirit, are the result of circumstances of which the mother alone took cognizance during that period.

Again, we have many persons who have a singular psychometric capacity, who by coming in contact with the handwriting or clothes of another individual, or even fragments thereof, or any other substance, have a long train of thoughts and visions connected with the scenes and persons with whom such relics were associated, and that presents, probably, another solution of this mystery.

Indeed, it appears to me much more probable that our prenatal recollections may have been derived in some of the foregoing methods, than that the human soul by some strange fatality should again and again seek a habitation in some mortal body, and undergo an earthly pilgrimage from childhood to old age, merely for the purpose of development.

Philadelphia, Pa.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Pre-Existence.

BY AUSTIN KENT.

I must not repeat E. W.'s many words of indefinite testimony. He sees clairvoyantly that he was constituted of that which had been eternal. My reason tells me as much. He sees "mind or conscious form" in the something from which he grew or was formed. Admitting that our minds were constituted, made, or grew from our infinity of mind, and that that mind was eternally conscious, it does not give us an eternal part. To insist that a child is as old as its father, is a senseless and insane use of words.—The matter which composed either of my eight bodies, has been, no doubt, eternal, but not those successive bodies. So of the mind. The human body has a beginning as such; so has the human mind. We who pray so much of reason, should not permit supposed or real clairvoyance, to beguile or runaway with it.

Desiring to know if E. W. believed he had been eternally conscious of his existence, I asked, "has the woider (E. W.) existed eternally as a spiritual-organized, conscious, individualized personal soul or spirit?"

E. W. replies, "No not as an organized entity, either of the past or present, until the spirit substance which infill the material clothing, leaves it in the form of particles, and by virtue of their inherent nature of life, motion, mind, consciousness and form, resolves themselves into an organic entity, conscious of eternal progress."

How these clairvoyant seers will punish cool, thick-skulled reasoner! I am not quite sure whether the answer is alone negative, or a little of both. "No," is plain, but in its consciousness follows "consciousness," if eternal mind is "conscious" but we are not conscious till we are produced by or from it. Our consciousness had a beginning and must it not have an end? Why not? I have read E. W.'s last article some ten times, with my utmost care, and I am not sure whether he believes he has been eternally conscious of his existence. Friend E. W., please say yes or no. If by what law are you sure of eternal future consciousness? If yes, was it a happy, conscious existence?

You reaffirm that "the manifestations of eternal life are increased in progress." I asked, "Do you mean to affirm, or imply, that there was a time when there were no manifestations of life, or almost infinitely less than now?" You answer, "No." E. W., please re-read your affirmation, my question, and your answer. Where do you choose to correct it, you are not prepared to insist that you have been in an eternal progression eternal improvement, and yet are no larger, wiser, or better than you was some billions of ages in the past! You said, "I know I was," &c. Have you improved, grown wiser and better during your endless past? in your long pre-existence?

You say, "The evolving of nature's forces are neither good or evil in themselves, we make them so." We make them so. We make good and evil. No, you did not mean to say that. You insist that nature is "perfect." You meant we make the evil. So, perhaps ninety-nine-hundredths of men affirm. I more than demur. What are we but "nature's forces?" God or nature made the spider and the cat to hunger, and fitted or taught them to satisfy their hunger by the death of the fly and mouse, I am brother to all four. I did not make them; I sympathize with the hunger of the first, and with the dread of pain and death in the last.

Nature brings children into the world without teeth, and we must cut them in pain. There is a perfect analogy between physical and moral pain.

Hatred is as natural as love. All these you admit are finite. Oh! the extreme folly for us, radicals, to hate the churches in charging all sufferings to the account of finite beings.

I again call for the evidence of something perfect in nature—in the universe. Not clairvoyant testimony as to the unseen to the natural eye. Point me to her perfect traits. Does perfection produce only imperfection?

I do not say hatred is as high a production of nature as love. She may yet improve man, or make a superior race of beings on our earth.—There is, no doubt, billions of races of beings on other planets, and still vastly superior to us.—Nature may have produced worse beings than our earth has ever known!

If the doctrine of pre-existence is founded on reason and truth, its friends can see and give a reason, and I can understand it. My intuition is large, and when I see a truth, I generally see the law which makes it true, and can give it.

Will E. W. send me his or her full address. Stockholm, New York, Jan. 10th, 1894.

When lovers quarrel, the only presents not returned are kisses.

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PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

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Wentworth, will lecture in the West where desired. Address Waukegan, care of George O. Ferguson. Oliver E. Washburn, Woodstock, Vt. Dr. R. O. Wells, Rochester, N. Y. Prof. E. W. Whipple, Clyde, O. Dr. A. B. Wheeler, Toledo, O. A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich. Mrs. Elvira Wheeler, Jacksonville, Wis. Warren Woolson, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y. Miles T. Whipple, 402 Symcote st., Milwaukee, Wis. Zerah C. Whittle, Address Myrtle, Conn. Mrs. A. A. Willis, Lawrence, Mass., P. O. box 473. Mrs. Mary E. Wood, 23 Main street, Newark, N. J. A. C. Woodford, Battle Creek, Mich. Miss H. Maria Woodring, Oregwa, Ill. H. E. Wortman, Buffalo, N. Y., box 1452. Mrs. Juliette Yew, address Northboro, Mass. Mrs. and Mrs. Wm. J. Young, Boise City, Idaho Territory. Mrs. Fannie T. Young, Address care of Banner of Light, E. S. Wheeler's Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

OFFICE 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

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S. 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 C. Bandy, 84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

BLIND TOM, THE MUSICAL PRODIGY. THE CAUSE OF HIS WONDERFUL POWERS.

"Blind Tom," how our souls chords vibrate when we think of your strange, musical power! Why should they? To him, there is music in all things; and from whatever source arising, never fails to attract the attention of his mind.

Tom was born in the State of Georgia, on the 25th of May, 1849. His parents were common field-hands of the pure negro blood, with nothing to distinguish them from the mass of that race, except that the mother, a small woman of fine form, is of an active, merry temperament, and quick in her movements.

He was born blind, and the utter imbecility that characterized him for a long time, made many think that he was idiotic as well as blind.

He could give expression to words long before he learned to attach any meaning to them. His pronunciation was very distinct, and seemed to be automatic, rather than arising from his inward intelligence.

From a small pamphlet, we have before us, containing his early history, we learn that the first effort to teach him was made one evening when the family was at supper, (Tom, as usual at meal times, being present,) when his owner upon being informed that his mother, as an excuse for not teaching him something, had said he had not sense enough to learn anything, replied, "That is a mistake. A horse or a dog may be taught almost anything, provided you always use precisely the same terms to express the same idea.

Show him what you mean and have patience to repeat it often enough. Tom has as much sense as a horse or a dog, and I will show you that he can be taught." He thereupon arose from the table, and approaching Tom, said to him, "Tom sit down." Tom, of course, as was expected, stood still and repeated the words. He repeated the order and sat him down upon the floor. He then said to him, "Tom, get up." Tom sat still and repeated the order. He then repeated the order and lifted Tom to his feet. He then ordered Tom to sit down, which he did promptly—to get up, and he sprang to his feet. From that time there was matter of new interest about Tom.

Everybody began to teach him something. It was soon discovered that he forgot nothing—Present to him any number of objects, one after another, tell him the name of each as you presented it, he would put his hand upon it, smell it, and pronounce its name; then present them in any order you pleased, and, after feeling and smelling of each as it was presented, he would without fail, give its appropriate name. It was astonishing and interesting to test and to witness the exercise of this power, and in consequence, Tom speedily learned to distinguish many things and call them by name.

He was perfectly delighted by cries of pain. When his mother whipped any of the older children he would laugh and caper, and rub his hands in an ecstasy of enjoyment, and soon would be found whipping himself, and repeating the words of the mother and the cries of the child. He enjoyed so highly the crying of children that he would inflict pain upon them, for the pleasure of hearing them cry; and a constant watch had to be kept on him when he was about younger children. He once choked a younger brother nearly to death, and at another time burnt an infant sister so badly as to produce fears of a fatal result. To this day any exclamation of or expression indicative of pain gives him great pleasure; and though he will express sympathy for the sufferer, and prescribe remedies for his relief, he cannot refrain his expressions of pleasure. Doubtless it is the strength and the intensity of expression given to sounds produced by pain, that afford the enjoyment.

He was extremely fond of churning, doing all that kind of work for the family, seeming to regard it as a great pleasure. He was very fond of out-door exercise, his peculiar gyrations not only seeming to interest himself but many others. His parents indulged him in this on account of the trouble he created in the house, by dragging chairs, rattling dishes, beating tin pans, and in order to vary his amusement for music, he would pinch the baby to make it cry.

He exhibited his wonderful musical powers before he was two years old. His voice was then, strong, soft and melodious. If the reader will now follow us in our remarks, we will explain this wonderful prodigy. A snow-flake from the surging cloud, a rain-drop from the mist above, is emblematic of the offshoots of the great "I am." Man is simply the pulsation of God in matter. You cannot separate God from anything, for he is infinite. The tiny flower that sends forth a sweet fragrance, the majestic oak, the shrub, every thing, great and small, are only the result of

the pulsations of God in matter. In all the manifestations of God, we see no repetition. No two flowers alike, no two trees of the forest are exactly similar; no two things anywhere are alike in all respects. God, in those beautiful pulsations in matter, whether to give expression to the flower, oak, monkey or man, never arrives at precisely the same results in all respects. No two men are exactly alike, and we will, as we advance in knowledge, find the works of God still more varied in character, and wonderful in their peculiar manifestations of power.

Man is cosmopolitan in his structure; he is a microcosm of the universe, for in him are blended in harmonious action all the constituent parts of the earth and its surroundings. Being the pulsation of God in matter, he must necessarily have all the characteristics that he possesses, though in a finite degree. In those beautiful pulsations of God in matter, his infinite nature is demonstrated. Were two men, two plants, or two anything, exactly alike, it would be an argument against the infinity of God.

When contemplating this question, so grand, so beautiful, so majestic in all its peculiar manifestations, we feel how inadequate our perceptions, how futile all our endeavors to comprehend the true nature of the Infinite. Deity everywhere! In the flower with its heaven distilled fragrance, in the dew drop that nestles in its bosom awaiting the approach of morn, for a ray of light to climb upward and perform its daily cycles, in the high, the low—everywhere—we find the manifestations of the "Great I am." His pulsations are constantly going on for ceaseless activity is one of the pre-requisites of the Infinite. In those pulsations, as we remarked before, the results are always different for God can only sustain his infinity by the varied character of his works. Find an example where two of God's pulsations are exactly the same, and we will demonstrate to you that he is not infinite in his capabilities.

God, in the creation of man, the result of his pulsations, only gives expression to certain characteristics which he himself possesses. In those pulsations, he is en rapport with matter, and will ever continue to be en rapport with their results, man, when certain conditions are obeyed. In those pulsations of Deity, certain chords of the human mind are highly attuned, and they are always en rapport with like chords of the Deity, and respond thereto often giving expression to something wonderful. Thus, you tune a string of the violin, to a certain key of the piano, and place it some distance from the latter, and you will invariably find that whenever the key of the piano is struck, the string of the violin will respond thereto, in delicate, tremulous tones.

We here unlock the mystic store-house of knowledge, to enter therein and read from its pages the wonderful works of the Infinite. We pause at the threshold, for the inconceivable splendor of infinite knowledge bursts in upon our enraptured vision. Our Spirit guide says, "Be bold and fearless, and we will unlock to you the grand mystery which has hovered over your mind like a dark cloud." In panoramic style, there passed before our enraptured vision, kingdoms, empires and republics, with the representative men therein, their rise, progress and final destiny.

The world,—with all its animation and life, was before me, and I found to my astonishment that its movements taken all together was the harmonious action of Deity, and what I once esteemed as discord, when united with the grand whole and its onward progress, was productive of the harmony that existed. My mind seemed to expand at the thought that in the beautiful march of progression, all things taken together constituted the most perfect harmony. But says my Spirit guide, do you catch the idea I intend to convey? Look at that ancient sage standing on yonder eminence, his locks silvery white, his eyes brilliant from the rare gems of knowledge that glistens within, his countenance expressive of modesty, yet beaming with dignity, his whole nature constantly responding to the calls made upon it by every thing with which it is in harmony—how towering, how majestic, how noble! Look in another direction and observe another personage equally as grand in all those attributes that distinguish the pure, the high, the noble. Their minds are en rapport with each other, and they in turn, en rapport with the definite elements of all things. They hold conversation with each other though many miles apart—and why? Their minds are attuned nearly alike.—The master musician had touched their respective chords, and when one vibrates, its counterpart responds thereto, the same as the violin string would when tuned to that of a certain key on the piano. Here we leave you, says our Spirit guide; you will now solve the mystery that cloud-like has existed in your mind, in relation to Blind Tom.

We grasped, intuitively, the lesson taught. Harmony in all things taken together! Sweet music in the grand procession of events from time into eternity! A song of love and praise in the mystic tread of the countless number of earth's children, as they are brought into existence through the pulsation of God in matter, and carried along on the train of time to a purer and better home!

But what about Blind Tom, the mystery, the prodigy, the wonder of the nineteenth century? Yes, what of him? We saw him at Library Hall, a strange, weird creature, a beautiful link in the chain of humanity, an element of harmony in the universe of God! Blind Tom! you, too, are simply the pulsation of God in matter, with your soul-chords so attuned that they are brought en rapport with Bethoven, Mozart, and like chords of the Deity Himself. You feel the effects of Bethoven's experience, who always accompany you, besides, at times, many others, whose soul-chords are in harmony with your own. You are the violin string, as it were, tuned to those delicate minds that existed long ago, and when they are moved, you feel instantly the effects thereof.

It is not true that Blind Tom's physical organization is taken possession of by Bethoven, or any other spirit, but he is acted upon by him and many others who are en rapport with him, and who add great power to the "music box" of his soul, compelling him to do many things that are foreign to himself. Perhaps no prodigy in the world's history has attracted the attention of musical critics, and in fact, the masses of the people in general, to the extent that Blind Tom has. His black skin, uncouth appearance and sightless eyes, seem to be no obstacle in the way of the "Spirit of Music" manifesting its transcendental qualities. He seems to play from a spontaneous influence within him that he could not well resist, if he would. In his actions, he is very eccentric, yet is very easily managed. Those eccentricities, of course, owe their origin to something, either within himself, or an influence outside, over which he has no control. He is in the habit of cheering himself at the conclusion of all his pieces, and in so doing, naturally recognizes the power of the wonderful influence that surrounds him. This cheering on his part, is a recognition of the services of a power outside of himself, and which is always anxious to be known, whenever present. When speaking, he manifests the same peculiarity, as when he cheers, recognizing the fact that some one is with him, to whose power and influence, he would not be unmindful. He always speaks of himself in the third person, and never in the first. Why this? The reason is obvious to any thinking mind. The power that assists him; that is brought en rapport with him, demands recognition, and therefore so direct its influence that he is compelled to speak of himself in the third person.

THREE MONTHS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. If each one of our friends would set themselves at work for one day, they could induce from twenty to one hundred in every town, to try the JOURNAL for three months, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH; a large percent of whom would become permanent subscribers. Think of it, friends. How easy it would be to fill your ranks and become strong, if the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was weekly placed in the hands of fifty or a hundred of your best thinkers.

SPiritUALISM DEFINED. The American Association of Spiritualists at Rochester, gave a very worthy definition of what they conceived to be Spiritualism. Brother William Shaw of Goodwin, informs us that one of our twenty five cents, three months' trial subscribers, is much more laconic in his definition. He says: "Spiritualism is the Devil, and I will not have his (the Devil's) advocate, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in my house."

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT. Gives us pleasure to announce to our readers that we have made arrangements with brother Benjamin Todd, to become a regular correspondent of a new department in our JOURNAL, to be known as the PACIFIC DEPARTMENT. Brother Todd is well and favorably known in the States, and no less so in California, Oregon and Washington Territory. The beautiful paper which he edited so ably, in part, at San Francisco, the BANNER OF PROGRESS, demonstrated the fact that he is fully competent for the task of writing articles sustaining, as well as in defence of Spiritualism. His peculiar faculty of gathering and presenting interesting incidents, will make his department very valuable. Our readers will, we feel confident, rejoice to learn of this new enterprise, and will hail with pleasure, the advent of brother Todd's first contribution.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH. Dr. P. B. Randolph, the celebrated Clairvoyant and Seer, passed through Chicago on Monday last, on his return to Boston, via Washington and New York. He leaves behind him a host of warm friends, whose well-wishes will follow him wherever he may go. He will resume his medical practice on his return home. His treatment for Nervous Diseases can not be excelled.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS. We are happy to learn from brother R. Bolton that a society has been organized at Peoria, of which Dr. Couch is Chairman, Mr. Armstrong, Treasurer, and R. Bolton, Secretary. Their prospects are good, and they would be happy to have mediums and lecturers call upon them.

See advertisement of Gold and Silver Mining Company. We shall refer more particularly to it in our next.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the wonderful "Magic Comb."

DR. RANDOLPH'S DEATH. It is very seldom a man has the pleasure of reading his own obituary, yet the above named gentleman certainly has.

MR. FRENCH AT LIBRARY HALL. Mr. French delivered his third series of lectures at Library Hall on last Sunday, January, 24th. And on next Sunday he delivers, his fourth and last series, morning and evening, of his present engagement.

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Literary Notices. We have received "Vick's Illustrated Guide for the Flower Garden, and Catalogue of Seeds," for 1869, and we assure our readers that it is a book that should be in the hands of every person who has a rod of ground which he desires to improve or ornament. It contains an accurate description of the leading floral treasures of the world, with plain and full directions for sowing seed, transplanting, and after culture.

THE TRANCE AND CORRELATIVE PHENOMENA. By Leroy Sunderland. Published by James Walker, at the office of the Liberator, Chicago, Illinois.

The title of this book gives the reader but little idea of what the work itself contains. Spiritualists, as well as most other readers, would suppose by the title, that the work was designed to illustrate or throw some light upon that peculiar phenomena in nature which is at the present time agitating thought throughout the whole civilized world. Instead of which, however, Mr. Sunderland leaves the subject quite as much in the dark as it was before he committed his thoughts to paper. Indeed, it is apparent that the author is one of those men who "our Herod, Herod," in other words, Mr. Sunderland is so affected with Pathetism, his particular hobby in this book and elsewhere, that he overlooks all modern Spiritual phenomena which proves or disproves the truthfulness of theories, judging every presentation in the science of mind by his standard adopted twenty, more or less, years ago.

Indeed, so prominent is this trait in Mr. Sunderland's character as an author, that no considerable portion of his book consists of his own statements and newspaper articles in reference to his experiments in Pathetism, published nearly twenty years ago.

His theories in regard to the trance and psychological control of mind over mind, as well as magnetic influence of the positive over the negative, have been exploded by practical experiments daily, during the last fifteen years, in all parts of America, Great Britain, and upon the continent of Europe.

It would seem from reading this book that the author has given it a title admirably adapted to catch the eye of the best thinkers of the present age, the mind being everywhere agitated upon the subject of Trance—and thus get purchasers for the book.

We take no exceptions to this method of financing, as much good will grow out of it. The most casual reader will be benefited by it. He will see that the peculiar condition of the system, called Trance, the phenomena of the power of mind upon mind; the efficacy of magnetism as a healing agent; the existence of the positive and negative forces throughout the universe, are all realities, as yet but little understood, it is true, but all will become more apparent to the reader, after having perused Mr. Sunderland's book.

His arguments against the commonly-received theories of Spiritualists, while they have no weight of themselves, aid the mind in discovering the truth of the subject on which he writes. His explanations of many subjects, or rather definitions of phrases used in defining peculiar mental and physical conditions, in many instances, are good.

Mr. Sunderland, in the early stages of the most recent and remarkable developments of mentality, and spiritual phenomena, was a close student, but like many other minds he adopted a theory, and clings to it with such a tenacity, that he overlooks or ignores all evidence that militates against his preconceived opinions, an unfortunate, but a very common occurrence.

Mr. Sunderland relates a great many incidents that have transpired within his observation, which are very remarkable. That he formerly was, and for ought we know, is a very powerful psychologist, and that there is much truth in what he says in many of his positions, we have

no reason to doubt. His reason for the phenomena that he induced or was instrumental in developing, is to him of so much importance, that he does not for a moment lose sight of it. Pathetism, although suggested by another, is an adopted child upon which he loves to bestow his choicest caresses. Well, be it so, it is the child of his manhood, and the beloved of his old age.

Personal and Moral. D. W. Hull's address is care of PRESENT AGE, Kalamazoo, Michigan, during February. E. V. Wilson is engaged to lecture in Syracuse during February. All letters should be addressed to him at that place for the time being.

THE OHIO SPIRITUALIST has changed its name to the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Walt. Waitman is gasping again, and threatens to throw up some more of his poetry. Alexander H. Stevens is in feeble health, and his physicians think he cannot live long. Henry Ward Beecher is to contribute to the Advance.

Jeff Davis and family will pass the winter in the south of France. T. S. Arthur, the moral-novel writer, was noted as a dull boy. He is 60 years' old.

An effort is on the tapis to establish a boulevard around the city of Chicago. It is proposed to make this boulevard from 600 to 1,000 feet wide. The length would be about 15 miles, and the area required from 1,500 to 2,000 acres. A strip of 200 feet wide might be reserved for building lots, the sale of which would greatly reduce the expense of constructing the enterprise.

Amusements. The Grand Duchess at Crosby's Opera House, with the youthful and beautiful Sallie Holman, as the Grand Duchess, has been a grand success. One of our city contemporaries very aptly remarks that "the Opera has been very well received."

The audiences were large and very enthusiastic and the troupe made an unusually favorable impression, if we may judge anything from the echoes, which were very frequent and persistent. The pretty little Duchess, with her fresh voice, and Fritz with his really admirable singing, established themselves as unmistakable favorites. The season has been inaugurated with a decided popular, if not critical success.

Messrs. C. D. Hess and Co. with much pleasure announce the first and only appearance (since her return from Europe) of the world renowned American Prima Donna, Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg, in three Grand Concerts, (only) Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 1st, 2nd and 3rd, at Crosby's Opera House.

In order to make these concerts the most brilliant and varied ever given in Chicago, the management have engaged the very eminent Piano Virtuosa, Mlle. Ahda Topp, who, with Signor Lotfi, Primo Tenore; Signor Petrelli, Primo Baritone; Herr Kopta, Violinist, and Signor Stefanoni, Musical Director, will assist Clara Louisa Kellogg, at these extraordinary concerts. Admission, 81; Reserved Seats, 21, 30; Seats in Boxes, 82; Gallery, 50 cents.

The "Kellogg Ticket Office" will be at the Box Office of the Opera House, where the sale of seats for either Concert will commence Thursday, Jan. 28, at 9 A. M.

On Monday evening, January the 25th inst. Mrs. Scott Siddons made her debut at McVicker's Theatre in the role of Juliet, with a large audience in attendance. Mrs. Siddons' name has been so prominent before the dramatic world during the past few months that her debut is invested with more than ordinary interest. In personal beauty and presence, no woman on the stage can compare with her, and the charm of that beauty is so great that it would atone for a world of shortcomings. Her features are exquisitely moulded, her form symmetrical, her attitudes and poses full of languishing grace while the wealth of her dark brown hair alone would be a treasure to any actress. Like the maiden in the song, "She is young, she is beautiful," and it would be much easier to criticize her with closed eyes, than with open ones.

Her success is unequivocal, and she received the hearty applause of her audiences. Her engagement is for two weeks; during which time she is to appear in a variety of roles. We beg leave to commend the managers upon their good luck in securing this admirable and gifted artist.

"Cyril's Success" has been a real success in every respect at Aiken's Dearborn Theatre. It was played each night to a large and delighted audience. The play itself is good, in fact one of the author's best productions. In addition, it has been put upon the stage with excellent taste and judgment, so that even if the play were not the admirable one it is, there would still be sufficient attraction for the public. The parts are well cast and the cast is good. Mrs. D. R. Allen (Mrs. Cuthbert) never looked better.

It is to be kept on the boards during this week when we expect it will give place to the elegant comedy of "Working the Oracle." With new scenery and appointments.

This is one of the finest theatres, not only in Chicago, but in America; and in addition to the usual conveniences of a first-class establishment, will be found a Cloak and Hat room, where articles may be checked, free of charge.



Communications from the Inner Life.

My mail gave Miss Angela charge concerning "the..."
All Communications under this head are given through
MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. What causes the twig (hazle, peach or others) to turn down in the hands of some persons while walking over a stream of water that is under ground?
A. We see from the question that the originator of it thought that the cause was in the twig. We do not see that it is in the individual who may hold it. That it may sometimes turn we do not doubt; but that it always would, we are somewhat inclined to doubt that. You may take a piece of paper, cloth, or stick of any kind, or iron, or any substance you choose, and the same power will cause it to turn, simply showing there is a power outside of the individual which would cause a movement of whatever he might carry in his hands for the purpose of calling the attention to a certain spot. It is not that it is an intelligence which moves about that article, the person being in a receptive condition awaiting for such manifestations. When he reaches the desired point, it is sometimes made known to him by a movement of a stick, but not by a law or power of contraction, that is written on the twig or article, whatever it may be.

Q. Do spirits possess the power of prophecy? Can they foretell events that depend upon human agency? If so, what rules govern their knowledge in this particular?

A. Spirits that are embodied to look into the past and see clearly the present, may judge of the future. But to give it minutely, we never did think that they could do so to-day. They can judge the same as an individual upon the material plane would judge of the future by seeing the present; and their powers of perception being clearer, they may be able to judge more accurately, but yet not perfectly. Spirits possessing the desire to comply with the wishes of friends or acquaintances upon the material plane, oftentimes endeavor to tell them of the future. We must say that they are at times enabled to do it in a manner which contributes very much to the happiness of such friends, and yet at the same time, we would advise every individual, whether upon the material or the spiritual plane of life, to make use of their own reasoning faculties at all times. Listen to the advice given by friends whether they exist in the material, or spiritual plane of life, and if it is in accordance with their reasoning, make use of it accordingly; and if not, let it pass by as they would anything else. Do not let them unfold their own individuality, more especially and more satisfactorily to themselves.

Every human being has an individual identity unto itself; it is the blessed privilege and power to reason. And when he gives up that power to another, or listens to the advice of others instead of making use of his own good sense, his oftentimes becomes very unhappy, and blames whom? The spirit who gave him the advice which proved not for the best; when if he had used his own reason in the first place, he could cast no reflection upon any one but himself.
We would say again to every one to make use of his own individual powers of reasoning, and judge the same as others from cause to effect; and bear in mind that every effect is the cause of something higher, or ever-present is the cause of another effect. So when we reason from cause to effect, they pass right on from one to the other, just as clearly as thought will enable us to go. That which brings unhappiness, you might say which was the cause of happiness, but it is only the effect of a preceding cause; and so on through all time. From the past we may judge the same of the present, and think it will be the same in the future.

Q. Can or do spirits suffer from heat or cold, or from any external or physical causes?
A. When spirits take possession of the physical organism, they are subject to cold and heat. The effect is the same as the individual who possesses such organism would feel; but when upon the spiritual plane of life, they do not suffer from any physical causes. They may be grieved as a spirit would grieve while upon the material plane when they are not able to see into the future, and know the result; but physical suffering pertains to the material plane, and you will see that there is no suffering in the spiritual plane, physically.
Aug. 27th, 1868.

QUESTIONS BY MRS. WILCOXSON.
Q. What would be the result upon a medium, if a strong and positive spirit should seek to get control against his or her honest conviction of right? I would like to know what would be the result spiritually, magnetically and physically.
A. We feel that such being the case, they would hold that control until other spirits with stronger power than theirs, attained the ascendancy. It may seem detrimental to the subject at the time yet we believe there is wisdom in it. It convinces the subject and those who are acquainted with the facts that it is a power foreign to their own. The ideas expressed may be unpleasant for the subject to think they have given utterance to. The effect produced for the time being and for sometime afterwards may be as we said before, a strange—bewildered or lost sensation. Perhaps, physically, they will feel languid. Now mark you, without the magnetic and spiritual nature, the physical body would not contain within itself a sense of feeling. It requires the three, spiritual, magnetic, and physical, to make the one.
JANUARY, 21st, 1869.

LAUGHING WATER TO MR. JONES.

Say, Chief, what you suppose I come to this Media (medium) for? I suppose I came to make her feel good. I like her, but you don't call her squaw do you, Chief? Me no make big speech, but me wants to say something. There is a little squaw here, Chief, that is afraid to talk. You know little squaw? You live here in this place? Oh, I know what this place, Chicago be. It is where they give our (tripe) fire waters, and then take all ourshines (money) away. They do that on much—big much. They make us sleep, and then they take ourshines away. What you call it they give us, Chief—firewater? Whisky, that was it, Chief, that is what they give to our tripe, but they didn't give any to me, Chief—Some white chiefs here, bad, bunch bad.
You know my media? You know me—you no see me before? Don't you know my media—my media, brave? Don't you know chief Bryant, and don't you know me media with him that comes to your big room? You know his name—Buck? Do you know me name, Laughing Water? You know me, tell you me come and speak for you, for your paper news. I no came till now, Chief, me come now, first because me said me would.

Do you know me media, have lots of trouble? Her folks don't like her be Media for spirits; you stand me, Chief? Me have lots of big sorrow here. Her nice media, Chief. When her comes to our happy hunting ground, Chief, then her like me, and we have flowers, and everything nice.

I tell you, Chief, I like to come here, I tell you me like your paper news. Me think you good to make paper news, and me helps you too. Me help to bring you shines to make it go. Me not get shines, Chief, but me can get shines for you.

Going to make paper news, like big paper news, what you had, Chief? Make it so, chiefs and squaws can speak in it. Then you will let me make some for paper news too, won't you Chief?

Me comes lots of times, when Media gets down—what you call it—sorrow down? Despondent—feels no good feel—me come and take it away. Me come and take it away—what you call bad feel.

You know what me likes to do? Me likes to go on big spruce when chief sleeping in blanket, and me make nice things in the head—what you call it? Nice feel in head. Dreams—yes me do that many, many times.

Me like you, Chief, because you make paper news. Me bring big chief to make paper news, and make what you call it, communications for paper news. Me bring big Medicine Chief, to tell you what you takes to make you feel good, when you feels no happy.

When you going to make some more paper news—two, three, four or five days?

You know Chief Shade—medium Shade—what lives in Jackson, Michigan? Medium Shade's Owasaw spirit wants me to come and talk for paper news. His media ain't going to stay long time in your country. Use him so hard he got no vitals, what you call it vitality; so he can't stay long time with the body. Me come again, Chief, and me make you nice things in the head when you sleep in blanket. Me bring flowers and put them all around you, but you can't see them.

You got little squaw here, she nice little girl. She got blue eyes, and neat white face, and she bring you flowers. You got chief here too, and they got together to see you and see their—what you call it Chief—Ma ma? They got together to see their mother. You got nice chief here, he got brown hair, and he got blue eyes, and they go to see you many times, and the little squaw bring you a bunch of blue flowers, Chief, and you don't open your eyes and you don't see them—Nice, pretty little squaw; she make talk for paper news some day. She talk with me very often. She love her mother: she love her mother more since her brother come—Chief tell you something for paper news too, some day. You know we like you to make paper news, and that is for why you make paper news.

Good bye, Chief, Me come again, and bring flowers and make nice things in the head when you are asleep, what you call dreams, so me will. Me like you. You like me? Good bye.
August, 27th, 1868.

HARLOW REEVES.

Father, I come to redeem my promise. I can, not stay but a few minutes, but I will tell you of my real life after this. You remember, you said to me: "If after all you have suffered upon in this body—that is all we have seen of you, and is so much wasted away, and your life is all gone—if after all this you find an existence come and let us know it."
I come because I have found existence, and also to let you know this truth—that I live. You remember your thoughts, and if I remember rightly, they were in this wise: "Every thought comes out into the great ocean of thought, and there remains;" and this spiritual theory, you believed, was only giving utterance, to these thoughts.

Now, when I repeat this I am only giving your own thoughts. When I tell you of future things then you will know that it is not the thoughts that have gone, out which I am now uttering; and in order to convince you that they are not, I will tell you of something that will take place.

Nine weeks from this very day, when you will be sick bed, I will come to you. What will I say? I will say, "Father, I am come to fulfill my promise when I gave the communication to you." Now, that is sure to occur. You will wonder how I know that you are going to be sick, and very sick, too. Dr. James and Dr. Lewis, and every one who will see you will despair of your life. You will not die, though, you will recover from that illness and live on a long time. Another thing; brother Milton will come home to our house—your house—in five months. Yes, that's it.

Now, the time will have to pass away before you can be convinced of this, but you will surely be satisfied. You will be taken down with a

fever, but the name of it I can't tell, and I believe it will puzzle your physicians to name it, too. Now, father, these are thoughts that are mine—I give them to you. I don't gather them all myself, but there are others that tell these things to me. You will see that the thoughts given through this organism, medium, or whatever you may call her, are not thoughts gathered from the ocean of thought.
Shall I tell you that I am contented? If I should I should not say truly. I would rather have said there. You know why, without my telling you. How long have I been here? That would be no test to you, for this, you would say, may come from the minds of others.

My death was in different papers. Now you will wonder if it was not my name, and some of these things gathered from them. It is not, for I give these thoughts myself.
[hesitating] Now I am puzzled. I don't know whether to say just where—no I will not tell you just where to send it, for that is not best. My father's name is C. J. Reeves. My mother's name is Charlotte, and mine is Harlow Reeves.

JOSEPH STEARNS.

Pardon me, my friend, if I am intruding, but I come in answer to my father's prayer: Ever since my death, day in and day out, he has prayed for a word from me. He fears that I do not live—that I am lost forever, for he can find nothing on earth to satisfy him, that we live after death; and to let him know that I live, and that I am comparatively happy, though not perfectly so, is what brings me to you this morning. Now, dear father, you know I suffered for weeks; yes, months, before my death, and my suffering was so great that you could but be relieved when it was over, whether I lived after, or not. Indeed, I rejoiced with you that the suffering was past, and it was quite as hard for me to leave you, as it was for you to let me go.
Where I live, or how I live, I cannot tell. I know that I live—that I can see you, and see many others in our home, and I have met a number—quite a number that I knew while in life. If it were not for that, I don't know as I should be able to realize that I ever had an existence before this, everything is so strange; faces seem so different; every thing, every thing is so.

Now, in my room in that little brown box, you will find a picture—an old daguerrotype. In under that, in the bottom of the case, you will find a little note addressed to me, my lady friend. Take that note and give it to me. It is not for the value of the note but that you may know that I still remember any thing about those that were dear to me. My age you know, but I will give it to you, that you may see that I have not forgotten it; I was twenty-four years old in January before my death. I died in August, you know.

Now, dear father, this is so new, and so strange to me, you will excuse me for not telling you more; and should I never be able to give a word to you again until you come to me, remember that I am ever your affectionate son.
Aug. 27th, 1868.

IRA STILLMAN.

Sir, I want to say about ten or twelve, or perhaps fifteen lines. I don't want to bring my folks into this belief; for I tell you, sir, that I do sincerely believe that if all the people on earth had the same belief that Spiritualists do—sir, I believe it would be the ruin of them. I think it is wrong, very wrong to call this mode of manifesting ourselves, Spiritualism. Under this covering, I tell you, I would not dare tell all that is done. They talk about living up to their highest convictions of right, and then they say, "Whatever is, is right,"—why, such doctrine would be the ruin of the world.

At the same time that I don't wish to bring my folks into this belief—that is the belief of Spiritualism—yet I want them to know and believe for a certainty, that I have the God-given power vested in me to manifest myself to them now that I am dead, and yet live; and that's all I want. I don't wish to hurt anyone's feelings; I would not have you think that I do. They tell me that this woman here is a Spiritualist, and I don't know as I ought to have said what I did, on her account. [To reporter.] Are you a Spiritualist? [I am not.] Well, then, I haven't hurt your feelings, have I? Well, they should not make the broad assertion, that, "Whatever is, is right." Conversing with our friends after death, I tell you, don't make Spiritualism. There is not a person—not one—who, after he dies, would tell anybody that whatever he did was right. Murder, right? Stealing, right? Lying, right? and every miserable, contemptible thing that you can think of, right?

I tell you it is right wrong, sir. That is what I want to say. I want my folks to know just what I believe about it, too. Now, you can arrange things at home so that I can talk to you and not class yourselves among Spiritualists either. It will not make you Spiritualists my talking to you either.

Would you like to have me tell you where they live—my folks? Yes, if it satisfies me I suppose. Well, it don't satisfy me to tell you where they are. My name is Ira Stillman.

Now, my folks, you see I have been particular not to give one of your names. I don't want you to be picked out and disgraced. All I want of you is just to give me a chance to talk to you. That's all. I have said enough here to please you—and by the way, I don't know that I ought to have told you that. All you will have to do is, first,—[addressing the reporter,]—do you know how to get up a circle, sir? [The reporter replied "No."] Can you tell me anything near how to do it? [I suppose circles are formed by joining hands.] Well, supposing you put your hands upon a table so. [Placing the medium's hands flat on the table close to each other.] That's a circle, ain't it? All of you take a table, and get it all right; take everything off from it, and be sure and have a table that has

a wooden top, and sit around that table, and lay your hands flat down on it—that gentleman says take hold of hands, but I guess you had better lay your hands flat down on the table—and wait patiently for the result. I tell you don't be frightened when we come. Well, I guess I have got my fifteen lines. How much is it a line? I don't suppose you expect me to pay you, for I haven't anything to pay you with anyway? [We are glad to have all come here, free.] I am obliged to you, sir, I am obliged to you for your kindness to me. I don't know but you are kind to everybody.

If what I have said will hurt the feelings of this lady, why, you can just tell her for me, they are my honest convictions. I think she thinks that the honest convictions of every one are all right. Then she must not blame me for them.

Well, sir, I will bid you good bye, good day, or good morning, or whatever you may call it; and let somebody else have a chance, who does believe in thisism. I don't.

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it.
Of knowledge and the light of nature, wake it.
In richest fragrance and purest bloom:
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall live
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath sweetened one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
Who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

The Pigeons of St. Mark's.

A STORY OF FAITH AND TRUST.
St. Mark's Church is the great cathedral of Venice, it stands in the only square in the island city. In this church, it is said, the body of St. Mark was buried, who wrote the Gospel. The city of Venice is built on many small islands. It has canals instead of cars. Long, black, low boats, gondoliers, take the place of coaches. The city is very large, and its various portions are united by four hundred and fifty bridges, among which was the famous Bridge of Sighs, over which prisoners walked to the dreary prison, from which few ever returned. As they left hope behind them, the bridge obtained its name; for the prisoners sighed for liberty they might never again enjoy.

In front of St. Mark's every day at two o'clock, a most remarkable sight is seen. At five minutes before two not a pigeon can be seen; but the moment St. Mark's bell tolls out the hour of two, the air becomes black with the doves and pigeons. They fly from every conceivable direction, as if gathered by miracle. Tens of thousands, and it is said, hundreds of thousands of them, are gathered together at the sound of the bell, and they alight in the square, in front of the church. They do not gather except at this exact hour of the day. They know when two o'clock comes as well as any boy or girl in the land. They never mistake the hour and come at one or three, instead of two. When the pigeons, they suppose they have gathered has been ascertained, they separate, and are not seen again until the next day.

And what do these birds gather in front of that church for, by hundreds and thousands, every day, at a particular hour?
Well, I will tell you. Many years ago a wealthy old lady lived in the city. She was a Countess. She was a noble lady of the last century, and had no children, and one cold season she thought the birds of the city were not well fed. As she walked out one day she ordered her maid to give the pigeons some grain in front of the church. The Countess went with a very systematic old lady, and took her walk at the same hour each day. As she went by the church the next afternoon, some of the pigeons remembered her. They flew round and round the Countess, asking in their way, if she had any grain for them that day. The old lady was greatly pleased with their words, and with confidence, and sent her maid back for some food. The next day after that, just as the clock struck two, the Countess, with her servant, walked in front of the church and fed the birds. The birds knew the hour quite as well as she did. The flock increased until it was numbered by thousands, before the old lady died.

Thousands of people gathered daily to see the little birds swarm round the kind old lady and get their food. Before she died she made her will, and in it left a large sum that the pigeons of Venice might be fed every day at two o'clock. All the travelers who visit this great city now go to St. Mark's church to see the pigeons fed, and marvel at the accuracy with which they count the hours of the day, and know when two o'clock comes. God put it into the heart of that kind old lady to make provision for the little birds, for though two sparrows are sold for a farthing, yet our heavenly Father feedeth them. What comforted the little birds of Venice have in the kindness of the Countess, she last year died a great many years. Out of the thousands who are now daily fed, not one of them ever saw their kind benefactress; yet they come daily, expecting food, when the good old church-bell tolls the dinner-hour, and they are never disappointed. It is not our heavenly Father's kind, even to the unthankful, and the evil, who do not even ask, "Give us this day our daily bread?" Does he not send us daily food, and friends to take care of us, not one hour of the day simply, but every night and every morning of our whole life? He is the Father of Mercies from whom comes every good thing. We would be taught by the little birds of Venice, faith, and trust, and love.

Third Annual Convention of Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Reported by LORNA MAZAS.
Convention met and was called to order by D. M. Fox, President of State Association, Friday, at half past 2 o'clock P. M. Greeting song, by Mrs. Emma Martin. Prayers called on Mrs. Horton for an invocation. She said: "As our President has called for an invocation, I can hardly tell which is the most appropriate, a prayer or a thanksgiving, so silent and grateful do I feel in this hall this morning. I know the weather is unpropitious, but to me there is something of a special significance, because those who are not in earnest will not come out in the rain. I feel this afternoon the strange stillness that draws the angel world to us, and while they are hid from our view, they come like rain drops falling gently on our spirits. What higher greeting ought to be enough to induce us to come. It would pay me to come through quite a storm to meet your happy faces; and through this means we shall be further acquainted, and exchanging thoughts and ideas in regard to the Association, will make us better. I feel in the calm stillness of the atmosphere, and angels tell me we will have a good time. Then in our souls we will pray for the baptism of the Great Spirit of light and life.

Moses Hull. I do not wish to occupy much of the time. You meet once a year to find out how fast you have grown. I once belonged to the Methodist Church. I learned some good lessons there—one was experimental religion. We used to meet and talk and find out our whereabouts; but to day I shall not tell my experience—how I became converted, etc.—but to tell you where I am to-day. To use an orthodox expression, "my face is Zionward." I believe that heaven and earth are coming nearer together. Once it was all phenomena; but I see a deeper desire to come into closer communion with the world of spirit—not so much the world of spirits, but the world of thought, which is spirit. There is not gold enough in the world to buy my experience. Whether it has sown seeds of happiness or misery, I feel that it has blessed me. Every thorn will bear a blossom. When I put my experience in one scale, and what it might have been in another scale, I would not hesitate to choose the latter. No other religion ever took hold of the people as Spiritualism has. No poetry or sermon is listened to with interest unless the thread of Spiritualism runs through it. I have come here not only to enjoy myself, but to labor. I have blessing to wear out in this cause. The reading of Constitution being called for, the Secretary read it. The President then announced the name of officers whose term had expired and were to be supplied, as follows: Dorus M. Fox, L. B. Brown and J. C. Wood. Vol. D. M. Fox, President of the Association called the meeting to order at 4 o'clock. Dr. M. Song and instrumental music by Mrs. Lee, "Nature's Teachings." Invocation by Mr. Van Namee. The first address was by Moses Hull. The President said that the committees would not be appointed until there were more arrivals. The meeting was then adjourned for suggestions or remarks. Moses Hull called attention to the Spiritual Roster, published at Chicago. Col. Fox called attention to THE PRESENT AGE, published at Kalamazoo. Song and music by Mrs. Lee. Convention adjourned till Saturday at half-past eight A. M. MORNING SESSION.

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Saturday Jan. 9, 1869.
The Association was again called to order by the President at half-past 9 o'clock. The President introduced N. B. Starr of Port Huron the Spirit Artist, who had on exhibition some paintings executed under Spirit control. The following Committees were then appointed: Finance—L. L. Warner, Van Buren County; M. A. Reet, Ray County; Dr. N. Smith, Van Buren County; Mrs. Emma Martin, Calhoun County; L. S. Burdick, Kalamazoo County; Mrs. Juliette Hammond, Eaton County; Mrs. Rockwell, Calhoun County; Business—Dr. M. W. Warner, Kalamazoo County; Dr. J. K. Bailey, Lenawee County; S. F. Breed, Jackson County; Mrs. E. S. Samm, Hillsdale County; Mrs. Woodhull, Van Buren County. Revision of Constitution.—Hon. G. C. Walsh, Sturgis; Dr. C. D. Hampton, Ingham County; D. B. Harrington, Port Huron; Dr. D. Hine, Kent County; C. C. Randall, Detroit. Missionary Fund—L. S. Burdick, Kalamazoo County; N. Robbins, Berrien County; Mrs. Bailey, Calhoun County; Samuel Langdon, Kalamazoo County; G. P. Sams, Detroit. A reading of the Constitution being called for, as some were not present at the previous reading, the Secretary read it. Dr. Weyburn moved a recess of ten minutes to give opportunity for signing the Constitution. The meeting being again called to order, it was favored by a song from Mrs. Lee. Invocation by Mrs. Frank Reid. Dr. Bailey moved that in the transaction of business the usual parliamentary rules be adopted. Adopted. Dr. Weyburn suggested that the most profitable way of spending the time would be in consideration of the Missionary work. He thought it necessary to take some other steps: thought some of the Missionaries might suggest some plan and would like to hear from Dean Clark. Mr. Clark said he did not know what place have been devised by the Committee, but I have been in a quandary of mind to find an opening to the Spiritualists pockets. Still I hope there is a sense of honor that will prompt those who employed, and those whom we have served, to be just to us, and that there are some who will see the error on both sides, and be able and spirit to end means. I don't know of any better way than to make a statement of how things stand. If I can, I always avoid anything that pertains to finance; but I know there is such a thing as justice, and that the laborer is worthy of his hire. I have been some of the laborers and feel that I have done something in the State.

I hope the people are not disappointed, or faint-hearted in well-doing; but that the lessons of the past will only make them see the necessity of more work in the future. I know there is wealth in this State. I know it has been said we are an imaginative people—that we abound in words and resolutions. I hope we shall prove that we can do business as well as talk; and I hope the essential, the sine qua non, which is money, will not be wanting. Some of the teachings of our religion have gone down as deep as the pocket. I appeal to the honor of manhood and womanhood to come forward to the rescue. Father Woodworth: I have been a Missionary, not for a few years, but for many. I am a Missionary at large. I ask you to allow me to tell you what I have heard of Missionaries. I speak, not for myself, but for some of the people say. Promised aid has been withheld, because they say the Missionary has not visited the back places, but only the larger places. They say the Missionaries were expected to visit all parts of the land and they have not done it. Prof. E. Whipple: I think the idea was among some that pledges were made with a view to pay or not as the work was carried out to suit their peculiar views. I know that in Indiana there was much subscribed with the understanding that they should have just about as much speaking as the subscription amount to. Now this is wrong. There is not a member of any Church who would expect to have his missionary fund benefit him at home. I know a missionary has to depend on the amount of pledges by the State board. (To be continued.)

All ancient history, biblical and profane; the traditions and annals of all nations, impart ample proof of spiritual intercourse. Spirit power indeed runs parallel with the human race. If then the origin of the sacred writings is purely in the existence of spirit, their very consistency depending upon this fact, how can christianendom be ready to accept them on the testimony of men long since dead, why should we not be equally willing to receive the evidences of spirit power to day, on the testimony of living men.—Reicher.

LIST OF BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS... The following list of prices for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

Table listing various books and their prices, including titles like 'The Biography of Satan', 'The Devil and His Fiery Dominions', 'Bottomless Pit, Keys of Hell', etc.

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Seeing Spirits in Prison. There is a woman here in jail whose sentence of death has been commuted to imprisonment for life. She sees spirits. Has seen the woman she killed; talks of her coming to her as a fact of her prison experience...

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Poor Jesus! We feel sorry for you and your family. Only think of the virgin Mary giving birth to the same child as many times as there are planets and stars in the heavens...

"which was," Elias which was to come, must get used to decapitation by this time. Let us see, the troupe necessary to enact the tragedy of crucifixion would consist of thirty-two persons...

At this there was a great shout and laugh. Seeing how the tide was turning, we seized upon the suspicious moment, and said, "Come up to the desk, sir, you are not a bad man, you mean well..."

"Judge not lest ye be judged by that judgment ye meet out to others," we instantly replied. As this was said there stood up a man in the middle of the house...

"Leave the platform," we said, "it is ours and we intend to use it. Are there any others here who wish anything told them?"

"But," said he, "suppose, I cannot get the School House, what then?" "But you can, for Dr. Roberts says so..."

"Very well," said T. "We shall see if the spirits tell the truth," and then left us F. his home. The next day we sent him the handbills which read as follows:

"I am Melville M., son of Judge M., of G., and he says you had better stay at home." "Well, sir, permit me to thank you and your father, for the advice given; but say to him when you go home, that we shall speak in G. on Saturday evening, and will take the responsibility of meeting the mob."

"Well, sir, you are warned, now do as you think best," said the young man. "We certainly shall," we replied. Well, Saturday came, and in the afternoon we took a horse and sleigh, and in company with sisters T. and K. went to G. reaching the place of meeting a little late...

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Chicago Liberal and Spiritual Associations meet every Sunday at Crosby's Music Hall, at 10:45 and 7:30. Conference of the Friends of the Spiritualist, for the purpose of communicating to the address to—J. S. Barrett, Pres.

New York.—The Friends of Humanity meet every Sunday at 3 and 5 1/2 P. M. in the convention hall, corner of 11th and 12th streets, for moral and spiritual culture, inspiration and true speaking, special manifestations, and all phenomena...

Cleveland, Ohio.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet in Temperance Hall every Sunday for conference, at 10 1/2 o'clock a. m. Mr. George Boon, Conductor; Miss Clara Curtis, Guardian; T. Love, Secretary.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Meetings are held in Lyons Hall, corner of Court and Ontario streets, every Sunday at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 1/2 p. m. N. M. Wright, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian; J. B. Stewart, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Society of Spiritualists and Progressive Lyceum meet every Sunday at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. in Charles Fox Hall, President; Mrs. J. S. Barrett, Sec'y. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 1/2 p. m. Mrs. J. S. Barrett, Conductor; Mrs. J. S. Barrett, Guardian; Mrs. J. S. Barrett, Secretary.

Chicago, Ill.—The First Society of Spiritualists, prescribes their meetings for the fall and winter, in Library Hall, J. M. Bennett, Sec'y. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum of St. Louis, Ill. meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m. in Wilkes' New Hall, Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Jones, Guardian; Mrs. H. O. Jones, Secretary.

Lowell, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock a. m. E. H. Wright, Conductor; Mrs. J. F. Wright, Guardian; J. S. Whiting, Corresponding Secretary.

Lowell, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meet every Sunday at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. in the Hall of the "Salus Lyceum Association," but do not hold regular meetings, J. G. Gardner, President; Mrs. Curtis E. Gardner, Sec'y. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 o'clock a. m. John Wilcox, Conductor; Mrs. Thompson, Assistant Conductor; Miss Cynthia McCann, Guardian of the Sabbath.

Lowell, Mass.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings at 7 1/2 o'clock a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. in the hall of the "Salus Lyceum Association," but do not hold regular meetings, J. G. Gardner, President; Mrs. Curtis E. Gardner, Sec'y. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 o'clock a. m. John Wilcox, Conductor; Mrs. Thompson, Assistant Conductor; Miss Cynthia McCann, Guardian of the Sabbath.

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