

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

VOL. V., NO. 21.

Literary Department.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

BETRAYED.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NIMMER.

Once he was beautiful, happy, and bright,
With eyes of blue, woman's own light,
And lips of red,
Her feet kept time in the merry dance,
And her smile would many a heart entrance,
With the light of a star.

Her heart so loving, and joyous, and free,
Beat light as that bird's on yonder tree,
And his looked fair,
Sunbeams were scattered along her way,
And happiness came each passing day,
No clouds were there.

A lover, with honeyed words so sweet,
Handily bowed himself at her feet,
And staid for love,
She smilingly gave him her white hand,
In which he placed a golden band,
Beneath the stars above.

She rejoiced the eyes so brightly made,
Whence their light shined not a shade,
To her joyous heart,
Thus he won her love and promised to wed,
When the flowers of Spring their perfume shed,
And this did they part.

But the spring time came with its blossoms white,
Its showers and dewdrops bright and mild,
But he came not,
And the maiden waited and prayed in vain,
Striving to still her heart's dull pain,
Said was her lot.

Her fatherless child was laid in a grave,
Where a weeping willow cast its shade,
Not a tear she shed,
But with burning eyes and throbbing heart,
She saw, in her last hope and part,
With this early dead.

But a merciful Father rules above,
He scans not the heart that cries for love,
Father divine,
He scans not the heart that cries for love,
Father divine,
There is a clime

Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
A sweet celestial joyous home,
Among the blest,
Where such tried souls shall find relief,
Shall taste of joy instead of grief,
And be at rest.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR,

OR,

THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

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

BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

CHAPTER XXI.—COQUETRY, OR SOMETHING WORSE.

"You are acting very imprudently, Caroline," said an elderly woman to Miss Caroline Percy, in a tone of remonstrance.

This remark was made in the progress of a long chat, after dinner, in the drawing-room of Miss Percy's residence.

"Imprudently," echoed Miss Percy with a slight toss of the head.

"And very unwisely."

"Why, Aunt Percy? You ought to be under a thousand obligations to me for conferring upon you a name so decidedly aristocratic. I pride myself upon being a model of prudence and wisdom."

"Caroline—try to be serious."

"I will, Aunt Percy," said the young lady with a mock effort at gravity, which was belied by the merry mischievous glance of her sparkling eyes.

"What object do you propose to attain by offending Willoughby?"

Miss Percy hesitated, while she turned a handsome topaz ring three times round her ring-finger.

"I do not wish to offend him."

"But you will know that he will be seriously offended if he discovers that you receive and encourage the visits of Mr. Frederick Willoughby."

"He is a jealous fool. I know that," replied Caroline Percy, quickly.

"You are unreasonable, Caroline," said Mrs. Percy, adjusting her neat cap, of Brussels lace. "Besides, if he is of a jealous disposition, there is so much the more probability that he will dislike the course you are pursuing. And for what?"

"Perhaps I shall please Mr. Willoughby, Aunt Percy," replied the young lady, with an arch expression of countenance.

"Please Mr. Willoughby?"

"And what is of infinitely greater importance, perhaps Mr. Willoughby will please me."

"Every word you utter, serves only to confirm me in the opinion that I ought to remonstrate with you. Since your engagement with Mr. Pettigrew, you are not at liberty to try these experiments, in liking and disliking."

"I will prove to the contrary."

"How?"

"By having my own way," said Miss Percy, with a laugh.

not born to be the slave of any man."

"I am sure that William is very attentive and devoted to you. He humors your caprices and defers to your wishes."

"Granted."

"He is good looking—intelligent."

"Granted, dear aunt. I have the catalogue of his good qualities at my fingers' ends; but," continued the speaker gravely; "he is rather short in stature, has an undignified manner, does not dress in good taste, is always talking of business, has no abundant supply of cash, and does not belong to the circles of the ton."

"Do you mean to sacrifice him?" said Mrs. Percy, in a tone of inquiry.

"I don't know."

"But I protest."

"Don't, dear aunt," said the young lady, placing her hand over Mrs. Percy's mouth; "don't protest until I have had an opportunity of satisfying my own mind, and of developing my intentions more fully to you. I shall not determine hastily, imprudent, unwise and unreasonable as I appear to you."

"There is no resisting you, Carry, whatever may be your faults. The encouragement of the visits of Mr. Willoughby is not wise, in my estimation; but I understand less fully the cause of the protracted calls of Doctor Everard. You have entirely renewed your health and spirits, so far as I am able to judge."

"Oh! that is the best joke in the world," said Miss Percy, with a loud musical laugh. "Are you aware that I am extremely susceptible?"

"Yes, of nonsense."

"Do you know," continued the young lady, with animation, "that I possess a highly delicate nervous organization, an organization peculiarly subject to moral and mental influences?"

"Are you crazy, Caroline?"

"Doctor Everard assures me that my nervous system is remarkably sensitive, and has been so much interested in me that he has tried a great variety of experiments to develop the strength of my voluntary and involuntary sympathies."

"You are talking Greek to me."

"By no means. I have learned these big words from Doctor Everard, within the last two days."

"Explain."

"The grave, serious, sage old Doctor—how completely I have humbugged him. I read a paragraph in a newspaper sometime since, which intimated that the learned Doctor Everard was a believer in mesmerism. So when he called to see me the other day after my fainting fit, I entertained him with a succession of nervous twitches and spasms, which had no other origin than my desire to mystify him. I perceived him to be slightly engaged in making passes with his hands—passing occasionally to fix his dark, piercing eyes upon me. At length I became quiet, and by degrees fell into a calm unconscious slumber. Yesterday the Doctor began to converse with me on the subject, and by virtue of his hints and my native sagacity, I am making wonderful progress in the practical exemplification of the science of Animal Magnetism."

"How dare you practice such an imposition upon a man so eminent and learned?"

"What is his learning good for, if it will not enable him to detect the imposition of a weak unlearned woman? I have a notion that men of genius and talent are easily humbugged; they are so confident of their power, that they think it unnecessary to guard against deception."

"He will be very much displeased with you," said Mrs. Percy, "if he detects your artifices."

"Let me alone for that," replied Caroline Percy, gaily. "He is earnest, simple-minded, full of enthusiasm. I am just the reverse."

"You intend then to prolong this nonsense, under false pretences of ill health?"

"Just so long, dear aunt, as there is any excitement in the thing. I find a degree of pleasure in playing with the weaknesses of men."

"Can you not live without constant excitement?"

Miss Percy did not make any reply to this question, but rising from the ottoman on which she had been seated, she walked several times across the apartment with a thoughtful expression of countenance; then she stopped by the side of the elderly woman, and exclaimed vehemently:

"I wish I was a man."

"What now?" remarked Mrs. Percy, smiling.

"Are you ambitious of wearing a frock-coat and striped breeches?"

"Not for dress, nor for pleasure; but for the excitement of action. I desire to do something, to accomplish something; were it only for the sake of notoriety. What opportunity do the laws of society and the usages of the world afford to a woman? She is expected to cook dinners, nurse babies, and chatter nonsense."

"And you would rather shoot rabbits, spout politics, or fight battles?"

"I would prefer to mingle in the stormy scenes of human life, and to know by experience the emotions which spring from the events of an adventurous existence. Woman, though I be, I cannot, I will not, live and vegetate in idleness and obscurity."

The conversation between Mrs. Percy and her niece was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor—Frederick Willoughby.

"You are looking quite well to-day Mrs. Percy," said the young man, advancing toward the ladies.

"As usual, sir, replied the elderly woman, with a gracious smile.

Miss Percy rose from her seat and extended her hand to her visitor. He pressed it gently, and added in a subdued tone:

"And you too, Miss Percy."

"Caroline has lost the appearance of an invalid entirely," remarked Mrs. Percy, but Doctor Everard still persists in his attentions."

"You know, aunt," said Miss Percy smiling,

"that Doctor Everard considers me very nervous and excitable."

"Nervous! A young woman of my day was hardly conscious that she possessed nerves, unless she cut one of her fingers, or became the victim of the tooth-ache. Now, young ladies are almost universally troubled with weak nerves and imaginary languor. This comes of exchanging baking and spinning for poetry and music."

"Oh! aunt Percy," exclaimed Caroline. "Do not speak contemptuously of my favorite recreations. I delight in music and poetry."

"I second your appeal to the mercy of your aunt," said Frederick Willoughby, bowing slightly. "Your tastes are too elegant to be censured or ridiculed."

"As recreations, I do not object to poetry or music; but a woman should have some occupation besides reading on a sofa, or strumming a guitar; something, anything to banish weak nerves and the blues. Do you not agree with me, Mr. Willoughby?"

"I am not a physician, Mrs. Percy."

"You have succeeded, however," remarked Mrs. Percy, interrupting him, "better than Doctor Everard, in bringing the color to Caroline's pale cheeks, by your advocacy of her cause."

"Aunt," remonstrated the young lady, "it is your absurd attack upon my favorite pursuits that has excited me."

"Only nervousness," said Mrs. Percy, laughing. "I will not shock you any more to-day, especially as I have household duties to perform, which require my immediate attention. Mr. Willoughby will excuse me."

Mrs. Percy left the apartment.

"And now," said Frederick Willoughby, addressing Miss Percy, "as a fitting termination of the argument, I entreat you to sing some of your favorite songs."

"On one condition," replied Caroline Percy, with an entreating glance of her dark eyes, as she moved toward the piano.

"I agree."

"That you will honestly tell me when I have wearied you."

Miss Percy seated herself at the piano and played a delightful French rondo, in a brilliant style, after which she sang several airs from operas of Rossini and Donizetti. Her voice was a soprano of good intonation, and of great compass and power. The deficiencies of an ordinary musical education were compensated in a remarkable degree by the nicety of her ear. There were no discords, no false cadences in her execution of the most difficult passages of the Italian masters.

At length she closed her music books, notwithstanding Willoughby's entreaties. She did not, however, rise from the piano. Sweeping the keys more slowly and expressively, she warbled in plaintive, tender strains three or four Scotch and Irish ballads. At the conclusion of one of her favorite melodies, she turned toward the young man and encountered his eyes fixed admiringly upon her.

"So you are really fond of music?" inquired Miss Percy, smiling.

"Passionately fond of it."

"You have heard the best singers, of course, the principal singers I mean, at the opera and the theatres?"

"Yes, repeatedly."

"And yet you can listen to me?"

"With greater pleasure, Miss Percy, than I have ever listened to their artistic display."

"This you say by way of compliment," observed the lady, "while I have the most grave and serious reasons for ascertaining your real sentiments."

"I assure you that I speak seriously," said Frederick Willoughby. "The professional singers whom I have heard, possess, many of them, great musical powers, and wonderful brilliancy of execution—the fruits of long study and practice. But I do listen to them with *empathement*. They tickle the ear, but fail to reach the heart. I cannot banish the feeling that they are acting a part rather than pouring out the intense emotions of their souls in language that rises far above the sweetest strains of poetry."

"How does this criticism affect me?"

"You are the very reverse of them; not so highly artificial, perhaps, but you sing naturally, with great excellence as regards execution, and decided power over the feelings."

"I will explain myself frankly," said Miss Percy, with a slight degree of embarrassment. "You have been so partial and so complimentary, as to commend in high tones my reading and singing. By so doing you have involuntarily become an accomplice with my natural vanity in urging me to attempt a theatrical engagement."

"Why are you surprised? Do you think that I have no reasonable prospect of success?"

"Your announcement was unexpected. Are you really in earnest?"

"Really."

"But your aunt. Are there no objections to such a course except the danger of failure?"

"I understand you, Mr. Willoughby," replied Miss Percy. "There are objections on the score of delicacy, which a woman must be prepared to surmount before she can trust herself to the criticisms of a promiscuous audience. There are prejudices, too, against professional actresses and singers, which, however unjust, are unquestionably painful and annoying. Still I am compelled to repeat the question: do you think that I have no reasonable prospect of success?"

"By no means."

"Since I have opened the subject, I will state to you the principal reason which influences me. The income of my aunt is exceedingly limited, and I am wholly dependant upon her. If I do, therefore, possess talents which are available in the production of a reasonable income, I feel it incumbent on me to employ them to the best advantage."

"The motive is highly honorable to you, Miss

Percy; and yet I venture to suggest that you should fully consider the subject before you act upon it."

"Such is my intention."

The feelings which had been excited in the heart of Frederick Willoughby, by the frank communication of Caroline Percy, were of a singularly mixed description. The most predominant, however, was the flattering consciousness of having been selected by a lady, young, handsome and accomplished, as a confidential advisor and friend. It was probably under the influence of this sensation that he said emphatically:

"If I can assist you in any way, Miss Percy, command my services freely."

"You are very kind," replied Miss Percy, with a blush of grateful acknowledgement.

"Aunt Percy and I are comparative strangers in this city. We have few friends and receive little company. In the pursuit of my theatrical studies, if I determine to embrace the stage as a profession, I shall desire to profit by judicious criticism."

"Unquestionably."

"If you will condescend to listen to me occasionally," said Caroline Percy, with a dazzling smile, "and will regard me not as a partial friend, but as a stern critic, you will confer a real service upon me."

"But I am no critic," replied Willoughby, in surprise.

"It is not so much the rules of art as the teachings of nature that I seek to master. However, I hear my aunt's footsteps, and as this project is still a secret from her, we will change the conversation."

Mrs. Percy re-entered the apartment, and shortly afterwards Frederick Willoughby took his departure.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin. A Strange Affair.

A number of our city physicians went out to Burlington yesterday to investigate the case of a child which for twenty days has been in a trance. The case is pronounced one of the most remarkable that ever came under the notice of the medical faculty, and there is little wonder that it creates something of a sensation. In the report of the affair published in the *Wisconsin* of yesterday, we had not sufficient details to explain the case thoroughly, but are enabled to do so to-day from the lips of persons who have seen the child.

A little girl twelve years of age, named Mina, daughter of Christian Rausch, a German farmer, living about one and a half miles from Burlington, Racine county, in this State, had a severe attack of measles and diphtheria. She had nearly recovered from these on the 8th of January, when she called her father to her bedside, and told him she was going to sleep, and that she should sleep for a long, long time. She said she should look as though she were dead, but she should not be dead, and she made the father promise that he would not bury her, which promise, it may readily be supposed, has been faithfully kept. Soon after making the request, the child, to all appearance, sank quietly and peacefully into her last sleep. By all odds it was supposed Mina was dead, and the body was enshrouded and placed in a coffin. After the sleep, the body showed no signs of death, although the pulse and the heart ceased to perform their pulsations, and no device could show that the respiratory organs were in use. The eyes closed.

In this state Mina has lain now for twenty days without a sign of life and with no sign of death, other than a sinking of cheek and eyes, which would be natural with one who had fasted for so long a period.

Three days ago a vein was tapped and blood flowed as naturally as it would in a living person. A blister raised on the flesh precisely as it would on that of one alive. A neighbor of Mr. Rausch told our reporter that he had pressed a finger on the hand of the girl. Her flesh was solid, and upon taking away the finger, the spot was white. In a few seconds the color came again, precisely as it would if the flesh of a living person were pressed in the same manner.

Under these circumstances it is reasonable for parents and friends to believe that the child lies in a trance, and there is little wonder that the case is attracting so much attention among the medical faculty. It will be watched carefully to the end, and with interest. A large number of persons have visited the house of Mr. Rausch, and all express themselves as lost in wonder and amazement at this strikingly strange affair.

A Tale of Horror.

They that would be rich suddenly, fall into divers temptations. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which some coveting, have pierced themselves with many sorrows.

Many years since, a seafaring man called at a village inn on the coast of Normandy, and asked for a supper and a bed. The landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them, and invited them to partake of his cheer, and they many questions about themselves and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead.

The landlady showed him to his room; and when she quitted him, he put a purse of gold in her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning, pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband, and showed him the gold. For its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body.

In the morning came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveller who

had arrived there the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said he had risen early and gone away.

"Impossible!" said the relations. "It is your own son, who is lately returned from France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days, and he resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct toward way-faring mariners."

Language would be incompetent to describe the horror of the murderers when they found they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long-lost child. They confessed their crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence on the scaffold.

THE DEMAND OF THE AGE.

Mrs. Hattie J. French of Philadelphia, in the *White Banner*, gives us some elegant thoughts upon the subject which forms the caption to this article:

The demand of the age—what is it? It is a question that requires culture of thought—not intellect, on a scientific plan. Aspiring into the mysteries of nature, is a demand of the age, through which great untalented in every scientific branch will be brought to light, through the great "I am," revealed in the divine law—God give you your beings to devolve into the highest capacities of scientific literature and art, he also gave you spiritual endowments, which he imbedded within the enclosure of your animal beings, but which are lying dormant, waiting for the light of the gospel teachings, of Spiritism, to shine in upon the darkened portals, to nourish and bring out the hidden beauty within. This is the demand of the age we live in—Friends of freedom arise. A war has caused the nation to tremble for its freedom—are you free? No. Your souls are bound by the fetters of oppression and prejudice. Spiritualism has not become popular enough in Philadelphia, they have no fashionable hall, of their own, they are not zealous enough, they do not meet the demands of the age. The church people have caught the spirit of the age, and are under the contagious influence of little Planchette, that is doing something towards the great revival among the spiritualists of Philadelphia.

BRIGHAM YOUNG ON LONG DRESSES.

It has more than once been observed that human nature was about the same, the world over. So we observe that in spite of their religion, the Mormon women of Salt Lake, are more or less the devotees of fashion; and among other follies, it appears they are addicted to that trailing skirts; concerning which Brigham Young takes them to doater the following manner:

"It is a disgrace for a community to drag cloth in the dirt. How many women are there here to-day who walked to this Tabernacle without throwing dirt every step they took, not only on themselves, but upon those who walked near them? I shun them; when I see them coming, I try to make my way in some other direction in order to avoid their dust. I have borne it, and so have my brethren, until duty demands that we put a stop to it. I have politely expostulated with my wives and daughters on this subject. I have asked them if they think it looks nice, and have been told that it did, their reason for thinking so being that somebody else wore it so. That is all the argument that can be brought in its favor. There is no reason in the world why a dress looks well trailing through the streets. On the other hand, I will say, ladies, if we ask you to make your dresses a little shorter, do not be extravagant and cut them so short that we can see the tops of your stockings. Bring them down to the tops of your shoes, and have them so that you can walk and clear the dust, and do not expose your persons."

Trim your Wicks.

The Coal oil fiend is killing its victims constantly. Anything which will avert the danger should be known. The *Burlington Argus* says:

The explosion is caused by a practice of neglecting to cut off the charred portion of the wick when the lamp is filled; observation will show that in a few days use, the wick becomes charred in composition, for an inch below the top of the tube containing it, and after the lamp has burned a short time the heated tube fires at the charred portion of the wick inside, and that sets the oil on fire below. This may be prevented by cutting off a sufficient portion of the charred wick each day after using the lamp.

Life.

At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hazy greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured, and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate?

Is it any more sinful for men to galvanize than for women to paint? In either case they appear in borrowed colors.

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished the master by the following translation: Vir, a man; gin, a trap, virgin, a man-trap.

"John, how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as it is to trade horses." "Why so, Pete?" "I'd cheat somebody most effectual had afore night."

not, how could they be instrumental in degenerating upon the child in embryo, an exact resemblance of the object from which they originated. For example: The deguerreotype on the metallic plate is derived from you, and possesses a well defined form, because it is derived from an object that possesses form. From your deguerreotype or negative, as it is sometimes called, any number of likenesses of yourself can be taken, called photographs. The likeness of the deer, in the case above mentioned, was first projected on the retina of the eye, the electro-emanation of which, uniting with mind magnetism, created thought or impression, which must necessarily be of the same form as the object from which it is derived, for thought or impression, or even consciousness, without a form or organized structure, based upon the action of certain principles or conditions, cannot have an existence. It is absurd to suppose that thought or impression, or even what is termed consciousness, is a chaotic conglomeration of some sublimated substance existing somewhere in the interior of the brain, devoid of a well defined form.

Take for example, a person that has been rendered insane in consequence of the deleterious action of certain surroundings, and who constantly sees the images of certain objects in nature constantly before him. These images appear as real to him as anything in existence could to us; and though objects in likeness similar to the images that appear before him, have an existence in nature, yet they are not derived from them, but from the impressions which they had at a prior time made upon the mind. If the images which he sees, have no position among existing realities in his presence, they must, of course, exist wholly within the mind, and therein they possess form, or otherwise they would be recognized in a different manner.

It may be urged by some that our theory is too materialistic in its nature, asserting that the evanescent thought or fleeting impression, is not only composed of highly sublimated matter, but possesses a well defined form also. If our theory be true, what evidence have we that our whole being will not finally become so changed through the action of inherent forces, that it will lose its identity and consciousness?

The physical organization during its whole life is constantly undergoing changes under the guidance of certain principles or conditions. From the air we breathe, food we eat, water we drink, and impressions we receive, the physical organization is nourished and sustained, and it is their combined action that fully develops the physical man. The many changes, however, that take place in the organic structure from infancy to old age, would seem to indicate a like change in the spiritual organization; therefore, what reason have we, what tangible evidence can we present, that when the body dies, the spirit is born into a new world of transcendent beauty and loveliness. We could refer to the many tests of spirit presence given through different mediums, to the wise sayings and predictions of the man Jesus and his beloved disciples, to the teachings of Confucius, Swedenborg, and a host of others, to establish the fact of a future existence, yet that evidence would not be satisfactory to the skeptical mind, especially to those who do not believe in the Spiritualism of the Bible, or the manifestations from the invisible world through the mediumship of different persons now living. I desire independent of all these, to establish an immortal existence for each individualized soul on the face of the earth, from the groveling savage to the giant in intellect.

Man, as is well known, is an epitome of the universe. His first existence on this earth did not commence at the time designated in Genesis, but dates back in the vista of time, fifty thousand years instead of six thousand. The sixty-eight primal elements that enter into the composition of the earth and its surroundings, may be found in the organic structure of man, so utilized that the spirit can manifest through them its transcendent qualities. The creation of plants, animals and finally man, was not an accident, but the result of a design, or in other words the action of certain principles or conditions brought them into existence. Admitting this, I am not proving anything in relation to the immortality of man the reader will say. As I remarked before, there are sixty-eight primal elements that enter into the composition of the earth and its surroundings; they may be also found in the organic structure of man, therefore he may be regarded as an epitome of the universe. In those sixty-eight primal elements, thirty-four are positive, and thirty-four, negative; or in other words, thirty-four are male, and thirty-four, female, united in the physical organization of man or woman, and so blended in harmonious action, that they produce a spiritual organization that will endure throughout the never-ending ages of eternity. The action of one primal element, male, with another primal element, female, is not productive of a spiritual form that possesses intelligent consciousness, and it is not until the sixty-eight are united in marriage, as it were, or harmoniously blended together, that spirit is emanated therefrom through which the divine attributes of Deity can be well manifested. Man is cosmopolitan, a microcosm of the universe, in which are blended in harmonious action, the thirty-four positive, male, and the thirty-four negative, female, elements, resulting in an outgrowth that is immortal. The uniting of these sixty-eight primal elements is not merely to produce an organic structure that will endure three score and ten, but to create or organize thereby, a spiritual organization that will endure forever, and it is natural that it should do so. Thus, if only sixty-seven elements entered into the organic structure of man, the result would be entirely different, for then there would not be a perfect equilibrium in the outgrowth of the same, for it is only when the equilibrium is destroyed in the action of any combination of elements that death ensues, and a consequent dissipation of the materials composing the body.

When all the elements in nature become well

and in harmonious action, a result is produced that is, not only immortal, but through which the divine attributes of Deity are manifested or foreshadowed.

Olathe, Johnson Co., Kansas.

[To be continued.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Dwarfed Vibe.

BY A BIBLE STUDENT.

CHAPTER I.

There is truth in everything; yet there is as much danger in looking beyond where it lies, for it, as there is in falling short of it. The mind of man has ever been inclined to look beyond the real truth to the land of mystery and mysticism beyond.

For example, in all inventions of every kind, the first trial-machine is always a very complicated affair, and in perfecting it, every change for the better is made by simplifying it. Experience teaches us the simpler, the better.

So it is with God's laws. They have ever been taught us as being very mysterious, and incomprehensible to all; our minds being constantly stretched into interminable mystery beyond where the real truth is. We need never look beyond ourselves to solve the whole mystery.

Many live in the ideal world, looking beyond the real, for something to satisfy the mind. But, kind reader, remember that God hath passed upon all things, his eternal fiat, *Harmony and Simplicity*. He who looks beyond simple harmonious conditions, will never find rest, will never be satisfied. This interminable mystery, or looking beyond the real truth, is the great cause of the present distracted condition of the religious element. It is this mysterious setting forth of certain tenets, as the true doctrines founded in the Bible, that has so long held the imaginative mind in its mystic power; inducing it to exclaim, "Mystery of mysteries, great is the mystery of godliness."

Had these sectarian teachers followed in the footsteps of Christ and Paul, as they claim they have, they would have understood as Paul did, when he declared, "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, and received up into glory."

All these are mysteries of godliness, without controversy, but with controversy, all is made plain. To such as will not think or investigate, all is mystery; but to the thinking, reasoning soul, all is made apparent.

There are millions of souls that are living upon this superficial, believing the doctrines that have been preached to them as being true, and founded in the scriptures, never thinking it best to spend any of those wasting moments in searching for themselves. Hence, the power of the Pope over the Priest, the Priest over the people, and the master over the slave. "Keep your subjects in ignorance, and they will make better slaves," is a popular axiom.

An Irishman, one of the most firm adherents to the catholic faith I ever knew, and one who firmly believed that there were portions of the Bible that common people must not read, for fear of the displeasure of the Almighty, once said, "In that part of the Bible where common people are not allowed to read, it teaches that Jesus Christ and Saint Peter made the world; but principally Saint Peter."

This conveys its own lesson of instruction, and will serve as an eye-opener to all thinking minds; and lead them to comprehend and endorse, the declaration we are about to make, and which will constitute our subject for the next chapter: viz, "If infidelity consists in a rejection of the Bible, then four fifths of the religious element of to-day are infidels!"

This declaration may startle many, but you will certainly allow me the pleasure of offering you the evidence, ere you condemn.

Phenomenal.

Letter from J. Gage, M. D.

BROTHER S. S. JONES:—Permit an old man, living on borrowed time, to relate to the readers of your excellent paper, an incident that occurred to me yesterday morning at a seance in Crosby's Hall, by Miss De Evere. The circumstances are as follows:

I went to the Hall rather late, and the front seats being all filled, I was compelled to take a side seat, getting as near the stand as possible. When the lady came down from the stand, she approached me first and warmly shook my hand saying she was the spirit of my departed wife who died with a consumptive disease, a long time ago, some distance from here, and that she wanted very much to communicate with me.

She told me that our first-born, a premature birth, who never breathed in the form, was with her; also our only son who died when two and a half years old, and she indicated to me the cause of his death which I hereby state to be substantially true. I would state further that I was a total stranger to the large audience and none of my friends knew of my attendance at the Hall. The medium never had seen me before.

J. GAGE, M. D.

Peter West The Medium.

A PINE TEST.

About the seventh of January, 1869, two ladies called upon Mr. West, and informed him that a boy about fourteen years old, the son of one and nephew of the other lady, had been lost about two weeks; and they wanted to know if he could aid them in finding him. Mr. West told them that he thought he could, if they would bring him something that the boy had worn previously to leaving home. They went and obtained one of the boy's shirts. Mr. West took it in his hand, and after holding it about three minutes, he says he felt as if he was passing through the air at a point near Lake street bridge, (West's office is at 129 South Clark street,) when it seemed to him that he fell into the river just

above the bridge. Then he apparently sank to the bottom of the river, and walked southward to Eighteenth street, looking carefully over the bed of the river as he walked along. At Eighteenth street, he saw rays of light which he followed back down the river over the course he had been examining. Then he seemed to rise up obliquely from the earth towards the clouds, but could see neither sun nor moon, but could see the stars. He continued to follow the rays of light before mentioned, which seemed like a silvery cord.

After passing upward a distance which seemed to him to be fifteen or twenty miles, he came into the immediate presence of the spirit of a boy, who said to him: "I am her son. I fell into the river in one of my fits and was drowned. Tell my mother that my body will be found to-morrow. She will recognize it, although my head and arms will be absent. This light which you see that proceeds the other way, pointing obliquely downwards, goes to my mother's house. It is the road I go back and forth to her house. Tell mother I go frequently back and forth, and am nearly all the time with her, and I shall yet give her a direct communication. Good by, I will see you again."

He then came out of the trance, and told the mother and aunt what he had seen. The next day the boy was found by men who were cutting ice. In sawing the ice, his head and arms had been cut off.

Besides the mother and aunt, several persons were present and heard what the medium said. This medium is almost daily giving tests of spirit power.

Voices From The People.

Is Wilsona Myth?

Is Wilsona Myth?—Is your E. V. Wilson a Myth? If not, why give a fraudulent address? There is no Post Office named Lombard in the State given.

ANTI HUMBEG.

Columbus, Warren Co., Pa., Jan. 16th, 1869.

REMARKS.

Are you quite sure you are not a humbug? You are undoubtedly one who believes in a personal God, personal Devil, local hell and heaven, plan of salvation, vicarious atonement, the holy trinity, and plenary inspiration of the Bible, etc.

In reply to your interrogatory, we would state: E. V. Wilson is no myth or humbug, as thousands of your faith have believed; but on the contrary, he is a man, weighing some two hundred pounds, an excellent orator and seer, and withal, one of the best test mediums in the world.

Your ignorance in regard to the thriving town of Lombard, is almost unparadise. For your individual benefit—as every body else in the United States knows the fact—we will inform you, that Lombard is situated twenty miles due west of the city of Chicago, which place, perhaps, you have not heard of, (if you have not, you can mention the fact in your next) on the N. W. R. R. which leads due west from Chicago to Council Bluffs, connecting with the Pacific R. R. at Omaha, which is to terminate at San Francisco, via Salt Lake City, all of which, you probably have not heard of, but which you are at perfect liberty to enquire about.

Our Children.

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

The Dark River.

"And she said, 'It is only a little brook.'"

By that strange, mysterious river, On whose banks we mortals shiver, Shrieking, with a nameless terror, from the deep and rolling tide;

Stood a child, as pure in seeming, As if she had caught the gleaming From the Throne of Glory streaming, ere she reached the other side.

Once a troubled look stole o'er her, And the mighty stream before her Seemed to swell in crested billows, "dashing onward" to the main.

Will her fragile bark be driven By the gale, its white sails riven: Or will aid to her be given, ne'er before implied in vain?

Does she see the angels hover All around her and above her: Hear the waving of the pinions which will bear her safely o'er?

Does she see the shining portal, Leading her to joy immortal: Hear the glorious anthem swelling from that dim and distant shore?

Al! shudder the hand that guideth: And her trust in him abideth Who the winds and waves contriveth; Who, in any bid the truest cause:

In that trust, which faith never, Doubt and darkness did forester, And her childish face grew radiant with the light of heavenly peace.

For one moment backward turning, With a glance of tender yearning, Love and gentlest sorrow blending in that last, that parting look.

Passed she from our mortal vision To the Blessed Land Elysian, Murmuring in tones of gladness, "It is but a little brook!"

Chicago Sunday Times.

"Somebody Loves Me."

BY MRS. O. M. JOHNSON.

Two of three years ago, the Superintendent of the Little Wanderer's Home, in Boston, received, one morning, a request from the Judge that he would come up to the court room. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty, and forlorn, beyond

even what he was accustomed to see. The Judge pointed to the (utterly homeless and friendless) and said—"Mr. —, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly; I'll take them all," was his prompt reply.

"All? What in the world can you do with them all?"

"I'll make women of them."

The Judge staid out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again: "What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T.—repeated, firmly, and hopefully. He took them all home. They were washed and dressed, and provided with a good supper and beds. The next morning, they went into the school room with the rest of the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the Judge thought was small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T., in reference to her—"I never saw a child like that; I have tried for an hour to get a single smile and failed."

Mr. T.—said afterwards, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen, sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl—only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office and said pleasantly—"Mary, I've lost my little pet, I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman, a doctor and she went to live with them. I miss her and I should like you to take her place, and be my little pet now; will you?"

A gleam of light lifted over the poor child's face, as she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents, and told her that she might go to a store near by, and get some candy. "While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned, in a few minutes, he said to her, "Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me; pick up these papers and make it look real nice."

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her just as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school room after dinner, with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant; and half fearful of some mental wandering, she went up to her, and said—"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh! I've got somebody to love me! somebody as if I love me," the child answered earnestly, as if he were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one, like and been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was this certainty that some one loved her, and desired her affection, that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face!

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful home in New England; but more than all its comfort and beauty, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her father and mother.

Shall we who have many to love, and to love us, refuse to be comforted, to see any value and use in life, any work for our hands to do, because one of our treasures may be removed from our sight—from our home and care to a better?

And oh! shall we let any of these little ones go lingering for affection—go up even to God's throne, before they find "one to love them?"

A Thorn in the Pillow.

How pleasant it is when night comes and we are weary, to lay our heads on a soft pillow and go sweetly to sleep.

But it often happens that our pillow contains a thorn! I have just read a paper about a child who found a thorn in her pillow, and it hurt her very much. Shall I tell you about it? Well, here is the story:

A little girl went to visit her grandmother, who lived at some distance from her mother's and father's home. She seemed happy all day, for she had everything to make her happy; but when her grandmother went to look at her after she was asleep, she saw tear-drops on her eyelashes.

"Oh!" said the old lady next morning, "you were a little homesick last night, my dear."

"No, grandmother," Mabel replied, "I never could be homesick here." It was just so the next night, and the next. At length grandmother thought, as the child seemed troubled, that she would sit up in the next room until she went to sleep. Presently, although Mabel was tucked up, she began to rustle the quilt, and shake her pillow, and her grandmother heard a little sob, so she went to her and said:

"Mabel, my child, you have a thorn in your pillow; what is it?"

Then the little girl hid her face, and began to cry aloud. Her grandmother was very much troubled. At length Mabel answered:

"O, grandmother, when I am alone here, I cannot forget how I said, 'I won't mother, and I cannot unsay it; and mother is good, and loves me so much, and—I was so naughty.'"

And the tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. Here, then, was the thorn in her pillow, and she could not withdraw it. And so it will be, by-and-by, with the little boy who is selfish and unkind at home. When he is away among strangers, he will think of the home of his childhood, and the recollection of some unkind word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night. And the little girl who does not care to help her mother now, will find a thorn in her pillow when that mother sleeps in her grave.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Lecturers to promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for Lecturers only, and it is so rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address, leaving particulars to be learned by special correspondence with the individuals.]

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J. G. Albo, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. N. N. K. Anderson, trance speaker, Detroit, Wis.

Mrs. M. K. Anderson, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., P. O. Box 45.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott, developing medium, 127 South Clark St. Room 16.

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Dr. A. F. Ames, Address Box 2601, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Anna E. Allen, Room 44, 129 S. Clark street, Chicago.

Charles A. Anders, Flushing, Mich.

Joseph Baker, Editor of the Spiritualist, Appleton, Wis.

Wm. Bush, 163 South Clark St., Chicago.

A. P. Bowman, Joyfield, Michigan.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, Scarsdale, Ill.

Dr. James K. Batley, Palmyra, Michigan.

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Mrs. A. F. Brown, St. Johnsbury Center, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.

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Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, Address West Randolph, Vt.

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Add. Bryan, Address Box 23, Camden P. O., Mich.

Isaac P. Greenleaf, Address for the present 82 Washington avenue Chelsea, Mass., or as above.

N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Laura De Grove Gordon, San Francisco, Cal.

W. A. B. Hume, Address West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.

Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker, Lacon, N. Y.

K. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan" Address Richmond, Ind.

Laura De Force Gordon, all lecture in the State of Nevada till further notice. Permanent address, Treasure City, White Pine District, Lander Co., Nevada.

Dr. L. P. Girdler, Address Box 125, Fort Wayne, Ind.

R. D. Goodwin, lecturer, Richmond, Mich.

O. B. Hazdine, Maize, Mass., Wis.

Dr. M. Henry Houghton, Address Rock Island, Ill.

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Mrs. Nellie Hayden, Address No. 20 Walnut street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Mrs. P. O. Hyzer, 121 E. Madison street, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. A. Hun, will receive calls to lecture Sundays, Grand Water, Michigan.

Dr. B. B. Holden, North Chardon, Vt.

Charles Holt, Columbus, Warren Co., Pa.

J. D. Hassall, M. D. Address 294 Walnut street, Chicago.

J. W. Matthews, Heworth Hill, Mich.

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H. A. Jones, Sycamore, Ill.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

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

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

For Terms of Subscription see Premium List and Prospectus on eighth page. Resubscribing money to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to state whether it is a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

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 W. Smith.

84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the sword.

HARMONY IN ALL THINGS TAKEN TOGETHER.

Shall we analyze this word, explain its nature, and the phenomena of its action? How few understand it, or appreciate its deific qualities. In this world, in all phases of life, we seem to discern nothing that indicates that harmony reigns, or exerts that salutary influence, seemingly necessary for the happiness of man. Discord in the family circle! Fears between husband and wife! Contentions in Church and State! Strife everywhere—harmony, seemingly nowhere!

Harmony, the poetry of life, the sweet cadences of which may be found in the chimes of pure, unspotted souls! Harmony, the essence of life's noblest impulses, permeating all our acts and diffusing its fragrance into all the purposes of life.

Harmony, the Angel of Peace whose presence sheds a halo of joy over the pathway of man.

We seek harmony, but seemingly, rarely ever find it. The human mind is so constituted that it can not grasp all intricate questions intuitively. What one mind could rarely grasp and understand, another would, perhaps, see nothing that would be worthy of commendation.

In the grand procession of events from time to eternity; in that beautiful pathway in which all humanity are marching to the music of old Father Time, we find all things taken together constitute the most beautiful and perfect harmony—not one discordant note in the millions of voices that echo from the various planes of life—not one misstep in that grand procession of humanity from the cradle to the grave! This idea may seem strange and somewhat vague to those whose soul-choords vibrate to none of the joys or pleasures of life, and who constantly look on the dark side of every scene, that all things taken together constitute the most beautiful and perfect harmony imaginable.

Look at yonder battle, and see contending armies striving for the mastery, and the spoils that lie before each, respectively. The cannon ball that carries destruction in its pathway, the groans of the wounded and dying, and the tumult of battle, when united with true deeds of charity, the songs of love, and the onward movements of all things else, constitute the most perfect harmony, not one discordant note, as it were, arising to mar the harmony that prevails. God is the instrument, mankind the notes, the acts of life the songs, the Wide-Spread Universe the book, and the human mind the storehouse; and from that instrument, or in that book, nothing can be found but the sweet flowing melody of harmony. You who think there is discord in God's Universe, never drank at the sweet fountains of superior knowledge. You comprehend not the true nature of Infinity, but think yourself an element of discord, instead of harmony, in the Universe of God.

In all the various phases of life, whether in the palatial residence with its luxuries and wealth, or cramped by the pinching hand of poverty, you are only an element of harmony in the grand procession of events from time to eternity! What, no discord, no strife, no contention, no tumult in life? How so? Poets, seemingly, never dreamed of that. They have wandered in the flower gardens of Nature, drank from the fountains of gushing truth, reveled in the delights of the empyrean, and inhaled the fragrance of nature's choicest works, yet they never sang of harmony in all things, for they were never brought in rapport with the Spirit of Music, the chief element of God.

Again; the Wide-Spread Universe is the Book of God, and He alone writes in its sacred pages. God is its author, mankind the subject, the acts of life may be found in the index. Go to that book, the Wide-Spread Universe, turn over its mystic pages, examine its index, trace the progress of events, and find discord there if you can. If you do, impugn the motives of the Most High; breathe blasphemous words against him, for He, and He alone, is its author. He wrote it. Turn over its first leaf. See yonder beautiful valley, flowers nestling here and there manufacturing from the laboratory of nature the choicest extracts; hear the sweet thrills of joy from the numberless birds; let your soul-choords vibrate to the gurgling melodies of the rippling stream; see nature's ceaseless activity; repose under the shade of the majestic trees; revel in the luxuriant grasses; listen to the silent language of all things—all of these and many more, are on the first page of this magnificent book which God Himself has written. What wrong there? What discord in that moving panorama which God Himself painted? Point out His missteps, say wherein the author has by the association of scenes, made discord. No where, you answer. My soul drinks in the gushing melodies that seem to spring forth from united action of all things taken together on that first page of the Universe of God. Turn over another leaf. What greets your vision? A beautiful episode in the work of creation! A bubble on the rippling stream of time, to burst only to obtain new life in a purer and better home. Man is created. Look at the scene, first a simple point, a deific element. It assimilates from all the primitive elements of creation; and finally, man bursts forth on the

stage of existence. His creation is the second chapter in that great book, the Universe of God.

In this creation of man, we have a more full expression of the God element. In the first chapter, he rudely, as it were, expressed Himself. Yet, there was something transcendently beautiful in all his works. The sublimity of the towering mountain, the grandeur of the lake and river scenery, the beauty of the woodland and the varied scenes every where presented to the vision, were well calculated to please; "but as one star differeth from another in glory," so do the works of God differ. One note in the chromatic scale of man represents a certain sound; so in the chromatic scale of God Himself, man the note, no two represent the same sound, for it is by that diversity that harmony is maintained. In this book of God, the Wide-Spread Universe, we find discord nowhere. The cry of poverty, coming up in plaintive tremulous tones from some weary heart, the whimpers of the sick and afflicted, to near and dear friends, the voice of benevolence to all humanity, are the sweetest tones in that volume of harmonious sounds that well up from the Universe of God.

This book, the Universe of God, is well written and finely illustrated. Its illustrations are from Nature; they are realities; nothing artificial, nothing there that could be dispensed with.

But again, what of harmony in all things? Read carefully this book of God. Did He not write it all? If not, who was His amanuensis? Is He not responsible for the illustrations? If not, who was His artist? Did He not create man? If not, what architect and builder besides Him? Did He not intend that harmonious melodies should spring forth from all His works? If not, who has more power than Him, to introduce discord?

Think of all this, child of earth. You are, each one of you, an element of harmony in the Universe of God. Whatever your position in life, whether high or low, great or small, ignorant or wise, you are a beautiful link in that grand procession from the cradle to the grave. Glorious thought! Magnificent conception!

Fountains of truth, how sweet your gurgling waters, how beautiful your flow of melody! The human mind expands, the whole soul is illuminated with the thought of the grandeur of God's Universe. Harmony, we bless thee! You are the chief element of the Infinite!

DIVORCE.

There are some questions that will not down at our bidding.

Evide them as we may; seek to hush them up as we will, they will talk, and we cannot help it.

The social question is one of them. Every effort to divert the attention of the public from it, has thus far proved fruitless. When our opponents in the church grow jubilant over the immorality of Spiritualists, they usually have hardly time to straighten their faces, before some Reverend Scamp elopes with one of his parishioners, leaving the church in consternation.

Father Hecker, in his lecture in this city, made some very startling statements, that all classes would do well to consider. He affirmed that in some states, the statistics showed that one in twenty-five of the marriages solemnized resulted in divorce, and taking the Catholic population therefrom, would materially increase the proportion.

Our Orthodox friends, with a gravity that is only equalled by their impudence, have been in the habit of shuffling the whole of this trouble upon Spiritualists and heretics, generally. Father Hecker assured us that it was only Protestantism, "Gone to seed." Evasion for the most part never settles anything. We may throw dirt in each other's faces until doomsday, and it will not stop the impetuous tide of social discord that is sweeping through the length and breadth of society.

We must go to the fountain, learn if possible the cause of our difficulties, and then attempt their adjustment with all the powers that we possess.

The difficulties that crop out in the marriage relations, are no proof that monogamic marriage is a failure, any more than counterfeit bills are a proof there are none genuine.

One true marriage is sufficient to establish the fact that such a relation exists, and the knowledge of the laws that govern it, may pave the way to the realization of more of the same nature.

No arbitrary decree can make or unmake a relation, at once so intricate and fruitful of either happiness or misery.

Laws and ceremonies do not make rights for us.

Our rights are native, inborn, eternal, and all that legislation can do, is simply to protect us in the rights we already possess by virtue of the nature we bear; therefore neither Priest, Court or Jury, can make or break a relation, so intimate as that of marriage.

They can only sanction, and protect that which nature has already decreed.

As society now is, we sanction, and legalize marriages, without scarcely an inquiry regarding the parties so bound, and refuse to divorce them, or rather recognize a divorce that nature has already made, without giving to greedy scandal-mongers, the undoubted prerogative of impugning the motives, and assailing the characters of those seeking to dissolve such relation. Marriage is made, honorable; divorce, dishonorable.

We can never hope for a better state of society, until all that pertains to the Marriage relation are made an important part of our educational system, that all may acquire a knowledge of the laws upon which its happiness and perpetuity depend. At the same time, strip from divorce the odium that now attaches to it, throwing around each the fostering care of a society, that feels the importance of the most pure and truthful relations.

Happy, efforts are already being made in this direction.

The Social Science Convention, in this city, was one step on the royal road.

Let us hope that reformers will not neglect to agitate and investigate this important subject, until the terrible stains, such as infanticide and the long list of miseries that follow in the wake of unholy relations, are wiped out by the introduction of a more wholesome, social system.

DID NOT GET THE JOURNAL.

Two or three persons have informed us that some of our three month's trial subscribers have failed to get the JOURNAL.

That mistakes should be made in spelling the names of the post-offices, as well as the subscribers, is very natural; as in many cases, it is almost impossible to read such names from many letters we receive. If our friends will be a little more particular in writing plainly all proper names, it will save much trouble to us, and insure greater certainty of papers reaching subscribers promptly.

Some delay necessarily accrued, from the over-cautiousness of our Chicago postmaster, in detaining several bags of papers, fearing we were sending out free papers without prepaying postage. All such difficulties having been obviated, and the JOURNAL, having moved on from this great centre, we hope they will be successful in finding their way to every new subscriber, in due season hereafter. If any one fails to get his JOURNAL in due time, advise us of the fact, and all source of complaint shall be promptly ferreted out and removed.

Our friends appear to be in earnest in looking up and sending us trial subscribers, and we are equally in earnest in sending them a good paper, and on time, so as to insure that which is designed—permanent subscriptions.

THE CAUSE IN SPRINGFIELD—DR. BLAIN.

Dr. Blain has created quite a sensation in behalf of Spiritualism, at the capital of our State. He gave a course of eight lectures, in January, on which occasion he gave over two hundred tests, which has had the effect to create quite a revival, absorbing most of the State Officers.

The Dr. is a very pliant instrument in the hands of his Spirit Guides, and when fully controlled, can give tests through him as fast as he can talk.

The eagerness with which the people of Springfield filled the lecture hall to hear Dr. Blain, shows how eager human souls are, to get tidings from loved ones gone before, to receive evidence of a continued life beyond the grave, as well as how a good test medium is hailed and appreciated by the hungry masses.

Where these gifts are found, the medium should be kept at work and well paid; which we hope will be the case with Dr. Blain. His lectures are universally well received, a fact which, added to his gifts as a test medium, makes him a valuable laborer in our ranks. Besides, he is a genial, unassuming gentleman, and leaves a large and lucrative practice in this city to engage in this work of life, light and joy to mankind. He speaks for the folks at Springfield during February.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

The strictures of Brother Wilson upon the Davenport brothers, is timely, and doubtless will do good. But let it be borne in mind that these brothers have received their full share of abuse, aye, persecution, at the hands of the public, and not infrequently, at the hands of Spiritualists. They have nobly stood their ground, and done battle for the cause of Spiritualism. While their conduct may not meet the approbation of many, we are willing that they should pursue that course which the spirits, who control their senses, impress them to follow. That they are first-class mediums for physical manifestations, we know, and it is not our province to condemn, because they do not conduct their business as we might think most advisable.

THE CASE OF MINA HAUSCH.

In another part of the JOURNAL, we publish from a Milwaukee paper, an account of the singular entrapment of this young lady. Her case is creating quite a sensation in the vicinity of Milwaukee; and no less throughout the country; and the determination of this singular case will be looked for with much interest.

She has now lain for over twenty-five days, without appearance in many respects dead.

Dr. J. W. Coleman, of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, is out in the Daily Chicago Tribune of the 3d inst. in which he says he has just visited the "Mysterious trance girl," at Burlington, and pronounces her actually dead. He gives it as his opinion that there has not been the least sign of life in her body for the last twenty days.

As anxious as we are to know the true state of the case; and to give it to our readers, we know that there is no way of ascertaining except to wait. We shall endeavor to learn the result and give it to our readers at the earliest opportunity. Knowing that similar cases of trance have occurred, induces us to anticipate that this young German girl may be another, or similar case.

ANOTHER NEW SPIRITUAL PAPER.

We are in receipt of No. 2, vol. 1, of a new spiritual paper, entitled "THE SPIRITUAL LIGHT." It hails from San Francisco—is a beautiful small eight page sheet; and besides its neat and tidy mechanical dress, is freighted with interesting spiritual matter.

It is edited and published by Geo. W. Morgan, 742 Harrison street. It is published monthly at \$1.00 per annum.

CONSOLIDATION.

The SPIRITUALIST, of Janesville, Wisconsin, has been consolidated with the Ohio SPIRITUALIST. Brother Baker will still keep an office in Janesville, Wisconsin, and will have the care of the North-West Department. The paper is still to be the organ of the Wisconsin Spiritual Association.

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 up 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.

If you wish to become strong, bend your energies to the promulgation of the truths of our philosophy in all its branches among the masses. A good weekly newspaper, devoted to that subject, widely circulated among the people, will make it an easy matter to support lectures and lyceums. We ask our friends everywhere, new and old subscribers, to give us a few hours each, of their time, in presenting our proposition to their neighbors. On our part, we will guarantee to give you a weekly visitor, that all who receive will be proud to exhibit it.

THE WESTERN RURAL.

The above is the name of a "Weekly for the Farm and the Fireside," published simultaneously at 192 Madison street, Chicago, and 192 Jefferson street, Detroit. H. N. F. Lewis, editor and proprietor.

The Western Rural has already entered upon its seventh volume with most flattering prospects of unparalleled success. It is a large sized, eight page sheet, printed upon excellent paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains choice articles from the pens of the very best American agriculturists.

The Rural is illustrated with many of the very best designs for the objects intended to be shown. For general reading matter, brother Lewis' paper will be a welcome visitor to every family where it may once find readers.

Terms, \$2.50 single copy, per annum. In clubs of four, \$2.

Premium lists with full particulars, extra specimen copies, posters, &c., sent on request. Address H. N. Lewis, Publisher, at either Chicago Ill., or Detroit, Mich.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS.

We have just received from Judge Edmonds, of New York, a quantity of valuable tracts, treating upon subjects of great interest to Spiritualists, which we will forward to any one wanting the same, free of postage, on receipt of twenty-five cents.

These tracts are stitched into nice pamphlets, so as to be kept together or cut apart for gratuitous distribution, as may be most desirable.

We know and advise our readers of the fact, that Judge Edmonds is an eminent jurist, a sound thinker and a gentleman of large spiritual experience. In giving these tracts to the public, gratuitously, he manifests a degree of philanthropy and true manliness that would be highly commendable in thousands of other Spiritualists much better able to do so, financially, than Judge Edmonds.

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

GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.

We would invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this Company in another column of our paper.

While we are well aware that, in many cases, companies for mining purposes are organized for the purpose of swindling the public, we believe that the Globe Gold and Silver Mining Company is an exception, and that it is what it purports to be, a genuine enterprise for mining purposes.

Horace Greeley, who never endorsed a dishonest man or a bogus enterprise, thus speaks of the President of the Company, J. Winchester:

"We know that his enterprise, energy, temperance and assiduity are unsurpassed, and whatever he undertakes, he does with all his might. The good faith of his statements may be fully relied upon."

We fully endorse the statement of Mr. Greeley.

LITTLE THOUGHTS.

The above is the name of a beautiful Pictorial Magazine for the little ones, published in this city. It is printed on fine white paper, and profusely illustrated. It has a Musical Department, edited by J. A. Butterfield, the well known author of "When you and I were young, Maggie." The little ones, everywhere; will be pleased with it, for it is perfectly adapted to them.

Subscription price, ONE DOLLAR a year. Send ten cents for specimen number, to the publisher, L. H. Dowling, No. 104 Madison street, Chicago.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

The first installment of manuscript for the Pacific Department having arrived, we shall commence, next week, the publication of the same, hoping our readers will be well pleased with this new feature of the JOURNAL.

The Frontier Department, the Pacific Department, the Inner Life Department, the Children's Department, Speeches from Inspired Speakers, Gems from Correspondents, Original Essays, etc, always contain something to interest and instruct.

MUSIC HALL MEETINGS.

By an unanimous vote of the audience, Miss Clair De Eyere, is to remain for the present month to speak and give tests, at Crosby's Music Hall. This, more than any other fact, evinces her popularity as a speaker and test medium.

The morning sessions are now devoted to public Seances and the evenings to lectures. She invariably draws full houses, and her auditors attest their appreciation and thanks by frequent and prolonged applause.

The mind is the mirror of the soul.

Library Notices.

Starlings Progressive Papers, a neat little work, treats in an interesting manner, of Man, Woman, Children, Angel, Spirit and our Globe, under the following heading:

Divine Unfoldment, Sociality, Spirit of Progress, the Nazarene, Regeneration, What is Man? Cheerfulness, Spiritual Phenomena, Voices from the Spirit Spheres, Self Hood, Ideas, their Rise and Progress, Depravity, Plea for Little Ones, Earnest Words to Mothers, Angels, What are They? A. Private Seance and Transformation.

It is well worth double its price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

The Spirituelle, or Directions in Development. By Abbey M. Laffin Ferree.

This is designed more particularly for those who desire to unfold their mediumistic qualities; yet it can be read with profit and pleasure, by any one, as it "sparkles all over" with rare gems of thought.

Price, 30 cents. For sale at this office.

Our Planet, its past and future; or Lectures on Geology. By William Denton. Published by the author. Boston.

This valuable work has already reached its second edition: a sufficient guarantee of its usefulness and popularity. It treats upon a subject which is, justly, becoming one of signal importance to the history, philosophy and religion of the globe. The ideas are presented in a brief and concise manner, in the form of familiar lectures, and it may be truly said of it, *multum in parvo*.

As a specimen of his familiar style, we quote from his remarks upon the formation of coal, page 124.

What could have produced this singular-looking, black, inflammable rock? How many times this was asked before Science could return an answer! She does it now with confidence. Coal was once growing, vegetable matter. Take a piece of bituminous coal, and, on closely examining it, you will find in most cases what looks like fragments of charcoal; the fibers of the original wood plainly visible in them. By grinding down a piece of bituminous coal very thin, and examining it through a microscope the very vessels of the wood may be distinctly perceived. Nor is this all; examine the mine where the coal is obtained, and on the surface of the shale, immediately above the coal, you will find innumerable impressions of leaves and branches as perfect as artist ever drew. Dr. Buckland thus eloquently describes the Bohemian coal mines:

"The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion with which the galleries of these instructive coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, hung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black color of these vegetables with the light ground-work of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees of forms and characters now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigor of their primeval life."

Musements.

Sharpley's Minstrels at Wood's Museum, nightly attract crowded houses. This is their thirtieth week in this city. This week, they offer more new features: "Scenes on the Pacific Railroad;" "Good Bye Susan Jane;" "Lively Boys and Girls;" "Donovan O'Banney;" to conclude with the new sketch, "Our New Theatre."

Matinee Saturday at half past two o'clock. February 8th, the great "Harry Macarty."

Theatre Comique, corner of Clark and Monroe streets. George J. Deagle, Manager. Also manager of Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, will open for the season as a first-class place of amusement for ladies and gentlemen, on Monday evening, February 8th. The largest company in the world. A multitude of attractions! Mammoth entertainment! Including Drama, Farce, Pantomime, Ballet, Gymnastics, Minstrelsy, and Classical Tableaux.

For lists of Artists see future Bills. Admission, 50 cents. Orchestra Chairs 75 cents.

This is the second and last week of Mrs. Scott Siddons at Mc Vicker's Theatre. The Repertoire for the week is as follows: Monday, February 1, Sheridan Knowles beautiful five-act play of "The Hunchback;" Tuesday, "As You Like It;" Wednesday, "Romeo and Juliet;" Thursday, "Ingomar;" Friday, Farewell Benefit of Mrs. Scott Siddons. Saturday, Grand Siddons Matinee. Next week, the beautiful Worrell, Sisters, Sophie, Irene, and Jenny, with their entire Opera Bouffe Company and full Chorus. Seats can now be secured.

The great feature of the week in this city has been the concerts of Miss Keillogg at Crosby's Opera House.

Her first of the present series was given on Monday evening, February 1st, to an unusually large auditory; and constituted her fourth appearance in Chicago; and the welcome she received was one of which any artist might be proud, quite equalling if not excelling the Pareps and Ristori furores. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity in every part, the orchestra stall even being filled and the lobbies closely packed. This interest has been kept up at each succeeding concert throughout the week and series. They were withheld, however, on Thursday evening to make room for the first presentation of the great extravaganza of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which was given to the entire strength of the dramatic company. In addition to the attractions of the piece itself, which are of no ordinary character, an array of miscellaneous talent has been secured which will fill the piece full of novelties. Among them are Mlle. Turnour, a young lady of fifteen, who will perform acrobatic feats upon the trapeze at the extreme height of the Opera House; Mrs. Oates, the vivacious comedienne and singer, who made such a favorable impression in "Undine;" Miss Fanny Stoqueller, who has an ex-

Communications from the Inner Life.

Who shall give the answers concerning this? All Communications under this head are given through MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit world.

Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life sessions, should be laconic, well written, and directed to the editor, when convenient for the questioner to be present at the session.

INVOCATION.

JAN. 26. Let us pray, and as we pray let us not send our thoughts away to an unconscious being, but to one that is ever with all, but never seen. Let us pray for a more perfect unfoldment of our interior natures. Let us know more of ourselves; for we feel that by knowing ourselves interiorly, we shall know more of the God who gave us that interior nature, and also if we understand the powers within ourselves, we shall be, then, better able to act and deal kindly with our brothers and sisters. We feel, oh, Spirit of Life that Thou hast implanted Thyself in our innermost soul. We feel that to know Thee as Thou art, is to be conscious of Thy power, to ever feel Thy life principle permeating and pervading our whole being—that we may be a source of truth and happiness unto ourselves, in our external manifestations, we shall show that we have a God-given principle interior—within and without. Everything in the mineral, vegetable and animal, comes some time to harmonize with Thyself; and when we, as conscious beings, understand ourselves, then we shall look into things below us which shall be harmonized in our every-day life. Let us look within the casquet, knowing that it contains an inestimable jewel. When we find it, we shall feel that it is in accordance with the Divine will, that every soul should manifest itself according to its interior nature, although their experiences may differ everywhere, yet we can claim that it is God's will, and not for us to be the judges. To realize this, is all we can ask, and for light from that source which is all light and truth, we will ever pray.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY MR. FRANCIS. Q. Who stands foremost in ancient and modern history, as a reformer? A. Jesus, the son of Mary and Joseph. Q. Will you explain the difference between electricity, magnetism and nerve aura? A. Electricity, we find in the atmosphere. When applied to the human system it is called magnetism. Nerve aura may be called that which emanates from electricity in the first and magnetism in the second place. QUESTION BY JAMES H. MARSHALL. Q. What is the origin of thought? A. If we could conceive of a time when thought had a beginning, we could then conceive of a time when it had an ending. Thought is like life, Deity itself. We know of no time when it did not exist, consequently we cannot tell of its origin. BY ISAAC RAY. Q. Are there any spirits present whom the undersigned knew in the earth life; if so, are they able or willing to communicate, and identify themselves by a statement of facts concerning themselves or myself, from which I can judge of their identity? A. It is possible that there are some present, yet they do not make themselves known to me. They may, at some future time, if they do not to me, then, to some one else. If at any time, they should desire to manifest themselves through this organism, I should be most happy to give them all the assistance it is possible for us to give. Q. What are the opinions or expectations obtaining in the spirit world relative to Christ and the resurrection of the body, as revealed in the scriptures? A. Indeed, it would be a difficult task to tell all of the opinions and expectations upon the spiritual plane of life as it would upon the material plane. As we have said before, we believe Christ to be one of the greatest of reformers; one that has done, in one sense, the most good to humanity. From the fact that people are so constituted that they have to have something tangible to look at—something that did really exist upon the natural plane like unto themselves, and also something to fear as well, then he certainly was one of the greatest, and did his work nobly and well. That he was sent by God to perform this mission, we do not think there are any spirits upon the spiritual plane that entertain an idea that he was sent particularly, any more than any other individual to perform that mission. It was his work, his lot, thus to be born into the world, to suffer all that he did while in it, and to pass from it in the midst of tortures as he did.

QUESTION BY MR. CLARK.

Q. Does the medium's own spirit abdicate in favor of the controlling spirit, or do they both possess her at the same time; and if so, are they cognizant of each other's presence; and if cognizant, is that presence always harmonious? A. That the spirit must, of necessity, leave the organism, and give place to another, is not our experience. The spirit of life, which animates the physical frame of the medium does not leave, neither is it conscious of our presence. Yet, on the other hand, we are conscious of the presence of the spirit of the organism, whether it be the one we have possession of now, or any other. Again, there are mediums so constituted that they are conscious of the spirit presence, foreign to their own. In that case both are alike conscious, and must of necessity harmonize, or else the external senses of the medium would be closed to external things upon the material plane. As we have said before, the spirit re-

main in the organism; yet it is no more conscious of its presence than it would be in a dead sleep, conscious of those around. When we say dead sleep, we do not mean the sleep of death, but simply the closing of the external eyes, so to speak.

QUESTION BY MR. MERKIN. Q. Why is it that an extremely strong desire on the part of an individual to converse with a spirit through a medium, seems to repel the spirit rather than attract it?

A. Really, we do not know that such is the case. The fact that they have a desire so strong is sufficient evidence that the spirit is near unto them. That desire, in no way that we are aware of, prevents the spirit from manifesting itself through the organism. In the first place, they have to have the power to control the organism before they can manifest themselves to any one. Yet it is possible that the cord of sympathy may be so great that they cannot influence the medium as readily as they would if it were otherwise; yet it does not prevent their being present.

Q. Why can not a spirit manifest itself as readily and easily without the presence of a medium as with?

A. Some spirits can do so, while others can not. It is sometimes necessary to have something to attract the attention externally, of those upon the material plane of life, as well as those upon the spiritual plane; and again, there are many spirits that could not control a medium to manifest themselves to friends without the aid of a medium. Spirits can be present and impress upon the mind of an individual or individuals, their wishes and desires; yet that individual is not conscious whether it is something in his own mind, or whether it is really an impression made by the spirit. And if it is by sounds, then they attribute it to some other cause besides that of spirits. And as all persons upon the material plane of life are not clairvoyant, they could not materialize themselves so that they could see them.

There are numerous reasons why they can not. We believe the time will come, when individuals upon the material plane of life can converse as freely with those upon the spiritual plane as they do with one another, now upon the material plane.

Q. Is it possible for the inner man, or human spirit to actually and entirely leave the gross material form and afterward return, and continue to dwell in its earthly form?

A. We do not think it is. It is not uncommon for bodies to lay in a condition apparently lifeless, yet the spirit has not left the form.

We believe that when a spirit is once freed from the material organism, whether it is made conscious upon the material plane or not, it will never return to that body again to occupy it as it was wont to do. And again, if life was extinct, it would not have the power to return again if it would. It is many times the case that mediums say:

"I am not to be influenced now, because I am so weak and have become so debilitated from sickness."

Well, if it is not easy to control a sick or diseased body, I am sure it would not be easy to control one that is inanimate. The powers of reasoning are given us to make use of; and it seems to me that any one can reason upon the question for himself, and answer it for himself.

Q. Is not the fact of the body being alive, evidence of the presence of the spirit?

A. I suppose that our questioner has in his mind, cases where spirits are supposed to leave the body, or at least think they do themselves; and also cases where it is supposed that the person was actually dead, from the fact that to all appearance, the spirit had left the body. So the fact that life was there, and you could see, from the appearance of the body, that there was life, and knew that there was life, it would be evidence of the spirit occupying that body. But if the body, on the other hand, has the appearance of death, then there is nothing which you can see, that is positive evidence that the spirit is within.

Q. I apprehend that you do not understand the question which I propounded. Is it possible for life to continue in a body after the departure of the spirit?

A. Not the life principle of the human soul, yet there is life everywhere—there is the life principle both in animate and inanimate existences. We feel that the spirit has left, and when the spirit has left the body of necessity, life has left the body.

Q. Does the spirit while controlling the medium, ever feel that sensation which would cause pain to the medium in the normal state—for instance, would you feel the excessive cold, warmth in the room, or any other sensation which would be annoying?

A. Indeed, it would not be a source of annoyance had I not possession of the medium, but when I have, then the organism is mine, so that any thing that would annoy her in a normal state, would annoy me now. Anything that would cause physical pain she would not feel, but it would give me the same sensation of pain it would her in her normal condition. She might feel the effects of such pain afterwards, but would be unable to tell how it came.

FROM CRAZY JERRY.

I suppose good folks, I can come here and there is no use of you saying, I can't; but to come, and find yourself in a body like this, I tell you it is a pretty hard matter; yet whatever you do, you must keep your word good, I suppose. I shant be very apt to talk to anybody here, because I don't know anybody, I didn't come here to talk to anybody—that is anybody that is here. You know what I mean, I suppose. I came here because I was told that I could come—because, in the first place, I wanted to, and because in the second place, I wanted to see if I could; and in the third place, I wanted to let my folks know that I could come. It is a very nice thing—it is a very easy thing for people to say what they would do; but I tell

you it is not so easy a thing to do after all. It was always strange to me why it was, that a person had to go through with such a sight of trouble, when they had to stay such a little while you know. If I staid 110 years, it is but a little while, that is if you believe in eternity. I didn't stay a quarter of that time either. Oh, what a mighty easy thing it is to think—to think what I would do, oh, yes, I would do—oh, I would do a good many things, yes! But you would do a mighty little I tell you if you only had such a hard time as I did, and that's just the long and short of it.

You say I was crazy? Well, I don't know but I am crazy yet, I don't know but I shall always be crazy. But God made me so, if I am crazy; I suppose he made me just what I am, and if he is a mind to leave me crazy, why, then he did, that's all. Now do you believe that? What made me crazy? What is it that makes anybody crazy, I would like to know? I will tell you, what I believe, I believe that within the head—within that which you call the brain—I believe there is a balance wheel, and if you think too deeply upon any subject, why, you get that out of balance. And if you are sick, you get out of balance. If you have a blow on the head, you may get it out of balance. There is a great many different things that may get out of balance; and when it is out of balance what is the result? They are crazy. I tell you what, if you only just know how to go to work to hit just the right blow on the head, you might give a good knock and bring back the senses again. But you see since I got out of my body I aint crazy. But when I came here in this body, why there it is again. When I came here to this body, I would just as soon think I was crazy now, as to think I ever was crazy. I never thought I was crazy. But when I came to leave my body and come here, then it was I saw I must have been crazy or else I would never have done as I did. Now that is so.

It is a very, very wrong idea for you to treat crazy people the way you do. Now I just want you to think of this a little bit. If a person is crazy, God knows they have the worst of it, and you are never going to make them right by harsh treatment. I can tell you that, never sir. Never sir. And may be you never would make them right by kind treatment. That may be so too. But I tell you if you have got any conscience in you, you will be glad you treated them kindly, instead of treating them harshly, when you come to think the matter over. I was treated—iff I say just what I think, you must excuse me—I tell you I was treated d—d mean. Now do you believe that? It's so, I tell you the truth, I tell you unless I use strong language, you won't have any idea of it all, I would not stay anywhere on earth nor in heaven—I would not stay anywhere if I could not say what I thought.

That is one privilege that they have in hell, that they don't have anywhere else. They can say what they think in hell, and nobody can take any exceptions to it either, [laughter] you can laugh if you like, but I tell you it is so.

Oh, indeed! Talk about freedom, and right, don't you? Humph! I don't see the freedom, I can tell you. Mighty short of it, a long ways short of it too. These very persons that are everlastingly preaching freedom sir, if they knew this; but they don't. But God knows they are the very persons sir, that laid the most rules, on other folks. Now do you know that? Its so. Just precisely as it is with the abolitionists, who will pretend to be a friend to the negro, and always telling what he would do for him, but when he has a chance—when he comes along, he sends him to his neighbor. It's so. Now am I crazy yet? If I am I don't care. If I am crazy here, I won't be crazy when I get away. I swore, by the eternal if there was such a thing—if Jesus Christ himself did come back, and it was true that he did, I believed I could come back, and tell these things.

Many a time I was knocked down. Do you think I didn't swear? Indeed I did, and I would swear again if anybody knocked me down. I say it is a shame, I say it is a burning shame, that people that pretend to be what people now a-days pretend to be, to do such things. Now do you know that? It is so. If you don't intend to carry out what you preach then don't preach it. If you do preach, it is better to carry your doctrine into effect by kindness than by force. But, oh, my God, I will tell you I have heard ever so many people say, now may be you think I don't know anything about this—that what ever is, is right. So if one man gets mad and commences to irritate another, and he should kill him, why, it was right, I suppose so. But I suppose if it was right that one man should kill the other man, it was right also, that the other should be killed too. I suppose that's right. But I tell you that's where you fail. May I take this? [Picks up a pin.] May I take this pin?—All I had to do for the last three years, was to work with pins, on the few duds I had on in my prison, I called it prison, it was an insane hospital, or asylum—a place where they keep people that are crazy. Do you understand? [Yes, they have one in this state where they keep just such folks as you, and treat them pretty much as you were treated too, by report.]

A. Well they didn't treat me there.

Q. Where were you confined, in what prison?

A. In an insane asylum.

Q. In what state?

A. I don't know; so you want to know where I lived? Yes.

Well I lived in Cincinnati, before I got crazy, but I didn't go into the insane asylum at Cincinnati.

I don't want you to go to quizzing me, I was quizzed enough at that place, I tell you, I won't stand it for anybody to question me close. No sir. I would not stand God himself to question me close. I won't stand it from anybody. I want people to think a little, I don't care how you make them think. There is more than one person that says, "I wonder if a person is crazy after they are dead?" "If they ain't crazy after they are dead, what do they come and talk in such a way as this for?"

When you are with the Romans, you must do as the Romans do. When you are with people that practice such things, you must talk accordingly. Do you believe that? [Yes.] You believe it do you? Do you say "yes, yes," just so as to get along as easy as possible with me? I thought you did, never mind, I can get along easy with you. If they would just mind their own business and let me alone I should not hurt anybody I would never have hurt that man in the world if they had minded their own business and let me alone, I should never have hurt him at all. They thought I was going to hurt him, and went to take him away from me, and I would not give him up—and that's the way he got hurt. I know how it was, I know very well. You want me to go now don't you? Freedom in the spirit world ain't there? Humph! they say a body that has staid here so long must go. That's freedom ain't it, I tell you people that are put in to take care of crazy folks, will have a great deal to answer for, I tell you some of them are more crazy, than the folks they are put in to take care of.—You won't scratch out any of me will you?—[No, unless we scratch out some of the hard words.] Oh, my God, if you take out anything I said that was hard, I'll come and say it again; so you had better let it go. I want to tell you, the man that had charge of us in that ward where I was, was a methodist exhorter, I guess, he used to want to preach and pray with us.—We came mighty near killing him once. Yes sir. He was talking to us about a God of justice while he was keeping us there. I tell you we didn't see it. No sir.

I would not turn my hand to live on earth again. You would not sit and take it as easy as you do now, if you had been treated as I was. My name in the first place, when they gave me a name, it was Jeremiah. Then they cut it short and called me Jerry sometimes. And after I got to be crazy—at least they said, I was crazy—well may be I was; I suppose I was, but then if I was they needn't have done as they did—then they never took any pains to call me anything but Jerry, people forgot I was anybody then, only some one that was crazy, so they never said a word about Williams, oh, no it was Jerry, and that is all there is of you.

I am going now; and you mark what I tell you, if you scratch out what I say, I will come back here, and bother you just as much longer. Now that's my nature. I am much obliged to you I guess, I won't be so unmannerly as to forget to thank you, I am very much obliged to the man that writes. When you want some one to write for you call on me, will you? Good bye.

HENRY.

The talk of this spirit shows that when spirits, return to manifest themselves upon the material plane,—they again become dependent upon the same feelings that they had while here. And it follows that they act to correspond with their feelings, the same as they did in the earth life. I suppose his story was a very short one by the side of thousands, who, if they could speak, might tell theirs. Readers must bear in mind the fact that if an individualized entity, an immortal soul, can bear these things for months, and perhaps years, that they can surely bear with them for the little time that it would take to read or hear the same. I am sorry for him while he sorrows; yet it is not lasting; because I know that when he returns to his spiritualized entity on the spiritual plane again, he will not have those feelings, but will be happy. He will feel better for having communicated, because, when he approaches, to manifest himself again, he will not have to go through with those feelings again.

Q. Can you explain the cause or philosophy of this feeling that a spirit has on his return to control a medium.

A. Every experience makes its impression upon the tablet of our memory. It becomes a life-picture, so to speak. It is there, and will never pass away. Now, if there is a place where thought is made manifest, there is, also, a cause for the same. Now we may say, that it is psychological influence upon the spirit, or say that it is an impression made by the surroundings, so that when brought to take cognizance of material things, then these memories of which they have lost their consciousness return to them and takes possession of them. It is a psychological influence for the time being. Jan. 26th, 1869.

MARY E. LIVINGSTON.

This is, indeed, hard work; but I will keep my promise that I made only twenty-four hours since, to come here and speak, if I did not say more than five words; just—enough that they might know that I did come—that I could come and say all that was desired.

I will not detain you long, friends. But I want to say that, strange as the phenomena of Spiritualism was upon earth, it is, nevertheless true. Now that I have passed from my earthly body, to realize the change, I find myself in possession of my spiritual body; now it is that I can say that it is true. I did not believe it, and why? Because it did not seem possible. And now my dear friends, I have come here and you know that I have come, and have done all that you desired me to. As you think this matter over you will believe that this is really true; and again, if you think further upon the subject, you will say you believe that all thought is life, that every thought is a live entity to itself. That being the case, may it not be possible that those thoughts can travel, and have done so and made their impression upon that body in accordance with our will, and our thoughts. But I am not there at all, I never thought of telling you of one little instance that I will now give you. In my trunk, the corner part of it, you will find a package of letters. About the middle of the package you will find one that I wrote myself and intended that it should never be seen. When you read that, you will then know all that which is now a secret from you; and if I had known that I would have been taken away so soon I should have destroyed it. I did not intend that other eyes than mine should

ever see it. It is addressed to William. When you read that you will know why I suffered. I am twenty-three years of age.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Third Annual Convention of Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Reported by LORRA MAZIN. Moses Hull: All my labor and capital is invested in Spiritualism. There are some who try to get out of honest debts, I have met all kinds of excuses for the last four years. Once I could not ask for money, but I can now. The Adventists spoiled me, I guess. I never once had to ask for money, while among them. But since I have been a Spiritualist, I have traveled a thousand miles without a cent of pay. I have been studying upon a plan, I think I have it. We have our Printer's Unions, Mechanics Unions, &c. Our missionaries and lectures can have such Unions; and when people find they have to pay lectures as they do doctors or lawyers it will come just as easy.

Mrs. Kinney, of Kalamazoo: I am in for Bro. Hull's strike.

Dr. Hine, of Kent Co.: In Rockford we have adopted a plan to collect a Missionary fund to be paid quarterly. If all local Societies would do likewise there would be funds in the Treasury.

Dr. Bailey: Missionary labor depends on the condition of things where the work has been attempted. In this State we have so many local Societies that with proper effort they can sustain their own speakers, and the fund should be used for places where there is no organization, and they are not able to pay. These old Societies should take care of themselves in this matter, and also help others.

Dean Clark: Remarks from others have called to my mind some points. I know there is nothing more natural than to find fault. I have no doubt the State Board intended to send the missionaries into remote places. But the fund must be raised. I think it unjust to complain because three missionaries have not visited every schoolhouse. We have not had time. We cannot expect the President and laborers to make a perfect organization in one year.

The President: I am glad this discussion has come up. During the last year I have received hundreds of letters saying we have subscribed so much, and have had no speaking yet. I always answered them that Missionary labor did not mean that the one contributing should receive the benefit. So I changed the programme somewhat, for the purpose of collecting more money. They have been sent for to some places and have not received 75 cents. So I gave them instructions to speak before societies occasionally for stated prices. If we had sent them to remote places entirely, you would now be indebted to them for the whole amount for which they were hired, instead of some \$500. I think these three missionaries have done well.

Bro. Hine has the right view—that each County Circle take this matter into their own hands. If the promised obligations were paid in which have been withheld because the Missionaries have not visited their particular localities, we could pay up, and come forward to the work. Perhaps we can learn from the past, and devise some better plan. Mrs. Horton has worked so hard that she is obliged to go home. Many of the Missionaries would be glad to continue their labors were it not for lack of funds. Hope the Committee will devise some better plans.

The President read his annual report to the State Association. It was said, in the course of an address: "Less than twenty-one years from the time of the first tiny rap, heard and recognized as from the other life, Spiritualism is being recognized as a great religious movement of the world over. It has taken a deep hold upon the affections of the people, all desire to believe it true, and millions have, by facts and demonstrations, been made to know that man lives beyond the tomb, and "life and immortality have indeed been brought to light."

Let us then take courage in the great work in which we are engaged, let not a frowning sectarianism, that would limit God's love to a portion of humanity, but press forward, knowing that "they that are for us are more than they that are against us."

After announcing the time of meeting of the various Committees, the Convention was adjourned until 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. Harrington of Port Huron, Chairman of Committee on Revision of the Constitution made an amendatory report; which occasioned some discussion after which the entire Constitution was adopted.

The President then read off the names of speakers for whom he had procured passes, as follows: Elijah Woodworth, A. C. Woodruff, S. D. Pace, Moses Hull, A. B. Whiting, William Van Namee.

The following officers for the ensuing year were then elected: For President, Col. D. M. Fox, Kalamazoo; Secretary, Mrs. Sarah Weyburn, Paw Paw; Trustees, J. C. Wood, Jackson; Mrs. S. M. Hookwell, Battle Creek; Mrs. R. L. Doty, Detroit.

Convention adjourned.

SATURDAY EVENING SESSION.

Meeting called to order at half-past 7 o'clock, P. M. The President called the Presidents of of the several County circles to the stand. Invocation by Mrs. Horton. The first address was by Mrs. E. Stafford Samm, of Hillsdale, on Woman Suffrage. As the lady had her lecture written we omitted to take notes, desiring to get it of her subsequently.

Sung by Mrs. Lee. Address by Mrs. Emma Martin, both in prose and poetry. Then followed a song by Mrs. Lee and an address by Mrs. A. C. Woodruff. Song by Mrs. Lee. Invocation by Mrs. L. L. Doty. Adjourned.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Anecdote of President Lincoln. President Lincoln's joking propensity was notorious. The following capital hit is worthy of publication: A gentleman from Boston who was a graduate and an office-seeker, called on Mr. Lincoln for an appointment, and was sustained by all the influential politicians of his State, as all such men are. After having presented his claims, and that everlasting string of names, the gentleman wished to turn the conversation a moment and asked the President at what college he graduated. "I never graduated at any college, sir; while in this world we never graduate, it is one life-long school." "Oh," said the graduate, "you are a self-made man." Not at all," said Mr. Lincoln, "I believe God made man."

The Bostonian saw the point and left without his credentials. Cheap Generosity—Giving a man a piece of your mind. Ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

LIST OF BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS

Table listing various books and engravings with prices, including 'The Biography of Satan', 'The Devil and His Fibery Dominions', 'Bottomless Pit, Keys of Hell', 'The Stellar Key', 'The Principles of Nature as Disclosed', 'Man Omin', 'The Great Rebellion', 'Lycium Manuals', 'The Midnight Prayer', 'Memoranda of Persons, Places and Events', 'Arrival and Departure of Trains', 'The Garden City Improved Planchette', 'The History of Moses and the Israelites', 'The History of Nazareth', 'The History of the Dawn', 'The History of the Dawn', 'The History of the Dawn'.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN; OR, A Historical Exposition of THE DEVIL AND HIS FIBERY DOMINIONS; disclosing the oriental origin of the belief in a Devil and Future Endless Punishment. All about the BOTTOMLESS PIT, KEYS OF HELL, Chains of Darkness, Casting out Devils, etc. By K. GRAVES. Author of "Christianity before Christ." Price, 50 cts; postage 2 cts. The Trade supplied at liberal rates.

A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER LAND, containing Astonishing Discoveries and Startling Assertions, Illustrated with Diagrams and Engravings of Celestial Scenery. By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Spiritualists—read it! Infidels—read it! Slaves of Old Theology—read it! Price, \$1; postage—10 cts.

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THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE AS DISCLOSED in the Development and Structure of the Universe, the Solar System, the Earth, also an Exposition of the Spiritual Universe. Given Inspiration. By MRS. MARIA M. KING. Price, \$2; postage, 24 cts.

MAN OMIN, A Rhythmic Romance of MICHIGAN. THE GREAT REBELLION, And the Minnesota Massacres. By MYRON COLONEY. Price, \$1.25; postage, 16 cts.

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Table with columns for 'Arrival and Departure of Trains', listing various routes, times, and agents like 'Chicago and North Western Railroad'.

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Table listing piano models and prices, including 'Grand Square Grand Piano' and 'Square Piano'.

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Magnetic Vegetable Medicine! Examining CAUTELOUSLY the system, we know the effect upon the organs and functions of the body. Spiritually we seek to reach the proper channels. It is not in vain, with your faith to attempt to cure a disease without medicine, any more than to seek spiritual aid for your mind in the world of religion. Cling to those who are all things, dwell in love, and blending one with another, you can create strength. Then let us use with us the spirit of Love and Wisdom.

Dr. William Clark's Magnetic Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus, and Cholera Cordial. Dr. William Clark's Magnetic Nervine. Dr. William Clark's Magnetic Putmonary Bronchial Syrup.

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Frontier Department

BY E. V. WILSON.

Spiritualism in Syracuse, New York

We lectured in Syracuse on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon and evening, last week. Our audiences averaged from four to five hundred. There have been very few lectures on this subject in Syracuse, and to very small audiences. Many of the friends in the city were afraid that the lectures would be a failure; but knowing no such thing as failure in our spiritualism, we invested Syracuse and we think that we gained a great victory.

Our meetings were held in the Court House, and resulted in a grand success for free lectures. Our receipts were \$85.97; expenses, \$35; audiences averaged five hundred. We gave over one hundred approved tests and communications, among which, the following are worthy of a place in the Frontier Department:

While lecturing, Tuesday evening, January 5th, there came upon the platform, the spirit of a tall, spare man, dark complexion, over fifty, gray hair, very much attenuated, and said: "I am Jacob Hardin. I used to live in this city, on Pearl street, and died twenty-six years ago. There are many in the house, I know."

"Does any one identify this man?" we asked. "We do," many answered.

Next came a spirit, or immortal man, small of form, dark complexion, face broad and full of wrinkles, forehead large and receding, hair thin, dark and mingled with gray, and he said, "I am an old citizen of this place, and died here, a few years ago. I know that man, and that one, and many others here. I am Dr. Jared B. Parker."

Wednesday. Private conversation. Present, four persons. "I see you at nineteen years of age, in costume, on some public occasion. You are standing in a group of ladies. Suddenly, there is wild confusion, and there lies at your feet a dead man, describing him. The diamond ring on your finger has a sad history. There is blood on it; it is associated with a death, a suicide. There is a dagger, small, and of exquisite workmanship; it rests in an open hand over the ring, and with the point to you."

In the presence of a full house, the brothers H— came from the spirit land, gave their names, told how they were killed, and when. A second group came: one was Mr. G. Brayton; the other gave his name as Elisha Ladd. He told when he was killed, where, and how. These two spirits were fully described, and at once identified.

We delineated the character of Mr. S—a well known citizen, and the reading was pronounced exceedingly correct.

While lecturing, Thursday evening, January 7th, there came upon the platform, the spirit of a fine looking, tall man, who was carefully described. He bowed to the people, and gave his name as Mr. Russel. This spirit was fully identified by many persons present, and the people were very much surprised.

Then came forward a spirit full of sorrow, and was fully described. He had been a school teacher; had fallen from his high estate through the influence of whiskey; had not got rid of the curse. He gave his name as Bennett. He was fully identified by several.

The next was a very marked case of spirit identity. There sat a man, thirty feet from us, Mr. J. S—. After pointing him out, I said, there stands by this man the spirit of a soldier, in uniform, describing him very carefully. He says he was killed in 1863, in the army of the Potomac. He says that you are his uncle Ira, and wishes to be remembered to you: all of which was approved, and the multitude was very much surprised.

After that we went home with Mr. W. Kelsey, on Ludl Hill. After some conversation, we went into the spirit state, saw and described many spirits, among whom, came the spirit of Seth Kelsey; he talked sometime with his brothers, and of his dear old wife, and his daughter, and sent them words of cheer; and then gave place to the Rev. Mr. Adams, formerly a Presbyterian minister, who preached in Syracuse many years ago. He fully identified himself, and spoke of his change from time to eternity, and of his views here and in the spirit-world. This was a remarkable case of spirit identity.

Then came Lieutenant Charles George, who claimed to be the husband of a lady in the room, calling her Sarah. He told of a walk he had with her long ago, described the place, spoke very feelingly of his little son, and gave good advice to his wife, and bid us good night.

Then came the spirit of a black man. He gave his name as Jim Wagoner, the blacksmith, and identified himself to a young man, who was in the room.

We gave a seance on Friday, January 8th, to a full house, and gave many fine tests of spirit life.

Dr. W. of Baldwinsville, was sitting on his seat, I saw by him a spirit, and stepping up to him, said, "Sir, there stands by you the spirit of a dear, good woman, who calls you husband, and says, cheer up for I am with you; do not weep for I am not dead, but have been in the spirit life but a little while, and here is our baby darling, just followed me into the spirit world. Do not weep."

This man came from B., on purpose to attend these meetings. He had never seen me before; had buried his wife but a few days ago, and the child three or four days before, and the description of them—were fully identified. And he wept.

Dear readers, are we not surrounded by a

great cloud of witnesses, and shall he not give us in charge of his angels.

At night, we lectured to fully seven hundred people. We gave many fine tests, and received the congratulations of the audience, and was invited to return at an early day. We left our friends rejoicing; the praying band of Auburn, to shout and hurrah! and Spiritualism, triumphant!

Bless the Lord Jesus. Bless the Lord, every body.

The Children's Lyceum of Buffalo, N. Y.

This Lyceum held its annual festival on Wednesday evening, December 30th, 1868, before a full house, and had a jolly good time, under the able management of its conductor, H. D. Fitzgerald.

The Lyceum numbers eighty-five children, and an efficient corps of leaders, guards and conductors. In speaking well of one, we speak well of all, for all did their part well. The singing, recitations, speeches, tableaux and dialogues, and music on the piano were just as they should have been—number one—winning the applause of all.

We felt young once again, and had our laugh with the merriest of the many merry souls present at the festival. God bless our Lyceum, and its many groups of happy boys and girls.

The effort of the conductor and his helpers is worthy of all praise, and if we named any one especially a favorite, we should do the others a great wrong, for all did well. It is worthy of note that many of the first prizes of our public school exhibitions, have been carried off by our Lyceum children, showing conclusively the beneficial results of the Spiritual Lyceum system, as an educating power.

The particular star of school No. 36, master Eugene Stevens, is a member of our Lyceum, and under the law of correspondences, will succeed.

Bless brother Davis for the Lyceum system, dear children. Why don't you bless the Lord, Susan? James, bless the Lord! Bless the Lord, everybody. Amen.

Spiritualism vs. Adventism.

On Tuesday evening Union Hall was completely filled to listen to the discussion—by Mr. E. V. Wilson, the distinguished inspirational speaker, and Elder Miles Grant, the able exponent of the doctrine of Adventism. Rather unexpectedly to all, upon the first evening, the discussion assumed what might be termed an approach to a warm nature—Mr. Wilson objecting to certain testimony offered, as irrelevant and deviating from the resolution adopted, viz—"That the Bible, King James version, sustains in its teachings and phases, Modern Spiritualism." Points which seemed very conclusive were carried by both parties in the sustaining of their respective creeds, and at one time the discussion reminded us of the biographical incident which happened many years ago, between two princes on the plains of India, who met at the resting place of a departed Nabob. One of the said princes declared that the monumental slab erected to his memory was of gold; the other declared that it was of silver. After contesting and arguing the matter for sometime, it was ascertained that "both were right and both were wrong" as one side of the structure was of gold and the other of silver.

Mr. Wilson we think gave very conclusive evidence that the spirits of deceased friends do come back to the earth, referring to the instance the evening previous wherein he accurately described, as standing beside a person, friend who was killed in the late war, having never previously seen or heard of the party addressed.

Elder Grant in his closing remarks stated that so far as he had been able to learn, the so-called spiritual manifestations were of the same nature as the manifestations produced from mesmeric influences. This point is a very important one and will probably afford a topic for further debate.

The discussion will continue Thursday and Friday evenings, and we would advise all who enjoy an intellectual feast to attend, assuring them that an opportunity is seldom offered to listen to speakers of such acknowledged ability as these engaged in this discussion.—Danville (N. Y.) Express.

To the Spiritualists of Iowa.

DEAR FRIENDS:—In the following communication you will see the amount collected for our first quarter. It is not large; scarcely a beginning in this great and glorious cause of humanizing the world. We need help, and should have it. The importance of the work in which we are engaged can hardly be overestimated. We have few that have even entertained the slightest conception of its magnitude. It involves results which can not nor will not be appreciated until untold ages shall circle away—long years after we have passed to spirit life. 'Tis true we can not do much in the beginning. We must work by degrees, and by degrees all great truths are made known. But we can do more than we are at the present, if we only try.

And we now ask our agents to be more alive to the great interests involved in this movement. On the first of October, the convention which convened at Des Moines, appointed and "swore in" officers to stand at the head of this work—to move in the front ranks. Those officers constituted the Executive Committee, who went to work with a zeal, which is characteristic with each one of them, and determined to make the thing run, if in their power. They commissioned agents in all parts of the State, to organize societies, but especially to raise funds for the association with which to supply them with lecturers. A few have responded; a few only have done their duty; a few only are alive to the responsibilities which are involved in the work. In many localities, the cry is: "It is premature! the officers will not do their duty," etc. This should not be.

Friends, the officers are men and women that are honest, fair in dealing, owners of money and property, in whose hands are greater risks than this. Send us money, and we will send you speakers. The amount subscribed will be reported quarterly, and published in some Journal, with the amount opposite each agent's name, thus preventing all fraud or deception whatever. Each agent is also receipted for the amount he or she has paid in, and if not correct, will be made so.

The committee at present is in correspondence with good lecturers, and men and women of energy; and ere long the first step will be consummated, but not without some spirit and energy on the part of our agents.

Therefore, we urge upon you the necessity of working with greater zeal in this cause of humanity, and of being more business like.

The following is the amount received and on hand at the present:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes J. S. Stanly, Daventry, \$41.00; E. Whitmore, Volney, 16.00; H. Augier, Bayette, 5.00; T. Wickerman, Croton, 5.00; A. Gaston, Ames, 1.00; F. W. Tallmadge, Des Moines, 3.00; R. Whittit, 5.00; H. C. O'Brien, 5.00; W. O. Skinner, 5.00; E. B. Tilden, Prairie City, 5.50; Mrs. A. Comstock, Oskaloosa, 5.00; A. Hill, Redfield, 2.75; S. A. Parker, Prairie City, 5.00; E. Hughes, New Sharon, 19.50; S. D. Cone, Victor, 15.50; H. Preston, Charles City, 3.75; E. Cate, Exira, 13.00.

Total, \$157.00

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Printing minutes of Convention, \$60.00; Stamps, 5.00; Total, \$65.00; Amt. paid in, \$157.00; expended, \$65.00; Cash on hand, \$92.00.

The above is a true statement as far as my knowledge and belief.

H. C. O'BRIEN, Secretary.

W. W. SKINNER, Treasurer.

Des Moines, Jan. 23d, 1869.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

Des Moines, Iowa.—The First Spiritualist Association meets in this hall, 23 Summer street. M. T. Dole, President; Samuel N. Jones, Vice-President; Wm. Dunckley, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed to Charles W. Hunt, Assistant Secretary, 51 Pleasant street.

Des Moines, Iowa.—The First Spiritualist Association meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. K. H. Gould, Secretary; Mary L. Evesch, Treasurer.

Des Moines, Iowa.—The First Spiritualist Association meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Benjamin Johnson, Secretary; Fannie E. Bolton, Treasurer; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, during February; Mrs. A. Byrnes during March; Mrs. Juliette Yew during April; J. M. Peedies during May.

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