

# RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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RELIGIOUS-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

VOL. V.—NO. 23.

For The Religious-Philosophical Journal.

HOW READERS SHOULD READ LUKE 10: 26.

BY A FREE THINKER.

The one thing now to read the Bible through, And another thing to read, to learn and do. 'Tis something new to read it with delight, And quite another thing, to read it right. Some read it with design to learn to read, But to the subject pay but little heed. Some read as their duty once a week, But no instruction seek. What others read it with but little care, With no regard to how they read, nor where. Some read it as a history, to know How people lived three thousand years ago. Some read to bring themselves into repute, By showing others how they can dispute. While others read because their neighbors do, To see how long 'twill take to read it through. Some read it for the wonders that are there, How David killed a lion and a bear. While others read, or rather in it look, Because, perhaps, they have no other book. Some read the Bible, they don't know why It somehow happens in the way to die. While others read it with uncommon care, But all to find some contradiction there. Some read as though it did not speak to them, But to the people at Jerusalem. One reads it as a book of mysteries, And won't believe the very thing he sees. One reads with father's spectacles upon his head, And sees the thing just as his father said. Another reads through Campbell or through Scott, And thinks it means exactly what they thought. While others read the Book through H. Ballou And if it cross his track, it can't be true. Some read to prove a pre-adopted creed, Thus understand but little what they read. For every passage in the Book they find To make it suit that all important end. Some people read as I have often thought, To teach the Book, instead of being taught. And some there are who read it for sport, For there are just few words in it right. So many people in it, So many ways, That few can tell which system is the best, For every party contradicts the rest.

## Literary Department.

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

### 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 XXIII.

##### THE ARREST OF THE BURGLARS.

Upon his return home, Hugh Simonson imparted his determination to break into the premises of Hubert Elston, No. 1—Bleeker street to his associate, Andrew Williams.

The countenance of Williams manifested the firmness and the sadness of despair.

"I have taken your money, Mr. Simonson," said the man, gloomily, and have promised to go with you, whenever you called upon me. I will keep my promise, though I fear it will turn out badly."

"It can't, Williams," replied Simonson, lastly. "I have looked over the ground, and feel sure of success."

"My rent is paid; so they will not turn my poor woman out of doors. They may do what they will with me."

"Cheer up, man," exclaimed Hugh Simonson. "It is natural, perhaps, that you should be a little nervous. I was, myself, the first time I went out; but you will soon get used to it."

"Mr. Simonson," said Williams, firmly, "I have taken a Bible oath, that I will never again violate the rights of others and the laws of my country. I am driven to it now by necessities."

"An oath!" replied the other, with a coarse laugh. "I shall not constrain you to keep it or break it. You are a free man."

"To-night, I will follow you."

"Come down to my room then, between eleven and twelve—you will find me there."

The remainder of the evening was passed by Andrew Williams in the apartment of his sick wife. He was kind and attentive—even more so than usual—and yet there was an expression of settled melancholy on his features, which gave an air of listlessness to his movements. Once or twice, in the midst of her suffering, this expression drew the attention of Mrs. Williams particularly to him, long and earnestly, however, that many causes of weariness and distress were pressing upon him, she forebore to make any urgent inquiries.

When the children had retired, Williams sat down by the bedside of his wife, and at her request, read a chapter from the Bible. Afterwards, she talked to him, long and earnestly, upon the prospects of the family after her decease. She invoked him to make the most strenuous exertions to provide a suitable education for the boys, and to train them up to useful and respectable occupations. She dwelt upon the good qualities of her daughter Jane, and her worldly, young as she was, in superintending the affairs of the household. At length she became exhausted and gradually sunk into a profound sleep.

During a full hour, Andrew Williams sat

gazing upon the calm placid, yet attenuated features of his wife. Then, with a deep sigh, he rose from the stool on which he had been seated, extinguished the candle, and cautiously withdrew from the chamber. He descended the stairs, on tiptoe, to prevent the creaking of his footsteps, and stealthily advanced to the door of Hugh Simonson's apartment.

By the meagre light of a Japanese lamp, the robber was busily engaged in selecting from a chest, filled with mechanical tools and other implements, such articles as he deemed requisite in the prosecution of his scheme of plunder. He had, previous to the entrance of Williams, placed upon a table near him, a large bunch of keys, a dark lantern, a file, a screw-driver, a small hatchet, and two or three knives with blades of a peculiar description.

"These things look like hard work," said Hugh Simonson, as Williams approached and surveyed the formidable array of tools and keys, with an inquiring glance. "Ours is a trade as well as a profession, but it pays high wages."

"The wages of sin is death," muttered Williams, half unconsciously, in a low, husky tone. Simonson turned toward his neighbor, and said, sneeringly, "How now, Williams, are you crazy?"

"The sentence came into my mind, from a chapter in the Bible, which I have just been reading to my wife."

"The Bible!" exclaimed the robber, chucking with suppressed laughter. "Your studies will help you along vastly in the profession. But seriously, Williams, I doubt whether you have the pluck of a man, after all."

"Don't fear me, Simonson."

"The Bible!" muttered Hugh Simonson, several times. Then crossing the apartment toward a small closet he said to his associate: "Come and take a horn, Williams, and quit this cursed nonsense; we have got something to do."

The men pledged each other in silence, in a bumper of cogniac brandy, slightly diluted with water.

"It must be nearly midnight," observed Simonson, replacing the decanter and the empty tumblers in the closet, "and now for action!"

The robber returned to his former position and employment. He took a couple of large canvas bags from the wooden chest, and handed them to Andrew Williams.

"Roll them up as small a compass as possible, and thrust them into your coat pockets."

Williams followed his directions.

"Here are two iron bars," continued Simonson—exposing them to the view of his companion—which may come in play very usefully. You can carry them concealed in the sleeves of your coat, when we get out of the train, without Hugh Simonson then closed the lid of the chest, and pushed it with its remaining contents under the table. One by one, he examined the implements which he had selected, and concealed them about his person. Finally, he took the dark lantern from the table, and beckoning to Williams to follow him, the train, without awakening any of the building, passed into the street.

The night was intensely dark. The sky was covered with a pall of dense heavy clouds, through which not a single star permitted its twinkling rays. At the distance of six paces, the figure of a man was not discernible in the open air, by the keenest vision, except within the narrow circles, partially illuminated by the street lamps. There was neither fog nor rain, but the senses were affected, unpleasantly, by the chilly dampness of the atmosphere.

Somewhat hurried by the implements of their unlawful trade, the robbers moved slowly onward by the most direct route to the corner of Broadway and Houston streets. The darkness of the night, intense—almost palpable—while it was highly favorable to the success of their enterprise, insensibly retarded its prosecution. As though Hugh Simonson had made the most careful observation of the localities, the preceding afternoon, a quarter of an hour elapsed between the arrival of his companion and himself at the corner aforesaid, and the discovery of a narrow wooden gate or entrance in Houston Street, which he had chosen as the first point of attack.

"This is the spot, Williams," whispered Simonson, at length, to his associate. "Hand me one of the bars. The gate is bolted on the inside but the bolt is an old shabby thing, which would yield to a child's strength. Keep a good look out for stragglers, Andrew, and we'll soon be out of harm's way."

The burglar took the iron bar which his comrade presented to him, and applied one end of it to a small crevice in the gateway. With a steady, yet moderate exercise of muscular power, he pried the edge of the gate toward him, until the fastenings of the bolt gave way, and the gate itself swung freely upon its hinges. He opened it cautiously, and seizing Williams by the arm, drew him quietly into the dark, narrow, passage-way. Closing it behind him with the same caution, he stood, for a minute or two, in a listening attitude by the side of his companion.

"This is a desperate dark place," murmured Williams, in low trembling tones.

"Black as pitch, neighbor," whispered the burglar; "but so much the better. Be quiet, and follow me."

"Had we not better give it up, Mr. Simonson?"

"Fool!" muttered the burglar, through his closed teeth.

Hugh Simonson took the lead through the narrow passage; feeling his way at every step. In a few moments he had almost reached a small yard or garden, in the rear of the building to which the passage-way belonged. He directed the attention of his comrade to a partition fence on the right, as they advanced, slowly, across the yard. Assisted by an oblong wooden box which they encountered accidentally, the men

clambered over the fence and pursued their promised route in the adjoining garden.

"One more fence," Williams said Hugh Simonson, in a whisper, to his neighbor, "and the way is open."

These words had barely escaped the lips of the burglar, when Andrew Williams clasped his arm, and murmured in a voice tremulous with terror, "We are lost—somebody is coming."

"Silence, man."

A peculiar sound as of some person approaching them, was distinctly heard. Simonson laid his hand upon his comrade's shoulder and whispered, "Touch upon the ground, Andrew. There is no danger that we shall be seen in this darkness."

The pattering of footsteps upon the gravelled walks of the garden grew more audible. The heart of Andrew Williams quaked with fear. He sank motionless, upon the ground.

Presently, the low harsh growl of a mastiff, fell upon the ears of the listeners.

"Bah! it is a dog," muttered Simonson, who had felt a slight degree of alarm at the previous sounds. "I am prepared for him."

The dog approached the burglars so nearly, that his white teeth and glaring eyes were visible amid the intense darkness of the garden. His growl was gradually increasing in loudness and harshness. It was evident that he was conscious of the presence of the intruders, and that the least movement of retreat on their part, would be the signal of attack from the ferocious animal.

At that moment, Hugh Simonson thrust his hand into his outer coat-pocket. The dog plunged toward him, barking loudly.

"Take that for your pains, and shut your ugly mouth," muttered the burglar, tossing a large slice of fresh butcher's meat into the face of the mastiff. The bait was successful. The hungry animal growling over the delicious morsel, tore it into pieces and devoured it with savage eagerness.

"This way neighbor," exclaimed Simonson, "we have gained time to scale the garden wall."

The hope of escape, gave new vigor to Andrew Williams. He rose from the ground without assistance or a second bidding, and followed Hugh Simonson.

The burglars soon arrived at the bottom of the garden, and felt their way along a brick wall, six or seven feet high, to the partition fence on their right. This fence was considerably lower than the wall, and they were able, without serious difficulty, to climb the fence and mount the garden wall, with still greater ease. Holding to the top of the wall with their fingers, they swung themselves safely to the ground, on the opposite side.

A moment afterwards, they heard the low growl of the mastiff, still muzzling the remnant of his midnight meal. He was again upon the track of the burglars, and as they stood leaning against the wall and listening earnestly, they perceived by the direction of the sounds, that he was slowly approaching the junction of the wall and the partition fence. They moved not—scarcely breathed, lest their proximity should be betrayed to the acute senses of the dog. But the sagacious animal, apparently satisfied by his examination, and that the intruders had left the premises of his master, did not remain long in the immediate vicinity. His movements became inaudible; his growl died away, entirely, and a profound silence ensued, broken only by the hushed breathing of the watchers by the garden wall.

"Yonder is our game," at length whispered Hugh Simonson to his companion, shaking him gently by the shoulder.

The voice of Simonson roused Andrew Williams from a train of melancholy reflections. He was no longer sustained by the temporary firmness, which a combination of circumstances and feelings had imparted to his resolution. The danger which he had already beset him, convinced him that the path of crime was thorny and difficult to tread. He possessed little energy of character in the ordinary conflicts of the world, and was ill adapted to act as an accomplice in deeds of violence. Wisely as he stood beneath the murky sky, near that garden wall, did he long to be at home—the home of his sick wife, and his slumbering children.

He turned his eyes toward the pile of buildings whose black outline was hardly distinguishable, in the darkness of the night. In front, every thing seemed to be buried in impenetrable obscurity. The faint glimmering of a lamp, from the upper story of a dwelling house, in a diagonal direction, was the only evidence which the eye could gather of the existence of the massive structure of brick and mortar which, on all sides, surrounded the burglars.

Suddenly, the dense darkness that veiled the earth, became broken, and a glimpse of starlight was visible for an instant. The next moment the eyes of the adventures were dazzled by the brilliancy of a falling meteor, and then the clouds rolled sluggishly together, and the earth was clothed with tenebrous gloom.

"It is a warning of Providence," said Andrew Williams. "Let us turn back, Mr. Simonson."

"You forget the dog," muttered Hugh Simonson in reply.

Williams sighed heavily; but made no answer to this effective hint.

"If cowardice were catching," continued Simonson, "there would be no chance for us. What is there in a falling star? It shows us where we are, Andy, and I'll warrant it is a good omen."

"I have always heard to the contrary," said Williams, despondingly.

"Your sick wife, your starving children, Andy," whispered Hugh Simonson. "Courage for half an hour, and we shall be rich men."

With these words, by way of encouragement to his companion, Simonson left the shelter of the garden wall, and stole cautiously along the

gravelled footpath, which accident revealed to him. In a few minutes, he felt that he was treading upon a pavement of smooth flag-stones, and moving on still more warily, he discovered at length, a descending flight of stone steps. One, two, three, four, five steps, and he stood upon a level surface, paved with brick.

"Hold this lantern," said Hugh Simonson, in tones scarcely louder than his ordinary breathing; "while I ascend."

"Here," replied a low tremulous voice.

"Hold this lantern, till I can find a match. The house is still as death."

Williams took the lantern, in silence. Simonson thrust one hand into his trousers pocket, and drew forth a box of pepper matches—one of which he instantly lighted, by rubbing it gently against the end of the box. The flame was immediately communicated to the wick of a small lamp, in the dark lantern.

"Guard the opening of the lantern, thus," whispered the burglar to his associate, "so that only a glimmer of light shall escape, and hold it constantly toward me."

Such was the extreme caution and considerate thoughtfulness of this man Simonson, accounted so rash and impetuous, by James Fogle.

Hugh Simonson commenced the examination of the premises. The paved area extended along a portion of the rear of the house, until it was terminated on the left by the wall of a smaller building, projecting from the main edifice in the direction of the garden. Above the area, was a plank roof, the door probably of a terrace or plaza, connected with the first story of the mansion.

The attention of the burglar was, however, principally directed to the means of egress. In the rear of the basement, bounded by the paved area, there were two windows, closed by wooden shutters, and a door. Simonson first attempted the door. Its unyielding solidity led him to judge that it was not only locked, but secured with bolts and bars. He next approached the windows on the left by the wall of a smaller building, which were firmly closed; but those of the second window yielded readily to a prying movement of his fingers. The window-sash proved to be securely fastened.

After a moment's reflection, Hugh Simonson returned to his comrade, took him by the arm and led him directly to front of the window. Then he drew from one of his pockets, a sharp single-bladed knife.

"A little more light, Andy."

By means of the knife the burglar succeeded, in a short time, in loosening and removing a pane of glass from the window-sash. He passed one hand through the opening and unfastened the catch or spring, attached to the upper surface. The sash glided freely upward.

The sill of the window was not higher than three feet from the pavement of the area. The burglars effected their entrance into the basement, by a narrow passage, between the two rooms. Simonson, after the entrance of his comrade, Williams, was to close the window-shutters carefully.

"Open the door of the lantern widely," whispered Simonson.

"There is no danger, any longer, from the light."

It was a room of moderate size, containing a handsome carpet, a mahogany table, and half a dozen rosewood chairs. On the side opposite to the windows, were folding doors, one of which, was partially open. These doors butted, each of them, against a projection from the main wall of the edifice, standing as it were, in the centre of the room, and directly between the two rooms. The projections were of brick work, finished externally in the same style as the rest of the apartment, with hard walls and panel-doors, grained in oak. They were evidently constructed as chambers or closets for the safe keeping of valuable articles.

Hugh Simonson advanced towards a side door which he had rightly conjectured opened into the basement entry. He passed into the entry, followed by his associate who, surrounded no longer by the imaginary terrors of darkness had recovered his ordinary firmness.

"We will provide in time for our retreat," murmured Simonson, unlocking successfully the doors of the entry in front and rear; the keys of which, fortunately for his purpose, had been left in the lock; and removing the iron bars, noiselessly, from their sockets. He glanced up the stairway leading to the main hall on the first floor of the mansion. The door, at the top, was closed. From the entry he went into the front apartment, unfastened and raised one of the window-sashes, and carefully slid back the bolt that secured the shutters.

He passed through the folding-doors into the other room, closing them after his companion.

"That is the closet where the metal is. The one to the right," said Simonson, in a louder voice than he had lately spoken.

"It is locked, isn't it?" eagerly inquired Andrew Williams.

"Locked," muttered Simonson, with a coarse sneer.

Disburdening himself of his implements, except the bunch of keys and the small file which he had drawn from his pocket, and still retained in his hands, the burglar approached the door of the closet. He tried key after key, unsuccessfully. The necessity of using the most vigilant precautions against noise, delayed his operations. After a great number of trials, he discovered a key which seemed to be intercepted in its action by the narrowness of one of its wards. He attempted to remedy the imperfection by filing away a portion of the solid metal.

While he was thus engaged, Andrew Williams interrupted him with a tremulous whisper.

"Don't you hear a noise, Mr. Simonson?"

"Nothing but the sile and the thumping of

your heart," replied Simonson.

"I thought—"

"This is no time for thinking. Now for the lock."

Hugh Simonson placed the key in the aperture of the lock, and turned it with a gentle twist of the wrist. The bolt of the lock flew back, with a loud snap. Instantly the burglar opened the door of the closet.

The interior of the closet presented a glittering appearance. Costly services of plate, of the most exquisite workmanship, were ranged upon the shelves. Silver coffee-pots, tea-pots and sugar-dishes, cake-baskets of elegant fashion; silver trays, containing tea and table-spoons; richly chased goblets of gold and silver, and a variety of lesser articles were ranged upon the shelves, in a dazzling profusion.

"The bags, Williams," quickly muttered Simonson. "Set the lantern on the table and come hither."

Andrew Williams obeyed Simonson's directions, and took a position near the door of the closet, holding one of the canvas bags open at the top.

Hugh Simonson entered the closet, and grasped a couple of golden goblets.

"Gold before silver, always," he muttered, thrusting the goblets into his own pockets.

At that moment, Andrew Williams heard a slight noise, as of the jarring of a door, and turning a little to the right, he saw the figure of a man standing in the door leading to the basement entry.

Uttering a cry of agony, he sank upon his knees, pressed his hands to his forehead, and exclaimed, "Mercy! oh my poor wife!"

The shriek of his comrade excited the alarm of Hugh Simonson. Looking round he perceived beyond his kneeling and terrified associate, not only the door of the basement entry, but the door of the apartment, through which the burglar had entered, were open.

"The ruffian has betrayed me," shouted the burglar, who did not yield passively to the terror which had overcome his companion. Rushing from the closet, he flew toward the window by which he had entered the building.

"Surrender to the police!" exclaimed one of the strangers, intercepting him.

The ruffian replied with a blow, which sent the man reeling against the wall of the room. The delay of a moment, however, enabled the other policeman to seize the burglar. A violent scuffle ensued in the progress of which, Hugh Simonson and his antagonists fell together, upon the floor.

A deep groan suddenly burst from the lips of one of the struggling policemen, followed by the exclamation:

"The villain has stabbed me!"

With an effort almost superhuman, Hugh Simonson rose upon his feet, and thrust his antagonist, violently from him. The wounded man who had clung to him, notwithstanding the severity of his pain, sank, bleeding, upon the carpet. Simonson bounded through the folding-doors, towards the front window, threw back the window-shutters, and dashed through the open space with surpassing velocity. He had reached a paved area of less depth than in the rear of the building, which was protected in front by an iron fence. The burglar sprang upon the stone coping of the area, and resting his hands upon the upper rail, was in the act of swinging himself over the fence, into the street, when a stunning blow upon the head, from the round leaden ball of a loaded cane, struck him senseless. He fell heavily upon the stone pavement of the sidewalk—the impetus of his desperate effort to escape, enabling him to clear the fence entirely.

A squad of persons, bearing lanterns and torches, shouting and laughing came up at that moment.

"What is the row, neighbor?" inquired one of them, addressing a large man who was leaning over the prostrate burglar.

"I am a police officer, and this man is a thief," said the person addressed, turning for an instant toward the first speaker.

He had hardly finished the sentence, when two of the policemen from the interior of the building, made their appearance with Andrew Williams in custody.

"Put the iron on this scoundrel, Roberts," said the officer who had struck down Hugh Simonson.

"Ay, ay, Mr. Masters, he is a desperate fellow. He has stabbed Holmes, badly."

As the policeman raised Simonson from the pavement, he moved his hand, languidly, toward his head.

"Jack Highfyer," muttered one of the squad. "It is the fellow you punished, so severely, last night."

"The same, Tim. He is in 'better hands now."

Other policemen made their appearance; and the inmates of the dwellings in the neighborhood, alarmed by the noise, were flocking around the officers.

"More on boys!" exclaimed Jack Highfyer, in a tone of command; the fun is all over in this quarter."

Two hours afterwards, when Hugh Simonson recovered his consciousness, he was lying on a straw-bed in one of the cells of the Eighth Ward Station House—an arrested felon.

A lady in Cambridge, Mass., holds the pen with which Mr. Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Chicago built twenty million dollar's worth of new buildings last year, had thirty miles of water pipes, twenty-one miles of Nicholson pavement, thirty miles of sidewalk and seven miles of sewers.



Pacific Department.

BY.....BENJAMIN TODD.

Errors of Theologians.

The grand error of Theologians in presenting the world with the Bible, lies not so much in the book, however many errors it may contain, as in the manner of presentation. It is the false and erroneous claims by them set up for it, and the alternative upon which they demand acceptance, namely, "Believe or be damned," that makes it objectionable.

Had Theologians, when presenting their Bible to mankind, said, "We bring you a book which we believe contains more religious truth than any other that we know of, and it may contain some errors; but take it and read it for yourselves, and whatever you find in it that is calculated to develop by a practical application in your lives, the beautiful, the good and the true, that receive for the benefit it may be to you, and pass the remainder by." Had they done this, they would have saved a vast amount of quarrelling, bickering and bloodshed, which their course has brought upon mankind.

But there have ever been found, human minds in all ages of the world, that were free, and bold enough to use their reason. What proposition so absurd as that man must stultify his own reason in order to become religious; or in other words, that our reason that God had placed in the forefront of our heads to shine as a lamp and guide to our pathway in life, is to be cast into certain ruin.

They are utterly without foundation either in history, science or human reason; but they still cling to their exploded errors with a bull-dog tenacity, and with all the audacity, impudence, and effrontery imaginable, endeavor to fasten them upon mankind.

Bloomfield.

This is a small village in Sonoma county, which is supported principally by the agricultural interests around it. We visited the place last August, and it was then for the first time that any of the people heard a lecture on Spiritualism.

There were two religious societies in a half-dead and half-alive condition, one of them was without a shepherd to watch over the flock; but when it was ascertained that a Spiritual lecturer was coming among them, it aroused all the animosities of their nature. They quickly unmasked their slanders, shot batteries, and piled them with an energy worthy of a better cause.

Our engagements at that time would not admit of our remaining to give more than three lectures, but we promised the liberal minds that we would return again as soon as circumstances would permit. That promise we made good a few weeks since. We met with a cordial greeting, and remained in the place long enough to give them seven lectures. We occupied a large hall which was filled every evening, and on Sunday evening, it was crowded to overflowing; while the churches after ringing their little bells for nearly an hour, could not muster a corporal's guard.

I do not wonder that the old-fogy preachers do not like Spiritual lectures, as they lose their congregations and bread and butter thereby. The facts of the case are just here: the preaching of an angry God, hell-fire and brimstone are below par now. The hungry people will not seek to satisfy their spiritual appetites with such kind of food, when they can obtain beauty, love, goodness and purity, all warm from the hearts of the angel world.

Visit Number Two.

We visited Dr. Scudder's church twice before we had the pleasure of hearing him. On our first visit, an assistant took his place, and discoursed upon the subject of "Satisfaction," and endeavored to show the futility of all earthly things in giving lasting satisfaction. This dis-

course was simply a paraphrase of the lines:

"The religion which can give," etc.

The discourse was neither remarkable for ability nor originality, and was delivered in that peculiar canting, whitening tone, which some mistake for religious.

On the following Sunday, Dr. Scudder himself presided. The gospel dispensed here is Presbyterian, with a few innuendoes on the system adopted by the followers of the Westminster Catechism in Scotland.

Times have changed since Scudder was expelled from his church in Kilnabrock for introducing an organ into it, and caricatured in the public prints with a hand organ playing.

The usual preliminary exercises were gone through, in which God is instructed as to what is expected of him, etc. He took his discourse from Acts, xii, 7. "And a light shined in the prison." He was very graphic in his description of Peter's situation and his deliverance from prison. In treating of the entrance of the angel, he very emphatically denounced the old orthodox notion of the immateriality of spirit.

Though the angel passed into the prison without opening the door, it did not prove his immateriality, for light, heat, and electricity could do the same; he also quoted scripture to prove that the garments of angels were composed of fire and light, and he argued that if their garments could pass through walls, surely the wearer could. He spoke of the spell thrown over the guardians of Peter, and showed how fascination could be accomplished, and advised his hearers to try the experiments. Truly a dangerous element to introduce into his church, for if his congregation takes the hint, he will discover by and by, that he has introduced a devil which he can not exorcise. They will become mesmerists and psychologists, and ultimately Spiritualists, and each will then set up as a Spiritual teacher on their own "hook," and dispense with the clergyman's services altogether; perhaps, too, they will eventually become Infidels and deny the plenary inspiration of the scriptures, the efficacy of the atoning blood of Jesus, and the resurrection of the body. What a prospect! Perhaps, it was an angel which delivered Peter, perhaps it was not; but if the like were to take place now, suggestions like the following would arise: "Dark lanterns; private friends; bribery; chloform, etc.; but that was an age of miracles, which is reason sufficient to quiet all the cavils of skeptics."

He dwelt at length on the prayer meeting which was being held for Peter's benefit, and on the dame! Rhoda, who broke in on their exercises, announcing Peter's presence at the gate to the unbelieving devotees. He said here was a live woman, with a truth to utter, and she would not be silenced, nor could twenty prayer meetings, silenced a woman whose soul was fired with the importance of a truth. Right, again, doctor; but that is another dangerous doctrine. If you allow the women to break through the rule of keeping silence in the church, they will soon occupy your rostrums, especially should their souls become fired and animated with a truth of vital importance. We argued to hear these sprinklings of heterodoxy uttered in the strongholds of orthodoxy. Perhaps good sense and practical piety may yet take the place of cant and religious mummery in the churches. They as well as lighter bodies, are being drifted along in the straits of progressive thought, and without perceiving it, may yet be liberal institutions, benefiting mankind in secular affairs, without erasing their own mystical observances and mysterious doctrines concerning Him whom "No man hath seen or can see," and who "is past finding out."

The Rostrum.

Future of Spiritualism. Synopsis of a Discourse, Delivered by A. B. French, at Library Hall, Sunday Evening, January 31st, 1869.

We regret that we cannot give our readers a more complete report of this lecture which closed Mr. French's engagement in this city. We have been able to obtain the leading ideas, and cheerfully give them to the public. The discourse was frequently applauded during its delivery, and at the conclusion, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered him by the society for his lectures, together with an invitation to visit them again. He said:

"It has been said we can only judge the future by the past. While this is undoubtedly true in many respects, we should also remember the past is irrevocable. The methods of the divine procedure remains the same from age to age, but the manifestations must vary with the conditions that precede and succeed their developments. This is true alike in science, art, philosophy and religion. Nature never precisely repeats herself. The orbit of the revolutions of worlds, though ever following a definite method is never in precisely the same path. So in the evolutions and revolutions of souls, we can and must obey the mandates of the universal order of career, though we can never tread the same path of our fathers."

There is always mutability in immutability; unity in variety. Extremes meet and balance each other; and the distance between them is not so great as superficial minds sometimes imagine. The good and the evil, the light and the dark, each other; so virtue and vice, good and evil, pampered wealth and squalid poverty—sleep side by side, meet and confront each other, face to face, in all the length and breadth of society."

"We cannot judge the progress of the future entirely by the past. Our fathers walked the path of life with something of sobriety; yesterday we ran, and to-day, not satisfied with limbs we mount velocipedes in our hurry to reach churches, counting rooms and lecture rooms, and properly to-morrow we shall see comets, and meteors, and shooting stars, and our haste mount them, 'booted and spurred,' in our haste to reach the goal of destiny. Events follow each other in such rapid succession that we cannot wonder that conservative minds imagine his Sacred Majesty has been let loose on a general raid through society. Hold our feet firmly to the earth as we please, some daring feather's breath will blow them from under us, and we are left the conquering pleasure of brushing the dirt from our clothes while the spirit of the age pushes on with a velocity that cannot be impeded. No one fact impresses me more forcibly, than

that everything passes through certain definite phases of development. There is gestation, birth, childhood, youth, manhood and old age, with its decrepitude, to all things. Our earth has had its childhood, and each individual existence follows the same immutable law. The seed must germinate and pass through certain definite phases to reach the ultimate of its existence in plant or flower. The acorn must follow the law of career to reach its ultimate in the stork oak, and the oak can only fulfill its life by reproducing the acorn from whence it springs. Nature keeps the balances. We must give back all we get, and sometimes a little interest. Individual life repeats the same processes. We cannot have manhood without first having childhood and youth, each of which are essential in the legitimate order of their evolutions as manhood and womanhood."

Progress in a straight line, it follows the law that round the sweet tear that glisters upon the ruddy cheeks of your darling child. Nature's stock in trade never increases or decreases; if she makes up a batch of men and women, she knows just how to pick out bones and muscles to pieces, and just what to do with the pieces.

One age manifests a marked degree of intellectual activity, another gives precedence to the affections; while still another rears the spirit world, as our earth at some seasons of the year manifests, and yet these communications are a continual revolving between the two worlds. Sometimes almost touching the one, at times pressing hard against the other.

The material and spiritual are the two poles of mundane life, and in their last and final analysis, both are one, and no eye can draw the line between them. This leads us directly to a consideration of the significance of Spiritualism. Much as I admire every phase of its phenomena, I can but regard them as only means to an important end. The origin of modern Spiritualism, was the exigencies of the age, and its phenomenal phases are as much a necessity of our times, as steam engines, railroads and telegraphs.

The two worlds have come together in answer to the prayers of each, and thrones and despots, kings and beggars, feel the magnetism of their embrace.

It is not rap, tips and the communion with our friends, that gives to this movement its significance, and yet these communications are John the Baptist, preparing the way for the new era that is opening for man's religious and spiritual nature. The falling of the apple was of little moment compared with the law it demonstrated. So the solid world's fade away when compared with that spirit which can comprehend, measure and survey them.

The age already accept, the phenomenal of Spiritualism; it cannot do otherwise. An angel is rapping at the door of each human soul. The sternest bigot cannot refuse to open that door to his sainted mother, strenuously as he may reject the angel's petition. He is a man, and she still loves her babe that the icy breath of death froze in a dreamless slumber, and to know it has awoke in the arms of angels, stirs her inmost soul with joy, though she may never hear a lecture and seldom reads a paper devoted to our philosophy.

The lifeless skeleton that an intolerant theology has been hugging to a leprosy, is its significance and the spirituality, that the sects of Christendom were trying to galvanize into life with the unmeaning mummery of an abhorrent ritualism, the unhalloved altars of worship, around those cold pedestals, no life-giving beams of an exalted spirituality, shine, all so many that it is a little like the starless night of materialism for the dawn of that spiritual era, that now beams in upon us.

I have therefore, to regard Spiritualism and Spiritualism to-night as the representatives of a new era in the unfolding of mankind.

It makes religion, not to see how closely in keeping with the highest achievements of science, have been the spiritual revelations of this age, when we had learned the history of the earth from the stormy record she has given us, and were reading the stars through telescopic eyes, and the less visible manifestations of nature through the microscope. Just as we caught glimpses of the connection and correlation of the forces, and had but one step further to go to reach the spiritual fountain of all things, this new era came upon us, and almost contemporaneously in various parts of the globe, which furnishes another beautiful illustration of the theory that is fast gaining prevalence, that inventions and revolutions are born of necessity, and sometimes many impressive minds feel their coming at once.

As paganism was old and dying, when christianity marked a new era in the world's religious history, so sectarian theology had already dropped below par at the advent of Spiritualism. Science and philosophy had far outgrown the dogmas of the Spiritualists, and the world lost with progressive minds the power it once wielded so potentially. Hence, science stood firmly on one side; theology, equally firm on the other side. Spiritualism furnishes the only bridge that can span the distance between them.

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If you doubt this, stop and see what has been accomplished already, and yet, the facts of Spiritualism are only a heterogeneous mass that cannot reach their highest significance, until brought under strictly scientific classification and arrangement. We have scarcely started on the royal road to a spiritual science. When we shall learn all the laws and comply with all the conditions requisite to the highest and best, and we shall reach both science and philosophy in the clear sunshine of a spiritual morning. It is the work of science to classify and arrange these facts; to logic, to reason from certain assumed premises to the legitimate and what is to be deduced along the delicate nerves and muscles of the great future, heaving the way for the advancing legions of science.

While all these much desired changes are transpiring in the phenomenal and philosophical departments of our faith, and even the most sectarian religion, in its resistance, we must not lose sight of the social and religious conditions of the age. The very air is pregnant with revolution. The bursting booms and falling beams, crumbling walls and tottering thrones, all give token of the fearful struggle that is fast pressing upon us. Our whole social fabric trembles in the mass of ruin, and in its ruin, we cannot be silent, and the fury of this storm will never abate until the relation of the sexes is placed upon a broader and purer foundation. We might just as well attempt to lift ourselves by

our ears as to stop this revolution. The flat of eternal justice has already decreed that woman shall stand man's equal before the law as he already does before his God. Do not tremble my friends; every pure, just and truthful relation will remain as every false and unjust one will sooner or later be broken by the strong arm of the Almighty. We may as well attempt to evade our shadows as shuffle off this great question that demands our attention. It will acknowledge no flag of truce, that does not declare justice for woman, and better and purer lives and hearts for those that now live and for the millions yet to be. The slings and missiles of sermons that linger around many firesides, must be banished by the love of virtue, and driven, hence by the sunlike faces of healthier and happier mothers, wives and daughters.

If there be any among you to work, to take hold in a great question and labor for a better condition of society, you have yet to be fully converted to the genius and scope of Spiritualism.

Father Hecker stated the issue plainly when he declared from this rostrum, that Rome or Reason was undeniably the religious watchword of the times. Protestantism is to-night in the same condition of debate as that of New Orleans, who stepped upon the counting-room of a daily paper, and imparted them to read him a list of those that had died with the cholera the day previous, assigning as a reason therefor, that he supposed "he was dead if he only knew it." Protestantism is virtually dead; it is dead and a mere lifeless corpse, that is predicated upon a misnomer. It grants us prerogatives that it dares not use. It tells us we may reason, and yet presumes to dictate what reason shall teach us. Protestantism excels in one thing; and that is the impudence with which it presses its inconsistencies, and will go down because it is so dead.

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The Roman church exhibits the virtue of consistency; arrogating to herself an unallowable authority, she wields it with a tenacity that cannot be overestimated. Romapism and Rationalism are the two poles of religious thought, and they meet here in free America under the most grave and solemn circumstances. Take a survey of this nation, see the genius and scope of our present world. All the fruits of life meet and mingle here; not a locality but is more or less perfectly represented in your city. The Grecian philosopher, Roman orator and wandering Jew, tread Clark-street by the side of Buckeyes, Hoosiers, Suckers, and Wolverines. Chicago is Rome, Athens, London, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, all thrown together.

Do we doubt the existence of representative men. Surely none can but those ignorant of history. Are there not, also, representative nations, and who can doubt that ours is such a nation, when we see the unity of its power in the variety of soil and life represented. We have nationally that which is indigenous to our soil. The spirit of Independence was only the echo of the combined voices of our winds and waves, beasts and birds. Man caught the echo and set music to the song of free America. National freedom here has not been without its opposite. Political slavery and freedom have met in a hand to hand encounter. The night was a struggle, but it was not a victory that prevailed. The bloody baptism of this revolution should teach us some lessons. We have declared the sovereignty and political rights of the people in the face of all the kings, and kingdoms of the world. Are we now prepared to surrender religious freedom? Does Father Hecker imagine that we are now going to submit our necks to the blood-stained yoke of religious despotism? Does he think we have so far forgotten Plymouth Rock, Lexington and Bunker Hill, that we are now ready to obey the edicts of Papal Bulls. How suddenly to be struck with religious freedom, which he assumed that Catholicism would guard the interests of this great republic, and how vain the prattle of freedom from that church, whose weapons have been the rack, thumb-screw, inquisition and fagot. Nor do we as Spiritualists, forget how closely we are bound to the Catholic mother. If the one has been cruel, the other is scarcely less vindictive. Salem's Hill is not without its lessons. Protestantism melts before the rising sun of spiritual liberty; but Catholicism presents a solid front. Spiritualism is not a sectarian movement, hence, when we come to tie it, we lose it, and the great work is among the churches. While they are firing at the so called Spiritualists and holding us up for ridicule, Spiritualism is grinding their idols to powder. It has already robbed the devil of his horns, and put out the fires of hell. Give it a little more time, and it will have scattered the very things that write its epitaph. Why? Because Protestantism will reason and it cannot therefore stop short of Rationalism.

Catholicism, and Rationalism which is but an other name for Spiritualism, will soon be left in undisputed possession of the field of theological warfare. You are not, we are, who will be the conquerors. The greatest religious contest in the history of the world, a contest that will convulse the nations.

How will it come? I hope through the press, rostrum and by friendly discussion; and yet it is only a hope. The voice of history and of nature, returns us but one answer, "great revolutions are born of agony and blood." There is a grand philosophy in the old idea of sacrifices. There never was a birth but through pain and blood. We are already beginning to feel the stray pains that warn us of the coming conflict. This is truly a dissolving age. Religious strife and social disquietude has seized the sensation, everything points to a finalization. The air is hallow with the coming storm. We may get nervous, but we cannot resist the impetuous tides of destiny. The great trip-hammer of the Almighty will pound human hearts upon the cold anvils of experience, until we become meek as children and strong as truth. It will be a bringing down of our pride, and a leveling down of our pride. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Eternal justice will triumph, even through the torch of the incendiary, and boom of the cannon. Religious despotism will find a grave here in free America, that no trumpet tongue shall wake a life again, and in that day, we shall be born into the manhood of this new era.

You ask, will all think and see alike? No, but each will claim the God given prerogative, to think for himself or herself.

Will there be no churches then? Yes, more numerous than now, and all honorary members of the church of nature, which is the church of the future. The church of the future, will have the stately heavens for its covering; the sunny circling of the diamond paved universe for its walls; the grass-covered and snow-covered earth for its floor; while sighing winds, dashing, rattling, tearing, whistling engines, knitting machinery, and all the improvements and industries of the age, will become sacred music to our ears.

Under the influence of an enlightened Spiritualism, the arts will be revived, for each of the arts is a legitimate concern of this great spiritual idea. Indeed, art only reaches its glory, and achieves its greatest triumph as it symbolizes forth the spiritual and divine.

Music is cold; only when warmed by a true spiritual faith. Poetry never leaves the narrow circle of a short-lived sensuality, only as it burns the supernatural powers of the soul, and painting and sculpture find the invisible springs of their life fed beyond the domain of material things. We shall elevate the drama, and make it too, a method of divine worship. These changes cannot be wrought in a day, and we must also remember we cannot originate or conduct this movement. No man can lead Spiritualism, and he who attempts it, will go down in forgetfulness.

We cannot, therefore, lead, but we must follow. It does not depend upon us, but we do depend upon Spiritualism. You need not try to dress it up in a Sunday suit, and make it respectable, if you do it will follow you. You need not think to confine it to the customs of society, for it will not be confined; nor need you worry about its being destroyed. This Spiritualism is the most independent thing, on earth, and those who worry for it, had far better worry for themselves.

It will go on, tearing down and rebuilding, until souls are wheeled into order with the currents of a diviner, because a more natural life, and the toys of the world's religious childhood give place to the strength, symmetry and beauty of manhood and womanhood.

We may inquire, what will be the character that Spiritualists will assume in the immediate future. Will they become fossilized by organization? Will they repeat the history of all the sects in Christendom? No, the majority of them could not, if they would, and would not, if they could. The "mills of God" will grind up and break to pieces, any such attempts. They must and will, associate together, for the dissemination of great truths. Have unity of effort; for the accomplishment of important ends; but remember, this is a movement that lends men, not a movement which men can or will lead. It will do for Catholicism to have its priests, bishops and popes, but he who thinks to ride Spiritualism to power and fame, will have the evident satisfaction of lifting himself or herself from the earth. It acknowledges no leader but perceived truth, no creed but justice. Its watchword is: always do right.

Here is the great difference between the religion of the past, and the religion of the future. The one fits men to books and creeds, the other feeds on the husks and bones of the dead past, the other turns trustingly to the opening future. The one cares and bleats men and women, and blisters them with hell fire; the other draws them with the diviner magnetism of truth.

Revolution is inevitable. Neither creeds, books, or midday prayer meetings, can change the tendencies of the times. "A man to him who can look beyond the counting of to-day, but half a century, what golden visions loom up before him. Materialism has rolled into the dreariness night of the past. The mother of religious despotism beats an inglorious retreat from the green shores of this Western world, and the barefooted armies of Progress wave the banner of liberty, and the sign of the sign, and inscription, of all forms of all future ages: "God, Liberty, and Immortality."

Original Essays. For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THE PRICE OF TRUTH. BY H. B. Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth, Such as men give and take from day to day, Come in the common walk of easy life, Blown by the careless winds across our way.

Bought in the market at the current price, Brood of the snail, perching on the bow, It tells no tale of daring or worth, Nor pierces even the surface of the soul. Great truths are greatly won, Not formed by chance, Not walled on the breath of summer dream; But grasped in the great struggle of the soul; Hard battling with adverse wind and stream. Not in the general mart, mid'rain and wire, Not in the merchandise of gold and gems; Not in the world's gay hall of midnight merriment, Nor 'mid the blaze of royal diadems.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Child of the Times. BY C. J. A.

The questioning spirit of the age, the earnest desire to possess the truth in regard to all things, whether of a material or spiritual nature, is exhibited even in our children, to a remarkable degree. Young American precocity of this kind, is often manifested to the great discomfiture of the believers in certain time honored traditions, as is illustrated by the following incident which came under my notice:

"Little Jerome W., about eight years old, is ordinarily of such a serious aspect, that his mother might reasonably entertain hopes of his becoming a high church dignitary in course of time, were it not that inwardly, he is so very sceptical and acute, as to put such hopes forever to flight. Not long since, he was listening with great attention, while a friend of his, read aloud from a Sunday School book. The subject was the Omnipresence, and all seeing power of God. The young listener did not seem to be agreeably impressed by the continued watchfulness of the awful eye, as portrayed by our Orthodox friends, and in a slow, solemn tone, peculiar to himself, interrupted the reader by the following questions:

"Can God see everybody, everywhere?" "Yes, everybody and everything." "Could he see me," he asked very slowly, "if I got under the bed?" "Yes, he could see you there as well as if you were out of doors."

There was a moment's pause, while the reasoning faculties within the busy little brain, swiftly telegraphed to one another, and then again the solemn doubting voice: "If he saw Adam in the garden, what made him say, 'Adam where art thou?'" The Theological reader vainly sought an answer to this searching question, and the memory of his failure will never fade from the mind of the child. May he, and all such little ones,



be able in the years to come, to prove life beautiful and good, under the eye of the Loving Father.

The Condition of the First Society of Spiritualists of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

There is one feature in the constitution of the First Spiritualist Society here, to which I wish to draw the attention of your readers. The word moral is not in it. If principles are just, we consider them moral; but we know a great many people are considered moral, who are known to be very unjust.

Phenomenal.

Bro. JONES—Permit me to start an inquiry relative to a certain phenomenon witnessed a few days since by my wife. The phenomenon consisted of a visit from a certain angel or spirit, to our house, seemingly of a very bright and elevated order, possessing in addition to her common garb, what she had never before witnessed, the appendage of wings.

Mrs. F. was engaged in her house work, as usual, in the fore part of the day, and alone. She heard at the sash door, a rustling sound, and stepping to the scene, she beheld through the glass, before opening it, a most beautiful lady standing outside, with veritable wings, apparently waiting for the door to be opened that she might enter. The sound she heard, was made by these wings, for the purpose of attracting her attention.

Voices From The People.

Letter from a Friend—Name Unknown. EDITOR JOURNAL.—Please find enclosed \$3.00 to aid in sending your paper to the poor.

J. H. Powell in Terre Haute, Indiana. BROTHER JONES:—I commenced my labors here yesterday, under promising conditions. The friends are all in earnest and equipped for battle. Our hall, belonging to Dr. Pence, a true Spiritualist, is capable of seating 300 persons.

Letter from H. S. Brown, M. D. Having finished the business, I will now state a few things regarding the status of Spiritualism in Milwaukee. The old Progressive Lyceum has increased in numbers since the division, the 1st of January.

and more than doubled their influence for the good of the cause. We have one Spiritualist Society here, legally organized, enabling us to receive all the benefits which the laws afford to religious organizations.

Br. A. B. Wheeler's Disappointment. MR. EDITOR:—I became a subscriber for your RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for three months. When I subscribed for it, I had the impression it was a paper containing Beecher's Sermons, but instead, I find it to be a Spiritual paper, advocating the doctrine of Spiritualism in its worst form.

Washington, Iowa, Feb. 1st, 1869. REMARKS:—You were right in your position that we publish Br. Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons. He is a great favorite with our friends in the spirit life.

The old Jews looked for the Messiah, and when he came in the form of the gentle Nazarene, they denied him, and would have nothing to do with him. So when the glowing words of Br. Beecher and many other inspired speakers, are sent to you upon the pages of the beautiful RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, you, like the old Jews, reject it.

Letter from Wm. Paul. THE JOURNAL is almost a necessity our acquaintance is maturing, and our companionship is becoming inseparable. The Fronties and Inner Life Departments are preeminently good, interesting, and consolatory.

Occasionally we find a recent importation, slightly discontented and longing for earth life: this to me, is inexplicable. If the beauties of the Summer Land bear a tinge of the splendor imputed, I should manifest no desire for a change of habitation. I should rejoice that the weary spirit is at rest; expanding and developing in soul, and divorced from the privations, trials, sorrows, and cares of life; always basking in eternal bliss and happiness; and with congenial and loved associates, treading the ambrosial bowers, and feasting on the exquisite, varied and delightful scenery.

Oh, brother, how we cling to earth, its follies, temptations, vanities and allurements, when the glories of futurity, in all their transcendent splendor, bid us look beyond terrestrial scenes. We are reminded - that the world is as we make it. It is preeminently as rulers, oppressors, warriors, and heroes have made it; and deception, war and hypocrisy are the lesser vices promulgated by those whose authority is limited. The earth is only beginning to become a desirable habitation. Said vices will have, in a manner accomplished their deplorable mission, when the hideous monstrosities, in the shape of hereditary, constitutional and chronic diseases, are dethroned and dissipated; then we may look forward to human perfection, and the ultimate dawn of truth and concord.

WM. PAUL. REMARKS:—It is a notable fact, and a subject for reflection, that occasionally a spirit communicating to mortals, expresses sorrow for the change he or she has passed through, and wishes that it had been his or her lot to have remained longer upon the material plane of life. Hence, we get knowledge of the variety of feeling and powers of appreciation, even in spirit life. That which is lovely and beautiful to one, is the reverse with another. Home-sickness, so called, is an every day occurrence with multitudes in this life, in spite of beautiful and attractive surroundings; even so, in spirit life, if such is the tendency of the mind, until the natural attractions of that life, and the kind offices of guardian angels overcome such feelings in a similar manner to that of earth life.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. To the Secretary of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists.

During the month of January, much has transpired in my peregrinations, of interest in our cause. Lectured, New Years eve, in Vernon, on Temperance. Could not have the church, because I was a Spiritualist, but the large school house was literally crowded with eager listeners.

I only regretted that many of our church members could not be seated, and the rest so uncomfortably crowded; but perfect order and quiet continued throughout the audience, and when, after speaking an hour on temperance, I gave liberty for questions, a voice said, "Tell us something of Spiritualism."

I may be allowed to, I replied, as we have the school house, and it is devoted to progression. After taking half an hour, a liberal collection was taken, and an orthodox walked up to me and said: "Mrs. Logan, I believe you to be an earnest, and true worker, although we differ in our theology, yet, take this," handing me money, and at the same time said, "God speed you in your work—hope you will revisit us soon."

Brother A. Colton, member of the legislature, last winter, had made arrangements for lectures in Winnebago City. The hall was crowded. I gave three lectures and also liberty for questions. A Baptist Minister and others, asked questions, which, thanks to the angels, seemed to be answered satisfactorily.

I then went to Blue Earth City, and gave two lectures on Spiritualism, and one on Temperance, and established a "Star Army." I lectured in Pool's school house, two evenings, to an orthodox audience; also at Verona school house, where they had just closed a protracted meeting, and it was like beating against the wall to speak to their benighted minds.

Illinois State Association of Spiritualists—Report of Dr. E. C. Dunn for Dec., 1868.

At the close of the month of Nov., feeling the need of rest from arduous labors in the central and southern parts of the state where I had been speaking, for the two months previous, I took my way homeward where I intended to spend the most of the month, and especially the holidays, for the first time in three years, with my family. But ere the month was half passed, the missionary cry came from abroad for help, and finding that while the world needed my services, I could not be idle; at the close of the second week, I took my leave of home, making my first stopping place at Eleroy on the line of the Illinois Central R. R. I believe I found only two avowed Spiritualists in the place. Mrs. E. G. Jones, a very estimable lady, with whom I stopped, is entitled to much credit for her untiring zeal in the cause. Realizing the presence of her friends who are sojourners in the Spirit Land, of which her husband is a representative, and feeling the guidance and presence of her sainted loved one, she feels anxious to bring others to a knowledge of the glorious truth which is a solace to her in her hours of sorrow.

In Eleroy, I delivered a course of three lectures receiving for the same ten dollars. From this place I went to Warren, found a few earnest souls banded together for the advancement of the glorious cause of the angels. Here, I gave a course of five lectures, awakening great interest in the cause and a good deal of uneasiness in the ranks of the pseudo saints, the interest in the lectures increasing until the hall was not sufficient to contain the anxious seekers after truth. The friends in Warren paid me for the lectures, giving twenty-five dollars.

Money received for the month of December: From Eleroy, \$10.00 From Warren, 25.00 Total, \$35.00

Our Children.

"A child is born: now take the germ and make it a child of natural beauty. Let the dew of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it in richest fragrance and in purest hue: For soon the gathering hand of death will break it from its weak stem of clay, 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!"

December Snow.

Chill December snow is falling, Falling fast and cold and drear; Falling on the leaves of autumn, Covering up their brown and sear. Chill December snow is falling, Falling fast, and cold, and clear; Falling on the graves of loved ones, Coldly hushing treasures dear. Chill December snow is falling, Round the homes of want and woe; Children crying, Mother's prayers, Falling fast, December snow. O December! Snow has fallen, Leaves of autumn covered o'er, Hidden graves within the churchyard, Hearts made desolate and sore. Warmer skies shall come, spring-time, Verdant leaves will refresh the sight, Little graves grow green with water-lilies, Happy homes from moon till night. Ah, there is a heavenly Spring-time, Where the graves shall never fall; Where no little graves are rounded: Where no sorrow comes at all. Ah, there is a land of Summer, Where no storm-clouds e'er shall roll, Where no snows of cold December, Ever shall press the lonely soul. We shall see that golden sunlight: We shall know our loved ones well: We shall hear most wondrous music Ever more with angels' fell. In that land of golden sunlight, With our dear ones, loved so well.

The Monkey and the Hawk.

The cook of a French nobleman, whose château in the south of France, had a monkey which was allowed the free range of the kitchen, and which was so intelligent that by severe trainings its natural propensity to mischief had been subdued, and it was even taught to perform certain useful services, such as plucking fowls for instance, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning a pair of partridges was given it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window, which looked directly upon the park, and went to work with great diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer ledge of the window, and then went quietly to pluck the other. A hawk, which had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree, darted down upon the plucked partridge and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring his prey. The consternation of the monkey at this unexpected adventure may be easily imagined. He knew he could be severely whipped for losing it. He hopped about in great distress for several minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with great energy, and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the ledge, just where he had placed the other, and closed the shutters of the kitchen behind him. The hawk, which by this time had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge; but hardly had his claw touched the bird when the monkey sprung upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's head was suddenly wrung, and the monkey with a triumphant chuckle, proceeded to strip off the feathers. This done, he carried the two plucked fowls to his master, with a confident and self-satisfied air, which seemed to say, "Here are two birds, sir, just what you gave me."

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore contains names of those who have been invited, whether they accept. The column 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.) Harrison Angier, Calamus, Clinton Co., Iowa. C. Fannie Allen, Stomach, Minn. Mrs. N. K. Andrews, trance speaker, DeLam, Wis. Mrs. M. K. Anderson, trance speaker, DeLam, Mass., P. O. Box 48. Mrs. Orrin Abbott, developing medium, 127 south Clark St room 16. J. Madison Allen speaks in Elkhart, Indiana, until further notice. J. Madison Alexander, trance speaker, Chicago, Illinois. Charles A. Andrus, Youngburg, Mich. J. O. Allie, Springfield, Mass. Dr. A. T. Amos. Address box 2001, Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Anna E. Allen, 147 West Washington street, Chicago. Joseph Baker, Editor of the Spiritualist, Janesville, Wis. Mrs. Bush, 163 South Clark St., Chicago. A. P. Barman, Joplin, Michigan. Rev. J. O. Barrett, Elyria, Ohio. Dr. James K. Bailey, Plymouth, Michigan. Dr. Bairard, Lansing, Mich. Lectures upon Spiritualism and scientific subjects. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. J. H. Brown, St. Johnsbury Center, Vt. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. P. O. Drawer 5064, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. E. F. Jay Bullen, 181 West 11th street, New York. Mrs. Nellie J. C. Brigham, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass. Mrs. M. A. C. Brown. Address, West Randolph, Vt. Addie L. Ballou. Address Markato, Minn. Wm. Bryan. Address box 36, Camden P. O., Mich. Mrs. Wm. Brewster, trance speaker, Address, Almond, Wis. H. B. Hickford, Charleston, Massachusetts. Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. Dean Clark. Permanent address, 24 Wamsell street, Lowell, Mass. Mr. Cowen, Rt. Charler, Ill. Mrs. Auguste A. Currier. Address, box 515, Lowell, Mass. H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. J. P. Coe, M. D. Address Box 127, Ottawa, Ill. E. C. Child, Inspirational speaker, Franklin, Ohio. Mrs. Dr. Wm. Crane. P. O. box 935, Elkhart, Indiana. Thomas Cook's address is Drawer 6028, Chicago, Ill. Albert E. Carpenter. Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. Mrs. A. H. Cooley, Trance speaker, Lowell, Lake Co., Ind. Dr. J. R. Doty, Stockto, Ill. Miss Lizie Doten. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Henry J. Durgin. Permanent address, Carlington, Ohio. George Dutton, M. D., Rutland, Vt. Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J. Mrs. E. DeLamar, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass. Dr. E. O. Dunn, lecturer, can be addressed at Woodford, Ill. Miss Eliza Howe Fuller, inspirational speaker, San Francisco, Cal. Dr. E. C. Dunn, Rockford, Illinois, P. O. Box 1000. J. J. Jackson, Drawer 5095 Chicago, Illinois, P. O. Box 1000. Societies wishing the services of the Miscellaneous, should address them personally, or the Secretary of the Bureau. All contributions for the Illinois State Miscellany Bureau will be acknowledged through this paper each month. Contributions to be sent to Mrs. Julia N. Massie No. 25 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

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S. S. JONES, Editor.

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The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

"GOD IS LOVE"—WHAT IS LOVE?

How little the world understands its true nature or significance. "God is love," comes welling up not only from the Bible, but from the rippling streams, the vast fields, the high mountains, the turbulent ocean, and lastly from the human heart. Love, what art thou? Poets have revelled in your ample folds, drank in the sweet incense that ever emanates from you, kissed your sweet lips, and gazed admiringly at your features all aglow with the divine attributes of the great fountain, "God is love." Notwithstanding all this, how few understand its true nature or significance. The mother with her darling child, the young man with his beau-ideal of life, the old, tottering near the grave—every one—are constantly feeling within their interior nature, the pulsations of this—what? Without this element fully developed within men or women, what are they? They are destitute of any sunshine in their souls; they don't enjoy life as they should, but full of ridiculous angularities, selfish and exacting, they pass through life without having lived at all. Their life in one sense is a blank. Better be born blind, deaf and dumb, or limbless, than destitute of this ennobling quality, the essence of the "God is love."

Among the ancient philosophers, we find the love-element developed to a wonderful degree in the person of Socrates. From his whole soul seemed to emanate, like so many rays of light, this divine element. He spoke of pure love as the diamond of the human mind, the brightest jewel in the casket of God's attributes. Yet, he with all his wisdom, was unable to define it, or give a solution of its divine qualities.

The philosopher, the statesman, the divine, as well as the humblest peasant, are subjects of its demands. When Benjamin Franklin first saw the lady to whom he was afterward united in marriage, this element, love, set its intricate machinery in motion, and soon he was basking in the sunshine of its wonderful influence. During his eventful career on earth, he had drawn electricity from the murky cloud when surging waters were passing to and fro in the sky, felt the sublimity and grandeur of God's vast universe, but when stricken down, as it were, by something, a latent power of which he knew nothing, he did not attempt to philosophize, but went it blind. Thus it has ever been. Washington did not enjoy fully the divine effects of this wonderful element, for the lady on whom it was first concentrated, he could not obtain in marriage.

More potent in its action than electricity, more driving in its attributes than steam, more exacting in its demands than the worst tyrant, more varied in its manifestations of power than any chemical compound in existence, it invades every house, it penetrates the muddy bowel as well as the palatial residence, affects the peasant as well as the king. It is infinite in its wonderful manifestations of power. We wonder not that poets have personified this bewitching element, making a man of it—oh, not a beautiful angel, her countenance all aglow with purity; her eyes glistening with the radiance of her divine mission; her features illuminated with a bright, pure smile! No wonder that poets have bowed in humble adoration before her, and in sweetest verse, sang her praise. It is natural that they should do so. And as much as you may scout the idea, if any are so foolish, as to do it, there is an infinite element of love, for God himself is love, and how could it be otherwise than infinite? To define love, then, would consist of a full understanding of Deity; therefore, do not look for a full interpretation of this wonderful element. Like the ancient philosopher, who, while gathering a few pebbles on the sea shore, caught a faint glimpse of infinity before him—we stand in the same relation to God and nature, as this ancient philosopher did to the sands of the sea; we are all picking up a pebble here and there, and by so doing catch a glimpse of the vast fields beyond.

Although we cannot give you a full and complete analysis of this living element, for it has an existence as such, just as much as earth, water or air, yet we shall examine it, if only by so doing, we catch but a glimpse of its wonderful powers and grandeur.

Starting out from this stand-point, that "God is love," and that he is infinite in nature and capabilities,—and that the exercise of this element, is only the workings of God himself in each individual, we propose to show how his wonderful powers are manifested and what makes them known. Allow us to say, however, that the savage in his leafy home, or the Esquimaux in the polar regions, knows as little of love, really, as the filthiest hog understands the wonderful mechanism of the stary regions. In savage man, love is of the lowest order—it might be mistaken for lust. The love of the savage, and the love of the wise sage of the spirit world, how great the difference! how wonderful the contrast! The love kiss in the spirit world is ecstatic in the extreme, for as man progresses this element unfolds itself in the spiritual organization, but little thought of at the present time. It is boundless in its sources of enjoyment, for it is infinite in its nature.

The man or woman who don't love, knows nothing of God, for he is the essence of love. However, there is no such person as that. This love-element permeates every soul. It is the blood of the affections, as essential to their existence as the blood is to the physical organization. In some it is thin and weak and many times is impregnated with scrofula, as it were, causing eruptions to show itself on the affections, the same as it sometimes manifests itself on the body. The licentious have this diseased blood, as it were, circulating within their affectional nature, and it is impossible for them to love truly, purely, nobly. Their affectional nature is diseased, and love, therefore, can not manifest through it, its transcendent qualities.

As manifested in earth's children, what is love, and how is its presence known? Like our appetite, or any function of the organization, it requires the constant care of reason, that it may be kept in a healthy state, and its true nature understood. In the peculiar manifestations of its own inherent powers, it is productive, many times, of very strange results. It induces insanity; it causes its disappointed devotees to commit suicide; it imparts zeal, patriotism, and a strong desire to accomplish some particular result, and, indeed, there is, seemingly, no end to its varied manifestations of power.

The man without his love nature in action, knows nothing of the pleasures of life, and is not of any benefit to himself or humanity; but when diseased, as it many times is, in the licentious—its works are far from being commendable. Like a river swollen by snow and rain, it breaks over its embankment, and destroys the surrounding country, so does this love-element of our nature when diseased, or misdirected, throw a dark shadow over our whole life. This element is really incorporated in the physical structure of man. The blood is more attenuated than the bones or flesh; the magnetism that is incorporated in every part of the body is more subtle than the blood; the nerve aura is still finer in its make-up than magnetism; and finally, the love-element, the most sublimated element in the organism, sits upon the throne of man's quintuplicate nature, the brightest, purest, noblest monarch in existence! An off-shoot of the GREAT I AM, for God is love! The most subtle, yet it possesses the most power, and is most wonderful in all its results. Its vibrations are the sweetest music to the soul, for all knowledge, all sensations are result of vibration. No sound could be heard, no object seen, no taste experienced without this vibration which is constantly going on in all creation. Whenever this love-element in nature vibrates, you feel at once the effects thereof.

The mother when she imprints a kiss on her darling child, when lovers separate and exchange a parting salute, when friends meet with a cordial shake of the hand, this love element within the nature commences to vibrate and you feel the effects thereof at once. In one sense, mankind are selfish, and it is right that they should be so. They live for effects. They love for results! They weep for the soothing effects upon the sorrows of the soul. In pure love, the vibrations are perfect, and no jars follow.

SOROSIS—WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION IN CHICAGO.

It is, doubtless, pretty generally known that there are two distinct organizations of the Sorosis in this city, each of which held a convention last week. One of them was largely attended; the other but moderately so. Near the close of the second day, a resolution was offered in the smaller, to accept an invitation from the larger, to unite with them, which motion prevailed; whereupon, the minority of the lesser convention claimed that such a course would be a sacrifice of principles and immediately reorganized, with a new chairman, and perfected the original object of the convention. The larger convention did the same thing—no more—no less. Each organization has a newspaper; that of the larger convention is known as the Sorosis; the organ of the smaller, CHICAGO SONOSIS.

The public are not very well advised of the causes belli, but they are both recognized as belligerents.

The larger of the two conventions was very much under the control of priests of the different orders, hence, some severe blows were struck, to say nothing of the depth of the wounds inflicted—no deaths as yet, although one Universalist clergyman, who was an active member in the lesser convention, has been arraigned since, before a grave tribunal of Universalist clergymen! This, however, is not the result probably, of the course pursued by the Rev. gentlemen at the Sorosis Convention. He is young and talented, calls out large congregations, and casts the lesser lights in his order, (those who claim the right to prefer charges, set upon his trial and pronounce judgment upon him,) into the shade. But we will speak more of this by and by. The Sorosis is our theme just now.

The gentle Anna Dickinson wielded her Damascus blade to good effect. She and the Rev. Robt. Laird Collier were pitted against each other in single combat. The gentleman did not see things exactly in the Sorosis light. He got his eyes opened, however, by the aid of the blade of the gentle Anna. She, in turn, learned something of the reality of the practical workings of "woman's rights," by the thrusts of the Damascus steel of the Rev. Robert Laird.

On the whole, it was, taking into consideration the workings of the two conventions, one grand success. It was fully demonstrated that these Sorosis Conventions can be managed as adroitly by women, as other political conventions have been by old hacks, of the opposite gender. Another feature is worthy of note, viz: The priests and lesser lights among the candidates for office, are on hand to unite with the new party, knowing, perhaps, that they lose nothing by so doing.

Maybe some fragments of the loaves and fishes will fall to their share. However, all may be honest; we will not pretend to judge. Certainly, the best feature, as a guarantee that the movement will eventually be a success, and that principles will come out uppermost, is that the lesser convention would not be sold out, overawed nor betrayed; but when the trying moment came, they adhered to their principles and sifted out all that were too light to be counted solid workers.

We pass no opinion in regard to the merits of the one convention over the other. We simply admire the *spunk* of the lesser convention and say, God-speed both in all good and noble deeds.

"ANSWER NOT A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY, LEST HE BE WISE IN HIS OWN CONSCIENCE."

We received the following by mail: "Please answer the following questions through your columns. Who am I? My age? When born? Have I a brother, sister, father, mother, grandmother, or grandfather in the spirit-land? What was my mother's maiden name? Am I married or single? If you can answer these, please tell the name of the spirit that does it."

Old theology has, in the past, taught the doctrine that those who pass from this sphere of life to heaven, find themselves upon a plane of life where no further acquisitions in knowledge are necessary. One eternal psalm-singing, or drumming of golden harps, is the never-ending occupation.

One of this class of believers can, at once, be recognized by the tenor of thought manifested in his letters. He seems to think that if spirits can control mediums to communicate at all, they can tell all about his mother, grandfather, grandmother, and other relatives, and also the name of an anonymous writer, and whether he wrote with a goose quill, or some other kind of a pen.

This is not very much to be wondered at, when we consider the dimensions of an orthodox heaven, as per Biblical measurement.

The writer is yet in theological bondage, awe, ignorance. We are happy to say that the philosophy of Spiritualism, will eventually redeem him and all others of his limited views, in regard to the number and condition of those in spirit life, from much mental darkness. Then he will realize the fact that his letter of inquiry is about as definite, and as likely to get an answer, as Pat O'Flannagan, of Ireland, was when he wrote to his brother, addressing him as, "Brother Mike, United States of America."

TUNNELING IN CHICAGO.

The Chicago Sunday Times of the 17th inst., under the caption of "Men and Muskrats," offers some facetious remarks on the subject of tunneling.

Chicago furnishes, probably, the most advantageous field for the pursuit of this interesting branch of scientific investigation. The relation ship between men and muskrats is more obvious in Chicago than anywhere else. It is traceable not only in the anatomical structure, but in the habits and occupations of the two species. The muskrat was first to discover the admirable adaptability of the site of Chicago to the construction of tunnels. He was the first engineer that introduced the plan of tunneling Chicago river. His cousin-german, the present inhabitants of Chicago, have only executed the plan on a somewhat larger scale. And, it is not to their honor it must be said, they have neglected to give him due credit for his invention. In the spirit of self-exaltation, they have fancied that his name in profusion on the Chicago tunnels, had ignored that of the original inventor. It is the common fate of genius.

Further on, the remarks take a more practical shape and assume a more business-like bearing, and allude to the subject or idea of tunneling for the various railroads which now, or may hereafter center in this city. We quote: "Another of Mr. Muskrat's Chicago relations now comes forward with a proposition to introduce Mr. Muskrat's system of tunneling in Chicago on a grander scale than ever. The proposition is nothing less than to convert the whole bed of Chicago river into one grand and stupendous tunnel for the accommodation of the numerous railroads that enter Chicago. The execution of this project would remove the railway-tracks from the surface and place them underground, where the Chicago muskrat thinks they ought to be. At a central point, a little north of the present Lake street bridge, a grand subterranean depot, or muskrat-house, would be erected, where all the different lines would converge and unite.

The idea is a prodigious one. It is a scheme worthy of the engineering genius of Chicago; or rather, worthy of the engineering genius of the muskrats that preceded the present race of tunnel-builders in Chicago. It is worthy of commendation, not only for the facilities it would offer to the railroads, but for the inestimable advantages it would confer upon Chicago. Grand and stupendous as the scheme may seem, we wish to record it, as our honest conviction, that within twenty-five years it will be put into practical operation.

As a reason for these subterranean passages for our rail-roads, it further says:

Chicago is growing rapidly. Engineer Chesbrough—the present chief official representative of the old muskrat race of tunnel-makers—estimates that, in 1883, the city will contain a million of inhabitants. So many people will occupy a good deal of ground, if they be limited to surface occupancy. The city, already, is spreading out in a rather promiscuous fashion over the surrounding prairies. City distances have become so great as to occasion not a little inconvenience to men who do business in the center, and have their homes in the suburbs. What, then, must be the inconveniences in 1883? But all this may be obviated by a general adaptation of the muskrat system. With that system inaugurated, Chicago need not spread over any more surface. Instead of the present three geographical divisions, the city may be reduced to two divisions, the upper division and the under division.

WINNEBAGO, ILLINOIS.

Our friends are delirious of having speakers call and lecture when passing near the above-named town. Address, Reuben Alworth, Esq.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

One of the officers of the "American Association of Spiritualists," boasts of receiving seventy-five dollars per month, from that Association. Rather an expensive Institution! Well, it is none of our special business, inasmuch as we have not, nor do we intend to pay an initiation fee, nor a yearly contribution of five dollars per annum, for membership, as required by the articles of organization.

We now begin to see why the wire-pullers at our late Springfield convention, required members of the Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, in order to hold their membership, to support the American Association.

As soon as we can get the thirteen names that composed the delegates to the Springfield Convention, we intend to publish them. For some, probably a wise reason, Jamieson, the secretary, in giving the proceedings of that meeting, at Springfield, Ill., published, (in an interior town in Michigan,) did not see fit to give the names nor number of delegates. His laudations were profuse; facts which should make up a record, few.

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.

DR. J. C. WONDER.

Writes to us from Milwaukee, giving in detail an account of his travels, seances, and diagnosis of diseases.

The good work, brother, is going bravely on, and we are glad you are so earnest in your efforts to spread a knowledge of our beautiful philosophy.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

Dr. D. B. Zera writes us that the harvest is ripe at the above named place. Lecturers take notice.

Read the article taken from the American Artisan, found in another column, concerning the patent Magic Comb, which we fully endorse.

Literary Notices.

"The Gospel of Good and Evil," by Joseph S. Silver.

This work consists of a hundred and thirty-two short essays, designed, as the author says, "to illustrate the nature and uses of the various evils, each treated separately."

It is not often that we open a book of greater intrinsic merit, than this. The writer seems to grasp the inherent nature of good and evil, and carefully analyzes the same, coming to the sensible conclusion, "that good and evil are convertible terms, and that each is necessary to the existence of the other."

Each essay is complete in itself, the subject of of the same being so critically and carefully examined, that nothing more is necessary to be said in reference to it.

Physical evils are first examined and defined. In so doing, however, he wisely refers to nature as "a system of violence, one thing driving another; and it is by the equipoise of checks and balances that order is maintained and perpetually insured." "From this," he says, "we derive the first hint; that we must go through evil to enjoy good; that evil is a contending force necessary to give to goodness life and motion."

There are several reasons why this book will be read with pleasure and profit. Any disquisition that harmonizes, as it were, the contending forces of nature, and the seeming good and evil that pervades society, should be hailed as a "Savior," by those who are anxious to arrive at the truth, and thereby comprehend the manifestations of Deity.

For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

Better Views of Living.

The above is the title of a new work, by A. B. Childs.

It is not often that we meet with so much substantial food for the human mind, in one volume, as is contained in this new work by Mr. Childs. This work is particularly adapted for those who have been in the habit of giving the various religious tenets of the day, but a casual examination, for they will find in this volume some startling maxims, which cannot fail to awaken investigation in their mind. Starting out, with the thought that every religion is divine; every faith true, and that no creed is false to the invisible cause of its production, the author, seemingly guided by inspiration, adds thereto, until a fund of information is adduced, that is rarely met with in one volume.

Feeling the truth of his statements, he gives expression to them, not deeming it necessary to sustain them by a thorough course of reasoning. His ideas of chastity are, indeed, beautiful.—He says: "To think evil of no one, is chastity in thought." "To love every one, chastity in affection." "To do as we would be done by, is chastity in deeds."

The casual reader, the profound thinker, the metaphysician, the biblical student, and "ministers of the gospel," would do well to give this book careful attention. No one can read it without feeling that he is benefited thereby.

For sale by the Western News Company, 121 and 123 State Street, Chicago; also at this office, 84 Dearborn Street. Price \$1.00.

Our correspondent, J. W. S., offers the following, on our review of "Sunderland's Trance."

Mr. Jones:—There appears to be an error in your cursory review of Sunderland's new work, "The Trance." The author is dealing with the physical, and not directly with the spiritual phenomena of Trance, while your notice seems to make it appear that the spiritual phenomena were not fully done justice. Mr. Sunderland has chosen ground to explore, which has been very mysterious in the dark past, and I think from a careful reading of his book, "The Trance," he has done a work we greatly needed, to show that all his investigations harmonize with the wondrous phenomena of spirit forces.

There are thousands, say millions, who would utterly deny the facts of Spiritualism, and what can we do with such persons till we have convinced them, by scientific and philosophical demonstration, that the facts exist? We may theorize forever. Sunderland's work, dealing exclusively with the physical condition of Trance, is just what is needed to effect an entrance into the minds of the millions, for the mental and spiritual philosophy which will afford a confirmation and completion to the work. J. F. B. of Indianapolis, sends us the following criticism of a review of A. J. Davis' "Spirit Mysteries Explained."

BROTHER S. S. JONES:—I find in the Investigator, of Boston, a review of A. J. Davis' work, "Spirit Mysteries Explained," and also of Sunderland's work, which I see you have just published. I mean "The Trance."

Brother Seaver's entire argument, is his inability to see or feel, spiritual existence. This is all he urges as an objection to A. J. Davis' work.

Mr. Sunderland has written a scientific work on the agencies producing the trance state, and has chiefly confined his attention to the physical conditions of induction. Having read his book, we know whereof we testify, when we say it is a powerful sledge hammer, skillfully directed against the ignorance of that earth-philosophy which would deny the fact of spiritual forces. The work is collateral to Spiritualism, and must be of great value. I am glad you have introduced it upon the shelves of the JOURNAL book establishment.

Mr. Sunderland, writing a scientific work on the physical conditions of the trance, could not well ignore the mental or physical conditions thereof, and has consequently said:

"It is not difficult to suppose that invisible persons exert power over physical bodies, and that intelligence, ratiocination, music, &c., are made without any human organs, or instruments." Brother Seaver, of the Investigator, says it is "difficult for him, very."

Very well, brother Seaver, Mr. Sunderland's work is admitted by materialists and by yourself, to be a scientific book, but because the author of "The Trance," shows facts which your philosophy does not account for, you throw him overboard, on the mere instigation of an "inability" on your part. "The Trance" is a book that we advise every Spiritualist to read, and fortify himself with the store-house of its historical and philosophical facts, and we advise every materialist to read it also, for it will assuredly aid him to "conceive" of things and truths which are now "difficult" to the undeveloped.

Indianapolis, Feb. 4th.

"Jehovah Unveiled, or the Character of the Jewish Deity delineated," which is prefixed a letter to the Bishop of Condoif, by J. Tradesman. Published by J. P. Mendon, Boston, Investigator office.

This is a pamphlet of over one hundred pages. The work is keen in the extreme. The foundation stones of old theology, are shown to be of a concrete that quickly crumbles to pieces when exposed to the sunlight of common sense. It did well enough to hold up a structure to be used only by semi-barbarians. Now, it serves as a land-mark, denoting the progress made in the unfolding of mind—and yet it is popular to believe in the myths of the past.

For sale at this office. Price twenty-five cents. Postage four cents.

"The Ignorant Philosopher and The Adventures of Pythagoras in India." By M. De Voltaire.

This little work is well worthy of a careful perusal, not only on account of the distinguished character of this ancient philosopher, but from the simple fact that in all his statements and adventures, food for reflection can be obtained.

Published by J. P. Mendon, Boston, Mass.

The land of the living is the home of the dead. To die is but to live.

Amusements.

The Worrell Sisters, whose partial failure at McVicker's Theatre, called forth some pretty severe criticism, are, this week, meeting with good success, drawing good houses, and giving the most ample satisfaction.

Their business Manager, A. L. Parkes, was out in a card in the Times of the 15th, in which he gave many good reasons for their not at first meeting the expectations of Chicagoans; one principal one being that all three sisters, as well as several of the company, were suffering from severe colds. He concludes by saying that the amount of anxiety caused by the fear of an unfavorable impression has utterly prostrated the sisters on two or three occasions during the past week, and Miss Sophie, particularly, has been compelled to leave the stage in a fainting condition, swooning repeatedly during the performance, the result of an overwrought and excited system.



At Co. Wood's Museum, Sharpley's Minstrels have had full houses during the week...

"The Field of the Cloth of Gold," continue to be a grand feature of attraction at Crosby's Opera House.

"The Woman of the World" proved a genuine success at the Dearborn Theatre.

On Thursday evening, Mr. J. W. Blaisdale, one of the most pain-acting actors in the city...

We are not advised, at present writing, of what will succeed the "Woman of the World," but presume it will be Olive Logan's American comedy, "Surf,"

Theater Comique are out with a new programme, embodying additional attractions.

The Arlington Minstrel's reappearance at Library Hall has been a signal success.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is to give a course of readings to a Boston audience, limited to one hundred persons.

DR. D. C. DAKE, THE HEALER. Will be at Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the sixteenth, and remain twenty days...

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS. OR THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE, REVEALED TO MAN.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium, David Corless, of Huntley's Grove...

Electric, Magnetic & Clairvoyant Physicians. "By their Works ye shall know them."

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MR. PETER WEST, THE SEER, CONTINUES TO GIVE SPIRIT TESTS.

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A reasonable discount to the trade. J. C. BUNDY, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. CLARKE'S Remedies. R. S. S. JONES—I see you are advertising the medicine of Dr. Clarke a spirit, who controlling prescribes for the sick...

Panorama of Wonders. Read in another column, "A Panorama of Wonders by the great Spiritual Remedy, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders."

To Dealers and Traders. If any of our readers or friends who are Dealers or Traders wish for the PATENT MAGIC COMB to put into market, we will furnish the "Wholesale" Price List upon application.

THE PATENT MAGIC COMB. Beauty on the Mountain, Beauty in the Forest trees, That bend before the gale, Beauty in the Ocean, With crest of dancing foam, And BEAUTY in the special work, OF PATTON'S MAGIC COMB!

A PLEASANT STORY. In the streets of Chicago, I wandered along, And curiously saw a familiar old man, While viewing the cars, horses, and such...

ADVERTISEMENTS. DAWN. A highly entertaining Novel. Very interesting to Spiritualists.

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10,000 Agents Wanted. Wanted at once, 10,000 more Agents, male and female, and travelling, in all parts of the UNITED STATES.

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A Panorama OF WONDERS

BY THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY. MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS

I AM overwhelmed! There is nothing, ancient or modern, to compare with it—nothing, I am overwhelmed with its vast power, its extensive range, and the countless wonders which it panorama before me.

Here comes a letter from H. A. Tatum, of Aberdeen, Minn., telling me of the cure of Consumption, Chills and Ever, Billious Fever and other diseases, by the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

There is a letter from A. Hildgloom, of Matamoras, Texas, who rejoices that the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS have cured his child of Cholera.

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Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee."

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to 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.

Oh, Thou Spirit of Wisdom, let our thoughts be accepted by Thee. Hear Thou, the secret prayers of our souls, and give us that strength, and light that shall enable us to walk in the path of wisdom and truth. Teach us to be true unto ourselves, that we may deal justly with the immortal germ within, giving it power to unfold itself in goodness and love, harmonizing it with all things above and all to be in harmony with itself, thereby showing to one another that it is love and wisdom within, that control the outer manifestations.

We realize that through sad experiences, we are enabled to send forth greater sympathies to others. The heart which has passed through the trying ordeal, can enter into the deepest sympathy with those who are in like sadness.

Those sad experiences unfold to us the great lesson of kindness, of brotherly and sisterly love.

We realize Thy guidance in the past, and we earnestly desire Thy presence in the present, and in all time to come. Give us to know that all things are governed by Thee; that Thou art a grand and mighty Principle, unfolding Thyself to us in many ways; that whether we call upon Thee as Father and Mother, as a Spirit of Light, as a Spirit of Truth, Goodness or Wisdom, it matters not unto Thee, for Thou art ever present, guiding and directing all with a divine, will and purpose. Dost us ever feel this, and ever ascribe unto Thee these ceaseless praises.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION BY MR. BALDRIDGE.

Q. What became of the saints after the crucifixion, that came out of their graves?

A. Not having been present ourselves, we could not say; but judging from others, we should say their experience was similar to that of other spirits, that pass from the material to the spiritual plane of life.

QUESTION BY MR. LASALLE.

Q. It is really astonishing to me where such intelligence comes from, to answer questions so promptly, and in such a satisfactory manner—questions that would puzzle almost any known person, now living upon the earth.

A. We say that every A, B, C or D, can answer them in his way, according to his ideas of right; and from the fact that we have given them to correspond with your approval, it does not follow that it will meet with the same with every one else. While these answers might be satisfactory to you in every particular, yet there are minds which would, doubtlessly, find fault with every one of them.

Q. Please explain the origin of thought?

A. Thoughts, of necessity, must be within, and language is their external expression. All thoughts, then, seemingly, originate within the brain of the spirit, and they help to unfold the individual's life within, so that we can take cognizance of it by our external senses. Thoughts have their origin in the great fountain of life, and as every spirit is a part of that life, so we can say, thought is within the spirit. Two persons for instance, think the same thing at the same time, both, perhaps, will give expression to it at the same time. And, again, another may give it expression, and the other will respond, "It is exactly what I was thinking." How it is that we get these thoughts—that we cannot tell, except it is from the great source of fountain of thought, God.

GEORGE E. WILLIAMS.

My good friends, I have been promising to come here time after time, and now that I have succeeded in getting possession of this organism, I propose to tell my story, and tell it in my own way, too. I don't propose to be driven away until I get ready to go. If it be a fact that we can come—and it must be, or else I should not be here—individuals have a right to come, and then they must have a right to stay until they get ready to go. I don't wish to intrude upon any one, but there are a few things that I want to say. How do you say them so that they will carry conviction to my only study. God is infinite, God is good. If he is infinite, he has also power. If he had power years and years gone by to suffer people that once lived upon this earth to return, so he has the power to-day, and I want you to bear this in mind. You believe that with God all things are possible. So do I now, but I did not once. I believe that when he gave life a living existence upon earth, and gave that same life an existence after death, I believe that then he must have power. Now you believe that we exist, but where and how? You do not believe that it is possible that any one can return and take possession of a physical organism after they have once left their own. Neither did I. You, like myself, would be very glad to have it so. If you could only be convinced of the fact, you would say, Amen, and bless God that it was so. That I lived as you now live, that you know. That by disease I was freed to leave my body, that you know. You say God gave, and he has power to take away. You believe that he took me. I, living, lived what you conceived a good and honorable life. Believe that I am happy. Now if I could not see you when you are the dearest of all either in earth or in heaven, how could I be happy? No heaven could possess charms sufficient for me to keep me away from you, to make me happy if I could not see you. To die, to leave dear ones

behind is a terrible, terrible thing. It was not God's will that I should die, but it was because my body was so diseased, and I suffered so much I could not stay any longer in it. You think that God took me. I thought at the time he was going to take me, but now I don't think so. But since it is possible for me to return to you and tell you that I live, and something near, how I live, I will not complain, but will take things as they are. Believe me, when I tell you that I had not been dead to you not one half hour before I witnessed all your grief. I then thought if I could go away as you would go away from witnessing the sorrow of any one that was dear to you, I thought I would go away; but I could not. As long as you continued to feel so, and grieve in the way you did, just so long I seemed to stay nearer and nearer to you. When you said at night, "If I could only see him, if it was but for a few moments, that would be all that I would ask," then it was that I was close by you, but could not, could not speak. That is, I could not speak so that you could hear me. I could come close, and lay my hand upon your head, but you did not feel it; you did not know that I was there. I witnessed everything that you did. I saw where you laid my body, and how anxious you were to keep it, thinking it was the last you could see of me on earth. You had no thought that I should ever say one word to you until you had passed through death the same as I have; but now it is true, and here I am. This is my body, seemingly, and yet, with my sense, I know it is not my body. If you were here, it would seem to me as though I could be just as real to you as I ever was in my life. How glad I would be if you were here. But by this you will think that it is possible for me to come here. It may be possible, if you visit some medium, I can then manifest myself to you. I will try to do it just as hard as I ever tried to do anything for your happiness. I will try to do that. Time alone can tell how I shall succeed. Emily? God bless you; God bless our little ones. I had so many things that I had thought to tell you. When I first got possession of the medium, I felt strong and positive; now I do not feel so. It seems to me that I am growing weaker, as I did in my last sickness. To you, my wife I will say that I shall ever be near; and to you, my dear father and mother, I will be the same; and to our children, I will never leave them until they shall pass through death the same as I did. Oh, Emily, do not doubt, do not be afraid, no matter what people may say, no matter what they may think. You were the dearest to me on earth; you are the dearest now. I know you as dear as to you. Yes, your husband, George E. Williams, will never leave you. You will ask me why I do not tell you my age. That thought comes to me: I will say I was thirty-seven.

[He has not stated place of residence; that is important.]

January 31st, 1869.

LEMUEL ELLIOTT.

If you want my place of residence I can give it to you, just as easy as can be, but I don't suppose it will make any difference to you. I did not come here to notify any one that is here. Now, you mind that. I came here because I have something to say to my folks. I heard you say that he didn't give his place of residence, and that that was essential or important; so it is, but you see that man was just exactly like a great many other christians. When they start out, they are very powerful; but as time passes on their religion passes away; and they are not near as powerful as they thought they were going to be. They do not hold out, near as well as they thought they could. I never was a christian, I never belonged to any church except God's Church; and anybody belongs to God's Church, whether they make any great professions of religion or not. If one does just the very best he possibly can, why, I don't see what more you can expect him to do. I will say that nine-tenths of all these christians, are christians because it is popular. They are christians because they believe that somebody will think a little more of them; and some of them are christians because they think that if they do not do just so, that God will strike them out of existence after death, and, again, others are afraid that they will go to a place of torment and there suffer eternally. But I tell you, such impressions do not stay long, for they are nothing more nor less than psychological influences produced upon them by what some powerful preacher has said—some strong minded individual that earns his bread and butter on Sunday; and the larger his salary, of course, the better he can talk and the more terrible things he will portray to his congregation, and the better he is liked because the more converts he will make.

Belong to church: "Come into my church, and you will be all right." No, I won't do it. Everybody says "It is my church; it is my God," but it's your devil, always. You never find a good christian that has any sort of any idea that it is his devil; but it is your devil if you do not "our church." "Our Church" is a great institution. I heard the preacher when he said, "His spirit has gone, and it has gone to the God who gave it; and we leave it in the hands of a just God; and by his taking this one away from your family, it will lead you to think and to be better christians." The devil it would! If God would take a person away from his family when he is needed by that family, just for the sake of making them better christians, I would call him a very unreasonable God. I had a great deal rather that the Churches should have such a God than to have him myself—a great deal rather; because I have no use for such a God. If God, by his laws suffers people to die when they violate the same—now I mean the laws of health, why then of course, it can not be him. If people take care of themselves, take care of their families, and live honorably, they will do well enough. I don't believe in people doing any great sins now, such as stealing or lying, or killing any thing of that kind—I don't believe in that at

all. But I mean, good honest, every-day sort of people, who try to mind their own business, and let other people do the same. I believe they are just exactly as good Christians as God ever cares to have them to be. Now that's my God. I would not change him if I could. Now I know many a one that will say "yes, I guess you could not change him if you would, and you would, if you could." Well I would not, if I could, I say. The whole long and short of it is, we are born upon the earth without ever being consulted in regard to it, or the least thing about it whatever; and we have to take things just exactly as we find them; and we have to make the best of them, too. Perhaps, we have not the power within us to do just exactly as we would; then we have got to do just the best we can. I know very well that the preacher said, "he lived a good moral life." A good moral life: You sat and swallowed it all. It is just as well. It don't make one particle of difference to me whether you do, or do not believe it. It was't a very great consolation to me after all. You thought if I had only just repented, if it had been only just a few minutes before that, I would be all right. Now I didn't repent at all, and I am just as near right as I did. You say if I had lived a terribly, terribly wicked sinner all my life, and just a little while before I left that life, if I had called upon God for forgiveness, that he would have forgiven me, in just one or two minutes, for all the wicked deeds I had done.—If that is so, why, I should think it a very great piece of injustice.

Again, I have told you many and many a time, that if God had the power to forgive people for all their sins in a few minutes, why, of course, if he wanted to forgive them he would any way, and if he didn't want to forgive them, why he would not, and that would be the end of it.—And another thing you know, I told you many and many a time, that if God made every thing in the first place, and pronounced it good—now that's his bible—and then made the devil to take charge of a certain portion of his children, why, he had an object in view, in making him; and of course, if he didn't take some of them, he would not carry out his aims that's all. I believe in everything being in its proper place.

Now, you will say, I have not changed one bit, not one bit. I will tell you, another thing; all of your prayers, all of your long faces, all of your strict obedience to the Sabbath—and by the way this is Sunday, and here I am a great sinner—I say all of that won't make one particle of difference—it won't make you any happier or better after you get here. Now do you know that I think that the looks and the thoughts that you give to this one, or to that one, and the other one, because they do not think just as you do, and do not belong to the same church that you do—do you know I think it is as big a sin as any I ever did? I tell you, that if you only knew what I know now, you would see that to die, was nothing.—And why? Because we go into a life where everything is just exactly as good as you have it, and better, for this reason: Nobody is picking at one another, because they don't think just as they do; and there is no pulling and hauling, no strife among ministers or church members to see who shall have the most, and who shall have the nicest church, and who shall have the best preacher, and who shall have the most converts. There is not a particle of it, here, not a particle of it.—That is a great thing. I don't know but I am staying here a long time. I like it. If Christians can come here, why not I? Now truth is the truth, ain't it, no matter who gives utterance to it; no matter how it comes, it is true that truth is the truth.

I believe that my God—now mind you, I have got a God—I believe that with my God every thing is a truth for itself. Now this is Sunday night. I never went to church. This is just about as near church as any church I ever went to. I worked hard, you know, during the week, and when Sunday came, I thought it was as good a way to worship God as I could find, to rest my body and prepare for my work. That was all that I cared for Sunday. I didn't think it was one particle better than any other day, nor I don't think it is now. I think some where, away back in the past, when some great christians had control of matters and things, I think that the day called Sunday, God's day, was set aside for the purpose of making people live up to their ideas of christianity. Now I can prove that to you, just by things you see here on earth. In some christian cities where there are the greatest churches, and christians of the greatest power, you will find how very strict they are; and then in another city where a kind of liberal minded people have control of things, you will see that people can do pretty near as they like on Sunday; and believe in this very city where I am now, the people can go to church or stay at home. They can go to places of amusement on Sunday—for there are such places—or they can do the other thing. They can do just exactly as they are a mind to, and I like it. I tell you, I am heartily glad that people are getting out of this old idea that you have got to do just so and so on Sunday. Just think what an awful thing it would be, if a person could not sing on Sunday. Think what an awful thing it would be, if they could not play on Sunday. Think what an awful thing it would be, if they could not visit their friends on Sunday; or if they could not have a nice warm dinner on Sunday. Some think you must not cook on Sunday; it is God's day. There are some people to-day who would not have a meal of victuals cooked in their house on Sunday for any thing; it is God's day. You may go outside, and go wherever you like in the vegetable world, and you will find that there is not one thing that stops growing because it is Sunday—not one thing. All animals require feed just as much on that day as any other; and human beings who are anxious to make Sunday one of the happiest days of the week, should do it by having good things, and if they have good clothes, make good use of them, and they should

see one another and have real, good suitable times, because they don't work on Sunday. Now, that's my idea. "Just the same," you say, "as he was before he died." How long is it since he died? Just think of it! It is eleven years since. Now, wouldn't you think I had changed a little? Do you really think, if the devil had me I should be speaking here now? Now, mark! you think that evil spirits can come back. Just think of it—an evil spirit can come back, but a good one can't. Now how consistent that is. You think that evil spirits can come back for the purpose of what? For the purpose of making people sinners; for the purpose of seducing them from the path of rectitude and virtue! If I say one word that is not God's truth—that is my God's truth—then tell me so. Now, if your God would let wicked people converse with their friends, and would not let good ones, would you really think that was just? No, no, not so. If evil ones can come, why, surely, good ones can. You do not think that a wicked man has any greater powers or deserves any greater blessings than a good one. Neither do I. Well, I have spun out a long story here—a very long one, I am afraid, longer than you will like; but if there is a part of it you want to disregard, do it. If you want to discard the whole of it, why, do that; but I tell you, you can't discard the truth if you discard everything else.

Another thing; it will set you to thinking a little, because nearly all of this talk I have given to you more than once, and I am precisely—that is so far as my opinion goes, the same as I was then, only a little more so.

Now, right here in this room, there are some good christians, that is they think they are; and right here there are some others, every day sort of people; and right here are some others who are Spiritualists, that you think are the devil in all. Now, if you could see them, just cast your eye around as I do here, you could not tell the christian from the Spiritualist, or the every day sort of person. They have just about the same look. It is Sunday, and one don't look any more like a christian for Sunday than the other. There are more here that I know of than I have ever seen before, and yet I know that what I say in regard to their characters, and the world's people and Spiritualists, is true. You don't find any body here that is an infidel, not one. You don't find any one in the life where I now am, that are infidels either.

You will read this over and over again. You will sometimes throw it away in contempt, and think you will never touch it again; but something or other will come over you that you will kind of want to keep it. You want it destroyed, and then you will read it again. You will show it to others to read, and they will exclaim, "how very like him. I wonder if it is really so. I wonder if some one there got this all up. If they did, they hit the mark pretty well. I really would like to have been there, when it was given." Well, I would like to have had you, but that is not here nor there. Now, please know that I live. Let me see. I lived between forty-three and forty-four years, and never was a member of a church; and I never shall be a member of a christian church, because I am dead, dead to you, but not to myself.

Now I am going to say to you, that when the time shall come when you shall die, as I did, and die you must, of necessity—and pass into the same world where I now exist, then we shall see each other right. I lived in Memphis, Tennessee. I believe I said it was eleven years since I had been in this world. It was Typhoid fever that I died of.

Now then, this is the first time you have heard from me, but it won't be the last time you will hear from me before you will die. I am sure of that, because I can control a medium and manifest, easier than I did this time, and I will again inside of three months.

Between three and four months, you will hear from me again. I will keep you thinking about this matter, until you find out it is true; and when I have done that, it will be all I care to do. It is not because you cannot get along without me; it is not that. But if I can get any of the ideas out of your head, that you have got in it now, and give you some that are better, then I will go far, be a preacher and a teacher. My name was Lemuel Elliott, and though I have been dead, I yet live. This is night; when you read this it will be day—so I will say good day. Then it will seem more as though it was just then. I am very much obliged to you all, and to the spirits that gave me permission to come. To every one here present, I will say good night.

JAN. 31st, 1869.

Correspondence in Brief.

Harrison Angir writes to us from Calamus, Iowa. He is engaged in the lecturing field, and no doubt, is doing a good work.

He has had several interesting debates with those who do not believe in the power of spirits to communicate with mortals.

May he go on in his good work.

E. E. P., of Omargo, gives cheering accounts of Spiritualism in that town. The Society there has been favored with a lecture from E. C. Dunn, also from Mrs. Wilcoxson. Go ahead, brother, in the good work.

Mr. Rathburn writes an interesting letter from Shellburg, Illinois, giving an account of a dream wherein he was prompted to purchase a certain book. Dreams, brother, sometimes reveal startling facts, especially when caused by our spirit-guardians.

Dr. H. S. Brown informs us that the two Lyceums in Milwaukee are in a flourishing condition. We are glad to hear that Milwaukee is alive to the interests of the children.

He speaks flatteringly of the good work of Bro. Potter.

Bro. J. Mc Clure, of Albany, New York, writes to us that the Spiritualists there—

would like to have our Western mediums call upon them, when passing through that city. Bro. Mc Clure's address is No. 27, Orange street.

Benjamin Smith, Fallsburg, Kent county, Michigan, writes:

I have long been a confirmed believer in our glorious philosophy, founded upon our own experience, my wife being a physical medium. I think that the JOURNAL now excels all other spiritual papers, for good, sound arguments and reading matter. I am much interested in Austin Kent's philosophy; his arguments are sound and come square to the point without dodging the question. The idea of an all-wise, all-powerful and all-good Deity, creating and controlling the universe, to my sense of reason, is contradicted by stern facts. The evil and suffering which we every day can observe in the operations of nature, the cruelty of man and the lower animals to each other—the cat tormenting the mouse for mere amusement—backs up the arguments of brother Kent. I have to take the position of the noble Dr. Robert Hare, that the creative principle lacks the power, rather than the goodness, and without these sufferings, we cannot reach a better state of things.

S. Stanberry, of Aromaa, Illinois, writes: The secret of success apparently is, that we shall say the right thing at the right time. It is not a fact that every zealous Spiritualist has made converts. The more a man says the more likely he is to be misunderstood. It takes but a slight jog for any one to become a Spiritualist, who believes in the existence of spirits, if we only knew when to push and how.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou writes encouragingly from Minnesota where she was lecturing for some time. She is one of our most efficient workers, and has done great good on those Western prairies. She says:

Why is it that we have so many floating speakers, poorly supported? I am glad to see some societies wise enough to agitate this subject, and settle at least a few. If the funds now benefiting railroad companies, traveling expenses of our speakers, were given to keep speakers in the localities to which they are best adapted, we should as a society, have thrice the thrift, and be a power in the land.

Closing my engagement with the State, I still remain to fill one made for the month of January with this Society, when each succeeding Sunday brings together a little larger audience. Our church is filled, and the interest great. Letters or calls will reach me the first of next month if sent to Mankato. God-speed the right.

Luther Staten, of Luddington, Michigan, gives a curious account of certain noises heard in the forest. It seemed as if some one was driving an ox team, the clashing of chains, etc., seeming as natural as life. Whenever any one would go where the noise proceeded from, there would be no team, and no indication that any had been about.

Dr. J. H. Hill, Knightstown, Indiana, says: Allow me to thank you for your confidence and kindness, for sending me your paper nearly a year without payment. Your untiring energies are to be commended in so successfully continuing to publish it under discouraging circumstances, so fine a paper, which seems to be free to all who are wishing to express a thought in behalf of freedom, and progress.

Patent "Magic Comb" for Dyeing the Hair.

Perhaps one of the most popular applications of chemical science ever made, was that which enables the hair and beard to be changed from an unsightly or undesirable shade of grey or yellow to the more approved tints of brown or black. Hitherto the dyes by which such results have been secured have been applied in a liquid form, involving much inconvenience in their use, often staining the skin, and in many cases failing to give that glossy brightness which is one of the finest attributes of *moustachios* or *chevelure*.

The miniature unique device represented in the accompanying engraving is so formed, as will be seen by the subjoined description, as to be capable of use without any of the drawbacks incident to the employment of a liquid dye; and furthermore communicates to the hair the natural and glossy appearance always desired, but very unobtainably obtained by the ordinary artificial means.

The apparatus, as shown in the cut, may be briefly described as consisting of a double comb, or, in other words, of a comb having two distinct sets of teeth, arranged at suitable distances apart. The teeth on one of these sets are coated to any desired thickness with a composition containing in a suitable proportion, the material which imparts color to the hair. The teeth of the other set are in like manner coated with a composition containing the substance which fixes the coloring matter upon the hair when applied thereto.

In using the apparatus, the hair or beard, as the case may be, is first washed, and while yet damp has passed repeatedly through it that set of the teeth marked A, coated with the fixing composition. This fits the hair for the reception of the dye, and also effectually cleanses it from all impurities. The being done, the device is simply reversed and the hair or beard is combed with the other or B side, whereupon the dye on the last indicated set of the teeth is uniformly deposited upon the hair and fixed thereon by the substance previously applied as just described, communicates the desired dark tint thereto, and at the same time leaves the hair as soft and glossy as if no dye had been applied; no danger, furthermore, having been incurred of staining the skin, inasmuch as the dye is not liable to be brought in contact with the latter as usual.

Aside from its efficacy in serving the purpose for which it is designed, the compactness of the device enables it to be carried by travelers and others with far less inconvenience than the common liquid dye put up in bottles; at the same time its convenient form allows it to be used in giving a darker shade to the eyebrows, in cases where the application of such ordinary dyes would be objectionable in the extreme.

This ingenious device is the invention of William Patton, of Springfield, Mass., to whom a patent thereon was granted on October 13, 1868.

Patents on this invention have also been secured in foreign countries. For sale at this Office as per Advertisement in another Column.







