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Literary Department.

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY MRS. HARRIET BECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throbb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They hush us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently wrapped in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet sounds around us! watch us still;
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

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 SIXTH—THE INSULT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A DINNER AT DELMONICO'S.

"Well met, Captain De Ruyter," exclaimed Alfred Tracey as he descended the steps of the Astor House, and took the arm of a gentleman who was walking in the direction of Battery.

"How are you this morning, Mr. Tracey," said Captain De Ruyter, with a frank courtesy of manner which indicated the manliness and generosity of his character.

Captain De Ruyter was apparently about forty years of age, with an open expressive countenance, a bronzed complexion, and black bushy whiskers, extending half way from the temples to the chin. He was dressed in pantaloons of striped casimer, a buff vest, and a blue coat with metal buttons. The other outward adornments of his person were the productions of such artists in their respective lines as Beebe and Costars and Martigny.

"Sparkling as Hock," replied Alfred Tracey, "notwithstanding a late sitting and a short slumber; but we young fellows don't mind trifles. Business first, however. A few friends of mine dine with me to-day at Delmonico's. Will you make one of the party?"

"Willoughby, Tracey?"

"You are going down to—Slip to reconnoiter the Miranda, I presume," continued the young man.

"Reconnoiter is not the term a sailor would employ," said Captain De Ruyter, smiling. "However, I am bound on a cruise to—Slip to look after the land lubbers."

"I will accompany you. The Miranda is loading rapidly."

"Finely—finely."

"When shall we sail, Captain?"

"If the wind is fair, I hope to leave anchor and get out of port on Saturday of next week."

"A quick voyage and a prosperous one, say I. New York is a city whose amusements and excitements to a man of spirit."

Alfred Tracey paused abruptly. Near the edge of the sidewalk and within two or three paces stood his brother Owen Tracey, apparently awaiting him. The countenance of the merchant was pale and somewhat distorted; his eyes glared strangely and unaturally.

"A word in your ear, Alfred," whispered the merchant as the young man approached still nearer with his companion.

"Excuse me one moment," said Alfred Tracey, relinquishing the arm of Capt. De Ruyter. "I will overtake you."

"Alfred," said the merchant in a hoarse whisper, "I have done with you. I have ordered your clothes to be packed up and sent to

the Franklin House. Never let me see your face again. I say, Alfred, ha! ha! you are a clever fellow, a very clever fellow!"

Without waiting for a reply, the old merchant burst into a hearty laugh and passed on.

The younger Tracey gazed at his brother with an expression of surprise, and then turned upon his heel and walked briskly until he overtook Captain De Ruyter.

The Miranda was a fine ship of seven hundred tons burthen—nearly new. Some fifteen or eighteen months had elapsed since her launch, and during that period, she made a successful voyage to Canton, and a return voyage home. Captain De Ruyter was part owner, as well as commander, of the gallant craft, which, under his guidance, had braved the stormy surges of the Atlantic and the Southern oceans. Whether tending with the speed of an eagle before the mighty tempest, or lying, as now, hemmed in with forests of masts and spars, she was the pride and delight of her commander. Gentlemen as was the ordinary bearing of Captain De Ruyter, it was only on the quarter deck, or in the cabin of the Miranda, that the ease and dignity of his manners became strikingly perceptible.

After a visit of two hours, which was passed in inspecting the vessel, and in superintending the operations of the stevedores, Captain De Ruyter and Alfred Tracey left the boxes, crates, casks, barrels, hogheads and draymen's carts that obstructed the narrow streets bounding the slip into Front street. From thence, they proceeded by the most direct route to Delmonico's, a celebrated refectory or eating-house in the business district of the city. They were ushered into a private apartment in the second story of the building, by one of the waiters in attendance.

"It is now a quarter to four," said Alfred Tracey, looking at his watch. "When will dinner be served, waiter?"

"In about half an hour, Mr. Tracey," replied the waiter respectfully.

"Bring up two or three files of newspapers, waiter."

"Yes, sir."

Ten minutes afterward Frederick Willoughby entered the room with a mutual associate of Tracey and himself, a young man of genteel appearance, by the name of Horace Travis. At brief intervals two more gentlemen made their appearance. The first was Silas Seabury, a young law student in the office of David Barton, counselor at law, and the other was Henry Winter, a nephew of Colonel Winter, the proprietor of the Club House in Broadway.

The young men chatted gaily together or glanced at the newspapers as they listed, until dinner was announced.

"Mr. Montessor has not arrived," said Alfred Tracey, in a whisper, to Frederick Willoughby. "Have you seen him to-day?"

"No, Tracey."

"I care little about it. He is no favorite of mine."

"You do not know him intimately, Tracey."

"Gentlemen," said Alfred Tracey, speaking aloud, "dinner is ready in the adjoining apartment."

The gentlemen were soon seated at the dinner table, and actively engaged in discharging their functions as guests and gourmands. It is needless to describe the substantial dishes and minor delicacies of the several courses. The soups were excellent; the fish capital; the viands and game tender, racy, and cooked in the best style; the entremets delicious, and the dessert profuse and tempting.

"Dinner was over, and the dinner-party, the cloth being removed, was beginning to develop the genial influence of the wine cup in enlightening conversation and promoting hilarity, when the door of the apartment opened, and the traveler, Wilfred Montessor, entered. His countenance was grave and thoughtful. Almost at a glance he surveyed the features, slightly flushed with wine and good humor of the guests at the dinner-table.

"You are late, Montessor," said Alfred Tracey, rising.

After introducing the traveler to such of the company as were unacquainted with him, Mr. Tracey continued:

"Shall I order something for you, Mr. Montessor?"

"By no means," replied the man of thirty-five. "I did not come hither to dine."

"Seat yourself at the table, sir, and take a glass of wine with us," remarked the young man.

The waiter placed a chair at the table, nearly in front of Alfred Tracey, and Montessor seated himself.

but ere he had tasted a drop of its contents, his attention, and that of the company, were arrested by the voice of Wilfred Montessor.

"If what you have insinuated, Mr. Tracey, in your infamous toast, be true, you are a villain, if it be false, you are a liar!"

These words were uttered in a slow, measured voice, which indicated the determined spirit of the traveler. The flush faded instantly from the cheeks of Alfred Tracey, and a deadly paleness succeeded—the paleness of sudden, vindictive anger.

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" exclaimed the young man, glaring fiercely across the table.

"Least there should be the slightest room to doubt my intention," rising with his glass of Burgundy in his hand, "take this as the punishment of the wretch, who, in the presence of gentlemen, has assailed an unprotected woman."

With a quick, rapid motion, Montessor dashed the contents of his wine-glass, full in the face of Alfred Tracey.

The young man started to his feet with a vehement oath, and seized a champagne bottle, designing apparently to hurl it at the traveler. His arm was caught, however, in the powerful grasp of Captain De Ruyter, who was next to him at the table.

"Be a man," whispered the Captain "and control yourself. This is a poor method of avenging an insult."

The remainder of the company had risen likewise, and were gazing with surprise at the parties to this sudden quarrel.

The features of Alfred Tracey were still pale, his lips contracted and bloodless, and his eyes glaring with intense hatred. He wiped the wine from his face with a linen handkerchief, and said to Montessor in low, quivering tones.

"You will hear from me, sir!"

The traveler moved slowly toward the door, but ere he opened it he turned to the company and said, with dignified composure.

Gentlemen, it is my request that you will abstain from repeating publicly, the cause of the merited reproach which Mr. Alfred Tracey has received at my hands. The name of a lady should not be exposed lightly to the aspersions of the curious and the malignant."

After the departure of Montessor, Alfred Tracey desired his guests to resume their seats, and an attempt was made to restore the broken hilarity of the party. The attempt proved abortive. Alfred Tracey, in spite of his efforts to appear gay and witty, was for the most part, moody and dull. No allusion was made to the insult which had been given by Montessor; but the memory of the company was continually obtruding itself in the minds of the company.

Dull jokes were followed by forced laughter; the wine excited no cheering influence; even the clink of the glasses sounded harsh and unmusical. And so, at the end of a weary half hour, the guests rose from the table without remonstrance on the part of Alfred Tracey.

"Willoughby," whispered Tracey, "remain with me. I have something to say to you."

And added, in a louder voice as his guests offered their parting salutations, "Good day, gentlemen. Captain De Ruyter, I will meet you at the Franklin House in half an hour."

The gentlemen retired. Captain De Ruyter assenting to the appointment of Tracey by a slight gesture.

"What did I tell you, Willoughby?" said Alfred Tracey, bitterly, as soon as the other had departed. "Was I not justified in my instinctive dislike to the proud millionaire who has insulted me so grossly?"

"I confess," replied the young man thoughtfully, "that I am surprised at the conduct of Wilfred Montessor. I do not understand it."

"He is a cursed conceited puppy," said Tracey, impetuously; "but I will have my revenge, Willoughby. I ask your services as a friend in this business."

"If you desire it, Alfred, I will call upon Mr. Montessor and request an explanation of his conduct toward you. He is a man of principle, and as he has apparently acted from impulse, he will, perhaps, regret his violence toward you, and tender an ample apology."

"An apology?"

"Yes, Alfred."

"An apology for a blow?" said Alfred Tracey significantly wiping his face with his handkerchief.

"Why not?"

Have you forgotten the conversation which occurred the other day at Ottington's pistol gallery? It seems as if it had been intended to meet such an emergency as this. There is but one species of redress which will satisfy my honor and restore my self-respect."

"If you contemplate a resort to violence," said Frederick Willoughby, "you must obtain the advice of a friend less scrupulous than myself. I am utterly opposed to dueling, and will never participate in any proceeding which its laws and practices sanction."

"What other course can I pursue," said Alfred Tracey, with a contemptuous curl of the lip "than to obey the laws which govern men of honor all over the world?"

"And avenge insult by murder?"

"Call it what you will," replied Alfred Tracey, with a burst of vindictive feeling. "I care not. I pant for revenge. For every drop of the accursed wine which you have seen tickling down my face, I demand a portion of his heart's blood."

bear a hostile message, on my behalf, to Mr. Montessor?"

"I am, Alfred. Besides other reasons, I am in friendly relations with both parties, and am unwilling to act in any other capacity than as a mediator between them. I condemn the act of Montessor, freely and without hesitation. Your toast, a piece of foolish braggadocio, can hardly be construed into a provocation personal to himself; though I believe he was acquainted with the lady in her younger days, and he may be more deeply interested in her welfare."

"I have had my suspicions from the moment I first saw Montessor at your brother's residence, that love-passages had previously occurred between him and my brother's wife."

"Are you quite sure that there are no other grounds of hostility toward you on the part of Wilfred Montessor, than the unfortunate toast which he resented, as it appears to me, with unnecessary harshness?"

Alfred Tracey glanced suspiciously at the young man as he replied:

"Not that I know of. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Only, Tracey, because the whole proceeding seems unaccountable to me."

"And unfeeling to me," remarked Alfred Tracey.

As the young men were about to separate, Frederick Willoughby said to his companion.

"Reflect calmly, Alfred, before you act in a way that you may repent hereafter."

"The reply was cold and swerving."

"I thank you for your advice, Willoughby, and rely upon secrecy if not upon your assistance."

The young men parted. Alfred Tracey proceeded immediately to the Franklin House, and there met Captain De Ruyter, who was waiting for him in the public sitting-room. After a few moment's conversation, they retired to a private apartment, ordered a bottle of wine and cigars, and a long consultation ensued between them.

CHAPTER XL.

A BRIEF INTERVIEW.

Silently and thoughtfully the man of thirty-five, Wilfred Montessor, traversed the lower apartment of his mansion in A-street. The saloon, the drawing-room, with their gorgeous furniture and embellishments, were brilliantly illuminated.

One week previously he had trodden the same apartments with Zorah by his side. He recalled her words, her glances, her acts of tenderness and devotion. He reflected upon her beauty and her gentleness; upon her innocent life and her violent death. The soul of Montessor surrounded as he was by objects of taste and luxury, was pervaded by a sense of loneliness and gloom.

While in this mood, Hamet entered the room.

"Captain De Ruyter desires an interview," said the Georgian, addressing the traveler.

"Admit him," replied Montessor.

The sea captain approached Montessor with a frank yet serious expression of countenance.

"It is with extreme regret, Mr. Montessor," said Captain De Ruyter, "that I am compelled at so early a period after my introduction to your acquaintance, to trespass upon you with business of an unpleasant nature."

"Proceed, sir," said the traveler calmly.

"You are the friend of Mr. Alfred Tracey?"

"Mr. Tracey has called upon me to act as his friend on this occasion, and I do not feel at liberty to refuse, however unpleasant or hazardous my duty may become. Mr. Tracey keenly feels and deeply resents the insult which was publicly and intentionally offered to him, and expects to receive, as he intends to demand, the satisfaction due a man of honor and a gentleman."

"Proceed, Captain De Ruyter."

"You will permit me to suggest that no apology or explanation will be deemed sufficient by Mr. Tracey to atone for the injury he has received at your hands."

"The insult to Mr. Tracey was publicly and intentionally offered," said Wilfred Montessor, with an air of dignified composure, for reasons satisfactory to myself, and I shall tender neither an apology or an explanation to your friend. By my own act, I have waived the privilege of objecting to Mr. Tracey, on the ground that he is not a man of honor or a gentleman."

"There is but one course left open to us," said Captain De Ruyter, courteously yet firmly.

"Yes, I understand you."

"Workily prudence, however," said the Captain, "suggests a movement preliminary to a formal challenge. The laws of the State of New York are very severe against dueling, and even go so far as to render it a high misdemeanor to give or receive a challenge to fight a duel. Both my principal and myself have pecuniary interests at stake in this city, which render it very important that we should not be detained to answer to a criminal prosecution. I am prepared at this time to say to you, that Mr. Tracey and myself will take train of cars to Philadelphia to-morrow afternoon, at a quarter to five o'clock with the intention of journeying Southward as far as Baltimore. If it will be consistent with your views and feelings to travel in the same direction, with one or two personal friends, there will be no difficulty in arranging our business satisfactorily on our arrival at Baltimore."

"I accede to your proposal, Captain De Ruyter. In company with a friend, I will take the train of cars indicated by you, and proceed with as little delay as possible to the Monumental City."

"To-morrow afternoon, Mr. Montessor."

Department Of Arts And Sciences.

Electric Battery.

Prof. G. W. Hough, in his recent report as director of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, N. Y. gives the conclusions arrived at after a series of experiments with galvanic batteries, as follows: 1. In the sulphate of copper battery (Daniell's form), the principal cause of decline in the strength of the electric current is due to the formation of the sulphate of zinc. 2 The quantity of electricity flowing in the external circuit depends on the specific gravity of the sulphate of zinc solution. 3. When the sulphate of zinc solution approaches saturation, polarization takes place in the battery itself, and, although electric motive force remains the same, the internal resistance may be increased more than a hundred times. 4. The sulphate of zinc solution (or any fluid about the zinc), is useful only as a conductor; since it can be replaced by any negative metal even by zinc itself. 5. The internal resistance of the battery has been separated into two parts, viz, that due to the porous cell and that due to the liquids employed. The specific resistance of the liquids was found to be 13; that for a small clay cell, 17, and for a leather cell 7; since the resistance of the leather cell is less than one half that of a clay cell, we have used it in the construction of batteries, as the quantity of electricity is nearly doubled, without any increase of the surface. For the negative metal, in place of the copper heretofore employed, we have used sheet lead. The investigations have enabled us to compute with great precision the length of time a battery will generate its normal quantity of electricity, provided the amount of electricity flowing in the external circuit is known, and the capacity of the vessel holding the sulphate zinc solution is determined. The specific gravity of the sulphate of zinc solution should not be less than 120, nor more than 300 Baume.

Refining Iron.

A new process of refining iron by the mechanical admixture of oxides of iron with the melted crude metal is now in practical operation at the Schenberger Junction Works in Pittsburgh. The melted metal is run direct from the blast furnace into a large kettle having a capacity of five tons; from thence, it is poured in a stream into a revolving circular trough about 12 inches wide and 10 inches deep, the diameter of the whole being about 14 feet. As fast as the metal is poured in the pulverised or descends from a hopper, thus, as the trough revolves, alternate thin layers of melted metal and raw ore are made which combine in a very satisfactory manner. The machinery used in this operation is managed by one man. When the trough is full, the metal before it has cooled, is broken up into slabs of suitable size for the heating furnace. This is said to be the most important improvement in iron making introduced in many years.

Arsenic.

Among the substitutes proposed for the dangerous green containing arsenic is that produced by M. Moulin. He mixes 100 parts of a hot solution of zinc in hydrochloric acid with from one to fifteen parts of a hot solution of the oxide of cobalt in hydrochloric acid—the proportion being varied according to the shade of color required. A solution of carbonate of soda is then added to the mixture, when a precipitate of the mixed hydrated carbonates of zinc and cobalt is formed. The chlorine in the first mixture unites with sodium in the carbonate solution forming common salt, which is removed from the precipitate is then dried on chalk or gypsum plates, and subsequently heated to at least 1,000 C, when it assumes a yellow color, but on cooling it becomes green. By using sulphate of alumina in place of a portion of the zinc in the first mixture, a bluish tinge may be given to the pigment.

Solar Gaseous Spectrum.

Mr. Norman Lockyer first proposed a plan for detecting the gaseous spectrum of the sun without the intervention of an opaque body, as in the case of an eclipse, to cut off the direct light, but Mr. Gansen of France was the first to observe such spectrum under the direct light of the sun. Mr. Lockyer, two months later, did the same thing, and found a gaseous spectrum of a certain light present at all points, and hence concludes that an envelope of luminous gas surrounds the sun to a distance of about 5,000 miles, while the luminous prominences are only accumulations of the same gaseous matter reaching sometimes to a height of 70,000 miles.

Cotton Waste As A Manure.

A French cotton spinner has used his cotton waste for the last ten years for seed beds and early crops. He mixes the waste with stable manure alone, and thus claims to avoid the burning chills which manure alone often causes. The waste applied to an asparagus bed in a layer about 8 inches thick was found to protect it from snow, and to so hasten the growth of the plant that tender and well flavored asparagus had been gathered in the midst of winter.

New Tin Mines.

The great value of the tin workings at Junk, Ceylon, said to be not less than 120,000 tons per annum, have incited a Chinese merchant to propose the development of the tin district at the Isthmus of Kra in Siam. He is to have the government of the district to enable him to carry out his designs. As the river Kra is the boundary between British Bumah and Siam, it is probable that the product of these mines will be carried to England.

Great minds have wills; others only feeble wishes.

Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

Spiritual Manifestations.

The inhabitants of the Spirit World are creating a remarkable excitement among the conservatives and old fogies in this place, through the mediumship of John A. Tyler, the boy-medium whom we mentioned in an article not long since. One person thought he was a match for the spirit; so he copied some lines privately from a Magazine, wrapped and rewrapped them again and again in envelopes, sealing them thoroughly, then put letters in a glass bottle corking and sealing tight. Then he laid two strings at right angles with each other across the cork, sealing the ends down to the sides of the bottle. The bottle came back, the seals all correct, and the lines correctly transcribed. The skeptic acknowledged that there was more in Spiritualism than he could account for in his philosophy.

A Methodist clergyman has got frightened, and gone to preaching against it; and it is amusing to behold what a grand and lofty tumbling he makes in grappling with the mighty truths of Spiritualism. But the Devil, as he calls it, will not down at his bidding. No sooner than he thinks he has his enemy vanquished and prostrate, than he finds that it is himself that is prostrate, and his antagonist standing banding over him with a smile on his countenance and pity in his eye, at the antics of the poor clergyman.

When will this class of men learn to be wise, and not seek to cope with a cause that in every conflict they have had with it, has invariably proved more than a match for their hell-born dogmas and superstitions.

Austin Kent's Reply to Sherman.

You object to the old theological idea that a son of God was eternally begotten. What is the difference whether he is eternally begotten, or begotten of eternal life?

If God creates children and gives them life, he must give them that life which he possesses himself. Hence, if God's life is eternal then is the life of his children eternal also, in essence. Spirit can only give itself expression through form; and the changing of that form so far as growth and decay is concerned does not necessarily change the nature of the spirit. Man sometimes becomes corpulent in the extreme, and again through disease becomes wasted away to a mere skeleton. The taking on and laying off of that matter did not change his spirit at all.

Again, when man becomes individualized he becomes a fountain of life himself. If man first receive a life that is eternal in its essence, and has become individualized in that life, then he has power to beget that life. Hence, the life which the father gives his son is of his own, which is eternal. If he does not give of his own life, then he is no father at all and has no son. That life which a father gives to the son, the father can not take away, because he can not destroy an individualized life that is eternal. Man's identity lies not in his physical form, but in the experiences that individualize life.

Swedenborg uttered a great truth when he said that "a man was a man according to his interiors, and not according to his exteriors." If his identity existed in his body or physical nature then he might lose it. But since his identity exists in his life, it can not be destroyed because that life is eternal.

Married.

We see announced in the BANNER OF LIGHT, the marriage in the city of Boston, of Mrs. E. P. Thornedyke, and we hope the union may prove a happy one.

Mrs. Thornedyke was one of the pioneers of Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast; also an indefatigable worker in the Children's Progressive Lyceum. She has a large circle of friends in this State (California), who would welcome her return here and be glad to congratulate her concerning the happy event.

The Rostrum.

Spiritualism in Philadelphia.

Never before has the cause of Spiritualism attracted so much attention or commanded so much respect, as it does to-day. There have been larger audiences this past winter than ever before, and we have had a little excitement here over a scurrilous article in one of the Sunday papers, which, after making a very indecent attack upon Spiritualists, asked the significant question: "What good has Spiritualism done?"

Brother Forster's lecture which we publish to-day, is another exposition of this subject, and will be perused by our readers with interest and profit.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"What Good has Spiritualism Done?"—A Lecture by Thomas Gales Forster, Delivered at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, May 16th, 1869.

[Photographically Reported by Henry T. Child, M. D.]

SECOND LECTURE.

I am well aware that there are many in this community, and there may be some in this audience, who look upon Spiritualism somewhat as a vision of a new Atlantis, born of the imagination and destined eventually to die of the first hard grip of worldly want; or, as the beautiful phantom which was pursued by Shelly's Alastor along the borders of a silent wood, down the wild windings of a river, until he, at length, woke amid the barren realities of a desert.—Nevertheless, I am willing to defend this glorious system of philosophy and religion, for I honestly believe, that in comparison with all other faiths, Spiritualism exists in the hemisphere of mind, as the bright-eyed king of day exists in the natural heavens, as a beautiful golden insignia upon the sparkling breast-plate of Infinitude, the light from which is already shooting towards the zenith, and shedding its benign and healthful influence, far above the hill-tops of superstition and fanaticism, the influences of which are destined to illuminate this globe, whilst earth's living heart shall glow with the fires of love, and showers of golden rain fall all over her withered landscapes, and even the tomb, grow beautiful with deathless bloom.

What good has Spiritualism done? *Cui bono?* The writer of a recent article, well known from his general intelligence, that it is absurd to demand as a reason for a rational faith, that the *cui bono* shall be proven. The lightning of heaven strikes the house of God—*cui bono?* An idiot is born—*cui bono?* A poor wretch is deprived by death of her only support, her son,—

cui bono? Again; it is well known to the general mind, that the *cui bono* of any phenomena or system must depend upon the condition of the mind to which the phenomena or the system is presented.

I can not furnish brains and argument, said Doctor Johnson to an individual, who remarked that Milton was trashed.

A Captain of a whale ship had been descending upon the merits and advantages of civilization, to a native of Spitzbergen, and expressed his sympathy with him, that he should be so unfortunate and miserable, in such an inhospitable latitude. "Ugh," said the indignant native, "miserable! why, have I not always had a fish-bone in my nose, and as much train oil as I could drink,—what more can a man ask?" "How these people boast about the sun! I have never been able to see that it was of any use."

Again; one man may see an apple fall, and it reminds him of nothing except it be the probable price of cider in the Fall; another man may see the apple fall, and be enabled to grasp the golden key with which to unlock one of the mysteries of the universe.

One person may see a table lifted into the air without human contact or visible means, and the only conclusion that he is enabled to arrive at, is, that it is a very undignified procedure. Another may witness a table thus lifted, and from it receive a suggestion that leads to a train of thoughts, culminating in the demonstration of immortality. Consequently, I say it is absurd to demand as a reason for a rational faith, that a *cui bono* should be proven. Nevertheless, we are ready and willing to meet the *cui bono*— "What good has Spiritualism done?"

The term Spiritualism in common usage, frequently means only a belief in spiritual intercourse. That is a belief in the fact that man has an individualized, conscious spiritual existence after what is termed death; and that this spiritual existence can, and does, under proper conditions, commune with the spirits living in the body. All who believe these two facts, are called Spiritualists,—no matter what they believe or disbelieve otherwise.

The term Spiritualism is applied to a system of philosophy and religion, and when thus applied, it has been defined by the angel gifted A. E. Newton, as embracing all of truth relating to the spiritual nature of man, its constitution, its capabilities, its duties, its welfare and its destiny; all that is, or may be known with regard to the spirit world and its inhabitants; with regard to God the great Father of spirits, and with regard to all spiritual manifestations of whatever character. Like-wise, all that is, or may be known with regard to the occult forces of the universe, which are spiritual in their nature. When thus applied, as he says further, it will, at once be perceived by the intelligent inquirer, that spiritualism is no narrow superstition, but that, on the contrary, it is an all comprehensive system of truth; that it embraces all of true religion, all of true philosophy, all of true theology, and lies at the basis of all true science.

Spiritualism does not, as is supposed by some, necessitate a disbelief in the bible properly understood, nor does it necessitate the rejection of Christianity in its highest significance; but it throws a flood of light over all the records and systems of the past, leaving each heart to choose for itself the right from the wrong.—Spiritualism has no authoritative teachers; thank God! because each man or woman, at birth, can only give their conception of truth, from their own standpoint, proportioned to their ability to comprehend it. Therefore, I repeat, that Spiritualism has no authoritative teachers; but each man and each woman, standing in the presence of Almighty God, ministered to by a cloud of angels, has a glorious privilege and duty to perform. Now I think there is some good in this, as there is in any system, that is calculated to break down arbitrary authority in the realm of mind. I did think in the past, and I still think, that all efforts were legitimate to do away with physical slavery. I have thought, and I still think, that all efforts are equally legitimate to do away with mental slavery; consequently, any system that has for its object, the universal liberty of the entire family of God, must have some good in it.

In the religion of the Brahmins, the Supreme Being is represented or manifested in three beings, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva,—the creating, the preserving and the destroying powers. It is taught in this religion, that all the important changes that have occurred, or that may occur in the world, have been, or will be through successive incarnations of Vishnu in the human form. A similar faith is true of the Jewish nation, both at its earlier and its later periods. Moses and the Prophets, and Jesus, were incarnations in different forms, it is true, but the same principle in essence, adapted to surrounding condition. It strikes me, that to this day and generation, Moses must have presented a sublime spectacle, standing alone and calling upon an enslaved nation to throw off the yoke of bondage, and free themselves from the task master of Egypt, to go forth into the wilderness with nothing but what faith could promise.

So, also, do I suppose the Prophets must have presented an equally sublime spectacle, when surrounded by the splendors of Eastern Courts, influenced by the presence of departed kindred, they boldly prophesied the overthrow of the most powerful hierarchy the world has ever witnessed. So do I think that Jesus presented a most sublime spectacle when He stood upon Calvary, with the world, as it were, opposed to Him, ready to die for what He believed to be the truth; and let me remark here, that the scholastic theologians, who are sitting at the foot of the cross, speculating upon the mysteries of the trinity, are but so many crimson-headed tricksters, gambling for place and power, whilst the divinity of their own souls, like that of Jesus, is struggling for an utterance.

Spiritualism teaches further, in addition to what these other faiths have taught, that incarnation is a universal principle and of universal application. Not only does it teach that wherever a new and beautiful thought is making itself out into practical life, and where ambition is springing anew, and where the soul has been enlarged by its own exertions towards the right, or where man has been elevated by the efforts of his brother man; not only does Spiritualism teach that there is the anointing oil, there is the Messiah of the period, there is the Christ, there is the incarnation—but Spiritualism teaches that all are Christs. The word Christ, as many of you know, was not originally used as part of the name of the Galilean Prophet. It is derived from the Greek word *christos*, and in Hebrew, the term Messiah has the same significance; they are descriptive, and were used with reference to the custom of anointing persons who had been set aside for the priesthood or some important mission, and Jesus was called Jesus the Christ, as John was called John the Baptist.

With this significance of the term Christ, Spiritualism teaches that all are Christs, because all have been anointed at the everliving fountain of the Infinite. This anointment was not confined to the seers, to Jesus, to the priests of Aaron, nor to the sacred ministers after the order of Melchisedek, but rather like the river of life, which flows on forever, knowing no flood or ebb, it penetrates into the divine in man, and elevates him to be anointed in the glorious individuality of Christ. This principle, then, is universal, not because of its application to peculiar individualities, but because, from the very nature of the truth that attaches to it, it becomes

a principle, infinite and immutable.

Therefore, while Spiritualism is willing to accord Christ's individuality, at the same time it claims it as the primordial right of every child of God. True, some from more noble culture, or from more fortunate circumstances, may be enabled to outwork this principle more beautifully, into practical life; but it has been inherited by all of God's children, and is the universal centre around which the divine in man revolves, and if this be true, is there no good in it? Consequently, then, upon this idea, you will readily perceive, that Spiritualism teaches that man is not vicious and depraved as you have been taught to believe, but on the contrary that he has within him, all the elements of usefulness, of beauty and of truth, and that he bears about with him, all the laws necessary to beautify and control him in every period of his existence, and that he is the focal concentration of every beauty, harmony and use. As the golden-mouthed Swedenborg says, "He is the centre of all the influences of the spiritual and material," which means that he is receptive of the useful, the beautiful and the truthful, a microcosmical universe. Spiritualism teaches further, that the free and spontaneous outgrowth of these inward beauties and uses, constitutes the good man, the happy man, and on the other hand, their neglect, their perversion, constitutes the bad man, the unhappy man. A free and spontaneous development of these inward beauties, constitutes what Spiritualism calls progress; their perversion, misapplication, or misinterpretation, results always in vice and misery. Spiritualism teaches further, that every man has within himself a potential heaven, that is only waiting for peace and sunshine upon the earth, to reveal itself outwardly. Therefore, always in the history of the race, whenever the spiritual nature of man would seek to outwork itself, it was always met with Calvaries and inquisitions, and to day, the beautiful in the race is condemned beneath the influence of ecclesiastical dictation and arbitrary rules.

Spiritualism is aiming to free individual man, and to give him perfect mental liberty as a prophylactic and antiseptic of all the ills in the world, and is there no good in this?

Spiritualism believes that God, as I said on last Sunday evening, is as immanent in spirit as in space, that he is as near to the soul as matter is to the senses. Spiritualism is marking, by her investigations, the footprints of Divinity all over the footsteps of creation, and with her assistance you break into the tabernacle of nature, into the chosen studio of the Divine, where beneath its crystalline dome, the heavens, you find God Almighty overlooking everywhere, new beauties. You will find, my friends, that God Almighty is nearer to his creation than an old theology has taught you. You will find that matter is but another form of God, that all matter is but God's tongue, that by its means God's thoughts are given forth. Is there any truth, any beauty, any goodness in such an idea as this? Further still, Spiritualism is demonstrating the fact that God is as near to matter as to mind, and that not a leaf of the forest can fall to the earth except by his knowledge or under his laws. And thus around us, in the vast fields of nature, God is solving more problems than were ever solved in the libraries of the world, and these everywhere give forth indications of the handiwork of an Almighty Artificer.

Spiritualism teaches this, and Spiritualists believe it. Is this a fit subject for the animadversion of newspaper writers? Is this a fit subject for denunciation in a Land professedly Christian? Aye, my friends, if these beautiful thoughts comprehended in Spiritualism, are to become the subjects of denunciation in the press, of anathemas in the pulpit, and of condemnation in the parlor, then, America had better send to old Catholic Spain and import the eloquent Castelar, in order that he may preach true Christian liberality. Spiritualism teaches, then, that God is ever present in his works, and through the divinity of His children, that His image is stamped upon them.

Now, can there be so much wickedness in any system that has for its corner stone the universal development of man? Can a man be made any worse by having it proved to him that lie can be better? How beautiful does the system stand in juxtaposition to those systems which teach that man is innately bad; that your little children have nothing good in them; that man can of himself do no good thing. How can you improve your children the fact that they are totally depraved, and expect to make honest men and women of them? Spiritualism, then, teaches this idea of God with man; it teaches the grand idea of universal incarnation with the finite expression of the Deity in the entire family of man, upon the earth and in the spheres. Consequently, if this be true, the intimate relationship claimed to exist between the spiritual and the material worlds, has certainly some plausibility in it. Spiritualism contends that her facts demonstrate that inspiration is universal, and if men and women would only be true to themselves, every one would feel that in their experience, there have been epochs, aye, many of them, traced by the fingers of the sky, in which beautiful thoughts, reaching across the wave, have struggled for utterance, feelings that would make the fathers and mothers grow more dear, and brotherly and sisterly affection grow stronger. In a golden galaxy of living light, whose undimmed lustre, though broken by the storms of earth, rises to heaven to be enshrined in God. Oh, then it is that the Spiritualist feels with old Paul, "That in Him we live and move, and have our being." But the skeptical mind says, I cannot thus see my life in God. I cannot thus recognize fully the transformed kindred through whom I hold relationship to the divine. True, my brother, you may not be enabled to see the transformed kindred; but is human sight the limit of human knowledge? The natural eye is a wonderful organ; it is true, but the horizon of its capabilities is bounded by the conditions of materialism with which it is surrounded; but it cannot see itself. The chemist will tell you, that that beautiful pearly substance that breaks from the side of the rock, and makes its deposits upon the bed of the sand as it ripples along, holds in solution solid iron. You cannot see the iron, but will you refuse a glass of that water, that is presented to you for medicinal purposes, because you cannot see it? A little nitric acid will dissolve silver so that it will be entirely invisible, but will you deny the existence of the silver? Has not the silver as positive an existence after it is dissolved as before? Most assuredly. Then, if you acknowledge these things, you must acknowledge that the visible is not the only real. Spiritualism asks, why is it that humanity cannot see the beautiful stream of God's love, that is flowing through the human family, beautifying and reforming all that it reaches? Spiritualism teaches that these ideas are founded in fact; that they are in accordance with the demonstrations of our platform, and in beautiful accordance with the intuitions of the race. Spiritualism teaches man to look within, and study himself, and the Spiritualists are beginning to perceive within themselves wonderful facilities, capabilities and possibilities, that belong not to the mere material form, or the surroundings of the material world. Spiritualism has taught man, and there is a significance in the fact, that he can reason upon abstract notions; such as time, space, spirit, matter, form, quality, essence, and all such abstract notions, upon which all philosophy and all science are based.

Such positive knowledge as this, benefits one generation, and is an advantage to the next.

The Spiritualists are beginning to perceive that in the discussions and reflections upon these abstract notions. The mind is gradually led from the present to the future, from the material to the immaterial, and they look to that which they have been taught to call their unknown possibilities. They feel awakened. The earth cannot answer the longing lingering aspirations of the soul. Having the confidence that Spiritualism is begotten by the Everlasting Father of the universe, they feel and know that there must be another and a better world. They feel and know that the fact of individuality beyond the grave must be, or we must admit the terrible and impious thought that the God of nature has condescended to deceive his child. Spiritualism has evolved these thoughts; it has culminated these glorious hopes, based upon the intuitions of man, and Spiritualism will crown that hope with a beatific fruition. Is there no good in all this?

Spiritualism is a grand system of philosophical thought; but, my friends, philosophical thoughts or theoretical disquisitions, perhaps, would not be entirely satisfactory, unless there were facts that agreed with the theory, and unless the theories legitimately and beautifully illustrated the facts. Well, now, that is exactly the condition of Modern Spiritualism. Her facts justify her theories, and her theories illustrate her facts; consequently all her deductions are logical, and her logic is convincing.

What good has Spiritualism done in mediumship? What good has Spiritualism done in healing mediumship? Honest physicians and students of Materia Medica, who have had an opportunity of observing the results of magnetic manipulations, confess, even though they may not believe in Spiritualism as a general principle, the beneficial results growing out of the healing process. But, whether physicians confess it or not, humanity is confessing it, and the world will be compelled to acknowledge the great forces, and the beneficent facts that are growing out of this laying on of human hands under spirit control. The healing manifestations of Elijah, Jesus and of the prophets in the past, have been, and still are, quoted as evidences of the divinity of the systems supposed to be resting upon them in part. If this be true, why may not Spiritualism claim something of the divine, from the fact that a portion of her system rests upon precisely the same order of manifestations? Spiritualism, however, is claiming that the manifestations of the olden time were not miracles as I explained last Sunday; but were performed through the exercise of natural power, increased by spirit communion and applied through organic laws.

If you wish to know what good healing mediumship has done, ask my medium if he has not received more benefit through the hands of a Beital and Paxson during the last week, than he had in two months from the medical faculty of Washig on? If you want to know what good Spiritualism has done in this direction, ask those in your city, who have experienced the benefits in themselves and their families, from the charms and the healing Media. I would ask Condenser if there is no good in this?

But there is another order of mediumship, known as test mediums. Is there no good to be found in the various phases of Spiritualism, that are presented through this class? Ask that mother whose little children whispered to her through a medium, telling her of the home to which they had gone; telling her of the flowers by which they were surrounded; telling her of the breezes of heaven borne amid fragrant bowers; saying to her:

Would you have us come back, dear mother,
And leave our glorious home?
Though we love you dearly, mother,
From heaven we would not come.
Your world is very fair, mother,
With its sunny hills and dales,
But ours is fairer far, mother—
Its beauty never fades.

Oh, then rejoice with us, dear mother,
That in earth we closed our eyes,
For we will guide your steps, mother,
To our home beyond the skies.

Ask that loving, warm-hearted man, whose wife so recently departed, and who now says: "William, where is death? I did not find it here; I only find still more of life, each moment in the sphere. Up here, William, the flowers pour forth their fragrant breath, and no one in these fragrant bowers can tell me aught of death. I heard your bitter tear-drops fall upon my pallid brow as you said 'I have no darling now.' Oh, could you have seen the angel crowd that bore your wife away, you would have rejoiced. Then never say again, dear William, that I am in the grave, for could you see the crystal fount wherein I often lave, and could you feel how blessed and happy I am, you would know I had never felt the chilling kiss of death."

Is there no good in this? Hundreds and thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands, and millions, Brother Condenser, of American Spiritualists, realize the good in mediumship, realize the good in Spiritualism, and oh, there is not one of them that has a shaft of resentment to throw against you; on the contrary, they feel so beautifully baptized in the truth of their own glorious faith, that they can but wait and reach out, and beckon to you to come with them, and they will do you good, for the Lord God has spoken good concerning this Modern Israel. Spiritualism, how I love the name, although it was given to the brethren as an opprobrious epithet at first; but they had the good sense to adopt it.

Spiritualism is a theme for appropriate investigation, and one which requires all the energies of all the intellect, not only of your little world, but of all the worlds that have been, and of all the worlds that may be. Why, my friends, God Almighty is its Grand High Priest! The universe is its cathedral, the human heart is its altar, and the human family, its beneficiaries. What good has Spiritualism done? Why, God bless thee, brother, what good has it not done? I might speak three hundred and sixty five nights in the year, and if I had an organism strong enough, three hundred and sixty five years, and then not tell of the majesty and grandeur and glory that is comprehended in the estimation of the angel world in the one word of Spiritualism.

There is one objection to it, that I will refer to, and that is that Spiritualism is doing away rapidly with forms and ceremonies. It believes that forms and ceremonies constitute the scaffolding that human ignorance has built up around the soul, and that when the soul is free, this scaffolding must fall away, amid the rubbish of the past, and the soul will then stand forth in its own beauty and dignity. Spiritualism has endeavored to inoculate humanity with the thought that she needs no gilded temple, that she needs no silken gown, no tall snore or capped aisle with which and in which to enforce her devotion; that she needs no holiday, no holy sacrament; but that, on the contrary, all that she does need, is, honest, earnest, ardent men and women, who will seek for the truth as for a hidden treasure, and more than all this, when they have found it, will labor for its promulgation. Spiritualism, my friends, is a child of God, and the friend of man. As said by another: "My flower has no thorns, its honey has no clay to it." It renders all places holy,—the fire-side becomes a holy and joyous temple, and flowers, fields and forests, grace its cathedral. It consecrates all useful work—the sound

of the woodman's axe is as sacred as the singing and praying and the music of the chanting organ. It consecrates all pursuits,—the plowman becomes a priest, and the mechanic offers acceptable sacrifice. Sunday is as Monday, all days and times are alike holy, all are God's. God is truth, and all is good. Then, my brother and sister Spiritualist, let men traduce your faith as they may, let them ostracize you as they may. How beautiful can you feel, then, with these consoling and soul sustaining thoughts. You can rejoice in the glory and grandeur of the past, the present and the future, that have grown and are growing up out of your glorious philosophy.

Voices From The People.

Remarkable Cure By An Indian Spirit
S. S. JONES.—Allow me to congratulate you upon your success in publishing such an excellent Spiritual Weekly as the JOURNAL. Nearly every number seems to be an improvement upon the one preceding it.

Enclosed you find \$ 6.00 for twelve "trial subscribers." I would have sent more names heretofore, had it not been for my illness. I have been confined to the house, most of the time for the past six months. I have had inflammation in the eyes severely, a large proportion of the time.

We often hear it asked, "What good does spiritualism do?" Well, one of the last personal benefits derived from it, by myself, has been the curing of my eyes, after one of our best physicians, as well as many cures "recommended by those who know," had all failed, or only aggravated the case.

Not knowing the address of any medium endowed with the proper powers, I had a lock of my hair cut and mailed to our friend, the excellent and highly gifted inspirational lecturer, A. B. Whiting of Albion, Mich., requesting him to present it to a proper medium, if he should find such a person, and ask him to examine my case, and make a prescription for me. He at once took it to Dr. Rowe, of Albion, who was immediately controlled by an Indian spirit, who gave a full and correct statement of my case, at least, as far as we are enabled to judge in the premises, and also, three prescriptions, two of them for the eyes, to be applied alternately, and the other for the liver, &c., which Mr. W. wrote off and sent to me. Upon receipt, the medicines were prepared for the eyes (the other prescription, unfortunately could not be filled here), and the first application soon made. They acted like a charm, giving relief from pain very soon, so that I slept a part of the first night, even, and curing my eyes of soreness in about six weeks. The credit of the cure is clearly due to "spiritualism," or had it not been for the knowledge that our spirit friends can, and do assist and benefit us in various ways, I never should have thought that a spirit would have reported through a medium, more than a hundred miles distant, giving a correct description of my eyes, the cause of their inflammation, prescriptions to perform the cure. Verily are not the Indians returning good for the evil that we have done unto them.

Hoping that you will continue to prosper in the cause of truth, I remain yours fraternally.
J. H. ANDRUS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Keep It Before The People."

That Elder Miles Grant did not "say in Dansville, New York, Wednesday evening, Jan. 27th, 1869," "And if I am compelled to follow the Bible, and confine myself to it, then I may as well close the discussion at once, for I cannot maintain my defense from the Bible."

I accept Mr. E. V. Wilson's offer to repeat the discussion in Chicago, in July next, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, evening sessions. Terms, resolutions and conditions, the same as in Dansville, New York, with the understanding that, the expenses shall be mutually borne, and that each shall have the privilege of explaining all terms used in the discussion.

If agreeable to Mr. Wilson, I should like to begin the discussion July 5th, instead of the 12th, and hold it six evenings, instead of five.
MILES GRANT.

N. B. Starr.

At a meeting of the Spiritualists of Port Huron May 25th, 1869, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That we regard our worthy Brother N. B. Starr, as one of the most reliable and gifted mediums of this age. That we believe the pictures produced by him are the productions of departed human spirits.

Resolved: That we know that many of those pictures, are portraits of deceased persons, who never in their earth life, had a photograph or other likeness taken, and yet were instantly recognized by scores of persons who are not spiritualists, and who did not know of the circumstances of their production.

Resolved: That a copy of the resolutions be forwarded to the Banner of Light, the Present Age, and THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for publication.
JOHN L. NEWELL, Pres.

JAMES H. WHITE, Secy.

To The Executive Committee.

BROTHER JONES:—Please give the following place in the JOURNAL: The friends of Spiritualism in Havana, believing it to be for the good of the cause, to have the State Convention convene at some central place in the State, not only extend an invitation, but we ask that the Fourth Annual Convention of our State Organization, be held at Havana. The friends there have made all necessary arrangements for the accommodation of all delegates, speakers and mediums, and have made arrangements for a reduction of railroad fare on the P. P. & Jacksonville R.R. connecting Peoria and Jacksonville.
JAMES BOGGS SEY,

Bridgeport, Connecticut, has received an order from the Spanish Government for the manufacture of 10,000,000 metallic cartridges.

who gave his name Ira Smith, and said it lived at grandpa's near Newton, but it was not recognized.

A RED HEADED GHOST, NAMED HAMILTON.

"I see the spirit of a man standing here (here the medium described the person and place in the audience); he has dark red hair and long eyelashes; cannot see the color of his eyes; appears to be about twenty years of age."

The gentleman in the audience asked for the name. "William Hamilton, he says," you ought to know me, Mr. Baker.

Mr. Baker recognized the spirit, and asked if there was any further communication.

"Yes; rather grieves much. Tell her I am happy but should be happier if she didn't grieve so much. Tell her I am not where she thinks I am; I am not with Jesus; but I am happy because I am with her."

This spirit was recognized by another person in the audience.

A TRIO OF FAMILY SPIRITS.

Three spirits were next described near a gentleman. One, a young lady who gave her name as Maggie, one, a young man who gave his name as Howard, Maggie held a small child, an infant, in her arms, whose name she said was Lizzie. They claimed to be the brother, sister and niece of the gentleman, who acknowledged the relation.

THE SPIRIT OF AN ARMY COLONEL.

The next spirit was that of a gentleman who appeared to be about fifty-five years of age; tall, rather stoutly built, hair gray or grayish, and wore thin whiskers. "He gives his name as Alexander Willis. No; he says that is not his name, but yours; his name is Key. This spirit has been in the spirit world but a short time. He was a Colonel in the army."

This was the fact. The person in the audience was the well known Mr. Willis, and an intimate personal friend of the late Judge Key.

AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER'S GHOST.

Here the medium said: "The spirit of an old gentleman comes forward to the stage and says he has acquaintances in the room. He appears to be about sixty five years old, is tall but walks stooped; his hair is dark but turning to iron gray. He says he once taught school in Pennsylvania, but was of late years in Cincinnati, and gives his name as Adam Hornung. Does any one recognize him? (Several did.) He says at the time he died he was President of the German Protestant Asylum." (This was correct.)

A DEAD THEATRICAL MANAGER.

A tall gentleman was standing near the door of the hall, whom the medium pointed out, and by whom the spirit of a man some fifty four years of age, apparently and three or four years dead, was standing. The spirit gave the name of Dr. Collins. The person by whom the Doctor was standing, was Mr. Thomas Whitehouse, the actor, who knew the Doctor when he was a manager of Wood's Theatre.

A HIGH OLD SPIRIT FURNISHES A SENSATION.

The spirit of an old gentleman, described as full-faced with gray hair, gave the name of Bush Foley, and said he knew many in the room. The medium continued: "When you see Elia, give my love to her, and the boys also. Bush is doing well; tell him I am proud of him." "The spirit says," continued the medium, "that Bush, is in Leipzig," which is a fact. "Bush" is the name of Mr. Bushrod Foley, who is in Leipzig studying music.

There are many other curious cases in which the spirits were not only described so as to be known to friends in the audience, but test incidents in their lifetime stated, which were acknowledged to be correct. The seance lasted an hour, and at its close Miss Keyser came out of the trance state almost immediately. If it be all true, oui bono?

Proceedings of the Iowa Spiritual Convention.

Agreeably to the call of the Executive Committee of the Iowa State Spiritual Association, delegates met in the Good Templar's Hall, in Des Moines, Iowa, on Saturday, May 22nd, 1869.

Convention called to order by President Davis. Mrs. Mary Aylesworth and Peter Hammon were elected Vice Presidents, pro tem.

Edwin Cate, Peter Hammon, and Mrs. L. M. Davis were appointed as business committee.

The Secretary was requested to read the Constitution, the one adopted at the first Convention last October.

After much discussion, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS: There is a lawful and licensed traffic in liquor in the State of Iowa, out of which grows illegitimately an uncalculable amount of crime and disaster, attended with the squandering of annually of our people of \$35,000,000, together with a waste of productive industry of double that amount, and

WHEREAS: There are in the city of Des Moines, full half a hundred saloons and drug stores, engaged in this ruin, therefore,

RESOLVED: That we, the Spiritualists of Iowa in Convention assembled, take this method of expressing our hearty co-operation with the efforts now being made to rid Des Moines, and the entire State of these legal nuisances.

RESOLVED: That there is as much necessity for a thoroughly practical and ably qualified advocate of the spiritual philosophy to present its claims, as in any other department of life,—educational, mechanical, or anything else.

RESOLVED: That we limit the speakers to ten minutes time during conference meetings.

EVENING SESSION.

Convention called to order by the vice president. After a few general remarks, the following resolutions were passed:

RESOLVED: That O. F. Godfrey be, by the Executive Committee of the Iowa Spiritual Association, constituted a "minister of the gospel," as Dr. E. Sprague was, so as to enable him to travel at half fare, as the ministers of the "gospel" do, and be commissioned as a State Missionary of said Association, and authorized to go out and do all things that such Missionary may rightfully do, relying solely upon collections that he may make, as such, for his expenses and compensation, which collections he shall faithfully report to said Committee, and pay into the Treasury of said Association any excess of collections over expenses and \$40.00 per month.

RESOLVED: That the Executive Committee be instructed to engage Mrs. Adie L. Ballou, or some other lady lecturer, as a Missionary, to the extent of the money in the Treasury, and such as can be raised for the space of three months, at the best terms that can be obtained by the said Committee, and sent out to such places as shall be deemed most expedient.

A general conference was now had which produced a harmonizing influence over all.

Mrs. Adie L. Ballou, of St. Paul, Minnesota, was called to the stand and spoke for a few moments with soul cheering effect.

Mrs. Patterson, of Des Moines, next took the stand, and spoke upon the "Goodness of God."

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

Convention called to order by President Davis. Another general conference was now had, after which the following resolutions were submitted to the Convention and adopted:

We deem it due to ourselves and others, that our

views on vital points of religion and humanity, should truly be set before the world; not as a creed for the future, but as our views for the present, and until a better is proven to us. Therefore,

RESOLVED: That we believe the truest revelation of God to his children, is the revelation of to-day and not of yesterday; that the relationship existing between the Father and his children which allows revelations, is general and not confined to Isiah, Paul and a few others of their age.

2. That this age has a better government, better machinery, better humanity and a better religion, than any previous age.

3. That these improvements grow out of the advance of thought, the Bible invariably having been quoted against the reform.

4. That we have no war with the Bible, but only with man's determination to fetter thought and effort by forcing us to take it as pious and authority.

5. That we find but few, if any book, so contradictory and opposite in its presentation of truth and falsehood, reason and folly, right and wrong.

6. That in the relationships of mind to mind, aim to atom, mind to matter, we see a universal law, unchanging as God, which governs the same in movements of gross matter—table tipping, etc., of to-day, previously as it did in the rolling of the stone from Jesus' sepulcher,—the opening, by the spirits, of John's prison door, their putting Daniel into a magic sleep, the handwriting upon the wall that dismayed the Chaldean monarch, etc.

7. That there is not, nor can there be a vicarious atonement for any one; it would be immoral to ask, unless in God or man to take it, immoral to teach it; that no one can or should escape the bitter fruits of any violation of any law of our being, physical or mental.

8. That neither priestly "indulgence," sprinkling, baptism, nor any other foreign formality, nor any sudden and miraculous conversion, sanctification or new birth will atone for any transgression, change or eradicate physical deformities, or diseases, bring unbalanced faculties into harmony, relieve us from the pangs of a guilty conscience, or pay the debt we will forever owe to the one we may have wronged, nor acquit us until we have paid it, which is the hell, alike for all of God's children.

9. That we hold ourselves, in fact and in theory, responsible to any injured party, for redress, to the full extent of the wrong done; that here there can be no bankrupt law, no vicarious indulgence, no bought atonement, no jumping of accounts, no washing out or blotting over with ceremony or pretended charity.

10. That justice to the wrong doer, as well as to society, demands restraint as well as reform, and is necessary to reform.

Invocation by Mrs. Patterson. Lecture by Mrs. Adie L. Ballou. She spoke for a full hour with great fervor,—discourse which will live in the minds of her hearers through life.

Music. Adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.

Convention called to order by the President.

Music. Exercises opened by Mrs. Patterson reading a poem, entitled, "Eternal Justice."

Invocation.

Lecture by Mrs. Ballou, after which the following resolutions were passed:

RESOLVED: That the Executive Committee be requested to defray the expenses of Mrs. Ballou in coming to this Convention.

RESOLVED: That the Executive Committee be requested to engage the services of some good speaker from a distance, for the next Fall Convention, and to pay the same out of the funds in the Treasury.

RESOLVED: That we, the delegates to this Convention, tender our sincere thanks to the people and friends of Des Moines, for the kindness they have shown us.

RESOLVED: That we thank Mr. O. C. Bates, of the Northern Vineyarder, for the liberality he has shown in wishing to publish the proceedings of this Convention, and that the Secretary be requested to forward a copy of the same to him.

RESOLVED: That the proceedings of this Convention, also be published in the BANNER OF LIGHT and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

A communication from Volney, Allamakee county, was read and the same was moved to be recorded in the minutes of the Convention. Adopted.

Music. Adjourned.

Thus, for the second time, have the Spiritualists of Iowa met together for the free exchange of thought, and the dissemination of truth. May the abiding angels of truth and harmony ever be with them.

H. C. O'BLENNESS, Secretary. Below is a true report of the receipts of E. Sprague, State Lecturer, for three months, ending May 15th, 1869.

Table with 2 columns: Location, Amount. Rows include Prairie City, Warren county, Liberty Center, Redfield, Exira, Earlton, Nevada, St. Johns, Newton, Abion, Brooklyn, Total, Expenses.

W. W. SKINNER, Treasurer.

The Statue of Queen Victoria for Montreal.

The London Enquirer contains a description of a majestic statue of Queen Victoria for the city of Montreal,—the casting of which has just been completed:

"The colossal figure, which is ten feet high, independent of pedestal, has been cast in Florentine bronze metal, the proportions of which are copper, forty five; fine yellow brass, fifty; tin, four, and antimony, one. The effect of this mixture is a rosy tinged yellow metal, capable of taking a brilliant polish, and approaching when polished, the lustrous purity of silver. The sculptor (Mr. Wood) has shown the queen in an erect and commanding position, crowned and clothed in a classic manner. Her majesty's countenance is a fine representation of the typical Englishwoman; she bears in her hand a wreath of oak-leaves and acorns. Very great difficulty was experienced in forming this part of the mould, owing to the intricacy of the foliage and complication in the mould which it entailed; but, by the dint of skill and perseverance, the mould was formed so as to allow the figure to be cast in one piece. From the present stage, the statue will proceed to completion, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Wood. However skillfully the model may have been formed, the chisellers must proceed under the direction of the artist."

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price; and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than all the other blessings the world can give.

Miss Ida Lewis, the Newport heroine, has received a silver medal and a check for \$100, from the Life Saving Benevolent Society of New York. A very handsome letter from the President, Royal Phelps, accompanied the gift.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Alleyne G. Chase, of Philadelphia.

Human life is not measured by the movements of the hand upon the dial-plate of time, nor by the swift rolling sands through its ever moving hour-glass. That life which expresses itself in deeds of goodness and love, and is ever plucking fresh flowers from immortal bowers, and scattering them along the pathway of earth, is full and rounded out, though its years may be few.

Our young brother who has just entered upon the verge of manhood, has left a sweet and blessed impress upon a large circle of friends, young and old, and his memory is treasured deep in the hearts of these. He was the son of Thomas and Harriet Chase, and was born on the 23th of March, 1840.

Young Alleyne was a beautiful child, and gave evidence of mediunic powers very early in life. His mother was one of the earliest mediums we had in Philadelphia. He was one of the original members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, in this city, and up to the time of his removal from our midst, was an active and efficient member, having filled several offices in the Lyceum. As a useful and active member of society, he was much respected, and his removal will leave a blank which will long be felt. In his own family, the world may never calculate the loss, nor know the sweet and beautiful consolation that those parents and brothers and sisters realize in the continued and sensible evidence of the presence of their loved one, whose visits, though angel, are not few or far between.

Brother, thy memory is precious to us, and we know that will rest in peace, not in the cold grave but in the companionship of the loved ones whom thou hast met on that bright shore beyond the veil, and while we treasure up the recollection of thy pure life, so full of noble deeds and self-sacrificing acts, we would not call thee back, but only ask thee, brother, to help us to be so true and so worthy, that when our summons comes to join the innumerable caravan that moves beyond the silent river, we, too, may be as thou wert, ready to receive the blessed words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many."

Commencement From A. G. Chase, Late of Philadelphia, Through H. T. Child, M. D.

Among the blessed privileges which we as Spiritualists realize, not the least is the fact, that we can return with much more facility to our earthly friends, who are ready to receive us with kindly feelings. After several visits from my young friend, he spoke as follows: "Oh, brother of earth, how little did I realize the interior bond that binds soul to soul, when I walked the earth. Now with clearer vision, I see all my earthly friends, and I know what is the true bond that holds us lovingly together. This deeper soul-vision brings with it a change. There are those with whom I associated very little, whom I now meet with stronger attraction soul-wise, than some with whom I had been much more familiar. I have visited many of my earth-friends in hours when their souls were unmasked by the shams and follies around them and were asserting their rights. I would impress upon all these, that all that is lasting; that all that is true; all that is desirable of friendship and communion, belong alone to the soul, and that all the masks which are worn by earth's children, drop off, and we are glad to know that they are useless, and the soul, asserting its supremacy, stands forth "a thing of beauty, which is a joy forever."

The memory of my last days in the form, is rather indistinct. You have heard it said, that I suffered from the want of cold water. I did. But I wish you to say emphatically, that this would not have kept me in the body. When I stepped forth upon this beautiful shore, before I knew that I had left the form, a darling sister who had passed to this life before I knew her, clasped my hands in love and gave me a cup of cold water, sparkling like nectar, and cooling my parched lips.

I lay me away quietly, and it was only when I gazed upon the earthly form and saw my friends weeping around it, that I realized the change which had come over me.

Oh, how I was disappointed. Life on earth had many attractions to me; there were many loved and loving friends, who held me firmly to earth, and a shade of sadness came over me as I thought of these; of the many unfinished plans that were thus suddenly cut off, and especially, of my own dear mother, so frail, and needing so much sympathy; but it was only a shade, for that mother, with a smiling face, looked from my now prostrate form, and saw me as I stood a spirit beside her, and she blessed God that he had given her such a son.

Then, too, I knew that it should be her companion and support still.

I turned to my brothers and sisters in the form and my desires were that I might comfort and strengthen them in all that was good and true and noble, and as I looked to my earthly friends, I rejoiced that I was in a condition to bless them. In this beautiful compensation, I was satisfied, and voices of sweetest music thrilled my ear with the words, "He doeth all things well."

It is hard to restrain the impulses of a new-born spirit, and yet it is very important to be calm and serene, in order that we may realize the changes which so swiftly pass before us in these new experiences.

I found myself frequently drawn into sympathy with various persons on earth, who were deeply moved by my sudden and unexpected departure from their visible presence, and it required considerable effort on the part of my friends here to keep me from coming under influences that would have retarded my progress and prevented me from attending my own funeral. This privilege, not always obtained by spirits, was granted me, and I stood beside my dear mother, and listened through her organism to the words of consolation and hope that were uttered there, and I would return sincere thanks, not only for the words spoken, but for that which was far more important,—the profound, heart-felt sympathy that was so freely given to our family and which was as sweet incense to my spirit.

After this ceremony, I felt more than ever the need of rest, and I have here learned, that there are two modes of obtaining this, which you will realize as belonging to earth also; the first, and that which I required at this time, was produced by the presence of loving and congenial spirits. They came around me, and breathed a quiet and holy calm upon my spirit; and while gentle zephyrs fanned my brow, and the balmy air was redolent with the aroma of flowers, I rested, oh! so sweetly, and strength came to me!

Earth's children have felt something of this. How often does the presence of loved friends remove the weariness that seems almost intolerable, but there are those, whose presence is a weariness unto the soul.

I had never realized this to such an extent as I now did. In this calm repose the panorama of my past life moved before me. I saw that I had left many golden opportunities unimproved, and determined that I would be more faithful in the future.

I lived over the joyous scenes of my life as reality. Then there came a time when I needed the other means of rest, which is the practical one of work. Working out naturally and spontaneously, the interior feelings of the soul. The most satisfactory rest comes in this direction, through the attainment of our desires, and the accomplishment of our objects.

My strongest wish at this time was to visit my earth-friends, and help them in their good resolutions.

I saw many of them struggling with temptation of which the world knew nothing, and I said, let me go and help these; and I have been earnestly laboring in this direction, and some have been conscious of my presence and influence, while others, whom I have helped have not known anything about it. I have desired, as soon as I could, to give you this account of my experience, because I perceived that some who read this, would become sensible of this fact, and thus enable me to labor more effectually with them.

I have many other things to say, and shall be glad to continue the account of these experiences when opportunity offers:

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

Published gratuitously every week.

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

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Who can in migration than the sword?

SENSATION IN PLANTS, ANIMALS AND MAN.

In a former article, we alluded to the extreme sensitiveness of nature as manifested in various plants. The Sensitive Plant will tremble with fear, as it were, when ever touched, or the ground around it is jolted. It acts as if struck by lightning whenever rudely touched by man. The Judean Rose, an Eastern production, when ever cultivated in a soil not adapted to receive its offspring, its seeds, will loosen itself, by disengaging fibril after fibril, until only one remains, and when a favorable gale occurs, it will take passage thereon, and will never stop on its course until it finds a soil adapted to the wants of its seeds. The Resurrection Plant, first given by an Arab to a Mr. Deek, exhibits its wonderful intuitive intelligence—for what else can you call it—by unfolding its blossom whenever water is poured on it. In a few moments, however, it folds the same in a beautiful casket, where it will remain encased until called forth at the solicitation of man. This plant was first found by an Arab growing on the bosom of an embalmed priestess. He, of course, ascribed there to marvelous powers.

We can scarcely appreciate the extreme sensitiveness of nature until we have turned our attention in that direction, and witnessed the wonderful intelligence that seems to be manifested in various plants. In plants, even, we witness some remarkable manifestations of inherent powers. They seem to possess a soul that responds to the action of humanity in various ways. In the action of the Sensitive Plant, we seem to see a manifestation of the keenest sensibilities, for no sooner touched than it shrinks within itself, evidently feeling the deleterious effects of a contact with rude man. The human soul—the soul of the sensitive—feels no easier the influence that surrounds it, than the Sensitive Plant.

Sensation as manifested in animals, is readily understood; for in them we see a nervous system with its nerve-centres, or batteries; but in plants we recognize no such arrangement. The dog will respond to the call of its master, and when hungry, will hunt for food. The Judean Rose manifests quite as much intelligence, for when cultivated in a soil not adapted to its wants, it will loosen fibril after fibril, and finally takes passage on some favorable breeze, and will never cease its course until it finds a place adapted to its wants. The Resurrection Plant, at the bidding of its master, will disclose a beautiful blossom, and repeat this operation a thousand times, if demanded. The question then naturally arises, when does sensation commence? In our opinion it never commenced. It had no beginning—will have no end. We talk glibly as to when life commenced; when sensation is first unfolded—when in fact, they never had a commencement, and can have no end.

It would be well to carefully weigh this matter, for we are well aware that we are assuming a position, in regard to the truth of which, we can give no ocular demonstration. Very true; yet, it is better to believe nothing; to deny nothing, than to believe an error or deny a truth. Starting out, then, with that idea, we shall only reason from the manifestation of those objects around us—believing nothing, denying nothing, letting the reader carefully weigh each position we make, and reject or receive it as best suits his purpose.

What, then, is life? To the natural eye, comparatively few manifestations of life are exhibited. Men and animals moving around us, contain within them manifestations of life; and for ages that man would have been called a fool, fanatical, laboring under an hallucination, who would have declared that in the water we drink, air we breathe, and food we eat, was animal life, as vital as that exhibited in men or animals. The microscope reveals the astounding fact, that in sugar, in vinegar, in water and in the air also, are animals, invisible to the naked eye. In a quarter of an ounce of raw sugar are myriads of living creatures with four well defined legs, and in a powerful microscope, they appear as large as beetles. It has been proved that in every pound of unrefined raw sugar there are 100,000 active animals. Take for example, the amoeba, which to all appearance is a lifeless mass, yet it moves around, though having no limbs, no stomach, no eyes.

The question, then, of course, naturally arises, when does life commence? At one time in the age of the world, it commenced with man and animals, visible to the naked eye. The microscope, however, revealed the fact that myriads of animals exist around us invisible to the naked eye, and now we have convincing proof that the amoeba, though possessing no eyes, stomach limbs or nervous system, yet it moves and seems to manifest a certain degree of intelligence. The day is not far distant when an imal life will be traced much farther than at present, and we would not dare say, considering the progress that has been made in the past, that life and sensation are not an inherent quality of all things. It might be well asked, what can be learned by a discussion of a subject so abstruse in its nature, and in regard to which all conjecture must be mixed up with a certain degree of doubt? Many things, of course. Why not as-

cribe to all things life? If God is infinite, where is there a nook or cranny where he cannot be found? Deny to God infinity, separate Him from the myriads of worlds that float through space, place Him on a throne in some quiet remote corner, and then you can, if you wish, separate life from the various inanimate (?) objects that surround us. But so long as you admit His infinity, at that moment you cannot separate life nor sensation from anything that the eye can behold. It is true, you do not see manifestations of sensation in many things. You can not feel the pain in your neighbor's tooth. You have no outward evidence that man is endowed with thought, any more than the stone or clod of earth. You never felt the pain of your neighbor; you never saw within his brain a single thought.

As God is infinite, He must necessarily embrace every thing; for it would be impossible to have two Infinities occupying the same space at the same time. Being infinite,—and embracing all things,—by no process can you separate man, animals, or anything else from Him.

The various orthodox churches reason to little effect when they ascribe to God infinity, and then in the next breath, declare man is wicked and perverse above all things, when in fact he is a part and parcel of the very God they worship, admitting their first position to be true, that God is infinite.

Man in all ages of the world has been looked upon as the noblest work of God, making it appear, of course, as if God were the architect, and man the object upon which he exercised his skill. Now we wonder really if such were the case. First, he was, according to Mr. Orthodoxy, made out of the dust of the earth—a good evidence of course, that the dust of the earth has life, for by no process could it impart what it does not possess itself. Then a deep sleep fell upon Adam and God took a rib from him and made a woman. We, however, entertain a different idea in regard to the creation of man and woman. Matter is eternal,—not one particle of it can be annihilated. If matter always existed, and we presume no one would dare assume to the contrary—why not sensation, that seems incorporated with it? If one has existed throughout all time, the other has also. Man has the sense of feeling through the instrumentality of the nervous system, and the nerve-centres, or batteries, as we term them. Sever the lumbar vertebra, and all sensation below the part is to all appearance, gone. It may exist, but you are no more aware of any feeling there, than you would be aware of the feelings or pains of another. The sensation may not be destroyed, but the communication to the brain is cut off. Telegraphic communication is destroyed. Knowing then, that matter always exists, it can possess no characteristic, as manifested in man, that did not always exist with it.

THE UNPOPULARITY OF MEDIUMS.

The isolated condition of mediums, socially considered, is no less a remarkable fact, than an evidence of the gross injustice ignorantly inflicted upon these bearers of truth from angelic abodes to mundane beings. It is a fact too well attested by history to need more than a mere mention, that the world's saviors, from Socrates to the days of Jesus, and from Jesus to H. M. Fay, and hundreds of other modern mediums, have had to suffer the scorn and contempt of their fellow mortals; often more harassing than the sufferings of death itself to a sensitive soul.

This is, as in the case of the murder of Jesus by the Jews, done, and perpetrated in ignorance by such as are not philosophic—"know not what they do," or why they do it. Did they know that mediumship was "a gift," as St. Paul would say, or a result of ante-natal influences and conditions,—that they were, in a Bible way of speaking, chosen and anointed of God, a or the Spirit, they would evidently have compassion, and the world would be greatly the better by it. But the doctrine of free agency, which Jesus suffered death to disprove, comes in to blind the multitude and curse the world,—ever being as a stumbling block in the way of progress.

And if Jesus suffered death for the sake of the simple primitive truth of man's dependence, in will and action, upon the great Spirit, whose eternal will he came into the world to do, it follows that still others do; who must continue to suffer under the power of that spirit, made manifest through a Father or Mother, or both, in heaven, (guardian spirits), in spreading the light of truth, that God, a Spirit, is in all, surrounds all, and comprehends all; and hence that free agency is a myth—an idea belonging to the ancient systems of heathen mythology.

To Spiritualists, these remarks ought to be considered uncalled for and unnecessary. But as painful as it is to admit the fact, they, as a body, with a few bright and shining exceptions are the very people to whom they apply, and who as progressive reformers, should most earnestly and prayerfully consider the subject of mediumship,—its cause and the influences that direct and influence this class of sensitive souls. It is a fact well attested from angel sources that no person can become a medium for the simple asking; and it is equally well attested that they are not the positive or controlling power. Hence the prevalent idea, even among many Spiritualists, that mortals or mediums can "call up" spirits at their will and dictate to and control them, is unparadoxically weak and erroneous, and has not unfrequently resulted in receiving many very foolish and contradictory communications, the cause, being, as is too often the case, with those seeking communications, that they desire, spirits should give only such communications as are pleasing, popular and not in contradiction to time honored notions and customs.

This weakness in mankind to bow at the shrine of St. Custom, unfortunately is a weakness which Spiritualists have not outgrown. Our fellow medium and brother, A. J. Davis, was instrumental in cautioning the American people against the wiles and machinations of

this fiend and foe to goodness and progression. In his "Present Age and Inner Life," and in his new work "Spirit Mysteries Explained," page 166, may be read the following:

"Be watchful, oh Americans, lest ye become worshippers at the shrine of St. Custom! This saint is the foe of all true manhood and nationality."

Mediums are, from the necessity of man's being a progressive being, necessarily innovators, the bearers of truths calculated to advance the mind in love, charity, freedom and good will towards God and all His works. Hence they are ever at antipodes with his Sainthood, popular custom. For no sooner does one medium or worker demonstrate one truth, and it becomes a fixedness, than another is developed; and thus the work of progression is carried upward and onward through a continued series of agitations, and as a very natural sequence, the innovators, mediums, have ever suffered neglect, abuse and even death; and we cannot conceive of the time when such will not be the case. But of one thing we can conceive, and that is, that philosophers of the Jesus Christ school should rise above such prejudices, by learning of the causes rather than studying the effect, which is all that can be known by merely observing the medium.

That many bright examples have been developed by and through the agencies of Spiritualism, we are happy to be able to chronicle, as well as that our hope is that more study and more patience and charity be exercised towards all mediums; for, so far as we know, not a single radical medium has any popularity among Spiritualists, save with the few exceptions that now and then arise, who are to the light of progress, who stars are to a dark and cloudy night; therefore even those who profess sympathy for mediums even, may find room to cherish more.

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.

Insanity from over religious excitement has been prevalent in all ages of the world; but more recently the opponents of Modern Spiritualism would fain have us believe that it was the only or principal cause of insanity. And whilst we admit that the mind may be unbalanced by a knowledge of the realities of the continued existence of the soul beyond the confines of the tomb, in a few solitary instances, yet we affirm, and defy successful contradiction to the contrary, that the tendency of the realization of the possibility of communicating with the supposed dead is calculated to encourage and strengthen the mind; and if insanity should ensue, it would be more likely to be the result of excessive joy, to know that the barrier, which death had heretofore been supposed to put up between the two states of existence, had been removed, and kindred, friends and lovers, could meet midway, as it were, between the heavens and earth, and hold sweet communion. But that the gloomy doctrines of the popular creeds of the past and present,—of an offended God, and an eternal hell, with all the accompanying excitements, called revivals, to avert the wrath of the former and the horrors of the latter, are, and were, calculated to drive mankind mad, is not at all to be wondered at.—And reports from our insane asylums do but too well attest its power and influence in that direction.

The New York World publishes an interesting account of a case of religious aberration extending to an entire family in Caldwell County, North Carolina, and resulting in the insanity of apparently every member of the household, and the murder of the mother and daughter by the father and brothers; which, if occurring among spiritualists, we should not soon have heard the last of it. The case is one which is at least ten times more horrible than the Mc Ewen affair that occurred at Newark, New Jersey, a little over a year ago, and threw the country into such a wonderful blaze of excitement. But as this case occurred within the folds of the popular and reigning creeds, nothing but a mere mention is made of the frightful and shocking circumstances by the secular and religious press.

The particulars as we glean them, are that the family consisted of James Land, fifty years of age, his wife, two daughters of full age, two younger sons and two infant children. They were of the low-down white class, ignorant and very poor, but previous to their aberration they were remarkably quiet, industrious, religious and affectionate as a family. Last August, their religious feelings were greatly aroused at a protracted meeting, where, "for nine days and nights, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., preaching was kept up by three ministers, with brief interruptions for meals." As the result of the excitement thus aroused, the family resolved itself into a continual meeting at home. The mother and daughter exhorted, and soon had visions and prophesied. One of the daughters, Sally, at length believed herself to be "the true God," and at times regarded her sister Polly as a person to be "sacrificed." The mother soon conceived that Sally was the devil, and ordered her husband and sons to shoot her, which they did, and burned her body. For this they were arrested and committed to the County Jail, where, being all confined in the same "cage," the two sons strangled their mother, apparently under the full influence of the kindred delusion that she had bewitched them. During their trial they appeared too demented to entertain the least sense of remorse or regret, and when acquitted on the ground of insanity they received the verdict with idiotic indifference.

AFTER LIFE, OR DISEMBODIED MAN.

By Dr. B. P. Randolph, is a work of thrilling interest, and should be in the hands of every Spiritualist. Dr. Randolph is one of those pleasing fascinating writers, whose sentiments gleam with beauty, in foreshadowing the Location, Topography and Scenery of the Supernal Universe.

Send for this book, and we will guarantee that you will be highly entertained. Price \$1. For sale at this office, 192 South Clark Street.

Every sin buys pleasure at the price of peace.

Some months ago in consequence of the marvelous certificates in a "Scientific" Journal and other papers, we bought one and gave it a fair trial. We have made every endeavor to find a person under whose manipulation it would perform the antics ascribed to it, but without success; mediums and non-mediums showed the same result. The instrument writes in no other way than a pen writes; that is, by the force of human muscles. It is true that from the extreme ease with which it moves on its rollers, few persons can hold their hands so still, for five or ten minutes, as not to give it some motion, and however slight the pressure, the pencil at the other end will show it by a corresponding zigzag mark. This is done unconsciously, and we do not deny that an imaginative mind may be so far unconscious of its own doings, as to fancy that the hand remains passive, while writing intelligible words and sentences. But we know that when we write with it there is a volition, at least enough to give a direction to the muscles, and the same has evidently been true in the case of all whom we have seen use it. It is in short, nothing but a pen, with a very delicate machinery for making the smallest amount of muscular pressure accomplish the largest amount of visible movement.—American Baptist

Those who are determined not to be convinced of the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, are generally very weak in their argument against it; and, not being willing to ascribe the wonderful movements of Planchette to the agency of spirits, they fall back on the exceedingly weak notion that "the imagination" is the chief agent in causing it to move, and that in no case do spirits have anything to do with the phenomena.

But it is strange, very much so indeed, how the imagination can indite poetry, write the names of deceased persons, strangers to the mediums, give tests of spirit presence in a variety of ways, as well as prescribe for the sick. This notion that many entertain who have not the ability or willingness to understand the philosophy of spirit intercourse, of attributing the cause thereof to the imagination, or the unconscious action of the mind, is certainly entitled to no credit, and only reflects the wonderful weakness of those who entertain this reason as a last resort.

It does not follow that mediums for other manifestations, will find Planchette moving under their hands, but far more frequently under the hands of those who never had any experience in Spiritualism, and hence it is, that Planchette has become such a dangerous "Toy" in Orthodox Society, and more especially so, since it is known that mediums exist amongst all classes of people, from the self-righteous Orthodox, up to the inspired Spiritualists. There is hardly a family but one or more of the members thereof, is sufficiently mediamistic to enable the spirits to control Planchette and write therewith some wonderful truths. Thus:

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," and the Rev. Editor will find ere long that his readers have opinions and experiences widely differing from his own in this matter, and of such a positive nature, as to throw discredit upon those who have been looked up to for wise counsel in all matters of faith; and thus disintegration goes on, and the bonds severed which bind so many in the most abject slavery to creeds and dogmas. So go on, Brother, and express your opinions often and freely,—true it is hard to kick against the pricks, but suffering must be endured that the people may be liberated and it is meet that blood should flow from the heels of such as you.

Planchette is for sale at this office, and with a full knowledge of its many virtues, we can recommend it to the people.

CHARLES H. READ.

We are in receipt of the Waterbury Daily American, a Connecticut paper, containing a report, professing to have detected the reputed medium, Read, as an impostor. We place but little confidence in the report, and yet we know nothing except by report, of Mr. Read or his mediumship. The Daily American says:

"Subsequently a warrant was obtained, and Sheriff Blakeslee made himself manifest and put the swindler into confinement, where he still remains, unless his spirit friends have set him at liberty. It would be an excellent opportunity for them to exert their power, for if they outwitted Blakeslee it would be a big feather in their spiritual caps—so to speak. His case will probably come before Judge Gillette this morning, and the spirits will have a chance to testify."

Mark you, the editor of a paper called Daily American, in the last half of the nineteenth century, seems to enjoy the imprisonment of mediums, and with as much cant as was often manifested by his ancestors, who hung the witches, and banished the Baptists and Quakers from the land he now lives in, to say nothing of the lesser crimes they committed in the name of religion, seems to think that the medium is bound to remain in prison unless released by his spirit friends.

Perhaps the editor of that paper may recollect a similar case of the astute Jews, calling upon a celebrated medium, then of doubtful moral character, to come down from the cross to which he was nailed, wisely wagging their little knowing heads, saying, "others he could save but not himself."

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has been a trial subscriber to this paper, we will send it for three months longer on the receipt of fifty cents.

That will barely cover the expense of the blank paper, and putting the name of the subscriber upon the regular mailing machine lists.

Hereafter, the rate of three months' trial subscribers will be fifty cents.

We have sunk several thousand dollars during the last five months, that we have sent out our papers to trial subscribers at twenty-five cents each.—The JOURNAL is now extensively and favorably known, and it is but justice that our friends should pay at least two-thirds of what it costs.

The labor and perplexity attending our trial list, has been beyond all expectations, and to avoid which in future, we have determined to put all new trial subscribers' names on to the regular list, as a guarantee against all mistakes. To enable us to do so, we must receive at least fifty cents for three months' trial subscription, and we will take a re-

newal for the second three months also, for fifty cents. Will our friends be so kind as to make another effort to circulate the JOURNAL, on these most liberal terms, thereby aiding in disseminating widely, the principles of the spiritual philosophy! We return our most heart-felt thanks to those who have already done much for us.

DELINQUENTS.

Delinquents must expect to be prompted every week, until they remit what is justly our due from them for the JOURNAL. We are making great sacrifices every week to give our readers an acceptable paper. To do that, we must have the money that justly belongs to us. We regret being under the necessity of publishing these calls to be read by all of the subscribers to the JOURNAL. Those who are not in arrears will pardon us, when we assure them that this article is not intended for them!

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.

Our terms for three month's trial subscribers, are fifty cents, and have been for the last four weeks, and yet we are receiving applications under the old proposition. The best we can do in such cases, is to send the JOURNAL for six weeks for twenty-five cents.

BANNER OF LIGHT ILLUSTRATED—A NEW FEATURE.

We see by their last number, that the publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT have inaugurated a new feature in this ever welcome paper, namely, the publication of Accredited Spiritual Phenomena, illustrated. This is done, they inform us, in order to keep pace with the ever inquiring mind of man into the mysteries of nature. Word-pictures, we are aware, do not convey the idea sought to be portrayed, so vividly and accurately to the mind as "face-smiles" of the scenes described by engravings representing actual occurrences. These pictorial illustrations are to appear in every number of the BANNER for several months, accompanied by interesting matter, descriptive of the spiritual manifestations in times past, similar to those witnessed to-day in our midst. Success to our enterprising brothers.

We love to see progressive unfolding of beauty in the external, as indicative of true worth within. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, will initiate its worthy cotemporary in all that is valuable, and if possible, excel, if an opportunity shall offer.

Virtue ever rewards the possessor.

Literary Notices.

The "Ladies Own Magazine," Vol. 1, No. 6, published at Indianapolis, and edited by Mrs. M. Corn Bland, is before us, and furnishes evidence of fine literary taste and ability.

"The Radical" for June contains a large number of interesting articles, all of which will richly compensate those who may read them. The articles on "Woman Suffrage," "Mauna from Heaven," and the "Pieté of Pantheism," are alone worth the price of a year's subscription.

The "North Western Farmer," a Magazine of Western Life, published by the North Western Farmer Co., at Indianapolis, Indiana, comes to hand, profusely illustrated, and though we are no practical farmer, we judge that it is just the thing for those who are tilling the soil.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon is on a brief visit to her friends in Wis. Address for two months, La Crosse, Wis., Box 565. Permanent address, Treasure City, White Pine, Nevada.

Will not receive calls to lecture 'till further notice.

A. E. Carpenter lectured at Rockbottom, Mass., Sunday, June 6th.

Dr. A. B. Child lectured at South Royalston, Vt., last Sunday.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby's residence is now at Pennville, Ind.

J. M. Peebles lectures at Portland, Maine, during June.

The Davenport Brothers have been holding seances at Augusta, Me.

Our worthy co-laborer, E. V. Wilson, has been in the City occasionally during the past week. His wonderful tests are making proselytes each day.

Amusements.

The present week is the last one of the regular season at Crosby's Opera House. "Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel," interspersed with parts of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," will be continued through the week.

Next week, commencing on Monday evening, June 7th, will be inaugurated at the Opera House, the great play, entitled "The Forty Thieves;" which has for months been so popular in New York.

McVicker's Theatre boasts of Mark Smith this week, the well-known and popular comedian.

"Foul Play" has been revived by Mr. Aiken at the Dearborn Theatre, in a most admirable style; the increased stage facilities which he enjoys, giving him greater advantages than when he played it at Col. Wood's Museum. The scenery is splendid and the cast is very strong; all of which will conspire to give its second appearance in this city a long run.

At Wood's Museum, the play for this week has been "Colleen Bawn," concluding with "Family Jars."

A series of benefits have been given to a number of the company, during the week. There is in rehearsal for the boards of this stage a new local drama, written by a gentleman of Chicago, entitled "The Crimes of the Garden City."

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7th, 8th and 9th, Forepaugh's great Combination Show, Menagerie and Circus, under two mammoth pavilions, will give two exhibitions daily—afternoon and evening, at the corners of West Madison and Elizabeth streets. One ticket secures admission to both exhibitions.

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

(Reported by Nicholas and Norris, short hand Reporters, 113 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life seances, should be concise, well written, and directed to the editor, when inconvenient for the questioner to be present at the seance.

INVOCATION.

Unto Thee, permeating and pervading Spirit, we would send forth our thoughts, and desire to know more of the object and aim Thou hast in the different formations we behold upon the face of nature, and the different laws by which Thou hast surrounded us. We feel that Thou hast implanted within us a spirit of investigation—hast given us the power to reason from cause to effect, until by that course we are brought closer unto Thee, with the desire to become more like unto Thee in wisdom and truth. We would feel Thy spirit within us, that we may bear with one another, and realize that though dissimilar in appearance, yet each one of us is but filling the place Thou hast in Thy wisdom seen fit to give.

Though the hand of time may cast its shadow upon us, and the present seem dark; and the future portend naught but sadness, may we feel Thy presence, and with Thy presence the assurance that all is in accordance with Thy will and wisdom. May we look upon our sorrows as the husbandman upon the kernel of grain that he submits to the different changes of nature, that it may bring forth a harvest in the autumn. We would possess a spirit of kindness and love, and be governed by Thy unerring wisdom now and through all coming time. We feel that to know more of Thee will bring happiness unto us, as the result of the great permeating and pervading principle, life.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. We would ask if the universe is full of spirits waiting for bodies in order to become individualized?

A. That the universe is full of spirit-life, we can readily perceive; but that it is waiting—seeking an opportunity for individualization—we can not see. In the working of the great positive mind we can not conceive of a lack of wisdom to bring forth everything in a proper time and place. The word waiting implies not full. Individualizing spirit is the work of nature, ever true to its laws.

Q. Are there not countless numbers of individualized spirits that never had a material covering?

A. My friend, it is by individuality that we are enabled to comprehend spirit. As we have said before, it is like the aroma of the flower that we can take cognizance of by one of our senses, and by the combination of the whole realize its existence. It is from the covering of the spirit that we are enabled to realize the existence of the spirit. Thus you will readily perceive that spirit, which is not individualized, we can not take cognizance of by our senses.

We can not see or comprehend with our senses, spirits which have not a material covering.

Q. Must not spirit after being vexed with flesh ultimately return to the great sea of spirit, or would not that sea finally become exhausted?

A. When my friend takes into consideration that she is enabled to comprehend by her five senses, and the time that it would require to perfect herself in the acquirement or perfect understanding of what she can now conceive of, she will see that the acquirement of that would open new fields of investigation, and so it will be on through all time; and she will be unable to find a time when the spirit will return to the great ocean of spirit for the want of something more to do. For knowledge and wisdom are eternal founts from whence the soul can drink, and yet be ever thirsty for more.

AMOS COLWELL.

I was not born blind, and I do not like to have my eyes shut—opening the eyes of the medium. Please wait a few moments before you write what I say. I want to feel perfectly natural. [Assuming a natural look and appearance.] I wish you could take a peep over here on our side, and see the condition of things. My folks do not have the least idea that I can converse in this way. If they had, they would instantly fix things as you have them here.

Yes, friends, you would immediately fix your paper and pencil, and write for me as they do here, and after I had communicated you would read it to everybody, and tell all your friends that I had visited you. What is this on my head? [Putting his hand on the medium's head.] The reporter replied, "It is the lady's net or head-dress." Good God, this is a woman after all. I forgot that I had possession of a female organism.

I know, my friends, your anxiety to hear from me, if you thought it a possible thing. You know when those folks were at your house the other night, and you were talking about spirits returning, and that woman said she had come to the conclusion that there was something in Spiritualism after all, for she had been to see one of those persons that you call mediums, and had been told about her father and a little girl whom she was sure the medium knew nothing about, and that her father told her of some things that happened before he died. You then wished that if that was so, your Amos would come and talk to you. You did not know that I was near enough to hear you say that. You did not suppose that I should have a chance of conversing with you so soon. [To reporter.] How long will it be before my friends will get this message? [About one week.] When you get it, you will think of your conversation with

Mrs. S. in regard to her visiting Mrs. Jackson—I wish now to tell you how perfectly natural I feel, and of what I have done while holding possession of this medium. I have been conversing with the reporter about this communication reaching you, and she has been kind enough to show me this week's paper—that portion of it devoted to the messages from spirits to their friends. She tells me that what I say to you will be published, and sent to you. I have had the paper right in my own hands and folded it. I read spirits' names—the paper is dated April 7th. You can look at it, if you desire. The communication that I read a portion of, was from Caroline L. Heber. Now, then, I read that myself, and you must know that I am all straight and right here, for you know that I could read, also I could not have done that I am as well, yes, better than I was in my old body. I thought I would not go on and tell you about the folks, but the people on this side where I am, tell me that I can do so, if I like. I will inform you that all your friends here are doing well—the best that they can, and judging from appearance, I should say that they are happy; that will be sufficient. Uncle Sam is a great deal happier here than he was on earth. He has learned not to be so covetous in his conversation with persons who don't happen to agree with him. You know that he was famous for that, especially in politics. He says everything has all come out right, and that his exciting language did not benefit the cause any. He told me to say anything about him that I had a mind to, for I know just how he is, and could tell it just as well as he could. He don't believe now in forcing anything upon persons unless they are willing to receive.

If you feel all right about this, and feel desirous to talk with him, you can do so by going to some medium that he can talk through. You won't regret it if you do, for he gets off some pretty good ideas.

Now, Aunt Margaret, I don't want you to feel bad about what I have said in regard to Uncle Sam. He says that when he gets an opportunity to talk right to you, instead of having it put through the newspaper, he will tell you things that you will be glad to know, and you will have no occasion to doubt in regard to his identity. [Taking up the JOURNAL, he read, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." He then said:] I am no more of an angel now than I ever was. What is the use of this prayer here? I would not pray for you, for it is not needed at all. What is the use of saying what you don't mean! Does he not say in the prayer, "Thou that art ever present?" What is the use of praying to that which is ever present with you? [It is the expression of an aspiration for that which is good.] The spirit who made that prayer is right here by me. [Please give us a description of him?] He is tall, light complexioned, with dark auburn hair, blue eyes, full, heavy dark beard, but not quite as dark as his hair. Round, full eyes, heavy eyebrows, considerably arched. [Mr. Jones here entered the room. The spirit being informed of his connection with the paper, said:] Sir, I have been looking at your paper. I think it is very commendable in you to devote so large a portion of your paper and time to us who have passed on to the higher life. As far as I am concerned I am very much obliged to you, and I have no doubt but every one that comes here feels the same. It is not always necessary to express what one feels. I think you are doing a world of good by letting friends know that we still live, and can come and give them a correct idea of our condition after we have left our bodies.

[It is of great importance that people should know more than they have in past ages about the passage from earth to the higher life.] There is not much of a real passage after all, because you see we are not far away. It is not even like going from one State into another. We simply lay off that which is no longer of any use to us, the same as you lay off an old suit that is no longer becoming to you. The laying off of the physical form in no way impedes the progress of the spirit, or prevents it taking an interest in what is transpiring upon the earth plane. [Were you aware before coming here that a paper of this kind was published?] No, and I was asking your reporter about the way in which what I said would reach my friends, when she showed me this paper, [pointing to the JOURNAL,] and told me the object of this side of it [the sixth page.] I looked at it, and found that I could read it easily.

I find that there are a great many waiting for a chance to speak to friends. I do not think it would be just for me to stay much longer. [Did you have any difficulty in getting control of this medium?] None whatever. [Explain to us, if you can, how it is that you control.] Externally, I know that this body is not mine, but internally it seems to be my own. When I look upon these hands I know that they are not mine, but my own feelings tell me that they are mine; that is, they feel as if they were mine. I see by your paper that you term us angels—that is a mistake; we are no more angels now than we were before we died. [In common parlance we sometimes term those who have departed from this plane, angels.] It may be well to call them angels to distinguish them from individuals, as you term people upon earth. Sir, let me say to you that you can never reap your full reward for what you are now doing, while upon the earth plane, but it will come to you from time to time, and through all time. The compensation for such an object as this is not to be obtained suddenly and then cease, but will be one continuous blessing. [I am glad to hear you say so. It gives me pleasure to be instrumental in some little degree in diffusing knowledge amongst the people.] Had I had a paper of the style of the JOURNAL to have read I should have had a better idea of the place I was going to after death.

There are a great many here that are so much affected—sympathetically, I mean—when they wish to converse with their friends, that they are unable to do so. When we look upon our friends, and see the mental bondage which they are in, why it seems almost impossible for us to reach their reasoning faculties. When the desire comes up, and we are perfectly overpowered by that desire, we then overcome obstacles, and say whatever we feel anxious to say, and trust to its effect. There are some that can not do that; they fear that they have not the power. Many friends do not get the consolation that they would if they would lay aside their prejudices and place themselves in a receptive condition to the truths their friends might bring them. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting with you again. I am happy to know that I possess the power of conversing with persons upon the earth plane, and am recognized by persons present as an intelligence outside of the lady medium. You will see, my friends, that time has passed very pleasantly with me since I took possession of this organism. I shall leave her, hoping soon to have an opportunity of conversing with you face to face; then I know that I can give you that which will be more satisfactory than this. My name is Amos Colwell. I am at a loss where to tell you to send this message. Has your paper a wide circulation? [Yes.] I have one sister who lives about one mile and a half northeast of Syracuse; that is her post-office address. I will send first to her, with the request that she sends it to the rest of our friends. Her name is Mrs. Lydia Mills. I have not entered into the particulars in regard to my sickness, for I do not feel that it is necessary. [I fear your letter will not reach its destination. Can not you give us the name of some other person and place of residence to send the JOURNAL to?] I see no reason why it should not go safe. I will trust to that at all events. I shall see and know myself whether it reaches my friends. In case it does not, I will come and have you direct to some other place. [Could you influence your sister to respond to this if she receives it?] Not immediately. [Does she believe in spirit intercourse?] Not at all. There is not one of my relatives who believes in that. [People are loth to respond to spirit messages.] I suppose it is not so much the response that you care for, as it is that it should reach the friends, but of course it would be gratifying to you to know that it did reach those for whom it is designed. [It seems strange so many are unwilling to respond. They don't like to acknowledge that it is in fact a communication from their departed friends.] I have known of instances where people have manifested anger when a communication was shown to them from one of their friends.

I would prefer that my friends should make manifest the receipt of this, even if they can not believe that it is true. It would have more effect than if they took no notice of it whatever. I care not whether they receive it as an absolute truth at first or not; some will and some will not, and yet, if they were to send a reply to you it would not be sending to me. There is where you see it would rest. [It would be satisfactory to the public to know that you are identified by friends on earth. We heard of an instance a few days ago, of a gentleman who had just returned from Chattanooga, who, upon reading a communication intended for him from his spirit brother, declared it contained facts of which none but himself and the spirit could possibly have cognizance, yet he declined to make any acknowledgement publicly; such is the prejudice against spiritual intercourse.—Some people seem to be so much alarmed if spirits communicate to them.] His admitting what he did to friends and acquaintances shows that the object of the spirit was gained—the desire to be recognized. I should be very much pleased if my friends, one or more of them, would write to you in regard to what I have said; but should they not do so, it will not change my real existence in any way, or the truthfulness of the power that I possess to manifest myself to them. It is for them to decide whether they will converse with me or not.

With kind feelings to you all, and hoping that you will succeed in all your endeavors, I must now leave you. Good day.

Experience in Spirit Life—From the spirit of Mary Moore.

J. CURT, M. D. MEDIUM.

Dear friends of earth, how rejoiced I am to meet you again this beautiful bright morning. Your atmosphere is very favorable for the inhabitants of the spheres to manifest themselves to the people of earth. I have been spending a considerable part of my time in investigating and exploring our beautiful Spirit-Land, very much that I had never before seen or supposed that existed.

So much of my time has been spent since my entrance into spirit life, on earth in acquiring a knowledge of the matters and workings of earth life, that I have had but little time for investigation in the spirit world. What a very small part of these heavenly beauties have I yet seen, although I have been here in spirit life for many years of your time, yet it appears to me, however, but a few days only.

The enchanting scenes, such as delightful and lovely landscapes, communities of bright and lovely spirits, that I have but recently become acquainted with, vast regions of this beautiful Summer Land, that, until now, I knew naught of; splendid residences, temples, parks, lawns, beautiful flower gardens,—all new and delightful, filled my soul with rapturous delight. On all sides were new fields for knowledge and research, and lovely intelligences, ever ready to communicate to us new demonstrations of wisdom. Everything is harmonious, everything very joyous and natural, we are welcomed cordially everywhere, we are not restrained by etiquette and false notions of society as you of earth, but we meet and know as we are known. We read every thought, and they read ours in return, consequently we are acquainted at sight. We find none cold and formal. A heavenly joy is depicted on every face. None are old; none deformed—no, all are in youthful beauty, con-

genial, happy and contented. Remember, this is upon the plane that I occupy; it is true, however, that there is a great diversity of intellect and talent there.

In my explorations, recently, I have traveled thousands and thousands of my miles of earth's distance, and in all the range of my travels, I have seen naught but harmony, love, peace and joy; love to God, the Father, love to man,—all is love, all is harmony; no envy, no slander, none saying "I am holier than thou," no difference in religious faiths or opinions, no haughty and bigoted priesthood, none claiming that they are the Great Father's particular children.

Oh, what a heavenly paradise where the pure and bright inhabitants of the Summer Land dwell! Great God, we can but contrast our lovely abode with that of your earth, where discord, jealousy, animosities, contentions, envy and every unholy thought and desire fills the souls of earth's children, with but few exceptions.

Oh, what a work yet to be done by angels and good philanthropic men and women, before the inhabitants of earth shall be redeemed, disenthrall and become what God the Great Father desires man to be, pure and holy. But the morn has dawned, the sun of righteousness has arisen, and in due time, the dwellers of your planet will become enlightened and made to conform to the laws of God and nature. Then man can converse with the inhabitants of the Summer Land, face to face, without a dimming veil between.

Hasten the time, oh, Great Father, when man shall become like the pure and holy dwellers of the celestial world!

But I will now inform you of some of the incidents of our travels. I, in company with a few congenial companions of our community, started on a visit, or rather to explore a distant part of our sphere, to better acquaint ourselves with this lovely spirit home. In our travels, we met with very many things of great interest to us, much that was grand and magnificent, and if it were possible, I would describe them, but as I have often before informed you that the language of your earth is so poor and meagre, it appears almost like folly to attempt a description, for it would be quite impossible to use earth's language to fully describe the beautiful scenes and scenery of the spirit land, that you could perfectly understand, and get a perfect and correct idea of its transcendent glories.

But, dear friends, I am ever ready to make the trial, even should I fail.

The first place of attraction that particularly drew us, was to a very large and delightful valley. The valley was filled with most splendid trees and shrubbery, principally of tropical growth, of the richest and finest green. Some kinds of trees had long, light, feathery leaves, and these, floating in the breeze, presented a shimmering appearance, that was a most lovely and endless variety of flowering vines and shrubs. The grounds were covered with the softest verdure and flowers exceedingly fragrant, indeed, the abundance of flowers everywhere filled the atmosphere with the richest aroma, that was exceedingly delightful. Birds of beautiful plumage were flitting from branch to branch, warbling their sweetest notes. In the background were seen towering mountains, grand to look upon, and from which pure and limpid streams of sparkling water coursed down their sides, and gently rippled through this glorious valley, presenting to the eye rills of liquid silver, making the atmosphere cool and delightful.

At a short distance in front was a splendid sheet of water, a small lake that looked at times like a smooth mirror, at other times again would be covered with tiny waves. This lovely little lake was covered with beautiful gondolas and delicate sailing vessels, from which floated banners covered with all kinds of devices, and were decorated with great splendor and skill. They were all freighted with bright and lovely intelligences, enjoying a delightful sail on this heavenly little lake. We could hear the most charming music, both vocal and instrumental. They were exceedingly joyous and happy. It was a splendid scene. The shores of this lake were enwined with flowering vines, splendid shrubbery, roses and flowers of every form and tint, down to the water's edge, the fragrance of which was almost intoxicating. In the distance could be seen many delightful cottages, mansions and villas, with fine parks, walks, fountains, cascades, trees and shrubbery of every kind and shade of green, soft lawns, &c., &c., in short, everything to delight the eye and cheer the soul. Here, again, could be seen magnificent temples of gorgeous architecture. Altogether, the scene was perfectly fascinating and delightful.

The inhabitants were engaged in innocent amusements, dancing to the most heavenly music that ear ever heard. Some were listening to the experience of some high and intellectual being, still adding to their store of knowledge; some were strolling lovingly together under the boughs of this delightful grove, drinking in everything of interest or pleasure. Every countenance beamed with pure and holy delight; all were joyful, all were perfectly happy.

At a signal given, a majestic, but an exceedingly bright and intellectual being ascended a rising eminence, clothed in rich and chaste apparel,—his countenance radiant with intelligence and pure benevolence. In a moment, he raised his right hand. Then it was that all nature appeared to be hushed into profound silence; the joyous laugh was instantly stayed, music ceased her strains, even the leaf and tiny wave stopped their motions.

In the mean time, the lovely gondolas and sailing vessels on the lake had all moved to that part of the lake near to this eminence. On the land, the whole of this delightful valley, mountain sides and shore were covered with the inhabitants of this glorious land. It seemed so strange, even like magic, that in so short a period, that such a vast multitude should assemble; but they were there and all eagerly listening to catch the first accents from this glorious being's lips. When all was stilled and hushed

in to silence, he spoke as follows:

"Beloved inhabitants of the spirit world while you are so exceedingly blessed with all these heavenly beauties, and your whole natures are filled with pure and holy love, and enjoying all the bliss of the Summer Land, your brother man upon the mundane sphere, is groping his way in darkness and ignorance. On every side he is beset with superstition. Theological bigotry and priestly dictation and dogmatism, with all its dire attendants, has chained man down as a serf and a slave, until Earth has assumed the appearance of a boiling chaldron. The atmosphere is poisoned with the stench of unholy bigotry of the priests and leaders. Materialism has usurped the place of Spiritualism and reason. The pure and blessed teachings of the meek and lowly Nazarene have been misconstrued and perverted, until the angel world has looked on with pity and compassion for the deplorable condition of the priest ridden sons and daughters of earth; and now, almost with one accord, have resolved to emancipate and enlighten the minds of their brothers of earth, and break the fetters that bind them to these unholy theological creeds and dogmas.

Now, dear companions of the Summer Land, will you come to the rescue? Will you arm yourselves with holy truths and righteousness, and away to yonder earth, to fight the great battles of our God?

For, know ye that a great and fearful crisis is now pending, the battle must be fought, the priesthood with their unhalloved satellites are now marshalling their forces to strike the fearful blow against freedom of thought, to chain their victims still more firmly to the ear of despotic theology.

But enough; the enemies of free thought shall bite the ground; they shall be ground to an impalpable powder and their banners shall be trailed in the dust before the hosts of God's angels. I say, arise, gird on your armor and prepare for this great and terrible conflict. Will you go? I await your response."

In a moment, I heard a murmur as of many waters, but like unto the most soul stirring music that filled this great valley.

"We will! we will! lead us on, we will do battle for the Great Father, the living God."

Then I perceived a large and beautiful banner of blue and gold, floating from that eminence, streaming on the breeze, with this inscription, God, Liberty and Immortality. Eternal Progression for the children of earth.

But do not for a moment suppose that these were the precise words of this heavenly orator, oh, no! the language of earth could not convey to your senses, the burning eloquence that was discoursed from his lips. I have merely given you the simple facts set forth in his address. It was short and simple, but comprehensive. His language was musical and full of pathos, such as mortals never hear.

In a short time this vast assemblage began to retire, and we resumed our travels, of which you shall hear more anon.

VOICES FROM THE DEAD.

A Seance of Spirits—Wonderful Performance of a Medium—Dead Senator Baker of Oregon Controls Her—Forty Head of Ghosts Hand—How the Ghosts Performed.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

The second Spiritual seance, Miss Lizzie Keyser, medium, was given at Hopkin's Hall last evening. The house was crowded, for the fame of the medium had gone abroad. About eight o'clock the medium came upon the stage in a trance condition. She is tall, pretty well formed, has black eyes and hair—or very dark—features in no respect remarkable, and is rather masculine in appearance. She wore a plainly-made black silk dress, a plain collar, no cuffs, and no jewelry.

DEAD SENATOR BAKER, OF OREGON. CHIEF OF THE SPIRITS.

She came on the stage, as we have said, in a trance condition, and under the spiritual control of Col. Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff. It is said that her features undergo a marked change when under his influence, assuming a masculine expression, wholly wanting when she is not in a trance. The eyes were dilated, and had a staring look not at all agreeable, and an intense expression, especially when directed towards any one in the audience, or the spirit which she claims to see standing by him. The mouth is contracted, and lips compressedly moving one over the other. She paces the stage continually backward and forward, the hands rarely still, unless it is when she appears to be listening to something said to her. Not infrequently she shakes her head, and appears to be agitated when she fails to understand what it is; or when, as the spiritualists claim, the spirits fail to impress the medium.

THE SPIRITS MAKE SHORT SPEECHES.

It seems to be the object of these seances merely to describe the spirits giving its name and obtaining its recognition. No long communications are given, as they would take too much time, and might not always be agreeable. Sometimes the spirits desire to communicate, but not in that public manner. It would be tedious to give these (generally considered) uninteresting, brief communications. A few examples will show the method. It is proper to say however, before going further, that forty-five spirits were described as present, and that all but three were readily recognized, if not by the person by whom they were standing, then by some one else, and perhaps many in the audience.

A GRAY-HEADED SPIRIT, NAMED GOODWIN.

Miss Keyser comes forward, walks up and down a moment, with an intent look in her face, and says: "I see the spirit of a man who has been in the spirit world, I think about one year." Here she describes the person by whom the spirit is standing, and continues: "He is not so stout as the gentleman. His hair is gray. He says he died last year, and gives his name as Goodwin."

In answer to a question—"He says he died in Missouri. Does the gentleman recognize him?" "Perfectly."

TWO LITTLE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

"I see the spirit of a child—a little girl; she has light hair and light blue eyes. The name over the child's head is Jennie Brooks. Does the gentleman (by whom she was described as present) recognize her?" "Yes."

The spirit of another child was described, Continued on third page.

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The Introduction entitled "The Unraveling Treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings." He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized Life in the native purity of all things. On page twenty-four, the author treats of "the way mediums paint pictures, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences. In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mankind Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums How the writing is done. How we influence Mediums to speak. The fullness of all kinds of language investigated. The ring feat and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained." This work is neatly got up and consists of seventy-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

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