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

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Literary Department.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

TO ADA IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. DR. ORR.

Precious child, so soon departed!

When the stars their watch are keeping

In the God proclaiming 'y,

Soul with soul holds sweet communion,

With some sweet and thrilling story

Nay! we did not part forever,

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 XLIV.—

THE MURDERER AND HIS VICTIM.

The deed was done.

During several minutes, John Harker stood gazing upon the lifeless remains of Alfred Tracey.

He left the door and cautiously approached his victim. A vague fear seized him.

A venal crime which dexterously transferred the contents of a stranger's purse to his, might have caused him perhaps, a smile of triumph;

He was, as it were, stunned and bewildered by the suddenness and the enormity of the crime into which his passion had betrayed him.

"Get up, Tracey; I bear no malice against you for your better words. Get up; I hit you harder than I meant—but you will live yet my good fellow, you will live yet. Get up."

The limbs of the corpse were stiffening already and as the gambler gazed fearfully at his victim, he perceived that the jaws were firmly set, and that the hair, in the vicinity of the wound, was matted with gory clots.

John Harker rose from his kneeling posture with a shudder, threw himself upon one of the settees, and covered his face with his hands.

He turned to the window, and looked out upon the bright golden rays through the windows of the apartment; and they danced with the moats and glistened upon the smooth floor, and played, as it were with the glassiness of the dead.

Out of doors the air was filled with the buzz and hum of insects, beasts and men, some near and some remote, blending their indistinct noises into the murmur of a great city.

shouts and laughter of children at play. And, momentarily, also was heard the light click of the billiard-balls in the room beneath, and the tread of the players as they passed around the tables.

At length the agitation, the terror of the murderer began to subside—the conjurings of the imagination became less powerful, if not less hideous. His mind grew capable of reflection—the necessity of determination and of action forced itself upon his judgment.

It is not strange, perhaps, that Harker hesitated in arriving at a decision. The taint of suspicion had already fallen upon his character.

The air of the apartment became sultry and oppressive. He betought himself of going into the city and of seeking to restore by fresh air and active exercise the equilibrium of his mental faculties.

As he stepped from the porch to the paved alley, he perceived the marker of the billiard room near the door, at the other extremity of the building sitting upon an empty beer barrel, whistling Rory O'More, and keeping time by drumming with his fists and thumping with his heels against the head and sides of the barrel.

"Fine day, Mr. Harker," exclaimed the young man, with a shrill, wiry voice.

"You heard it, Abel? Yes, yes it was in my room. I was trying to put a pine box, filled with truck of one kind or another, on the upper shelf of the closet, and it slipped out of my hands upon the floor."

"It sounded more like a sack of wheat, or a man knocked down in a fight than a box, and I was going to run up stairs and inquire about it, but I was busy just then."

"It was nothing but a box, Abel," said John Harker; "so you would have had your labor for your pains."

"What is the matter with you, Harker? You look strangely."

"Do I?"

"No wonder," said Harker, "I was up nearly all night."

"You don't say?" replied the young man with an affected drawl.

Harker was turning away, when a thought suddenly occurred to him.

"Yes sir."

"Tell Marvin that I want it, when he comes in, will you?"

them, continually moving, in singular contrast with the surrounding brightness.

He sauntered into the Park. The fountain was playing, and he seated himself on a bench near the fountain, and watched the rising and falling waters, as they broke into foam and spray.

There came strolling along the gravelled walk a group of merry children, and they stopped to behold the fountain, laughing and talking as merry children always do.

Back to the days of his early youth, flew the thoughts of John Harker. He recalled the memory of his mother, and thought of her of the hours when she rocked him to sleep, singing to him the songs of the nursery, and when she taught him to repeat after her, the words of prayer, and when she exhorted him to avoid wicked children and wicked practices.

Occasionally, as he wandered through the streets of the lower part of the city, he stopped at one of the hotels or drinking houses on his route, and slaked his thirst with the contents of a tumbler filled to the brim with gin or brandy and water.

About the middle of the afternoon, the murderer, restless, and doubtful and irresolute; found himself near the ferry at the foot of Courtlandt street. The bell was just ringing and seemed to invite him to fly, at least for a time, from the city, which, in his imagination, resembled a huge slaughter house, crowded with bloody victims.

An hour afterward, on approaching the depot of New Jersey railroad, after a solitary walk in the environs of Jersey City, he perceived a group of three or four gentlemen conversing near them, one of the large fluted columns of the building.

As he passed them, one of the group uttered distinctly the name of Alfred Tracey. A feeling more powerful than curiosity, induced Harker to maneuver as dexterously as he could to obtain a position in which he might, without attracting notice, over rear the conversation which was taking place.

"I have not seen Mr. Tracey to-day."

"No, Mr. Gardner."

"The cars are on the point of starting."

"I am aware of it, and I cannot explain the cause of Mr. Tracey's absence. I will not call him my friend until I have some explanation of his extraordinary conduct."

"It is very extraordinary."

"I saw him last night at the Park Theater, and informed him of my arrangement on his behalf. It was agreed between us, unless he found it more convenient to call upon me this morning, that we should meet at the Franklin House at three o'clock in time to dine, and take the cars at the appointed hour."

"The conversation fell into a lower tone, and for several minutes Harker could only distinguish only here and there a single word."

"I begin to suspect that Tracey is a coward," remarked the first speaker, in his usual voice.

John Harker followed them, but he heard nothing further that seemed to bear any reference to Tracey, except a whisper, inadvertently loud, from one of the party, Wilfred Montressor.

"Your reasoning is just, Gardner. Tracey has not dared to face me, less perhaps from cowardice than the consciousness of his infamous conduct."

The portion of the conversation which John Harker had overheard, satisfied him that a gentleman in the steamboat had been waiting in the depot for Alfred Tracey in order to fulfil an appointment.

It was nearly dark when he arrived in Beckman street, and crept slyly and cautiously along the alley toward the building in which lay the corpse of his victim.

"You were in the Circuit, to-day?"

"Graham is doing his best. I should not wonder if he got Dingle off with a verdict of manslaughter. There is no dispute about the killing; but from the cross examination it is evident that the defense intend to insist that the Dutchman pushed Dingle before the latter struck him."

John Harker slunk up stairs with the caution of a thief, the words of a speaker ringing in his ears, "Ten years in the State prison—almost as bad as hanging." He unlocked the door of his apartment and stole warily into the presence of the dead.

He groped his way across the apartment to one of the settees, and seating himself thereon, waited patiently and silently hour after hour.

At length the lights were extinguished, and the players went forth. All was silent.

The murderer rose, lit a lamp with a lucifer match, and carefully closed the window shutters of the apartment. He had nerved his mind by dint of extraordinary efforts to the fulfillment of the dreadful task which he had imposed upon himself—and henceforth there was no flinching—no hesitation—no external signs of fear.

Two hours—two hours of ceaseless, fearful toil and the work was done.

The corpse of the murdered man, horribly mangled—his clothes, even his watch—so cautious was the murderer to conceal the evidence of his guilt—were stowed in the barrel—the barrel head was replaced, and the bung driven in tightly.

It was bravely and cunningly done.

But will no circumstances unforeseen—improbable perhaps—reveal to the eyes of man, the crushed and mangled body, though hemmed around with thick staves of oak, and hooped with hoops of iron?

The judgment of God has overtaken Alfred Tracey.

Will his murderer escape? No. A brave and cunning man is John Harker, but no bravery nor cunning gives impunity to crime.

Department Of Arts And Sciences

New Uses for Paper.

A new branch of industry has just been introduced to our notice.

The paper made by this process is of a peculiar kind. It very much resembles that used by the Japanese for pocket handkerchiefs, and is susceptible of the same application.

Among the vegetables we find some not hitherto much employed in the manufacture of paper, New Zealand flax, jute, plants of the mallow, and the ordinary fibres, flax, hemp, and cotton.

The animal matters used are wool, silk, skins, and other material, which is certainly a novelty in paper making.

It will easily be understood that the mixture of such materials as we have named gives a paper of extraordinary pliancy, flexibility and strength.

The uses to which this paper can be put are innumerable. We may mention a few of the articles we have seen.

First, petitions, which no girl of the period could resist. These may be printed exactly like the skirts now so fashionable, or they may be white, and have open worked stamped out in patterns, which scarcely any amount of labor with scissors and needle could imitate.

We have also quilts which, besides being non-conductors of heat, have a very graceful appearance. White day covers for beds are made with embossed patterns and equally cheap.

White table cloths, stamped with patterns in remarkably good taste will, we are sure, soon ornament many a dinner table, and serve to light the fires the day after the party, unless the host be of an economical turn and resells them to the paper-maker.

Very good imitation leather is formed of it, and furniture covering, and even shoes, may be made.

The last can be made impermeable to wet by the introduction of oils and India rubber. We have said enough to show that a material is produced which will probably have considerably influence on some of our staple industries.

Papercollars, it may well be supposed, have already had a sensible influence on the linen trade, and the farther extensive substitution of paper for woven fabrics must produce still greater changes.

A Burning Sea of Naphth.

The Pall Mall Gazette mentions the recurrence of an extraordinary phenomenon recorded in Herodotus as having been observed in remote places by the tribes inhabiting the shores of the Caspian sea.

The preacher to the Free Religionists of Chicago said, last week Sunday, that the real Holy Ghost is oxygen, and is the indwelling spirit of the vital air which we breathe.

A lady reached the passenger depot in Dayton, Ohio, the other day, just as the train she intended to take was leaving and as she stood almost crying with vexation on the platform, a gentleman arrived at the depot on a full run, with his carpet-bag in his hand, his coat on his arm and his face streaming with perspiration.

The violin.

Character,—is what God and Angels know of us.

Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

Sunday.

The Pacific, a religious paper published in San Francisco, is going into religious spasms over the idea that the Central Pacific Railroad is running the cars on Sunday.

All who can go back forty years in their experience will recollect the manner in which Sunday would be kept by a good old orthodox deacon, and such an individual was our father.

We recollect distinctly a certain institution in existence at that time, namely, that of litching men whose business was in part to go out and secrete themselves in the public highways in order to be ready to pounce upon any poor unfortunate traveler that might happen to be journeying on that sacred day.

It might be that a sick or dying child was lying and anxiously waiting their arrival that they might behold the face of their protector and loved one once more before his eyes closed forever in death.

In the land of cloaks and wooden nutmegs, the laws were more rigorous than in the old Bay State. There the law attached a severe penalty to the act of a mother's kissing her babe or a man's kissing his wife on Sunday.

Oh! shade of a dying God of eighteen hundred years ago, what follies and what heart-revolting crimes have been, and are still, committed in thy name!

The idea that it is God's day, pre eminent to others because it is called Sunday, is without foundation in history; for every day in the week commemorates some god of ancient mythology.

Sunday, the first day of the week by the old Saxons was called Sunna-day, from the fact that it was formerly dedicated to the Sun.

Tuesday, or the third day of the week, was called Thuesday, or Tuesday, the god of ancient times, that presided over strife and litigation.

Wednesday, the fourth day of the week, was called in the Saxon, Woden-day, or Woden's day from Woden or Odin a deity of the northern nations of Europe.

Thursday the fifth day of the week, was called in the Danish, Thorsday or Thor's day, being consecrated to Thor, a god of Scandinavian mythology.

Friday the sixth day of the week in the Saxon, was called Frig-day, from the fact that it was consecrated to Friga, a goddess of the North, and was the wife of Thor.

Saturday the seventh day of the week, was called in the Saxon, Saterdag, in the Danish Saturday or Saturn's day. Saturn was considered in ancient mythology as one of the oldest and principal deities.

The word Sabbath does not mean any particular day of the week; it means a Jewish religious institution, and by them fasted first on to Saturn's day, and the Christians, they stole Sunday from the Sun-worshippers for their use. Hence the Sabbath is as useless as the fifth wheel of a coach, there is no place or day in the week for it.

Old Theologians don't like that; they would if they could, put a stop to the running of steam and horse cars on Sunday, for they preach such dull, prosy, rusty old stuff soaked up in the blood of a dead God. Very few at the present day wish to go and hear it if they can get anywhere else.

Coming to California.

We learn by private correspondence, and through the Spiritual papers, that there are several speakers that are intending to come to California next Autumn. We would certainly welcome all that wish to come and join us in the great work of evangelizing this Coast with the doctrines of Spiritualism;

Again; let none but the most energetic and successful workers come, if they wish for success at all. A majority of the speakers in the Atlantic States, know naught of the hardships of a speaker's life here in the Pacific Slope. When a speaker goes to his appointment in the East, it is a pleasant railroad ride of a few hours at most, and on his or her

arrival, they meet with a hearty welcome to a home in some private family, where the temporal wants are well supplied, and home-like influences are thrown around, and in most cases, a stipulated sum that amounts to a fair remuneration awaits the completion of the engagement. The remuneration may not be excessive in amount, yet when the light expenses are taken into consideration, the reward for their labors is reasonable.

But let them come here and have to ride over the dusty plains, and climb over the rocky roads that lead over the mountains, in a stage coach, paying as we have often done, all the way from fifteen to thirty cents per mile, then stop at a public house and pay two dollars a day for your fare, and then run your own risk whether you make enough to pay your expenses, and quite often fail, and then you might have something of an idea of what pioneering on this Coast amounts to.

There are but two places on this coast at present that number sufficient Spiritualists to warrant them in sustaining meetings every Sunday, and they are San Francisco and Sacramento. And none but first-class speakers can sustain themselves for any length of time in those cities.

Again; the months of December, January, February and sometimes March, it is so muddy throughout the country, that it is next to impossible for speakers to get about, or to get an audience except in those two cities we have named. Such an individual as E. V. Wilson, with his remarkable test mediumship and strong physical constitution, and indomitable energy, would do well, undoubtedly.

We hope that it will not always be thus, on this coast; but we have given a true statement as it now stands. The harvest is great and the laborers are few, and what is more, the day wages are small after expenses are paid. We would not be understood that there are no good liberal souls on this coast, for it is far otherwise. And could they all be collected in one place, no doubt, in that place, speakers would be well supported, kindly treated, and the cause thrive.

Original Essays.

Man's Destiny, Life, etc., BY N.

It would require more than human efforts now seem capable of doing, to discover and recount the innumerable wants, desires and aspirations of man, that exist in his nature, and by possibility may be called into action. It is a real and wise conclusion that all reasonable wants can be answered and satisfied. Unreasonable wants can and should be controlled and governed, or else suffer the penalties of their indulgence and gratification.

As knowledge increases the capacity and capabilities, new questions and wants of a continued higher grade will be presented with the ability to satisfy them.

Man wants to know the cause and the purpose of his creation, and of his destiny here and hereafter. These are wants that cannot be satisfied without due effort in time, opportunity, and effective application.

Something like the following, may lead to a few steps in that direction: Necessary, indispensable, elementary substances and conditions of human existence.

1st. The earth. The planet Earth was not created wholly and solely for the exclusive benefit and occupancy of man on its surface, but has its relative value, power and influence of gravitation, attraction and repulsion, with other considerations, in the planetary system. Aside from all that, it would seem to have been made for the abode of man, the theatre of his actions, and his enjoyment of life's numerous blessings, and an endurance of its sufferings, and of his dissolution.

On this theatre of land and water, are enacted all the scenes of earth life, disease and death, whether comic or tragic;—of quiet or commotion, of domestic enjoyments and sorrows, of friendships and enmities, of love and hatred, of peace and war, of hope and fear, of reverence and devotion, of ignorance and knowledge, and of all other conditions of contrast of body and mind, and of their various wants.

Nothing short of Almighty power could so temper, regulate and control all these loving and hating, concordant and discordant elements and conditions, as to preserve man from total destruction by his fellow man and continue him in a state of social and progressive improvement.

The physical, anatomical and intellectual structure of man, fitting him for his destined condition on earth, altho' attended with much suffering here, is a demonstration of infinite wisdom and power, it being a probationary, preparatory state for another sphere of spiritual existence.

2nd. The atmosphere. "The breath of life" of man is at all times dependent on the atmosphere for his continual existence.

It is also alike necessary to almost all animal existence, excepting some whose element of life is in the water, some of which are amphibious reptiles and insects. It is essential to the life, growth and maturity of vegetation. In its different degrees, as rightly tempered by heat, it is essential to the health of man if pure, if impure, noxious, according to the quality and degree of impurity.

All the labor of man depends in a great measure upon the right temperature of the air, suitable and practical for the kind of work to be done and the safety of his health in doing it. It is the medium of light, heat and sound, and in some form or quality fills all space, and thus relieves "nature" of the abhorrence of a vacuum.

NO. 1. LIFE.

Human life is that state and condition of vitality in which the body and soul are united. In that state and condition, in health or disease, all human acts in this world, in this life, are done and finished. It is of great consequence that they be rightly and wisely done. Human beings are imperfect in knowledge, wisdom and power and so will often act indiscreetly, wrongfully, and must suffer the penalties of all such acts. Even in that condition, life's blessings and enjoyments are numerous and precious. The love

of life is so strong, we are never willing to lose it, until we see, or think we see, an unavoidable necessity for it. Animal life is that state of vitality in which the functions of the animal can perform their destined offices. Vegetable life will bear nearly the same definition.

Human life on earth requires the indispensable elements, condition and presence of air, space, light, heat and time. Is not life the origin of motion? and if so, is it not the original power and "first cause" of all existence,—of everything?

Does it not sustain and maintain everything in its destined course, and its changing, and in its changed condition? It obeys the power that orders the changes in life that are periodically necessary, called death or dissolution, for other and further life. Many things in this world are limited in length of life and must wear out in fulfilling their allotted time. Vegetable and animal death may be caused by power greater than exists in their life, by accident, or intended violence. The power of life originates life anew. Does not the power and doings of life conclusively give the true answer to the long, anxious and unsettled question and inquiry, "Of what is the first cause?" Hitherto, the best and most authoritative answer made to that question, was, that God was the "first cause."

That answer seemed to preclude all further examination. Yet it did not fully and understandingly, universally, absolutely and satisfactorily settle the question. The inquiry next made, was, "What is God?" Numerous replies and attempted answers have been made, according with the views and opinions of those who made them. They are mainly inferential, as they should be,—inferences of what they considered His doings, His ways and His works.

A believed revelation of His character and of what would be His future doings, principally, with mankind, has been relied upon by many.

Yet still the question of what God is, is a matter of opinion and belief.

As to the true "origin and first cause" of all things, the field of inquiry is still open for further investigation and further proof.

As life must be the first cause of motion and as motion produces change,—thus by the continued operation of these powers, action is commenced, and thus by necessity their action must continue, perpetually. No state of absolute rest can follow. The world is thus put in motion, and change is the order for all time. One change makes some other change necessary, and so on ad infinitum.

The question of who or what made life, is on higher ground than the question of who or what made God, that is, if we confine it to the Christian God alone. When viewed as the God believed in by all races of men who believe in any god, it comes nearer the unanswerable question of both questions. The answer to the question of who or what made life, must be intelligence, knowledge, wisdom and power united. The attribute of infinity ascribed to the knowledge, wisdom and power of the Christian God, precludes any and all "first cause," because to infinity there can be neither beginning nor end. All nature's works within the range of our knowledge and observation, show that everything has had its beginning, its "first cause." If there be no first cause, it is clear there can be no second cause; and where there can be neither a first and second cause, there can be no cause at all.

The expression of first, shows there must be a second, and so on, secondary to a final end of causes.

Let us look in a brief way, at some of the productions and advantages of this land and water theatre, and inquire what must have been the principal object and purpose of its creation. The very first step on its surface is a foundation upon which to stand and act, and perform, enjoy and undergo all the various and complicated scenes of earth-life, and ready for action of some sort.

Its productions are firstly, such as are spontaneous, and next, such as are produced by cultivation. They are too numerous and various to attempt any mention of them. We may notice some of the qualities and values and peculiarities of a few of them with the necessity for their use. First, the covering of the earth's surface with an endless variety of forest trees, growing perpendicularly,—their trunk and branches symmetrically formed, and in the best possible form. For use, they are in the best position, shape and size. First, for a building to live in, then for fuel, and all kinds of lumber, and when crops are to be raised, then for fence. A great portion of household furniture is made of wood, and most agricultural instruments, as well as manufacturing machinery, ship building, musical instruments, and scientific apparatus, forts of defense in war, and for protection in storms and winds. Upon the exhaustion of wood for fuel, coal is provided. For medicinal purposes, the roots and bark of great remedial power, as well as gums and resins, are provided, as is, also, the important uses of the india rubber.

We next come to the building of school-houses, colleges, churches, universities, storehouses, elevators, bridges, wharves, piers, abutments, piles, conservatories, theatres, jails, and public and private superb residences, as well as necessary hovels, wells, cisterns, aqueducts, ladders and all kinds of wheel and other carriages, down to velocipedes. A consideration of some note is the superabundance of the necessary material for all these purposes.

We now come to the almost endless variety of fruit bearing trees,—the beautiful and rich apple, pear, quince, peach, plum, apricot, nectarine, cherry, olive, date lemon, orange, the persimmon, lime and pomegranate; the endless variety and abundance of small fruits, the currant, gooseberry, blackberry, raspberry, whortleberry, barberry, bush and vine cranberry, strawberry, grape, wintergreen berry, partridgeberry, juniper berry, witch hopple berry, spikenard berry, elderberry,—and many others. The variety of nuts,—the almond, acorn, beach,

butternut, brazilant, chestnut, walnut, cocconut, filbert, hazelnut, W. India nut, peanuts and pecan nuts, and several others.

Salt, spices, peppers, allspice, ginger, cinnamon, cloves, mace, nutmeg, sassafras, sweet cicely, fennel, tea, coffee, sugar and honey, tea, tobacco and medicinals; the poppy for opium, stramonium, lobelia, peppermint and other mints, pennyroyal, catnip, tansy, and for their flavor and pungent taste withal, sage, parsley, celery, wild turnips, spikenard root, wormwood, prickly ash bark, and hundreds of other medicinals.

Garden vegetables,—potato, beet, carrot, peas, beans, parsnip, turnip, onion, cucumber, squash, pumpkin, melon, citron, egg-plant, or "salads," lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, celery, radish, rhubarb, artichoke, horseradish,—cress, peppergrass, cives.

For bread,—wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn, rice.

For clothing,—flax, hemp, wool, skins and furs of animals, the product of the silkworm, indiarubber and cotton.

Animal food, in countless numbers and endless variety, supplies all that is needed for that kind of food, as well as for many other purposes.

All the useful and necessary minerals, ores and metallic substances, are stowed in and on the earth, in great abundance as well as in every variety.

All these numberless provisions are evidently so abundantly prepared for the necessary use and enjoyment of man. No other adequate object or cause can be rationally assigned for such provision.

What, then, is proved by all these evidences? One thing, certainly, that the existence of man, his welfare and his present and future destiny, was of importance enough in the mind of the power that made this creation to justify its doings. What cause, then, has man to fear or doubt that this same power will fail to take the wisest care of him through all future time?

The next point of consideration is the waters that cover so large a portion of the earth. They are filled with innumerable multitudes of animals for the evident support of man. The seas, lakes, ponds, rivers, and rivulets are filled with them, and these are so situated as to best accommodate earth's inhabitants quite decisively.

The mineral springs for the healing of disease are numerous, and are found more or less in all quarters of the earth. There are other mineral waters, valuable for other qualities and properties. Rich mineral ores and metals of all kinds exist in great abundance. Can there be any reasonable doubt that all these things are provided for man's existence, worldly prosperity and happiness?

We have thus, in a very cursory manner looked over some of the provisions and preparations for the sustenance and abundant earthly support of man, and the all-important question here demands a satisfactory answer,—could these provisions have been prepared for any thing else, and if so, for what else? If no sufficient answer can be made, then it remains conclusively settled that they were made and provided for man. Then the true and decisive considerations and consequences must necessarily follow. If then, this earth and man and his residence upon it, have thus been made and prepared, as the principal object of their creation, it places man in a much higher scale and grade of existence than has been generally entertained. It then follows, of course, that this earthly state is a preparatory condition for something vastly more important to follow.

What that state and condition will be, we must learn here as well as we can, by inferences and conclusions, from what already exists within our knowledge and experience.

Fire and water, acting separately, as well as jointly, put the whole world of machinery in motion, and manufacture, probably, more in one year than the whole world of mankind could do of the same kinds without machinery, in ten or even twenty thousand years.

The atmosphere is absolutely necessary to put and continue these two agents in action, the three thus acting necessarily and harmoniously together.

The action of these elements or agents are absolutely essential to the existence and welfare of man in his condition on the earth. Leaving man out of the question, where would be the necessity or use for these agents.

The beautiful provision for the good of man shows conclusively enough that it was, and is, provided for the necessary use and support of man. Among the animal and vegetable departments, there are in each, many that are not for food, but may be for his use in other ways, some animals for work in various ways and other uses, and many that are his deadly enemies, and enemies of each other, and others medicinal. Some are in our way, fatally dangerous, others extremely annoying, as flies and mosquitoes by day, and fleas and bedbugs by night.

As a kind of finale to our notices of the innumerable uses of the forest tree, we observe that in some form it is so manufactured as to be present and in use with us through all of life to the grave, and waits upon us there, with the bier, the coffin and the hearse.

The reader must be in some fault of neglect unless he can add greatly to these details and descriptions, and add, also, some profitable reflections on the cause and preparation of them.

Thus at considerable length in detail, we have looked over the necessary and bountiful supply of food for the support of man on the earth, the supply for clothing, and the supply for shelter, rest and protection.

We have also stated that these provisions could not rationally have been made for any other purpose. It remains, therefore, to now mention other substances and conditions of human existence.

SPACE.

The earth, as before noticed, is the grand theatre of human action. It must of course have the requisite room and space for all kinds of

necessary action. Space is boundless, and said to be infinite. That is beyond our power to determine, as it is impossible for us to comprehend any infinity. The atmosphere surrounds and furnishes the necessary room, and heat regulates its temperature. There is no useless deprivation of necessary room for all useful purposes, either by mountains, hills, rivers, lakes and oceans, or any other obstruction, as all such obstructions are not impassable, the room only differently located, and are as much needed as such partially obstructed room.

LIGHT.

Light is another of the necessary essentials and elementary substances and conditions of human existence.

This is a power so well known as to need no argument or illustration to show its precious and precious value.

Without it, the human race would not be likely to maintain their existence. Life is precious, but without light it could hardly be a blessing. We could not live as a people without it. This consideration shows its constant and vast importance. The sun furnishes the principal part of the light for our planet earth, and the heat that accompanies it, insures, with other constituent aids, the growth and maturity of all the necessary, beautiful and luscious vegetable products of the earth. So far, we have discoursed on light as a power only. Of what material use would it be, if objects could not be seen by it?

To provide the sense of sight, and the active and perfect organization and location of the human eye, is one of the most valuable, skillful and enjoyable parts of machinery in the human composition.

Who does not love to see the realities and beauties of nature and art?

Who would not, or could not, with intense anxiety and enjoyment and inextinguishable desire, wish to see their relatives and friends, to see, in fine, "the human face divine," and the uses and fitness, as well as the beauties and glories of all creation? The human eye is thus most perfectly prepared that man may see and enjoy all this. As without the organ of vision nothing can be seen, so without light nothing can be seen.

It is natural that a realizing perception of these wonderful provisions for man's enjoyment should produce a deep sense of reverence and gratitude for their author. Yet the necessity for this provision of light and vision was absolutely necessary for man's existence. He could not live long if he could not see how to live. A deprivation of the sense of sight would defeat the object and purpose of his existence.

We have now, at last, come to the consideration of that which we should have commenced with in the first, viz: A consideration of another of the necessary elements and conditions of human existence, called Time. Any one who regards the old saying that "Order is heaven's first law," may remember an older saying, that "The first shall be last," so we justify our mistake by the oldest saying. Even Moses in his short history of the creation, arranges everything in strict order through the first seven days, but after that time, order is less regarded and matters seem at loose ends, happening at random and disorder.

But to begin at the beginning, Moses again said, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" evidently meaning the beginning of creation, not the beginning of time. Time must have had precedence of creation, as well as of all things else, that ever had being or existence. In reality nothing could first be ushered into existence before it. It is said and generally believed, that time is infinite in duration, all question as to its preexistence to all things else, must be considered as conclusively settled.

Be all this, however, as it may, it is evident that anything or nothing can not be till there is time for it to be, nothing can be done until there shall be time for it to be done. It, therefore, necessarily follows, that time was the original primary element and condition, preparatory to all existence. After all, what time in matter or quality really is, is a mystery we can not yet unfold or define. It is said, "There is a time for all things." If so, there is time to be right, to do right, and rightfully enjoy life's numerous blessings. If we fail in these moral duties, and do otherwise, there will certainly be time enough to suffer the penalties. The eventful division of time into the past, the present, and the future, is very expressive and useful. How fortunate for us that there is now, and always will be time enough to do so many good deeds, and add so much to the comfort and enjoyment of those who need it. But without time, we can do nothing, neither can Deity. The moment a stop is made to time, that moment a dead stand-still is made to all existence, and past all revival until time itself shall be revived.

Life produces motion, and motion produces change, and one change prepares the way for all changes that follow such change. Motion and change thus put in operation, can never again be put at rest.

Motion and change must of necessity be perpetual, absolutely endless.

There must, necessarily, be limits and regulations in such motion and change, depending on the power that put them in operation. On that power we are dependent for our life and its continuance, as well as for the continuance and origin of all things else.

May it not now be said, as the fashion is, that "providentially," our origin, our destiny here, as well as hereafter, has during our inquiry and examination been disclosed with sufficient certainty to relieve and quiet all our various fears and forebodings on these subjects?

What a vast accumulation of evidence already seen, and more in great abundance at command, showing the provision made for the life, support and enjoyment of man during his earthly life!

When so much has been done for man on earth, what rational fear can be entertained that an endless continuance of the same kind care will not always exist? The design of Providence is so clear and decisive that no other object or purpose can be discovered.

Instead of quarrelling with ourselves, how powerful are the inducements to live peaceably and kindly, and richly enjoy the blessing of life, so abundantly prepared for us.

Six thousand homestead settlements have been made in the St. Cloud land district, Minnesota.

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.

Poem Delivered by N. F. White, on Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 7th, 1869, at Concert Hall at the Close of a Lecture on Fidelity.

Shall thought be stilled and the blinded Past
Its darkest shadows o'er our pathway cast?
Shall error rule and custom's mandate bend
To slavish silence, man's progressive mind?

What though the present from its Judgment seat,
Should the stern judgments of the past repeat,
What though enthroned authority condemns,
And spurs as vile, truth's brightest, noblest gems—

The Recognition of Spirits Hereafter.

One of the greatest failures of certain modern
teachers of theology, is that there is no evidence of
a recognition of our friends in the after-life.

Even now, we may see that suffering furnishes
the very best lessons that we can have, to bring us
out of inharmonious conditions into the true rela-

True progress is not through the zigzag lines of
these evils which have produced, and are producing
so much suffering, not only to their victims, but

Ignorance, which is the only devil there is, and
undeveloped, which is the only hell, will be the
exception, and not the rule, as they now are.

We consider this question absolutely demon-
strated. Talk about there being no recognition in
heaven! Recognition is heaven! We have said

Memory is a patient camel, bearing huge bur-
dens over life's sandy deserts.
Intuition is a bird of paradise, drinking in the
aroma of celestial flowers.—Harris.

Moral Laws.

The moral laws of the universe lie in layers or
strata, like the geological strata of the earth. The
moral condition of humanity with their convul-

Many persons have held strange opinions in re-
gard to breaking the moral laws. This has never
been done and never can be done. While man re-

When the moral laws lie in their proper order
as the strata of the earth lie when undisturbed by
volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, and man

Death may be compared to a mirror, in which

we see the life of the departed, and as we gaze
back over the events, how natural it seems that the

Theodore Parker in speaking of Gen. Taylor,

remarked that "It is said he was a religious man.
Sometimes that means that a man loves God and

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Now we would like to ask Mr. Sunderland
how an object of the medium's own creation,
can detail some event of which he (the medium)

This statement of yours, happens to lack the
element of truthfulness, and the column of words
you have added upon this false assumption, I

The drift of my article in the Chironian,
which you have so much misconstrued, was to
give the rationale of mental phenomena, the

Let us join hands with each other and with our
spirit friends, and help toward the good work.

Victory.

"Every battle of the warrior is with confused
noise and garments rolled in blood." Never did
we realize this until in July, 1863, we stood upon

Again, the Spring of 1864, professional duty called
us to Fredericksburg, to witness again the sad pic-
tures of the war, and here the most terribly revolt-

—Peace hath her victories," far more sublime than
any that war can claim.
Life is a grand struggle, and the soul that mar-
shals its own hosts and keeps its outposts well

Our grandest victories have been in rising above
surrounding circumstances and overcoming tempta-
tion and with a calm unflinching trust moving

With pity and sympathy it turns away, and
would bless those who in trying to injure it are
really injuring themselves. It was this kind of

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we see the life of the departed, and as we gaze
back over the events, how natural it seems that the

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periments of those most liable to be im-
pressed" and "converted," and on doing so, a
zealous "revivalist" pounces upon me, and
says, "Leroy Sunderland belongs to an unfor-
tunate class. He avoids the truth in his investi-

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WEEK.

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

Geo. W. Lusk. Address Battle Creek, Mich.
Mr. H. T. Leonard, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H.
Mrs. E. W. Litch. Address 11 Kneeland st. Boston, Mass.

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OFFICE 192 SOUTH CLARK ST., 2d FLOOR.

S. S. JONES,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Later the

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

CHICAGO, JULY 3, 1869.

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These columns are free to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to state whether it is a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper notices plainly.

All letters and communications should be addressed to S. S. Jones, 192 South Clark street, Chicago, Illinois.

Who sees is mightier than the sword.

FORCED INTO THE WORLD—FORCED OUT OF IT.

"To be, or not to be," is not the question; There is no choice of life. Ay, mark it well! For death is but another name for change. The weary shuttles of this mortal coil, And think to slumber in an eternal night. But to the man, though dead, is living still; Unclothed, is clothed upon, and his mortality Unwallowed up of life."

That was the language of the immortal Shakespeare given through the mediumship of the highly gifted medium, Lizzie Doten. No statement was ever made that had upon it a deeper impress of truth; no truth was ever enunciated to the world that so clearly owes its origin to one of the immortal dead. "There is no choice of life," is a fact which no one would have the audacity to deny. "No choice of life," comes in thundering accents from the Spirit World, and entering within the portals of our mind, it there finds lodgement, recognized as one of the grandest truths ever uttered by man. But what of that,—"no choice of life." Can a lesson sparkling with rare gems of knowledge, be learned therefrom? Are mortals made any better by the enunciation of this grand truth, coming forth in trembling accents from the lips of Lizzie Doten, impressed upon her mind by the immortal Shakespeare? Above us is one vast cloud, from which are daily dropping grand truths, which bear upon them the impress of angelic touch, and which cause the soul chords of humanity to vibrate in harmony with those of the Spirit World. "Watchman, what of the night?" was a no more pertinent inquiry than this, "What good is accomplished, supposing there is no choice of life?" No choice of life to mortals! They are forced into the world, and forced out of it, and the question might be well asked, where is the dividing line between active force in our destiny, and no force at all? This is certainly an important question, and one that should be well considered. It is always our aim in the discussion of any subject, to assume certain acknowledged facts as a platform on which we can stand, and therefrom direct our observation for other truths, the same as the astronomer from his lofty observatory gazes around him to detect some new movement or feature among the starry orbs that glisten so beautifully throughout the infinity of space. Thus we assumed in a previous article what is acknowledged by the orthodox churches as true that God is all powerful, coming to this conclusion:

- 1st. If God is all powerful, the power of man must be the power of God.
2nd. If the power of man is separate and distinct from God, he cannot be all-powerful.
3rd. If the power of man is the power of God, then man is a part of God.
Thus we find it always better to assume an acknowledged truth as a stand point on which to stand to extend our observation, and reason therefrom. This course is better from the simple fact that the reason derived therefrom is more conclusive, and is brought home to the consideration of the people with more effect and potency. In this article we have assumed that man is forced into the world and forced out of it, and from these two stand points, our mind, bowing meekly to the peerless influence of our spirit guide, whose presence we feel and whose superior wisdom we acknowledge, we start off on a voyage of discovery, searching for truth in the infinite realms of space, rejecting everything that does not accord with the platform on which we stand to extend our observation. With a compass in the mid-ocean, the mariner defies storms and billows, and moves on his course with unfeigned confidence, knowing that he will in due time reach the destined port. With two acknowledged truths, we feel the same confidence of the mariner as we float off on a voyage of discovery in the peerless realms of space, feeling that truth, like the compass, never misleads. Forged into the world,—the cradle,—forced out of it,—the coffin,—Again the inspired utterances of Lizzie Doten come rumbling in our mind like the sweet chimes of the morning bell:

The cradle or coffin, the robe or the shroud, Of which shall a mortal most truly be proud, The cradle or coffin, the blanket or pall, Or which brings a blessing of peace unto all, The cradle or coffin, both places of rest, Tell me, O mortals, which lies ye the best?

The question is a pertinent one—"which like ye the best?" There should be no choice between two forces over which man has no control, both of which act an equally important part in the life of each individual. The question, however, with us is, as there is no choice of life, no choice of death, and both result from a force over which we have no control, it would be well to ask when this force that brings us into the world ceases its action, and that force which takes us out of the world commences its action. There must be a dividing line somewhere, or else the free agency of man is, to some extent at least, destroyed. Free agency does not commence at birth or during early childhood, for then we are helpless; it does not exist in extreme old age, for then we are again helpless, and the enjoyment of the fullest free agency could avail nothing. The question naturally arises then for us to determine the exact time that this force that brought us into the world ceases its action, and

that force which takes us out is set in operation, for only between the action of these two forces can man be said to be fully free, acting independent of other forces and fully carrying out the principle of independent sovereignty. The forces which bring a man into the world never cease their action, for if they did, men at that moment would cease to exist both in spirit and body. That power which creates is required also to sustain. That admitted, our way is clear, the clouds that obscured our vision pass away like a pleasant dream, the nature of man is unfolded and understood, and we feel that we have added another plank to our platform, and as each additional one extends the area of our observation, we feel that our labors are to be greatly benefited by our first voyage of discovery in to the somewhat hidden recesses of nature. Feeling now that our way is clear and that nothing can impede our progress, we proceed onward, ever careful to remove the errors that obstruct our pathway.

- 1st. Man is forced into the world.
2nd. The same power that creates, is required to sustain.
3rd. Then, if we have no control over the forces that create, have we any over that which sustains?
These conclusions must be correct, for we can control no force,—we can only act in obedience to force. We do not control electricity,—we only act in obedience to its innate nature, and in so doing, it controls itself. If we can control a force of nature, at that moment we rise superior to it, and overturn the well established principle that water cannot rise above its source. It may be said, then, that man is a machine, an automaton, subject to the forces of which he is composed, and that his greatest happiness is achieved by acting in perfect obedience to those forces. Man is free to act thus far and no farther. He can control electricity, as we have remarked, by acting in obedience to the laws of the same. He can control himself only by acting in obedience to those forces of which he is composed. How so? In nature everywhere, we invariably find that man controls no elements therein, unless he scrupulously acts in obedience to the laws which govern them. It is impossible, all will admit, to control steam, only by acting exactly in accordance with its own innate laws, and then it controls itself, and acts, as it were, in one sense entirely independent of man. Suppose in experimenting with steam, the boiler is burst,—and immense damage is done. We desire to know if the accident was not caused in accordance with the law of steam, what law did cause it? If you can make steam act, contrary to its own inherent powers, you can perform an impossibility; but that is idle talk, for it is a recognized fact that none of nature's forces can be controlled only by acting in obedience to their innate laws. Then, supposing these forces, or the constituent parts thereof, should be transferred to the organic structure of man, can he then control them only by acting in obedience to them? We answer most unequivocally, no! Then we might well say, forced into the world, forced through the world, forced out of the world.

Then, again, it might be well asked, is not man a machine? We answer emphatically, no. For he can control all the forces of which he is composed by acting in obedience to the laws which govern them; and in that sense only is he a free agent. Therefore—we may conclude that:

- 1st. Man is a free agent when acting in obedience to the forces of which he is composed.
2nd. That he is not a free agent when he attempts to act in disobedience to the forces of which he is composed.
3rd. That he can only act in obedience to the forces within, consequently he is in every sense of the word a free agent.
4th. To act in disobedience to law would indicate that man is superior to the law, when in fact he is only a creature of law.
5th. Man cannot violate a law, for to do so he must rise superior to the law, which is impossible.
6th. By thrusting your arm in the fire you act in obedience to law; the burning sensation is caused by the action of law, and consequently your act was in every sense in conformity with law, and we defy the whole world to show to the contrary.

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 subscriber's 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 renewal 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.

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.

Our terms for three months' 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.

THE INDIANA CONVENTION.

The Convention of Spiritualists held at Indianapolis, proved a grand success. The proceedings were highly interesting, and demonstrate conclusively the good results that flow from these conferences. Prof. J. M. Barnes, of Newcastle, made an application for a license to represent the spiritual philosophy of the public, so he could stand on an equal footing in point of legal privileges, with the clergy of orthodox churches. Mrs. Dr. Clark, of Attica, addressed the convention. She regarded the old orthodox religion as darkness compared to the light of Spiritualism, which must, sooner or later, pass away before the advanced ideas of the new philosophy. The secretary announced that some of the best mediums in the world were present, and there would be some rousing demonstrations for the benefit of the public before the session closed. A conference was announced, and those who were moved by the spirits stated what they knew about spiritual matters. Mr. G. S. Pratt, of Cincinnati, said they must eschew politics, as Spiritualism must not be mixed up with such matters. He had been a Spiritualist for 20 years, and had seen its powerful workings. Mr. J. H. Hudson, of Terre Haute, thought there was no word more absurd than "religion." He wanted the Spiritualists to buckle on their armor, and commence the great reformation. Mr. Trosky, of Brooklyn, said he was once a Methodist, and opposed Spiritualism, but had his eyes opened. He was entirely convinced that spirits often convened with us. Spiritualism proved the immortality of the soul. He had seen the spiritual photographs, and there was no humbug about them. Judge McDonald said spiritual photographs had been taken in Jeffersonville,—and Mr. Ephraim Keigwin corroborated the statement. They had both seen them. They had also been taken in other parts of the state. Dr. T. A. Bland had a portrait of his mother taken under the influence of the Jeffersonville medium, and it is an excellent likeness. Dr. Clark stated they had spirit photography working finely at Laporte. Mr. Keigwin, of Jeffersonville, gave an account of the wonderful operations of the spirits in that locality. His wife became a medium, and the demonstrations in his own family were wonderful. They could move with spirits, talk to them, hear answers, shake hands with them, and they traveled about the house night and day, playing all kinds of pranks. The account of the séance that was also held at Indianapolis, may be found in another column of the paper. It will be read with deep interest. The denizens of the Spirit World are not idle at the present time, but are giving daily evidence of their power to communicate with mortals. The statement of Jacob Young, the victim of the Cold Spring tragedy, with reference to the person who murdered him, sent a thrill through those present at the séance, and demonstrated conclusively the good effects that will accrue to humanity by opening avenues of return to those who have been foully dealt with, that the guilt or innocence of those who have injured them may be established. This is not the only instance that spirits have returned and pointed out their murderer. Several who have went to E. V. Mansfield on matters of business, or to get a communication with reference to some subject, have been confronted by those they murdered, and all the circumstances of the case pointed out, and who, with eyes wet with tears, have implored Mr. Mansfield to never reveal the occurrence. Establish the fact that spirits can return and confront the perpetrators of dark deeds, and murders will become far less frequent than at the present day.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

There is renewed agitation amongst the united sects upon the subject of a united Christian Church. Many of the evangelical leaders—ministers, are wise enough to discern the signs of the times, and are not without reasons becoming very much alarmed, for the welfare of their present systems of religion. As hostile as the various Christian sects may have been in the past, a common danger seems to impel them to attempt an Evangelical Alliance of all the various sects of Christendom.—they have measured their strength single-handed and know their inability to stay the tide of truth that, to them, satanic influence of Spiritualism has spread, and is constantly spreading throughout the world; and at the same time prefer either of the so called christian sects, to the success of any of the progressive ideas now agitating the public mind. The success of Spiritualism, to them, would be equivalent to the triumph of the devil. It is not to be wondered at therefore, that an effort is being made to unite all the christian sects in a world's conference, to make common cause against a common foe. The New-York World of a late date, says that the New-York branch of this alliance lately held a preliminary conference in that city for the purpose of instituting an increased activity on the subject in this country. A large number of clergymen were present representing the various religious denominations comprehended in the alliance. Rev.-Dr. Wm. Adams first addressed the meeting. He stated that after a conversation between persons representing the branches of the alliance in different countries, it had been decided to hold the next general convention in New York, during the autumn of 1870. It was desirable that the churches all through the country should know beforehand what will be expected of them, as representatives from all parts of the United States would be expected to be present at the conference. Dr. Adams alluded briefly to the past history of the alliance, and the good it had effected. The Alliance was an association of christians of all countries, and its object was in effect that union which finds all true believers together in the fellowship of Christ. During the thirty five years existence of the alliance, four general conferences had been held, at London in 1851, at Paris in 1855, at Berlin in 1857, at Genoa in 1861, and at Amsterdam in 1867. At each of these conventions, representatives had been present from all parts of the world to give information relative to the state and progress of Christianity. At present the great work of the alliance in the United States was to enlist all Evangelical Christians in earnest, prayerful, and vigorous efforts to resist the aggressions made upon our religious and civil liberties, our educational and religious institutions by Roman Catholics, and to stay the alarming progress of rationalism and infidelity. The great want of the alliance now is funds.

Rev. D. J. C. Smith next addressed the meeting. He spoke of the encroachments of the Roman Church in this country, and the alarming increase of rationalism, or materialism. To check these, the whole power of the combined Christian churches would be required. Several other speakers addressed the meeting. The action of the British Government in regard to the Church of England, and the attempts to free the Church of Spain, were highly commended. The great question of the day was, is, or is not, the Church capable of standing alone by itself without the aid of any other outside influences? The union of all the Christian denominations in the world, and a united ministry, was strongly advocated as the only hope against the success of Romanism, rationalism and infidelity. All through the west, if one were traveling, he would see in every village a half dozen little churches erected by the different denominations. No one of them was half supported, and if the church-going population were gathered in one respectable church they would hardly fill it. This ought not so to be. They should all be merged into one. Dr. Anderson was the strongest advocate of a united church and ministry. He would be willing to accept the code of any one sect, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, or Episcopalian. He would willingly be immersed if they should decide to unite in the Baptist Church. If the sentiments expressed in the foregoing remarks, does not evince a state of mental desperation, we fail to gather the purport of the Rev. gentlemen's language. It as clearly foreshadows the culmination of the great religious crisis, as that straws indicate the direction of atmospheric currents. Rationalists have long expected this, and will be ready to meet it with the two edged sword of truth to enter the arena of mental combat. As the hour of a final contest nears, we may reasonably expect that the interest will widen and deepen. We have no fears for the final result. Truth can only be dimmed to shine with brighter effulgence. LETTER FROM J. M. MATTHEWS,—LECTURES IN PAMPHLET FORM, FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION. BROTHER S. S. JONES.—I would like to offer a suggestion,—not advice, mind you. Would it not greatly assist in spreading the beauties of our system, to print Thomas Gales Forster's lectures in Philadelphia, on "What good has Spiritualism done," in pamphlet form, for gratuitous distribution by lecturers, brothers and sisters, who will distribute them. I will take \$2 dollars worth paying costs of printing, and will distribute them free to those who have a disposition to learn. I make this suggestion because I have been asked a hundred times that same question, "What good have you done?" This effort of brother Forster's answers all. What think you? J. M. MATTHEWS. Heyworth, McLean Co., Ill., June 10, 1869. REPLY.—In our opinion, it would be a movement in the right direction, and do more to enlighten the minds of the people than any other measure that has yet been suggested.—We shall be most happy to second any effort of the kind by publishing at the lowest figures it can possibly be done for. Let us hear from others upon the subject. M. MILLESON Has just completed the likenesses of two of Dr. Stone's daughters, now in spirit life. Dr. Stone is a resident of Troy, N. Y. He will, no doubt, prize these likenesses highly, for they sparkle with innocence and beauty, and represent to him the "prides of his heart," in loving embrace in spirit-life. As we gazed upon them, our soul-chords vibrated with love for Mr. Milleson, who under angelic ministrations, is doing so much to open the avenues of communication between the mundane and supermundane spheres, and the "tip" of whose crayon pencil, utters a language as potent as that ever spoken by seer or orator, and emits a beauty that glitters within the eye as it speaks of forms and features of loved ones in spirit-life. 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! DR. J. M. GRANT. The above named healing medium, late of San Francisco, California, whose arrival in the city was announced in the last number of this paper, has taken rooms and entered upon business. His card will be found in another column of the JOURNAL. E. S. WHEELER. E. S. Wheeler is an indefatigable worker, and is a popular and entertaining speaker. He has been lecturing in Washington with great success. He is now ready to make engagements for any part of the country. His permanent address is in care of AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, Cleveland, Ohio. FANNIE T. YOUNG. Fannie T. Young, of Boston, Mass., trance speaker. Address her during June at Dubuque, Iowa, care of W. Chandler. During July, her address will be Marengo, Illinois, care of Miss H. H. Carlton. Literary Notices. THE QUESTION SETTLED. A careful comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism. By Rev. Moses Hull. Wm. White & Co. publishers. Moses Hull is well known throughout the West, and we have no doubt his book will meet with a ready sale. The Spiritualism of the Bible and that of modern times is carefully examined and compared, and the "Question Settled." Those who desire to put themselves in order to successfully meet the orthodox opponents of Spiritualism on their own Platform, should consult this work, for they will find therein all the information they desire. For sale at this office. Price \$1.50; postage 16 cents.

ALICE VALE: A story for the times. By Lois Walsbrough. Wm. White & Co. publishers, Boston. An excellent story, well worthy of perusal.—Send for it. For sale at this office. Price \$1.25; postage 16 cents. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The July number of the above named popular Magazine, has come to hand, laden with its usual store of valuable articles from the pens of its able editors and correspondents. Its table of contents consists of the Drummer Ghost; Birch Browning, a statue; The Foe in the Household; Thomas Cooper, a eulogy; Gabrielle de Bergnac; Three years as a Negro Minstrel; The Restored Picture; Marrying a Pickpocket; The Greek Goddesses; Our Incubates harbored and helped; French and English Art Writers; Reviews and literary notices; Gobright's recollections of men and things at Washington; Hale's Ingham papers. THE AMERICAN LAW REGISTER. The June number of the above named ably conducted Journal is upon our table. It contains reports of several important cases, one of which is in regard to liabilities of life insurance where a party comes to his death through carelessness, the court deciding against the Insurance Company. THE LITTLE SOWER. The June number of the above named weekly paper for children, is before us. "The Little Sower" is neatly embellished, and contains many interesting tales designed to interest children. Indianapolis, Ind, W. W. DOWLING, Editor. OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE. "Our Boys and Girls" for June has come to hand as usual, filled with valuable articles for children. AFTER-DEATH OR DISEMBODIED MAN. "After-death or Disembodied Man," by Dr. P. B. Randolph. This wonderful book should be in the hands of every Spiritualist. It gives an intensely interesting account of the Location, Topography and Scenery of the Supernal Universe; its Inhabitants, their Customs, Habits, Modes of Education; Sex after death; Marriage in the world of Souls. Send for it. Price \$1.00; postage six cents. For sale at this office. Personal and Local. Miss Susie Johnson lectured on Sunday, the 20th ult., at Music Hall, to a large and appreciative audience. She has a host of admiring friends in this city. J. M. Barnes has entered the lecturing field again. He is represented as an efficient worker. His address is New Castle, Indiana. Thomas Gales Forster's lectures in Philadelphia, on "What good has Spiritualism done?" were read with deep interest by our many readers. During July, Mr. Doty will make arrangements to lecture anywhere within fifty miles of New Orleans. Will C. Elliot writes us an interesting letter from Wisconsin. Would like to hear from him often. Brother Forester, in his third lecture, as published in the JOURNAL, the name Gatrian was inserted through mistake, for Galvani. Lois Walsbrough is lecturing in Maine. Dr. H. P. Fairfield has been lecturing in Franklin, Mass. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes lectured in Central Hall Charleston, Mass., on Sunday last. POON AUSTIN KENT.—Our friend, G. W. Walker, thus feelingly alludes to this unfortunate gentleman: "Poor Austin Kent! I hope the kind friends will promptly respond to his dire necessity. He is in a sad state. Some of his notes to us are enough to melt the most flinty heart. He deserves a better fate than to be crippled, and not able to work or feed himself!" We unite with Brother Walker in his statement with reference to Austin Kent. His address is Stockholm, N. Y. Will not the friends of humanity occasionally respond to his call for assistance. AMUSEMENTS. MCVICKER'S THEATRE. The Maffit and Bartholemew, Comic Pantomime Troupe, of Boston, have won laurels for themselves and afforded an immense amount of amusement to their patrons, during the present week. Maffit as a clown is an unsurpassed genius. One can sit and laugh at him all night long. The performances of the Levantine brothers, Mile. Rosetta on the flying trapeze are excellent; while Contellier is a king in the art of lofty tumbling, as well as a giant in strength. He displays gymnastic attributes that should give him the crown of supremacy over all his professional fellows. The pantomimes also constitute a very important feature of each night's programme. We presume that the company will remain another week, if not longer. OPERA HOUSE. The multifarious attractions of the "Forty Thieves," at Crosby's Opera House, are still attracting a large auditory each evening and at the Matinees, and would doubtless continue to do so through the entire season, did not the management see proper to allow it to keep the boards; but we observe that this is to be the last week. Among the new features of this week, are the "Clown's Dream," combining twenty new and extremely ludicrous effects; with the wonderful fifty-foot aerial summersault of the unrivaled Rizarcellis. On Monday evening, June 28th, Manager Hess is to be the recipient of a complimentary testimonial. AIKEN'S DEARBORN THEATRE. The preceding part of the present week was occupied in the representation of the "The Ticket of Leave-Man's Wife," at the Dearborn Theatre; but it is to be replaced on Friday evening by a new French comedy, entitled a "Cup of Tea," and a new Celtic drama written by a gentleman of this city, on which occasion Mr. Keller takes a benefit. Among other attractions will be a drill between the acts by a company of the Irish rifles, and the appearance of Miss Clara Angela, a promising young amateur of this city. The great characteristic of this management and

Communications from the Inner Life.

We shall give His angels charge concerning thee. All Communications under this head are given through MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

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

INVOCATION.

Light of all life, permeating and pervading Spirit—God. We feel to offer unto Thee thankfulness and praise for the many blessings Thou art constantly bestowing upon us, for Thy ever watchful care and ever abiding love. Everything that Thou hast created below us, Thy children seem to join in anthems of praise unto Thee. And we as Thy children that Thou hast created for a wise and beneficent purpose, would offer unto Thee constant adoration. We would ever lift our souls unto Thee; we would ever be mindful of Thy presence, realizing that Thou art with us alike in darkness and light; and that out of darkness Thou in Thy wisdom wilt bring us to see nought but light and goodness.

We would thank Thee for our sorrows as well as our joys; we would thank Thee for the many changes through which we have to pass, and look upon them as the winter, spring, summer and autumn of our life taking on new forms—passing through the different shadows, and at each change laying off the one only to take on a newer and higher form of life and wisdom. May we realize that the winter of life, although severe, is necessary for us as well as the spring time of existence, when, like the forest, we were clothed with the beautiful foliage to enjoy the summer, and in the autumn we changed to a golden hue. May we feel that all are blest with Thy presence, and that Thy watchful eye is ever upon us and upon all which Thou hast created. We feel to praise Thee, oh, Spirit of Life, for the realizing sense Thou hast implanted within us, that we have but to aspire and enter from the innermost recesses of our souls a sincere desire for a higher and more perfect understanding of Thee; and that with that aspiration it shall be given unto us. We feel oh God, to offer praise unto Thee for Thy blessings in the past, Thy watchful and tender care in the present, and the assurance of Thy abiding love in the future; and unto Thee we will ever offer praise and thankfulness.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION BY GEORGE MORGAN.

Q. Is the life principle in man the same as that which animates all other things in nature? A. The life principle is the same, manifested in proportion to the form through which and by which you, by the life-principle within yourself, take cognizance of that same principle in other things in every form in nature.

Q. If so, is it a principle of eternal life? A. Certainly, for there is no such thing as destroying life; the life is the same, although the form through which it manifests itself is not the same. For instance, the life of the vegetable, although consumed, as you would say, by higher forms of life, is not destroyed. The form only is changed. The life-principle is not destroyed.

Q. From whence or whom has it been derived? A. Could we with our limited capacity for reasoning conceive of a time when life should cease to exist, then by the same power we could trace back and find out its origin. But the only way that every thing is manifested and revealed is from the great ocean of life and light.

Q. If from God, is it not the same in essence as the life-principle that created and moves the universe? A. I can not conceive of its being from God, for it is part of the great whole, which you term God, or the great master mind—the great moving principle, Father and Mother, Lord and Saviour. Call it what you may, it is the same. The wind, whether it is from the east, west, north or south, is the same—it is wind. So with life—it is part of what you term God—not separate from Him, but a part of Him.

Q. If so, how can God punish any of His creatures without punishing Himself? A. All the hell there is, you carry within you. Within your own soul you carry that which makes both heaven and hell. When the spirit that actuates the body is manifested through the combative portion of your nature, you would call it hell. When it manifests itself through the benevolent portion, you would call that heaven; yet, mark you, it is the same principle in both manifestations. It is only the organs through which it manifests to you that create the difference. Inasmuch as we have in our natures, in our bodies, every form of that which we can call good and evil, hell and heaven, we conceive them to be necessary to us for a wise purpose, whether we are enabled to comprehend that purpose at the time or not.

Q. Many Spiritualists incline to abstract themselves from all surroundings, and make themselves just as vacant of thought as possible for an hour each day, for interior or spiritual unfoldment. Is it beneficial to do so? A. It is not necessary, but such persons feel it to be needful, or they would not do so. That desire shows that it is necessary and useful to them for development or for the unfolding of the mind. When they feel that by placing themselves in a passive condition they receive impressions from the spiritual plane of life, and that it is best for them, and that it will tend to their more rapid unfoldment than anything they could gather from the material world, as we said before, it is well for them to do thus.

The fact of their feeling that it was necessary, shows at once that if they did not comply with that feeling they would not be at rest, or feel that their duty was done if they neglect to devote one hour to that which they call spiritual development. We hold that there is no such thing as standing still, whatever may be your condition or surroundings. Everything tends to the unfoldment or the bringing to your external senses of the powers within.

Q. We are told that in order to become individualized, we must have an experience, and the sadder the better. We would ask whether we are not equally individualized when by thought and observation we are led to avoid sad experiences? A. We hold that experience is necessary for individuals to understand the powers within after becoming organized beings. Experience, however severe, tends to show by the external manifestations that power that is within the spirit; and were it not for that experience you would never know whether it were possible for you to endure such experiences—what you call trials upon earth—trials, because at the time that you suffer you can not see any good that can come from it. If you could see the results you would not grieve so much at the cause. All are equally individualized, yet no two individuals have the same style of experience. By observation or thought, and by witnessing what you term sorrow in others, you are led to keep clear of their particular experience; yet at the same time there will be scenes in your own life that others who do not pass through the same would gather from, as you would gather from them. So you will see that all is essential to make up the great whole; that is the experience of mortals upon the material plane of life, and not only upon the material but upon the spiritual. There are experiences upon the spiritual as well as upon the material, not so severe, however, because on that plane the dwellers are enabled to see more clearly the result.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Dial—From Frank's Journal—No. 28. Misery is mine more than mortal can conceive of. I am Francis Morse of Newark, N. J. I never knew a moments peace after I had killed my wife. You cannot imagine the horror that possessed me. Day and night was all the same. Her bleeding form was ever before me, nor could I banish the thought, do what I would. Dear friend, I am told that you have consolation for such as I. Spirits have repeated to me a few things which you have told them, and which now brings me here. Have pity on one so miserable.

I am certainly a strange creation. You can hardly conceive of one so steeped in crime.—From my earliest recollection, I cared for no one but myself, dared do anything that I thought could add to my ideas of happiness; and lived only to gratify my appetites. I thus grew up to man's estate caring for no one, and no one caring for me. I had sufficient means to live, and followed no occupation. Daily did I move in quest of victims. I made many a family wretched by my villainy, and caused infinite woe to many a poor girl that trusted me; at length I became so notorious that against me every door was shut, and I was obliged to leave.

I then went to Newark, and there became acquainted with a lady of fine endowments and great personal beauty. She knew nothing of me, but I managed to gain her affections, knowing at the same time that she could be mine only with the marriage tie; accordingly we were married; but hardly a month had elapsed before I became tired of her, and thought only of a release. She soon discovered a change in my behavior, and wondered what could be the cause. But I became more and more indifferent, and at length my feelings grew so hostile, that there could not be a moments peace.

One day I had been with a friend in the country and returned home at a late hour;—found my wife in bed and fast asleep. I had been drinking; called for a light,—but no one answered, for the servants had all retired. Furious at this, I deliberately seized my wife, and threw her upon the floor. In falling her head struck against the fire place which caused a frightful wound, and there she lay insensible. I then procured a light, but a single glance convinced me that I had committed murder. This sobered me in an instant; and now my thoughts were all upon my own safety. Having placed her in bed, and knowing that suspicions would be excited, I endeavored to make it appear that she had fallen in her sleep, therefore made a great outcry; the servants came running in,—the neighbors were aroused; and all the appearances of grief were assumed. Not the slightest suspicion attached to me, and I continued to be regarded by all as a most unfortunate man. But a more miserable one never existed. Her bleeding form was ever before me. I could not shut out the horrid picture. Look where I would, there was the horrid work I had done; maddened at last, I jumped from a ferry-boat and was drowned.

The first sight that met my startled vision was my bleeding wife; she spoke not a word, but gave me a look that penetrated my very soul. Her soiled garments, steeped in blood were constantly in sight. I groaned in anguish and reaching forth my arms, I implored her forgiveness; but her countenance gave no cause for hope. I sank to the ground in hopeless despair, bereft of all consciousness.

How long I so remained, I know not, but found myself surrounded by a multitude of men and women, all roaring blasphemies against God, curses against each other and creating a horrid din. They soon discovered me to be a new comer, and in an instant I was overwhelmed. Every torture that can be conceived of was inflicted upon me, and reason took its flight. There I lay insensible for a long time, and would that I could have remained so forever; but no such blessings belong to us; life is ours

and cannot be extinguished. How gladly would I sink into nothingness, were it possible; but the fires of conscience, burn without ceasing; remorse is mine continually, and I look forward to an eternity of woe. Eternity! Oh that awful thought; my brain reels while I think of it.

Dear friends, I have been told that you have known spirits who have sinned like me, and yet passed to a better condition. Can there be any truth in this? Can God ever forgive a wretch like me, so steeped in every crime? I was told while on earth, that vengeance was everlasting, that hope never visited a soul in hell; but you teach that God can have mercy. I crawl at your feet, humbly lifting up my eyes, imploring one word of consolation.

"What was your early education as it regards religion?" "I had none; lost my parents at an early age,—and failed to learn anything about religion."

"You then believe that you have fallen into the hands of a revengeful God, who makes you suffer for your wicked life on earth?" "I hardly know what I believe for I am so wretched that I cannot think."

I then gave him religious instruction, denying there being a God of wrath, but that his sufferings are the natural consequence of an ill spent life, and but the workings of conscience to purify his soul. "Dear sir, I can scarcely speak. I did not think it possible for me to drink in such words. They have caused a new life to enter my soul. I can hardly realize it. Let me come again. I wish to do as you have directed. I will leave my guilty companions, and turn my thoughts to penitence and strive to begin a new life. Bless you, my dear sir, and may every happiness be yours."

Then an attendant spirit said, "Could you have witnessed the scene that has just occurred,—an immense throng had assembled to hear your instructions to this spirit, and you can have no idea of the effect it had upon them. A shout went up that filled the space around when your lecture closed, and all blessed your name for the truth each one felt you had uttered."

"You appreciate too highly the few trifling words which any man of plain common sense might give."

"It may seem trifling to you, but not so to them. I have never known one who could speak so to the purpose as yourself. Fine words, a learned discourse, rounded sentences and polished language, would find no entrance into their hearts, but your talk to them was a brother, and as if you felt the truth of every word. A glorious entrance awaits you here."

Another spirit said:—"Pain would I profit by your teachings but I cannot. Why I cannot tell I have listened to what you have said to others but it falls upon a lifeless ear. I have witnessed the most exciting scenes that have transpired at your circles for the unhappy; have heard thousands shout for joy, while I remain totally unaffected. Intellectually, I believe in the truth of every word, but it makes no impression on my heart. I am the same I was fifteen years ago. How many have I seen dark as myself, pass to better conditions, and came afterwards in bright array for our instruction. Long have I believed that progression is the universal law, and that in the dim future, I, too, shall be subject to its powers. You say that I can change if I would; but you cannot make that impression on my heart that is necessary to cause a movement in the right direction. Alas, alas, how can I escape my present state of degradation. I am anxious for something that will work a change; something that will cause me to reflect, but all seems in vain."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Leaves From the Unwritten Life of a Rosicrucian. BY E. B. DOWD. NUMBER TWO.

"GOD IS LOVE," fell in low musical accents from the lips of the minister, as he labored through his sermon and sought with look and gesture to carry conviction to the hearts of his hearers. But there was one in that congregation upon whose soul the words fell without any meaning, and jarred like a discord in some mournful tune, or wailed like a funeral dirge to some heart broken mourner. Still they echoed and re-echoed along the empty chambers and corridors of his soul, and found no response, for memory went back through the long vista of the past, and again the phantom throng of buried loves and blighted hopes, of joys whose realization had been long years of agony, of failures over glittering baubles which proved not worth the effort of acquisition, of the loves of dear children who in after years drove him mad, of her who had sworn Eternal Love in youth's glad sunshine, but who proved the hurricane that laid waste the ripening fields of his manhood—passed in weird procession, and one by one with fiendish laughter, in tones of thunder hissed in his ear, "He lies." With a frantic effort, he fled from the scene, and sought his room, and throwing himself upon the bed, he wept and cursed by turns till night had wrapped her shroud o'er hill and vale, and sent her angels and her demons abroad upon their errands, one of which entering his room bade him listen and learn. Rising from the bed, he saw standing in the middle of the room, a being of matchless beauty and grace. A look of more than angelic calmness rested upon the features, god-like in their expression of conscious power and benignity; a smile that sent boundless sunshine, and thrills of ecstasy whenever it rested; a frown that turned love into hate, and froze up the rivers of life and joy, and rained ruin and despair wherever he turned his glance. Well might he fall upon his knees in an ecstasy of delight, or try to hide from the lightning that flashed from these eyes through every nerve of

his being. "I come," said he, "at your call. I visit not the vain and frivolous, the joyous and the gay; but to such as you, when in life's journey you have grown weary, when you have seen and felt to the very center of your being, the utter folly and nothingness of all things earthly, and you faint by the wayside; then I flash out upon you in your night of gloom—for I am the gloom, I am the shadow—and touching you with the magic wand of change, I turn you up another street, and you become, as it were, another man." You have heard that "God is Love," but your soul says, nay. I say that God is unfathomable mystery, the incomprehensible, the unknown, unrelenting power—unchangeable, non-emotional; the universal night, within whose bosom, man journeys,—not unlike a fire fly which emits its own light as it launches into the unknown vortex, and gathers life as it goes, and whose light only illumines a little of the pathway over which he has traveled, while before him all is gloom—mysterious night. God is unchangeable,—man changeable; He is darkness,—man is light; He is stillness,—man is motion; He is coldness,—man is warmth; He is death,—man is life; He is power,—man is weakness; He, perfection,—man, imperfection. He, harmony,—man, inharmony; He, music,—man, discord; He is fullness,—man is vacuity; He, the north,—man, the south; He, the frozen ocean,—man, the rippling streamlet; He, non-emotional,—man, emotional. He, the principle, man,—its manifestation.

Love is not a principle, but is only the manifestation or that which a principle does. Hence, love has its degrees and is as changeable as any emotion. It grows and dies like all else. In its growth, it becomes distorted, dwarfed and gnarled like a tree of the forest, and produces various kinds of fruit,—some we call good and some bad. Love is the highest expression of Deity that we know of, and all there is of man in reality. And yet there cometh a time in God's great interlude, in which human love will appear childish; when love will be the lowest, as it is now, to us, the highest manifestation. Is God Love? So is the lurid lightning as it buries itself in the bosom of the storm cloud, or visits the dwelling of some luckless wight. So is the sunbeam as it opens the tiny flower, or stirs up the malarial from the swamp and diffuses disease and death among men. So is the frost that seals up the book of life to untold myriads of chirping insects in autumn. So is the want and hunger that visits the little children of the poor of our large cities, who never did harm to God or any one. So is the hurricane that churns old ocean to depths unknown, and swallows up the mariner and his bark, or the earthquake which causes mother earth to vomit her insides out, and swallows up in vain whole empires and buries vast continents smiling with peace and plenty,—with desert sands or wastes of water. Love is for man.

Behold this acorn, it represents love. I plant here, and suiting the action to the word, he stooped and planted it in what a few moments before had been the floor, but which now was the ground. I beheld the acorn die, but out of it came a tree, which raised its trunk through the atmosphere, and spread its branches away towards the heaven, shooting out leaves and flowers. Still it grew and passed beyond my sight. Said he, "as you see the acorn die, so dies love in the human soul." The child loves its toy for a few hours, then loves it no more; and so we grow; one love dies, another comes. So "round and round we run," loving this thing to day and that to morrow; until we have exhausted all the toys of earth; then disgust follows. As from the dead acorn comes the tree, so from buried love comes the tree of life. There is no tree of life to him who loves the things of earth; for 'tis a law of nature that like attracts its like. Man grows towards and to be like that which he loves. So the tree as it grows bends again to earth, so long as there is any attraction there for it. The acts and deeds we do are its trunk and branches; our thoughts its leaves; our tears and groans its blossoms. What the fruit shall be no man knows, yet some day I will reveal it to you. This tree is our home in the world to be; we make it ourselves. From ourselves it grows; and as it ascends, so its branches interweave with the branches of others; its fragrance blends with others until we are as it were, one in spirit, and yet each an integer. Then weep no more for buried love, but grow beyond. Learn this that no earthly thing is worth the labor and love of an hour, for its own sake, and should be prized only as a means, to be held in trust. Culture well your tree of life; for as you sow, so shall you reap; as you build, so shall your inhabitation be. There is more of God in calmness than in emotion.—Equanimity is the jewel of great price. Vacuums create hurricanes; then become full, for God is fullness. It is only when empty that circumstances agitate the human soul, for all motion is caused by vacuums. I give you from this hour the power of reading the life-tree of any man you may wish; abuse not the gift, adieu." And he was gone. I saw the philosopher in the morning and he seemed like another man. A holy calm had settled upon his countenance, a benignant look that I have never since seen disturbed had taken the place of that wild, haggard, maniac look, which characterized him in days gone by.

A Haunted House in New York.

The New York Tribune, of May 17th, says: An old mansion in the First Ward has acquired the reputation of being "haunted." It was formerly occupied by an ex Commodore of the navy, and superstitious people aver that the old gentleman pays periodical visits to the house, sometimes inside, and at others as was his habit in life. Two policemen state that while sitting in the veranda one night, about three weeks since, one had his ear plugged, and the other was suddenly seized and dragged to the opposite side. A reporter of one of the local papers, who boards in the house but disbelieves the tales of its being haunted, positively asserts that after retiring on Saturday night his pillow was suddenly raised about six inches, and then as suddenly let drop again.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Advent of Ideas.

BY J. TINNEY.

Whenever the world is prepared for the advent of a new idea, that idea is sure to present itself, and although generally an unwelcome child to the aristocratic conservatives of the past, its advent is hailed with delight by the lowly and down-trodden. That there never was a time in the history of this planet, when there was greater need of such an advent, or when one was looked for with more anxious solicitude, few will pretend to dispute; but what form it will assume, or in what way discover itself, is a mystery that none have as yet been able to solve. The distracted condition of all forms of society furnish conclusive evidence that the foundation on which they are based, is an unstable one, and that a better one must be substituted or the superstructure must fall. The idea, then, for which we are looking, is one that will solve this seemingly inexplicable mystery, and explain the cause of existing antagonisms. We have assurance that does not admit of a doubt, that in giving our views of the idea that is to produce this mighty change, we are only anticipating what science is working out with unerring certainty, but by a more slow and laborious process. We believe that the producing cause of all the trouble lies in a mistaken idea of the relations existing between the material and spirit worlds. That these relations are sexual, mutual and reciprocal; that the relation between the material and spirit world, are identical with the relations existing between the male and female in their outgrowth, and that neither could exist independent of the other, each being equally necessary to that existence.

The idea, then, is this: The universe as a whole is sexual, male and female. Its relations are mutual, reciprocal and convertible, and what is true of the whole, is equally so of all its parts. In making the application to our planet, we find instead of reciprocal relations, a mysterious supernaturalism attached to the Spirit World by means of which the masses have been held in subjection to the few, both mentally and physically. In opposition to the natural solution of Darwin, the knowable and unknowable of Spencer, and the creations of religion, we shall try, and show the mutual relations existing between the material and spirit world, the necessity of those relations in the production and development of species and the simple manner by which it is affected. The base on which we found our theory is this, and we hope all who read will examine it thoroughly. The male and female of any species united, constitute the individual male or female of the next species above, and on this principle our theory stands or falls. To illustrate: The lobster and crab are said by creative theorists to be successive orders in creation; that they do not overlap each other, but that one begins where the other left off, thus showing the necessity of a creative power. We on the contrary claim that the male and female spirit, lobster united as one flesh, constitute the individual, material, male or female crab. The organic law by which this is effected is simple. Death in any of its various forms, sends what was the material lobster to the spirit side; the next species, the male and female crab on the material plane, by united action, unite the male and female lobster and the two become one flesh as a material crab. What was a male and female lobster by the union, has become individualized as a male, or female crab, and have advanced one degree in the scale of being. Were the lobster the lowest form in existence, it would be represented by No. 1, and what was No. 1, has now become No. 2; by repeating the process, becomes No. 3, thus passing from one condition to another through all forms in the line to man the spirit, and the ultimate of forms on this planet. All forms below us are pursuing the same route we have traveled, absorbing the material we have cast off as useless to us, but becoming a part of their being; so nothing is lost or left behind. All will eventually reach the position we now occupy, while we by the same process are passing to higher and more refined worlds. We fear our description is not sufficiently lucid to explain our theory without the aid of a diagram, but is the best we are able to do at present, and is summed up in the fact that the material and spirit worlds are sexual in their relations; that neither could exist independent of the other; that the same outgrowths are represented in both with a constant interchange between; that every species in their outgrowth are derived from the next below them, the male and female of the lower being made one on the plane of the higher, by the united action of the male and female on that plane. Instead of repeating ourselves on the same plane as we have formerly supposed, we unite a male and female spirit of a lower plane, and bring them to our material plane. Each plane, whether spiritual or material, being but way-stations on the road to higher conditions. The foregoing is a rough sketch of what we believe to be the organic law on which existence is founded, is in perfect harmony with the law of numbers, higher species derived from lower by combinations, as higher numbers are combinations of lower ones, instead of creative fiat. As union is the order of the day, and as no union can be permanent when relations are not reciprocal, we submit this as the only base on which union can be effected, and as the result of impressions derived from higher sources than we at present dare aspire to.

Westfield N. Y. June 11th 1869.

A chemist in England has discovered a fluid preparation which he affirms will cause bodies plunged into it to petrify and become stone within five years' time. The secret of this process is known only to himself. He throws out the suggestion that, in time, if persons will only preserve their relatives and friends with his fluid, they will be able to construct dwellings with them, and thus live in residences surrounded by their ancestors.

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