

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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## Literary Department.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### MY DREAM OF ST. VALENTINE.

BY ANNE B. BULLOCK.

I had a beautiful dream that night,

And bright was the vision that swelled on my sight

Of the upper world—and as wondrous rare

As the zones that encircle the habitant there

Sweet Tracy lent me her golden wings,

And swift as an unchained petrel springs,

Far, far, I sped through the ether blue,

Till the world in its darkness sank from view.

Then in sudden splendor I saw arise,

The gates that open to Paradise.

I enter, it seems, with a noiseless tread;

I float in an air where fragrance is shed,

As sweet as the austral zephyr's sigh

O'er the seas, where the lilies of the spine lie.

Now a gush of sweet harmony, liquid and clear,

Bursts forth like a cataract, on the ambient air.

Now it sinks to a cadence, now rises and swells

Like the pealing tones of the chiming bells.

No loquacious word upon tropical skies

But graces these gardens of Paradise;

No flower ever bloomed upon earth's fertile soil,

But blossoms more sweet, in this valley of God.

No bird ever warbled in hawthorn or plum,

But sings in the bowers of eternity's bloom;

No hopeless wish of the human breast,

But finds in this heaven its want redressed.

I placed where the notes of a musical strain

Came trembling up from a grass green lane;

There a crystal fount in the sunlight played,

And hanging bars by a death were played.

There myriad groups o'er the wide expanse

Were circling round in a bridal dance;

No harp veil hides half the faces;

That glow among their love lit graces.

A soft saw not, amid that countless throng,

One heart that beat for itself, alone,

But each, for another, more fondly dear,

As if no sin were in loving here.

I gazed as I turned from the evergreen glade,

For I thought these joys too soon will fade,

For I know even thus it was a dream

That must die with the dawn, like a boreal gleam.

As if answering back, a voice replied,

"Swiss He who waits in those arches wide,"

"Our joys renew, with the changing years,

And its always St. Valentine's day in the sphere."

I woke, the vision forever was gone,

Like a spot that springs fastest in youth's sunny dawn,

Or the dewdrop that rests on the lily or flower,

It gladdens its heart, though it lives but an hour.

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

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

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

### BOOK SEVENTH—THE DRAGNET

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

##### THE MEETING OF THE SEVEN.

At the circular table in the octagon chamber sat Wilfred Montessor, robed in the vestment of ceremony of the Secret Order of the Seven—the secret hood being thrown back over his shoulders.

The rays of colored light from the shades of the bronze chandelier, shone with a curious effect upon the table crowned with implements, the arm chairs, the rich tapestry and carpeting of the chamber.

By the side of Montessor stood Hamet the Georgian youth, in the garb of a messenger. The man of thirty-five, and the youth were silent—the scene recalled the memory of Zorah, the page of Montessor.

"The lady Zorah, my mistress," said Hamet weeping.

"She has left us, said Montessor gravely and her murderer—"

Hamet turned eagerly toward the speaker.

"Her murderer no longer pollutes the earth with his presence."

"The master has slain him," exclaimed the Georgian fiercely.

"No, Hamet."

The countenance of the youth manifested the most intense interest in the words of Montessor;

"The justice of God," said the traveler, "has been quicker than the vengeance of man. The murderer of Zorah has terminated his earthly career by a cruel and violent death, inflicted in cold blood, by one of his associates."

A ferocious delight beamed on the features of the Georgian youth.

"It is wrong, perhaps," said Montessor, "to rejoice in the occurrence of a deed of violence which rids the world of a brutal ruffian, but Alfred Tracey has left none to regret or to lament him. In this rejoice truly that the responsibility of avenging the death of Zorah rests upon me no longer. The most hardened and guilty men are instruments in the hands of their fellow men, from hatred or a desire of plunder, their malice and wickedness are overruled to the satisfaction of the Divine Justice."

Montessor was silent, but after a moment's pause he continued:

"The brethren of the Order of the Seven will soon arrive. To your post, Hamet. Be secret, be vigilant, be faithful, for on those virtues depend the greatest achievements of human action."

Hamet retired, and the traveler in a mingling posture sat leaning against the circular table.

But little more than a week had elapsed since the establishment of the Secret Order of the Seven.

How many startling events had occurred, how many subjects of reflection had arisen.

One after another they recalled to his memory—the death of Zorah; the secret of the burglar; his confession; the suspicion of Alfred Tracey's guilt, and then the certainty of it; the apparent infidelity of Mrs. Tracey; the insult and proposed duel; the rescue of Mrs. Tracey from the flames of Owen Tracey's mansion; the journal containing the record of her innocence; her sufferings, and love; and more recently the result of inquiries by the officers of the law, establishing, beyond dispute, the murder of Alfred Tracey by John Harker under circumstances of the most atrocious character; and the death of Owen Tracey by fire; some remains of his person, his watch, and a few trinkets that he usually carried with him, having been discovered among the flames.

Montessor was roused from his reverie by the sound of foot steps in the ante room. He had little time to adjust the hood of the vestment of ceremony over his features, for almost immediately the door of the octagon chamber opened, and a personage arrayed similarly to Montessor, entered the apartment.

"And a strange voice was heard, saying, 'Behold! the First.'"

The personage took his seat in one of the arm chairs near the circular table.

Presently another personage, similarly arrayed, entered the octagon chamber.

The strange voice was heard, saying: "Behold! the Second."

The personage seated himself at the circular table.

Others followed, at brief intervals, until at length the door of the apartment opened, and a seventh and a personage, arrayed in a like vestment of ceremony, entered and seated himself at the circular table.

And the strange voice was heard, saying: "Behold! the sixth."

The seven chairs were occupied.

The sitters in them were silent, by which Wilfred Montessor, in a slow, measured voice, addressed his companions.

"Brethren, the Seventh is ever in the midst of you."

The strange voice was heard saying:

"The Seventh holds the key to the mysteries of the Secret Order of the Seven."

Montessor continued:

"Brethren, the golden key is the emblem of the power of the Seventh."

And taking a small golden key from the circular table, he added:

"Brethren; the bane of society is deception and falsehood."

"Deceivers and liars stand in the tribunals of human justice; in the seats of parliaments and senates; in the palaces of kings; in the temples of God."

Therefore dynasties perish, societies become corrupt, and nations decay and are forgotten.

Deception must be encountered by vigilance, and falsehood by the test of experience.

If there be false pretenders, to-night, in this chamber, in the true brethren, the key will detect them."

And the strange voice was heard, saying:

"Each one of you repeat, audibly, the watchword of the evening, according to your number."

And the seven personages, commencing with the first, uttered, successively, a word of the sentence:

"May you seek—true—excellence—rash—youth."

"Brethren," said Montessor, "the initials of the words 'the key, and the key is mystery. Ye are true—not false."

To-night the Seven are convened, at the desire of the Seventh, that ye may learn the results of the combined action of the members of the Order."

"Be not curious overmuch."

"Knowledge is power, yet power does not always confer happiness."

"The myriads of human beings act continually from impulse, from hope, from the mere necessity of action."

"Alas! for the farmer, if he knew when sowing his seed, that the increase thereof would be parched by the sun and milderewed by the rain."

"Alas! for the soldier, if he knew, when going forth in the pride of manhood to win glory on the tented field, that he should fall prey to wasting fever or sudden pestilence."

"Alas! for the mother, if she knew that the babe she fondles so tenderly, and cherishes so proudly, would grow up to manhood to be a hissing and reproach among the people."

The strange voice was heard saying:

"The future is wisely concealed from man, but the past is a mirror in which he may dimly behold it."

"Brethren," continued Wilfred Montessor, taking a book from a drawer in the circular table, "in this book are contained the names of the Seven, and a record of their acts and their doings."

"It is not meet that ye know one another."

"It is impossible that the Seventh should preserve the secret of his name in the turmoil of incessant action."

"The Seventh is Wilfred Montessor."

"Thereupon, Montessor, with the small volume in his hand, related minutely the circumstances and events which had attended the action of the Seven. He dwelt upon the results of their combined movements—results which the ordinary

agencies of wealth and power and crowned heads were unable to accomplish. Yet, so skillfully were the details of the narrative woven together, that not one of the personages could conjecture the identity of any of the actors other than himself.

Montessor replaced the volume in the drawer of the circular table, and looking around him, inquired:

"Brethren, are ye content?"

"The six personages bowed in silence."

"In the days that are coming as in the days that are past, if any brother is pining in sickness or distress—"

"There came from behind the tapestry of the chamber, the echo of a strange voice saying:

"The Seven will aid him."

"If any brother is in danger, of personal property, from the assaults or artifices of open or concealed enemies—"

"Again came the echo:

"The Seven will aid him."

"If any brother is striving to obtain wealth, and distinction among his fellow men—"

"The Seven will aid him."

"If any brother is deeply and irreparably wronged, if he is attacked by slanderers or dishonored by pretentious friends—"

"The Seven will aid him."

One by one the six personages rose from their seats and departed through the door leading to the ante room.

Montessor was alone in the octagon chamber.

Thus closed the romance of the Secret Order of the Seven.

### NOTE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

DEAR READER—Six months have elapsed since the occurrence of the events related in this veritable Romance. And although our story is completed, we feel desirous of imparting to you all the information we have been enabled to gather in relation to the fortunes of the surviving personages.

High Sanson was convicted of burglary, and atrocious assault and battery, before the recorder, a few weeks after his arrest, and sentenced to the State prison, at Sing Sing for five years.

In the case of Andrew Williams, indicted for burglary, a *nolo prosequi* was entered on the record by the district attorney; the consent of the court in consideration of the circumstances attending the commission of the offense, and of the information frankly communicated by him to the police. He is now living in the country, with his children, by the will of Owen Tracey, are entitled to the inheritance of a considerable estate.

Caroline Percy has been transformed by the magical power of the Rev. Mr. Wigbury into Mrs. James Pettigrew, but she is still arful and ambitious, and seeks the attention of the patent medicines—an exciting, stirring sort of life.

Jack Higbyler and his squad still congregate at Bill Smith's porter house in the Bowery.

The street broker is still operating in Wall street. Mark Masters, the police officer, is by his daily in the vicinity of the Tomb, and Doctor Everard, the idol of his patients, still believes in animal magnetism, and to this day argues upon the wonderful results produced by that science on Miss Caroline Percy.

John Harker was convicted of murder in the second degree; the jury believing that the killing of Alfred Tracey was done in a paroxysm of anger, and sentenced to the State prison for life.

Frederick Wilyoughby has become strongly attached to Helen Everard—has won her heart, and plays a losing game at chess with the most amiable temper.

Wilfred Montessor and Mrs. Tracey are in daily intercourse under circumstances which permit them to refer to the past with entire frankness.

### Voices From The People.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Letter from Sterling.

S. S. JONES.—We had a delightful rill to this place on Saturday, and found friends at the depot ready to accompany us to the Wallace House, where we were hospitably entertained by the kind generous hosts, Messrs. Hill and Seely. In the afternoon we received several calls from friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Powell.

The exercises of the Fourth were appointed to take place in a beautiful grove one mile from town, a spot well calculated to awaken the inspirations of the day. Eleven A. M. found us on the platform before a large attentive audience, which was called to order by Doctor Hewes nominating Col. Seely, the venerable father of our host, a firm Spiritualist of long standing, as President of the meeting for the day; Mrs. H. S. Powell, Secretary; Doctor Hewes, Assistant Secretary. The exercises commenced with appropriate music and singing by the Misses Albertson, Pettigrew and others, after which Doctor Wm. R. Jocelyn was introduced, and gave an inspirational discourse. The central idea being, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as given to the people in that everlasting document, the Declaration of Independence, showing how the nation had struggled up to its

present position through the influence of this central idea. How, through the devastation of war it had liberated four millions of men and women from abject slavery;—how it was struggling still to a higher altitude of liberty in the pursuit of happiness, throwing off the bigotry of sect and fanaticism, which had no foundation in reason,—how it had come to demand the spiritual philosophy as a remedy, in order that the nation might have sufficient room for continuous growth, and that there could be no growth to the human soul, unless it had the greatest freedom of reasoning from every standpoint and every subject that comes before it,—that the grander Declaration of Independence was connected with the present legacy of the Great Fathers of the Republic, and that it would continue to grow with the outgrowth of thought, and would not cease by the side of the grave, but would be still interlinked and joined with our common humanity after that change had taken place. That reason was the great lever given to the race to penetrate through all the vast domain of being; that spirits were coming to and fro to the earth to declare to mankind through their reasoning faculties, and their affectional nature; that that was the only true religion or philosophy, that would or could expand the human soul, and lift it on to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that the world of mind demanded it, and that the Divine Author of all being, was supplying that demand. There was no stopping place, there was no power to say to man that that far shalt thou investigate and no farther, that we were all children under one Great Eternal Father and Mother, which was Love and Intelligence, and that that Love and Intelligence was boundless, vast; it would supply every need.

He caught led with a beautiful poem, invoking all the agencies of nature and mind to a demonstration of truth in unity; that love might eternally reign and lift up the world to a continuous celebration of each natal day both here and in the Spirit World; progressing on and realizing life, liberty and happiness. This is a mere outline of what was said.

This session closed by singing, and adjourned until 2 1/2 P. M., to collect into many groups, to partake of the bounteous supply of good things that had been so liberally provided by the friends.

At 2 o'clock, Mrs. Doctor Stillman was introduced as the speaker for the afternoon. She delivered in a clear and audible voice, a well written discourse upon "Woman's Suffrage." Her appropriate illustrations and sound arguments were listened to with much interest. At the close of her lecture, Doctor Jocelyn improvised a poem upon subjects given by the audience, and answered questions to the great satisfaction of all present.

After the announcement of a lecture to be given by Doctor Jocelyn in Farwell Hall, in Sterling, Wednesday evening of the present week, on the subject of Spiritualism, its adaptation to the needs of manhood, womanhood, and childhood, of the nineteenth century, the large gathering shook the good by-hand with brighter eyes and warmer hearts, for having had a Spiritual Celebration on the Fourth of July.

As I close my report, the Doctor is inspired to say:

To let the truth's ground and round  
High and holy, good the sound?  
A trumpet blast, to wake the world!  
The banner—no more to be furled!

A five lighted lamp forever attuned!  
A ministry good, forever illumed  
With the brightness of life!

The Republic is rising from the dark and the dead  
Blessed by truth, honor, virtue and liberty led.  
Up, up, with the eagle—  
To the yard arms—the main!  
Pipe all hands! heave! heave the  
Anchor! let go the chain!  
The good old ship is safely moored,  
Her colors fly as she springs  
The right to govern life, liberty, and happiness.  
The nation underlying.

'Tis a grand natal day that has come around,  
Welcomed with love, 'tis humanity's bond  
To a platform more clear!  
For the Spiritual Philosophy,  
Let us all give a cheer!

Truly yours in the cause of universal advancement.

Mrs. JULIA ALDRICH JOCELYN.  
Sterling, Ill., July 6th, 1869.

A natural cave of jodinite size having an opening of six feet in diameter, with passages running in different directions, has recently been discovered at White Pines.

A single vessel recently landed twelve hundred Asiatics on our shores.

## Department Of Arts And Sciences.

### Minute Calculations.

M. Macey has determined that a common fly, when held captive, moves its wings 330 times a second; a honey bee, 190 times and a cabbage butterfly (Pieris) nine times. The wings describe a figure 8 in the air. London, calculating the rapidity of the vibration by the sound produced thereby, states that the fly, which produces the sound of F, vibrates its wings 352 times a second, the bee, which makes the sound of A, 44 times a second. On the contrary, a tired humming bird, and therefore vibrates its wings only 339 times a second. A bee in the pursuit of honey hums continually and constantly on A, but if it is excited or angry, it produces a very different note.

Describing the sound-producing organs in several genera of flies, he distinguishes three different tones as emitted by these insects; during flight—a relatively low tone, a higher one, when the wings are held so as to prevent their vibrating, and a higher still when the fly is held so that all the motion of the external parts is prevented. The last mentioned is the true voice of the insect; it is produced by stigmata of the thorax, and may be heard when every other part of the body is cut away. The first sound is caused by the rapid vibration of the wings in the air; the second is caused, or at all events accompanied by the vibration and friction of the abdominal segments, and by a violent movement of the head against the interior wall of the thorax.

There will occur a conjunction of the planet venus with the sun in 1874 and 1882. Astronomers will eagerly improve the opportunity these rare occurrences afford, of determining with nice precision the mean distance between the earth and the sun.

### Animals Without Brains.

M. Voit is demonstrating, by experiment,—that a warm blooded animal, a bird at least may live after its brain has been removed. He skillfully removed, with hook and scalpel, the cerebral hemispheres from the skull of a pigeon. When the operation is concluded, the poor bird licks its head under its wing, and remains motionless, with closed eyes, in a state which it resumes whenever it is disturbed, in order to receive nourishment, and seems to be overcome with profound slumber. This condition lasts a few weeks, after which the victim of the singular mutilation leaves its somnolent condition, opens its eyes, and even attempts to fly. It avoids obstacles, shuts the hand that would seize it, and appears to enjoy in full force the faculties of hearing and seeing.

Thenceforth the pigeons without brains cannot be distinguished from those with brains, except by their entire forgetfulness of the means of securing nourishment. They would die of hunger in a heap of grain, it is necessary to introduce food into their beak and stomach by the aid of a small rod. They coo boldly, come and go, and seem thereafter to be strangers to every sentiment of fear. When once they commence walking, they continue the impetus following the same path around the same table, and continually taking refuge in the same corner.

One of these animals deprived five months before of its cerebral lobes, seemed to have recovered almost all its primitive faculties. It was sacrificed—to use the conventional expression—and its skull opened. Previous to this, the space originally occupied by the cerebral hemispheres, in other victims, was found to be filled either with a fibrous mass or a serous fluid, while the cerebellum maintained its primitive condition, and the skull was sunken. In the skull of the pigeon in question there existed a white mass which presented the character and consistency of the white mass of the brain, divided in two hemispheres, and filling the place which the operation had left vacant.

In each one of the hemispheres there was a little cavity filled with liquid, while a septum maintained them separate. The mass was composed of primitive nervous fibres, twice convoluted, and of true ganglion cells.

It is the first case known of the renovation of the brain, and the reestablishment of its activity.

### A Significant Fact.

Engineering contains the following, which needs no other comment:

"In the United States patents are granted for seventeen years for a single payment of \$7. Every specification is carefully examined by experts previous to granting the patent. The consequence is that about four times as many patents are applied for, yearly, as are produced in England, and that no nation has derived so great benefits from useful inventions as America. In Switzerland there is no patent law, and practically no inventions. Nobody, we think, ever heard of an invention coming from Switzerland, unless as in the case of Bodner and Hellman, the inventor came with it to England or the United States."

### Enormous Belt.

There is now on exhibition at the warehouse of the New York Belling and Packing Company, 87 and 89 Park Row, a mammoth rubber belt which is quite a triumph in the way of American manufactures—being the largest ever made. It is 4 feet wide, 520 feet long, weighs 3,000 lbs. and is to be used as a main driving belt for the largest grain elevator in Chicago. To make a leather belt of this size the hides of 180 cattle would be required, and these would have to be selected from three or four thousand in order to get the necessary size and quality.

Pacific Department.

BY.....BENJAMIN TODD

Career of Satan.

My venerable father, the Governor of Pandemonium, having become incapacitated, through age and infirmity, to do business on earth as he used to do when in the prime of devilhood, has sent me, his son and heir, on a trial trip to the world, to prepare me for the carrying on the business which he has so successfully established there. It was very hard to leave the home of my childhood, and all my early associates, to come to a cold cheerless world where liberty is only known by name.

But duty first before pleasure. Before leaving, my father addressed me as follows: "My son, it is with considerable anxiety on your behalf, that I send you an unsophisticated devil, into a world grown old in hypocrisy and deceit, where you will be subjected to the pernicious influences of subsequent policy, and other tricky which distinguished man, from devil, and marks the inferiority of the man. It has long ago grown expert in the tricks which I introduced for its benefit, and so improved upon them that I hardly know my own work now."

"Times have changed since I first introduced our business there. Then the world was young, very young, docile and obedient. It graduated on the first lesson, and soon absorbed all my stock of deviltry. The Opposition firm of F. S. H. G. & Co., attempted to run me out of the market with little success; in fact, mankind soon became so expert in the trade as to trade in their own behalf, and regarded neither the representatives of heaven nor hell. Still I had business enough, but the losing party lost their temper, and crowned the world through spite. Nevertheless, I found agents among the chosen men.

"Who stole the liver of the court of heaven? To serve the devil in."

"The history of the contest is well known to you, for I have spared no pains in teaching you the history of the past, and indoctrinating you in the principles which govern the contest of all respectable devils. The doctrine which we esteem the most, is that which damned us in the sight of the opposition party, namely: The attainment of knowledge. True, I advocated pleasure as one of the duties of devils and men, and if mankind, through folly and ignorance, have made mistakes, and gained pain instead of pleasure, I am not to blame,--the blame rests with the opposition whose aim has been to keep men in ignorance, ever since the acquisition of knowledge by Adam and Eve, or rather Eve and Adam."

Once when business was dull, I traveled up and down the earth in search of a "job," and met one of the firm of Opposition, who dared me to do business in Uz. I tried it, but poor Job could learn nothing (Job, xvii, vi), so I gave him up as unworthy of me. It is different now; you will find us very well represented everywhere, yet there are only two places which I can especially designate as worthy the study of a juvenile devil: only two places, Chicago and San Francisco. The tricks of Paris, London, New York and other large cities, are beneath the notice of an ambitious imp, and would disgrace a progressive devil. In Chicago and San Francisco, they are not so much bound to the letters of custom and conservative ideas there, new projects find ready acceptance; and there you will find a suitable field for the exercise of your ingenuity. Go, my son, be careful of your character, and my blessing be with you; learn all you can, and report progress as often as you can. As revoir."

On my arrival on earth, I found Chicago and San Francisco a considerable distance apart. For the present, I have chosen San Francisco as my headquarters, and ask permission to report my experiences and observations through your columns, as my father read the Chicago papers, and is particularly fond of the JOURNAL. By this means I will also have the opportunity of ingratiating myself with the citizens of Chicago before my advent there. Yours in the advocacy of progress.

SATAN JR.

The Satanic Platform.

A misunderstanding may arise in the minds of your readers, Mr. Editor, in regard to the principles which my father has so long and so patiently endeavored to establish in the hearts of the sons of men and daughters of women, and which I have been sent to promulgate and elucidate till the hour arrives when I shall return to my father. To provide against such a mishap, I beg leave to lay before you very briefly, a few of the more prominent points in our articles of faith and practice.

It is well known that my father left the Courts of Heaven, taking with him the very flowers of Paradise.

"None but slaves survived,--cold-blooded slaves who did the work of tyrants omnipotent; who stole No-bone-a-lion-quint-up urged To elevated a ring, whose dead Which grows as a natural self not polite."

It is also known that he left because his free spirit could not brook the galling chains of Jehovah's rule; he could not be a slave, as one of earth's poets well says:

"Hail! palest spirit, thy labors be brief, For of all that reformers, thine wast the first; This wast the first with discreet speech; To perceive that all rights divine were wrong; And long hast thou kept the average breath To begeth above, and on earth beneath, And roared it from its burning throats, The glory of thy pendulous alone; Proclaiming first to all with fervor and irony This thing is freedom is all hump and tyranny; And who hath may be free, For freedom, laid freedom in the word with thee; That life has its pleasure--the rest is sham. And all that comes after a sim and a sham. Liberty lead, speed thee, Speed thee, speed thee, Speed thee, speed thee."

Many this night shall bracken and heed thee.

His abroad

Demolish

Who shall defend thee?

King of the elements, how shall we name thee?

It is with pleasure that I see the principles of freedom for which my father and I have so long contended so deeply established, and so earnestly cherished by the people of America. Liberty to exercise and develop every faculty of our being is the central idea of Satanic philosophy.

Nearly allied to freedom is knowledge. Ignorance is the mother of devotion, and devotion is the bridge by which the Opposition lead mankind in the service of slavery. When man commenced business on this planet, the Elohim took measures to keep him in ignorance, and would have done it had not the philosophic benevolence and philanthropy of my father urged him to the rescue with his greater wisdom to circumvent his naughty foe. It was done through satanic genius and womanly wit. And now mark the cowardly, contemptible subterfuge of the Deific Company. "Behold," said they, "the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil, and now let he discover more, let us drive him out."

Such is theological policy. Since my advent to this planet, I have heard similar sentiments uttered in regard to negroes, Chinamen and women, by Americans. "Give them the franchise," say these cowardly imitators of Jehovah, "and they will become as one of us." They have an instinctive idea that their superiority is not inherent, but only so by usurping powers belonging with equal justice to those deemed inferior. The Satanic platform calls for a fair and open field for all, black, white or copper colored, male or female.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that now you and your readers will understand me well, and lay aside the prejudices which our mutual foe has so severely endeavored to establish in the minds of mankind against my father and I. My father and I are one. More anon. From your loving friend.

SATAN JR.

Satanic Observations.

I cannot send you anything very definite in regard to what I have seen since my advent in San Francisco. Everything seems so conflicting and contradictory that I am the more bewildered, the more I see of the queer antics of mankind.

I cannot see what possessed my father when he told me that San Francisco was a liberal city. He told me I would find friends among the Spiritualists, but I cannot lay my hands on them; here they have no abiding place, no central place of gathering, though they have no fewer than seven public lectures, beside private exhorters and mediums innumerable.

I was told Infidelity had a strong hold on public opinion; but really, if San Francisco were more liberal than the rest of the world, "the rest of the world" must be in a deplorable condition, and it was high time for my advent to reform it. I have been looking round and I find the following churches:

Five Baptist; four Congregational; seven Episcopal; twelve Methodist, two of which are colored; nine Presbyterian; twelve Roman Catholic; two Swedenborgian; one Unitarian; one Chinese Mission House; one Marine's; one Disciples of Christ; four German Lutheran; one Evangelical Association; one Reformed church; one Greek; one Mormon; one Quaker; four Hebrew; besides Chinese Jesh houses, Masons, Odd Fellows, Temperance Societies, and other associations which I cannot now enumerate.

Now, a city that can support all these churches cannot have invested very largely in liberal ideas. But I will see into this. I will visit the churches and see who go there and what they do and how, and I will determine, if possible, their motives for going.

The theatres are closed on Sunday evenings, not to give the actors rest, but because theatres are noisy and barbarous amusements. Now, this is one of the queer things which puzzle me. The musician Hariz, is not allowed to perform the usual week night programmes on Sunday evening, but is allowed to do so when he pretends to expose Spiritualism by his tricks.

The opera is a dreadfully wicked thing on a Sunday evening; but when named a sacred concert it is right and legitimate. A rose by any other name does not smell as sweet; and a violin drawing out Old Hundred is a holy instrument, while a fiddle playing "The Devil among the Tailors" is a very wicked one.

Boys playing base ball on Sundays is wicked and unwholesome, while lighter beer saloons with pretty water girls to dance attendance on the young and old fools who attend there, is perfectly legitimate.

I am almost sorry I left my comfortable quarters below, where everything was at least consistent. But not my will, but the will of my father be done; and if I am to be sacrificed to save the world from the bondage of priestly inconsistencies, I will drink the bitter cup. I have had a noble example set me by the son of the Opposition, who took up his cross and stuck to it. I will emulate his example and bravely do my father's will. But I do sincerely hope that after I have done my work and gone to my father my name will not be abused and prostituted as has been that of my noble exemplar.

To subvert their own man and selfish purposes, men call themselves Christians, and act for "the glory of God." I hope no future Satanites will brand themselves by acting for themselves, and pretend at the same time to serve me, their master.

Mr. Finney will lecture next Sunday evening. I will (D. V.--diabolus voluntas) attend and report.

SATAN JR.

Victor Emanuel is said to be the best shot of all the European monarchs, and Napoleon the best horseman.

The Postroom.

Lecture on the Future of Man, by J. G. Fish, Delivered at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, April 25th, 1869.

Photographically reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, by H. T. CHAM, M. D.

As die away in stillness, the last lingering tones of the music to which you have listened, so has it been said, that man is to die away from the face of the earth, that the average of his life is becoming less and less, with each succeeding generation, weaker and weaker becomes the race, and more and more decreed, and but a few years will elapse and it will be said by the angel-world, as it looks upon a depopulated earth, man has gone; he has ceased to be a warrior of time; he has fought the brave fight mortally, and has laid off his armor; the life is over, and he has left the face of the earth that he once inhabited is furrowed up with his grave.

This is the melancholy picture that has been drawn of the future of man, and this is the doctrine that is taught in your churches to-day.

Do you believe, that the earth is old, that the human intellect is deteriorating, that the decline of age? That it now reels and totters in its orbit, and a very soon will return to its primal condition of chaos? This is the prophecy of an imaginative but unscientific man.

That all of mankind, and all that pertains to man here upon the earth, will soon pass away. It is not a pleasant picture to look upon; it is melancholy, and every eye that looks upon it naturally is entertained, is it true? It is true, for the ancients have told you, that deluges have enveloped the face of the earth, and swept away by fire and sword, and every creature that has pertained to their progress and development.

We know, that at successive periods, your own continent has been plunged beneath the waves of the ocean, and that it is now being raised up to the top of your loftiest mountains, and that it has been heaved up miles into the air, until its summits have reached the regions of perpetual snow, and that the snow is now melting, and is falling from the top of the mountain, and is washing down away the surface of the rock, and thus made the soil fertile, and the world is now being raised up to the top of your loftiest mountains, and that it has been heaved up miles into the air, until its summits have reached the regions of perpetual snow, and that the snow is now melting, and is falling from the top of the mountain, and is washing down away the surface of the rock, and thus made the soil fertile, and the world is now being raised up to the top of your loftiest mountains, and that it has been heaved up miles into the air, until its summits have reached the regions of perpetual snow, and that 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shall know more of the distant and the dear responsive to heart. Heart shall beat with soul and exchange sympathies and thought, one with the other, and life's burdens shall be borne more easily. Thus we see some of the glowing pictures of the future, and when they are presented, we cannot think of the race as being able to enjoy its maturity as not yet fully arrived at. You have not exercised the strength of manhood. The great power of the race will yet make all the elements subservient to man. Then shall come those days of which Bards have sung, and Prophets foretold, and the heart of man has longed for; when Zion's Watchmen shall see eye to eye, when the Spirit World shall strike hands with the world-mandate, when death shall be known only in history, only in the dark and gloomy ages of the history of the race; when God shall be understood, appreciated and worshipped "in spirit and in truth"; the soul of man shall be redeemed from a state of ignorance and infancy, and stand forth in the dignity of humanity, that shall know no decline, no age, no decrepitude, no death.

**Philadelphia Department**

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.  
 Subscribers will be received, and papers may be obtained at 722 Chestnut or 724, at 111 Race street, Philadelphia.

**Inspirational Mediums.**

There are hours when the shades of matterily become like a misty veil, and the soul, lifted upon the pinions of its own mighty powers, looks forth as if from a dream, but as grand realities in the forms of the loved ones, walk the air unseen by mortal eyes,—realities that fill, for a time, the highest consciousness of the soul as these move around us.

"In the white robes of angels clad  
 And wandering by that sacred river,  
 Whose streams of holiness make glad  
 The city of our God forever."

Oh, ye blessed children of earth, who have thus stepped forth upon this high plane of existence on earth! How little do you realize the grandeur of the position that has come to you through the higher and holier growth of your soul natures. It is a wise and well that such growth should be slow, and through the gradual unfolding of interior powers.

From these Transfiguration Mounts, we must return to earth again, and we may bring pictures of the glowing scenes of the life within, which thrill many of our fellow beings, and tend to open wide the gates of aspiration. Then, these inspirations become the common property of humanity, valued, however according to man's condition, in some cases as "pearls cast before swine" in others as bright jewels in the diadem of man's crown of immortality. Well has the inspired Whittier said:

"Aias for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress trees,  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the light of coming day  
 Across the mournful marble pile,  
 Who has not felt in hours of faith,  
 That truth, to flesh and sense unknown,  
 That life is ever flow of death,  
 And love can never lose its own."

Brother Thomas L. Harris is one of the most gifted inspirational mediums of the present day. His inspirations give evidence that he is in rapport with the beautiful spheres of Poesy and Song. Sitting with this brother some years ago, we caught the following lines, as they fell from his lips, fresh and sparkling from the fountains of inspiration:

"These are the deathless patres,  
 That rise above the deserts of the world,  
 In their quiet, cool shade, sweet flowers exhale  
 Their balms."  
 Flowers of delight whose petals are unfurled  
 To cheer wanderers o'er the dreary waste;  
 Yet in their pass them by in eager haste.

These are the glowing stars  
 Kindled above earth's firmament; the lamps  
 Shining on prison's natures, through the bars  
 Of mortal flesh, and casting o'er the damps  
 And vapors of the sepulchre, the light  
 Of the eternal world beyond our sight.

These are the mystic lyres,  
 That quiver, thrilled by angel hands, the bow;  
 Wafted from whence, on high, seraphic choirs  
 Chant their fall anthems. Strains of human voice  
 Discordantly oppose their holy song,  
 But end, as death itself shall end, ere long.

These are the Eden birds,  
 That soar and sing while all the world is dark,  
 Keeling from heaven their sweet and holy words,  
 For far as yet, the deathless music hark,  
 Being enthralled in sleep. Alas they sing  
 Too oft with braided breast and broken wing.

These are the pioneers,  
 Treading the unknown path that leads the race  
 From midnight's gloom, to morn's eternal rays,  
 From the deep graveyard, up to God's own face,  
 The champions of the race, though bearing  
 Shame.

Ever bringing good tidings in the Father's name.  
 These shall multiply,  
 Till every land their mighty works shall know,  
 And every heart hold converse with the sky,  
 And every spirit freed from mortal joy  
 Share in heaven's sacraments, and earth grow  
 calm  
 As whitest angel singing 'neath His palm."

**Communication Received Through Miss A. Hamberger**

We have come from the land of the beautiful to bring you peace and enable you to travel in the blessed path of beauty and glory. Oh, may the shadows never come to you unless they come to raise you up to brighter and more beautiful sunshine. The dark shadows of night must fall around man in order that he may revel in the beauties of the sunlight, when the darkness disappears and the glorious orb of day is over him.

Therefore, when the shades come to you through life, and when you find that it is all dark around you, you know that that darkness is for your own benefit, for when the sun shines again, you will feel a deeper appreciation of its gorgeousness and beauty than you could ever have had if there had been no shadows.

Again, nothing so soon softens the heart of man towards his fellow man as sorrow; nothing makes him feel so humanly at large so much as this. When his soul seems to open like a flower, that has almost withered. But as sorrow cometh to it, so cometh like the dew and the rain upon the flower, and

when the sunshine follows the darkness, it opens his forehead and softness is no more active and it would give to all humanity peace and prosperity, both as individuals and nations. For as individuals will grow selfish and eventually fall. You will see that in that instance progression has ceased for a time.

Sometimes it seems that progression ceased when the nation or the individual is in prosperity. But it is intended by the Over-riding Power to help us by the underdevelopment of the globe we inhabit. It is necessary that the dark clouds should surround us at times, and that we should grieve because there is no sunshine, and then we feel that we have a deep and abiding sympathy one for another. Manik as they now exist are up to the very best standard that they can possibly arrive at, under the existing conditions of the earth. It may seem strange to some persons to know that the earth has anything to do with the development of individuals upon it, as though man was independent of the earth.

But, my friends, the deeper you go into the truth the more you will find of mystery; the more you go down into this earth, the more you will find the conditions of underdevelopment are such that sorrow must come to man. He will outgrow the development of his own nature through development, but until that comes, he is doing the best he can. Some will say, "If this is the case why should a man strive to do better, to be better than he now is?" We reply, that the very striving assists in the development. Every time an individual strives to arrive at a higher condition, though it is impermissible to the person and to those who surround him, yet the very desire lifts him higher and higher. It is not alone through the elements of man to-day that he is thus lifted, but the elements composing the earth must also be advanced to higher conditions. Therefore, we say to you, strive to do better, and to be better, to live higher lives, to be more unselfish, to leave all discord and unpleasantness to those who are far back, and have not walked so far up the path of progress.

When you have seen the sunshine, you will not be willing to turn your faces again to the darkness. When you have seen the brilliant orb of day, you will not want to turn back to the night.

But some say it can not be avoided,—darkness and sorrow will come. We say strive on, keep on, look forward to the bright sunshine. Try to move onward and upward in this path forever, and you will grow stronger.

The desire to progress is felt by all mankind, but is much more active in some than in others. Truth is everywhere and reaches all minds that are in a condition to receive it. It only waits for a progressive condition of mind to receive it. It is a part of the spirit of God, which has been from all time and through all time. As man becomes sufficiently developed to be able to recognize the divinity around him, his thoughts are opened to receive grander and nobler truths. The spirit within man is ever urged forward by the presence of progressive thoughts and ideas around us and within us.

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**Organization—The American Association of Spiritualists.**  
 BY DR. J. K. BAILEY.

The arguments and efforts already put forth in behalf of the organization of Spiritualists, as a religious body, have failed to convince many of the utility and wisdom of the movement. Many yet under the influence of an intense tendency to individualism, see no need, or fear the effect of society combination, under the forms of necessary business and legal rules, definite powers and restraints thereof. To such we would say: That while nature everywhere presents beautiful and its limitless variety of individualization, she is equally profuse in unending variety of combinations, forms and organic means of unfolding all conditions in the upward march of eternal progression.

While the grand object of nature's unceasing evolution, is evidently the highest possible state of individual self-pose, her processes are undeviating through organic forms and combinations, and because the forms are, of necessity, imperfect, the God of nature does not reject or fail to use them. Indeed, there is no other process possible than that exemplified by nature. Her lessons teach the undeviating fact of growth, development, and progress only in and through combination, association. Individualized consciousness, tangibility, progress, potency, can only be realized through forms. Much less society influence and usefulness without associative effort and means.

But say one, we have not yet attained that perfected unfolding necessary to a proper and healthy organization of our adherents in a religious society which will fairly represent our exalted philosophy and do that justice to the individuals of the association and society at large, which we proclaim to the world as a cardinal principle of it.

Well timed, brother,—look over nature's exhibit. Do you find perfection anywhere? Does not every form of organic matter, through which means only can spirit,—folded etherialized unblended matter,—individualize and exemplify its self, present gnarled, crooked, angular deformities, imperfect fruit? Nature does not reject any means, however imperfect; but earnestly uses all for the attainment of the utmost good, possible to each and every condition. When this end is attained, each organic form falls into decay; another means of endless progress.

Yes, says another, all this is true; but men are so teachers, self-his ambitious and unscrupulously determined to use these means of power for personal aggrandizement, that the organization only becomes an instrument of personal place and power to such, enabling them to enslave and lord it over the mass of members. This objection has much force; but caution may be temporary and partial existence, for the good reason that the genius of Spiritual India inspires most individuals with an intense disgust with such actions, and actors, while the combative tendency aroused, will root out the evil, ere the foundations of success have been undermined.

But the argument need not be extended. Suffice it to say, that organization is an eternal fact of nature; and hence, society combinations, with humanity is a necessity to the promulgation and acceptance of new philosophies and facts bearing upon human relations and possibilities.

Assuming the necessity and usefulness of organization, as admitted,—questions arise, as to formula, modes and means.

All Spiritualists, we think, agree that creeds, tenets of faith, binding, unchangeable declarations of principles, authoritative dicta, in any mode or form, so far as belief, faith, or individual practice is concerned, ought not—shall not enter into the conditions of membership or the formula of organization.

Then, articles of association will only set forth such rules and regulations as are essential to rational order, system, a judicious endowment and restraint of duties and powers of executive boards and officers and adherence to legal requirements. In our humble judgment, articles of association should explicitly define the powers and functions of each and require frequent reports from officers; so as to retain for the society, or mass, an unbroken supervising power over the entire affairs, functions and status of the society. Under such regulations, with implicit rules for removing obstinate officers, little fear need be entertained that the rights of any will be jeopardized in organization. The condition of membership, should be assumed or discarded, at the option of the individual; and none but moral obligation, should bind any to financial—no more than to mental, moral and spiritual contribution.

As governmental, secretary, or associate powers can only be rightfully as-tened and assumed by and through the will of the individuals who compose the association, the government or society can only legitimately use the powers assigned to them in a written constitution, adopted after due deliberation and free expressions by the sovereign members thereof. And the principles involved in the constitutions of human life, should be adhered to in the organization of any society forms.

These propositions admitted, it would follow that as with the individual, so with the society,—sovereignty of individual society affairs, should supremely reside with each society. This principle prevailing, the procedure of organization would naturally develop as follows:

First. Local Societies and Lyceums combined, under one legal charter endowed with all legal rights, powers and functions belonging to religious organizations. Each society determine whom it will endow with ministerial functions, under the law of the respective States and Territories. [No other power or function should ever be conferred, in certificates of ordination than such as place the recipient on an equality before the law of the State, with ministers of other denominations. No priesthood, authoritative ministers, or teachers; no privileged class, as "clergy" among Spiritualists.]

Meetings for mental, religious culture should be held weekly or oftener; business meetings, monthly or quarterly.

Second. County or District associations, which need not be legal bodies. The purpose of these,—co-operation; assembling together of the members of the several local societies; comparing notes, results, plans and prospects; gathering, arranging and publishing of statistical facts and information for the benefit of the cause, etc. Meetings, quarterly, if practicable, in different localities of the district.

Third. State and Territorial Associations,—delegated bodies from Local and County Associations. We see no need of legislation of these—no supervising or controlling functions,—simply the acquisition and strengthening counsel of active members of the various local societies,—the collection and publishing of statistical and such other information as will be useful to the cause; and such tendency to unity of plan and purpose, as naturally flows from contact and comparison of ideas, in the spirit of devotion, candor, love and charity; without harsh criticism and contentions; semi-annual or annual meetings in different localities from time to time.

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As to Missionary efforts, let each county, State and Territorial Association create a Missionary Board, if they choose—raise the necessary funds, if it can; by voluntary subscription, and put its agents into the field. The National Association can do likewise; but, if judicious counsels prevail will only send agents where no State or Territorial organizations exist.

If these positions are correct and wise, then the first work of the coming Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists, should be to suspend the change of the Constitution which requires a yearly fee of membership, upon the part of delegates; next to raise a committee on revision of the Constitution, with instructions to report an amended Constitution, which shall place the Association in its true position.

These ideas are not presented in the spirit of dogmatism, but as suggestions, in the hope of good. While we would see radical changes in the articles and powers of Association, we would not see them or refuse to recognize or take part in their deliberations. The true way, it seems to us, is to change necessarily (if necessary), until we get right, if that be possible.

Let this and kindred matters be discussed, before the meeting of the Convention; and not wait until you get there and find some ambitious individual or "ring" of ill prepared articles and plans to spring upon the Convention. All are aware how easy to pass by "parliamentary tactics," and rush through schemes and ill digested articles, resolutions etc. We say again, emphatically, let us have calm and temperate discussions through the mediums of the press, before the Convention assembles, not personal abuse or harsh criticism.

It happens have lodged themselves in our temple, remove them in the quietest way possible. No fapacious hawk or buzzard, can long perch upon the standard of our glorious banner.

**On the Duty of Spiritualists to the Government.**  
 A Communication From Abraham Lincoln, through a Lady,—Reported by H. T. Child.

You need to watch the President; you must keep watch over him, as you know that he is often in the hands of the Philistines. I remember once I was on the Ohio River—by the way did you ever read the Boatman's Song, written by Clark? That song is immortal and the subject of it would now speak to you. But to my story—the water was very low, and a raft came along side of my boat; it was rather heavily laden with lumber. It came so near that we discovered we were all ground. It was the duty of some one to jump into the river and push the raft along, and it was very natural that they should look to the longest and strongest man to do this. There was no dodging this, and so I jumped in and we soon moved off. Now, you Spiritualists should know that the Government has a very heavy cargo on board. You should stand ready to do your work; you are among the longest and strongest people I see. I enjoin upon you to have no hesitation in jumping overboard, for Government waters are very shallow.

The cargo is human souls and there are dangers around us. You should be ready to do all you can to sustain every right measure. You need not get into political excitement, but you should ever stand for the right.

Turning to the reporter, he said, "You air, I am told, are interested in the subject of Peace,"—all well enough, but let me drop a word here; go to work Spiritualists. I think you will do more toward peace than in any other way. That is what I mean by comparing the Spiritualists to the tallest and strongest people; they have the most light on all subjects and should shed that light in the world in any way they can. When they told us that our little boy was not dead, I believed them for I never could realize that he was away from my side. And when you tell people that their friends who pass away, are not dead, they will believe you in their hearts even though they may not acknowledge it. Especially if you tell it often enough, and in a manner that convinces them that you are sincere. Nobody believes that such a multitude of people as you are, are either idiots or insane. I enjoin upon you, Spiritualists, to let this sublime truth go out into the world. The small amount of good which we might have done in earth would have been greatly augmented by presenting the absolute and positive proof of this fact. Many spirits like myself see this after we come here. I have no doubt but that the smoking warrior whom you have made my successor, and whom I like very well, would feel better satisfied if he knew the fact that some of us are right at his side all the time, doing all we can for him. If he knew there were a hundred there as effect upon him from this side, it would have an effect upon him.

The Grant was received in our city when President Grant was here. The spirit concluded: To-night as he was near at hand, I thought I would send some shot through your head. We have an ingenious job on hand to get the Government straightened out, but we will succeed.

An English physician has just discovered that the moon passes successively, during its different phases, from a temperature of molten lead to that of the congelation of mercury. While the sun darts its rays upon her, a thermometer suitably constructed would indicate a temperature of nearly 230 deg. While, on the contrary, upon the side opposite the sun, the instrument would descend to 70 deg. below zero, thus giving a fortnight of Siberian winter followed by a fortnight of super tropical summer!

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These ideas are not presented in the spirit of dogmatism, but as suggestions, in the hope of good. While we would see radical changes in the articles and powers of Association, we would not see them or refuse to recognize or take part in their deliberations. The true way, it seems to us, is to change necessarily (if necessary), until we get right, if that be possible.

Let this and kindred matters be discussed, before the meeting of the Convention; and not wait until you get there and find some ambitious individual or "ring" of ill prepared articles and plans to spring upon the Convention. All are aware how easy to pass by "parliamentary tactics," and rush through schemes and ill digested articles, resolutions etc. We say again, emphatically, let us have calm and temperate discussions through the mediums of the press, before the Convention assembles, not personal abuse or harsh criticism.

It happens have lodged themselves in our temple, remove them in the quietest way possible. No fapacious hawk or buzzard, can long perch upon the standard of our glorious banner.

The London Spectator states that among the collected works of the minister to India, the library of Amerian, accumulated by that conqueror in the course of his expedition, has just been discovered. It is said that among the riches which it contains, are valuable documents relating to the life of Mahomet.

**SPEAKERS' REGISTER.**

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WEEK.

- [To be useful, this list should be revised. It therefore borrows lectures to promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur. This column intended for Lecturers only, and it is rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address, leaving particulars to be sent by special correspondence with the individuals.]
- J. Milton Allen will lecture in Torr-Hants, Ind., six months, from May 1st. Address—No. 239.
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  - Mrs. M. K. Anderson, trance speaker, Tannous, Mass., P. O. Box 48.
  - Mrs. Orin Abbott, developing medium, 127 north Clark street, room 16.
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  - Wm. Bush, 162 South Clark St., Chicago.
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  - Dr. J. K. Bailey, Spiritist, Ind.
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  - Mrs. Nellie J. C. Brigham, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.
  - Mrs. M. A. C. Brown. Address, West Randolph, Vt.
  - Addie L. Ballou. Address Chicago, care of Hutton-Fulton street corner.
  - Wm. Bryan. Address box 33, Camden P. O., Mich.
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  - H. H. Hickford, Charlestown, Massachusetts.
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  - Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York.
  - Dean Clark. Permanent address, 24 Wamselt street, Lowell, Mass.
  - M. Owen, St. Charles, Ill.
  - Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address, box 515, Lowell, Mass.
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  - J. P. Coyle, M. D. Address box 1374 Ottawa, Ill.
  - S. C. Child, inspirational speaker, Compott Adams Co. Ill.
  - Mrs. Dr. Wm. Crane. P. O. box 103, Elkhart, Indiana.
  - Albert K. Carpenter. Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
  - Mrs. A. H. Colby, Trance speaker, Ferrville, Jay Co., Indiana.
  - Dr. J. R. Doty, Stockton, Ill.
  - Miss Lizie Dutton. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
  - Henry J. Durgin. Permanent address, Cardington, Ohio.
  - George Dutton, M. D., Rutland, Vt.
  - Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.
  - Mrs. B. DeJama, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.
  - Dr. E. C. Dunn, lecturer, can be addressed at Rockford, Ill.
  - Miss Eliza Howe Fuller, inspirational speaker, San Francisco, Cal.
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  - James P. Grogan. Address for the present 82 Washington avenue Chelsea, Mass; or at home.
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  - E. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan." Address Richmond, Ind.
  - Laura De Foces Gordon will lecture in the State of Nevada till further notice. Permanent address. Treasure City, White Pine District, Nevada.
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  - Dr. A. Hunt will receive calls to lecture Sundays. Cold Water, Michigan.

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- W. D. H. Home. Address 141 Walnut street, Chicago.
- D. W. H. H. Home. Address 141 Walnut street, Chicago.
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- Mrs. N. J. Willis, 3 Tremont Row, Room 16, Boston, Mass.
- Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxon will speak in Oregon, Ill., during June. Address, Care of E. S. Jones, 191 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
- Henry C. Wright. Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

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The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

THE SUPERNAL SPHERES.

EMPLOYMENT OF SPIRITS IN THE AFTER-LIFE.—THE CREATION OF PLANETS AND COMETS.—THE GRANDER OF SPIRITUAL CONGRESS.—THE GRANDER OF MAN'S DESTINY.

Humanity is constantly in need of a Savior. The gentle Nazarene came at an auspicious moment. At that time, the world was in darkness. The doctrines of Moses had corrupted the morals of the people, perverted the true idea of God, and so turned the attention of mankind from the path of truth, that the world was indeed in a bad condition. The advent of the Savior,—the Nazarene, was at an auspicious moment, and the good accomplished at the time was transmitted to posterity, and to-day his teachings are reflected in the nineteenth century. Others may compare him to "Cock Robin," and deride his name; but we prefer to breathe it with a holy reverence, for within his mind were thoughts and aspirations, that, in their loving kindness, encircled all humanity. Knowing that,

"We are all parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God its soul."

We realize the sublime truthfulness of his assertion, "I and my Father are one." Grand, rhythmic, sublime! A flash from the throne of the Infinite when he uttered the sublime fact. Ah! who would dare deny it,—I and my Father are one." In that statement was a key that unlocked the storehouse of knowledge, enabling humanity to walk therein, and survey the true relation of man to God. But what is man and what is God? "I came to do my Father's work," was an expression that foreshadowed a grander truth than he fully appreciated. Like Pope in that rhythmic emotion that bubbled up within his interior, blooming into a flower of transcendent beauty, to glisten in the fields of Poesy, was even wiser than he knew when he said:

"We are all parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

A flash from the Infinite! An emotion from the field of poetic grandeur!

Well, we shall launch our bark once again into the infinite realms of space. Telegraphic communication is established between our mind and a wise sage of the Spirit World. With eyelids drooping, with a heavenly influence striking the sensitive chords of our nature, our whole being tingles with emotions of delight, and within our inmost soul we say, God bless you, noble sage!

Well, we shall advance on disputed domains, and though our own interior nature may interfere somewhat with the inspiring influence, yet we will give the reader a few facts to consider, to ponder well.

The children of earth did not recognize the true significance of the declaration of the Savior "I and my Father are one," for they entertained the idea of a personal God, and that Jesus was His Son, and like Him was omnipotent in nature. The only meaning he intended to convey was this, that he was only a part of the Infinite, possessing every distinctive characteristic of God himself, for the moment you find a characteristic of God that is not manifested in man, at that moment you destroy his claim to immortality. But it was not our aim in this article, to define all the intricate relations that exist between man and God, but to show some of the grandeur of man's operations on this earth and in the future. And we here remark that man can control no element of the universe, and that in all cases and under all circumstances, it acts in obedience to its own innate nature. You can not control electricity to transmit your thoughts only by acting in accordance with its own innate laws, and then it controls itself. If you could control electricity, you would rise superior to it, and overturn the beautiful theory that water cannot rise above its source. Besides, all the elements in existence being a part of God, if you could control any of them you could control God. The electric current rises the hammer at a distant battery, and in so doing, manifests power—if God is all powerful, the force or power exerted by the electric current must be a part of God, or there would be a power distinct and separate from Him, consequently He could not be all-powerful. Reader, you recognize that grand truth, do you not? Now, here we establish a grand fact, that God is the source of all power, and we are a part of Him, just as much as the rays of the sun are a part of that gorgeous luminary.

Well, pause a moment. For example, look at the leaves on the banks of the Mississippi, thrown up through the instrumentality of man to prevent the inundation of the surrounding country; look at those rods on churches and residences to transmit the electric current from the positive cloud to the negative earth, in order to protect them; look at the "governor" on the engine to indicate the amount of steam and designate the power it can exert; look around you on all sides, and you find man controlling the elements

by acting in obedience to their innate nature. In one instance, the water was directed in a certain channel and rendered subservient to the wishes of man; in another instance, the electric current was brought from a cloud to the earth without inflicting injury on any one. We find that such action on the part of man is constantly required in order to protect himself, for mind you, man must act in accordance with law in all cases, and then the elements are subservient to him,—that is, they control themselves, and bring him happiness and prosperity. Thus far we know. We find man on this mundane sphere controlling the elements by acting in obedience to their divine laws. But here on earth, our information is limited, and our knowledge of the true nature of the elements amounts to but little.

But hark—I catch the key-note to a grand truth! Sweet chimes from an angel harp! A celestial spark within the dark chamber of our mind, to guide us to the Central Source of Truth!

"For Inspiration is the moral lever, raising the earnest spirit to its destined height; But Inspiration only comes from gazing Upon the perfect Source of Life and Light!"

Man here controls, in the manner specified, a few of the elements of the universe. But how inconceivably grand his mission—it is to be able to control all of them. And scout the idea as you may, deem it absurd as you will, there are wise sages in the Spirit World that superintend the formation of nebulous matter; that launch, through a process known to them, a comet into the infinite realms of space to dance among the stars, and frolic with the planets; to circle its way with mechanical precision, to gaze upon the earth and to give us mortals an insight into the ways and doings above. Well, this is grand. We know it to be a truth. We do to some extent control the elements here, and there,—yes, there, that cherubim within the temple of whose mind are thoughts inconceivably grand, is mapping out on paper a new system of worlds to move along in harmony with the key-note to the ponderous wheels of creation. By his side, the mathematician stands who can with unerring precision calculate the power of the forces employed in the creation of that new system, who assigns each body its respective place, who determines its various motions, and gives to each its allotted spheres.

How little we are in comparison with the wise sage who stands by our side. Ah, the tears come,—but shame on a weak nature, he whispers, "You will yet be equal to me,—yes, in the course of ages, you, too, in connection with a Congress of Spirits, can have a voice in controlling the forces of nature, and in establishing in the regions of space, worlds and systems of worlds." Look at that comet,—the mathematician made a slight mistake in his calculations. The elements within it are in great commotion. But there is an angel hand there. There is activity manifested such as we never witnessed before. Ah! breakers ahead. No, but danger is at hand, but through active exertions, the comet was again placed in its appropriate orbit.

Thus, dear reader, you will ever find the condition of affairs. You will never see God. You see Him now as much as you will ever see Him. Even when first on the other side, those wise sages that govern the destinies of nations, will be invisible to you, and the new manifestations that may be awakened into life in the material or spiritual worlds, you will foolishly attribute to God, when in fact, they are only the action of those unseen intelligences in the peerless heights above.

These thoughts, impressed upon our mind, gentle messengers of encouragement, touching a sad, strangely sad nature, "my own," ever open before our enraptured vision, a field of usefulness that mortals will acknowledge, and from that sadness springs a cheerfulness at the grandeur of the destiny of each one of us.

Then, each one of us is a savior, just in the same sense that the gentle Nazarene was, who when he quieted the troubled waters, was in rapport with that Congress of Spirits who respond to a great extent the forces of nature. "Peace, be still" came from his lips in trembling accents, and the response was "Peace," for the wind became as gentle as a mother's sigh over the loss of some dear friend; and those spray-capped waves dancing in high carnival, soon slumbered on the breast of the placid waters, in response to the direction of those sages who sit in the Council Chambers of the Celestial Courts.

As the skillful chemist and electrician can control the elements and exhibit a miniature earthquake, or imitate the belching volcano, so can these peerless sages above, control the elements on a grander and more magnificent scale, and form worlds and systems of worlds for the habitation of man.

Thus, dear children of earth, it can be with you. There is a response to all the noble impulses of nature. It may not come as significantly as it did to the gentle Nazarene—but it will come, you may rest assured. Wipe away that tear, then, struggling man or woman,

"That, covering its way down the cheek, Falls trembling at your care-worn feet, A crystal beauty!"

For rest assured that your destiny is inconceivably grand in the realms above, where you can watch the formation of worlds, and find genial companions to render your pathway pleasant; yes, wipe away those tears, then, all humanity, for the wise sages of the Spirit World sit beckoning you upward on that beautiful Road of Progression. Think not that you will ever see a personal God.

"Look at you distant star, The splendor of which none can mar, Rising high in yonder sky, 'Tis seems as if it could never die In its beauty so sweet."

That star was not the creature of chance. There is a peerless sage who could tell you its history. There is a mathematician in the Celestial Courts who designated its diameter and allotted it a position; there is a Congress of Spirits who directed its formation. Ah, it is just as easy for these sages in the Celestial Courts of

the Spirit World to fashion a sun, planet or comet from the elements of space, as it is for the mechanic to build a house from the materials of this mundane sphere.

Reader, peruse these thoughts carefully. By and by we will give you still grander truths,—show you your relation to God, to man and the universe, and finally picture to you your destiny in thoughts radiant with the truth of an angelic messenger. Don't you feel better on reading this article,—to know how inconceivably grand is your destiny? These words are facts, imprinted in letters of gold in all the works of God's vast universe, and he who contemplates the grand thoughts here presented by the wise sage by my side in spirit life, will rise up with new vigor and go to work for himself, for others, for all humanity, recognizing the fact that each act of life is always accompanied with an effect written in enduring letters on the organization; we would, therefore, exhort you to lead pure and virtuous lives, remembering that you, each one of earth's mortals, has within his own interior nature, a mirror that reflects each act of life.

MRS. ADDIE L. BALLOU.

"Elevate yourself by lifting some one up below you."

This highly inspirational and gifted medium occupied the rostrum at Music Hall, last Sabbath morning and evening, much to the edification of a large and appreciative audience. Mrs. Ballou has resided in the West for some time and has many characteristics of Western life deeply impressed upon her poetical and emotional nature. Indeed, it would be difficult for a person so highly inspirational, to pioneer on our Western prairies, especially in Minnesota so rich in wild beauties, without having the emotional and inspirational nature so sensitively attuned, that its delicate sensitive chords will respond freely and sweetly to those beautiful thoughts that cluster like ripe fruitage to the mind of the angelic circle who have her in charge. She has been developed amid the romantic scenes of rural life, by her angel band, for a loving mission among earth's mortals, to give them clearer and more comprehensive views of the hereafter, a more thorough insight into these domestic problems which humanity to-day are endeavoring to solve, and finally to disenthrall woman from the chains of bondage that seem to bear down so heavily upon her in many respects. Naturally enthusiastic and emotional, her soul seems to love the fields of poesy, and she drinks in from the inspiring scenes of nature, intuitively, a knowledge of her laws.

Her address on last Sunday morning was a portrait of her own interior nature in one respect, for it seemed so full of loving sympathy for all humanity, enunciating in chaste and beautiful language the sublime fact, that no one, however aspiring, can elevate himself in the scale of existence, without first taking some one by the hand below him, and in words of gentle kindness and encouragement, lifting him up in the scale of existence. This is, indeed, a grand idea, extracted from the purring inspiration of an angel's heart, full of sublime patriotism and poetic fervor. By lifting others up, your own interior nature becomes brightened and the natural buoyancy of your spirit becomes greater, and you are lifted up! and grand and beautiful is the ascent on Progression's Ladder.

Not only has Mrs. Ballou been a pioneer on our Western prairies, but the impulses of her kind loving nature, prompted her to pioneer as a nurse among our "boys in blue" in Southern hospitals. There, perhaps, amidst the suffering of our noble boys, "lifting them up, she also lifted herself up," to her present proud position. Passing around among our wounded and sick, and laying her cooling hands upon the fevered brow, giving this one gentle word of encouragement, writing a letter to bereaved parents for another, recording the last words of love and endearing terms of a third, and with her gentle sympathy and loving kindness, sitting beside the fourth to aid by her sympathetic nature the liberation of his spirit to the bright realms above, she has, indeed, had that experience that has unfolded and made more comprehensive her interior nature.

Adopting this principle, that to elevate herself higher, she must reach down and aid suffering humanity, she was prompted to enter the army in the capacity of a nurse. Beautiful and rhythmic are such emotions! A pearl dropped in the garden of the soul from the Celestial Courts! A sentiment robed in the spirit of love for suffering humanity! Would that all could be actuated by this high and holy thought that blooms only in the fields of poesy, where fanned by the breath of angels and moistened by the tears of their loving kindness, occasionally its seeds find lodgment in the human soul, resulting in an outgrowth of practical work.

"Elevate yourself by lifting up others!" A sweet chime from the cathedral of the Universe! A rhythmic emotion from the Celestial Courts! Grand truth, ennobling thought, an impulse diamond-tipped, winging its way from a wise sage in the Spirit World, to find lodgment in some loving sympathetic heart!

There is poetry, grand, sublime, beautiful, rhythmic, in the thought that "to elevate ourselves, we must lift some one up below us." A sentiment bearing ripe fruitage from the gardens of the higher spheres! A sympathetic emotion encircling the whole world with its love! A response to the beckoning of an angelic circle!

Then we would say to each one, obey this heaven-born mandate, unlock the doors of your soul, and let the winged messenger, "Love for all and malice towards none," enter within that soul of yours, and examine its contents, for remember, each one of you, that every act of life, whether good or bad, carries with it a certain effect that is transmitted to your own interior nature. What does that winged messenger from the peerly gates find in your soul? It would be difficult to tell. In this city are five thousand faded flowers, fallen creatures from some loving family circle—fallen? Nay; for we do believe that to-day there can be found in the dens of vice in this city, that which can never fall—a virtue and beauty in the emotional

nature, that can never fade. We place ourselves in rapport with the world around us,—and it tells us no lies! We drink in the words of wisdom of an angelic messenger, and it leads us onward and upward, on the beautiful but tremulous waves of inspiration. Think them not fallen, but unfortunate, and we here say that the beauty and grandeur of that sentiment uttered by Mrs. Ballou, presents itself,—for who have you elevated, who have you cheered, who have you assisted among the thousands of outcasts in this city? We are fearful,—it may be so, it is not impossible, that when you enter the peerly gates, you may find just one grade higher than yourself,—the fallen woman you have shunned.

"Yes, 'Elevate yourself by lifting up others.'" How many of you have adopted in your family an orphan child, a little flower, with eyes of innocence and cheeks of ruddy hue, little hands and pattering feet, with a mind yearning for some one to love—yes, how many? Ah! my mind saddens at the thought. Look at that lady; by her side is a wealthy husband. How the angel world would smile on them, if actuated with the spirit of love, they would receive into their own family circle, one or two of these orphan children, and feed, clothe and educate them. But we must close this article, written under the influence of the inspiring sentiment of Mrs. Ballou. "Elevate yourself by lifting up some one below you." We hope the Spiritualists will keep her constantly employed in the lecturing field.

THE WORK OF REFORM.

A daily paper of this city took up this subject a few days since, and offered some remarks. It pointedly said:

"Those who make it a specialty to mend shoes, clocks or steam engines, have no difficulty in agreeing upon the modes by which it may be done. But when a human being is to be amended, there is an endless diversity of mode. If he is young and rich the general advice is, 'to let him see his wife and have a good time. If he is young and poor, a few months in the Penitentiary are supposed to exert a benign influence. If he is old and rich, no two things exert so sanctifying a power as for him to marry a widow and take an active interest in foreign missions. If he is poor as well as old the verdict of society is—"

"Battle his bones Over the stones, For he's only a pauper Whom nobody owns."

It may be assumed, however, as a general rule that the first thing done by most people when they propose to reform somebody—as for instance, to send ragged street boys to Sunday School—is to get up a magnificent organization, with President, Secretaries—Recording and Corresponding—travelling agents, a bank account, officers, a library, black walnut furniture, salaries, residences, and carriages for the President's wife, pleasant reunions with cake and cream at the Secretary's "umble" marble front, and an occasional picnic or other excursion to relieve the monotony of the arduous labors incident to "reform." What wonder if occasionally the original object of this vast organization is quite forgotten in the maze and whirl of the machinery set in motion for his generation. What wonder if nine-tenths of the power of the organization is wasted in overcoming its own friction, or if an equal share of its revenues are expended in supporting its officers, and not in doing the work they are designed to do."

Every friend of humanity knows that there is even too much truth in the picture here drawn. Love of fame is, in nine cases out of ten perhaps, the real, or at least the predominating power prompting the man or woman to act assumed to be charitable; while the purely selfish man or woman is not unfrequently unawares and unintentionally doing that which eventually works far greater good to the needy and dependent.

Our contemporary then proceeds to number the means of reform, classifying them into eight. Of the eighth and last, which it says is "participation in ecclesiastical or organized movements of reform," it says:

"The agency which we have placed eighth and last in the list, many, and, indeed, the mass of those who claim to have been won from aims exclusively selfish to those of a broad benevolence, place first and sole, as the all-sufficient reformatory agency, and politely assure us that all the others have already been taken care of."

This is so pointed and true that we will make no further comments, but leave the reader the full benefit of all its force.

TURKISH BATH AND SWEDISH MOVEMENT.

Among the many sensible curative agents resorted to now-a-days, the Turkish Bath and Swedish Movement is very efficient.

One of the main objects in this mode of treatment, is to aid Nature in doing her work,—to make conditions favorable for the organs of the human system to perform their functions in their own legitimate manner.

We have neither time nor space to treat upon the theory of this system of cure, but we will say that we believe that the Turkish Baths and Swedish Cure Movement, or something akin thereto, should be used in every Cure that is conducted upon reformatory principles. By this system, the organs are quickened into action (partly by the most thorough cleansing process), and thereby made receptive to the magnetic treatment, by "the laying on of hands" or manipulation.

At No. 194 South Clark st., Chicago, is an institution of this kind, on a small, but very efficient scale, presided over by Miss Dr. S. L. Hendrick, a highly intelligent and scientifically educated lady. Chronic and acute diseases are treated with great success, as to which, many of the most intelligent citizens of Chicago and other places in the West, will bear witness.

PHYSIOLOGY OF WOMAN AND HER DISEASES.

We call the attention of the reader to the above entitled advertisement as worthy of perusal. We are advised that this is one of the most valuable books of the age, and should be in the hands of every thinking female.

We shall publish a review of the work in our next issue.

THE LYCEUM PICNIC AT CHICAGO.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, held a grand picnic at Hyde Park, on Friday the 16th inst. The procession was large and made a fine appearance. The grounds selected were fine, and no pains were spared to make everything pleasant and agreeable for the little ones. The speaking was good, and everything went off well. The rain that came on in the afternoon would have marred the festivities of the occasion, but for the kindness of the Landlord of the Hyde Park House, who kindly threw open his doors, and welcomed the party to his spacious rooms, where the enjoyment of the occasion was renewed and continued until time to take the cars and steamer for the return trip. It was a gala day for the children, which will long be remembered.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.

We are indebted to Br. J. W. Love, artist, Portage City, Wisconsin, for beautiful specimen copies of his work. One of them represents Minne-haha (Langhing Water), Minnesota. The other is a view on Conococheque Creek, Pennsylvania. We have no hesitation in pronouncing these specimens to be of exquisite workmanship, and we only wish we had more of them. Our friends who desire something beautiful in the line of the art will do well to address Mr. Love upon the subject.

"GOOD HEALTH."

The above is "a Journal of Physical and Mental Culture," published by Alexander Moore, No. 21 Franklin street, Boston. The July number is upon our table through the politeness of the "Western News Company, Chicago. Price 20 cents single copy; \$2 yearly; 6 copies \$10. We cheerfully recommend this Journal as worthy of patronage.

NICHOLAS HELMER, THE MEDIUM AND HEALER.

The above named young man is now stopping at No. 16, North Green street, Chicago. He is a good medium and worthy of patronage. He is also a good healer, can diagnose disease readily and correctly.

His general appearance indicates that he will soon become a medium of a very high order for many phases of spirit control.

DR. W. H. JOSELYN

Is in the city again, having just arrived from Sterling, where he has been lecturing. His ability as a Speaker, Medical Clairvoyant, Test Medium and Improvisator, is unsurpassed.—He will be at Dixon.—Sterling and Prophetstown, the ensuing week.

REMEMBER THE PRINTER.

Newspaper publishers that succeed in building up a permanent and enduring weekly Journal ask no credit, but pay as they go along. To enable them to do so, subscribers must be prompt in their remittances. A word to the wise is sufficient.

JOHN HOWARD.

In our next issue we shall publish a very excellent test communication from the spirit of John Howard, late Sheriff of Tuscaroras Co., Ohio, through Mr. Mansfield, medium, taken from the Ohio (New Philadelphia) Democrat.

THE LITTLE SOWER.

W. W. Dowling, of Indianapolis, editor. The above is a neatly embellished monthly, intended for juveniles. Four numbers are bound in a neat cover, embellished with Little Red Riding Hood.

HOME.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148, 4th Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office. Good mediums always in attendance.

EXETER HALL.

An advertisement in this number of the JOURNAL. We shall publish a review of the work shortly.

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.

What was Eve made for? Adam's Express Company.

Personal and Local.

Doctor E. B. Wheelock and lady, of New Hartford, Butler county, Iowa, are now traveling through Wisconsin in the direction of Milwaukee, with private conveyance. Mrs. Wheelock is a very successful Medical Clairvoyant. Friends who need her services will do well to consult her in her travels. The Doctor will also lecture when convenient; he has been twenty years in the field as lecturer and physician.

He can be addressed at Rome, Jefferson Co., Wisconsin, till the 1st of August.

The ill health of A. B. French, an able exponent of our philosophy, compels him to cease lecturing during the summer months. We regret his condition, and hope he may be in the field again soon. His address is Clyde, Ohio.

Mrs. A. Wilhelm Slade will address the citizens of Ganges, Michigan, in a beautiful grove, August 7th and 8th.

D. W. Holl is lecturing in Kendallville, Ind. E. Sprague who has been lecturing for some time in Minnesota, has returned to his home in Schenectady, N. Y.

Our good readers responded nobly to the call of Brother Austin Kent for assistance.

Mrs. Laura Hasting Hatch, the musical trance medium, is sojourning in Vermont.

E. V. Wilson lectures at Batavia, Illinois, July 22nd and 23rd; at Aurora, Illinois, July 24th and 25th; at Monroe, Green Co., Wisconsin, July 31st and August 1st, 2nd and 3rd.



Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee. All communications under this head are given through Mrs. A. H. Robinson, well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit world.

Q. Questions to be answered at our Inner Life séance about the ideas well written and directed to the editor who inquired for the questioner to be present at it. See page.

INVOCATION.

Our Father, as we realize Thy blessings from day to day—the love with which Thou hast surrounded us—the love Thou hast implanted within every soul—words fail to express our thankfulness unto Thee—and if our souls can not find expression in words, may we find it in kind deeds and gentle manners towards our neighbor.

May we realize that every child is but filling the mission Thou hast given unto him, and though his path may differ from that which seems to us the way of purity and truth, yet may we be enabled to see and realize that his path is marked out and guarded by Thee.

May we realize that narrow is like unto the pebble dew, and performs its mission well, and only awaits the appearance of the morning sun light to illuminate and clear it of its every shadow.

May we realize that every thought, word and deed is a beam which enters the millions of Thy children would pass away, and with brightness and purity of soul would look upon Thee with the same confidence that a child of tender years would look upon a loving and kind parent.

May all realize that Thou art a father of love—that ever and forever are unknown to Thee—that Thy blessing rests alike upon all and the with Thy wisdom there is no high, no low, no rich, no poor, and that none are forsaken by Thee, and that all are alike the recipients of Thy bounteous love, are ever blessed with Thy presence, and as Thou art yesterday, so day and for ever are the same, so shall our ever continue to unfold in wisdom and goodness.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY E. DAYTON.

Q. Do persons who die insane continue after death? A. We hold, my brother, that no spirit, but that the spiritual portion of man or woman, ever insane. Were it so, then a part of the principle we term God, would be insane, for every being is a part of the great Positive Mind or great Spirit of life.

Q. The organism through which a spirit manifests itself often becomes so deranged by disease or other causes, that we suppose from the action of the spirit through that organism that spirit itself must be insane. Yet when that spirit is freed from the deranged external organism we will readily perceive that it is also released from its insanity.

Q. Is it a fact, as some allege, that there are spirits who roam in darkness and misery for hundreds of years? A. My friend, we are happy, extremely happy, to say that we know of no such instances, were it possible for the spirit to remain in such darkness upon the spiritual plane, it seems to us that it would prefer beyond a doubt that the spiritual plane is inferior to the material; for with the advantages that we believe every human being has, and ever has had, it would be impossible for the spirit to remain upon the material plane of life, that can conscientiously consign a brother or sister to eternal punishment, (and mark you eternity is longer than one hundred years), we do not wonder that the same spirit, after entering upon the spiritual plane of life, would ever conceive of giving those upon the material plane of life something almost as terrible as that punishment. When you can allow a human being that is not susceptible to an external influence, then perhaps we shall have found one that could remain in a dark and wicked condition one hundred years!

Q. Does a wicked man, or one who gives upon the spirit find his conditions for happiness and progress more limited than they were here? A. In our previous answer you will see that we do not believe that to be possible. Then the next question is, what is wickedness—what is it that prompts a wicked man to act? Is it something that is in his organism, or is it something brought to bear upon that organism over which he has no control? Looking upon it in that light, we will be a little more cautious in passing condemnation upon any individual.

Q. In what way does the acquisitive or wealth getting faculty of this life, manifest itself in the spirit life? A. My brother, from the knowledge you have already gained of the spiritual plane of life, you will readily perceive that there are no surroundings to call such faculties into action as there are upon the material plane. The faculty is exercised upon the material plane to obtain material things, to add to their happiness while on the material plane, and when upon the spiritual plane there is no transpiring of external things, but on the other hand, it is the gathering into the storehouse of knowledge something that is real and of permanent use and value.

Q. Is the spirit body, after death, clothed in garments procured by itself, or others, in the spirit condition? If so, are those garments provided through labor? A. So far as the body is concerned it does not need protection from any inclemency of the atmosphere; yet every spirit that occupies a spiritual body partakes so much of the material as to require clothing. Now, what is that clothing? Is it acquired by the spirit itself, or is it supplied by surrounding spirits? We answer, that when a spirit has gathered sufficient intelligence to select apparel—have a choice as to what it shall be—it then gathers or aggregates that apparel from the surrounding elements. In infancy we do not desire clothing. We have no thought upon the subject, but our friends have for us, and as they would provide that upon the material so likewise would they provide it upon the spiritual plane.

Q. Spirits are often described by different mediums as appearing to them in thin or gauzy like garments, and it is a query in the minds of individuals who give any thought upon the subject, whether it is something that belongs to the spiritual or is something that is presented by the spirits to them.

Q. We say to such friends that they must bear in mind that the spiritual plane is an outgrowth of the material. There is nothing that possesses life, and everything does possess life, as we have often stated, be it animate or inanimate, but that life also has its existence upon the spiritual plane.

Q. In progress natural and easy in spirit life, or is it attended with much difficulty? A. We say that spirits upon the spiritual plane of life do not experience what we denominate a task—they do that which they are attracted to do, and that only. Then it is done easily—that which is done with a light heart is

easily done. It is not the spirit that is weary, but the organism through which the spirit has to manifest itself.

Q. Does the spirit after the death of the body retain the bodily form or take a different one, in either case, has it the power to change its form at will? A. We would inter that our brother thinks that it was like the physical he would readily recognize it. Every spirit that has a material form has a spiritual form—not separate and distinct. This spiritual form is what has been termed the soul. It is like the physical form, but more beautiful. Infants upon entering upon the spiritual plane have a form like the one they have left, yet they continue to grow like the same, as they would upon the physical, until they attain to maturity. Thus with the aged, when the finger of time has left its imprint upon the material, the spiritual body does not present that decrepit appearance. The material shows the effect of time—the spiritual body never grows old—time has no power over it. It matters not how much intellect, how much knowledge they may acquire, has no dependence upon the material body. The greater the knowledge, the more brilliant the spirit form. On this plane the soul is mirrored upon the countenance. There is no deception on the spiritual—all is vivid and visible.

Q. Does the spiritual body possess in a spiritual sense the same physiological and phrenological organs as on the material plane? A. It does not certainly in every particular.

The Dial—Frank's Journal, No. 29.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF FRANK.

The facts given in the following communication are well known to the citizens of Baltimore. Four men were launched from one scaffold about ten years ago. One of them now relates his story. He speaks of a "cursed thing" going off, that scared him away." The fact in relation to it, I have from Mr. Robins himself. A short time before the occurrence named, he was awakened by burglars attempting to enter the house, and upon examination, found that holes had been bored into the weather boarding, and cotton saturated with oil put in, all ready for the match. This excited intense alarm in the family, and there was no more repose that night. His mind dwelling continually upon it, caused him to invent a most ingenious burglar alarm which on opening a door or window, exploded a cap and rung a bell that sounded throughout the house. Not a week elapsed after this had been set, when the "cursed thing went off" as described, and saved his property and perhaps their lives, for again the augur holes were discovered filled with saturated cotton. I knew nothing of all this until told me by Mr. Robins.

It was at a circle that the spirit first came and controlled the medium, when I invited him to visit me at my room. He came the next day.

"I am Mal Cropps. I saw you last evening at a circle, and you invited me to come, but if you think I can answer all your questions, you are ringing at the wrong bell. You can give advice how to get out of this hell, for I have heard spirits tell about you, and I hope you can do me some good. I am as bad a man as ever lived. I was born in this city, and lived in different places, but my mother lived last in Robary street. I never did any business of much account; but got work of one kind or another whenever I had no money. I always refused to bind myself to a trade, and kept company with bad boys, and stayed most of the time at the engine house. There I got acquainted with John Gamble and his brother. I roomed with them; and we had plenty of fellows to come there. I always wanted to be a fireman, and at last they let me in—then I spent most of the time at the engine house. Many a time we fellows set fire to a house on purpose to have a run. I set fire to the Johnson building, and I set fire to Richard Person's house; and I helped to set fire to a good many others. I know all about the night they fired Mr. Robins' barn; and I opened the door when that "cursed thing went off and scared us away." I helped Damman to burn Mr. Damman's house. I rather think I was the worst of the whole crew."

One night I got up and went to see Gamble for he lived then in Poppleton street. I proposed to rob some fellow on the Harford road, and he agreed, and I went home to get a revolver, and while I was gone, Gamble, he set off. He had not gone far before he fell in with a man coming to Baltimore and w-up up. Gamble had a trooper's pistol, and as soon as he came up he asked for his money; but the man had a pistol, too, and before Gamble could fire, the stranger let him have it, but missed, and Gamble shot him through the head. His name was Toppan. I came upon the hear. I knew I should be charged with it, and so I cleared out. Gamble was seen to shoot by a police officer named Benton, and he arrested him and carried him to the police office. No one saw it but Benton, and he was the only witness; so we determined to kill him. I called on Charles Corry and proposed that one of us should kill him, and we got the dice; the lowest throw was to kill him, and he threw the lowest. He fell in with Benton near the foot of Pennsylvania Avenue and shot him through the heart. A police officer named Rigdon, saw the flash and gave pursuit. He came up with him after a long chase and carried him off. Benton had been killed, and Henry Gamble was cleared, for there was no one to give evidence against him; and now Rigdon was the only witness against Corry, and so he had to be got rid of. John Gamble and I agreed to throw as who was to kill Rigdon, and I got the lowest. I got a rifle from a shop where they sold old iron. It was not long before I popped him. I stole up to the window while he was at supper, and made a hole through his head. His wife was with him. I ran, but a police officer happened to be near the end of the street. He heard the rifle, and seeing me, ran, made after me, but I gave him a long chase. I think I should have got clear if I had not been for a man, who passed in after me in an alley in the rear of Baltimore street, near Pennsylvania street. I could run no more, and they captured me and took me off to the watch house. When my trial came on I had nothing to say, and one of the lawyers refused to speak for me, and I was condemned to be hung. Corry was condemned, too, and so was Gamble for another matter, and there was another man hup at the

same time. I confessed, but Corry and Gamble would not. First let me say that hanging is about the easiest death you can die. You are popped off so quick that you don't feel nothing.

I came to my senses very soon, and there was such an uproar I couldn't hear nothing. There was the biggest crowd of people I ever saw. All as ugly as possible, and as dark as the Negroes. The moment they saw me they came rushing upon me, and dragged me by the hair until I lost my senses. When I came to, I saw a great big serpent coming to me. I was scared so bad I could not move; and he came and wrapped himself all around me, and cracked every bone in my body. After a while I looked up, and here was more than a million lizards, snakes and frogs all about me. I tried to run away, but could not run fast enough, for they were everywhere. I got out of breath and fell down, and then they carried me up and I could see nothing. I suppose they went away at last, for when I opened my eyes, I saw prodigious quantities of lice. They crawled all over me, and they got into my eyes and mouth and almost choked me, for I could not spit them out fast enough.

First of all, you must not believe a word the preachers tell you about a hell fire; but what I suffer is a thousand times worse than any fire; and no one can know what hell is, till they come here. Bitter have been my sufferings, but I have desired every bit of it. I am just about as bad a man as a man can be. I never did so good thing to anybody, and all I thought of was my own pleasure. I have now been here many years, and I don't see that I am a bit better off. If you can say anything to help me I will go down on my knees and thank you.

Here I gave at length some religious instruction. "I cannot reason on what you have said, for I never had any education; but somehow I feel that you have done me good. You are better able to understand all this than I am, and you can reason better. I believe you are in earnest, and that you believe in the truth of every word you say; but I am afraid I cannot do as you wish. All I can do is will."

Then my attendant spirit said: "I rejoice that you suffered this poor fellow to come. Your remarks were exactly adapted to his comprehension, and an immense number were here of the same character. You have done a great deal of good."

Spiritualistic Investigation.

From the Advertiser and Gazette, Eng and.

Another meeting of the committee appointed by the Dialectic Society, to investigate the phenomena of spiritual manifestations, was held last evening at 4, Prince street, Dr. E. Jencken in the chair. Many of the committee were considerably puzzled by the manifest sincerity with which persons, not mere gophenists, testified to having witnessed phenomena of an extraordinary character, their doubts being as unquenchable as the flames of hell. The investigation promises to disclose new vistas, if not of the spirit world, at least of the nature of the mind and of the extent of its capacities for belief.

Mr. E. L. Blanchard favored the committee with his testimony. Some years ago, he said, he witnessed three or four times in the way of haunted houses, which he regarded as the most affecting he had ever seen. He wrote magazine articles, and he is in time came to feel a regard for them from finding them so profitable. He then heard that the Marshalls in Red Lion street were in the habit of raising ghosts to be seen at a shilling a head, and indignant at this profanation of the grave which he regarded as the most affecting he had ever seen, he wrote magazine articles, and he is in time came to feel a regard for them from finding them so profitable. He then heard that the Marshalls in Red Lion street were in the habit of raising ghosts to be seen at a shilling a head, and indignant at this profanation of the grave which he regarded as the most affecting he had ever seen, he wrote magazine articles, and he is in time came to feel a regard for them from finding them so profitable.

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at first, and we were seven in number. Five of the seven saw just what I have described, and the others saw something, but not so distinctly. Mr. Home said there were nineteen spirits in the room at one time, and I could see their eyes, especially by the light of the gas.

Mr. Home said to me, "Don't be frightened, there is a spirit coming to you," and in a few minutes I saw the bright eyes of a figure looking at me. The figure was defined. There were no clothes but there was a peculiar rustle like that of silk. Mr. Home was in the trance state. He walked about Mr. Home's room. I did not sleep much that night, for the spirits followed me to my room. Mr. Home had no previous access to the room, beyond having dined there.

Mr. Jencken, barrister, read a paper of great interest, which treated of the different classes of spirit phenomena. Speaking of the remarkable "levitations" (floating in the air) of the body of the medium, Mr. Jencken said: "These levitations you will find recorded as having occurred as far back as the year 1347, and another instance took place in the year 1567, when the body of a woman floated in the air during the life of Philip of Spain."

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