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Literary Department.

SEQUEL TO MAUD MULLER.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Mrs. Editor:—Last Sabbath evening, Jan. 31st, '69, a circle was held in this place, at the house of T. R. Chapman, and after it closed, a few friends lingered, to chat over our prospects, &c. Finally some one proposed that a lady present, should recite the ballad "Maud Muller," which she did in a masterly style. Immediately some spirit entranced the medium Miss Harriet E. Pope, and this sequel was given to the astonished crowd.

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

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME. BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE TOMBS—STOCK JOBBING.

Even the gate of Owen Tracey, as he passed along Broadway, displayed the workings of a mind ill at ease. He walked sometimes at a rapid pace, remarking with hurried glances the persons whom he encountered, or the objects by which he was surrounded. At other times he fell into a slow, shuffling gait, resembling that of a man in a state of convalescence after a severe attack of disease. His features at such intervals indicated the abstracted or bewildered condition of his mind.

"He and the man by his side are arraigned before the Police Justice on two charges; one of burglary, the other of assault and battery with intent to kill." "Burglary—so—so—the watch and diamond cross were part of the plunder." "No; they were arrested last night in the act of breaking into a house in Bleeker street." "The word, 'silence' uttered in a tone of command by one of the officers in attendance, put an end to the conversation." "Mr. Masters," said the police justice, extending two slips of paper to the officer, here are warrants of committal for Andrew Williams and Hugh Simonson. You will see them duly executed." Owen Tracey left the police office and walked slowly toward the Park. He stopped at the door of a brick building in Beekman street, guarded by a formidable array of tin signs, painted and lettered with the names of gentlemen learned in the law. Entering the hall, he passed on to an office on the first floor in the rear of the house, and knocked at the door.

"Danger, my dear sir," said Mortimer, interrupting his associate; "read this paragraph in the money article of one of the morning papers." Owen Tracey read the extract pointed out by the broker with deep interest. "The stock of the Wexford Railroad Company is declining daily. This is one of the companies chartered by the Legislature of an adjoining State during the railroad mania which prevailed ten years ago. The region of country through which the road passes is by no means densely populated, and it is extremely doubtful whether it can be made to defray its ordinary expenses under the most favorable auspices. The administration of the present Board of Directors, has been such however, as to convince intelligent capitalists that the concern is fast approaching the period of total bankruptcy. A considerable portion of the money loaned by them for the completion of the road, has been lost through the imprudence of the Board, in making a temporary investment without adequate security. We see that attempts are making to force this stock upon the market at present prices. If it be only a contest between the bulls and the bears of Wall street, we feel no sympathy for the parties; but we trust no honest purchaser will embark his funds in the stock of this rickety company." It is now two years since the Wexford Railroad company has paid a dividend to the stockholders, and it is safe to prophesy that not one per cent will be paid out of the earnings of the company for five years to come.

equitably upon the division of the proceeds, at the close of the speculation." The stock-broker's suggestions received the hearty concurrence of the merchant. At the termination of this interview, the latter departed with a resolution to carry them immediately into effect. "One word in regard to the movements of Alfred Tracey after leaving the counting room of Messrs. Barstow and Rodman. He proceeded directly to his brother's residence in Third street. On arriving at the front entrance he was accosted by a young girl—no other than Jane Williams, the burglar's daughter. "Is this Mr. Tracey?" the girl inquired, timidly. "My name is Tracey," replied the young man. Jane Williams related, briefly, the circumstances of her mother's illness and her father's arrest, and implored Mr. Tracey to visit, her mother immediately. "And who is your mother, child?" said Alfred Tracey, scanning the figure of the girl. "The daughter of Charles Mountjoy." Alfred Tracey reflected an instant ere he asked, "Where do you reside?" "No—Orange street." "I will call upon your mother," said the young man to the girl. As he entered the hall he muttered to himself: "This offers a clue, perhaps, to another of my brother Owen's secrets. Charles Mountjoy, was the name, I recollect, of his early partner in business."

Trappists. There are several Trappist monasteries on the continent of Europe. One of the principal is in Belgium; and at that institution the discipline is very austere. The main principle of the Trappists appears to be a devotion of themselves to a mortifying and abstemious life; every thing approaching luxury or comfort being carefully avoided by them; and, indeed, discomfort and misery in all things being introduced into their habits. Their flannel shirt is changed but once in three weeks; they are shaved but once a month; they sleep on a straw mattress, with but a single blanket over them. Formerly they slept on bare planks, but the Pope, considering this part of their discipline too severe and injurious to their health, directed its discontinuance. No fires are allowed, even at this season of the year, in any part of the house, except in the kitchen, printing room, strangers' room, and in the ante-room of the refectory during dinner, to keep their messes warm, which last provision would appear to be somewhat inconsistent refinement. For seven months in the year, their only meal in each twenty four hours, except three ounces of bread in the evening, is a dinner at twelve, at which neither flesh, fish, nor fowl, is eaten. A pint of beer however, is allowed to each. During the remaining months, some small addition may be made to the three ounces of bread in the evening. With the exception of the two superiors, and those others of them whose duties positively require the permission, they are strictly forbidden to speak, either to each other or to strangers; not are private friendships permitted among them, or signs of kindly greeting or recognition from one to another. They have no private cells, but sleep together in two dormitories. They attend, in every twenty four hours, eight different ceremonies or services; the first taking place between two and four in the morning, the next at half past five, in the winter, and possibly earlier in the summer time. On special fast days, and at seasons of penitence, the number and length of these services are increased. They moreover fill up, with private prayers and meditations, every moment of which is not occupied by their regular duties and employments. No female allowed to set foot in the premises, except the poor women, who come to the place to beg provisions, are received in the chamber in the gate-house; where also, ladies accompanying visitors are admitted; but beyond this there is no passing for petitioners.

LORD KELLY had a parrot, which was famous as a singer, which, upon being asked to sing, replied: "I never sing on a Sunday!" "Never mind that, Poll, give us a hymn." "No, excuse me, I've a cold!" It is said that this remarkable bird performed the three verses of "God save the King"—words and music—without hesitation from beginning to end.—Southern Journal of Music.

Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

Errors of theologians.

One of the most glaring errors of which Theologians have been guilty, is that of selling indulgences; and that, too, so much cheaper than Catholicism. Old Tetzell when he went forth, commissioned by the Pope of Rome, with a drummer to call the people together, that he might sell indulgences to them and thus replenish the papal exchequer, asked a higher price, and touched the feelings of the people more than Theologians ever have. Tetzell pushed his hands down into the pockets of the people where their tenderest feelings lie. But all that Theologians ask for is a through ticket, on the express train that lands its passengers right in the center of eternal glory, in a prayer and a tear. It not only saves them from suffering to come, but it saves them from the consequences of all past crimes. It gives them a full pardon for past, present and future sins, no matter how filthy or how late they come, provided they do it just before they draw their last earthly breath, their next shall be a breath of heaven. And they back it up with authority from their miraculous book called the Bible, that they that come at the eleventh hour shall receive their penny, or just the same as those that have borne the heat and burden of the entire day.

This seems to the candid mind an unjust proposition, that he who labors only one hour shall receive the same compensation as he that labors twelve. But to a plan of salvation that starts out with the gross injustice, that the innocent shall suffer for the guilty, would not be likely to notice the small matter of compensation. But from their thousands of depots, that line their religious railroad, where they sell only through tickets to glory, comes forth the cry, that Spiritualists cut mankind loose from all moral responsibility, encourage their giving loose rein to their passions, and run riot in licentiousness.

Now this is an old theological lie and would not be worthy of notice were it not that the ignorant are deceived by it.

We, as Spiritualists, take the ground that all mankind are responsible in their intellectual, moral and physical natures, to the inherent laws of their being. That these laws are as immutable as God Himself, and there is no such thing as breaking or doing violence to these laws. But that we may come into a state of antagonism with these laws, and we be broken thereby, and what is more that there is no such thing as forgiveness; but every one must suffer the consequences of their own acts.

God never did forgive a sin; for as He is immutable, He, of course never will, theological teachings to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Theological insurance officers sell indulgences at the lowest kind of premiums. They say that mankind may lie, steal, swear, get drunk, rob, murder, in fact break every commandment in the decalogue, through the term of their natural lives, even down to death's door, if they shrink back from the grasp of their old King of Terrors just long enough to offer up one truly repentant prayer, and shed one real repentant tear, Jesus saves them from past, present and future condemnation, and God loves them just as well as though they had never done anything wicked.

The preacher goes into the cell of the murderer, converts him into a saint, and then Christians take him out and hang him. How it is that they get along with that saying of Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me," is more than we can tell. Nevertheless the young convert, the newborn Christian, must be hung. The preacher prays over him and that they send him to his eternal inheritance among the pure and holy. Now his robes are white, his hands bear the palm of victory, his brow is pressed by an immortal crown, and his voice helps to swell the music of the angel choir.

But where is the poor murdered one? In hell, lifting up the voice of wailing among the damned. The assassin's dagger was plunged home to his heart while he was soundly locked in the arms of sleep, and he had no time to say the prayer or shed the tear, hence, hell is his portion.

Johnathan Edwards said that "It should enhance the glory of the righteous as they gazed upon the foam-capped billows of hell rolling up, bearing the souls of the damned and hear their cries, 'How long, Oh, Lord, how long,' and the answer would be, 'To all eternity.'" Hence, that murderer is standing on the battlements of heaven whetting his appetite for eternal glory on the pains of that victim he sent to hell with his own murderous hands.

Legal Murder.

When in God and humanity's name will legal murdering cease? Victim after victim all over our land is given to the hangman's rope as though there were no value placed upon human life what, ever. It would seem as though the myriad streams of crimson gore that flowed like a mighty tide out of our late war were more than enough to satisfy every thing but an insatiable maw. At best this legal murdering is but a relic of barbarous ages, and the more it is adhered to, the more does it engender a spirit of bloodthirstiness in communities. If there is not sufficient civilization in our country to suppress this evil it would seem as though there should have been christianity enough to have corrected the error long ago. But sad to tell, it is the votaries that worship at the shrine of bogus Christianity that are the most strenuous supporters and abettors of the hangman's rope. Any one that has given a moment's thought to the subject cannot fail to come to the conclusion that the stretching of human necks with hemp is a favorite amusement of theirs. In fact they are but little better than a Ku Klux Klan legalized to prey upon their erring fellow men.

There is now lying in prison in the State of Pennsylvania a poor girl by the name of Hester Vaughn who is doomed to expiate her crime upon the scaffold. And what is her crime? The charge is infanticide. Is there any positive testimony against her? None whatever. But suppose that she did commit the deed are there no extenuating circumstances connected with the act that should excuse her? Just look at the matter a moment and see how it stands. Deceived by a heartless villain to suppose that she was legally married to him and when he had satisfied his hellish desires and produced a state of maternity, then forsook her, leaving her to the cold charity of strangers. Think for a moment of the anguish that must pierce her sorrowing heart when she realized her situation. And when the hour of her delivery came it found her all alone in her own room, none to assist or sympathize. Who can wonder that under the frenzy produced

by her excruciating parturition pains, added to all the rest, that she might intentionally or unintentionally have performed some act that put an end to the life of her babe. Eight and forty hours alone in that agony of despair, more horrible than a thousand deaths, and when found the babe was dead.

But you tell us that twelve men as a jury sat upon the case and they doomed her to die. Twelve men! "God save the mark." Twelve demons, if the court had been held in hell would have blushed with burning shame to have had such a charge laid at their door.

Where is Governor Geary who has the pardoning power, all this time? See him as he winks and blinks with owl-like dignity, now on this side, now on the other, now on the top of the fence waiting to see which will be the most popular, to hang the poor girl or not.

In the case of Mr. Cole, in the State of New York, the plea of insanity was far-fetched and strongly enforced to excuse him for shooting down his wife's paramour. But a graceless scoundrel may force a poor innocent girl, seduce her and force an unwelcome maternity upon her and then abandon her and if she dare do anything that has the appearance of crime, the bull dogs of the church and the law are let loose upon her to howl their religious and legal platitudes over her trembling form while her seducer goes unwhipped of justice until he numbers his victims by scores.

The Pulpit.

[From the Plymouth Pulpit.]

Suffering, the Measure of Worth.

A Sermon delivered by Henry Ward Beecher, Sunday Morning, January 31, 1860.

"And though thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died? But when ye sin against the brethren, and wound their weak consciences, ye sin against Christ."—1 Cor. viii. 11-12.

This is the exact state of facts which is recurring in every age, and which, from the very nature of human society and of the human mind, must continually recur. Men in the beginning are educated largely by rules or by symbols; and this kind of instruction, though necessary from the nature of man, always involves more or less of limitation and of error. And as men rise in the scale, there will always be those who will shoot faster forward, and discern principles instead of rules, and will, therefore, be in a condition to drop a thousand instruments that are concerned in right living, while they hold on to the substantial spirit of right living. But while they are doing this, they are obliged to do it in the presence and under the interpretation of those that are lower than they are. A man all his life long has a superstitious notion regarding certain observances, which, when he comes to the twenty-five or thirty years of age, he sees that he may dispense with; that they were mere instruments; that there was no sanctity in them, though there was some use.

But those that are below him, and round about him, have a superstitious feeling with respect to these things; and his example is very apt, not so much to enlighten them, as to shock; and they are led to feel that there is no wrong in certain things which before they always supposed to be wrong; that things are right, which to them are not right. And the apostle lays down this rule: That it is a poor use to make of one's superior intelligence, and the liberty that goes with it, to set such an example as leads men to stumble to their hurt; as misleads their weaker judgment. And he goes on to instance, in the latter part of the chapter which I read in the opening service, how he took the sum total of his manhood, and refused to use it for himself, according to his own perceptions—according to the high scale on which he saw the truth. He made himself anything and everything to his fellow-men. If he was with the Jews, he would not violate their prejudices. He preferred to conform to them in things that were not absolutely an influence upon them. When he went out from among them to the Gentiles—who had no such institutions, ordinances, and notions as the Jews had, but who had a certain sort of natural theology, he assumed their ground; but there was no inconsistency in him; for there was some truth in it. There is something of truth in everything for truth is every thing. And wherever he went, he made himself all things to all men; because the business of his life was to save men, to do good to men.

In this case, a man has taken the notion that the meat which has once been offered before an idol has received no moral taint, and is changed in no way. He therefore sits down and eats such meat. At the same time he understands that he is not worshipping a god, or giving his assent to this pagan principle. But some weak brother, seeing and knowing it, says, "He eats that meat for an idol, and thinks it right to worship an idol; and he goes in and eats the meat and worships the idol." And under such circumstances Paul says, "Your knowledge misleads him. You act from an interior set of motives, and he interprets your action according to the motives which act upon him; and so he misjudges you. But you have no right to make your superior excellence."

"This is the view which we are very apt to lose sight of, and the more because there is a view. Men say, and say rightly, 'If you never were to go faster and further than the ignorant and the prejudices of your fellow-men, society could never rise.' If a man is enlightened, he must do something to enlighten other men."—That is true, and just as true as the other. But these things are to be carried on together. It is only another illustration of the universal fact that all truths are in opposition, in opposite pairs. We have, in one way or another, to pull men up from a lower to a higher degree of knowledge, and character, and activity; and yet we are to do it all the time with our eye and heart sensitive to this thing, that we are not to go faster than other men, or in such ways as to snare them into doing things that are wrong.—We are not, by our liberty or by our superior knowledge, to imperil them. So much for the introduction of the subject.

The thing for which I selected this text is the phrase, "For whom Christ died." Therein is the key-note of value. "Through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish." The "weak brother" is not of much value in himself; but he is made valuable by the fact that Christ died for him. Christ's suffering for him is the measure of his value.

This doctrine of Christ's suffering has stirred the human mind with incessant activity, and opened illimitable ranges of thought in many directions; but it is not exhausted yet. Why must he suffer? What was the nature of the suffering? Is it possible for the divine to suffer? Was it not merely human nature that suffered? Did the sufferings of Christ act upon the divine policy? or upon the heavenly intelligence? or upon the human race? Were the sufferings of Christ a literal assumption, measure for measure, of anticipated human suffering? Did his suffering solve unrevealed & doubtful of administration?

These largely forensic questions have drawn out the heart and the reason of the Christian

world, and rendered them extraordinarily productive. The opinions have been exceedingly diverse, exceedingly combative, and exceedingly divisive.

Again, on the most precious point of the life of Christ, his garment has been divided, and almost endlessly; but there is one view of the suffering and death of Christ which has always been fruitful of good, and which can hardly be too much insisted upon. Leaving these other and more accustomed discussions in respect to the sufferings of Christ, I purpose to call your attention to this view. I mean the moral effect which the suffering of Christ has had in determining the value and the dignity of human nature. Christ's death for all mankind has inspired the imagination and the understanding of the world with a humanity, a justice, a considerate and active pity, which could hardly have sprung from any other source or view.

Suffering, in its most comprehensive sense, is universally accepted as the measure of value which one puts upon an object. By suffering I do not mean simply pain; but care, labor, time and endeavor. How much of themselves men will give for one another, measures the worth in which that other is held. "I love you," may mean only, "you are my plaything." To say, "I love you," may mean only, "I love myself." But they that love truly, love under conditions in which they will be willing to give themselves for the object loved; and how much they esteem, value, love, is measured by what they are willing to suffer. A man may love another without being obliged to suffer for him. That is, there may be no necessity for putting the strength of his love to a test. But if one is brought into these circumstances, where is his affection? In other words, how much of one's self one will part with for another, indicates the value put upon that other. True love will give up for another's sake time and convenience. It will forsake its own courses to take on care and activity for that of another. It will continue to do this through long periods. It employs reason, moral sense, affection, and, in short, all the greater forces of its being, for the sake of that friend. It will, as it were, stop the flow of life in the channels of one's own being, and pour it into the life of another, to give him pleasure, power, honor, and happiness. And when, in some great emergency, all this will not avail, and nothing will do but to yield up the very substance of secular life, then love, in the glory of its power, goes to death as to the consummation of itself, and leaves a witness to itself which all mankind can recognize.

For it is the universal instinct, and judgment as well, that greater love than this can no man show, that he lay down his life for a friend.

Even when this is the fruit of instinct, it is impressive. The bear that dies defending its cubs, who does not admire it? The elephant that puts itself between the hunter and its grotesque little calf, bristling with spears all over thrust into its hide, and marking every footstep with blood—who can do other than admire it? The bound that pines and dies on its master's grave—can any human being see it unmoved? The little sparrow that fights the hawk and owl, not for itself but for its nest—who but admires the bravery of the little hero? One must be heartless indeed, to feel no admiration for these; fidelities of love, where love, after all, is but an instinct, and not a rational judgment.

But how much more when one's love and suffering spring from the perception of excellence in an object loved? The greater the nature that suffers, the higher is the estimate which his example gives of the value of that for which he suffers. And by this analogue, the suffering and sacrifice of a Divine Being carries out the witness to its utmost conceivable extent. For it was supposed that God was manifest in the flesh, and that he meant his living, passion, and death to be the measure of his judgment of the value of mankind. What must be the testimony and the force brought to the value of man by such a Being's suffering?

We see at once a new element in the hands of the apostles after this testimony of the Master. No sooner was he gone up, than they began to preach that man was valuable on account of what Christ had suffered for him. A man for whom Christ died became a very different creature in imagination from a man before Christ had died for him. The fact that Christ had died for a man built bulwarks round about him, and made him worth respecting, if he was weak. It laid a shield before him, and made it worth while to keep him unpersecuted by temptation or by rude assault. Though he was ignoble and unknown, it was the mysterious power of this testimony of his greatest each individual of the whole human family, that he was in his sight of such value that he was suffering for and worth doing for. It was this that gave man his true position in history, and gives him his true dignity and his true position now.

Although we have but begun to read this lesson, it is indispensable for all the purposes of instruction derived from this view that we should reflect that our Saviour died for the whole world. It was not simply because he despised pride and luxury that he refused to be counted with the rich in life; it was not alone because he did not believe in dynasties; it was a part of his life's work to bear a testimony, not so much to individuals as to the race. He died for the world—not for those that then dwelt upon the earth, but for the whole human family in its entirety—in its whole historical development. Christ died to bear testimony to the worth that there was in mankind. Any man that is intrinsically of such dignity, scope, value, that he is to be measured by nothing so worthily as by the love, the sufferings and the death of his God.

This suffering was not founded, either, upon man's character. It would be a testimony to the value of good character if Christ had come to die for it; but that was the very point of conflict between him and the Pharisees. They held that Christ, as the divine Teacher, ought to suffer and identify himself with them; but he most scornfully rejected that, and said, "I did not come to seek the righteous; I came to call sinners to repentance." Not simply because they were in peril, but because the testimony that he was bearing to mankind required that he should not identify himself with a peculiar class, and that he should not on that account identify himself with character. For he who identifies himself with character in this world ere long will be borne into a class. Our Master, therefore, says, "I died for the ungodly; for the righteous; for my enemies. I came to give my life for the lowest and the worst men." He more sharply than any other being that ever dwelt on the earth discriminated between good character and bad character, and gave emphasis to the value of goodness, and heaped up terrible woes against wickedness, and made awful threats of its doom. Yet there was something behind character to which Christ was bearing witness, and that was the abstract original value which inheres in what we call human life—human being.

The death of Christ is a testimony to the value of man in his very substance, if I may so say; so that the least and the lowest, the most undeveloped, have the essence of value in them. The Hottentot, the Nootka Sound Indian, the most degraded African tribes, the lowest races of men about which philosophers calmly and coolly talk as to whether they are men or monkeys sprouted in the hot-bed of extreme civilization, and growing a little wiser—these have their value. Of the whole human family, in all its diversities, there is this testimony—Christ died for them. You

may separate men from each other by the shape of their heels; you may separate them by the peculiarity of their hair or the color of their skin; you may separate them by some trifling variation of bone structure; but there is no difference between one race and another in this—that every one of them has reason, and its special faculties; the imagination, and its special relations; the moral sense, and its special developments. The original elements are traceable in every human being; in every tribe upon the globe, however low, and undeveloped it may be. The rudiments of every faculty that the highest have are in all, and identify them as one great brotherhood; and for all, however despised, however degraded, however worthless in political economy they may be, there is this testimony, which stands silently through the ages—Christ died for them; and death, as the highest exposition of suffering, was the measure of value, as well as the measure of love.

Let us look, then, after this annunciation of the principle, at the effect which this fact has of determining man's place, his rights, and his worth.

Consider, first, what the world's way of estimation has been in judging men. We estimate men's value by measuring their power. Earliest, men measure physical power. They are the great men who are strong, and courageous without. Men who had strength, and capacity to use the strength, were the first heroes, the first leaders, the first legislators, the first demigods and demicivils. Next came men that were fruitful, effect-producing in the next higher range of faculties—not in the physical elements, but in the civic and the social elements, till they reached to what is called "civilization," where we stand ourselves. And now the habit of society is to classify men into relative ranks of value by the effects which they are able to produce and exhibit. The man that produces the most effects is considered the most of a man; and insensibly we have slid into the idea, that whomsoever we can not do anything is not any thing; that a man's value lies in his productive power. In other words, because this is a truth in the range of political economy, we have adopted it as the sole measure of men. Because we measure men rightly by this principle in their relations to human society; because we rightly apply this principle in estimating their value to society organizations, we have come to think that men are valuable only by what they are worth to society. Therefore, when a great man dies, men say, "The world has met with a great loss." It has met with a much greater loss than if a poor man had died. If a poor man dies, men say, "The world has one less incumbrance." Regarding this world as a mere organization of secular society, that, too, is true; but behind the pauper's uselessness, deeper than the question of his effect-producing power, there is a human nature. There is something in every man—the lowest and the least. If he can not weave, if he can not forge; if he can not shove the plane, or hold the wheel or the helm; if he can not paint nor write; if he can not reason with philosophy nor adorn with art, even as he almost torpid, there is a substance in him. He is the rich and old of the mountain. And that is in itself absolutely the most valuable thing that there is on earth. The dog that hunts well is better than a paper that does not do any thing, in the estimation of men. A horse that is worth fifty thousand dollars in the market has more honor as well as more care bestowed on him than a man that can neither turn at the lathe, nor work at the alembic, nor speak, nor do any thing that is regarded as useful. We judge men by this standard of political economy—by what they can do, and what they are worth; and when men contrast them even with the brute animals, their enthusiasm rises higher for these dumb creatures than for their fellow men. There is no such contempt on the globe for any thing as man has for man. If a trite can do nothing, they are regarded as contemptuously worthless. If a race are not able to hold their own against aggressive races, people say, "It is a pity that there should be any cruelty; but what else could you expect? There is no way but that they should be swept from the face of the earth. They must all go." Nations of men that are dull, that are gentle, and kind—the Chinese, for instance, who are not aggressive—with what superlative contempt we have looked upon them! In many respects they are more ingenious and skillful than we are, and yet what a pagan Anglo-Saxon spirit has gone out from us in respect to them! We are pagan in our notions. Our law is a law of power. He that has power is princely, and he that is weak is a fool, in our estimate of ourselves.

We need therefore to go back to this testimony of our Master's example, who came not to make the prince more authoritative; who came not to make the philosopher more widely influential; who came not to make the rich man more an object of admiration; who came not to make the laborious and productive man more eminent; but who came by his suffering and death to bear a testimony of that element in human nature which every man has like every other. The king and the pauper; the great and the small; the strong and the weak; the good and the bad—God causes his sun to rise on the one and the other; and the death of Christ is a testimony to the one as well as the other, that the original, fundamental, inherent elements of human nature are of transcendent value in the sight of God. He despises no man. Man it is that despises his fellow-man if he is not a creature of power and productivity.

Thus it is that we classify society in our thought. When you think of society, you think of its influential parts. When you think of country, and are proud of your race, and of your people, it is the strong ones that subtly affect your imagination and your judgment. There are very few men who carry their thought and their sympathy to the weak, the poor, the outcast, the neglected. It was our Saviour that did that; and oh! how few there are that have learned yet even to understand—still less to imitate!

There is, then, this substratum of value in human nature. It is independent of character, independent of education, independent of what it can do, arising from what inherently it is—from its absolute universal value. And the testimony of that great fact is, Christ died for the ungodly. And there can be no estimate of value like that which is evinced by willingness to die for another.

This view dimly interprets, also, the future. For if men may not be estimated by what they can do here, we more than suspect that it must arise from the fact that the potential relations of men are not all developed here, and that they are creatures of another latitude, of another summer, with another chance, in other spheres. It is more than dimly intimated that man lives again. That is "brought to light." And from the treatment which we perceive that our Saviour administered to the bad, to the evil, in this world—to men whose lives had been wasted here—we can not but gather a sense of the value of men that inheres in those relations which are yet to take hold of higher realms, and to become more fruitful.

It is not for me to say, here, whether in the great experiment which we are now making, we are making all of our experiment. I merely point to the general fact that a man in the lowest conditions here is not the man that he is to be; and that when you have measured him, and weighed him, and ascertained just what he is worth to his family, to his nation, to his industry of the world, or to its affections or moral

elements, you have not estimated what his value is. You have no estimate of what his worth in the kingdom that is yet to come. He has befogged him another world, another orb, another climate; and we are told solemnly by our Saviour that the men who are worth the most, and are the most honored, the most regarded, here, will be worth the least there. "The first shall be last," we are told, and "the last shall be first." Therefore I believe that there is many an obscure and outcast race, that there is many a class in society, that there are individuals innumerable, whom men scarcely deign to notice, but who, when they come to take hold upon the other life, and when the relations which they sustain to that spiritual realm come to be known, will lift themselves mightily above all others. In measuring men by what they are worth to us here, we measure, we under-estimate, in every conceivable way, leaving out of sight the blossoming period which is to come hereafter.

There are many of the plants of our northern summer which come up quickly, which rush to their flowering periods, and which exceedingly well; but they are coarse, and they are rank that. And there are many seeds that I plant by the side of them every spring which, in the first summer only grow a few leaves high. There is not sun enough in our hemisphere, nor heat enough in the bosom of my soil, to make them do what it is in them to do. But if I take them and put them in some sheltered hot-house, and give them the copious growth of autumn and winter, and then again, when June begins to burn in the next summer, put them out once more, they gather strength by this second planting, and lift up their arms, and spread out the abundance of their blossoms, and are the pride and glory of the spring. The plants that grew quickest the year before, are now called weeds by their side. And I don't not that there is many a man who rushes up to a rank growth in the soil of this world, and of whom men say, "That is a great man," but there are many starvings, poor, feeble and effectless creatures in this world who will be carried safely on and up, and rooted in a better climate; and then, lifting up their whole nature, they will come out into that glorious summer of fervent love in heaven, where they will be more majestic, more transcendently beautiful in blossoms, and more exquisitely sweet in fruit, than those who so far surpass them here. "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last."

Do not despise men that are less than you are. Do not undervalue men because they are not of much account in this world. A man may be a very good man if he is not a carpenter; if he does not know how to wield the hand of skill. A man may not be able to make money, and yet he may be rich. A man may not have the power to generate thoughts here; but by and by he will. Birds do not sing the moment they are out of their shell. They must have a season in which to learn to sing. And men do not untold their true natures, or sing their best songs, many of them, in this world. There is another world beyond; and there is no man that has appearances so much against him in this world that you can afford to despise him, or feel contempt for him, or regard him as worthless. That term worthless, applied to unaccomplishing weakness, in this world, is pagan.

Next, let us point out, with some degree of particularity, the effects which this doctrine, so far opened, will have upon our feelings, our conduct, and our relations to our fellow men.

Let us assume that we have come into the full sympathy of Christ's doctrine, and that we have learned to measure man's value as he did. Or, not being able to see it as he did, let us suppose that we are in full possession of the Christian feeling—Christ died for that man. When we meet a man, now, how seldom does any other thought arise in our mind than of his physiological structure, of his age, of his comeliness, and of his relation to society. Unconsciously, as we pass men, we look at their garb, at their port and movement, at their face; we study them altogether in the light of their lower education; in the light of this world. How seldom, looking at a man, does the thought come into our mind, "Christ died for him!" We think men to be worthy of our praise and our attention if they have some intrinsic value. But we believe in Christ Jesus, and have his word in our hand, or volubly upon our lips, every day behold men; and the highest relationship, the one salient feature that belongs to human life is the very one that we almost never think of—namely, Christ died for them.

No man but a Christian can enter into this spirit; and all Christians do not. That large sympathy with human nature which comes with fellowship with Christ's feeling; that rising of your spirit until you come to the stand point from which Christ, looking upon the human race, says of every one of them, "They are so valuable, poor and weak as they are, that they are worth my thought, my care, my suffering, and my very death." And yet, how few Christian men there are that have any such valuation of human nature! If, however, one has it, it will be a powerful restraint upon lawless liberty, and will bring him into such universal sympathy with all his fellow-men, that, at the sacrifice of his own convenience and his own rights, it will be a privilege and a pleasure for him to serve them.

Some men, if they are called deliberately to give up their rights, never can forget it. It is a solitary thing, it may be, that they are called to give up, which causes them a severe struggle; and the circumstance is emphasized in the journal of experience. If they are caught, for instance, and compelled to give, or to yield for another's sake, they will say, "I know what it is to give up my rights for another; for I had a singular one, and did it." Have you ever seen a miser, in some unexpected moment, betrayed into a charity? He is amazed at himself after it is over; and he recounts the fact again and again. "Give?" he says, "yes, I did give once. I know what it is to give." He tells it scores and scores of times. It is, like an old man's worn-out stories, repeated, repeated, repeated. So that that which ought to be the easy carriage of a noble man's nature, becomes, after all, the special, exceptional, and much-praised single instance.

If I look upon my fellow men as being all that they ought to be; if I consider myself at liberty to measure them by their moral development, by their intellectual development, or by their social development; if I feel myself at liberty to look upon them and classify them in this sphere, I go on the theory that we are all scrambling for development, that every body is trying to develop himself, and that the law of development is, that in the struggle of life the weak must go under to the strong. And so men go through life, saying, "I will take care of myself, and you must take care of yourself," and they feel that they have a right to go through life thus.

Now, can any man that has the first element of Christ's spirit in him so look upon his fellow-men? Can any one who has drunk deeply of the spirit of the Master, refuse to accept the injunction of the apostle, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak"? Is it as if a strong swimmer should turn back and lend a helping hand to buoy up and lift across the flood one that was weaker or less able to swim than himself. We have no right to disregard, much less to hinder, the welfare of any human being. Have I a right to go tramp, tramp, tramp, according to the law of my physical strength, among little children? If I am where-

they are, I am bound to walk as not to tread upon the neck of others. If I have had better privileges than others, and have come to conclusions which they cannot understand, have I a right to scatter those skeptical notions through society? I say skeptical notions, because advanced notions are to those whose notions are behind them always skeptical. Has a man a right to take any theory of life which is in advance of the theories of his time, and which may be a safe theory five hundred years hence, and promulgate it among men who are not sufficiently developed to comprehend it? A man is bound to hold his knowledge, his conscience, his affections, his pleasures, his privileges, his influence, subject to this great law, "Christ died for men, and I must live for men, and restrain my power, and forego my rights even for their sake. There is nothing on earth that ought to be so sacred to me. Myself should not be more sacred to myself than is that human being for whom Christ died." But how paganism yet lingers in us! How we love to lash with our tongue men that do not believe as we do! We love to specify different gradations and classifications of men, and indulge in contemptuous remarks concerning them! And yet, there is not a man born in Ireland, or in France, or in Italy, or among the Russians, or in Ethiopia, or in Caffaria, on whom God does not look every day, and say, "I died for him." There is not a human being who has not stamped on him the image and superscription of the dying God. And what right have I to impugn him, or treat him with contempt? What right have I to walk over him in my liberty, real or fancied? What right have I to tyrannize by my superiority over any man for whom Christ died? Any estimate of man which is founded upon this fact that Christ died for him, will destroy at the very root the practice and the principle of using him, in the offensive sense of the term used.

We have a right to employ men, of course. All the relations of life are based on industrial inter-employment—and I do not object to that; but there is a habit which prevails in society of thinking that a man has a right to just so much of his fellow-men as he is able to extract from them. A man says, "Look out! I have the power of combinations. Here is this great community. They are mere wittlings. I will lay my plans, and they will suck out that man's substance, and that man's. I will do it in legitimate ways; and so long as the ways are legitimate, it does not matter to me what becomes of the men themselves. They are poor sticks, and if I destroy five hundred of them in getting rich, I cannot help it. I am strong enough; and if I do not do anything that is wrong, I have a perfect right to use them. A man employs a hundred laborers in his factory, and instead of using his superior skill and talents, he keeps them down to the lowest condition, in order that he may make the greatest use of them. He does not recognize any brotherhood as existing between him and them, or any obligation on his part to nourish them out of his abundance. But that great law of fellowship which knits every man to every other man on the globe says not only, "Thou art his brother," but, "Thou art responsible for his well as well as thine own. Thou shalt not in any wise harm him, or suffer him to be harmed by any cause which thou canst restrain—certainly not by any plans of thine own. Thou shalt look upon every human being as a part of thyself, and as a part of thy God."

Would it not stop a great many operations of society if this law should become a part of orthodoxy? Now, a man may fleece a hundred men during the week, and wipe his mouth, and take the communion on Sunday, and nobody thinks that there is any violation of good fellowship or of orthodoxy. A man applies for admission into the church, and he is examined. The question is asked him, "Do you believe in the Trinity?" He says, "Well, it is so vast a subject that I have had my mind staggered in the contemplation of it, and I really do not understand God." "Do not understand him?" exclaims the committee. "Brethren, this thing must be looked into. It is a fatal defect. If he is loose there, he is loose all the way through. You must be held over to another communion, that we may have time to examine you farther. What do I believe in the fundamental doctrine of the Trinity and Godhead?" Let the next candidate come up. He has lived in the Catechism. He believes it from beginning to end. He would believe in a hundred gods if it were necessary! He believes in total depravity; he believes in the doctrine of the Holy Spirit; he believes in baptism; he believes in all the ordinances; he believes in anything that you want him to believe in—and he seems to wait for more! He goes into the church; and people say, "Ah! that is the kind of confession. I like a man that is really well-informed, and that acquits himself well." And that man goes to-morrow, and lays his plans, knowing that they will run down this poor widow's estate; knowing that they will ruin a dozen young men who are struggling on the threshold of life for the liberty to get food. He goes as an elephant would go through a foundling hospital, never looking where he steps, and without any consciousness that he is bound to give any heed to the infantile creatures among which he stalks. He crushes one here and another there, saying, "I must take care of Number One; and if you would do as I do, you would get along all right." He has no sense of the obligations of humanity. He would not put a pin into a man—not at all; but he would put a *plum* into him, and pierce him to the heart. He would not put his hands into a man's pocket; but he would take stocks in the street, and influence them in such a way as to destroy five hundred men, without even crying, "Stand firm under!" He goes through life making his commercial power the means of tripping men up to their ruin.

Such men are up to no good—they are *confusers*. They are not men who are working in society to increase embodied thought or skill. They are not men who are building up the community in any way. They are men that use men. "In allowable ways," it is said. Allowable? Yes, so far as cold law is concerned; but the man that hugs the law hugs damnation! The law? Do you suppose that the law can ever be enough to measure honor? Can it ever be more than enough to mark its curse features? A man that does not live higher than the law, a man that has not more truth, more honesty, more purity, than the law requires, is secretly fit to be ranked among our follow-men. And shall a man, all his life long, in the spirit and temper of his mind, be as a vintner who plucks grapes that he may crush them and extract the wine and put it in his cellar? Shall a man pluck his fellow men, and squeeze their blood out of their veins that he may make his own prosperity? There are such men, who believe in the Trinity, in the Holy Ghost, in the church, in baptism, in the Lord's Supper, in every thing that they can think of, and in every thing that they ever heard about, pretty much, except that Christ died for sinners, and that sinners are unspcakably precious because Christ died for them. Wee beto that inhumanity which nestles in the heart of orthodoxy! If a man does not love his brother, do you believe that he loves God? I do not.

This is one of the most precious of doctrines to those that look and long for a better period of the world. It was almost the only thing that we could urge when slavery rent our land; when it was habitually told us that the slave was not a man—at any rate, that he was so low that the only condition in which he could profitably exist was this condition of circumscription.

Because he was so low, he must not learn to read. Because he was so low, he must not learn the sacredness of marriage. Because he was so low, he must not learn to own or be permitted to control property. Because he was so low, the power of locomotion was taken from him. Because he was so low, he was stripped of every higher function. And in order to make their paganism more hideous, men enshrined it in the statute-books of the nation that the slave was a creature that had no rights; that he was a chattel! And against this nefarious doctrine what had we to oppose? Here were these men of different hair, and different features, and a different colored skin, and of a low degree of civilization; and we had but this to oppose to the efforts of men to keep them in a state of degradation—"Christ died for every one of them." To every old mother nurse that prayed and wept for her scattered family; to every old grey-haired saint that trusted in Christ; to every young man or maiden in anguish that looked up and cried, "Lord remember me," the only argument we could give was, "Christ died for you." The single strand that held against the storms of avarice, and against the fire of their lusts, was the single argument, "For these Christ died." And that held; and the most wonderful change toward regeneration that the world ever saw has taken place, I think, by the simple operation of the great law, "A man for whom Christ died is of unspeakable value."

And what have we now for the weak races? I see how commerce is extending, and how open communication is bringing all the countries of the world together. I see how this land is going to be the battle-field of the world in respect to these great oppressions. I perceive that the weaker races are coming among us; as, for instance, the hordes of Chinamen that are swarming our western borders. I perceive that we are to have here the uncultivated of every nation on the globe. And I perceive that there are men of a hard heart and an iron shod foot, who are preparing to tread these people down, and deny them their rights. And I take my stand by the side of every weak creature, whatever his nationality may be, and I say, "For him Christ died." Take him; respect him; educate him. Let him have a chance. Let no man despoil him. Keep the vulture from him. Bend down arrogant pride, and let no combination of men tyrannize over him. He is the babe of providence. He is the infant of ages. Give men at the bottom a chance to come up. Shall the world forever roll with the same disastrous experiments? Shall the strong be made stronger by grinding the weak, and pouring out their blood? When shall we learn that the nature makes the weak suffer for the strong, grace and God reverse it, and make it the duty of the strong to suffer for the weak? God, the highest, bowed his head, and came upon the earth, and suffered for the weakest and the worst. There is the law of heaven; the law of the ages; the law of the universe.

Christian brethren, we must arm ourselves betimes. The seeds of a better public sentiment must be sown. Then let no man be discouraged because he is laboring in humble circumstances; because he is laboring with a very much neglected class; because he spends a great many precious hours on most unpromising materials. There is no material in this world that is unpromising. The fundamental value of human life is such that you can not pick amiss. For, though some will disclose what you do in the world quicker than others; yet there is no one toward whom you can show the spirit of Christian brotherhood and fidelity, that you will not meet by and by, where you will see that you have worked better than you knew.

I have heard of somnambulists that rose in the night and sat themselves down at their easel, and painted with that mystic fidelity and skill which belongs to abnormal, or rather unknown, conditions of power. And when the morning light came, they rose and looked upon their easel and said, "Who hath wrought this? It was their own work in the hours of the unknown night; and in the morning they beheld it and marvelled." My dear brethren, you are somnambulists, walking in this darkness of a vale; and you, by every touch that you put upon the poor and needy and weak, are working out a portrait; and when the bright morning of the resurrection comes, you will be struck with amazement, and will say, "Who hath wrought this?" And with ineffable joy Christ shall say, "This is your art, taught of me, copied from my love, inspired by my fidelity; and inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Every single tear, every single prayer, every single act of fidelity which you have bestowed upon the weak and the poor, you will see rising and making the character of Christ; and the glory of God more eminent; and God will say, "Ye did it unto me."

Work on; be patient; be believing; hope, hope to the end; and then go to your reward.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Let us Alone.
BY DEAN CLARK.

"Let us alone; what have we to do with thee thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us?"—LUKE IX. 34.

Reform means a change of existing conditions and relations, a transformation of relations from a false, and an unnatural basis to a true, natural position, in relation to the wants or demands of the individual, the state or the nation. All true reforms must be *radical* in their nature; i. e., they must begin at the *root* of the evils to be corrected, and if necessary, must extirpate root, body, and branch of the noisome vices that grow out of the perverted conditions of human society.

The first work of every reformatory movement is iconoclastic, must inevitably be aggressive, for the false, the effete, the corrupt ideas and institutions that cumber the ground, must be demolished and removed, ere a new order of things can be established.

No true reform can be effected without both destruction and reconstruction; yet the work of destruction involves only the form, and not the substance of existing systems; for there are elements in the composition of every human institution, that are not only indestructible, but also indispensable for building anew the fabric of society. Hence it may be truly said of the devastating work incipient to all reform.

"'Tis but the rath of the bad,
The weating of the wrong and ill;
What ev' of good the old time had
Is living still."

So natural is it for mankind to cling to that which is old and familiar. So long have they been taught to venerate the past; and to look backward instead of forward for perfection, that it is no marvel to a philosophic mind to see with what blind devotion and tenacity the masses adhere to the fossilized forms, and conservative systems of the past.

It is much easier to jog along in the old beaten path, or to follow the groove made by the "wheels of progress," during past revolutionary movements, that few have stamina, or moral courage enough to depart from the customary paths, and boldly strike out into untrodden fields, to explore new regions, and hew out some other highways for future generations to traverse.

So when a reformer comes into the field, and commences his work by showing the inconsistencies, and fallacies of social, political, and religious systems, the ire of Rip Van Winkles whose ease and self-interest are involved in the scheme assailed, is at once aroused, and the cry, "Let us alone," is the general protest from those who fear that their long repose is to be disturbed by the awakening thunders of a revolution.

Socrates paid the forfeit of his life for daring to question the sanctity and validity of the current doctrines of his time.

Jesus died a martyr, for exposing the false doctrines and hypocrisy of the Jewish Church, and not only "demons" from Hades, who had "obsessed" some unfortunate medium, cried out, "Let us alone." * * * Art thou come to destroy us?" but the devils of selfishness, aristocracy, and bigotry embodied in the Sanhedrim and High Priesthood, were incensed against him, and with one voice shouted, "Away with him, crucify him, crucify him."

So when Luther was aroused to duty by the thunders of the Vatican, and commenced his bold assaults upon the stronghold of combined political and religious despotism, when he exposed the corruption and usurpations of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, and commenced a Reformation, whose issues have not yet culminated, with one united voice the devotees, to the Church, cried out, "Let us alone," but the heroic Reformer defied their power, and the spirit of Protestantism incarnated in Luther, became the inspiration of all succeeding struggles against tyranny.

Further down the line of historic events, came another reformer, whose name like that of Jesus, which while on earth, was coupled with that of the theologic Devil. When prompted by a love of truth, and of his fellow men, he exposed the errors of the religious and political world, and supported his positions by incontrovertible proof drawn from their own authorities, he was assailed by a storm of wrath, which not only said "Let us alone," but which vented itself in the vilest slanders, that priestly depravity could invent.

But the heroic spirit of Thomas Paine would not "let alone," the gigantic errors of the theologic world, but he smote the hoary monster of superstition till its strength was palsied, and a mortal wound inflicted.

Still down the current of time, sailed the "ark of safety," named Progress, freighted with the nations, arranged in the order of their advancement, with the American at the prow—till at length the crew were startled with the glad shout of "Land, Ho," coming from an obscure youth who had mysteriously ascended to the mast-head, and caught the first glimpse of the Summer-land, as it glimmered through the mists that had enshrouded it.

Soon this adventurous youth descended among the people, and told what he had seen, and commenced to show them the mistakes on their charts, through which they had been befogged, and pointed out the stupidity of their pilots that had so often grounded them upon shoals, but mistaking him for a deceiver, and regarding him as an interloper, they cried out, "Let us alone," the bible is our infallible chart, our creed is our compass, Jesus is the "Captain of our salvation," and the Priesthood are our pilots and helmsmen, therefore "what have we to do with thee? Art thou come to destroy us?"

Such was the reception of A. J. Davis, the John the Baptist of the New Dispensation, when with the same spirit of love for truth and humanity, that prompted Jesus to teach new doctrines, and expose the errors of the old, he gave to the world the grandest compendium of scientific and spiritual truth, it had ever received.

And when the heavens were opened, and the "Holy Spirit," came, as he had foretold, descending upon the Sons and Daughters of God as a beautiful dove of peace and good will; when the Angels of Deliverance came "to cast out demons; heal the sick; open the eyes of the blind; and preach the gospel," of liberty, justice, love, and truth, then again the "demons" of ignorance, superstition, self righteousness and bigotry, that love the darkness of old theology, in which they dwell, better than the light of spiritual truth, which exposes their ugliness, began the old cry of "Let us alone."

But the heroic spirits, that have declared war against error and wrong, heed not the cry, but with authority and power to enforce it, they command these "demons of darkness," to "come out" of those whom they "possess," and let in the light of truth that maketh its recipient free.

In vain are all the efforts of those who would for selfish purposes, blot out of the moral heavens, the rising sun of the new era of spiritual liberty that has now dawned, upon those who are praying for light, more light, for though—

"They may veil their eyes,
But they cannot hide,
The sun's meridian glow,
The heel of a priest may tread you down,
And a tyrant work you woe,
But never a truth has been destroyed,
They may curse and call it crime,
Pervert and betray, and slander and slay,
Its teachers for a time,
But the sunbeams eye,
Shall light the sky,
As round and round we run,
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

Aye, the "Destroying Angels," that are now at work, cannot be cajoled by flattery, nor intimidated by threats, nor stayed by protests, but will continue their labor till every wrong is righted, every error corrected, every despotism destroyed, and universal justice, liberty and love are established upon foundations never to be shaken.

Correspondence in Brief.

Extract from a letter by F. A. Logan, Mankato, Minnesota, February 23, 1869:

"Our quarterly meeting has passed, with but small attendance from abroad. The reason of which, we suppose occurred from the unusual depth of snow and extreme cold weather. Only two lecturers were in attendance, F. A. Logan, and Lois Walsbrook, but the audience listened with undivided attention to their inspired utterances. We held a circle in the Hall upon the close of the quarterly meeting on Sunday evening, and over fifty persons sat in it with hands joined and with closed eyes. The most wonderful manifestation I ever witnessed was given. Perfect silence reigned. Not a breath or a movement of a hand or foot; for a few moments, thrilled us with the fact that all power is silent; and I believe that the impetus given to each individual in that time, was to live harmoniously with themselves and all the world, and thus unfold their spirits into beautiful proportions. A gentleman was contrived to sing, to march, to laugh and to talk, his mirth provoking speeches and sublime and beautiful utterances, will not soon be forgotten. He is destined to become a speaker of more than ordinary talent.

The board seemed perfectly satisfied with reports of missionary labors, and voted to employ M. J. Colburn, Addie L. Ballou and F. A. Logan, as their missionaries and also to secure the services of L. J. Potter and a test medium, if possible."

William A. Hitchcock, under date of February 20th, writes:

"In regard to the Fox Lake, parlor seances, I hesitate to write upon them as one word worth concerning them would work much food for gossip. I attended the first of the twelve, but the last I learn were a decided success.

I feel that in all such cases some one should take notes, and when there is such a strong opposing power, the doings of the last seance should be read and approved at the opening of the next or the breaking up of the same, and in all such cases reported to some of our papers, for it is to them that we look for facts."

Dr. M. L. Sherman writing from Sacramento, California, says:

"I congratulate you upon the reappearance of your truly valuable paper. It comes each week freighted with noble thoughts from progressive minds, and these thoughts are surely finding their way into minds beclouded, and be-dimmed by theology's dark and dreary teachings.

Brother, a glorious mission is yours; and souls emancipated from the prison of false education, shall rise and call you blessed, here, and over there, for the free promulgation of the truth, as it comes welling up from the deep fountains of dear thought and rich experience. Long may the angel world permit you to live to unfold your paper, that the glad tidings of spiritual light may be heralded North, South, East and West."

Miss Eliza H. Fuller is lecturing for us at present with glad acceptance. She also ministers to the body by using her healing powers, to the joy of the afflicted.

Dr. Castle, our former healer, passed from his consumptive casel, last week, to take possession of one more enduring.

As a test of my true appreciation of your labors you will find enclosed six dollars."

G. Teas writing from Long Lake, Hennepin county, Minnesota, says:

"I thought I would give you an abridged account of our Children's Progressive Lyceum, formed last Spring, by the assistance of our worthy sister, M. J. Colburn, of Champlin, Minnesota.

We meet every Sunday at half past one o'clock. The Lyceum numbers about sixty members. We have a spiritual conference every four weeks. We have built a new, frame school house and named it "Mount Harmony," which is free for all classes of religiousists to meet in.

A week or so back there came a woman from the East said to be an English woman, a Methodist preacher, and held three of four meetings in our house, and tried very hard to put down Spiritualism; told her audience (which was very small) that she would rather associate with the inmates of a house of ill-fame than to associate with Spiritualist lecturers. She really done us no harm but a great deal of good, for our Lyceum is better attended than it was before, and our conference, last Sunday, was a perfect jam. Our officers are J. T. Williams, conductor; M. A. Grove, guardian of groups; N. J. Stubbs, secretary."

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

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

- Harrison Angier, Calamus, Clinton Co., Iowa.
- C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.
- Mrs. N. K. Andrews, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.
- Mrs. M. K. Anderson, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., P. O. Box 38.
- Mrs. Orin Abbott, developing medium, 127 south Clark-st. room 15.
- J. Madison Allen speaks in Elkhart, Indiana, until further notice.
- J. Madison Alexander, trance speaker, Chicago, Illinois.
- Charles A. Andrus, Fishing, Mich.
- J. G. Albee, Springfield, Mass.
- Dr. A. F. Ames, address box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.
- Mrs. Anna E. Allen, 147 West Washington street, Chicago.
- Joseph Baker, Editor of the Spiritualist Janesville, Wis.
- Wm. Bush, 163 South Clark St., Chicago.
- A. B. Bowman, Joyfield, Michigan.
- Rev. J. O. Barrett, Sycamore, Ill.
- Dr. James K. Batley, Palmyra, Michigan.
- Dr. Barnard, Lansing, Mich., Lectures upon Spiritualism and scientific subjects.
- Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, address 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.
- Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Center, Vt.
- Mrs. E. F. M. Brown, P. O. Drawer 6956, Chicago, Ill.
- Mrs. E. F. Jay Bullene, 151 West 12th street, New York.
- Mrs. Nellie J. F. Brigham, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.
- Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, address, West Randolph, Vt.
- Addie L. Ballou, address Mankato, Minn.
- Wm. Bryan, address box 36, Camden P. O., Mich.
- M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker, address, Almond, Wis.
- H. H. Bickford—Charlestown, Massachusetts.
- John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y.
- Mrs. G. S. Coles, 735 Broadway, N. Y.
- Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York.
- Dean Clark, permanent address, 24 Wanscot street, Lowell, Mass.
- Mr. Cowen, St. Charles, Ill.
- Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, address, box 818, Lowell, Mass.
- H. T. Child, M. D., 434 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- J. P. Cowles, M. D., address box 1374 Ottawa, Ill.
- S. O. Child, inspirational speaker, Frankfort, Ohio.
- Mrs. Dr. Wm. Crane, P. O. box 936, Elkhart, Indiana.
- Thomas Cook's address is Drawer 6023, Chicago, Ill.
- Albert B. Carpenter, address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
- Mrs. A. H. Co. by, Trance speaker, Lowell, Lake Co., Ind.

- O. B. Hazeltine, Marzonia, Wis.
- D. W. Hall, inspirational speaker, Fairfield, Iowa.
- Dr. M. Hoary Houghton, address, West Paris, Maine.
- Mrs. Julia J. Hubbard, address, Chestnut street, Boston.
- Mrs. S. A. Horton, address, Lake County, Ind.
- Mrs. S. A. Horton, 23 Wanscot street, Lowell, Mass.
- Miss Nellie Hayden, address No. 20 Willow street, Worcester, Massachusetts.
- Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 122 E. Madison street, Baltimore Md.
- Dr. A. Hunt will receive calls to lecture Sundays. Gold Water, Michigan.
- Dr. F. B. Holden, North Chatham, Vt.
- W. A. D. Hume, address West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.
- J. D. Hessel, M. D., address 234 Walnut street, Chicago.
- Lynna C. Howe, inspirational speaker, Box 99 Fredonia, N.
- Charles Holt, Warren, Warren Co., Pa.
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- C. Norwood, Ottawa, Ill.
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- Mrs. Puffer, trance speaker, South Hanover, Mass.
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- Lydia Ann Pearson, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich.
- Mrs. Pike, address St. Louis, Mo.
- Mrs. Plumb, Clairvoyant, 63 Russell St., Charlestown, Mass.
- J. H. Powell, Terre Haute, Ind.
- Miss Nettie M. Pease, trance speaker, New Albany, Ind.
- Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer, Adrian, Mich.
- J. L. Potter, La Crosse, Wis., care of E. A. Wilson.
- Care of H. S. Brown, M. D.
- Dr. W. E. Ripley, box 95, Foxboro, Mass.
- A. C. Robinson, Salem, Mass.
- Dr. P. P. Randolph, care box 3352, Boston, Mass.
- J. T. Rouse, normal speaker, box 409, Galesburg, Illinois.
- Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, 145 Main street, Providence, R. I.
- Wm. Ross, M. D., address box 208, Springfield, O.
- Mrs. Frank Bell, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.
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- Elijah R. Swackhammer, 177 South 4th street, William-burg, Long Island.
- Herman Snow, Liberal Books and Newdealer, 419 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal.
- Mrs. H. T. Stearns, Missionary for the Pennsylvania State Association of Spiritualists. address care of Dr. H. T. Child 64 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- J. H. W. Tenney, Room 5, 84 Dearborn Street Chicago, Ill.
- Mrs. Charlotte F. Tabor, trance speaker, New Bedford Mass., P. O. box 392.
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- Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, inspirational speaker 161 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O.
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- E. L. H. Willey, M. D., 27 West Fourth street, New York.
- Dr. E. B. Wickedol, speaker, New Hartford, Iowa.
- Mrs. Fannie Wheelock, clairvoyant, New Hartford Iowa.
- E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.
- Mrs. N. J. Willis, 3 Tremont Row, Room 15, Boston, Mass.
- Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will speak in Ouziga, Ill., during June. Will receive calls for March, April and May, in Ill. and Wis. address, care of S. S. Jones, 84 Leaborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
- Henry C. Wright, address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
- Mrs. E. M. Wolcott, address Danby, Vt.
- Mrs. Hattie E. Wilson, (colored), address 70 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
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- Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, address Northboro, Mass.
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- Mrs. Wheeler, address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
- Samuel T. Young, care of E. H. Gregg, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

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Societies wishing the services of the Missionaries, should address them personally, or the Secretary of the Bureau. All contributions for the Illinois State Missionary Cause will be acknowledged through this paper each month. Contributions to be sent to Mrs. JULIA N. MANN No. North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 27, 1889.

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

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

For Terms of Subscription see Premium List and Prospectus on eighth page.

Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

S. S. JONES, EDITOR

All letters and communications intended for the editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S. Jones. All business letters to John O. Bundy, 84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

THE CAUSE WE WORK FOR.

At the commencement of the sixth volume of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, it may not be improper for us to take a brief survey of the ground we stand upon—alluding to the past as little as possible, looking forward to the future with that hope, with which to day inspires us.

When we first inaugurated the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, nearly four years since, the spirit of inspiration impelled us on to action, with a vigor and force, which we never before realized. Having from childhood been engaged in the active duties—the real reality of physical and mental labor—we were not ignorant of the fact, that success in any enterprise, upon the material plane of life, where we live and have a being, required "material aid," sound judgment and good common sense. With this statement of experience it may seem strange to some of our readers that we should confess that we were guided by an invisible power emanating from, and having a real existence in spirit-life. However strange, nevertheless we know it to be a fact—aye, more during the time we were engaged in and organizing that Institution, we were shown, while deeply depressed with anxiety for results, by a symbolic vision, all that transpired with that Institution in its rapid growth and premature decay. But of the time and manner we had not the least knowledge. To more than one brother we related the circumstances and details of the symbolic representation. Our venerable brother Stowell, at the time correctly interpreted the vision, but in the full belief of the ultimate unfolding of a great work for the good of mankind, earnestly put his "shoulder to the wheel."

Suffice it to say, that although the legitimate results from acts based in extreme selfishness, verified the vision by the complete breaking up of the original organization and the leaving of naught for us to resume work upon, but all the obstacles that could be thrown in our way, by selfishness, of which we neither desire to think nor speak, except to say that trials, as by fire brings forth the pure metal.

When we left the Institution in the latter part of November, 1887, all was in a flourishing condition. Our successors in nine months time had made a marked change in everything—a blighting curse followed their every act. The name of the corporation was changed to "Central Publishing House." The name of the paper to "Spiritual Republic." Their blighting touch caused all business, of an establishment employing some sixty persons, to die and decay—naught was left but the site where we commenced the work, when we were called back by those who had placed the destroyers in power. We saw nothing which we could do to save the old. It was, as we saw in our vision, naught but burnt stubble. Not even the vestiges of the value of unburnt straw, was left to build upon.

So we commenced anew, assuming the spirit-given name, which had been rejected—taking up our line of march where we had left it, at number fourteen volume three, of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and doing the best we could, have under the inspiration and guidance of our ever to be appreciated spirit friends, both in inspiring us to work, and our friends in different parts of the country to work for us, and for the cause we advocate, built up a new RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, which to-day sends forth a weekly issue of our paper to all parts of the world, where the English language is spoken—a paper which ranks among the first in literature, science and sound philosophy—spiritually and physically.

The number of our subscribers, which have poured in for a trial, is surprising, and still they come. That there is a power, invisible, though it may be, that is guiding the minds of men to investigate, and to learn the truth of Spiritualism, we have evidence conclusive, and that men and women are to be instrumental, under a multitude of phases of mediumship in presenting new spiritual phenomenon, which has but to be published to the world to carry conviction that man, though he die, shall live again. That the soul is immortal and can and ever will hold sweet communion with loved ones of earth.

To spread this gospel, with the aid of mortals and spirits, is our mission. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will chronicle the passing events and herald them to the world.

To those who still may have doubts as to the future success of the Institution which we represent, we can only say, that as the calamity which we have referred to was fully shown to us, as above related—so did we see and receive like symbolic representations of a glorious future—a grand success; and as the former has been fully verified and the apparent evidences are irresistible in proof of the consummation of the ultimate; with the help and guidance of mortals and the inspiration of immortals, we perform our daily labor with a cheerful and happy frame of mind, knowing all has been and yet will continue for the best, and that as the cold, bleak storms of winter strengthen the sturdy oak, so too, the storms of life unfold the

men and women to higher capacities for the work to which they are adapted—so our experience, the better adapts us for the work before us.

It is no longer an enterprise subject to the control of selfish designing men. It is an enterprise in which our own soul is enlisted, backed by the material means, accumulated by the hard labor of many years. That this JOURNAL will be continued—will stand in the front ranks of all reforms, will be faithful and bold in the work to which it is devoted, we give our readers and patrons absolute and unconditional assurance.

GOD ON BOTH SIDES.

Shortly after the memorable defeat of the Union arms at Bull's Run, a grumbling, puritanical religionist was urging the fact that the sole cause of defeat was in consequence of the battle being fought on Sunday; to which a bystander impudently and irreverently remarked, that the rebels had won it nevertheless.

And whilst we are still compelled to note the presence among us of such an ignorant and superstitious sentiment, we are able to chronicle our hope that it will soon be dispelled by the rays of the sun of reason, intuition and truth. And it is a source of profound pleasure to note the uprising of truth in the minds of those, who, though liberal, are nevertheless orthodox enough to hold to the Bible as their only source of inspiration. Of the outpourings of truth we are gratified to find a goodly quantity in a late number of the Oneida Circular; where brother Noyes, under the foregoing caption, in his "home talk" proceeds to say:

"All events are God's facts. And the graduating attainment of the believer must be, to be able to welcome all events as God's facts; not to be disturbed or afraid under any circumstances; but to accept every thing as it comes, as foreordained by God in wisdom and goodness and mercy. I see just as surely as I see the sun shine, that God rules in every thing that is evil, as well as in every thing that is good. And I see that there is no evil that goes a hair's breadth beyond his permission.

As I have often said, God is on both sides in every fight. Wherever there is a conflict going, there you may be sure, God is helping both sides. Although he may be in a final sense on one side, yet he is conducting the opposite side also with reference to the greatest benefit to all. So if we find ourselves in a conflict with evil, we may settle it in our hearts that God is not only on our side in the conflict, but he is on the other side too. If he is on our side in the highest, final sense, then he is managing the other side with reference to improving us, disciplining us, drawing us out, and making the most of our faculties and patience. If we think we are on the Lord's side, and are fighting for him in any given case where there is a struggle going on between us and an enemy, we must take care in fighting for the Lord, not to fight against him too. If we don't recognize in the enemy also, a power that is controlled by the Lord, if we take the simplest view that we are on the Lord's side and the other party is on the devil's side, then we may be fighting not only for the Lord, but also against him.

That brings out very clearly the necessity of our getting clear above the fight, into a place where we feel as God does, who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust;" where we can pray for our enemies and bless them that curse us; where we can take opposition to us serenely as we take assistance. The work of righteousness is so complicated, so composite, that we have to know how to fight and struggle tremendously, and still recognize this principle, as Christ did. He was not disturbed at all by opposition and persecution. "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb, dumb before his shearer, he opened not his mouth," but to say, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." He felt that the Lord was handling him, notwithstanding that Pilate and the chief priest and scribes were the agents in the case. His faith rose above it all. In that fight the Lord was on both sides, but he was, in the final sense, on Christ's side; and Christ had the comfort of knowing that fact, that on the whole and in the long run, the Lord was on his side."

Mr. Noyes and his associates in communism are professedly quite hostile to Spiritualism; but while they continue to preach as good Spiritualism as the foregoing, he or they will not be able to provoke a quarrel with us. We most emphatically believe that "all events are God's facts."

FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

We are not unmindful of the many acts of kindness of the brothers and sisters, who have exerted themselves to extend the circulation of the JOURNAL in different parts of the country. If we were to mention names they would fill the columns of the paper, to mention a few would be making an unjustifiable, if not an invidious distinction.

Therefore, we say to one and all, who have by word or deed, aided us in the trying hours, you have our cordial and unfeigned thanks.

The number of new names that have been added to our subscription list far exceed our most sanguine expectations. Many, very many have and will peruse a spiritual paper for three months at least, who never thought of doing so, until you, friends, suggested to them to become trial subscribers for three months. If it were not for the fact that very many of those trial subscribers will become permanent subscribers, it would be a largely losing business with us.

Whether we shall eventually lose or not, depends entirely upon the will of those trial subscribers. If they don't like the JOURNAL, they will not renew, as a matter of course, and we could not conscientiously ask them to do so. But many who do like the paper neglect to renew till it gets to be an old story, unless prompted by some friend to do so, even as they were prompted in the first place to try it.

Will it be asking too much of those who have already worked so nobly, to again "put their shoulder to the wheel" to see to it that renewals are made. We do ask you to do that very thing and thereby place us under renewed obligations.

POSTAL ORDERS.

When our friends, remitting money, and can procure Postal Orders they will please do so, and deduct the expense thereof from the amount our due.

E. S. WHEELER'S SECOND SUNDAY AT LIBRARY HALL.

Mr. E. S. Wheeler continued his lectures in Library Hall, in this city, on Sunday, March 14th.

The weather was extremely unpleasant through the day, culminating in the evening in a rapid storm of snow; yet a considerable audience of a very intelligent and appreciative character assembled, and seemed repaid by the discourse, to which they listened most attentively.

The subject of the morning hour was announced as "The Method of our Investigation." The quotations we present, are published with regard to the limited space we have at our disposal without injustice to other important matter.

In the report of last Sunday's lecture a typhographical error, made the speaker say the idea that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL enters upon its sixth volume. Both are of one size, nearly the same type as I paper, and both advocating Spiritualism—the philosophy of life. Both are journalizing passing events in spiritual unfolding, phenomenal and mental; and heralding the utterances of spirits and our inspired men and women, to the world. As we would prosper in the great work to which we are devoted—so our aspirations ever reach out and go forth invoking angelic and guardian care for the welfare and prosperity of our elder cotemporary.

Of course our report under the circumstances, cannot do justice to arguments and statements which occupied over an hour in delivery, and were condensations in them selves.

The speaker began by saying: The mandate of the Old Theology was, "believe!" The teaching of the New Dispensation is "Investigate!"

"Dogmas are displaced by Demonstrations, and Faith crystallizes into Science."

Man is a religious animal, he laughs, he weeps, he prays, he aspires to Immortality, he is the best plus a capacity for religious sentiment.—Religion is not the creation of revival machinery, we cannot become fully religious by inoculation. The uneducated may be moral, the uncultured may be spiritual, but religious fullness means the brains as well as the heart, the intellect as well as the emotions.

We talk of intuition, of revelation, of faith; thoughts are things; laws are palpable, principles objective, whenever we are in the highest degree clairvoyant: "The eye of Faith," is clairvoyant vision, and the church has done well in maintaining the credit of the theory.

All vision is liable to obliquity, and bigots are victims of spiritual strabismus. We correct the errors of optical delusion by the use of other senses. We hear, we feel, we smell, we taste, and the blunders of the eyes are rectified by experience.

Vision breeds theory, investigation demonstrates truth.

We must prove our theory, by reference to facts; phenomena are at the base of science, philosophy supports religion.

It is a cheap God who is invisible to the telescope, and not to be found with a microscope: The true religion is absolute, legal, natural, factistic; facts of nature are words of God.

Every Science rests on its own facts, religion is to be established by logic, deduction and induction; deduction from clairvoyantly perceived ideas and principles, and induction from authentic spiritual phenomena.

We shall embrace at once the seer, and the scientist, comprehend alike the proposition, and its demonstration; our methods shall be natural, its results positive, and our morality, in harmony the law of our being. We shall recognize a religion whose scriptures are written on the surface of the universe, whose ritual is the service of humanity.

The evening lecture was upon "Spiritualism as a fact."

It was stated that: There were no new forces, no new laws, no new elements, no modern god; therefore modern Spiritualism was a misnomer.

Before Europe, before Egypt, before India, before man, before the earth, Spiritualism was; as old as individuality, old as immortality, old as the Cosmos.

Electricity preceded Cyrus Field, and steam was before Watt, or the French madman who gave him ideas.

There was a time for the Engine, a time for the Atlantic Cable, and a time for the raps at Hydesville. Since then, magnetizers find trouble spirits are in the way.

We have passed the idea of the ages, and the New Dispensation has begun: Earth has come up, and Heaven has come down, the Saularians are dead, pterodactyls have gone out, angels come in, and natural history must be rewritten.

The law of being is the same for angels and for alligators, conditions make the mighty difference.

"Greater need draws greater deed," and because the world has developed to need the work of spirits, they are here.

The facts and phenomena of their invasion, are common property, their value to us depends upon our good wit.

We shall not get fat by gobbling and stuffing but by mastication, digestion, and assimilation.

Facts are valuable as we comprehend their significance and we can discern that, only by careful observation and deliberate analysis.

We must take good care of our philosophical apparatus, and learn how to make the best use of it, our instruments are mediums, the best abused people in the world.

Let us unceasingly expose intentional dishonesty, in mediumship above all things, but let us remember justice and common sense, and not repudiate our own interests through our stupidity and superficiality.

May critical observation prepare the way for scientific order, that a harmonious philosophy may reveal a positive religion.

ENLISTED.

E. S. Wheeler wishes to make engagements to lecture anywhere on the planet.

Address, care of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, until March 28th, otherwise room one, 89 Bank Street, Cleveland, Ohio, until further notice. (Spiritualist Journals and Liberal papers, please copy.)

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Our worthy cotemporary, the BANNER OF LIGHT, comes to hand, just as we are going to press, looking newer, more tidy and with a cleaner face than ever; not but what beauty and a pleasing address has ever given evidence of a soul filled with vivacity and life, but now it comes forth at the commencement of the new volume with a new head-dress, significant of the loveliness of spirit life. Also an amended code of principles is displayed, recognizing Spiritual Philosophy as chief. That is right. Let us carry at our mast-head, and display to the gaze of the world the thought—that our system of philosophy is based upon the internal—the spirit.—The moving life principle of all things, existing in and upon all spheres of life.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT enters upon its twenty fifth volume, one week in advance of the time that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL enters upon its sixth volume. Both are of one size, nearly the same type as I paper, and both advocating Spiritualism—the philosophy of life. Both are journalizing passing events in spiritual unfolding, phenomenal and mental; and heralding the utterances of spirits and our inspired men and women, to the world. As we would prosper in the great work to which we are devoted—so our aspirations ever reach out and go forth invoking angelic and guardian care for the welfare and prosperity of our elder cotemporary.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

Prof. J. H. Powell gave his first discourse in Chicago on Sunday afternoon, March 14th, on the above subject, to a very attentive and fair auditory. He commenced by tracing back the history of Spiritualism, in England, and occupied most of the time criticising the scientists, the Faradays, Brewsters and Peppers, who maintained an opposition against Spiritualism. The Lecturer did not fail to give the clergy their due in the matter of opposition, and successfully showed that all the positions of all opponents were untenable, and that Spiritualism had spread over the Old Land with marvelous rapidity, and was at this hour a mighty power for good amongst both rich and poor.

A desire was expressed to hear Mr. Powell on the same subject again, which of course will depend on circumstances. Prof. Powell is waiting in Chicago for engagements, and will answer calls within any reasonable distance. His Lectures are of a practical character, and delivered with force and earnestness.

DISCONTINUED.

All of our trial subscribers who have received the JOURNAL for three months, and have not renewed, will fail to get the paper this week. We are compelled to discontinue all such at the expiration of three months unless renewed. Yet we have a supply of papers and will furnish the numbers complete, if one dollar is remitted for four months longer and if any one has failed to get one or more numbers mention the fact in renewing, and the missing numbers shall be supplied if possible, if not, the time of renewal shall be extended to make up for such missing numbers. On receipt of one dollar or more for renewal, such subscriptions are transferred to the printed mailing machine list, so that no mistakes can thereafter occur.

In renewing, simply give your name and post office address, including the State and say, renewal of trial subscription; enclosing the money in a letter addressed, S. S. Jones, No. 84, Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

THE PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

Hereafter the readers of the Journal will find the Pacific Department replete with interesting matter. The blocking up of the roads in the mountains delayed the mails for a time, so that Br. Todd's letters did not reach Chicago in time to supply that Department with matter. Recent arrivals give us a supply, so that another detention of the mails would not be likely to interfere with Br. Todd's Department.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

The brother who sent three dollars from Cambridge Illinois, to renew his subscription, omitted to append his signature to his letter. He says he is in arrears, but as there are four in that town in the same fix, we are unable to place the credit until we hear from the writer. We improve this opportunity to thank our brother for sending the money.

LYOYD'S MAPS.

In another column will be found an advertisement for agents to sell "Lloyd's Patent Revolving Double Maps of Europe and America."

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CLOVERS, BEES AND OATS.

In another column (see honey bee trade mark,) will be found an advertisement in regard to the different kinds of clovers, bees etc.

We are well acquainted with the firm advertising, and know them to be reliable men who will send just such seeds and deal in the pure Italian Honey Bees.

Whatever they say may be relied upon as true.

Personal and Local.

St. Patrick's day, the 17th, was duly observed by our Irish citizens.

Br. James B. Gaffrey writes us that good mediums, speakers, physical, and healers, will find a welcome home, when convenient to call on the friends in the above named place.

Through the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST we learn that E. V. Wilson is filling his engagement for the present month in Cleveland, Ohio, to good acceptance, attracting crowded houses.

Literary Notices.

The Future Life: as described and portrayed by spirits, through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet, with an introduction by Judge Edwards. Boston, Wm. White & Co.

This volume of 403 pages, contains several interesting and clearly defined chapters from spirit-life.

It opens with an introduction by Judge Edwards who testifies to the genuineness of the communications herein contained, the Judge stating that in the early part of 1853 Mrs. Sweet, the medium, was frequently entranced in his presence, and that he took down her messages, a practice which her husband afterwards imitated.

Mrs. Sweet was an exceedingly sensitive being. One whose delicate nature was unfitted for contact with the harsher things of earth.

She gradually unfolded until the beautiful messages contained in the present volume were delivered; then she fell a prey to consumption and joined the innumerable company of translated souls in spirit-life.

Her early religious instructions were obtained in the school of Methodism, and considering the short period of her development, it is worthy of note that she was enabled to open her nature as a channel for the progressive and pure teachings of spirits.

The title of this book, "The Future Life," is suggestive of the grandest thoughts that the human mind is capable of realizing. Nor will those who are of the spirit spiritual, fail to find gratifying evidences in these collected messages that the "Future Life," is a fact, actual and desirable.

We enter "the Holy City," listen to "Spirit messages," "Spirit Echoes," are permitted to commune with "the mighty dead," or speaking correctly "The mighty Living," and feel altogether the better for it.

It is a pleasure to say a word of "The Future Life," for the sweet influence of the gentle nature of the medium is felt in the very pages of the work.

The spirits Mrs. Hemans, Margaret Fuller, John C. Calhoun, Voltaire, Wolsey and Riche-lieu, each purport to contribute subject matter to the work.

There is no attempt to meet the demands of Identity, at best a difficult task.

Apart from this, we like the messages, and think it was no mistake on the part of Mr. Sweet to give them to the world.

The introduction by Judge Edwards is written in his usual lucid style, and will doubtless be a passport to the book in many a family.

There is an increasing need for such works, only let them, as this does, bear the stamp of genuineness, and the world will gladly hail any additional compilation of spirit messages.

The scepticism of modern days is a wall of ice in the way of the aspiring soul. The sun of spirit-life is gradually melting down this barrier, and the human soul rising to higher life radiated by spirit-glory. Glad are we to welcome the appearance of new mediums, new books, new anything, that are aids to soul-growth. We look upon "Future Life" as being not only a useful, but an opportune work. We trust it may have an extended sale.

Amusements.

A slight change occurs at the Museum after this week. Wood and Jewell are the proprietors, and Mr. J. W. Bishop, one among the most popular actors at Aiken's Dearborn Theatre, succeeds to the management. They have secured an excellent company, so that the public may expect this to be, as it ever has been, a first class resort for the lovers of amusements.

At Library Hall, the "Fakir of Ava," has been giving some astonishing feats in legerdemain, during the week. He has accompanying him, Mr. Whiston, the humorist.

Fifty dollars in greenbacks, and one hundred valuable presents will be distributed to the audience every evening.

The admission fee is only twenty-five cents; which, added to the interest taken in the exhibition, and distribution of prizes draws a packed house each evening.

The exhibition is to continue for two weeks.

Theatre Comique, opened with a good attendance. They present this week a change of programme, which includes the usual variety of song, dance, burlesque, and character delineations.

The Susan Galton comic opera troupe have met with good success at Crosby's Opera House. The play for the opening night and week, were Offenbach's comic operetta, "66," and "Litchen and Firtchen."

The entertainment is replete with sparkling gems. We observe the management intend to shortly produce Offenbach's "Marriage of Figaro," and "Ching-Chow-Hi."

Seats can be secured six days in advance, without extra charge.

For the week commencing with the 15th inst., the tragedian, Mr. Joseph Proctor, has been engaged to appear at Mc Vicker's Theatre, in the celebrated characters, of "O'Neil, the Avenger," "William Tell," "Jack Cade," and the "Jibbernalnoy."

Next week, Augustin Daly's great sensation, "Flash of Lightning."

At Aiken's Dearborn Theatre, the elegant comedy, entitled "School," continues to draw full houses, as the humor and attractions about it justify entitled to.

The same comedy of "School," also brings together large audiences at Col. Wood's Museum. It will be kept on the boards of this theatre during the remainder of this week.

The management, C. D. Hess & Co., have exerted themselves to procure a good company in opening this popular resort of amusement, and have been eminently successful, a source of congratulation, both to themselves and the theatre-going public.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

The Scientific Department heretofore announced, will be inaugurated as soon as possible. We were in hopes to have commenced with Vol. VI, but were unable to do so. We hope to receive contributions from authors qualified to write for that Department, immediately.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS. OR THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE

REVEALED TO MAN. Is the title of a new work fresh from press. By the Guardian Spirit of David Corless. S. S. JONES, Publisher.

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The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium (David Corless, of Huntley's Grove McHenry Co., Ill.) through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of "Modern Spiritualism" for over twenty years and during that time he has been the humble Medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal.

The Introduction entitled "The Unveiling" treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized Life in the native purity of all things.

On page twenty-four the author treats of "the way mediums paint themselves, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences.

In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mediums Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence a Medium to speak. The fulling of all kinds of language investigated. The ring feat and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained."

This work is neatly got up and consists of seventy-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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Taylor's Bed Springs. Don't fail to read the advertisement in another column. Any man who wants a good paying agency will do well to send and get a set for a sample, and go to soliciting for them. They are so light, as to be easily carried under the arm, and once seen by housekeepers, a sale is almost certain. Mr. Taylor will furnish agents on such terms as to make it profitable business for any energetic man.

Dr. Wm. Clarke's Vegetable Syrup. Editor JOURNAL.—Having by me a bottle of Dr. Wm. Clarke's, Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs. Jennie W. Danforth, and hearing that the husband of our milk-woman, had been long confined to his room from the effects of a fall from a building, which injured his side, some year and a half since. Suffering with pains from internal tumors, I bought the bottle of the said syrup, with directions to have his side bathed with hot salt and water, by a healthy colored woman, and to take the syrup internally. The result of which was, that in ten days, he was out and at his work. [that of a common laborer.]

His wife, a devoted Catholic, said, "she had spent quite \$400, upon him for doctors, with no good result; but having faith in good Spirits, she would try this."

His name is McCarthy and he lives in this place, No. 118 Prospect St. Yours Fraternally, ABY M. LAFIN FERRER, Georgetown, D. C., January 7th, 1868.

A PLEASANT STORY. In the streets of Chicago, I wandered along, And carelessly sung a familiar old song, While viewing the cars—horse, and such— The Irish—the Scotch—the French and the Dutch, And the strange Advertisements of these latter days, On the Bulletin Box, for concerts, and plays, When all on a sudden I saw something new, On nice printed paper in Red, White and Blue: It told of the virtues of something so neat, So handy—so harmless—so perfect, complete, For coloring beard, the mustache or hair, Without any poison, or stopping, or care, And not only so, but the color is "fast," And likes rhodomak, it "sticks to the last!" In reading I pondered, and thought of my hair, Now as "gray as a rat," once so glossy, and fair. I hunted, and found it—I bought it, and tried, When all my gray hair, in a "jiff" stopped aside! My age renewed—I feel twenty years younger—I will marry next week—no use to wait longer, I will have me a wife, and the comforts of home, For all will be gained by the New Magic Comb. Yes, sir, I found it! Comb at 84 Dearborn Street, where they have a few more left of the same sort. Don't forget the place.—Enclose \$1.25 and address MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, and you shall receive the MAGIC COMB by mail post-paid, U. S. WINE.

Dr. Clarke's Remedies. B. S. JONES.—I see you are advertising the medicines of Dr. Clarke a spirit, who controlling prescribes for the sick through the organism of Jeanne Waterman Danforth. Permit me to tell you, with deep feeling, friend Jones, that I have used these remedies, the Syrups, Nervines and Powders with the highest satisfaction. I know them to be excellent, as hundreds of others will testify. Dr. Clarke is a noble and brilliant spirit. Most truly thine, J. M. DERRICKS, St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1865.

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Mrs. Judy A. Harrison of Hartford, Ohio County, Ky., writes as follows:

Prof. Payton Spence—Sir: Your Powders are Working wonders here. I have been afflicted many years with a complication of diseases, namely, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Toothache, Deafness in one ear, Weakness of the eyes, so that I could not see to sew or read at night. I was also afflicted with Heart Disease, Womb Disease, Cramps, Paralysis of the hands and feet at times, and a stiffness in the joints. I commenced taking your Positive and Negative Powders last October, and I am now entirely relieved of all these diseases. I also had a Cough for several years, and it has entirely disappeared with the rest. I had tried all the best Physicians, spent hundreds of dollars, but was never relieved until I procured your Powders. I am now in better health than for twenty years. I would not be without them for the wealth of the world.

My husband, J. J. Harrison, has been afflicted with the Asthma for ten years, tried everything that was recommended by the Physicians, and found no permanent relief until he took your Powders. He had one very violent attack soon after receiving your Powders and about six double doses of the Positive, one or two hours apart, relieved him entirely of that attack, which other wise would have lasted from three to ten days, during which he could not have laid down day or night. He has now no fears of the Asthma, and considers your Powders the best medicine in the world.

An old lady of this county, Mrs. SWEAT, now near 70 years old, has been afflicted with the Asthma for 27 years. She would have to sit up every night from about midnight until day, without sleep and could scarcely breathe. Two or three doses of the Positive Powders relieved her immediately, and she sleeps soundly every night. She says it is the very medicine we have always needed in this county. The Positive and Negative Powders have also cured several cases of Chills and Fever.

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The following is from J. T. Loan, No. 267 Grand Street, New

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 sources they purport to—the spirit world.

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

INVOCATION.

Unto Thee, fountain of inexhaustible purity truth and love, we would send forth our thoughts at this hour—feeling that we are continually blessed by Thee, and that every child of earth is the constant recipient of Thy bounteous love—that all forms and manifestations of life we behold upon the different planes of life are also blessed with Thy presence. We, as children of infinite parents, would thank Thee for all Thou hast given us in the past—for Thy blessing in the present, and aspire to be more like unto Thee in purity and truth.

Awaken, oh, divine Spirit, eternal and living principle of goodness, in each and every heart! May we realize that we have but to ask that we may receive, and that we have but to understand more fully the workings of Thy power to realize Thy blessings in every change that Thou in Thy wisdom may mete unto us.

Oh, Spirit of love, we would implore Thee to fill every heart—that each and every one of us may realize that it is blessed to give as well as to receive. May we be slow to hate, but quick to bless and forgive. May we ever be filled with the Spirit of kindness. May we ever ascribe unto Thee thankfulness and praise.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[CONTROLLING SPIRIT TO PROF. J. H. POWELL.] There is a beautiful little girl that comes and sits in your lap. She is quite small—a child—and resembles you. She gradually changes, and is now almost a young lady. She is really beautiful.

PROF. POWELL.—She is my child. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—She left the material plane when she was but a little bud.

PROF. POWELL.—When she was seventeen months old.

SPIRIT.—And ascended to a more congenial clime where she could unfold, and expand in intellectual wisdom, purity and goodness, and be a blessing to her father and her mother.

PROF. POWELL.—Has she anything in her hand?

SPIRIT.—She does not show me anything in particular.

PROF. POWELL.—She generally has a bunch of flowers with her.

SPIRIT.—Her dress is a light blue, low in the neck; round, full shoulders, and there is a beautiful wreath of flowers on her head, which comes to a point.

PROF. POWELL.—Anderson, the spirit artist, took her picture with a wreath around her head. Does she seem to feel any concern about me or her mother and sister and brother?

SPIRIT.—I don't see that she does. If she should, I do not see any occasion for it, for I see nothing but success before you. Your darkest days are past, and if you should say what you think, you would say "God knows there have been plenty of them." But yet had it not been for those dark days, you would never have been able to give the thoughts to human beings that you do to-day.

PROF. POWELL.—I believe that is true.

SPIRIT.—It has awakened thoughts within you that would have laid dormant, as it were, until by some experience or a great lapse of time they had been brought out, but not while you remained upon this material plane, so that it could be of benefit to others. It is only by the greatest and the most sad experiences that we learn of the strength within. I see a beautiful light around you, and pouring right down on the top of your head.

PROF. POWELL.—What is that symbolical of? What does it signify?

SPIRIT.—Inspiration, grand thoughts to be given here and there. By the giving of these thoughts you will be enabled to live more comfortably so far as worldly means are concerned. You will be enabled to live so that you will enjoy greater happiness.

PROF. POWELL.—Then the steps I have taken in coming to Chicago have not been a mistake? And I was forced here; I did not come of my free will.

SPIRIT.—No mistake. And if I should say to you what I think, you never have taken one mis step. Every step that you have taken, every misfortune, every loss, and every cross has been necessary for you as an individualized being.

PROF. POWELL.—Well, I have pretty good hope; I never lose hope and patience, and try to exercise as much perseverance as possible. I want to ask you whether there has been a development going on within me, of a mediumistic character or whether I am suffering from physical disease? I have been conscious of a great deal of suffering physically within the past few years. I had the impression—I am not certain about it—that it was a development going on in my system, rather than a physical disease. What do you think about it?

SPIRIT.—You have passed through a great many severe hardships in your life, and the greatest wonder is, that your health is as good as now. I do not see any physical disease about you; yet I see a greater unfolding of the mental powers. As I see you now, there is one brilliant light surrounding you—not a shadow in it anywhere. From that I predict for you grand results. That kind of timid feeling you have very often, when you first appear upon the platform to speak, you will soon overcome,

very soon. You have a desire to stand first—or to stand among the first, if not the first, in giving your thoughts.

PROF. POWELL.—I was always desirous for a prominent position in literature, but not particularly desirous for worldly honors.

SPIRIT.—That desire shall be gratified.

PROF. P.—Have you any advice to give?

S.—I don't know as I have any advice to give. There is a great field to work in; people have need of the thoughts you will give them.

PROF. P.—Do you see me going back to the Old Land at all? Do you imagine I shall go back?

S.—I see you going back for a very brief period; not to stay. I believe you will go back.

PROF. P.—I suppose I can't do better than stick to the path I have chosen, lecturing and writing wherever the way opens to do anything in that way?

S.—I don't see any better way for you to do; let people hear in mind the motto, "live and let live."

PROF. P.—That's what all ought to do. If Spiritualists would do that, they might keep a good many good speakers in the field that are going out of it; some of them are suffering a great deal.

S.—You believe there is nothing lost in nature?

PROF. P.—I do indeed.

S.—And that those individuals by this suffering learn wisdom?

PROF. P.—In the sum total I think there is nothing wrong at all. Yet I believe in our individual capacity. The idea of right and wrong should be clear.

S.—In order to form an idea of right—or in order to choose the right from a seeming wrong—that is one of the rights is it not?

PROF. P.—It is that which stamps individuality upon man and makes him above the brute creation.

S.—Individuality and immortality—when people learn that the material plane of life is for their development and unfolding, they will not be so anxious to lay up something for those they may leave behind.

PROF. P.—That is true. As in the song of the mocking-bird, it echoes every other songster, this spirit seems to echo me.

S.—And yet, you believe, you are inspired?

PROF. P.—I do, indeed.

S.—And yet how necessary a good brain is to receive inspiration.

PROF. P.—That is true.

S.—And so we may say in speaking of inspiration, that it is not true, as many suppose, that some spirit or spirits must be present and inspire you on all occasions upon the material plane; but the inspiration is derived from the great fountain of thought, life and immortality.

PROF. P.—I have expressed it often as the great reservoir of spiritual ideas. By the way, in speaking, I do not give way to the giving forth of poetry on the platform, because it comes to me in my quiet moments in my room. Do you think that spirits will ever develop me, so that I can deliver verse to the people upon the platform?

S.—If you can only reach the point where you have sufficient confidence in yourself, so that you will remain as passive as you would if you were alone, then you can; but it is the fear that it will not be exactly right that prevents you. When you are alone you have no fear of that.

PROF. P.—Don't you think I ought to express to the people in plain prose, good ideas and facts they need for their culture, and let poetry alone on the platform and publish my poems afterwards?

S.—I think you will do just exactly as you are moved upon to do. When the time comes you will not wait to write down the thoughts that are given to you. Then you will give them to the people and let them receive them for what they are worth.

PROF. P.—Do you see any prospect of the new poem, I have written, being published? I have had it all ready for the press a long time.

S.—How long?

PROF. P.—Nearly twelve months.

S.—There is one very nice thing about it, and that is, it won't spoil by keeping. It comes to me that it will be but a very short time before you will bring it to the public.

PROF. P.—Do you know any thing of it?

S.—Only as I hear you speak of it.

PROF. P.—You did not hear me read portions of it to brother Jones, last night, did you?

S.—I did not.

PROF. P.—Now I will say that the description of the child is perfect. That child always comes to me, through almost every medium I visit.

S.—Do you know the reason why? Because it was a terrible blow to you, when she was taken from you. You grieved more over it than if every other relative had been taken from you. If every relative you have upon the material plane of life to-day, were transferred from the material to the spiritual plane, you would not suffer as much as you did then. You did not have the same unfolding that you have now. You did not know as much; you did not realize as much of the future state, and the happy plane, upon which they enter when they pass from this life.

PROF. P.—I suppose that is so; I never saw it in that light. I thought it was merely her affection, that brought her to me.

S.—This feeling of yours would naturally keep her with you. She is a part of your very life. Then, again, it is not only a test, but it is pleasing as well, to know that she is with you.

PROF. P.—Can she give you a little message to send to her mother and little sister Jessie?

S.—She gave me a beautiful message through Charles Foster and J. V. Mansfield?

S.—I don't get them sufficiently correct to give them to you. I hear words something like this, [pausing] now I lose them again, it is not possible for me to give them to you.

Whittmore Messages.

Communication through Mrs. Smith, from her brother, Henry Whittmore.

Concluded from last week.

We count not that lost, which having performed its mission, decays and is lost to view, but as the means to greater usefulness, so the earthly experience is always needed and ought to be ours to the more perfect unfolding of the inner man.

Life's experiences are always best, though bought at a dear price sometimes, but lessons thus learned are not less valuable to the possessor.

There is a fount of wisdom as yet unrevealed to man, upon which but little light has been thrown, the reflection of whose beams only are seen as refracted by the lens body. As you cannot look upon the full rays of sun at mid-day, only as you deaden its solar beams, that you may study its astronomical features, so in the tender germ-life, does the body become an essential element in ensuring its strong, full, healthy growth.

The light of reason may be enveloped in clouds which shut out or obstruct partially its golden beams with only nominal, then a faint streak which can penetrate the darkened corridors, or winding passages through body to soul-life; but hold fast to that one ray, let it lead you where it may, it cannot be lost upon you, because its center unfolds it in its being and sent it forth to find you out.

The light of reason was given man to the end that he might in due time unravel truth. Step by step do we ascend the ladder of progression, not by one mighty bound but as all move forward by gradual growth.

Ignorance—Instruction—Knowledge—Birth—Life—Death, all different divisions—the one as truthful as the other.

Let light then dawn upon the human soul from every department of science, theoretical lore; all the avenues of wisdom kept open to the better unfolding of truth and the inner life, that man may become better acquainted with himself and his true position on earth.

Man's probation here ends with the body, so far as his first bodily experience goes, the best and most fitting opportunity being then given, for development, after natural causes, consequently the ripest, roundest, fullest, most perfect fulfillment of all God's laws.

Earth life gives birth to, spirit-life unfolds, and maturity belongs to eternity. Probation ends here with the body, but not the farther development of the inner man; the germ life has not yet opened its petals, only the swelling bud given form to, but not yet opened. Its inner life once expanded as the opening blossom, a fairer atmosphere than earth's home encompasses it. Its delicate aroma, must come back to you in the form of spirit influence. Thus opening life on earth is man's first probation and terminates with body, but its resurrected inner life or true body goes on to perfect unfolding in the world to come.

The earth life furnishes evidence of an intercommunion with the life of spirit, this outer or earth sphere being like the physical body the outermost—there being also a spiritual to this earthly home of ours, or interior adapted in all things to its present relation so intimately connected, blended the one with the other, as to be parts and portions of one whole. Everything has its real or natural, at the same time its refined or spiritualized emanation.

The earth's solidified body and its etherized aura or spiritual nerve-power, which clothes the earth with verdure or people it with a cloud of witnesses, everything created there, all arise from these positive and negative principles.

This inner principle or great working power, its spiritualized essence or innermost germ, as we term God, and all the works of His hand and the mighty universe, all things created but off-shoots, or we may say outer revealings of Deific power. There is a beautiful truth embodied here, but hard of conception to unlettered minds in spiritual lore, from lack of comprehension.

We have been schooled to always look upon the plain exterior of all things and not to its deep spiritual center.

The mind of man cannot understand God, only as you can draw him down to the earthly plane of thought.

We will not press this inquiry farther, only lift the curtain a little, elevate the inner man to look beyond earth's scenes for explanations the world cannot give.

Man is the noblest work of God, because capable of sympathy with this God-like principle, being begotten by the Father, inasmuch as the soul-germ, life is an impartation of Divine love and capable of an immortal existence. This life-principle is indestructible, must live on forever and will go on perfecting its conditions, not being perfected by them.

The exterior world is then only the outermost condition, the first-born, the infant not yet reared, instructed, disciplined, but forms its character now, and is only the commencement or germ life, being now unfolded for its work, for the life to come. We know not the meaning of the word, infinity, or eternity. God's unfolding power, or the limit to His goodness is bounded only as you can enumerate the countless orbs of the starry heavens, or numerically specify the exact number of shining particles upon the seashore. Even this you may do and not yet have commended in earnest, your investigations.

The mind of man can reach no farther than its boundary limit, thus far shalt thou go and no farther. The love of God surpasseth all understanding.

Stand of spirit-life come to you to aid and instruct.

Would that we could let the light of heaven shine in upon your souls with clearer, stronger beams, to the enlargement of more active thought that the soul-life may arouse from its lethargic slumbers, and work with an energy to more rapidly develop the inner life. It is meet that this should be so. Life here is given for growth more properly physical growth, perhaps, but

strong, healthy action, mental as well as physical.

Inertia is not fruitful of progressive action, or the dormant soul of healthy growth.—Live life's healthy action, constant progression, mentally, bodily, spiritually.

We have developed many new ideas here to you my dear sister, opening upon a large field of thought. Digest them as far as you can, they contain many hidden, that is unrevealed beauties, and if there is anything upon which light has not been thrown sufficiently for your consumption, lay it aside, not as an evil, but that you are not susceptible enough to perceive no full meaning as we would have you understand it.

These instructions have a great bearing upon your future usefulness and are not barren words but fruitful ideas.

We will come again at some future time and farther relate our investigations as we understand life in the second sphere.

Out Children.

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

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Taming the Little Wild Bird. No. 2. A Story for Little Children.

BY AUNT LEONORE.

On going into my garden one beautiful morning to gather currants, I found that a little wild vine had entirely covered up some of the bushes, so that the sun could not reach the nice, large currants and give them a beautiful color, and make them ripe and sweet. So I went back into the house, got a knife, cut the vine off close to the ground and carefully drew it off from the bushes. I never should have touched the vine, if I had known that a dear little innocent birdie had selected that place to build its nest, and make a home for its little helpless babies. There on the bushes was a tiny nest with two little speckled eggs all exposed now, to the hot sun, to the rain and chilling night dews.

The poor mother bird hopping around on the fence, almost crazy with fear and suffering; scolding, chirping, calling to her mate to come and see what an awful thing had happened to their snug, nice home.

I felt almost as bad as the birdies did, and would have been willing to work all day, if I could only put the vine back again just as it was before, and never pick a currant. I studied some time to think what could be done to repair the mischief and save the nest.

The first thing that I did was to get a string and tie two or three of the twigs of the bushes together so that the nest should not fall, as it had been loosened by pulling away the vine. The next thing to be done was to shelter it from the hot rays of the sun, and the cold rain. So I went to a tree full of bright, green leaves, and cut off some large branches, set them firmly in the ground so that the wind could not blow them down, and when it was all done, I thought it was a sweet, beautiful green bower, that I should be satisfied to live in if I was a little birdie. And, oh, how much I hoped they would forgive me for the wrong I had done them and come back to their pretty home. Then I went away and sat down where I could watch the little creatures, and see what they would do.

For a long time they flew around and around talking to each other, and acting as though they felt very suspicious that a trap was set for them that contained a hidden enemy. They came nearer and nearer each time, peering under the green leaves with their bright eyes, then flitting away to consider what it was best to do next. I then left them to do as they pleased, went into the house and told my little girl about the mischief I had done to the poor birdies, how they had felt and how sorry I was.

Very early the next morning before the sun was up, I heard near my window such a rich wild song, so full of joy, of melody, of thanksgiving and the notes came so thick and fast, that it seemed to me quite impossible that so small a thing as a little bird could hold so much music. I instantly thought of my work of the day before, and much wondered if this beautiful song could come from one of my poor birdies. I thought if it did, it would appear very much as if they were trying to return good for evil.

I soon dressed myself and went out to see what Mr. and Mrs. Birdie had concluded to do. I cautiously approached the leafy bower, but with all my care, the quick ears of Mrs. Birdie heard my approach, and out she flew like an arrow and away. But I rejoiced to find three little eggs in the nest, where there but two the day before. I felt such an interest in my little neighbors that it troubled me very much to have them look upon me as an enemy, to be feared and shunned. What could I do to let them know that I was their friend, and would like to be their protector, that I loved every little innocent helpless creature that the good Father had made. The sweet scented flowers, so like to the little girl and boy-babies, little human flowers.

My chickens, lambs, calves, and kitties all knew that I loved them, and would come at my call. I never allowed any one to abuse or hurt them. I have many times sat down on a log in the midst of my flock of fowls, while feeding them, and sung to them a sweet, low song, when they would all begin to flap or shake their heads, but keep coming nearer and nearer all the time, till some of them would fly up into my lap and onto my arms and shoulders and in a few moments all would be either sitting or lying stretched out full length on the ground, as still as though they were all asleep. Some looked very silly, but they all seemed very happy.

Now, I thought, as little children always come to me and never fear me, and all of my pets love to take their food out of my hand, why can I not get the confidence of these sweet birds, and let them eat out of my hand too, if they are wild and shy.

Now, if I could only see all of the little boys and girls that are reading this story, I would like to ask them how they would go to work to tame wild birds, so that they would never fly away when they came near. But as I cannot see them, I shall have to tell them how I did it, and in what way every boy and girl can do it.

All of the people that read the JOURNAL live every day according to its teachings, never fret, or scold, or get angry, or fly into a passion; then I

am sure there must be a great many happy children. When children are happy, it is easy for them to be good. If they are treated with kindness, gentleness and patience, it will make them gentle and kind to each other at home, and when at school among their playmates.

Spiritualism teaches us that if our hearts are full of hate, ill-will and envy, it will drive everything that is good and beautiful away from us. But if they are full of love that makes us wish to do good to all living things, if they are full of sympathy that makes us pity all who are in trouble, sick or suffering, if we are always patient and gentle, then we shall draw everything to us that is beautiful and good. And I guess that is the reason why the bright, happy spirits can come nearer to some of us than they can to others. Don't you think so too?

Well, you will think I have forgotten all about my birdies, but I have not, and as I wanted you all to remember just how I got the power to tame them, to take them in my hands and feed them, yes, and press the little innocent things to my bosom and lips too, I knew I must be very particular to tell you just how it was done.

One fact I learned then, and that was, as soon as there was one egg laid, the mother bird began to sit steadily, and never left her nest only to procure food, unless she was disturbed. I do not know as all birds have that habit, but the next summer a beautiful robin built her nest on the wood pile near my door. I watched her from the time she brought the first straw, till her nest was all done. She too, never left her nest after the first egg was laid, only to procure food.

I knew my little neighbors would never get acquainted with me, or know how much I loved them while they feared me so much. So I began by going to the nest very gently, very still, making no kind of noise. Mrs. Birdie flew away of course, but I knew she would not stay away very long. She soon came back, and made a great fuss, and did all she could by scolding, to drive me away, but I did not go until she went on to her nest. I stood close to her for a few moments, then left her so cautiously and still that she did not fly off. This I repeated two or three times.

The next day there were four eggs, and by this time she did not fly off at all, but sat still and looked at me with her little bright black eyes. I thought she must be very hungry, only going once or twice in the long day to get food. So the next time I went to make her a visit, I took some crumbs of bread, and some nice white cheese curd that I had made out of sour milk on purpose to feed my little chickens, broke it up into small pieces, then went to see if she had confidence enough in me and my good intentions, to take food out of my hand. I had to be very careful not to alarm her, for her mate was on the bushes near by, or flying around my head, trying all he could to make her believe that I was a very dangerous enemy. I think she knew better by this time, and did not mind a word he said to her. The first time I offered her food, she did not take it from my hand, but I put it on some leaves close to the nest, and stepped back a little, and had the pleasure of seeing her eat as much as her little crop could hold. Then I knew how very hungry she had been.

The next time I went to feed her, she took it from my hand without hesitation. After feeding her two or three times in this way, then I ventured to take my little girl with me, and you cannot tell how pleased and delighted she was to see the dear little birdie so tame that it did not offer to fly away. But she had to be very still, for the birdie did not know her yet. She wanted to feed it herself, so much. After two or three days, it ate from her hand, as well as from mine, and it made her so very happy, that she could hardly think or talk of anything else.

She was a feeble, quiet, gentle little girl, and never had been able to play with other little children, or go to school with them.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Correction.

DEAR SIR:—I write to ask a favor, which I feel confident you will be pleased to grant, as I am sure you do not wish to put me in a false light before your readers.

In the JOURNAL, of Feb. 27th, "Frontier Department," I find the following:—

"Keep it before the people, that Elder Miles Grant said at Dansville, New York, on Wednesday evening, January 27th, 1869, 'And if I am compelled to follow the Bible, and confine myself to it, then I may as well close the discussion at once, for I cannot maintain my defence from the Bible.'"

Allow me to say, with all due respect to Mr. Wilson, that I did not make the foregoing statement.

The facts are as follows: I attempted to give the different uses and renderings of some of the original words in the Hebrew Scripture, for the purpose of throwing light upon the subject under discussion, when Mr. Wilson objected, and insisted that I should confine myself to King James' version of the Bible. I then remarked, if he would not allow me to do anything but simply read the Bible, we might as well close the discussion; meaning by my remark, that merely reading from the Bible, or any other book, could not be considered a discussion. I made the remark to show, as I thought, the unreasonableness of his objection against the explanation I attempted to give; for, in debating any subject, involving the Bible, I understood it to be proper for either disputant to show by argument the connection between the Scriptures, and the subject under consideration, which could not be done, if we were only to read from the Bible without remarks.

But I never said, "If I am compelled to follow the Bible, * * * I cannot maintain my defence from it," for I believe without a doubt that I can, and am ready at any proper time, with suitable preliminaries, to meet Mr. Wilson, or any other able defendant of Spiritualism, and undertake to show that the entire Bible is opposed to Spiritualism in all its teachings.

MILES GRANT.

Boston, March 10th, 1869.

A Physician stopped at the shop of a country apothecary, and inquired for a pharmacopœia, "Sir," said the apothecary, "I know of no such farmer living about these parts."

LIST OF BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS

Table listing various books and engravings with prices, including titles like 'The Biographical of Satan', 'The Devil and His Fiery Dominion', and 'The Principles of Nature as Discussed in the Development and Structure of the Universe'.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL OF SATAN; OR, A Historical Exposition of THE DEVIL AND HIS FIERY DOMINIONS;

discussing the oriental origin of the belief in a Devil and Future Endless Punishment. All about the BOTTOMLESS PIT, KEYS OF HELL, Chains of Darkness, Casting out Devils, etc. By K. GRAVES.

A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER LAND,

containing Astonishing Disclosures and Startling Assertions. Illustrated with Diagrams and Engravings of Celestial Scenery. By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE AS DISCOVERED IN THE DEVELOPMENT AND STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE,

the Solar System, the Earth, also an Exposition of the Spiritual Universe. Given inspirationally. By MRS. MARIA M. KING.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER; AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM,

given through the Mediumship of MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON. Price, 8 cts.; postage, 2 cts.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Table with columns for arrival and departure times for various railroads including Chicago and Northwestern, Michigan Southern, and others.

SEWING MACHINES

Having made arrangements with THE MANUFACTURERS. Will furnish all of the best style of SEWING MACHINES at Ten Dollars Less than regular rates.

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At greatly reduced rates. We are now prepared to furnish our friends with almost any style of popular musical instruments direct from the Manufacturers.

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Table listing piano models and prices, such as 'No. 1-7 Octave, front round corners, plain case, \$500'.

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Table listing piano models and prices, such as 'No. 1-7 Octave front round corners plain case Octagon legs, \$450'.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO PIANOS.

Table listing piano models and prices, such as 'Full Grand Piano, Concert Size, Overstrung Scale, \$1000'.

F. C. LIGHTE & CO. PIANOS.

Descriptive Price List. CLASS. OCTAVE. Class I 7 octave, Rosewood Square Grand Scale and Action Overstrung, 2 large round corners, plain case, and octagon legs.

EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

Small Amounts of Money, can be remitted by mail, and larger amounts by Postal order, express, Bank Checks or Certificates of Deposit.

NEW CHEAP BOOK!! THE STARLING PROGRESSIVE PAPERS, COMPLETE.

Bound in Allegorically Illuminated Covers, making a Pretty and Readable Book, on a Variety of Subjects, Progressive and Liberal in their Tendency.

THE GARDEN CITY IMPROVED PLANCHETTE.

The materials of which these Planchettes are made, are peculiarly adapted to the magnetic currents of the human system.

DIRECTIONS.

Let one or more persons sit at the table on which the instrument is placed, each placing a hand lightly on the top board, simply touching the same, taking care to have the arms not come in contact with the table.

NEW BRICK MACHINE.

For tempered clay—common labor only required—worked by one man—makes 600 an hour, \$115—by horse, 500 an hour, \$200—1,200 an hour, \$400—by steam, 2,000 an hour, \$500.

MRS. HENRIETTA KNIGHT, HEALING

and Equalizing Medium. The sick and the nervous can receive immediate relief by manipulations, 100 Twelfth Street, New York.

DR. WM. CLARK'S SORIT Magnetic Vegetable Syrup

Is prepared before the public as one of the most alternative remedies for invigorating the organs and functions of the body.

Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Pulmonary and Bronchial Syrup

Is excellent for the Asthma either Periodical or Continued. It is not in fact a new medicine, but a new application of the old.

Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Nervine Syrup

This Syrup is invaluable for strengthening the nerve centers, and equalizing the circulation of nerve fluids.

HIS SPIRIT MAGNETIC VEGETABLE SYRUP.

IRADIATES Memory, Memory, and all inquiries, from the system; it energetically vitalizes and stimulates all the main organs of life, causing the blood to become more arterial.

Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus and Cholera Cordial.

Every person should have a bottle of this invaluable Cordial. Full directions accompanying each bottle suitable to the different stages of either of the above diseases.

Spirit Magnetic Anti-Bilious Sugar-coated Vegetable Pills

Invaluable to remove the liver from torpid condition, relieve obstructions of bile in the gall-bladder or its ducts; cure jaundice and inflammation of the stomach, which require the most speedy assistance.

Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Cathartic Pills

Remove costiveness, indigestion, and correct the stomach and bowels.

Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Colic Pills.

These Pills cure the most distressing cases of colic. Rubbing the patient's back and extremities with mustard-water is advised in connection with the Pills as directed, especially in painters' colic.

PRINCES SOVEREIGN CURE FOR SCROFULA OF EVERY PHASE.

Cholera, and all Blood Diseases, guaranteed by Nature's Potent Remedy from Plants. All the pretended cures and remedies have proven deceptive and temporary.

TAYLOR'S B.B.D. SPRINGS.

PATENTED May 10, 1868. Are the cheapest and best in use. Sent freight free for six dollars, a liberal discount to agents.

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

A few Facts from Spirit Life.

Lecturing in Danville on Monday evening, January 27th, 1869, we saw and described as follows: First. We saw by the side of this man, a spirit...

Second. By this woman was a spirit lady, very beautiful indeed, a cultivated and refined soul; then described her very minutely. She calls you sister, but we do not think she is your sister, but a friend and play mate of your girl-hood days.

After a little thought, she answered, "No, I can call nothing to mind, and have no idea of any such person."

"A failure," we promptly replied, "let it pass." "No," said the spirit, "it is not a failure, she will remember me. I am Emma Francis."

This we did not repeat, but went on with our facts. The next evening, the lady to whom the communication was given, called on us at the pleasant home of Mrs. Little, and voluntarily said, "I have called to correct the statement made by me last night at the Hall. I have identified the spirit you described, and your description of her was very correct indeed. She died when she was seventeen years old, and we were as dear to each other as sisters could be, and her name was Francis."

"Emma Francis," we heard a voice say. "It may have been," said the lady. "Why did you deny this last night?" said Mrs. Little.

"Because I was sure that she was nineteen and past, when she died, and Mr. W. was so positive that she was but seventeen, that I concluded that it was not my friend and sister Francis, but on reaching home, I found from her biography that he was right."

Here is but one of the many cases of spirit tests independent of the mind of the party to whom it is given; a clear case of spirit-history, corroborated by written evidence, and outside of the memory of either medium or party to whom the communication comes.

They that have ears to hear let them hear, and eyes to see, let them see and understand.

Third. After the lecture, and before the audience had left the house, there came the spirit of a sweet, pretty, little girl of three or four years of age, and touched me in her innocent child-like way and said, "Only as little angels can say, 'Tell my papa that I am here,' and then let me and stand by the side of an old gray haired man, and as she took her place by his side, she was changed in the twinkling of an eye, to a magnificent angel woman, wrapped in heaven's mantle of white, and with love-beaming from her eyes, she laid her white hand on the shoulder of the old man, and said, 'My father, I welcome thee, and in joy greet thee from my spirit home.' And then bowing her spirit form to the wrinkled brow of the old man, kissed him and disappeared.

We called the old man's attention to the fact. He turned, looked at the place where the angel daughter had stood, and said, "She is my daughter, and died when four years old."

Fourth. On Friday evening, January 29th, 1869, and after the discussion had closed, several friends followed us to the home of Mrs. Little, with whom we stopped, for a social chat, and among others came Dr. and Mrs. P., who, by the way, are not Spiritualists. While in conversation with them, we heard the voice of a woman say, "Dr. P., I want Dr. P."

We turned towards Dr. P., and we saw as follows: First, a splendid female form, one of the finest we ever saw; then we saw a room and its contents, among other things, a low posted bedstead, with the woman on it that we had seen stand by the side of the Doctor. She was in night-dress, open in front, with full border reaching from pit of stomach up to, and around her neck, and some kind of border around the wrists. Her face was full, flushed and indicative of good health; she was handsome and lay in unrest, with eyes closed. Her hair was loose, and lay in masses over the white pillows, and its lustrous brown black, was in marked contrast with the whiteness of the pillows. The bedstead stood out from the walls, and I saw her lips move and heard her moan, "Why don't you call Dr. P.?"

I then saw by the bed an old man of seventy years, white haired, thin on the top of the head, describing him minutely even to his cane, and observed that he was a conceited, strong-willed man. By him stands a much younger man, stout, thickest, dark hair, dark complexion and apparently about thirty-five years of age. These men are Doctors, and now, Dr. P., I see you by the side of the bed in consultation over the woman. You each make a diagnosis. Yours is rejected, and is acted on. The woman died, and now her spirit stands by you and says, "Dr. P. had I had you in the beginning of my troubles, I should have been in the form to-day."

This, Doctor, was twenty-two years ago, and you were twenty-six years old, and the woman about twenty-two or three. Answer yes or no.

Says the Doctor, "Twenty-two years ago I was opening up a practice in the town of—, and was called the 'new Doctor,' and there occurred just what you have related; I was twenty-six years old, and I differed with the two Doctors you have described, and on the death of the lady in question, I demanded a post mortem examination, which was conducted by two disinterested physicians, who sustained my diagnosis, thus sustaining my professional reputation; and your communication is wonderfully correct."

"Yes," said Mrs. P. in a sad voice, "I knew the woman well. She died in child-birth, and her form was pronounced by the Doctors who made the post mortem examination, to have been the finest they ever saw."

All of these things ye may do and much more, if ye have faith as large as a grain of mustard seed."

O ye Adventists who believe in Jesus as the Son of God, why don't you do these things, or else expel the demons that do them? Ye are of the Sadducees, blind leaders, leading the blind.

"Wee unto you Sadducees, hypocrites, liars."—Jesus.

In Delay Wise?

"Dr. Spencer, in a sermon upon delay of conversion, says: Make up a congregation of a thousand Christians. Divide them into five classes according to the ages at which they became Christians. Place in the first class all those converted under twenty years of age; in the fifth class all those converted between fifty and sixty. Of your thousand

Christians there were hopefully converted under twenty years of age 548. Between fifty and sixty years of age there were 171. All are invited to a class—converted between sixty and seventy years of age—one. Just one out of a thousand Christians converted over sixty years old. What a lesson on delay! What an awful lesson!"

We eat the above from the DAILY JOURNAL, Syracuse, New York, of February 27th. What a comment on religious revivals, entirely dependent on the negative condition of childhood for converts. God cannot convert adults, he must work through children. And why, Dr. Spencer? Because the physical nature of the nine out of ten of your converts, have the cold viscera skin and you easily magnetize them into your views.

Is God's power less with the man than the child? Why have a congregation for a revival? Why not make your converts out of adults? Why not begin a revival in a private family or with two or three present? Jesus has promised to be with you, why not try it?

We Spiritualists, make our converts from the adults. We take our old members and make them into Spiritualists. We take the Infidels, on whom you have tried your power, and failed, and they become believers. You say "It is the Devil." Ah, well, it is the Devil of the Sadducees. "He hath a Devil." Well, Dr. Spencer, we accept the cry, and have to go with the crowd. According to your views the Devil gets the wholesale trade, and your God the retail business of this world. But, really, Doctor, the logic of history is this: That while the church has pronounced as of the Devil, has in future become the world's redeemer, and we, the Spiritualists, have been called the Devil, and accused of diabolism by the church, and by this sign we know that in the future we shall be the redeemers of the race.

Speak again, Doctor, and we will review your article.

Has God no Mercy?

A correspondent of the CONGREGATIONALIST says: "A gentleman once remarked to President Dwight that when, in his youth, he heard Mr. Edwards describe the day of judgment, he fully expected that immediately at the close of the sermon, the Judge would descend and the final separation take place." During the delivery of one of his most overwhelming discourses, in the pulpit of a minister unused to such power, this minister is said to have forgotten himself so far as to pull the preacher by the coat, and try to stay the torrent of such appalling eloquence by the question: "Mr. Edwards! Mr. Edwards! is not God a merciful being?"

We clip the above from an exchange and answer the question: Mr. Edwards' God was the God of Moses, and knew not Jesus or Spiritualism,—knew no mercy. A God of anger, of wrath, of hate and spleen; delighting in blood, war and pain, and as understood and represented by Theology, is to-day as yesterday, in the future as in the past unchangeable and eternally the same.

Only last month He was asked in prayer, to throw the cars off the track of the New York and Erie Rail Road, with all the fervent eloquence of revival powers, that Elder Grant and E.V. Wilson might go to hell instead of Danville.

Continue to howl, ye bigots, your prayers are harmless, and "We still live."

A REMARKABLE CURE OF BLINDNESS.

George H. Wilson, of Toledo, informs us that he was a soldier of the 54th Massachusetts colored Infantry, and in the charge of Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, he received injuries which resulted in partial blindness. He says:

Two years since I could not distinguish one person or object from another; but I could distinguish day from night. For one year past, I have been totally blind, I have not known day from night, have been treated by a dozen different Physicians, Dr. Eaton and Dr. Danhap, were the two principal Oculists, that treated my eyes, in Toledo, both giving me up as incurable and could not remove the extract from the left eye.

I next went to Detroit and was treated by Dr. Rousey. After cupping, leeching, and various painful operations, he told me I was too late, as there could be nothing more done for me. Then I went, and was examined by Professor Strong, Oculist of Cleveland, who stated that the pupil of the eye was so contracted, that there was no help for it, and the extract of the left eye could not be removed, at least he did not want to try it, for it was too fine a job, he then advised me to consult Dr. —, of Cincinnati.

My money being nearly all gone, my brother-in-law, consented to come to Chicago with me, to make one more trial, for I could not give up all hopes yet, as I had a wife and family to support, and with the simple facts of my condition, Geo. W. Watson my brother-in-law, leading me around, asking a little charity for the support of myself and family, and hoping to accumulate enough to make another trial to recover my eye sight. Calling into Drs. S. McBride and Cleveland's office, and handing my paper to read, a female voice exclaimed, "I am impressed that the Drs. can restore his sight!" Then a hope like a shock went through me, and soon they were to work at me, their wives asking me some questions; one was "did you ever read of the sight being restored by the laying on of hands, the sick healed, &c.?" I said I was commanded to open my eyes. I did, and to my surprise and great delight I could begin to discern objects.—Before I left the office I could see the large windows were oval top, and could count the rounds in an office chair, and could tell how many fingers the Dr. would hold up before me, and could discern objects enough to tell what they were.—And for the first time I saw my brother-in-law to recognize his features, for over two years, my eye sight is improving every day. March 3rd, I saw to read stair cards, and read in the office, in large letters, "Drs. S. McBride and Cleveland."

Never shall I forget March 1st, 1869, when my sight was restored. Hoping to receive a little support from the good people of Chicago for a short time until my health and strength is a little better that I can earn a living for myself and family, as the Drs. care me free of charge. I can but say, "God bless them."

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY. We received the following note from brother Spetigue, just on the eve of putting our paper to press, and as it relates to a subject of much interest we make room for it.

"DEAR FRIENDS:—I had the honor of invit-

ing you to this city last year to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. You, who accepted the invitation were so delighted with the gathering that you expressed a desire to meet again in the same place on the same auspicious occasion. I have now great pleasure in inviting you to meet me at Crosby's Music Hall, to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Further particulars next week. I remain your fellow worker, J. SPETIGUE.

Those Jews who want to observe the same Sunday with Christians, if they will go westerly round the globe, will come back with Sunday in the right place.

What is Religion? By George Snyder. Price ten cents.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

ATLANTA, GA.—Lycium meets each Sabbath at 1 o'clock P. M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ASTORIA, CLATSOP COUNTY, OR.—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers traveling their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received.

BOSTON.—MERCANTILE HALL.—The First Spiritualist Association meets in this hall, 32 Summer street. M. T. Dole, President; Samuel N. Jones, Vice President; Wm. Dunckley, M. J. Stewart, Secretary. Sunday evening, 7:30 o'clock, P. M. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed to Charles W. Hunt, Assistant Secretary, 51 Pleasant street.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Lectures every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock, and will continue next May under the management of L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able, normal trance and inspirational speakers.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The South End Lycium Association have entertained every Thursday evening during the winter at the Hall No. 39 Springfield street. Children's Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. A. C. Chase, Conductor; J. W. McGuire, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Stewart, Secretary. Address all communications to A. J. Chase, 1071 Washington street.

UNION HALL.—The South Boston Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10, 13 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Mr. Kemp, President; R. H. Gould, Secretary; Mary L. French, Conductor.

TEMPERANCE HALL.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meetings in Temperance Hall, No. 3 Maverick square, East Boston, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. Benjamin Osborne, 91 Lexington street, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, during February; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes during March; Mrs. Juliette Yeaw during April; J. M. Peckles during May.

WESTER HALL.—The First Progressive Lycium Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at Webster street, corner Orleans East Boston, and at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at the corner of Washington and Adams streets, West Boston. President, N. A. Simmons; Treasurer, C. O. King; Corresponding Secretary, L. F. Freeman; Recording Secretary, H. M. Wiley. Lycium meets at 10 1/2 A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Guardian.

Baltimore, Md.—The "The Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore" hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at the corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. H. Hartzel, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah A. Childers, Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. Broadway Institute.—The Society of "Progressive Spiritualists of Baltimore" Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours.

Battle Creek, Mich.—Spiritualists of the First Free Church, hold meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. at Walker's Hall. Lycium session at 12 M. George Chase, Conductor; Mrs. L. E. Bailey, Guardian of Groups.

Belvidere, Ill.—The Spiritual Society hold meetings in the hall No. 100 North Main street, Belvidere, Ill., every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. W. F. Jamieson, Conductor; S. C. Haywood, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Hiram Buwell, Guardian.

Chicago, Ill.—Library Hall.—First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at the corner of Washington and Adams streets, West Boston. President, N. A. Simmons; Treasurer, C. O. King; Corresponding Secretary, L. F. Freeman; Recording Secretary, H. M. Wiley. Lycium meets at 10 1/2 A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Guardian.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—The Spiritualists of Charleston, Jasper Co., Mo., hold meetings every Sunday evening. C. G. Colby, Corresponding Secretary; A. W. Pickering, Clerk.

Des Moines, Iowa.—The First Spiritualist Association meet regularly for lectures, conferences and music each Sunday, in the Temperance Hall, at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 1/2 P. M. B. N. Ryan, Corresponding Secretary.

Detroit, Mich.—First Union Society of Spiritualists hold meetings in Ormsby's Hall at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at the corner of Washington and Adams streets, West Boston. President, N. A. Simmons; Treasurer, C. O. King; Corresponding Secretary, L. F. Freeman; Recording Secretary, H. M. Wiley. Lycium meets at 10 1/2 A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Guardian.

GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO.—The Spiritualists meet there three evenings each week at the residence of H. Toft. Mrs. Toft, devoutly speaking a medium.

HANCOCK, N. Y.—Children's Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Conductor, Hudson T. B. Gardner; Editor, T. B. Gardner; Secretary, W. Van Buren.

MONROE, ILL.—Lycium meets every Sunday forenoon. About one hundred pupils. J. S. Loveland, Conductor; D. R. Stevia, Assistant Conductor; Helen Nye, Guardian of Groups.

Yankton, S. D.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday for conference, at Long's Hall, at 2 1/2 p. m.

ROCKFORD, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet and have speaking every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, at Brown's Hall, at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. in the same hall. Dr. C. E. Hunt, conductor; Mrs. A. Rockwood, Guardian.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—The First Spiritualist Association of Charleston hold regular meetings at Central Hall, No. 25 Elm street, every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at the corner of Washington and Adams streets, West Boston. President, N. A. Simmons; Treasurer, C. O. King; Corresponding Secretary, L. F. Freeman; Recording Secretary, H. M. Wiley. Lycium meets at 10 1/2 A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Guardian.

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Toledo, O.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in Old Mason's Hall, South street, at 7 P. M. All are invited to a class. Children's Progressive Lycium in the same place every Sunday at 10 A. M. A. A. Whislock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Whislock, Guardian.

CHICAGO LIBERAL AND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS meet every Sunday at Crosby's Music Hall, at 10 1/2 and 7:30. Conferences on religious revivals, entirely dependent on the negative condition of childhood for converts. All communications to be addressed to E. V. Wilson, 270 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK.—The Friends of Humanity meet every Sunday at 7 1/2 P. M. in the convenient and comfortable hall, 270 Broadway, northeast corner Forsyth, at block east of Broadway, for moral and spiritual culture, inspirational and trance speaking, special test manifestations, and the relation of religious experiences, facts and phenomena. Seats free, and contribution taken up.

OWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., in the convenient and comfortable hall, 270 Broadway, northeast corner Forsyth, at block east of Broadway, for moral and spiritual culture, inspirational and trance speaking, special test manifestations, and the relation of religious experiences, facts and phenomena. Seats free, and contribution taken up.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, in the convenient and comfortable hall, 270 Broadway, northeast corner Forsyth, at block east of Broadway, for moral and spiritual culture, inspirational and trance speaking, special test manifestations, and the relation of religious experiences, facts and phenomena. Seats free, and contribution taken up.

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Des Moines, Iowa.—The First Spiritualist Association meet regularly for lectures, conferences and music each Sunday, in the Temperance Hall, at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 1/2 P. M. B. N. Ryan, Corresponding Secretary.

Detroit, Mich.—First Union Society of Spiritualists hold meetings in Ormsby's Hall at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at the corner of Washington and Adams streets, West Boston. President, N. A. Simmons; Treasurer, C. O. King; Corresponding Secretary, L. F. Freeman; Recording Secretary, H. M. Wiley. Lycium meets at 10 1/2 A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Guardian.

GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO.—The Spiritualists meet there three evenings each week at the residence of H. Toft. Mrs. Toft, devoutly speaking a medium.

HANCOCK, N. Y.—Children's Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Conductor, Hudson T. B. Gardner; Editor, T. B. Gardner; Secretary, W. Van Buren.

MONROE, ILL.—Lycium meets every Sunday forenoon. About one hundred pupils. J. S. Loveland, Conductor; D. R. Stevia, Assistant Conductor; Helen Nye, Guardian of Groups.

Yankton, S. D.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday for conference, at Long's Hall, at 2 1/2 p. m.

ROCKFORD, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet and have speaking every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, at Brown's Hall, at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. in the same hall. Dr. C. E. Hunt, conductor; Mrs. A. Rockwood, Guardian.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—The First Spiritualist Association of Charleston hold regular meetings at Central Hall, No. 25 Elm street, every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at the corner of Washington and Adams streets, West Boston. President, N. A. Simmons; Treasurer, C. O. King; Corresponding Secretary, L. F. Freeman; Recording Secretary, H. M. Wiley. Lycium meets at 10 1/2 A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Guardian.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Lectures every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock, and will continue next May under the management of L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able, normal trance and inspirational speakers.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The South End Lycium Association have entertained every Thursday evening during the winter at the Hall No. 39 Springfield street. Children's Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. A. C. Chase, Conductor; J. W. McGuire, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Stewart, Secretary. Address all communications to A. J. Chase, 1071 Washington street.

UNION HALL.—The South Boston Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10, 13 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Mr. Kemp, President; R. H. Gould, Secretary; Mary L. French, Conductor.

TEMPERANCE HALL.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meetings in Temperance Hall, No. 3 Maverick square, East Boston, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. Benjamin Osborne, 91 Lexington street, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, during February; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes during March; Mrs. Juliette Yeaw during April; J. M. Peckles during May.

WESTER HALL.—The First Progressive Lycium Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at Webster street, corner Orleans East Boston, and at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at the corner of Washington and Adams streets, West Boston. President, N. A. Simmons; Treasurer, C. O. King; Corresponding Secretary, L. F. Freeman; Recording Secretary, H. M. Wiley. Lycium meets at 10 1/2 A. M. John T. Freeman, Conductor; Mrs. Martha S. Jenkins, Guardian.

Baltimore, Md.—The "The Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore" hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. at the corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. H. Hartzel, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah A. Childers, Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. Broadway Institute.—The Society of "Progressive Spiritualists of Baltimore" Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours.

Battle Creek, Mich.—Spiritualists of the First Free Church, hold meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. at Walker's Hall. Lycium session at 12 M. George Chase, Conductor; Mrs. L. E. Bailey, Guardian of Groups.

Belvidere, Ill.—The Spiritual Society hold meetings in the hall No. 100 North Main street, Belvidere, Ill., every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, P. M. W. F. Jamieson, Conductor; S. C. Haywood, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Hiram Buwell, Guardian.

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ALSIIKA CLOVER SEED. The best Clover for Hay and Pasture is the ALSIIKA. It yields a per acre 2 to 3 tons hay and 4 to 5 bushels seed. Both hay and seed are secured each year from the first cutting. This clover is a native of Sweden and is extremely hardy. It demands little care and is unexcelled. Securo it now before the supply is exhausted. Sow only 4lb per acre. Sent singly, or to clubs, by mail or express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price. 1/2 lb. 50 cts. 1 lb. \$1.00 2 lbs. \$2.00 3 lbs. \$3.00 4 lbs. \$4.00 5 lbs. \$5.00 10 lbs. \$10.00 20 lbs. \$20.00

GENUINE SURPRISE OATS. We have secured a supply of this wonderful oat direct from O. H. Van Olinda, the party that first brought it to public notice. The Surprise Oats yield from 75 to 125 bushels per acre, and weigh 45 to 48 lbs. per bushel. They are six years in cultivation from the first cutting, and are thoroughly acclimated. Sow only 2 bushels (64 lbs.) per acre. Two or more may join in sending for Oats 4 lbs. or less, sent by mail prepaid. One peck or more, by express—the purchaser to pay charges, extra free. 1 lb. \$1.00 1 peck \$2.50 2 bush. \$4.00 3 bush. \$6.00 4 bush. \$8.00 5 bush. \$10.00

MELILOT CLOVER. The best Honey Plant is MELILOT CLOVER. One acre will support twenty hives of bees. This clover blooms from July to November, and yields 60 to 100 lbs.