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

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SEQUEL TO MAUD MILLER.

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

"It might have been," was the first refrain. That came and went, thro' the Judge's brain: While a sallow law-case, his mind would fill, Caus'g such tremulous nerve to thrill. But the sands of life, were running fast, And soon they were gone;—the very last. 'M'age had conquer'd,—he had gone to rest, With his pale hands folded, above his breast. And a costly marble, with name and date, Told the passer-by, of the Judge's fate. While far from the church-yard,—under the hill, His sweet Maud Miller, so cold and still. Their forms were there, while across the river The foe had met, no more to sever. When the Judge first step, on the other shore, Sweet Maud was the first to welcome him o'er. She gave him her hand,—the light in her eye, Paid him for the sorrowful days, gone by. And a kiss, that a seraph might dare to press On the maiden's cheek, was their first caress. In that blissful hour, they both forgot, How weary had been their earthly lot. And tho' each had striven to do their best, This was their first real happiness. The very first hour of perfect joy, They had ever known—without alloy. And as they looked back, on their earthly years, They saw each path bespangled with tears. They saw the hopes, that were crushed at birth, Saw, how of they had weared, and died of thirst. Yet, all these things, seem'd a life-dream, Since they had passed over death's chilling stream. And as they walked, o'er the golden plain, Their hearts sang no more, but sad refrain: "It might have been," for the days were gone, For the love was o'er, and sad, and lone. Tho', the same, as they walked together, 'Tis part no more, no, never, never. And the Judge's heart, with joy would fill, As sweet Maud Miller, the song would thrill. And a holy joy and quiet rest, Filled sick sweet Maud's and the Judge's breast. And there they will walk, by life's beautiful river, Hand clasped in hand,—forever and ever.

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

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

BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TOMBS—STOCK JOBBER.

Even the gait 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. Leaving Broadway, the retired merchant pursued his route toward the lower part of the city, through White and Centre streets. As he approached an edifice of massive size and glistening exterior, universally known by the nickname of the Egyptian Tombs, he perceived a score of men and boys standing around the principal entrance. Obeying a sudden impulse of curiosity or waywardness, he mounted the steps and advanced through a vestibule filled with a miscellaneous assemblage. The attention of Owen Tracey was drawn immediately toward a stout thickset man, wearing handcuffs on his wrists, and a soiled bloody handkerchief around his head. The signs of guilt were visible in his malignant scowl, and the sunken, savage expansion of his features. Among the spectators in close proximity to Owen Tracey, stood two strangers, a small spare man, and a stripling nearly of a man's growth, with a dark swarthy complexion. They were conversing together in whispers. "Levi, is yonder prisoner the gold watch man who pawned the articles I spoke of—a gold watch and a diamond cross—at your establishment on the morning of Saturday last?" "I cannot see his face distinctly," said the youth, advancing a little. "Lean this way—now." "Yes, Mr. Pettigrew, the very man. I could pick him up in an instant, out of a thousand." "You are content, then?" "Positive as I am of my own existence. He has got a bruise on the left eye that disguises him a little, but there is no mistaking him. What is he up for?"

"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 are 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 commitment 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. "Walk in, Mr. Tracey," said a gentleman of middle age and sharp intelligent features. "The lawyer desired a chair for his visitor, and seated himself near a table covered with papers and law books. "I have but a few minutes to spare, Mr. Barton," said the merchant. "I wish to have some directions with you so that you may draw a codicil to my will, which is to be executed to-morrow." "Quite moment, Mr. Tracey," rejoined the lawyer, folding up a written document and laying it in his drawer; then placing a sheet of foolscap before him, he added: "I will take a memorandum." Owen Tracey hitched his chair a little toward Mr. Barton, and hesitated ere he spoke. "My will is in your possession?" "It is," replied the lawyer, pointing to a large iron safe standing behind the table. "Shall I get it?" "No matter," said the merchant. "I remember its contents perfectly. After the payment of my debts, and a few trifling legacies, I have devised one undivided moiety of my real and personal estate to my wife Mary, in lieu of her right of dower, and the remaining half to my brother, Alfred Tracey." "Such is my recollection." "The will was drawn by you?" "Yes—yes." "I desire to execute a codicil to my will, revoking the grant of a moiety of my real and personal estate to Alfred Tracey, and devising the same in equal parts to the surviving children and grand children of Charles Mountjoy, my former partner in business." "You propose to cut off your brother entirely?" "Entirely, Mr. Barton. I will state to you in confidence, that his habits of life and his conduct toward me, have been such as to destroy all claim upon my liberality." "The lawyer then wrote a memorandum of the directions of Owen Tracey, and read it over to him. "It is right, Mr. Barton." "To mirror the draught of the codicil will be ready for signature." "The sooner the better. I will call again to-morrow." "The morning was occupied by the merchant in the transaction of business, principally in making purchases of the stock of the Wexford Railroad Company, from bona fide holders. At two o'clock, according to appointment, he met his brother at the counting room of Messrs. Barstow and Rodman in Front street. It was definitely arranged between the parties that Alfred Tracey should sail as supercargo of the good ship Splendid, bound to Canton, with a cargo of cheap cotton goods, and other American manufactures. The brothers separated on leaving the counting room; and Owen Tracey, turning into Wall street, soon arrived at the office of Francis Mortimer. The broker met him with an insinuating smile. "Sit down, my dear sir, sit down. You look fatigued, Mr. Tracey. The sun has come out bright and warm. A very nice thing, isn't it?" "I have heard nothing." "This Mexican war keeps every thing flat in the money market. Just now, perhaps, it is so much the better for us. Have you done any thing yet in our business?" "I have secured nearly five hundred shares of the floating stock of the Wexford Company at a shade above 29." "Five hundred shares, my dear sir?" "Here is the memorandum," said Owen Tracey, taking his tablets from his breast pocket. Edward A. Clason, 57 shares; Samuel Pitt, 34 do.; Goddard & Young, 133 do.; Abraham Welch, 49 do.; Messrs. Black & Co., 95 do.; Williams & Zieher, 70 do." The merchant slowly read off the names and the number of shares purchased by him. "The terms," he added in conclusion, "are cash upon the delivery of the certificates of transfer on the books of the company." "The operation goes on finely," said Francis Mortimer. "I bought three hundred shares on time at the Broker's Board to-day 28 1/2, at 30 days, sellers option. I am doing something in the street, also. The thing is not quite ripe yet. Get the command of the rest of the stock in your schedule with as little delay as possible." "I shall secure nearly the whole number of shares in a day or two," replied the merchant. "It won't do to play the game too openly, my dear sir—caution—caution. These fellows in Wall street have keen eyes." "I follow you in directions implicitly." "Ay, ay," said the broker, with a nod of the head and a genial smile. "I understand them. It is mining and counter mining continually, as between hostile armies in a siege, so that we must carefully guard against surprises." "Do you think there is danger?"

"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 is extremely doubtful whether it can be made to repay 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 amount 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." The merchant looked anxiously at the broker after he had finished the paragraph. "Are those statements correct?" "They ought to be," remarked the stock broker with a low silvery laugh, "I wrote them myself." "You, Mr. Mortimer?" "Certainly, certainly, my dear sir; and I will tell you my object. It is our cue to depress the price of the Wexford stock to the lowest possible figure. You are buyers, Mr. Tracey?" "I understand." "Your movements will soon be known to some of the sharp ones. I consider this article a good thing, Mr. Tracey. 'Give a dog a bad name,'—you remember the proverb, my dear sir; and so with stocks. Dealers are ticklish about fluctuations in the securities which are publicly traded in the newspapers. Few men, even stock holders, are intimately acquainted with the affairs of the private or public corporations, whose securities they buy or sell, and speculations in the market are, often caused by street rumors and newspaper articles." "Your address in the such rumors and articles are the contrivances of operators and interested parties, to affect the prices of their securities," said Owen Tracey, with a glance of inquiry. "Certainly, my dear sir, entirely. The success of a speculation often requires consummate skill and cunning in the management of these sources of public opinion. You and I, for example, come into the market as bona fide purchasers of the stock of the Wexford Railroad Company. The natural tendency of our operations is to raise the price of the stock. This is the natural tendency, Mr. Tracey, and we are about to counteract it. The lower the stock the better for us. Do you not see that?" "So long as we are purchasers, Mr. Mortimer," said the retired merchant. "But we are operating on time." "Precisely," said the stockbroker, in a tone of suavity, striking the folded newspaper, gently, with the tips of his fingers. "I shall follow up this article with others of a similar description, until our plans have ripened fully, and then we shall contrive to turn the tables upon our good friends and neighbors." "Is there no danger, Mr. Mortimer, of seriously affecting the standing of the Wexford Company?" "Our plan is to get the control of the whole number of shares in the market, and it matters little to us what may be the standing of the Company, so that prices do not rise at present. All in good time, my dear Mr. Tracey. A fortnight or three weeks hence, we shall find it our interest, perhaps, to assure the public that the Wexford Railroad Company is under the management of a discreet and competent Board of Directors, and is rapidly recovering from its temporary embarrassments." "But in what way," said Mr. Tracey, "are the columns of our journals rendered subservient to such projects?" "There are secrets in all professions," replied the broker, "and ours is not without its mysteries." "Money! money!" remarked the merchant, gruffly. "Money is the grand lever, Mr. Tracey. But it requires skillful handling to move, successfully, with a lever, a stone wall or a bubbling fountain. The coarseness of open bribery is no longer tolerated—except by harlots and policemen." "The result is the same." "We gain our ends," said Mortimer, gravely, "by skill and concerted action. Success embellishes the most splendid combination and redeems the most desperate venture." "Thus far, Mr. Mortimer," said the merchant, glancing at the broker from under his shaggy eyebrows, "you sugar well of the success of our operations." "Every thing goes on swimmiingly as far as I can perceive," replied the broker. "Secure the balance of the floating stock as quickly as you can. To-morrow I shall be openly in the field as a purchaser of the Wexford stock, at thirty and sixty days. It will be better that no apparent connection exist between us, and indeed to obviate suspicion, I suggest to you the employment of another broker than myself, Tillotson, for example, to purchase stock on time on your individual account. We can arrange matters

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." From Worthington, Iowa. Mr. Editor:—As I am a subscriber to your paper, the JOURNAL, I take the liberty to write a few lines, partly for inquiry, and partly to tell you how we stand here in regard to this new doctrine. We are all quite green out here in regard to Spiritualism; I never saw or heard much about it, until within a few days, we were favored with four lectures by Mrs. Wilcoxson, one of our trance mediums, and she created quite a sensation. We had crowded houses every night, although the weather was the most inclement kind, very rainy, and mud very deep, they came from all quarters for miles. She is a powerful speaker, and to all appearance a very devoted woman. The way she handled her subject, was a wonder to all, especially when she spoke on the origin of man. She handled all sciences with so much fluency and ease as though she had made each one a life long study. I am really at a loss to know what to think about what she preaches. I see very strange doctrine, denying both the fall of man and the restoration. She calls Christ one of the very best of men, but no God; she says he never claimed anything more for himself, but his followers did. Now I can't understand, I read that Christ told Philip that he had seen him had seen the Father; and that no man cometh to the Father only by me. He also said he was the door to the sheepfold, and all must come in by him, Christ, for he that climbeth up any other way was to be considered a thief and a robber. Now, how is it she makes Christ but too good to do wrong, and too wise to err, that she can say he never claimed anything more for himself than any other man, and still we think he claims all that we claim for him, as I am very much interested in the new doctrine, I want you to try and get the scales from off my eyes. There is nothing talked about in our town so much at present as the new doctrine. The friends of Spiritualism claim thirty converts, how that I do not know, they claim me and two Van devers and two women by the name of (I think, and also A. B. Wheelers. The thing is all in the dark to us, as we hardly know what your faith is. I see the spirits don't agree, as one said plainly he did not believe all was right, he believed it was right wrong; others again could not tell really where they were, but concluded it was not far off as they were not long coming, and others that they were homesick, and could not be happy unless they were with their friends on Earth. How do you reconcile all this? I always thought if we were lucky enough to go to heaven, our utmost desires were all satisfied; please tell me if you can, and oblige yours truly, R. S. GONZOS. February 26th, 1869. Professor Lowback, of Philadelphia, has recently invented a velocipede of an entirely new style. There are but two wheels, the seat sitting quite low between them. The novelty consists of a cog attached to the guiding-post, by means of which the rear wheel is made to follow directly in the track of the forward wheel. No matter how short the turn, both wheels make it at the same time; and the seat always remains parallel with the driving wheel. In other machines there is no guide to the rear wheel, and, consequently, the machine cannot be turned so readily when a collision is threatened.

Trappists. There are several Trappist monasteries in 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, they only sleep 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; nor 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 devotions and meditations, every moment of their day which is not occupied by their regular duties and employments. No female is 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 gatehouse; where also, ladies accompanying visitors are admitted; but beyond this there is no passing for petitioners. Anecdote of Curran. A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for payment. But the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what he meant and was quite sure no such sum had ever been deposited in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollect and finally to the honor of the landlord, the farmer applied to Curran for advice. "Have patience, my friend," said the council; "speak to the landlord civilly—tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and come to me." He did so, and returned to his legal friend. "And now I can't see how I'm going to be the better off for this, if I get my second hundred back again—but 'twas that to be done?" "Go, and ask him for it when he is alone," said the council. "Ay, sir, asking won't do, I'm afraid, without proof at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said the council, "do as I bid you and return to me." The farmer returned with his hundred, glad to find that safely in his possession. "Well sir, I must be content, but I don't see as I am much better off." "Well then," said the council, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." We need not add that the wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his council ultimately, with both hundred in his pocket. Of What Man is Composed? Of the sixty two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body; and of these seven are metals. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bone, and dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two, of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen carbon—representing the more familiar names of fire, water, salt-peter, and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of the earth, a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of gunpowder, an atom of charcoal. 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, Pold, 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. Lecture in Rhyme—Past, Present and Future, by Mrs Logan. Price twenty-five cents.











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It is proved before the public as one of the best alterative remedies for purifying the system and for the relief of the bowels, in cases of Constipation, Chlorosis, Rheumatism, Jaundice, Typhoid and Influenza of the Liver, Biliousness, etc.

Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Pulmonary and Bronchial Syrup

It is well known to the Asthma either Periodical or Constant. In such cases take one of the Magnetic Vegetable Syrup before commencing on the Pulmonary, especially in continued Asthma.

Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Nervine Syrup

This Syrup is invaluable for strengthening the nervous system, and equalizing the circulation of the blood.

HIS SPIRIT MAGNETIC VEGETABLE SYRUP.

It is well known to the Asthma either Periodical or Constant. In such cases take one of the Magnetic Vegetable Syrup before commencing on the Pulmonary, especially in continued Asthma.

Magnetic Vegetable Medicine!

It is well known to the Asthma either Periodical or Constant. In such cases take one of the Magnetic Vegetable Syrup before commencing on the Pulmonary, especially in continued Asthma.

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

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

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Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Cathartic Pills

These Pills cure the most distressing cases of colic. Rubbing the patient's back and extremities with mustard-water has great success with the Pills as directed, especially in putrid colic.

Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Tonic and Strengthening Powders.

These powders are invaluable in all cases of debility and weakness of the blood; in consumption, dropsy, low constitution, obstructed menses, etc.

Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Colic Pills

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Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

A few Facts from Spirit Lite.

Lecturing in Danville on Monday evening, January 25th, 1869, we saw and described as follows: First. We saw by the side of this man, a spirit, in life he was a soldier, describing him fully, and he is your cousin or nephew, and he was killed in 1825.

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

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 left me and stood 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.'

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

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 their 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 saw as follows: First, a splendid female form, one of the finest ever seen; 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.

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 cataract of the left eye could not be removed, at least he did not want to try it, for it was too fine a job, 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 Mrs. S. McBride and Cleveland's office, and handing my paper to read, a female voice exclaimed, 'I am impressed that the Dr. can restore his sight.' Then a hope like a shaft 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.

Christians there were hopefully converted under twenty years of age 5488. Between fifty and sixty years of age 3. But you ask, why stop at sixty years of age? Ah! well then, you will have a sixth 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 to us! What an awful lesson!

We cut 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 rature 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 you 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 your 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 whatever 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. A correspondent of the CONGREGATIONALIST says: 'A gentleman once remarked to me, 'I have just finished reading your issue of the 12th inst., and it is a masterpiece of the day of judgment, he fully expressed 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 unopposed to such power, this minister is said to have forgotten himself so far as to pull the preacher by the coat, and try to lay the torch 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 rapine, 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 in prayer, to throw the cards on the track of the New York and Erie Rail Road, with all the fervent eloquence of ritual powers, that Elder Grant and E.V. Wilson might go to hell instead of Dan's life.

Continue to howl, ye bigots, your prayers are harmless, and we will 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. Dan. had, were the two principal Oculists, that treated my eyes, in Toledo, both giving me up as incurable and could not remove the cataract 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 cataract of the left eye could not be removed, at least he did not want to try it, for it was too fine a job, then advised me to consult Dr. —, of Cincinnati.

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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. SPETIOUR.

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.

ATENEAS, MISS.—Lectures meet each Sabbath at 10 o'clock P.M. Conductor, R. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. L. B. Allen.

ATENEAS, MISS.—The Society of Friends of Traveling have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers for their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received at the new hall.

BOSWORTH, MASS.—The First Spiritualist Association meets in this hall, 82 Summer street, M. T. Dole, President; Samuel N. Jones, Vice President; Wm. Duckless, Secretary. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A.M. N. F. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian of Groups.

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Toledo, O.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in Old Mason Hall, Room 117, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Children's Progressive Lyceum in the same place every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 o'clock. Conductor, Mrs. A. A. Wheeler; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. M. A. Wheeler.

TOLEDO, O.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 o'clock. Conductor, Mrs. A. A. Wheeler; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. M. A. Wheeler.

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ALSICA FLOWER SEED.

The best Clover for Hay and Pasture is the ALSICA. It is a variety of the clover seed, and is a native of Sweden. It is a variety of the clover seed, and is a native of Sweden. It is a variety of the clover seed, and is a native of Sweden.

GENUINE SURPRISE OATS. We have secured a supply of this wonderful oat direct from G. H. Van Ouden, the party that first brought it to public notice. The Surprise Oats yield from 15 to 120 bushels per acre, and weigh 45 to 48 lbs per 1000 bushels. They are six years in cultivation from the wild oat, and are through 700000 bushels. Only 2 bushels (60 lbs) per acre, and weigh 45 to 48 lbs per 1000 bushels. They are six years in cultivation from the wild oat, and are through 700000 bushels. Only 2 bushels (60 lbs) per acre, and weigh 45 to 48 lbs per 1000 bushels.

MELILOT CLOVER.

The best Hay Plant is MELILOT CLOVER. One acre will support 10000 lbs of hay. This clover blooms from July to November, and yields 500 to 1000 lbs. Any per acre. The clover plant is now worth \$100 per acre. It is a variety of the clover seed, and is a native of Sweden. It is a variety of the clover seed, and is a native of Sweden.

AMERICAN BEE MONTHLY. 24 pages, illustrated. \$1.75 per year. No. 9, Vol. 4, now ready. Sample copy 15 cents. Sent by descriptive circular. National Bee-keepers Club, 307 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS and SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. It will publish the most interesting facts, and we intend to make our journal a comprehensive in character, and a valuable one to our readers.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. CONDUCTED BY AN ABLE CORPS OF EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

It will be published every Saturday at 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE: One Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.50. Single Copies 8 cents each.

ADVERTISMENTS inserted at TWENTY-FIVE cents a line for the first, and twenty cents per line for each subsequent insertion. All letters must be addressed JOHN C. BUNDY, Drawn 6023, Chicago, Ill.

INDUCEMENTS TO CANNASERS. In order to greatly increase the subscription list of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we offer magnificent inducements for procuring subscribers. Men and women, farmers especially, will find it profitable to canvass for this paper. Any one sending \$100 shall receive thirty-three copies of the JOURNAL for one year, or sixty-six copies for six months, or thirty-three copies for three months, and at such place as required, and a premium to be sent wherever the paper is sent.

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