



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. (SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.)

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Literary Department.

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal. THE FADING DREAM. BY MRS. M. J. S. GILKINS. My head is aching, And my heart is breaking...

temperature by being held in my warm hands. Though the muscles are much shrunken and flaccid to the touch, yet she does not present an emaciated appearance. I could not perceive any arterial action in the wrists, with the exception of slight nervous flutter, but, in the temples, there was more to be perceived. On a subsequent visit the pulse was distinct and regular, but not strong; more vital heat was also apparent. Her face looks full and even healthy, and there is occasionally considerable flush on her cheeks.

supplied by the laying on of hands and making passes down the body. I would recommend that a person of suitable bodily condition and temperament place his hands lightly on her chest, shoulders, hips, knees, and feet at different times, concentrating his will in the act, so as to bring himself in sympathy with her state, and entertain the desire that he might be able to infuse himself into her system. Then she might be subjected to mesmeric passes which would circulate the vital principle throughout the body, and bring into harmonious action that flow of nerve force which at present is almost entirely suspended in all parts of the body excepting the brain. These operations, however, should be conducted carefully, and under the superintendence of some responsible person. Nothing would do her greater injury than to be subjected to any influence or magnetic operations unsuitable to her case. As she progresses towards recovery, she might be exercised by gently manipulating and rubbing the muscular surfaces of the body. In fact, such treatment might be instituted at once, as by it, vital magnetism could be infused into the body.

two of us were repeatedly called to order by raps, and told to engage in light conversation till the phenomena commenced. This is the reason why, more especially with weak media, some scientific men have failed to get any satisfactory results, where less active people succeeded with ease. The spiritual beings who produce the physical phenomena seem in almost all cases to be very limited in intelligence, generally more so than any the human beings present. With the clairvoyant phenomena, especially where the medium is capable of being entranced by the unseen intelligence, themselves, the activity of the brains of those present does not impede the manifestations, at least as far as my experience goes. Through the latter sources of communications, one is frequently enabled to converse with intelligence, spirits, or whatever you like to call them, whose knowledge is in advance of our own on many points.

Then came the sermon; but where the point came in, I failed to see. It was about God in the flesh and dying for sinful man, and God's anger with his children, and such stereotyped twaddle, not worth repeating. I wanted to ask him how he knew so much about God's feelings; but remembered that he was one of God's chosen vessels, and he ought to know. But my sinful nature would not rest; it asked how God could live in the flesh and die, and then rise again, for how could the dead raise the dead? And I looked at the man so hedged about in theological darkness, and securely locked within the iron walls of self love and egotism, and my soul exclaimed,—"Satisfied, deluded mortal, your God is an outgrowth of yourself, nothing more; you have not the faintest conception of loving Father God; and you close your eyes to the light that is shining so brightly around you, and hug to yourself the dusty creeds of man's fashioning, and ignore the great, grand Scripture, whose every leaf is written by God's loving finger, full of spirit, pure and true. "If ignorance is bliss, is it folly to be wise?" I can not think so in this day and generation.

STRANGE PHENOMENA.

A Singular Case of Fastings.—What Sustains Her Life—Does she derive Nourishment from the Elements of this Atmosphere. From Hannah Nature. Soon after my arrival in Wales, I became aware of the "Strange story from Carmarthen," from a paragraph in the Cambria Daily Leader, of Feb. 24, 1869; and I resolved on making an investigation of the case as soon as my engagements would permit. Accordingly, when I reached Carmarthen, I first put myself in communication with the Rev. E. Jones, Vicar of Llanthun-ar-arth, in whose parish the farm of Llanthun-ar-arth is situated, and where the girl, Sarah Jacobs, lives with her parents, who are farmers. To my request to be permitted to examine the case in company with him, I received a very courteous reply, stating that he would meet me at the farm, on the morning of Wednesday, March 10. I took the rail to Pectador, and reached the farm after a walk of two miles farther. I found the girl, Sarah Jacobs, lying on her back in bed, in the bed room which her parents occupy. The bed was covered with books and pamphlets. I was much struck with the intelligent and pleasing aspect of her countenance. The face is round, the features small, sharp, and regular; the eyes are particularly brilliant and intelligent looking, and of a dark brown colour. The brow is smooth and rounded, indicating large force, individuality, eventuality, and comparison; but the side organs are also full, which gives the forehead more of a breadth than sharp appearance. After a few preliminary questions, I proceeded to make an examination of her head. As near as I could measure, it is twenty and a half inches in circumference, it is remarkably harmonious in all regions, with few exceptions. These are the organs of self-esteem and firmness. The organs are sharp in development, indicating much mental susceptibility and cerebral activity. The social and domestic propensities are full and harmonious; she is energetic and vigorous in disposition; frank and candid, yet manifesting considerable discretion and reserve. Cautiousness is large, as also appropriateness; and the moral group is quite full, with the exception of veneration, which is a degree smaller than the others. Tone, constructiveness, and ideality are all large; and the type of head belongs to the literary and artistic class. Imagination is also large, especially where it joins with ideality, hence she has an intuitional tendency of mind, and is capable of being impressed with poetical ideas, spiritual thoughts, and premonitions. The organs in the forehead are all full or large, with the exception of those at the corners of the brow, from which outwardly.

I had heard some rumors of the history of the case—namely, that she had existed without food or drink for a great length of time; but after examining her, I made a series of inquiries, which Mr. Jones kindly repeated to the parents in Welsh, as the family do not speak English. She will be 13 years old in a few weeks. About the middle of February, 1867, she was seized with violent fits, from which she partially recovered. About six weeks later she had a continuous fit, during which she did not eat anything, but lay in a dozing unconscious state. About the end of April, she called for milk and took food for about two months, when she began to eat less and less, and only took a little cooked apple for a month or two. During the last seven months her parents declare she has not eaten anything at all. She does not even desire drink; her lips had been wet with a drop of water that morning, the first time since the previous Monday week. No evacuations from the body are noticed; but it has become a question whether a little is not perceptibly sometimes. Contrary to expectation the abdomen is not in a collapsed state, it is quite full, and has the appearance of that of a person in health; sometimes it is distended beyond normal proportions. There seems to be a continual action of gasses in the bowels and much flatulency is evolved. Since she was taken ill, she has improved her mind very much; she reads a great deal, and enjoys the company of those who come to entertain her mentally. She has composed some verses of which she repated a specimen, put as they were in Welsh. I can give no opinion of their merit. Her voice is rather high pitched, sharp, and harsh. The question now arises, Does she positively live without food, and if so by what means is the life sustained? I can neither affirm nor deny the statement that she has not taken food during the last eighteen months. I only have the testimony of the parents which I can neither support or deny. The father, however, declares that he is quite ready to allow any person or persons to live in the family and watch the case continually for any length of time. This is a matter which should not be neglected; it would afford great satisfaction to the public, as well as to the parents, that is, supporting their statement to be true. Such a committee watched Elizabeth Smith, whose case in some respects, was even more remarkable than the one under notice. If it be proved that she does live without food—how is life maintained? It is evident that the nutritive forces of her system are almost nil, but she manifests considerable mental activity. She has acquired the accomplishment of reading English, though she does not understand the language; and she reads Welsh considerably, and talks, and composes verses in it. Yet any powerful excitement, such as the sudden barking of a dog, will at once throw her into a fit. Such a case powerfully impresses the mind that the phenomena are not at all comprehended or explained by the science of the day. It may be that the atmosphere plays an important part in sustaining life in her case as it does in that of every living creature, and that in a way not at present thought of. The atmospheric air contains in solution, or in another form, nearly all the elements of organic bodies, and it is through the correlations established by vegetable growth that mankind already feed upon air and light in a solid state. May it not be possible that the human organism derives much more nutrition from the air than has been supposed, and that under certain negative states of the body these atmospheric elements are assimilated, or correlated more readily by the physical system? Another probability respecting her sustenance, is, that she draws or derives vitality from those around her. I learn that during the earlier part of her illness she was most especially attracted to some white objects, which were repelled by her, and I feel sure that her magnetic predilections are greater than has been observed by those around her. I feel convinced, that she has the power of imbuing vital magnetism from the various organisms that come in contact with her. I have seen this effected repeatedly in both by accident and by design, on the part of nurses and relatives, who wished to sustain the low vitality of their patients. One fact tends to confirm this supposition. I was informed that a younger sister, a fair haired, warm blooded, full bodied girl, had been sleeping with Sarah recently, and she had improved in health. This leads us to the means whereby she may be restored to health, viz: vital magnetism

PROF. C. F. VARLEY.

His Views on Spiritualism, Addressed to the London Dialectical Society. Mr. C. F. Varley, C. E., F. R. G. S., wrote the following letter to Mr. Dyte, the secretary of the London Dialectical Society, from Brest, just before starting on board the Great Eastern with the French Atlantic Cable. "ELEETWOOD HOUSE, BECKENHAM, KENT, June 16th, 1869. MY DEAR SIR—Last Monday week I witnessed at a séance a phenomena which is new to me. There were nine ladies and one gentleman present. The seance was held in a private house, the residence of an English lady, and unattended with an excess of furniture, and with sufficient light to enable us to distinguish the features of all present, the light being furnished by a street lamp outside, as well as by the twilight, the two windows being uncovered either by blinds or shutters. The medium present was Mr. D. D. Home. The medium consisted of the son of an earl of considerable talents, three civil engineers, including myself, a private gentleman, and four ladies, two of whom are well known for their ability. Two of the company were skeptics receiving the first lesson. The phenomena took place, such as the raising of the table bodily from the floor, the tilting of it in various directions, and pushing us about the room, mental questions being answered by raps, to the great astonishment of the novices, one of whom was properly very sharp in demanding proof and making close scrutiny. Opposite one of the ladies, and about twelve inches from the nearest hand, there was lying on the table a scent-bottle, about 4 inches long by 1 1/2 inches broad. The table was a large round one of mahogany, without any cover. Mr. Home was on the opposite side of the table to the bottle. One of the engineers and one of the ladies present possessed the power of seeing what Reichenbach calls the flames from magnetic poles, and these two saw a pyramid of light over the scented bottle, whilst two others, endowed with clairvoyant vision of a deeper kind, saw a hand. I am unable to see these appearances except upon very rare occasions, and in this instance saw nothing of them. Shortly after these phenomena had been described to the rest of us, the scent-bottle began to rock very rapidly, producing much noise, and making about eight or ten beats per second for about half a minute. Then it began gyrating, the rocking motion continuing during the gyrations, and we all nine of us sat watching this motion for a minute and a half. This is one of the prettiest and most complete pieces of evidence I have had of bodies possessed of weight moving without anything visible to me touching the same. There is a circumstance of some interest to students connected with physical manifestations; for, in order to obtain them with power, it is necessary that the minds of those present should be in as passive a state as possible during the collection from the medium and others present of the power necessary to produce the phenomena. Unless these conditions be complied with, the presence of people with very active mind weakens or destroys the power, but as soon as the phenomena commences, then the activity of the brains of observers is not detrimental. I have very often found that my presence puts a stop to, or greatly weakens the physical manifestations; and last Monday week

THE CLERGYMAN.

The Little Brown Church Opposite, and What I Heard. BY MRS. M. J. S. GILKINS. The smooth, well-fed, well-dressed clergyman who entered the little brown church opposite, carried upon the external nothing by which a sinner could even suspect he was any better by nature or grace than any other man; but with the deep tones of the bell in the belfry, had called his devoted followers to the sanctuary, and listened as he addressed the Lord God in solemn prayer. He tells God he has done many things he ought not to have done, and left undone many things he ought to have done, which has a true sinner, sincerely believe; and if God had dealt justly with him, and his followers, they would be in ceaseless torment, but thanks be to His holy name, an atonement has been made, etc. Satisfied that he has done more pleased his God, he complacently sits down and the following say, Amen.

Correspondence in Brief.

U. S. Hamilton, of Bollet, Wis., says: For the sake of a correct—I drop this note, to enable you to change an item in your excellent paper. We have just had our election of Society and Lyceum officers for the coming year, all in harmony and an earnest zeal that promises work. We do not have speaking events, but Miss Edna Kelly of Dayton, Wis., was with us on the 12th and 23d. She is a lady of elegant, and a fine trane singer and speaker. John S. Adams, of Hartford, Pennsylvania, writes as follows: I have been reading your Journal, July 3rd; and will say I have never so received my money's worth in that single paper as a three months trial subscriber. Enclosed you will please find \$3.00, for which send me the Journal as long as you can afford to. The article from our Brother Henry T. Child, M. D., Philadelphia, on "Recognition of Spirits Hereafter," is a grand good article. From such articles great good will come. F. Gramack writing from Weston, Missouri, says: The Journal is doing a good work, and we will do our utmost to explain it. Our cause is making sensible inroads on the doctrines of the churches. Witness the following lines I heard sung at the Methodist S. S., yesterday, viz: "There'll be something in heaven for children to-day." None are idle in that blessed land; There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the mind And employment for each little hand. There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God, As they wander the green meadows o'er, And they'll hallow their teachers in that blessed abode. All the good that has gone there before. There'll be errands of love from the mansions above, To the dear ones that linger below; And it may be our Father, the children will send To be angels to many in woe. I was overjoyed to find so much Spiritualism in the church, and delighted to find the song a great favorite with the little ones, who shout for joy on every occasion, and sing it with great gusto. Thus the great work goes on; thus they unconsciously grow in it. Some of the children recite the current, and then our faith will triumph. Miss Jane M. Stevens writing from Libertyville, Illinois, says: Knowing that you are ever interested in the advancement of truth from whatever source, I venture to put you a few items and thoughts relative to our condition here in Ill. A beautiful Union Church was erected here last season by the people, who as a class are characterized by intelligence, morality, enterprise and comparative wealth. There is but little of the Orthodox element here, the prevailing sentiment being more liberal and progressive; still, not sufficiently active to sustain (only at long intervals) other speakers than those located here by the Methodist Conference. Their meetings are usually attended with but little interest, although one of them not long since, avowed, "That the people of Ill. were the cleverest set of sinners he ever knew."—A new impetus has, however, been given them by the recent visits of Rev. Mr. G. from the Unitarian ranks of your city. His discourses are replete with beautiful logic; his eloquent powers of high order; his deductions of comprehensive and high standards so fully drawn, that those of his audience who can not feed upon the stale bread of Orthodoxy, are delighted with the thrilling potency of the higher truths he utters. But I fear we have already taxed you beyond forbearance and will close with many earnest wishes that the Journal may meet the appreciation it so richly merits, and for ever success in the noble efforts in which you are engaged. The Pope manifests great grief at his brother's death, and the day after he received the news, performed the devotion of ascending the Holy Stairs on his knees for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. Mrs. Mary S. Manning has been appointed by the Selectmen of Pittsfield, Mass., as Town Liqueur Agent, at a salary of \$175 per year.



Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

An Expose of Spiritualism.

Within the short life of Spiritualism, numbering only twenty-one years, many an individual has sought wealth, renown or the applause and approbation of the sectarian world, by attempting to bring to light what they suppose to be the fraud and tricks of Spiritualism; but somehow or other, Spiritualism is a subject that does not expose good, hence the failure of all the knowing ones that have attempted it. Within the last year, the tying and untying of mediums has been one of the most prominent features of the phenomena that has been presented to the people of Oregon, consequently it must be exposed or the people would be carried away with it.

There was a certain character not very widely known to fame, who of late had been engaged in driving an exceedingly large ox around the country, exhibiting him at so much per head, moved by his great philanthropy for mankind, felt called upon to make a show of himself for the benefit of the public at large and to the discomfort of all Spiritualists. Hence he got out some flaming hand-bills, stating that on a certain evening at Oro Fino Hall, he would demonstrate that all spirit tying and untying was a trick, by submitting to be tied in the same manner, and untying himself before the audience.

Accordingly, when the crowd came together, a committee was appointed who did this wonderful necromancer most securely. Presto change! but it would not charge nor would the ropes slip, and after struggling a long time to free himself, and finding it impossible, he gave up in despair, and begged the committee to release him. Our Orthodox friends that went there in high glee, expecting to see Spiritualism exposed, went away sadly disappointed, minus their half dollar, and we hope wiser people.

Should any one else undertake to expose Spiritualism, we would advise him not to attempt it unless he feels sure that he can accomplish it. "And let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Dr. Scudder.

The Rev. Dr. Scudder, of San Francisco, is sadly troubled with periodical attacks of frenzy on account of Spiritualism.

When seized with one of these monomaniacal turns, he is sure to give vent to a large amount of theological bile of the most acrid character, in the form of a sermon against Spiritualism. In a discourse of this kind not long since, he remarked that this horrid doctrine of Devils that was making havoc in the land, must be put down; and it would not be put down in any other way; it must be put down by the point of the bayonet in blood. Poor old Dr. Scudder, how we pity him!

Theology dies hard, but die it must: it has no power above or below that can save it. It has the dry rot in its bones. To quote Pollock: "Soon its dying groans will fill the land, its tuncful numbers filled."

That speech of the Reverend Doctor, shows plainly that if theologians had the power, the fires of Smithfield would be kindled again, and martyrs by the thousand would be called for. But no one need be afraid of these scolding bounds of Theology, for they are old and decrepit. Public opinion has robbed them of their teeth, and all they can do is to snarl. It is their nature, let them take what little comfort they can.

The Reverend Doctor had better go back again as a Missionary to India, for his preaching would be far better adapted to its moral and civil condition, than that of America, over which floats that grand old flag, the Stars and Stripes. Our fathers bathed that flag in their blood to secure civil liberty, and should it ever prove necessary, their sons will do the same to secure liberty of conscience.

When we hear such bossful threats made by theologians, we can not help being amused. We would just like to see them marshal their ranks once, and compare numbers with the liberal minded people of today. They would run and hide their heads with shame, nor ever dare open their mouths again.

A Haunted House.

"All houses are haunted houses, Wherein men have lived and died."

A friend of mine in this city (Portland), not very long since, paid a visit to Puget Sound, and while there, he heard of a haunted house a few miles distant, and having a curiosity to investigate the matter, he paid the house a visit, and learned from the family, the circumstances concerning the ghostly visitant. The family consisted of a man, his wife and two little boys. The first indications of anything unnatural, were strange noises around the house, and the appearance of a female dressed in white, walking at night in the boys' sleeping room, startling them by her sudden and unceremonious appearance, and as suddenly and unaccountably taking her departure without the opening or shutting of doors.

The family being of the Catholic persuasion, the priest was sent for, to come and exorcise the Devil, and put to rest the night walker.

He went through the usual ceremonies for such occasions, and wound up by praying long and well, and finally to make the matter doubly sure, he determined to remain during the night. Scarcely had he retired to rest in an upper room, when the ghostly visitant, not having the fear of the priesthood before its eyes, bounced the priest out of his bed on to the floor. He rose quickly as possible, and returned to his bed, and with a firm grasp upon the bed clothes, thought himself secure. But he had not long to enjoy his security, for instantly, out came again upon the floor. Finding himself priestly robes and all, no match for the ghost, he cowardly retreated from the field, leaving the ghost to enjoy its victory.

A certain young man, living some little distance away, on hearing of the affair, went to the house and said he would defy all the spirits of the other world or this, to disturb his slumbers. Being invited so to do, he retired to rest in the room previously occupied by the priest; and to his utter astonishment, as soon as he was in bed, the furniture in the room, and even the bed he occupied, commenced dancing around the room, as though they were in high glee. His courage failed him, and calling for assistance, the lady of the house went up and requested the ghost to desist, and it did so.

A thorough investigation of the affair proved the whole family to be good feeling mediums, able to get communications in various ways. And thus the work of the spiritual world goes on, proving beyond a doubt of their power, to communicate to

those still in earth-life, and oftentimes accomplishing more wondrous by the inhabitants of this world than by any other manner.

With such circumstances constantly occurring before the world, how many there are that shut their eyes, and boldly declare that there is nothing in it; that it is all cheat, fraud and deception at best, or if there is anything in it, it is the Devil's work.

Poor blind bats, they are in the condition of the man who shuts his eyes at mid-day, and swears that the sun did not shine.

The Postern.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PURGATORY.

A Lecture Delivered by N. Frank White at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Feb. 14, 1860.

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

While the devotees of religion have gone to the extreme, in their readiness to adopt the most beautiful truths, which their acknowledged leaders decide to present for their acceptance, there has been an evident disposition on the part of the free thinkers, to go to the extreme in the other direction.

While the one has endorsed the dogmas without any regard to their absurdity, trusting to the mantle of mystery to hide their defects, the others without hesitation have put them aside as unworthy of consideration.

While the latter course may be exceedingly sensible with a great majority of beliefs presented by the religious world, to-day's cannot but think that a more correct course would be to believe what is more proper, not that the belief as presented is worthy of much consideration, but because there may be underlying it, a truth which would be beneficial to the world at large.

Every hour of thought tends more and more to convince me that underlying all beliefs, there are beautiful truths, and truths which, if we are compelled to reject them as presented by the expounders of these beliefs, yet when properly investigated would assist us materially to the comprehension of the laws that govern the universe, and our relations to those laws. One of these beliefs that pertains particularly to the Catholic church, which is scouted at by the Protestant church to day as absurd in the extreme, I propose to look at this afternoon. I refer to the state intermediate between heaven and hell, called purgatory. It is common for doctors of divinity, men of high sounding titles, with the lesser rabble to say "Blasphemy and heresy," and in this case, they seem to have overlooked the fact, for fact it is, that underlying this belief is a truth so plainly stamped upon the pages of Divine revelation, that no unbiased mind can escape the conviction of its reality, only as we escape it through the obtuse and prejudicial habits of those who believe that which does not accord with certain standards.

Did not understand me to say that the Catholic idea of purgatory is right, but that underlying it, is a truth, which must have been presented to the minds of those who originated that belief. It cannot be unprofitable, then, that we spend a short time in the examination of this belief. The Catholic idea is, that it is a condition into which the spirit enters after death, to be purified by its flames and prepared for heaven, in other words, a condition of torment from which there is an escape. Whilst a great majority of this world are assigned at once, after death, to a condition of fixed and eternal misery, the members of that church are allowed the privilege of this purifying process, where the torment is graded in its length and intensity by the crime, but from which they will finally come. Let us look for a moment at this idea of purgatory. It is easy enough to see that the credit for its existence belongs to a man, of a thoughtless circle of conservatism which their churches and their religion have invariably drawn about them. The great fundamental idea, the idea of a purification through suffering, is correct, and upon it the Catholic has built his temple of belief. The nearer we get to the original cause of a movement, the better we understand it, the better we comprehend it, because we come more closely in rapport with the mind through which it originated, consequently we understand the why and the wherefore of that mind's conclusion.

Profiting by this fact, I propose, in analyzing this belief in purgatory, to go back to the old Brahminic religion, where this belief in purgatory originated, and from which, it is evident that countless other thoughts in this direction originated. The Brahmin, I present as representing the first religion of which we have any record. Wrapped in seclusion from all that could divert him from the study of God, he soon discovered the fact manifested in nature, and recognized in his own individual experience, that through suffering comes knowledge, and through knowledge purity. Thus the grand foundation of a glorious truth was before him, and upon it he commenced to build the temple of his belief. It is not at all strange that this temple had many rough, absurd and useless angles then, and that in the experiences of the centuries since, through all which this temple, then started, has been growing up, there have been added many things which are neither useful nor ornamental.

The great error of these religionists was, that they did not recognize the mission of the spirit, and the Catholic church has gone so far as to declare the possibility of the mitigation of the sufferings by prayers, and they have found in this a means of filling the coffers of the treasury of the church. In this case, wealth was more important than goodness, and the wicked man, who possessed this, had a means of escape. The Catholic, therefore, made his purgatory a place of punishment for the wicked of his own church, whilst the world outside must write in agony through all eternity.

As we look now at the true idea of purgatory, the great fundamental truth upon which this peculiar temple of belief rests. We must understand what punishment was. To read the ancient records we should come to the conviction, that it was a manifestation of anger upon the part of some one, that man had in some way offended. There is, however, a mightier power, all about us, from which we can read grander lessons than in any written record. Millions of tongues are uttering mightier lessons than any of the records of the past; these lessons are adapted to our present conception and needs.

Going out, then, to this understandable book of Nature, we see stamped upon it, in innumerable characters, the uses of punishment. We see on every side, laws in operation, and these laws are necessary for the unfoldment of higher good. Being finite, of course, we cannot fully comprehend these laws, but just in proportion as we comprehend them, do our souls expand and expand because of the unfoldment of our happiness.

Whenever we come in angular contact with these laws, we feel their opposing forces, bringing us suffering, pain, agony, and not because the law is offended at us, but because the punishment is an absolute necessity of that contact. Punishment is not only the means through which we arrive at a comprehension of these laws, but the very best plan to teach us to bring ourselves into proper relations to them, and thus adapt ourselves to the law, whatever it may be, so that we may receive the benefits and escape the penalties. For instance, the lamp blaze brings such a cheerful light, and gives to the child each night such stores of pleasure, also such pain as every child knows if they place the hand in it. Thus water is very refreshing, essential to life here, but if it flows it to occupy the air cells of my lungs, what a state, but not because either the lamp or the water is offended, but it is because the flame and the water have certain fixed and immutable laws and movements, and because all angular contact with these movements bring necessary and inevitable punishment; a punishment, too, which these laws are absolute necessities. Punishment whose mission it is to elevate and advance man, so that he cannot fail to come to a comprehension of the laws, and by this means men arrive at a comprehension of the uses and the necessities of purgatory for the soul.

Reading from that great page of Revelation, "For the Word of God in which there can be no mistake, from that mighty text book of nature which furnishes to the simplest minds a feast that will satisfy every one, there stands upon its pages the fact of the existence, the necessities and uses of these purgatories of the soul, so plainly are they enstamped upon its pages, that there is no chance of mistake, there is no necessity for any divinity doctor to bring them to the light.

So far I have only spoken of these as applicable to the earth, allowing this life to be continuous, and one of progress, which most intelligent men to day admit, the argument for the necessity of purgatories here is equally as well for that of the necessity of purgatories in the future will be the same. It must there as here come in angular contact with law, it must there as here receive the punishment which is a necessity of that contact. There is no necessity, then, for any argument in support of purgatories in the future, the necessity of the purgatory is the same, and it is equally as necessary that I should not hesitate to declare that the Catholic idea of purgatory, when presented from a broad unsectarian basis, is as far superior to the Protestant idea of the future, as the light of the noonday sun is superior to the darkness of the darkest night. The Protestant still has his heavens and his hell, whereas I would modify it, so that it would be what were. His heaven is a little more agreeable place for migrants than the old six by nine one, whose chief enjoyments were singing hallelujahs, playing forever upon golden harps, walking upon golden pavements, surrounded by walls of Jasper and other precious stones. His hell is a deeper and more repulsive, something like boiling lakes of fire, above whose waves of torture, for ages in untold agony, the souls of the damned lift their voices, and wail out, "How long, oh, how long" while the pendulum of the great clock in hell is swinging back and forth, back and forth, and on, and on, and on, eternally! Not exactly that to day, but something a little more endurable, a life guided by the constant glowings of conscience, for the acts of evil done in the body and unrepented.

Presenting this idea of heaven and hell, however, to the Protestant may have the effect that he utterly ignores the true uses of punishment, making this heaven a place of eternal reward for the few deeds of virtue done in the body, in that which is almost an infinitesimal space of time. He utterly ignores the fact that the soul being infinite, must of necessity, though it be in heaven, clash with laws, and therefore clash eternally growing, and so he makes his hell a plea for eternal punishment, for the few deeds of evil done in the short space of a life on earth. He utterly ignores again the true necessity and uses of punishment, making it an expression of vengeance and vindictiveness which on the part of a man would be unwarrantable in the extreme, and on the part of God, is simply absurd. Who does not see that such punishment would be entirely devoid of use, and manifest upon the part of man that which would make him a fit subject for a penitentiary. The true idea of purgatory is for punishment in the common idea of a heaven or hell. Look at the two just for a moment, heaven a place of eternal reward for the few deeds of goodness done in the short space of a life on earth, hell a place of eternal torment for the few evil deeds committed in the same time. On the other hand, purgatory presents the true idea of heaven or suffering, the absolute necessity of contact with law, a punishment whose sole mission is to elevate and advance the individual, a purgatory that brings purification which is continuous and eternal.

What intelligent mind is there? What soul throwing aside all prejudices can fail to recognize the true idea of purgatory in the true idea of heaven and hell? What soul can fail to see the sublime necessities and uses of purgatory? It is enough to condemn heaven or hell, that they are fixed position, from which there is no change, no escape. Purgatory is a school in which the soul may learn that which is necessary for its growth in the future, the purgatory is suffering and torture become ladder rungs on which we ascend to the sublime heights of wisdom and goodness.

The purgatories of this life are continually purifying our souls of their ignorance and error. How beautifully are these manifestations evidenced in the experiences of a little child who is passing through purgatories innumerable, a bruised head, jammed fingers, broken bones, a scald and bruises, become daily torments through which the child learns some new and valuable lessons that could not be received in any other way. Through many a painful fall and bruise, the child comes to understand its relation to the laws of gravity, and through many an acute pain, it learns to avoid contact with the fire, to understand its relation to that, and then receive the beneficial effects of fire without the pain and penalties. So the boys and girls and children of a larger growth, who have gained some wisdom from each. All of us know what these purgatories are, and in passing through these, we have learned the best lessons of our life, and have often recognized the good they have brought. Some of them, we are still in, so can not yet recognize their results to day, we may feel that we are in a state of ignorance; but all these have their uses, they will bring you good, and sometime in the future (after you have passed through them) you will recognize that fact. The memory of the bruised head and cut fingers, which to the child were calamities, may be remembered as they stand at now; and so will it be with those purgatories after you have recognized their true uses. There will be countless purgatories to pass, countless other hells, and perhaps, mingled with them, will be the heavens whose bright-

ness, whose goodness you could comprehend only through the sufferings of the purgatories through which you have passed.

Looking back from the bright Celestial World, and down through the dark shades of earth, seeing the suffering and agony that is there, one would feel unhappy, did you not recognize the necessity of that suffering, and that sorrow; but knowing that the soul bowed by its great burden of sorrow, the soul that like Rachel, is mourning and will not be comforted," will come out of that purgatory of sorrow, benefitted and made stronger as well as better. Then why, there is sympathy for the present suffering, there is a larger rejoicing for the future joy.

Looking, then, as the poor, despairing child of shame, who wrapped about as with a burning flame of passion, knowing that she is clinging to vice and crime, we can not but feel out of those purgatories she will come, and from those mountain heights above, there is no word of complaint over these sufferings of earth. Sorrow and dreadful must be the draught that this soul must drink; but this terrible purgatory even had its uses, and this soul will recognize them after they have passed through them, and come forth into the grander light.

Coming, then, to this comprehension of the necessity and uses of punishment, we cannot understand to some extent the sublimity of the beautiful idea underlying the belief of the necessity of purgatories both here and hereafter. Purgatories are then seen to be for the advancement of the soul; they are the means through which it will ascend the sublime mountain heights of the Eternal World, realizing the fact, after it has passed through them, of the necessity of alternate valleys of sorrow and agony, realizing the fact that only after these valleys, the succeeding mountain summits could have been. When the soul comes to a comprehension of this fact, there is opened to it a new life, and from this life, the soul finds such a beauty, such a harmony that in the realization of the Divine completeness, it forgets all its pain, and finds its happiness increased a thousand fold, when it comes out into the sunshine that illuminates the mountain of the Celestial World, and even while groping through these dense valleys of sorrow, and while degrading the sorrow that sweeps through these valleys, will be blessed with a consciousness of the brightness which is fringing the upper surface of these clouds, with a sparkling sea of brilliant light, illuminating the summits of these mountains with a beauty indescribably grand and glorious. None less intense will be the desire of the soul, to grow out of that darkness, recognizing its necessity from having caught a glimpse of the light, it cannot go back.

Recognizing these grand truths, there will be no room for selfishness, and thus laboring, thus rejoicing, will rapidly advance, rejecting the absurd theories that for long ages have disgraced religion. Then we shall not hear attributes accorded to Deity which are absurd and hateful in man. Pride and hatred will take their proper places, and the teachers of religion will find their sensation description of an eternal lake of fire, and a lazy soul degrading heaven alike useless. Over all the world will be seen earnest and noble soul-labor, through which and through which alone, humanity can advance; then the heavens of earth mingled with its hells, like the heavens of the Eternal will give forth their glory, because more wisdom. Then the hell of earth mingled with its heavens, like the hells of the Eternal, will each through its quickened comprehension, have a shortened existence.

By some strange mysterious movement

Walls and faces all have vanished,  
And my vision's wide range  
Keeps upon a traveled highway  
From a thing long forgotten  
Mingling wonderful walls of snow  
With light hearted joy and song,  
Like an ocean hurrying current,  
Sweeps tumultuously along.

And that living, sweeping current,  
With its uttered joy and pain,  
But repeats the olden story,  
Acted o'er and o'er again.  
One is sure, a smiling mother  
Worshipping her darling child;  
Joyous in the pleasure,  
As if an angel suffering wild,  
By its sweet and childish prattle,  
All the weary way beguiled.

And that mother heart adorning  
The whole world forgets toads,  
Hoping treasures all about it,  
Watching that it be not tried.  
As a cherished flower is shielded,  
Guarded from the gale and frost,  
Strengthening path; nor laughing unbecom  
Nor yet shortened path has crossed,  
By the feet of one or another,  
Has its task of life been toward.

While I gaze a fearful whirled  
Up that traveled highway sweeps,  
Passed of care, and sorrow, and  
O'er her prostrate darling weeps,  
Laid and wild her walls of snow,  
Bitter, bitter, with that lesson  
That its quivering fibres trace;  
But that mother heart is growing  
As it never grew before.

In that highway throng another  
Hope elated, trips along,  
By no cloud his soul is shaded  
Light the measure of his gong.  
In prosperity, the castle  
He is building, all his  
Rejoice in a new, sublime, soaring,  
Yet his moment's glancing  
Trails as the leaf-gathered dewdrops  
That the early rays destroy.

Ever tripping, ever sliding,  
Bridging over on the air,  
Spirits gazing all his castles,  
Beauty's brightest import bear,  
In a moment all has vanished,  
Sweeps away by walled blast,  
And amid chaotic ruins  
Stands a hapless, wretched, wailing,  
Drooping hope his railing-boles,  
Worthless all about him cast.

But that trembling soul despairing  
And the rain descending,  
Knew adversity has taught,  
That will weeps a mighty spell,  
Even while that soul is weeping  
O'er the fearful ruin wrought  
From the glory glowing furnace  
Comes the ore; the nobler, though  
And a noble soul is stre, gashed  
By the lesson it has brought.

Up that trace of highway waiting,  
"Genuine gold" you waiting by,  
Jigs saws and axes with a  
Secure sparkling in each eye,  
Mark its woe change rising,  
Till its meshes fill the air,  
Leaving never room for sorrow  
Never room for brooding care,  
Joy, serene radiant progress  
All those glowing faces wear.  
But the ocean is slowly changing  
And the noble soul is slowly  
Captivity to the tyrant pleasure

Ever at its altar bowed,  
While into a dark deep valley  
And pollution's turbid stream,  
Slowly, slowly rises round her  
Till the clearer crystal gleam  
Of the purest essence of pleasure,  
Like a half forgotten dream,  
Gives to a dead, a torture,  
And a fierce consuming flame  
Burns within the inner chambers  
Of that heart of sin and shame.  
Hours and hours it all around her,  
Soul-consuming fire within,  
Through the fiery pangs of torture,  
Through the agonies of sin,  
Do the deepest, truest lessons  
Of that angel's soul begin.

Longing amid the flame of passion  
For the cooler clearer springs,  
Soul desire laments and curses,  
Grew to be like angel wings,  
And that angel soul arose  
From its purgatory pains,  
Rises from the flames of passion,  
Breaks its soul debasing chains,  
Joyfully ascends the mountain,  
Leaves behind the shaded plain.

So that living, sweeping current  
With its uttered joy and pain,  
But repeats the olden story,  
Acted o'er and o'er again;  
Whether carved by sainted Brahmin  
On his altar's sacred shrine,  
Written now in monkish legend,  
Or in nature's word distinct;  
God's own language plainly uttered  
Suffices such living life!

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

INDIANA.

Mediævalistic and Eminent Life-Flood - Mud - The Convention at Indianapolis, &c.

BY DR. J. K. BAILEY.

A trip through the mud in a time of flood, - torrents of rain falling nearly every day, for over a month - upon (water beneath the surface of) such roads as are found in a large portion of Indiana, I think, will take much of the starch of enthusiasm out of any who participate in the hardships of "the soft and nasty deep" mud of Allen, Wells, Jay, Blackford, Delaware, Hancock, Tipton and other counties. "Bless the Pike" of Henry, Marion, Howard and other counties, is sure to find oft repeated ejaculation from the weary, worn and bruised traveler through the mud and over "Crossway," though bearing a "miasma" freighted with golden truths and divine usefulness.

This dependent testifies of that which he hath seen and felt, but notwithstanding the "smear" of above indicated conditions, there is a bright, pleasant and remunerative side to the experiences of even such a trip. The consciousness of instrumentality in relieving distress and suffering, of either body or mind, is a glorious compensation to the soul imbued with the aspirations and sympathies in flowing from angel hearts, and outflowing to a suffering world of humanity. To bask in the golden rays, though only feebly reflected, of the spirit of the precepts taught and practiced by the humble Nazarene, is, indeed, a baptism of the Holy Ghost; a treasure imperishable. To do such a life, is to build the "temple of greatness"; the house of soul life, upon the rock of truthfulness, faithfulness and everlasting glory.

But the body must be cared for, wife and babies fed and clothed, housed and warmed; not only by and through those elements, but also as to material physical needs. Would to heaven that I could say as much for the realization of pecuniary compensation as for that of the heart. Oh, when will the time come wherein humanity will as willingly and justly pecuniarily remunerate the truthful, faithful teacher, physician, medium, as is now ungrudgingly done to and by nearly every other phase of human interchange of commodities, services or time? Oh, ye skeptical, uncharitable, envious scandal dealing, criticizing men and women, ye who seldom do that which will strengthen, build up and encourage the mediums and workers; ye who wring your hands in apparent glee over a scandal; ye who search so industriously for a flaw; ye who delve in the mire and scum of human hatred and meanness, in search after something bad in a brother or sister mortal, turn, we beseech you, to the better, nobler, grander and more remunerative, - to the divinely compensational work of encouraging, - strengthening and giving cause of rejoicing, - to the finding of rubies, pearls and diamonds of worth in each and every mortal worker and seeker after truth and goodness for self and humanity. Do this, and better, nobler, purer results will flow on every hand and to each and all.

I sometimes think it hard to decide which side of the scale is heaviest laden; for the beam is continually changing, each end alternately up or down, according as the emotions are electrified by the vibratory emanations from the surroundings, of hate, envy, jealousy, scandal and "all uncharitableness" or, of calmness, appreciation, justice and trusting love. Who that is, or has been a medium, but has experienced those changing emotions, as the result of dispensed charity and justice or their opposites; and who that can declare (aside from the glorious consideration of the fruit only to be realized in the Summer Land), that mediævalistic life is enviable or desirable? When looking from the standpoint of worldly consideration alone, I unbelievably affirm that the mediævalistic itinerant is a piteous and unenviable being.

I have preached the gospel of truth, as I understand it, and healed the sick, body and spirit, according to opportunity and conditions have favored, at various points in my journey through the counties above indicated. Hope that only good is the result.

I attended the recent convention of the State Association of Spiritualists of Indiana, held in the city of Indianapolis last week and closing on Sunday last. A fair attendance from the State at large, was manifest. But few noted speakers were present, and while the convention would



be considered (by "old stagers") as somewhat primitive and preponderately given to phenomenal Spiritualism, yet it was a decided success for the cause.

On Sunday forenoon, I attended the meeting of the Unitarians at the Academy of Music. Rev. Henry Blanchard is pastor, and treated his congregation to one of the ablest and finest discourses it has been my lot to listen to.

June 24th, 1869.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

This institution, acknowledged by all as a movement in the right direction, with all its beauties, attractions and advantages, does not fill the gap, yet so wide, in the lines of our army of reform.

It is not the purpose of this article to weaken the confidence of any in this heaven born plan of inculcating better ideas of life, present and future, but to point out wherein it falls short of its noble purpose and the hopes of its inspired projector.

The most potent cause of whatever failure attends the movement, is the demand of its prominent apostles for a rigid adherence to every feature of its elaborate system.

True; but flags, silk and paraphernalia do not cost much, perhaps, in that land of flowers and will woven fabrics. To come directly to the point, only in large villages or cities can this system be carried out.

This is simply old theological dogmatism and authority re-vamped; and this spirit must be banished from our fold, ere we can make that progress in a proper culture of the young, that truth and human interest demands.

And Spiritualists must wike up to the necessities of the hour upon this subject. While we are tearing away the bands of a false education—the legitimate fruit of a false theology—our children are still being taught their errors, while they in turn will find hands of iron upon their consciousness of right and duty.

Let Lyceums be established everywhere, with or without paraphernalia, literal system of groups, &c. Let the old and young participate as instructors and instructed, and a few short months will give evidence of the good that all can do.

Any individual who stands in the way of this most needed work, is false to his own aspirations. Brother Davis does not desire it. No true Spiritualist, with enlarged vision and exalted sense of duty and right, will.

Let Lyceums be established everywhere, with or without paraphernalia, literal system of groups, &c. Let the old and young participate as instructors and instructed, and a few short months will give evidence of the good that all can do.

A way with this wrangling over methods, systems or leaderships. Give us work—earnest unselfish labor for the right, the truth and the cherry heart, unburdened from the leaden weight of theological ball-fire, vicarious atonement and a thousand and one erroneous teachings of so-called Christianity.

Any improvement, any change, any plan which will do the desired work in any particular locality, is the true method for that place. What do the angels care for pen plans for individuals? Special bands or circles may stickle for their pet scheme or medium. But what is this to the great collective mind and interests, which desire

general and collective progress? Give us improvement, enlarged understanding and consequent possibilities; and we will not stop to enquire by what means or whose system. Action, friends,—onward!

PROGRESS.

Philadelphia Department.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 524 Race street, Philadelphia.

LIFE.—NUMBER 3.

Which is Most Powerful, Spirit or Matter, and How do They Act?

Among the beautiful lessons of Nature, a very interesting one is to be found in the fact that the softer tissues invariably wear away those which are harder, and apparently more enduring.

But this fact is more strikingly illustrated in the beautiful domains of life, where the softer tissue always make their impression upon those which are harder. The little moss and lichen, upon the hard rock, burrows out its nest, and with its tender and delicate fibrils, penetrates the solid stone.

In the animal kingdom, the softer tissues usually wear away the bones, even the soft and delicate tissue of the brain will scoop out the hard, bony surface of the skull, so that if after death we examine the skull of a person who has long been an active and laborious student, accustomed to great mental labor, we shall find certain portions of it so thin as to be transparent.

From these and other illustrations which might be given, we see that it is not the substance but the spirit or force that precipitates the material that we call substance, that is the real power, and this works with more force in the softer tissues than in those which are more solid and unyielding.

Brother A. J. Davis has presented the following interesting formula of matter in the universe. First God, then intellect, then principles, then ethers, vapors, fluids and solids. Or reversing it, we have solids, fluids, vapors, ethers, principles, intellect and God.

It is evident that it is in reality the spirits within us and within these substances around that are working together. There is a very unpleasant question that has puzzled many of the most cultivated minds, and that is precisely where and how spirit and matter come in contact and the latter is made subject to the influence of the former.

If it be true, as we are inclined to believe, that matter is but a precipitation resulting from the decussating or crossing lines of force, and that the peculiar harmony of these lines of force, produces the varied forms and conditions of matter, this will explain a part of the question. But it remains to be answered, how and where does identified spirit take hold and control an organism? It must be through the localized spirit which has produced the matter, and which remains in it, and all that the materialist owns of spirit.

It is known that this connection is in the nervous system; here the forces in the material and visible come in rapport with those of the spiritual, and as these become co-ordinated, the results are harmonious and beautiful. Life is the force which connects spirit with matter.

In the lower forms, we believe that the spirit is not sufficiently lentified to retain its existence for a great length of time separate from and independent of a physical organization. (We have a report of a lecturer by I. Rehn, of this city, on this subject, which we shall present to the readers of the JOURNAL at an early day. It shows what science has done and where it has been compelled to stop.)

In man, we have the proof through spiritual manifestations, that his spirit has independent identity even while in the form. Spirits and clairvoyance see and speak of these as living realities, and this identity being immortal, produces special individualities that are indestructible, and thus distinguishes these from other forms of spirit which are immaterial in essence but not in individuality. Matter through organization, is raised to a plane high enough to be influenced by identified spirits. Thus on the other hand, force raises matter to a plane high enough to be influenced by higher forms of spirit. These improve and elevate the conditions of matter, so that after it has passed through various forms of organic life, spirit can be used, as was shown in our second article. We know that many ages must have passed before primordial matter was in a condition to yield to the action of identified human spirit.

We have seen that the mission of life everywhere, is to raise matter to higher conditions. It remains for Modern Spiritualism to prove that while each human organism an identified spirit exists which presides over the organism and through the vital forces, holds and governs the body, and causes it to do all that it can do. We prove the presence and power of the spirit, first, by its being seen by clairvoyance; second, by its actions in and through the body; and third, by the cessation of all these actions when it is removed either temporarily as by sleep and certain magnetic conditions, or permanently at death.

There are few things that the world needs more than satisfactory evidence. A friend, whose father has recently passed over the river that men call death, said to us, "Oh, that I could have the evidence you have of the truths of this spiritual communion." I like the doctrine you teach; I am pleased with the philosophy, and I would be happy if I knew positively that it was true, and that that dear father, whom I have loved and honored all the days of my life, is still my father, still interested in me and mine, and more than that, as you teach, is watching over us and aiding us in all that is right and true. How shall I obtain that evidence which will satisfy my mind in regard to these things?

We replied, "Whether, that is a matter of growth." Well did Mrs. Stearns say at the meeting of our State Society, "That while we are talking familiarly about the Spirit Land, and our relationship to them, we could not realize what our feelings would have been twenty-one years ago, had any one spoken to us as we now speak to each other of these things."

Friends, it is a matter of growth, and many who hear of the wonders of Spiritualism, are continually asking, "Why can I not have just such evidences and manifestations?"

We answer, not with any disposition to sneer at you because you have not grown up to the conditions to receive these things. You have not labored patiently and earnestly for that development of your spiritual powers. You must learn the truth of the declaration that "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

You may hear a Spiritualist relate the concentrated experiences of years of mental and spiritual labors in a few moments, and then wonder why you cannot have just such experiences in the time that he or she is relating these. We would not discourage any from the investigation of this subject which we think is the most profoundly interesting one that can claim the attention of mankind. We know from experience that in this earnest investigation, we receive our compensation from day to day, and have a happiness which can only be obtained by no other means. One of the most important lessons in this investigation is that we be passive—satisfied with what comes. There is such a strong desire, at times, to have wonderful tests, and to have those of a peculiar character, and given precisely in the same way that we have determined to have them, that we lose very much by this. We should be willing to take just what comes to us, doing the best we can to prepare conditions for our spirit-friends, and then receive with gratitude that which they see fit to bestow.

Such investigators have invariably found that the very best and most convincing tests come to them when they are not looking for them, and often in a manner that precludes the possibility of any mundane interference.

Spiritualism is not a mere mountebank show, in which we are to be continually looking for some wonderful novelty, but it is a grand religion and philosophy calculated to feed the soul and give it the very highest and best means of unfoldment and growth.

Those Spiritualists who have realized these facts, are not troubled about the folly and fanaticism which cling to this system, as barnacles to a ship, which, though they may retard its progress, are certain to be carried by it into the clear waters of a pure life, when they make do and fall off. We have sometimes wondered that Spiritualism should have taken such a firm hold of the minds of the people, and spread so extensively, when we have witnessed the amount of chaff and froth that has been upon its surface. We know that soap bubbles please children and are willing they should have them. But there is that which is more substantial than these in true Spiritualism,—that which stamps itself upon the lives of those who accept it.

Spiritualism as thus presented to the world by true men and women is a refutation of the folly that would have snuk any other system than this. We do not admit all this folly and fanaticism to belong to Spiritualism, it is only an expression of the credulity and undevelopment of humanity, which may be more fully manifested in the free atmosphere which Spiritualism has brought to the world, but which is in no way responsible for it. On the contrary, Spiritualism has within it that which will do more to remedy this evil than any system that has ever dawned upon the world.

Holding every one responsible for their acts is the only means by which mankind will learn to be wise.

THE SHAKERS.

A Revelation of the Extraordinary Visitation of Departed Spirits of Distinguished Men and Women of All Nations, and Their Manifestation Through the Living Bodies of the Shakers.

BY A GUEST AT THE COMMUNITY MEAN WATERVILLE, NEW YORK.

This is a pamphlet of forty pages, giving an account of some wonderful manifestations which took place in the presence of the writer, who visited a society of Shakers in the year 1843—five years before the Rochester knockings.

The account is very interesting and very similar to the communications published weekly in the Inner Life department of the JOURNAL.

The communications are not reported verbatim, but bear evidence of being characteristic of the parties from whom they are said to come.

We have no doubt that the Shakers had many such manifestations, and we see in these other evidence of the folly and weakness of narrow sectarian association. They made no impression upon the public mind, and doubtless might have continued to this day without being heard of, outside of this little coterie of peculiar people, and would certainly not have been believed by one where they are now by thousands. We do not mean to speak disrespectfully of the Shakers. They are a strictly moral people, so far as we know, but wonderfully ignorant of the physiological laws, if they suppose clairvoyance to be a natural condition. Their regular habits of life and temperance, have doubtless tended to develop many excellent mediums among them, but their peculiar notions would give color to the communications received, while Spiritualism with its diversity of individual character gives such a great variety of manifestations as to require an exercise of the judgment and reason.

This little book is quite readable and suggestive, and we would recommend its perusal as corroborative testimony in regard to spiritual facts and phenomena. There is a simplicity in the statements that is attractive, and an internal evidence of truthfulness which is always pleasant to meet with. It will be sent by mail. Price 25 cents.

The Pennsylvania Central Mail Road.

In these days when rail roads have spread over our land so that it is almost impossible to get out

of sight of the rail or the shrill whistle of the locomotive, it gives us pleasure to know that some of the older roads keep pace with all the improvements which mark the new. There is no better road than this,—its Conductors are obliging, its cars roomy and pleasant, the scenery along the entire route either to Pittsburg or to Erie—for the Philadelphia and Erie Road is a branch of the former,—is picturesque, and often sublime.

It may not be known to many of our readers, that the depot at West Philadelphia, stands on consecrated ground. It is located upon the spot that was immortalized by Franklin in dying his kite, and which should be marked by a monument, for the wire of that kite was the first telegraph wire. Travelling through the rich counties of Chester and Lancaster, we have a fine view of modern agriculture. Along the Su-a-quahanna to Harrisburg, the river scenery is the best I have seen, so far as scenery goes, and as undescribably romantic, that the traveler finds many scenes that are unsurpassed in the world.

We would say to our friends that if they wish to see the evergreen mountains, they will find that this road furnishes the best opportunities.

Voices from the People.

Endorsement—Extract From a Letter By Dr. Nathan Smith.

DEAR BROTHER:—I found in your JOURNAL, not long since, comments on the proceedings of the Illinois State Convention, and the conduct of its work as controllers; and allow me to say that I freely and fully endorse the position you have taken, and I find that all with whom I have met, concur fully with you in regard to the conduct of the persons who have done and are doing more to injure our beautiful philosophy than thousands of its opposers.

Your paper is growing better with each new issue, and your bold, unflinching exposure of tricks and quackery, your stern denunciation of mediums, make the paper worthy of all true men and women everywhere.

CONVULSIONS OF NATURE.

Letter From Dr. Samuel Underhill.

BROTHER JONES:—I have inquired of Nature, why we have such eccentric movements in the elements above us. The answer is, "They are caused by the vast internal commotions in the elements below us."

In turning back in the leaves of my memory, I realize that twice or thrice in my three-score and three years, somewhat like this has occurred. That unusual convulsion of this globe has been followed by universal convulsions in the human sphere. I ventured to predict during the convulsion in Peru and Chili that they would be followed by whirlwind tornadoes and euroclyptic fogs in the atmosphere. Even now, the waves in the Pacific have below us as not quiet. Within a week, the inhabitants of Padua have been shaken out of bed. Not until the internal commotions cease can we expect the elements above us to return to their wonted quietude. It may continue another year; it may change its form of action. We may have less rain and more hail storms. This dry autumn under us may send forth subtle germs that induce people to suicide and murder; for there seems to be an epidemic in these respects.

S. UNDERHILL, M. D.

Mrs. Emeline S. Fairchild, Examining and Psychometric Medium.

Mrs. Wilcoxson gives the following account of her visit to Ripon:

In my recent visit to Ripon, Wisconsin, I had good reason to feel the incredulity of Mrs. Emeline S. Fairchild, and have no hesitation in saying that she is one of the finest examining and psychometric mediums of the age. A lady, who called upon me at Ripon, and who had been pronounced by her old school physician, a cancer, and who was told that she must have it cut out, etc. Now I know that Mrs. F. had had no information whatever from any mundane source, of this case. Upon one occasion, she gave me one of her tests concerning my translated daughter and her husband, that could be given. I truly hope the investigating public will patronize Mrs. F., and encourage her to the fullest exercise of her talents. Like many fine mediums in our land, family cares have hitherto robbed her of her best powers, and she has been unable to do more than to let her terms are one dollar for examining the dead. Let applicants state sex, with one or two leading symptoms. Mrs. F. can bring the best of references, as one who for years has given her talent in her own neighborhood, without using any other means, and is now reduced by circumstances to the necessity of taking a reasonable compensation. Will Spiritual papers please copy and assist another deserving disciple to the place of public usefulness?

SALT LAKE.

Extract from a Letter by Abby M. Lavin Ferree.

BROTHER JONES:—I sit under the trees in a beautiful garden, the fruit hanging in rich clusters over my head, while the water is running in little streams about a foot apart. I like Salt Lake; yes, certainly I do—what I have seen of it. It is a most wonderful city, resting on the mountains, enclosed by greater mountains.

In coming to this city by stage, we ride along the lake over twenty-seven miles. The lake looks like a broad belt of blue, with amber edge.

Along the stage route are fields of waving wheat and corn, and fruit trees and flowers in every garden. The holy holly is beautiful, with its deep red blossoms, pink and white, which welcomes us to the Territory of the Saints; reminding us of olden times, of the old home on the hills in the Empire state.

The footprints left by man are the same all over the earth. Prejudice is the only barrier to shut out from us, rest, peace and happiness.

Under the trees yesterday, telling the lady and gentleman I board with, of "The Magic Staff" of Emma Hardinge; the lady asked, "Have you some of those books? I should like to see them."

I was sorry that I had not, but I told them that I could send for them. How I wish that I was well and strong enough to speak to these people.

I called on Amelia Young, the favorite wife of Brigham Young; Saw Joseph Young's wife there. Amelia is a pleasant lady—interested me very much; and opened her pretty parlor and showed me the portrait of Brigham, and the photographs of her father and mother,—fine looking people. She opened the fine piano, and then retired for a moment, returning with some strawberry wine, which she made herself. It was very good.

ABBY M. LAVIN FERREE Salt Lake City, July 18th, 1869.

The Spirit Home of Father Hinshaw.

BY WILL C. ELLIOTT.

Three changeless beauties, rich and bright, Immortal glories, gems of light, Eternal seats of truth and love, All-brilliant, glow around, above!

A mansion in the Inner World was built by his soul-friends for Father Hinshaw, the spirit of whom, many a day had been calmly waiting for his ray of light from earth.

It was a happy day to "Uncle Seth," at last, when the band of spirits, which he so often had seen in his last earthly moments, rejoiced with him at his own "new birth."

"All is well," were his heart-felt expressions just before his spirit passed to the "beautiful beyond," where awaited him a most loving one with blessing, a wreath in immortal bloom.

Now, in the beauty of holiness, the two are wed, in a blissful angelhood, dwelling together in unity and love.

A few years ere the beautiful spirit of this good man first ascended to the Summer Land, a picture of his Spirit Home was painted in oil, and sent him by Mr. Wolcott, trance artist. It was of very large size, most skillful in design,—the painting glows in most pleasing colors. The work was done in two hours.

The scenery around the heavenly edifice is most enchantingly beautiful. Away beyond, there rises in glory a mountain. How placid and lovely is the lakelet yonder, whose nectar waters, flashing in endless light, come forth into a pleasant basin, and thence flow on in laughing ripples along in the brooklet's mystic way. Lo! how burns here and there, the summer freshness of the graceful trees. In their evergreen boughs sit and sing the sweetest birds! Near the golden banks is a flowery arbor. It is social retreat. In the sweet hours of inner life, how many "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," in spirit!

Away, away up in the holy distance, dimly to be seen from this celestial palace, there is another still, far brighter and purer home. It is the permanent abode of this angel pair.

Oh! come ye all and welcome those Bright spirits from their homes above, For oft the Inner sea is true!

Round us with gems of love!

This higher home is but slightly foreshadowed in the painting.

Room 3, 125 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

\*A grandson of the Quaker Spiritualist.

THE FIRST CAUSE

of Existence, Essentially, Positively and Briefly Stated.

BY N.

Life and spirit are either one and the same power, acting separately or jointly in concert with different degrees of power,—or they are two powers, necessarily acting together in harmony, as before said.

The essential element and character, and purpose of LIFE, is action,—the action of life for the production and manifestation and protection of life.

The essential element of SPIRIT is action, spiritual action, in union with the action of life for the production and preservation of spiritual life.

We have here, then, the two highest powers known, acting in concert, and capable of producing whatever has been produced, or whatever can be produced, in any state of existence.

Matter always existed, and always will exist. There is no way of getting rid of it.

It always had qualities and properties and conditions of existence, and these have been continually changing in some way. In nature, one of the main consequences of change is improvement, tending more or less toward perfection. Life and spirit have always been in active operation, at work in and with matter. What else was there for them to operate upon? What else was needed? Were they not qualities, properties, powers inherent in, and component parts or elements in some degree of matter? In their operations, do they not germinate, invigorate and reproduce, most distinctly, their true nature and character, in some visible degree, and with upon matter?

Is it not so in the mineral kingdom? Is it not so, very visibly, in the vegetable kingdom, and still more so in humanity, in the great variety in the different human species. The matter of the planet earth, both land and water, is most wonderfully alive, as shown by its innumerable and necessary and useful productions? Endless time and boundless space are generally considered as not being matter, but afford the necessary time and space for the location and storage of all quiet or changing matter, free for all kinds of action.

Second; must not that life and spirit necessarily be in the matter acted upon, properties and qualities of it; or is matter a property and quality of life and spirit? and under their control so far as existing conditions will permit?

Of all the doings of life and spirit, what have they produced that does not have and partake of the three qualities and powers of life, matter and spirit?

So far as we can see, do life and spirit, or can they act independent of matter, or of something actually connected with matter? What do we know of mind, the human mind, the intellectual power, only as it is connected with matter?

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

This ably conducted and well-printed journal has been laid upon our table. Without going into any detail, as regards its merits, or demerits, we are pleased to see a disposition, on the part of its editorial corps, to treat all subjects and persons with a candid and courteous.

It is a bold advocate of the "Spiritual Philosophy," and much of its teachings seem to accord and harmonize with that "book of books"—Nature. We endorse many of its views and honestly believe that all will be benefited by perusing its well filled columns. It would cause people to think and read—a thing so much to be desired, yet so lamentably neglected.—The Medical Scalpel.

The rays of the sun shine upon the dust and mud, but they are not soiled by them. So the true philanthropist can pursue his noble work among the vilest of humanity and remain pure and untainted.



Religio-Philosophical Journal

OFFICE 192 SOUTH CLARK ST., 34 FLOOR.

R. B. JONES,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. 1:11

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 28, 1869.

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

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

If any person receiving this paper after the time for which it was paid, desires to have it discontinued, he or she should inform us of that fact by letter, without delay and if any one continues to take the paper after his or her time of regard subscription has expired, payment will be required at regular rates, until all arrearages are paid.

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

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

THE INDIANS.

A SEANCE—WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENTS—WILLIAM PENN.—THE INDIAN CHIEF AND THE DIPLOMATE—THE MEDICINE MAN CONSULTED.

There are hardly two religious denominations at the present day that agree in regard to the attributes of Deity. The Mahomedan, the Bramin, the Chinese, in fact all the so called Pagan nations, entertain as correct ideas of Deity and the peculiar manifestations of His inherent power, as any of the so called orthodox churches of the present day. The idea entertained even by the Bramin, that the soul will be eventually absorbed by Bram, and that it will become a part of the Infinite, and rule over the destiny of nations, has within it a certain element of consistency, which, when closely examined, any one can not fail to recognize. That the human soul will become a part of God is a mistake; but that it is already a part of Him, is correct. The Bramin only expected to realize what already exists.

Even the Indians, rude and uncultivated as they are, have some beautiful notions in regard to God and His dealings with His children, far more consistent in their nature than those entertained by the various orthodox churches. In burying bows and arrows, cooking utensils, and oftentimes a pony with their dead, they only symbolize what they believe exists in the Summer Land. Their views in regard to the beautiful hunting grounds and homes in the Spirit World, are indeed sublime, and convey the important lesson that their ideas were gathered from those who saw the scenery there with their interior vision or inner senses, and described the same to those less favored. Some of the religious creeds of the Indians are indeed grand, and demonstrate conclusively that they are far in advance of those who believe in the atoning grace of Christ crucified,—or who believe in a place of endless torment, where burning sulphur sends forth its disagreeable odors to greet the senses of those confined there through the endless ages of eternity.

As is well known, the Indians attribute the manifestations made through their different mediums to the Great Spirit, and, of course, attach greater importance thereto than we do, for we well know that communications from the Spirit World, many times, are not truthful, owing to the simple fact that the spirit communicating has not a clear idea of that which he wishes to impart.

AN INDIAN SEANCE.

An Indian seance, especially among some of the Western tribes, is really of great interest, for it fore shadows a grand truth connected with spiritual manifestations, although the proceedings thereof are conducted in a manner not calculated to interest those who have seen manifestations of a high order.

An Indian agent, whose name we do not now remember, was invited by the Medicine Man of the Camanches, to visit his tent, and he would show him some wonderful manifestations of the Great Spirit. At the time appointed, the agent repaired to the place designated, and found the Medicine Man ready to hold conversation with the Intelligence of the Spirit World. In appearance, the medium was tall, his eyes large, and seemed to glisten with an inward consciousness that he possessed more than ordinary powers. After sitting a few moments, he became entranced, and rising from his seat,—delivered an address in plain English to the agent, detailing the grievances of the Indians, and the wrongs they were subject to from the hands of the Government, and appealing to him to do all in his power to remedy the evils that already existed, and give the Indians their just due. The controlling influence purported to be William Penn. After he had withdrawn his control, he was taken possession of by the spirit of a Frenchman, and was made to talk in the French language, much to the astonishment of the Indian agent. The influence that next controlled was an Indian connected with this tribe, who had been cruelly murdered by some soldiers while in his own wigwam, molesting no one, and attending to his own business. He appeared to manifest a revengeful spirit, and actually took hold of a hatchet, intending, no doubt, to kill the agent, but was induced to deposit by the spirits who allowed him to communicate. After these peculiar communications, the influence seemed to be exerted to cause a different character of manifestations. The tent became at once agitated as if the wind was blowing furiously, although at the time there was a perfect calm. It swayed to and fro, as if some mighty power was at work, and gentle raps were heard all about, resembling the falling of small hail stones. This continued, perhaps, for about twenty minutes, and then the bow was taken from the side of the tent and the string properly adjusted, and this same invisible power carried it out of the tent and hung it on the limb of a sapling near the door, thus ending the seance.

Spiritualism among the Indians is indeed worthy of careful attention, for the phase of manifestations are of that character which are, many times, more convincing to the skeptic than those produced through our own mediums, for it is not generally supposed that the Indians are as skillful in the practice of deception as the whites usually are.

The prophets of the Indians are generally very mediumistic, and are not often mistaken in their conclusions in reference to future events.—Among some tribes, the real cause of the manifestations are not well understood, and of course it is perfectly natural to ascribe the cause thereof to the Great Spirit.

Living generally in the forest, they are brought in close contact with Nature's works, and inclined as they are to muse thereon, their medi- umistic qualities often become finely developed from that source alone. The little flower, the murmuring stream, the noise of the winds sweeping over the prairies, the music of the birds, the tramping of the buffalo,—when left alone to their influence,—they exercise a wonderful effect over the mind.

At one time, when several tribes of the Western Indians were congregated at one of the forts in Kansas, for the purpose of making treaties, one of our officers, a skillful diplomat, had by his artful interrogatories and cross-examination, so bewildered one of the chiefs that he finally would not answer him at all, but requested him to desist a few moments. Stepping aside from the group of chiefs with whom he was associated, he held there a brief interview with a young Indian, who was quickly seen to jump on a fleet pony, and start in a westerly direction, for what purpose, of course, our officers could not divine. However, the mission of the young Indian was easily solved. The questions of our officer had puzzled the old chief, and he had dispatched this messenger to hold communication with the Spirit World through one of their mediums, or Medicine Men, and obtain an answer to those identical questions, and receive such information as the controlling spirit might see fit to communicate. After the interview, he hastened back to camp, and imparting to the chief the information desired, the council was renewed, and all the questions of our officers were clearly and satisfactorily answered, and a new field of thought originated, that they had not anticipated.

At this interview, the chief was indeed puzzled; but the Spirit World—the kind messengers there, imparted to him the information desired, and enabled him to meet the skillful diplomat sent to treat with the Western tribes.

Indeed, how little we know of the grandeur of their past history. There is beauty in their language that speaks of flowers, of rippling streams, of the bland zephyrs, of the starry firmament, of the impulses of the heart, and that is eminently calculated to expand the mind and enlarge one's comprehensions of Deity.

Hardly a Western tribe whose vocabulary consists of over seven hundred and fifty words, while it is often the case in some tribes that one hundred and fifty words constitute the language to express ideas.

The tone of voice used in talking by some of the tribes, is indeed beautiful, commencing always in the expression of a sentence in a high tone of voice, musical and sweet, which gradually becomes lower and lower until the full utterance of the thought to be conveyed.

But the destiny of the Indians is known. Fading away is written on their leafy homes. The burial grounds of their ancestors, sacred always to the living, are no longer respected. The past has been to them full of vicissitudes, and the present fore shadows no bright future on earth. Current trespassers have sown the seeds of vice and crime among them, and they have "become as one of us," no longer the pure children of nature, as when in the past they eked out on sand, the ship that was to convey the white man to their shores, or when one of their number invented an alphabet to convey the ideas of his tribe. Yes, fading away; but after they pass over the shining river to their beautiful spirit homes, all they can desire,—and with their pure magnetism, sparkling with health and vitality, they return to earth to benefit those who have been instrumental in causing them so much trouble. Beautiful is their mission in the Spirit World! With their wigwams wreathed in unfolding flowers, they can repose and hold communion with the Great Spirit, knowing that the vices which they learned of the whites, can not invade the same.

How weird their history,—so full of hopes, romance and mystic charms! How bright their future in the Spirit World! How bright they will progress, towards the highest angel band, never falling to send from the sparkling fountains of their nature, jets of pure spiritual magnetism, to assist struggling humanity on earth-life. God bless the Indian spirits in the Summer Land, for Spiritualism would not stand where it does to-day, had it not been for their influence!

Children of Nature in the spirit sphere, Who visit earth, each heart to cheer, To impart from their overflowing souls, Sparkling magnetism—more precious than gold! From their bow-wreathed, leafy abode They come to rescue a mist of gloom, With love towards all, justice towards none, They come from their joyous spirit homes, To elevate those within whose mind Faith, Hope and Charity have entwined A wreath of Aspirations, beautiful, grand, Such position of which they understand, Interpreting the language it imports "From the Book of Nature,—God's counterpart!"

LOVELAND ON THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

It proposed in the future to establish a Publishing House, or a Central Bureau, carrying on the publishing and analogous work for the progress of truth. Do these things need to be done? They must be done as well as many more. But, as said before, the intention is to kill the Association, and thus nip these incipient efforts for good, in the bud. Why? Some individuals aspire to become the publishers of the spiritualistic literature as a private speculation. They don't wish a rival establishment having no ends to serve except to furnish books, pamphlets, papers, etc., at cost to the public. It would hurt their

gains; hence it must be hindered. Others don't happen to have been chosen as officers of the Association, and their inordinate egotism is hurt, and therefore, the sentence of death is passed, in their intention. Still again, there are not a few fanatics, who having abdicated all their own common sense, if they ever had any, and give themselves up to every breath of impulse, under the pretense of spirit influence, would abrogate all law and order, and give every convention, and all the concerns of life over to the control of spirits. They have always fought every form of organization, and will unite to destroy the organization.

The above is from the brain of Rev. J. S. Loveland, published in the Present Age, of August 21st. It will be remembered by those who were at the First National Convention held at Chicago, that this same man came to the Convention with his pockets filled with repetition, with articles for organizing the Spiritualists of America. A Central "Bureau" was then his theme. A place was provided for a Pope and sundry Archbishops and Bishops. Priests were also provided for under names—Central Bureau, and subordinate Bureaux, &c., &c.

Suffice it to say, that Mr. Loveland's plan was rejected. Hence it will be seen why he so soundly berates the members of that Convention. The whole thing was a collusion of principle from the ecclesiastical organizations of Old Theology,—designed to give prominent place, money and power to officials.

Two years after that defeat, Loveland and Wadsworth torn up at the Third National Convention at Providence, and got themselves appointed to the censorship of all mediums, to define Spiritualism, etc., etc. They devoted one year's time to their labors upon this subject, and made their report at the Cleveland Convention, therein denouncing mediums in more vituperative and vindictive terms (giving names of many of our best mediums) as impostors, than has ever been done by our most bigoted opponents.

The action of that Convention, upon their report, is fresh in the memory of the people. It was indignantly rejected, and its authors have been held in disgrace ever since. Still Loveland prows about the flesh-pots,—he is after the pot luck. He was a priest before he became a Spiritualist, and knows that good things are often laid away for the priesthood,—that impudence, impurity and opportunity are means never to be lost sight of by men of his stripe, so he turns up again in the columns of the Present Age, urging his plan of organization,—his "Bureau" system.

The centralizing power of a Bureau and Sub-bureaux, is by no means to be abandoned. His plan of determining who are mediums, who are impostors, who are fanatics, who have abdicated all their own common sense, if they ever had any, and given themselves up to the very breath of impulse, under the pretense of spirit influence, "is to be carried out by a Board of Censors, of whom he is to be chief, of course. The same Bureau is to control inspiration, and determine what shall be said and published.

O, fee! The twaddle about "some individuals who aspire to become the publishers of Spiritualistic literature as a private speculation," is too contemptible to require notice. This happens to be a free country where anybody has a right to start a printing establishment and publish such books and papers as they please. What would have been the condition of the "Spiritualistic Literature" to-day, but for the "private enterprise of individuals"?

His reference to disappointed would-be officials is perfectly applicable to himself. He has ever aspired to official position. Hence he sought to become President of the Illinois Association of Spiritualists when there was no vacancy. To that end he conspired with Jamieson to get up a spurious meeting, at which but two small societies had delegates; he himself assuming to represent a society that never elected him. At that august meeting held in one of the most out-of-the-way places in the State, he had his name proclaimed as President of the Illinois Association of Spiritualists, an office, then and now held by Milton T. Peters, Esq., of Chicago. No wonder the ex-Reservist talks of "inordinate egotism being hurt!" Who has had more experience in that class of hurts? Poor fellow, he should know that sharp-edged tools are not designed for the use of children.

NATIONAL LABOR CONGRESS.

This body, which met in Philadelphia during the past week, to hold its third annual session, was attended by some two hundred and twenty-five delegates, seven of whom were colored, and one woman from Massachusetts.

A disgraceful attempt was made on the part of some, to exclude Miss Susan B. Anthony from a seat, she having presented credentials from the Working Women's National Association, of New York city.

The report says that quite "a breeze" was raised by the Committee on Credentials, asking to be excused from examining Miss Anthony's credentials. They were excused, and a motion made to admit her.

A printer from New York denounced her as being the foe of labor, not paying the same wages to women as to men, and having the Resolution printed by table. Before any motion could be made to let Miss Anthony reply, her assailant moved to lay on the table the motion to admit her, thus cutting off debate. Everything was confusion. The President, a German, evidently prejudiced against Miss Anthony, decided that the tabling motion had been carried, and the convention adjourned.

Miss Anthony was called to the platform, a meeting organized and her reply was heard.—Her paper was printed in a job office, she not owning any part or having control over it. The women employed in it were paid more than any other office paid to them, and she had no knowledge until recently that it was what is technically called a "rat office."

There was a great deal of feeling displayed at the hasty action. It evidently springs from a dislike of Miss Anthony's advocacy of Woman's suffrage.

Miss Anthony may be hurt at such proscrip-

tion action on the part of those professing to be engaged in the cause of reform, but the cause, of which she is one of the acknowledged leading advocates, will not suffer. Such proscription will tend to nourish and invigorate it rather than retard its spread and growth.

It was often said that every egg which was thrown at the abolitionists, hatched a dozen.—And the illiberal, blinded and bigoted, who essay by their proscription malice to stay the progress of female suffrage, do but accelerate its growth. We, therefore, rather rejoice to learn of the manifestations of petulance of the opponents to this branch of reform; as it clearly evinces the fact that the friends of the cause are beginning to be heard and felt.

Miss Anthony was finally admitted to a seat by a close vote, 55 to 53. This is a triumph to be pleased over, and speaks badly for the liberality of a large proportion of what we thought we had reason to hope, was a more liberal body. But ground has been gained *never more to be lost*. Glory to God! the car of progress does move, though it be but slowly; and event after event is hastening the day when the fact that "all men (and women) are alike free and equal," will be practically accepted.

ORTHODOX MORALITY.

We notice that a clergyman in Indiana has been condemned to receive an "admonition" from his superior in office, for the offense of "going to see the Black Crook." This reminds us that the naughty newspapers of New York, which do not have reverence for "the cloth" before their eyes, asserted that during the religious anniversaries in that wicked city, the attendance upon theatres manifestly increased, particularly at the spectacular theatres.—Ex.

It is really astonishing at the amount of vice and crime at the present day among the various orthodox churches. The sanctimonious garb of pretended believers in the vicarious atonement, Christ crucified, and endless torment, covers a multitude of sins, the real nature of which the people know but little, until the false garb is thrown off, when the true character of the "image of darkness" is made apparent. It is a well attested fact that all religious anniversaries or conventions in the City of New York, largely increase the attendance at theatres and opera houses, especially when spectacular drama is the principal attraction of the stage.

How many crimes have been committed under a religious cloak! How many fair flowers taken from the family circle and deprived of their purity by orthodox divines! How many acts of licentiousness are committed by those who in solemn mockery say their morning and evening prayers! Well, orthodoxy should hang its head in shame, or endeavor to inaugurate a higher standard of morality among its professed believers. What better, however, can we expect of the devotees of a doctrine that inculcates the idea that, sin first—then repent, and your garments are as white as ever! Such a doctrine offers a license to sin, and is no better than the sale of "indulgences" by the Catholics. In the first place, no fee is exacted, while in the second place, the forgiveness must be obtained through the priest at so much per sin.

Orthodox, look at your own sets tapers, Nestling in the heart of your "angel band," Remembering that Morality will not endure Your charges made to be repaid! The acts of Spiritualists, harmonious, free! But who, indignant, deign not, hold! Says, "Look beneath your sanctimonious garb, For vices, sins, in numbers untold, And there you will find enough to do To heal the wounds of your own sin sick soul!"

MRS. ADDIE L. BALLOU IN DAVENPORT—B. B. JONES—ECLIPSE—MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

A pleasant little affair came off at Davenport, Iowa, the other day. The people of that goodly city were surprised on the morning of the 10th, by the matrimonial union of one of Rock Island's oldest citizens—Mr. Alvin Hall, and Miss Maggie Meters, of Davenport, niece of the indefatigable photographer, B. B. Jones, to whose faithful devotion to science and his art, aided by others, that city will ever be deeply indebted for the magnificent photographic delineations of "old Sol" in different periods of the eclipse, and of whom the Gazette speaks as being a "martyr to science," for while others were gazing in wonder and awe at the celestial phenomenon, his expansive roof was so crowded with spectators as to make it necessary to bar the doors to prevent the crush of the curious from crushing it. He, shut into the "dark room," or developing closet, was "doing old Sol" in living art.

Mr. Jones is a Spiritualist of long ago, and will be remembered as a worker for the cause in extending the circulation of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and *Banner of Light*, and who, two or three years ago, was assisted through their influence and his many warm friends, in re-establishing his business and a home, over the ruins of a merciless fire which swept away his all, leaving his family homeless and himself without visible means of support.

Maggie, true to the faith of her kinsman, chose to have the ceremony performed by a minister of the Spiritualist Gospel, and sending to Chicago, obtained the services of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and just as the first blush of early morning spread her crimson on the cheek of a cloudless day, kissing away the dews by the warm lips of glad sunshine, and drying the tears that night had wept under her sable robes, with the white kerchief of day, a few friends met in the spacious rooms of B. B. Jones, where the marriage ceremony was performed in accordance with the privileges granted by the Religio-Philosophical Society of Illinois.

The parties started on a trip to the East, on the early train, where, perhaps, many blessed angels will accompany them, ill tired of wearying travel, they return to their pleasant home at Rock Island, and accept the cordial greetings of many warm friends.

"EVERTER HALL."

Don't fail to send for the above entitled Book. See advertisement in another column. It is worth six times its cost. For sale at this office. Price 75 cents; postage 8 cents.

SPIRIT PICTURE.

Dr. Morrell, late of Chicago, now residing in New York City, sent us by mail, a few days since, a most beautiful photograph, taken from one of Anderson's drawings of the spirit likeness of "Sunshine." This spirit often entrances and speaks through Sister Morrell, in a manner to really cast a halo of sunshine around the circle, however gloomy conditions may be. We speak from our own observations.

This is the likeness of one of the aborigines of America,—an Indian girl. For exquisite mold of features and form, we never saw superior in earth-life,—no matter of what nationality or culture.

When it is considered that Anderson's spirit likenesses are often recognized as true to life, only as much more beautiful, as the spirit form may be more refined than the gross material form, it may consistently be believed that this likeness is true to the life of the spirit of the lovely Indian girl, known in the Summer Land as SUNSHINE.

Thank God for a knowledge of the truth of spirit communion; for a knowledge that when we lay aside the gross material form, we shall be clothed upon with immortality,—a spiritual body, true to our own individuality, but almost inconceivably beautiful!

We shall in a few days have a supply of these photographs for sale, when terms for the different sizes will be made known through the columns of this paper.

MARTIN THATCHER.

Who is referred to by Dr. Swan, under "Special notices," was some months since, induced to come from New York to our city to superintend the management of one of our best Insurance Companies. His office is 151 Washington Street.

He will tell how Dr. Swan restored to him the use of his own arm, which had become nearly useless; of a cure performed by him, on his (Mr. T's) daughter, nearly if not quite as marvelous as anything heard of in modern times, also how his Uncle, Gen. T. B. Pratt, of New York, was suddenly rescued from an attack of apoplexy by him, and at the same time cured of the effects of a former paralytic shock.

He can also give many other cases of which he has personal knowledge, of what would seem almost miraculous cures effected by Dr. Swan, through this wonderful gift of healing

Personal and Local.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is still engaged speaking at Baltimore.

J. H. W. Toolhey has returned to Providence, R. I., and is ready again to answer calls to lecture.

Dr. Newton, the healer, will be in Buffalo Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th. He then goes to Leavenworth City, Kansas.

Moses Hull speaks at La Porte, Indiana, Aug. 29th. Former announcements in reference to his speaking there, were incorrect—hope we are right this time.

Dr. W. D. Blain lectured, morning and evening, Sunday the 15th inst., at Crosby's Music Hall, to good acceptance, for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Chicago.

Mrs. Wilcoxon, who, during the past four months, has been lecturing in Illinois, Nebraska and Wisconsin, is now at liberty to answer calls. She has been doing a good work, and should be kept constantly in the field.

In the Speaker's Register, this week will be found the name of Dr. Akely, who announces his willingness to aid the cause of progress and reform by entering the field as a lecturer. We recommend him as an honest and upright gentleman.

Addie L. Ballou is now in Michigan. She attended the Battle Creek Convention, lecturing on the following subject: "True religious reform and the delinquencies of professed Spiritualists." Societies who desire her services, can address her in care of this office.

Mrs. Fannie Wasekock, the well-known medical clairvoyant, has now returned from an Eastern tour, and can be visited or addressed for medical advice at her residence,—New Hartford, Butler Co., Iowa. This is a small railroad town, nine miles west of Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Dr. Wm. R. Jocelyn and his most excellent lady, have returned to Chicago, and may be found at 148, Fourth Avenue. The past few weeks, the Doctor has been engaged in lecturing, healing and giving clairvoyant examinations of the sick, at Sterling, Dixon and Prophetstown, Ill. His mediumistic qualities are finely developed, and we predict for him a brilliant future. Aided by Mrs. Jocelyn, no disease, however stubborn, but soon yields to their united efforts.

E. V. Wilson sends us the following: "We have just closed a series of very interesting meetings at Lockport, Bloomington, Waukegan, Canton and Yates City, Ill. Our successes have been all we could wish it; pay all we asked; attention superb; attendance large, and an abiding interest manifested everywhere, each meeting concluding with the question, "When will you come again?" Bless the people everywhere, for they are earnest and faithful to the demands of Spiritualism. In our next, we shall write in detail."

D. W. Hull has been lecturing in Watrousville, Mich. He holds a discussion at Salem Centre, Ind., commencing Sept. 6th and continuing until the 11th, with Rev. R. D. Macariba, on the following questions,—Mr. Hull taking the affirmative of the first, but the negative of the second proposition: 1st. That the phenomena and revelations of Spiritualism, proceed from spirits of the departed. 2nd. The Bible is the basis of moral obligations. Mr. Hull is also soon to have a discussion with Elder Sweney, of Chicago, at Kendallville.







Communications from the Inner Life.

It shall give the angelic charge concerning them. All Communications under this head are given through MRS. A. H. ROBINSON...

INVOCATION.

To-day and forever let our thoughts go out to the great and divine Principle...

Give us, O Father, that kindness of heart, that nobleness of character, that shall enable us to deal gently, lovingly with one another.

May we feel that all are governed by conditions and surroundings known to us, and whatever Third best approve is well—that it is not for us to condemn in others that which seemeth necessary for their individual unfoldment.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Are all on the spiritual plane confined to earth's atmosphere; or have they power to pass through space...

Q. Does the victim of suicide suffer in the Spirit Land on account of the act?

Q. What you term suicide is not looked upon by us as it is by you here. It is by similar means that the spiritual body is separated from the temporal by accident or disease.

Q. Are personal entities in this life ever carried with us, or experienced in the Spirit World?

Q. Well, we may say most certainly that the entity does not exist wholly with the physical body. It must, of necessity, be with the individual; and, inasmuch, as the individual in spirit life is possessed of everything which it had on earth...

Q. Do individuals on the spirit plane possess personal property, in any sense of that term?

Q. If spirits have beautiful grounds and dwellings, come they, come we have told you repeatedly, with the desire for them. You have with them, unlike their possession upon earth, an entire absence of care and anxiety.

Q. The desire of individuals are to be realized on the spiritual plane in all their glory. Through experience you will understand yourselves, the powers within, the God given powers of your own souls.

Q. Can two spirits occupy the same space at the same time?

Q. Certainly they can. I can prove it to you by the position that I occupy. Now, here is the spirit of this lady. Here I am with my individuality, my retina, my same exterior, covering you behold which is negative to me.

acorn is within, but it takes time to unfold it; so with the spirit, its power is within, it is now manifest itself upon the material plane...

Q. Then a spirit which passes from the body with little intellectual power could not, at once, travel to the planets?

A. Not until it had a desire to do so. Suppose, now, that you should, with your desire, be changed to the spiritual plane...

Q. Does the spirit of the medium entirely leave her body while another spirit has possession of it?

A. We have answered that question before. The spirit, when disengaged from the organism, will never take possession of it again.

Q. How do you account for Mrs. Conant of the Banner of Light manifesting herself in different places while being controlled by spirits?

A. My dear sister, how do you account for Benjamin Franklin being in so many places and in so many different communications?

Q. Then the spirit, can not move anything that is material, without the aid of the vital forces?

Q. Could you move bodies—inanimate bodies—like a person, here on earth?

Q. A. That little globe for instance, referring to a globe on the table, could be moved; but it is very rare among us to see it done, we could lift it, but we could not move it.

Q. It is much easier for spirits to gather force from a medium than from one who is not susceptible to their influence.

Q. I have every spirit the power to manifest itself?

A. No; because all have not equal concentration. If all had, they would all manifest themselves.

Q. I am much easier for spirits to gather force from a medium than from one who is not susceptible to their influence.

Q. I have every spirit the power to manifest itself?

Not one suspected the cause of my illness, and the work was kept walking the street. In a short time Louis and I were again together...

Desolation now was mine—all nature seemed a blank. What to do, where to go, I knew not. No one would receive me in their family, and no hospitable roof offered me a shelter.

My husband left me for Europe, expecting to return in four months, but he was lost at sea, and again I was desolate.

I tried to support myself by my needle, but could get no settled employment, and I had three children to provide for.

I lived in some degree of elegance; had everything I could desire, and my table was abundantly supplied.

I tried to bring up my children as well as I could, but I had no time to do so, and my children languished for want of parental care.

I opened my eyes to see my Louis looking at me just as he used to do when full of tenderness.

I am but a child. I had no education as it regards religion. I sometimes went to church, but it made no impression; in fact, I did not understand much of what was said.

First, how I had trifled with my father, how kind he had been, how ungrateful my conduct; then my straying from virtue, destroying my unborn children, and having lost my reputation...

What words of consolation—I could go down upon my knees and kiss your feet in thankfulness. I will return to the garden and meditate on what you have said.

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assembly dispersed to the shelter of the Hall, where he concluded his lecture. He was followed by Miss Nettie Pease in an eloquent, practical address.

The inclemency of the weather made it undesirable to conclude the day with an evening lecture, and it was announced that circles would be held in different places, which were largely attended.

Sunday morning dawned bright and cool, and a vast concourse of people gathered from far and near to enjoy the golden opportunity of forest worship.

The afternoon exercises were—first, music, and an invocation by Miss Nettie Pease, followed by a lecture by the enthusiastic A. B. Whiting, illustrating the merits of Spiritualism...

In the evening, the Opera House was filled to repletion, and after a song and invocation, A. B. French was introduced and gave a most excellent lecture; his words of burning eloquence thrilled every heart, and roused the audience to new and determined resolutions...

Miss Pease then delivered an impromptu poem, and a benediction followed by the President, closing one of the most successful Conventions it has been my lot to experience...

ADDIE L. BULLOU.

SPEAKER'S REGISTER.

PERFORMED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

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

- J. Madison Allen will lecture in Torrington, Ind., six months from May 1st. Address box 447. Harrison Ayres, M. D., 394 South Clark Street, Chicago. Lectures on Laws of Life, Temperance, and Reform and Progress of Subjects.

- Charles A. Andros, Fishing, Mich. J. O. Ailes, Springfield, Mass. Dr. A. Aron, Address box 2091, Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Anna E. Allen, 147 West Washington Street, Chicago.

- Joseph Baker, Editor of the Spiritualist, Jacksonville, Fla. Wm. B. Baker, 163 South Clark St., Chicago. Mrs. A. B. Barrett, 324 Lakeside, Wisconsin.

- Dr. J. K. Bailey, box 391 Lehigh, Ind. Dr. Bernard, Lansing, Mich. Lecture upon Spiritualism and scientific subjects. Mrs. Sarah A. Byron, Address 87 Spruce Street, East Cambridge, Mass.

- Mrs. A. F. Brown, St. Johnsbury Center, Vt. Mrs. H. F. Brown, P. O. Drawer 6064, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. E. F. Jay Bullen, 161 West 12th Street, New York.

- Mrs. Nellie J. Brigham, Elm Grove, Colorado, Mass. Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, Address West Randolph, Vt. Addie L. Bullou, Address Chicago, care of Banner of Light Journal.

CLARA NORRIS, HER HISTORY.

Frank's Journal, No. 32.

OVEN THROUGH THE DIAL.—FRANK, MEDIUM.

"Let me give the history of my life."

"Who are you?"

"I am your wife and mother—me who broke the heart of my father and died a shameful death. My name is Clara Norris."

I was born in this city—lived in easy circumstances, was well educated, and had no cause of complaint against any one.

At the age of fifteen, I knew no gentleman but my father; for I had been kept in seclusion. At that age I was ushered into society; was considered beautiful, and soon attracted around me many admirers, but none proper to marriage.

I became acquainted with a young man of prepossessing manners, who professed great admiration for me. He had no opportunity of pressing his suit, but wanted to be fixed employment before offering marriage; thus a year passed, but brought us no nearer to the consummation of our hopes and wishes.

In the meantime, I refused several offers of marriage; for my heart had been already given, and I could not be hiding for another.

Another year rolled on, and still my beloved had no certain means of support. He had left his employer to engage in a rolling mill, having been promised a share in the profits, which he thought would accomplish all he desired. Another year from us in the same position, and no nearer to matrimony.

Our intimacy had no longer become almost as though we were married. We often took rides together to the neighboring villages, and on one occasion, our names were registered as man and wife. From that moment, all sense of purity was gone, and I cared for no one but him.

One day, however, I learned that he had become a mother, and how long to conceal it was my main desire. I had heard of physicians who could do this, but I feared the risk of life.

I called upon the living on Gay Street, and he gave me medicine that caused the death of the child. I had never before had a child, and in three months, the father was Louis Norris.

MICHIGAN.

The Battle Creek Convention.

The three days' meeting at this place was largely attended, opening Friday A. M. at the fair grounds, when, after the greeting of friends and organizing, at able tributary address was given by A. B. French, of Ohio. In the evening a festival and dance was held in a hall beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Saturday morning's exercises were upon the grounds, beneath the broad branches of the green oak trees. Miss Nettie M. Pease offered an invocation. It was followed by a very able and logical lecture by G. B. Stebbins, setting forth the merits of Spiritualism compared with other religions, etc. After a poem was read by the President of the meeting, Professor Putnam, Mr. Addie L. Bullou gave a radical lecture on "True Religion, reform, and the delinquencies of professed Spiritualists."

After breakfast, (for "Pious Kibbles," the continually increasing numbers gathered together to listen to the soul inspiring words of J. S. Love and of Illinois, but scarce had a dozen sentences been uttered, when a sudden death of rain interrupted him by sending discord and commotion in the midst of his hearers. As soon, however, as the elements were quiet, the

- W. A. D. Hume, Address West Side P. O., Cleveland, O. J. D. Hume, M. D., Address 204 Walnut street, Chicago. W. H. Hull, Coldwater, Mich., care of N. T. Wejerman. Lyman C. Howe, Inspirational speaker, 69 Franklin St., N. Y.

- Charles Holt, Warren, Warren Co., Pa. Mrs. M. S. Townsend Hooley, Bridgeville, Pa. Dr. William Johnson, Speaking, Walsingham, W. Va. H. Johnson, Orr, Pa.

- Dr. P. T. Johnson, lecturer, Tylmant, Mich. W. F. Johnson, Inspirational speaker, Belvidere, Ill. Abraham James, Pleasantville, Venango Co., Pa., box 84. H. A. Jones, Bycamore, Ill. H. B. Jones, Drawer 5023, Chicago.

- Dr. Wm. H. Joscelyn, Lecturer, Hooper, Champaign. Address him in care of this Office, Room 3—193, Clark Street. Dr. G. W. Kirby, speaker. Address this office. George F. Kitzinger, Buffalo, N. Y. O. P. Kellogg, East Trumbull, Anaholaha Co., Ill.

- Dr. Ira S. King, trance speaker, care of Joseph Smith, Box 1119, Indianapolis, Ind. J. S. Loveland, Mountmor, Ill. Mrs. F. A. Logan, Waukegan, Ill.

- Dr. P. B. H. Lovelock, 25 Commercial street, Boston. Geo. W. Lusk, Address Battle Creek, Mich. Mrs. L. W. Leonard, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H. Mrs. L. W. Leitch, Address 11 Knollwood St., Boston, Mass. Mary E. Langdon, 60 Montgomery street, New York City. N. J. John A. Love, Address box 17, Boston, Mass. G. E. B. Lupton, Inspirational speaker, Stearns, Mich.

- James B. Morrison, box 574, Haverhill, Mass. Dr. Leo Miller, Appleton Wis. Dr. John Mayhew, Washington, D. C., P. O. box 407. Dr. G. W. Morrill, Jr., Address Boston, Mass. Mrs. Hannah Moore, Joliet, Will County, Ill. Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

- Dr. W. Matthews, Hephworth Illinois. Mrs. Sarah E. Miles, 25 Commercial street, Boston. Charles S. Mark, Address Worcester, Massachusetts. Mrs. M. H. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of W. R. Hale. Mrs. E. Marquand, Trance and Inspirational speaker, South Third Street, Williamsburg, Long Island, N. J. Emma M. Martin, Birmingham, Mich. Dr. W. H. C. Martin, 175 Windsor street, Hartford, Conn. Mrs. J. Munn, Campden, Ill.

- Prof. R. M. McPherson, Central, Ill. J. L. McPherson, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. S. Nash, healing medium, Dearfield, Mich. C. Norwood, Ottawa, Ill. J. Wm. Van Name, Brooklyn, New York. Mrs. Puffer, trance speaker, South Hanover, Mass. O. S. Poston, 114 South 6th street, Room 2, Philadelphia. J. H. Frier, Berlin Wisconsin.

- Mrs. Harriet E. Pope, Morrisstown, Minn. Lydia Ann Prussell, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich. Mrs. Pike, Address St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Piombi, Clairmont, 63 Russell St., Charlestown, Mass. J. L. 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. M. Wilson. Dr. W. K. Ripley, box 95, Keokuk, Iowa.

- A. C. Robinson, Salem, Mass. Dr. P. B. H. Robinson, care box 3552, Boston, Mass. Dr. J. S. Ross, normal speaker, box 409, Galburg, Illinois. Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, 140 Main Street, Providence, R. I. Wm. Rose, M. D., Address box 268, Springfield, Mo. Mrs. Frank Leitch, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich. Mrs. Sarah A. Rogers, Princeton Iowa, care of A. S. Chamberlain. Mrs. Leander Smith, Medium of Whitmore, command communications, Ill.

- Austin E. Simmons, Address Woodstock, Vt. H. B. Storer, 65 Pleasant street, Boston, Mass. Mrs. L. A. F. Seale, Union Lake, Rice Co., Minn. E. Sprague, M. D., Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Fannie Davis, Willard, Mich. N. H. Swain, Union Lake, Rice Co., Minn. Mrs. Nellie Smith, Inspirational speaker, Stearns, Mich. Jason Steble, State Missionary, Green Garden, Ill. J. W. Stearns, Byron, Ill. Dr. Wm. H. Stearns, box 1325, Portmouth, N. H. Mrs. Kimira W. Smith, box 1503, Portland, Me. Mrs. M. M. S. Stone, Address San Jose, Cal. Selah Van Sickie, Greenbush, Mich. Mrs. J. E. B. Sawyer, Baldwinville, Mass. Abram Smith, Box, Stearns, Mich. Mrs. Mary Louise Smith, trance speaker, Toledo O. Mrs. E. W. Slinger, trance speaker, Pittsburg, Mass. Elijah B. Swickhammer, 117 South 4th street, Williamsburg, Long Island.

Herman Stone, Liberal Books and Newswriter, 414 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. H. T. Stearns, Missionary for the Pennsylvania State Association of Spiritualists. Address care of Dr. H. T. Child 614 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Nathan Smith, Keokuk, Ind. Dr. H. W. Stoddy, Room 7, 192 B Clark Street Chicago, Ill. Frances A. Tait, box 214, Leports, Ind. Will answer calls to lecture in the West. Mrs. E. A. Tallmadge, Inspirational speaker, W. Villard, Ind. Mrs. Charlotte F. Taber, trance speaker, New Bedford Mass., P. O. box 352. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O. Benjamin Todd, Ormsville, Cal. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, Inspirational speaker, 161 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O. James Trask, Kentonville, Me. Dr. Samuel Underhill, No. 12, 32nd St. Chicago, Ill. Dr. J. Voland, Ann Arbor, Mich. A. Warren, Beloit, Wis. Mrs. E. W. Warner, Box 229, Davenport, Iowa. Mrs. Frank White, Providence, R. I. Mrs. M. Woodruff, 111 Dewey st., Worcester, Mass. F. L. Willis, M. D., 77 West Fourth street, New York. Dr. E. W. Washlock, speaking, New Hartford, Iowa. Mrs. Fannie Wheelock, clairvoyant, New Hartford Iowa. E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill. Mrs. N. J. Willis, 3 Tremont Row, Room 16, Boston, Mass. Mrs. M. J. Wilcox, address, care of S. S. Jones, 192 So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Henry O. Wright, Address care of Banner or Light, Boston, Mass. Mrs. E. W. Wilcox, Address Danby Vt. Mrs. Mattie B. Wilcox, (colorist) Address 70 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Elijah Woodworth, Inspirational speaker, Leota, Mich. Address W. Washburn, care of George O. Ferguson. Oliver K. Washburn, Woodstock, Vt. E. S. Wheeler, Address care of American Spiritualist 111 Superior st., Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. H. G. Wells, Rochester, N. Y. Prof. A. Wheeler, Clyde, O. A. A. Whipple, Toledo, O. A. B. Whiting, Alhambra, Mich. Warriss Wilson, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y. Mrs. L. W. Whitton, 603 Spruce st., Milwaukee, Wis. Sarah O. Wray, Address of Waukegan, Ill. Mrs. L. A. Willis, Lawrence, Mo. Mrs. L. A. Willis, Lawrence, Mo. Mrs. Mary B. Wilson, 192 Elm street, Newark, N. J. A. C. Woodruff, Painesville, Mich. Mrs. H. W. Wortham, Orange, Ill. G. H. Morris, Berlin, N. Y., box 1664. Willis, F. W. Wrentham, Waukegan, Ill., care of George O. Ferguson.

Fannie S. Young, care of L. Sawyer, Three Oaks Mich., during August and September. Mrs. and Mrs. Wm. J. Young, Boise City, Idaho Territory. Mrs. Julia Young, Address Northboro, Mass.

ILLINOIS MISSIONARY BUREAU. HARRY A. JONES, President; Mrs. F. M. Brown, Vice President; Mrs. Julia N. King, Secretary; Dr. B. J. Ayer, Treasurer.

RESIDENCES AT LARGE. Dr. H. C. Deane, Rockford, Illinois, P. O. box 1000. W. Y. Zimmerman, Bureau Office, Chicago, Ill. Resolving through the pages of the Miscellaneous, 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. King, No. 21 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.







Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

Spirit Shaking Hands. Keeping Her Promise.

Concluded from last week.

Things continued for several days. One afternoon in March, we called on her and found her as she had been for several days past, gradually failing, but the prospect for the next ten days as it had been for the past ten days. As we were taking our leave, we felt a gentle pressure of the hand. We held our ear close to her lips and heard her say, "I shall keep my promise," and then we left for our home.

On that evening, we had a good deal of writing to do, and continued at it until late into the night. In the evening, at a late hour, we heard raps on our desk, faint but distinct. We listened, and they were repeated. We then asked, "Are these raps made by a spirit?"

"Yes."

"A relative of ours?"

"No."

"A friend?"

"Yes."

"Were we well acquainted with you?"

"Yes."

"Will you rap how many years you have been dead?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"No raps."

"Have you been in the Spirit World a year?"

"No."

"Six months?"

"No."

"One month?"

"No."

"One week?"

"No."

"One day?"

"No."

"Twelve hours?"

"No."

"One hour?"

"No."

"No."

"We took out our watch and found that it was ten o'clock and fifteen minutes. We then said, "We do not believe you. We have no record that has died to-day."

Loud and continuous raps were the rejoinder. We then asked the spirit to rap out the exact time of death-then was rapped out, "10:15, P. M."

"What," we replied, "you died this evening at 10:15?"

"Yes."

"And was our friend and acquaintance?"

"Yes."

"Well, spirit, we do not believe you, and as we are anxious to complete the writing before we will be obliged if you will leave us."

At this request there seemed to be a mournful pause, and then a few slow, solemn raps as if the power was disappearing, and then all was still.

On and on we wrote until late into the night, and when we were done, we arose and stated for our bed. The raps came again, passed through the house with us to our room. We questioned them a little more, but with unsatisfactory result, and then we retired.

After we were in bed, the raps came clear and distinct upon the head board of the bed. We again questioned and finally asked for the first time, "Is it the spirit of a woman?"

"Yes, yes," came in quick response.

At that moment, we for the first time thought of Charlotte Stewart, and following the thought came a shower of raps. We then asked, "Is this our friend and sister Charlotte Stewart?" and in response there was a perfect fusillade of raps.

I started, lost in wonder, for we were young in the knowledge of Spiritualism; we were silent, and the raps continued. We then laid our right arm and hand on the outside of the bed, and as we did so, we said, "If this is the immortal part or spirit of our sister and friend Charlotte Stewart, take our hand and shake it."

Instantly our hand was taken by two hands in a gentle but firm manner, and was clearly and distinctly shaken.

Reader, we can not describe our feelings. Suffice it to say that we were out of bed instantly, and we slept none that night. Early in the morning we called at our friend's house and was informed that Charlotte Stewart had taken her departure at 10, the evening before, for her spirit home; was with us at 10:15, and a little before, and again at 11 in the morning, thus keeping her promise.

Are we not surrounded by ministering spirits?

Prophetstown, Illinois.

A pleasant little place on Rock River, in White Side county, Ill., and surrounded by well improved farms, a rural village indeed, with intelligence and happiness the domina et elementa.

Friend Averil, one of the Quaker Commission appointed by Gen. Grant to settle our Indian difficulties, residing here, tendered us the use of his fine school house in which to hold our meetings, and moreover attended the course of lectures.

What a criticism this Quaker Commission is on the Evangelical Christian efforts to christianize and keep pace with the American Indians. It is, indeed, a lamentable spectacle, when a great nation turns from its Christian teachers, to those who have been pronounced infidels in their day and time, asking them to do in their own way, what "the children of light" in their generation and day, have failed to accomplish. Are not these Christian teachers, "the unjust stewards" of the Lord referred to in the 16th chapter of Luke; and may not the words of Jesus in the 9th verse be applied to them? "And I say unto you, make ye yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fall they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

On the 10th and 11th of July, we gave a course of three lectures to good attentive audiences in this place. The country was well represented, people coming from twenty and thirty miles to hear us. During the course, the following tests and facts were given.

NUMBER ONE.

Dr. Holt, an old citizen—his character as a man, was correctly given and fully identified; three important incidents related and fully accepted.

NUMBER TWO.

Of Mr. Hotchkiss, a gentleman present, we said, "He is peculiar and unlike other men." We then proceeded to define his peculiarities, gave two tests in his life, and described his sister minutely. Fully identified.

NUMBER THREE.

Saw by Mrs. Fuller a little boy; described him. "My son," said the lady.

NUMBER FOUR.

By Mr. Averil, we saw a fine looking man, spiritually looked very young. We then entered into a minute description of him, giving in detail his looks, size, form, observing that his eyes are in the middle of his face, and as if he were in the carthroom, he would be near a hundred years old. Mr. Averil replied, "It is a fine description of my father, and had he lived he would be ninety-five years old this spring."

NUMBER FIVE.

Saw by Col. C. a spirit; fully described him and said, he calls you uncle, and was a soldier. "It is my nephew," said Col. C.

NUMBER SIX.

Saw a spirit standing by the door, described him carefully. Several exclaimed, "This is our old friend Newhall."

NUMBER SEVEN.

A peculiar looking old man, fair, fleshy, and lame of one leg, presented himself to us. We asked his name and he said, "describe me." We did so, and they said with one accord, "This is our old friend and neighbor, Mr. Hill."

NUMBER EIGHT.

Standing in a door on the further side of the house, a man leaning against the door-post, directly on the opposite side—the door being open, and leaning against the door looking into the man's face, stood a spirit woman. We described her fully. The spirit then said, "I am this man's sister, and his name is Wassell."

NUMBER NINE.

To the right, some little distance, we saw in an open window the spirit of a little girl. Outside of the window, and close to it there was a buggy in which sat two persons, a man and a woman. We called their attention to the vision, describing the child carefully, asking them, do you identify it?"

"No," was the reply.

NUMBER TEN.

We then described it again, where, there came to us, Mr. Emery, saying, "The child you saw and described belongs to our family."

"How can that be?" we asked.

"Simply from the fact that his mother, my wife, sat directly under the window and was so affected that she could not answer."

NUMBER ELEVEN.

A spirit spoke to us and said, "Tell the people that Mary Eastman is here."

NUMBER TWELVE.

A spirit was present who gave his name as Charles F. Spencer, emphasizing the letter F. "There is a mistake," said several persons, "It is Charles T. Spencer."

"No," said the mother, who was present, "he frequently wrote his name F, instead of T, as a joke, and this is a good test to me."

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

We saw a spirit man, describing him very carefully, saying, "This man when living was an Idiot, a house, upright, and just," and the people said, "In this man, we recognize our old acquaintance John C. Pratt."

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

We saw standing by an old lady, a fine looking spirit man, who asked us to describe him to a lady sitting on the other side of the house. We did so. The lady to whom this spirit was described said, "The spirit is my father and the old lady by whom you see him, is my mother."

The lady who testified was Mrs. Mattson. We refer our readers to Mr. A. J. Mattson, Esq., Mr. Emery, or any other responsible person who was present at the meetings, for the truthfulness of the above statements.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Are we not surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, those who have preceded us into the Summer Land?

Dixon, Illinois.

We gave two lectures and one séance in this place on the 13th and 14th of July, to good audiences. There is a deep interest here in our practical and heaven-sent Spiritualism, and there was a spiritual compass, to us over and above the amount of gratification we received in every place we visited; it is in the compensation of the soul in the discharge of its duty, and we feel this very strongly indeed.

We gave many fine tests in Dixon, among which we may mention the following:

NUMBER ONE.

There came before us a man and woman, hand in hand, and gave their names as Charles and Mary. We then described them very carefully and the people said, "These spirits we knew when in the form, their names were Charles and Mary Johnson." Directly there came a third spirit who gave his name as Henry, saying, "I am Charles' brother."

We observed that these three spirits seemed to be very dissipated when in the form. Henry was fully identified as the brother of Charles, and they were very dissipated men.

NUMBER TWO.

There came the spirit of a young man, standing near a group of ladies, and stated that he was drowned about one year ago, and that if living to-day, he would be in his 23rd year; his mother also came from the Spirit World. They were fully identified.

NUMBER THREE.

Two boys appeared who were drowned some twelve years ago, these were but partially identified.

NUMBER FOUR.

Dr. Nash, who was killed on the plane some few years ago, came and told us how he was killed, differing somewhat from the account usually accepted. He stood by his sister in the back part of the house and was fully identified.

This test was not of so great value to the public as others we gave, from the fact that we had met the Doctor while living, hence could describe him, but we knew nothing of the particulars of his death, and thus concluded our reading up to date, Tuesday, July 13th.

In a future number we will continue our account of tests in Dixon, Stealing and other places.

A Curious Menace.

The wonders pertaining to organized structure are not confined to animals, but there are many plants whose form, instincts and capabilities are most curious and interesting. In a tract of country in the south western part of Africa,

distinguished for its dry but rich soil, a gigantic perennial melon has been discovered, which is a most delicious, wholesome fruit, and which is largely consumed by the native inhabitants as food. In order that this fruit may flourish, it is necessary that it should strike its roots down through the sand thirty feet to reach permanent moisture. This it does, and grows in great luxuriance where all else is shriveled and parched by heat. But this is not all. If it were simply a fruit of melon, with smooth and delicate skin, every one would be destroyed by will beasts before half matured. To prevent this, nature has armed its outer rind with a covering of long, sharp, terrible thorns, which so lacerate the mouths and noses of animals that they are glad to leave them alone in all their tempting freshness. Men, with their hands and sharp knives, find little difficulty in opening the luscious fruit. The natives have no necessity for punting forces about their melon patches, for the plants are self protective.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

The Andover, Ohio—Children's Progressive Lyceum meet at 10 o'clock, in the hall of the Andover Hotel, Andover, Ohio. Conducted by Mrs. A. V. Vasey, Graduate. Mrs. M. P. Coleman, Ass't. Conductress.

Andover, Ohio—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 o'clock, in the hall of the Andover Hotel, Andover, Ohio. Conducted by Mrs. M. P. Coleman, Ass't. Conductress. Mrs. M. P. Coleman, Ass't. Conductress.

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HAVANA, Ill.—Lycium meets every Sunday evening at two o'clock, at Holy Spirit Hall.

JERRY CITY, N. J.—Spiritual meetings are held at the Church of the Holy Spirit, 24 York street. Lectures in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. The lectures are on a general theology, with scientific experiments and illustrations with philosophical apparatus. Lycium in the afternoon, and in the evening at 7 o'clock, by volunteer speakers, upon the Science of Spiritual Philosophy.

LEWIS, Mo.—The "Friends of Progress" organized permanently, Sept. 10, 1868. They are held at the hall of the Library Association, but do not hold regular meetings. J. F. Barnard, President; Mrs. Carrie B. Haddock, Vice President; F. A. Gardner, Secretary; D. A. Gardner, Treasurer; Johnathan Swain, Collector.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m., in Temperance Hall, Market street, Louisville, Ky.

LOWELL, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 and 7 o'clock, in the hall of the Temperance Society, Lowell, Mass. Conducted by Mrs. J. Wright Guardian, J. S. Whitton, Corresponding Secretary.

LYNN, Mass.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 7 o'clock, in the hall of the Temperance Society, Lynn, Mass. Conducted by Mrs. J. Wright Guardian, J. S. Whitton, Corresponding Secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS, Wis.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet at Bowman's Hall, Social Conference at 10 1/2 a. m. P. M. and Conference at 7 1/2 p. m. Geo. Godfrey, President. Conducted by Mrs. J. Wright Guardian, J. S. Whitton, Corresponding Secretary.

MARION, Mo.—The Marion Progressive Lyceum Association hold meetings in Marion, Mo. every Sunday, at 10 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. for Conference. Conducted by Mrs. J. Wright Guardian, J. S. Whitton, Corresponding Secretary.

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THIS WEEKLY NEWSPAPER will be devoted to the ARTS and SCIENCES, and to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. It will be published on the equal terms, Men and Women. It will plead the cause of the rising generation. In character—a friend of our common humanity, and an advocate of the rights, duties and interests of the people. This journal is published by S. B. JONES: late the

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CONDUCTED BY AN ABLE CORPS OF EDITORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It will be published every Saturday at