

Pacific Department.

BY BENJAMIN TODD

A Disappointed Church.

Poor old tumbled wall, worn and decrepit, destruction is thy inevitable doom! But not alone art thou in thy old age and misery; but false, sly and wicked doctrines and creeds which have surrounded and made those old walls rock back again the sound from thy time, are going thy way also. Their destruction is keeping pace with thy mouldering pieces and are to bear thee company to thy ruin.

Had I been caught wandering upon the seventh day in any other direction, no doubt I would have been pointed to this place as the only refuge for redemption, where the sin-stained soul could be made white and a fit subject for His divine presence. Alas, how changed! The pulpit which faces you at the entrance is also nearly demolished.

The sanctified presence of the priesthood, proved innocent to preserve that holy place from the destroyer's hand. It is like a falling rock at the window. Would you discern the least object through the small pieces which have chanced to remain, perhaps unnoticed by the mischievous school-boy? Would you have supposed them ever transparent, and once the finest ornaments of that splendid temple? Quite the contrary. The spider now inhabits each nook and corner, and the tiny threads are crossed and recrossed, displaying beautiful specimens of skill and architecture in the almost profuse.

How chilling is the atmosphere surrounding this spot. It goes to the very centre of life, and causes a shudder. How dreary, dismal, and yet bewitching, are these old ruins. I return to leave, and still something haunts me to linger. I feel stifled and I feel inspired. I can almost hear those songs of praise which so oft have been offered from this crumbling pile. I can, seemingly, hear those barbarous and unnatural prayers going up to God from beings more corrupt at heart than the rotten mass before me. I see the incense being offered, which purifies the guilty from those heinous crimes which curdle one's blood to know!

These and various other ceremonies bespeak the office for which this edifice was once erected. But what a change! The poor old house is left like a secret friend, to tattle and fall alone! Like its false and insidious teachings, it will go down without one word of pity or consolation; a fair specimen of a religion born but to decay by time and obsolescence.

LEISURE.

The most provoking class of these characters that we have among us as Spiritualists, are those that are constantly grumbling about mediums and lecturers. If there is a more thankless task in the world than that of mediocrity or public lecturing on the subject of Spiritualism, I would not know where to find it. The miserly conduct of Spiritualists towards their speakers, has driven much of the best talent we ever had from the field. The solemn and weighty obligations of the conscientious ties have forced them to seek more lucrative employments, and yet apparently the mass of Spiritualists are indifferent to the matter.

If you converse with them on the subject and urge the necessity of better sustaining speakers and mediums, their reply generally is, "Oh, I don't particularly care about lecturers, as for lecturers, I have seen enough to convince me of the phenomena, and I will take my chances in the other world." To say the least, such characters are very far from being philosophical Spiritualists.

I only wish they could observe it revealed to them how mean and contemptible their little narrow contracted, miserly soul will look by the light of the spiritual world.

Again, there is a class of very egotistical persons who dilate largely on their own attainments and growth that are constantly floating about with mediums because they do not grow out of what is by some termed the early manifestations, such as rapping and tipping, calling them low and frivolous manifestations, holding them in light esteem.

Let me tell you, Mr. Self-Righteous Ecceles, that this is very ungrateful on your part to say the least. Was you not a child once and did not those mediums teach you your A B C through these very means that now you affect to despise? And are all educated up to that stand-point that the primary department is not needed?

So long as human beings are born, so long will rudimentary instruction be needed in common intellectual development; and this applies in Spiritualism as well.

Facts are the basis of Philosophy, and I thank the powers that be, that they cannot be separated in Spiritualism. They go hand in hand with each other like two bound in marital bands; and it is that alone that will blinder the spiritual philosophy from becoming effete in time like all other religious philosophies that have gone before.

Let all the different phases of mediocrity be encouraged; they are all-important. There are none high and none low in this great work; and if there are a few exactionous parasites who leave the rabble for fear of contaminating their apostle robe, all right. Let them go, it will only clear the track and make room for more earnest workers.

As a Retaliation Test.

The following correspondence was handed to me by Dr. E. A. Tompkins who is one of our most highly respected citizens. He is a man possessing a fine mind, highly educated, and a very successful practitioner of medicine, but unfortunately like many of his profession, is of a skeptical turn of mind. The boy meddler is the one we mentioned a week or two since.

The following indoor comment, we found on the back of the letter:

The letter and its fellow is as conclusive evidence of the truth of spirit communication as a reasonable mind should ask.

E. A. TOMPKINS.

Grass Valley, February 28th, 1869.

Will the spirit or power that usually controls John A. Tyler Jr., answer the following questions and remarks?

Are we conscious of our existence after our mind or spirit separates from the body by what is called death? Are we punished after the death of the body, for the faults and follies we have committed and repented of here, and now here and there?

Will we be absorbed in the Spirit-World for the errors we have committed and repented of in this life or the body? When a man does no good sufficient to counterbalance his brother to others, does his committing suicide result in after misery to himself? Are my parents and former earth friends with me? Have I a guardian spirit; and if so, who is that spirit? Please answer all or such as you choose of the above questions?

E. A. TOMPKINS.

In the following transcription of the doctor's letter, the words italicized, and every punctuation mark is the same as in the original.

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E. A. TOMPKINS.

Answers to the above questions: No, you are not punished for the faults you have committed here if you have sufficiently atoned for them already. No one is absorbed in the Spirit-World, so matter how bad they may have been. We only try to improve their condition. Yes, it adds greatly to his misery in the after life. Yes, they are with you and are happy. Every one has a guardian spirit, you among the number. You have two, namely: your mother, Eunice Tompkins, and your sister Mary Tompkins. I believe I have answered all your questions, and I trust satisfactorily.

JOSEPH RABIN.
DR. E. A. TOMPKINS.

Items of Interest.

Christians say that our first parents were born in a state of innocence. Grant I said what does it amount to. It was only an innocence of ignorance. Virtue only comes as the result of having struggled with human passions, and brought them into subjection to wisdom.

Ungrown children are naturally inclined to, and do tell the truth until grown-up children educate them to be hypocrites.

The greatest liar in the world tells a hundred truths to one lie.

The preponderance between good and evil, is largely in favor of good in the human race, and no better evidence is needed of consummate ignorance or insanity on religion than for a person to take the ground that all mankind are totally depraved.

The book of nature is far more reliable than the Christian's Bible, for it never tells lies.

Spiritualism has taught one grand truth the world never discovered before, and that is that religion is natural. A home production does not have to be imported.

Human beings are like a clock; they can not recall past hours, and the future they have nothing to do with. It is to tick now and just so much time to do it in. Be sure that you put in the tick on time, or you will lose just so much in the count of your existence.

Christians teach their children to hate—hate the Devil, hate sin, hate infidels, hate Spiritualists, and they grow up full of hate, and their parents are very apt to come in for a share.

That person who loves little children, poetry and flowers, is not very far from the Kingdom of Heaven.

That individual who loves the most, has got the bravest heart and will not fear death.

In the law of selfishness, "might makes the right," but in the law of love, right makes one mighty.

The truly noble men and women dare to do right in the face of opposition, whilst the coward shrinks out of sight or becomes a fawning sycophant, and worships at the shrine of popular opinion.

The person that does right because it is right without fear of punishment or hope of reward can alone be said to act from principle.

Man cannot sin against God—he can sin only against something he can affect by his act. God being infinite and immutable, no act of man can affect him.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Dark Circles.

BY WM. E. FAIRBANKS.

BRO. JONES:—The question has often asked, "Why can not spirits give physical demonstrations in the light, as well as in the dark?"

The answer is perfectly plain and satisfactory to all who have made the laws of SPIRITISM their study, and those who call at the necessity, might, with as much propriety, be asked, why can not spirits change the nature of galvanism, electricity or magnetism?

Every particle of matter in the universe is governed by laws, and conditions are always necessary, or no law can be in force.

Therefore, as it is natural or lawful for galvanism, electricity, or magnetism to have peculiar properties or qualities, it is natural for light to prevent physical manifestations, because it breaks up conditions which are necessary, or destroys the mutual relation which the power to demonstrate and the darkness bear to each other.

The same laws that existed and operated in former ages of the world, exist, and are operating to-day, and we have only to refer to the demonstrations of spirit power recorded in the

Bible, to prove the fact; for the greatest demonstrations there recorded were also accomplished in the dark, showing that it was a necessity then as well as now and could not be accomplished under any other circumstances.

I have selected, and will present a few of the many instances recorded in the Bible:

In the 32nd chapter of Genesis, it is stated that Jacob met an Angel in the road, and after sending messengers to his brother Esau, an angel in the form of man wrestled with him "all the night until the break of day."

In the 2nd chapter of Luke, "By night, in the dark," angels visited the shepherds, and heavenly host and said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace and good will towards men."

In the 13th chapter of Acts, it is recorded that King Herod, after killing James the brother of John with a sword, had Peter taken and cast into prison; and the night that Herod would have brought him forth, he was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and the keepers before the doors of the prison.

7th verse: "And behold an Angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, 'Arise up quickly, and thy chains fell off his hands. And the Angel said unto him, guide thyself, bind on thy sandals, cast thy garments about thee and follow me. And he went out and followed him, and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision, and was not conscious until he had passed the city gate, which also opened to them of its own accord,—when the Angel departed from him."

Lastly, in the 28th chapter of Matthew, it is stated that an Angel came and rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it.

The rolling back of the stone was also done in the dark. For "As it began to dawn," Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, came to see the sepulchre, saw the angel, and must have spoken to him, for he answered and said unto the women, "Fear not ye for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said, come and see the place where the Lord lay."

Now, if there be any true meaning attached to words, or honesty in Mary, I can not see how any one with a common share of intelligence, can for a moment doubt or deny the analogy between the facts recorded in the Bible, and those that are taking place at the spiritual seances or exhibitions of to-day.

It is in vain, therefore, for those who ought to teach the truth, to say that Spiritualism is opposed to the Bible, and that all physical manifestations are the work of the Devil.

That assumption not only shows the most consummate ignorance of all that is connected with spirit communion, but a spirit as uncharitable as it is unjust, and illy becomes those who profess to be the followers of the magnanimous and lowly Nazarene.

Pendleton, S. C., Feb. 17th, 1869.

ROSICRUCIAN PAPERS. NO. 6.

"The Man was died Game."

BY F. B. RANDOLPH.

Good morning, Free Will! What a fault-finding set of mortals were, to be sure. We are full of sharp angles ourselves, yet blather-skite our neighbors because they are so, too. I'd like to see a real saint, but they are scarce as hen's teeth. How are we to be or act outside, or independent of our personal propium? our respective individualities; our efficient make-up? And then, when people find fault with, vilify, lie about and stir us up to wrath, how do we fret and fume and break things. What's the use? It makes a thinker sick to hear so much gab about harmony and progress, and all that sort of highfalutin, and in the next breath pitch into Mr. A., Mrs. B., and the hundred little C's.

What a sight of gammon there is in the world! So long as you tickle me, and I tickle you, its all very fine, Mr. Ferguson, but you just stroke his hair cross-way, and there's trouble in the camp, and a large sized American citizen of African lineage located in the fence, is right off.

The fact is, we're all babies yet, and in a baby-age of a baby world. Jesus of Judea was familiar with the dynamic law of morals, and went about benevolently casting out devils from those who lodged that species of tenant, and we read that he once ousted no less than seven, from Mrs. McDaniel, or Mag Dalen, the only woman they probably ever did get entirely out of, and she became un-demoralized. This is a world of chemical interchanges, and at one time, we may be pure as angels, because chemically undisturbed; and within an hour, may inhale the spores or moods, which from restlessness, may spring into active life, and engender changes in our organic structure that may superinduce the apocalyptic plague, in the shape of some disease or abnormal appetite or passion.

Judge Set-trial, yesterday, sentenced a man to jail for seduction, and last night, Mrs. Wick-em all cooked the Judge to the tune of all his virtue and half of his cash, and to-day, John Ladeck Eller will run off with my lady Gay, whose buxom servant girl will set that gentleman's heart on fire, and empty his head of its remaining sense.

And so we go. Sin! Sin! So saith Mrs. Grundy. But who shall tell how much or of what kind? Who shall examine the fields of air, and warb us of sporic influences, or the myriads of larvae floating there ready to descend upon and take root within us, germating demoralization, culminating in woe, death, anguish, crime.

We are blind in our blame, blind in our hatred, more so in our scandals and revenge.

Once at a New's boy's prayer-meeting, Mr. Ugg Lee Mugg, the celebrated reformed prize-fighter, eloquently expatiated on calvary and its crosses, to an admiring throng. He told them

that Jesus trained in the wilderness; that he was rubbed down with prickly pears; that he fought forty rounds, a day long each, in the wilderness, with the devil, who trained in hell, was a heavy weight and struck straight from the shoulder with his good well up, while his foe was a light weight without much practice, that God held the stakes, Gabriel kept time, Michael was referee and Doctor Longphix, bottle-holder; that the Devil got the best of it notwithstanding the stake-holder patked the light champion on the back, and said, "Go in Boony, I'll bet my pile on you!" and at last he got knocked out of time, and the sponge was thrown up. But, said he, "He died game," when one of the news boys worked up to fever heat by the wild eloquence of the speaker, sung out, "Bully for Jesus! not in irreverence, but in all honesty. And when the speaker went on to state that when Jesus fell, bleeding at every pore, he turned to the stake-holder, and said: 'It's all up!—I'm flogged, but don't trouble 'em, it's a fair blow,' and died. But lo! a miracle, the blood flowed all over the ground, and came to be, first a brook, then a river, then a mighty ocean that rose and swelled and lifted up all the houses, ships and people, and floated them all to the gates of heaven, where they are all now waiting to get in. Will you, my hearers, go in? There came one sent about from 500 boys and men: 'Of course we will, old man. Three cheers for Jesus, the man 'w'at died game!'"

Now, these people could not have been reached by anything half so effectively as by the use of demoralized social notions and talk, and just so it is, that not one of us but has a weak side, which aids we are attacked on and suffer from, but the destined end is reached at last, provided "we die game."

In my search for knowledge of human character I have often gaped what I sought by placing myself en rapport with the spirit of the person before me, in order to read the inner scroll of life, and never yet saw man or woman who had not points both strong and weak, never saw a perfect angel yet, nor have I ever seen a bad man or woman, wholly yet I ever God hath given us sore and tender spots, exposed to rude touches all the time, and mine own are plentiful.

Last night, the President of the company invited the stockholders and myself to the Opera, and we all had choice seats, in which to sit and listen to the glorious Aulca, in Offenbach's Barbe Blue. Frequently I had been to the same theatre, but poverty compelled me to take a cheap upper seat; and I shrank from people's gaze, while I and my soul listened to the music. True, I could and did hear people say as they pointed their glasses at me, "That's Randolph, the demmand fellow in Boston," and "That's Randolph, the king of bumbags," or "That's Randolph as good and noble a soul as God ever made," in fact, a regular hash of pert and keen remarks, and I shrank still closer into my corner-seat, 829. But last night, I went as the peer of a man of \$600,000, and "That's Randolph the wonderful clairvoyant! That's the discoverer of Phosodyne, and finder of oil wells, and inventor of silver-plut, and the best fellow under heaven; let's go take a drink along with him, and John Pigot Esq., his particular friend," and then I larfed, I dkl, in fact I snickered right "out in meelin'."

The same people couldn't see me rightly in my days of poverty, and were demoralized; and now they were equally so under the supposition that boundless wealth was in my grasp. Fools, both times the man was and is the same, but Mr. John Pigot's known wealth and my familiar seat beside him, operating chemically upon them gave life to different appreciative powers, and for awhile, I became a hero, with a cash capital, a good long way short of ten millions, yet quite large enough to pay my board bill and washer-woman, and a little balance over. But the fact is, we all wear spectacles, and see things wrongly now by reason of Grundyisms, and I conclude that the millennium will arrive when we reckon ourselves up at our actual worth; our neighbors ditto, and concede all we can to the force of destiny. Why not eat our peck of dirt quietly? Answer slang with silence or satire? Laugh at folly? Hate no one? Love all we can, and keep all of it we get? Fight forty days and forty nights against the devil—circumstances. Strike straight from the shoulder—form correct motives. Take a drink—fortitude; when dry—lagged out. Sponge ourselves—with patience. Sitck to the text of our make-up, even if "all the world faces us; strike like Stanton, but longer than he did, even if we wait till there is good skating in orthodox hell, and then if after all we get knocked out of time, let us take it coolly, and if we die, "die game."

It ought to be known that the better-land is our real home; at present we are all in boarding houses, living on hash and being hashed ourselves, and be it known that whoever makes a business of boarding is sure to be demoralized, and sour cider and whine is the order of the board.

Algernon Charles Swinburne understood mankind better than even Shakespeare, James Stewart or Freeman Dowd, an almost matchless trio, for he wrote these thrice immortal lines—lines worthy of a Shakespeare, Dowd or Stewart:

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven
And maddest pines from hell;
Strength without hands to smile;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of alidag and
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea,

And dust of the laboring earth,
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a space,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and south,
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eye sight and speech they wrought
For the vella of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.

His speech is a burning fire:
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes fore knowledge of death;
He weaves and is clothed with delusion
Sows and shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

Glorious Swinburne! No truer poem ever fell from human pen! and this brings us to the regions of heart-land pretty soon, by and by.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Woman—Her Relation to Man.
BY ABIE J. SPALDING.

The JOURNAL of January 23rd, contains an article from the pen of E. V. Wilson, under the caption, "Woman, and Her Relation to Man. Is She Dissatisfied with her Present Condition?"

The writer depicts briefly but truthfully the present relative conditions of Man and Woman, and suggests as the remedy, equality in everything. But it strikes me that he throws on woman too much of the burden of applying the remedy. He exhorts her to own herself, and never surrender the sacred right to control her person, body, soul and actuality as well as property. Does Brother Wilson realize that in the present condition of man's development, and under the laws which he has made for her to obey, is it not an easy matter for a married woman to control her own property? She may have contributed more to the common fund than her husband, but if she is Mrs. Smith, is not the property all Smith's? And is not Smith the one who has got to do the business and support the family? Then who but Smith should have any voice in controlling the means by which business is to be done? Is ability to manage, calculate, and economize, his wife may excel him, but there is abundant room for the exercise of her gifts in the kitchen. She can save, or wisely use the dimes and dollars there, but his control of the hundreds and thousands must not be interfered with by her. If he may lose in foolish speculations the accumulations of years, which would have been saved for approaching age if her voice had any weight with him. But was not his motive good? Did he not expect to make more money instead of losing all he had? Then where is the blame? This is the general understanding in regard to property. Now for woman to stand up, resist, overcome, and set right this matter looks to me like a herculean task.

I am often amused at the way men puzzle their heads over the question, "What shall be done with the women?" To me a much knottier question is, "What shall be done with the men?" For with them lies the difficulty. I am convinced that in nineteen out of every twenty cases, the uncongeniality in married life is neither more nor less than tyranny on the one hand, and resistance to tyranny on the other. This disposition to govern woman is inborn in man. This disposition is unwittingly fostered in the boy by both parents. The father is referred to as the higher authority, the mother being only second in command. The sister is only a girl, therefore, whenever her wishes come in collision with those of her brother, she must yield. In the school-house yard, where both sexes play together, the boys lead and the girls must follow. When a boy thus trained becomes a man and marries, will the cords of love be strong enough to lead him to give up a portion of his authority and allow his wife to stand on an equality with himself? Will he yield to her wishes as often as she is required to yield to his? It is possible that in some cases he may, but these cases are exceptional. The reverse is the rule. What wonder then that there is infamously and incongenially in married life?

It is a hopeful sign that so many thinking minds are suggesting remedies for these existing evils. "Amend the laws regulating marriage and divorce," says one. "Let woman take her rights," says another. "Give her the ballot, and all will be right," cries a third. Good remedies all, as far as they go; but as neither doctor has discovered the seat of the disease, so neither has prescribed the most potent and far-reaching remedy.

Let boys of the present day be taught, both by precept and example, that the authority of a mother is equal to that of a father. Let them learn to respect the right of girls, whether sisters or playmates, and be made to know that it is as hard for a girl to give up to a boy as it is for a boy to give up to a girl. Let them be trained with a view to make of them good husbands, and the next generation will give little occasion for legislating or doctoring for uncongeniality. In the mean time, chronic cases must be treated as best they may, and what can't be cured must be endured.

Though claiming for woman no superiority over man, I yet see that he is a tyrant and she his victim, and that among the many remedies sought for the correction of this sad state of things, one of the most efficacious will be found to be, the proper training of boys.

Champion, Minn. Feb. 1st, 1869.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

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OFFICE 34, 35 & 36 DEARBORN ST., 34 FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

S. B. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

All letters and communications intended for the editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. B. Jones. All business letters to J. G. Reed.

There is nothing that has not the seal of Divinity upon it.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

CONSCIOUSNESS, MEAN, GOD.

In all phases of life, on all sides, we find much that invites our investigation.

To the close observer, a lesson can be learned in any of the departments of nature. God being infinite in nature and capabilities, his works must necessarily be endless in extent and variety.

What we see, however, we exist; that we live, move and have a being, and are subject to certain laws. Plants exist, wave in the breeze, breathe the pure air, and are kissed by the sweet dew-drops.

I would not separate consciousness from any thing, although we can discover no manifestations of its power. In the tiny dower with its rainbow tints, nursing in its little cup the dew-drop that nestled there for a night's repose.

The above named paper is published at 132 South Clark street, Chicago, every Saturday, at \$2.50 per year.

The first number of the above named neatly executed, and ably edited paper, is upon our table, asking for recognition and exchange.

The Agitator is in the line of reform. We hope it may prove success. There is no reason but one, that we know of, why it should not.

It would be well to pause, says a spirit vialant by our side, and consider another question.

nature in the shape of disgusting, loathsome worms. The egg in process of incubation is constantly attracting this life-element in such proportions, and in such a manner, that a living being is produced.

But where is God? Everywhere! You see him, I see him, all see him, yet you scarcely appreciate the sublime fact! You hear his voice in the rustling leaves, in the singing birds, in the surging clouds, in the silent movements of the innumerable worlds above.

Man a part of God, and yet finite, standing in the same relation to him as a drop of water does to the ocean of waters, or the waters of the universe? God is essentially indivisible.

What we want, is not always that which we need, and we must seek to regulate life in harmony with fundamental principles of true expediency, rather than impulsively snatch at the things we may desire for the time only.

Spiritualism is something more than a sensation, and yet our relation to it has been sensational. We have seen, we have wondered, and are still full of wonder; for the phenomena are as marvelous as ever.

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It would be well to pause, says a spirit vialant by our side, and consider another question.

LECTURES AT LIBRARY HALL. E. S. Wheeler delivered his third series of lectures at Library Hall, on Sunday, March 21st.

The morning lecture was announced by the speaker, "Spiritualism as a Science," but was in fact more of an inspirational and off-hand production, than an exposition of a really scientific nature.

Professor Toohy announced himself willing to be one of thirty or sixty, to raise three thousand dollars, to secure a hall under the control of the Committee.

The speaker commenced by saying: "The sunshine of this beautiful morning, the beautiful music we have just heard, and more, the consciousness of so many thoughtful friends, fill me with a thrill of poetic fervor.

A subtle influence spreads around me and I am drawn away from the prosaic and factistic, toward, upward, toward the poetic, the beautiful and the ethereal; but I assert my individualism.

What we want, is not always that which we need, and we must seek to regulate life in harmony with fundamental principles of true expediency.

Spiritualism is something more than a sensation, and yet our relation to it has been sensational. We have seen, we have wondered, and are still full of wonder.

The lecture was highly interesting, and we regret that we have not room for a more extensive notice.

A NEW PROPOSITION. Feeling willing to make almost any sacrifice to promulgate the truths of Spiritualism, we propose to furnish each of our subscribers with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months longer for the nominal sum of fifty cents each.

This proposition is in the line of reform. We hope it may prove success. There is no reason but one, that we know of, why it should not.

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The Agitator is in the line of reform. We hope it may prove success. There is no reason but one, that we know of, why it should not.

It would be well to pause, says a spirit vialant by our side, and consider another question.

Cleveland, succeeded in placing us in thirty-six hours back to our past ready for sixteen hours labor out of every twenty-four. All right!

The two necessary qualifications referred to, are these: First, the power to cure the sick. Second, to be content to take a reasonable compensation for services, without playing "Jew," or equating how much you are worth; or, in other words, without first examining to see how much blood you have got in your veins, and then bleeding you all you can stand, a practice which has become quite common of late.

FROM TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA. Mr. S. S. Jones:—Sir, in your paper of March 20th, page four, and in the fourth column, is an article entitled, "J. H. Powell."

Mr. S. S. Jones:—Sir, in your paper of March 20th, page four, and in the fourth column, is an article entitled, "J. H. Powell."

The article referred to by Bro. James Hook, Secretary of the First Spiritualist Society of Terre Haute, was penned by Bro. Powell.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES. We desire to call the attention of our readers to the department in the JOURNAL under the above head.

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LYCEUM RECORD. The words which form the caption of this article is the title of a little periodical, the production of the Spiritualists of Springfield, in this State.

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Communications from the Inner Life.

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

INVOCATION.

Oh, Our Father! With a consciousness of Thy power, and Thy wisdom, we again approach Thee, and as a part of Thy children offer Thee our sincere thanks for the privilege Thou hast given us, in manifesting ourselves unto Thy children who are yet upon earth. We thank Thee that Thou hast so enlightened their minds that they are enabled to receive us with thankful hearts, and listen to the words of comfort and consolation that we, through Thy divine wisdom, are enabled to give unto them.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY R. COOK, AVON, LIVERSTON, CO., N. Y. QUESTION.—Do you believe that the divine intelligence, that you speak of, is separate and distinct from nature? ANSWER.—It depends upon what you call "nature." If you mean the whole grand, divine economy, then we will say that it does not exist separate. But if there is a certain portion of the universe which you term nature, and a certain other person which you call divine, then we say that the divine Principle called God does exist, separate and apart from nature.

One of the kind awoke in my mind a desire to inquire into causes. A.—As it is aroused, a new field of inquiry is opened. Now, what is it that causes this thought in your mind? Q.—I do not know how they came into my mind. I know they are there. I have lived thirty years of my life without believing in any future state, and I am convinced from what I have witnessed here and elsewhere. Now, why didn't spirits bring this about before? A.—Go back in history, and you will find demonstrations which were unaccountable in those times, but in the present age individuals have become intelligent and liberal enough to investigate. In those days the persons who were mediums were in danger of losing their lives, but now minds have become liberal enough to grant to others the right to their own opinions.

JANE DARLING.

J. A. MORRELL, MEDIUM. Chicago, June 6th, 1868. Home at last! glorious home with all its beauty, its love, ever ready and in waiting to receive the weary traveler after his journey through the life of earth's experiences and trials; ever ready resting place where the way-worn traveler, the sorrow-stricken child of earth, may find a home of rest, of peace, and of love; where the soft light of Truth from the Divine Heart of Love, breathes a sweet lullaby of quiet rest till the soul awakens to a realization of its own God, and the glory which surrounds Him.

the higher courts of the temple of wisdom. From the centre of the ceiling hangs a sort of chandelier of curious form, and beautiful in design, its lights or burners are crystal globes, which act as reflectors and reflectors of light which comes shimmering up from the innumerable love jewels which form the foundation of my mansion. The floor is a mirror covered with a transparent carpet of richly perfumed flowers. Such is my reception room, and when I have learned to describe things as they are, perhaps, I can give you a better view. One more apartment I would fain describe; it is my chamber, or resting place; it is a room situated in the south-west corner of the house looking out upon a landscape that is ravishing in its beauty.

I can read here the prayer of my earlier life for my infant child; there the fond hopes of a doting mother, here the warm solicitude for a friend, there the sorrows of my heart for the affliction of the bereaved, all are written in letters of light, and all have their divine lesson annexed thereto. My walls reflect every good work of my life, and oh, how good it is to feel that you have done well in earth life, that your mansion is ready for your reception. Oh, sister dear, could I have realized what was in store for me, I would have put forth greater exertions, I would have made greater sacrifices and would have labored more for others; for in proportion to your good works on earth is your mansion in spirit-life, unless you are assisted by benevolent and charitable friends who will give a part of their own jewels to build a home for you.

The timid fawn and the wild gazelle join the little lamb in his noon-day frolic and all keep time to the music of a wind harp as it breathes its ever swelling anthem of praise to the all pervading spirit of love and progress. My grounds are quite extensive; my friends tell me that is because my charity was broad and expansive. I find that I have retained every function of nature, consequently I am provided with every necessity of my being; my taste and appetite has changed so far as requiring gross food, that having been the call of my physical nature, and having laid aside my earthly body, I no longer have to sustain it by the use of gross food, but fruits nuts and vegetables as you have them, being more spiritual in their effect, as a physical nourishment, it is not strange that our diet should be spirit fruits and vegetables of which we have an abundance, and in such varieties that the most delicate spirit may find that which is adapted to its taste and nourishment, and there are many, very many, that are so weak and delicate when they come here that they require careful nursing and the most delicate nourishment to raise them to a realization of their spirit-life.

My grounds are covered with that which is beautiful and at the same time useful—economy I find is a law in spirit-life; a law more perfectly manifest and understood than it is with you. My ornamental trees (of which there are very many) are not only perpetually in bloom, but are constantly laden with delicious fruit; my lawns are covered with a rich coating of vegetation, which imparts its sweet and invigorating aroma, exhilarating in its effect like cordial. Every tree, every shrub, and every plant has its use, and oh, how perfectly does each perform its divine mission; and could you, my sister, look from my plane of observation, you would see that all manifestations of life, even in your earth sphere, whether animal, vegetable or mineral, have their mission of wisdom and love. One important feature of my surroundings is, what I call the Bath of Beauty, a description of which must necessarily be very meagre. It is a fountain situated in a valley of beauty, only to be understood and appreciated by being seen; its waters are sent high in air, in a steady stream or jet, which spreads at the top like a canopy, and falls in a soft, dewy spray, beautifully everything that comes within its influence. At some future time as I become more acquainted with this wonderful fountain and its utility, I may attempt to give a better description.

Wonderful Spirit Manifestations at Fox Lake. BY GEORGE MORGAN. Two Jones.—During the past few weeks, a goodly number of the citizens of this town, have been witnessing some of the most wonderful spirit manifestations on record, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Maria E. Lord, formerly Maria E. Barrock, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin, the great test medium, who has just closed a series of circles here, which has been a source of wonder and surprise to the skeptics; of joy and gladness to the few believers in this place, and for which this humble writer feels thankful to our Heavenly Father and the holy angels. We will give you some of the wonderful manifestations that were given in the circle, on one occasion. The circle was composed of some twenty gentlemen and ladies. Two ladies were appointed a committee to examine the medium and see if she had any flour or other substance about her person that might be taken for flour by candle light, and who reported that after careful

search they could find nothing. The medium then took her seat in the center of the circle. Then the writer took a teaspoon and put into her hands as much flour as she could hold out without scattering any. The light was then put out, and, in five or ten minutes, the little Indian girl, Snow Drop, could be heard distinctly by all in the circle, calling for her beads. Then some one would say, "Who touched me, some one is shaking my hand." Others would say, "I feel a hand laid on my head." At the same time, the guitar would pass around the room over our heads, playing a tune, frequently lighting on the heads of different ones in the circle, and playing. There would be as many as three or four who felt hands laid on them at the same time, which would preclude the possibility of the medium doing it. We have other proofs however, for when the light was procured, the flour was found in the medium's hands. Not a particle could be found on the medium's dress or on the floor where the medium sat, in fact, the flour in the medium's hands had become moist like dough, from the moisture of the hands.

A gentleman was permitted to sit at the medium's back and grasp her arms just above the elbow, and hold her fast if she attempted to rise from her seat, or make any of the demonstrations with her hands, to give immediate notice to the circle. The light being put out again, the demonstrations went on as before. During the sitting, the gentleman was asked several times, if he still held the medium's arms, and to which he replied in the affirmative, and when the circle closed, he declared to all present that the medium could not have made the demonstration, and this man admitted he was a skeptic before. On one occasion, a lady had her spectacles taken off and carried around the circle and given to different ones and finally brought back and placed on her head, in the same position as they were when first taken. Immediately after, an Indian spirit approached this same lady and said, "Me want blanket, mo want blanket," and took hold of hershawl and pulled it from her shoulders, rolled it up and put it into a lady's lap on the opposite side of the circle. The words were distinctly heard by several in the circle. In several instances, spirits came and gave their names audibly and distinctly to their relatives or friends.

On one occasion, while the writer was sitting in the circle, my little boy who passed over to the Spirit Land two years and nine months old, came to me and called me, pa, put his little hands in mine, pulled my whiskers, patted me on both cheeks, on the head, and kissed me, the same as he had done while in the body, many times. In one instance, the guitar passed outside of the circle several feet, and rapped against the door. On several occasions, water was sprinkled on all in the circle. Little Snow Drop made herself very conspicuous in carrying things around the circle: such as beads, buttons, combs, &c. She was the favorite of all in the circle. It was wonderful to witness with what rapidity she would pass round the circle. Seemingly, she moved with the velocity of lightning. She was quite talkative, and would speak so as to be heard by all in the circle, creating a good deal of levity by her odd speeches. In some instances, the medium would describe spirits in the circle so as to be recognized by the friends. On one evening, the medium gave a cabinet exhibition. This was given at the house of the writer. A small bed-room was used for the purpose. Dark blankets were hung up in the door-way to darken the bed-room. A committee was then chosen to examine the room and see that no person was in the same, or any thing by which the medium could be assisted in any way; and also to tie the medium's hands. A small cord, some fifteen feet long, was furnished. The committee placed the medium's hands behind her, crossed them at the wrists and commenced tying in the middle of the cord, then wound the remainder of it around the body and arms in such a manner that there were some twenty knots made in tying. The committee as well as others, said that the medium could never untie herself. The medium then went into her cabinet, and soon, hands, arms and face of persons were shown. Some one remarked that the medium was doing it. On the instant the curtain was raised, the medium came out with hands tied the same as when she went in. She went back into the cabinet, and in two minutes, the rope was thrown out into the room to the astonishment of all present, and the medium walked out with her hands at liberty. The cord was so tightly drawn around the wrists, that the marks were distinctly visible, and the medium went into the cabinet, having the rope in her hand. Immediately, voices were heard therein, like two persons talking to each other. This continued for ten minutes, when the medium came out having her hands tied behind her. The committee and others declared that they were tied more securely than at first. Again, she went into her cabinet, and voices were heard as before, when a gentleman asked, "What are you doing there." The answer was given by the spirit: "We are trying an experiment." In about four minutes from the time she went in, she came out, and to the astonishment of all present, some twenty persons, ladies and gentlemen, she had on a vest that had been left hanging in the bed-room, which belonged to the writer. The vest was put on the medium, the same as the writer would have worn it, dressed to go out. The hands still tied behind her, and no one present could discover that the rope had been untied or even loosened; in fact, all seemed to feel satisfied that there had not been sufficient time for any one to have untied and tied the rope while the medium was in the cabinet. Besides, the medium's hands were considerably swollen from the tightness of the cord. Surely, wonders will never cease.

I will mention but one more incident which took place. While the last circle was being held, some twenty-five persons, ladies and gentlemen, were present, the medium said she saw a spirit of person standing outside of the circle, and commenced describing him, when all at once she cried out, "Oh, how frightful he looks! he seems to be all crushed to pieces about his chest! The blood is running from his mouth and ears. Don't let him come into the circle, he looks so frightful!" At this juncture, the spirit spoke and said: "I must come in this way." This was distinctly heard by those sitting on that side of the circle where the spirit stood some in the circle said, "Let him put his hands on a gentleman's head, the back part of the head, the fingers fronting forward into the circle, showing that the spirit stood outside of the circle behind the man. The spirit then passed into and across the circle, put his hands on to another man's head. The gentleman said, "If this is Mr. Buck, put me on the head three times. This was done. By this time the medium had become so alarmed at the frightful appearance of the spirit, that the light had to be brought and the circle closed.

Now, all in the circle recognized this last presentation as the spirit of a Mr. Buck, with whom all were acquainted while he lived here in the body, the facts of his death, and the manner in which he died were known to all present. The facts are these: He was moving a building on rollers. He put his head and shoulders under the building while it was moving, to examine something about the building. Just at that instant, it dropped from the roller and caught him just back of the head, upon the shoulders, and crushed him in the manner the medium saw him. One gentleman in the circle who helped take him from under the building, declared that the medium had described him just as he looked at that time. Feb. 7th, 1869.

Minnesota Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists. The first quarterly Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists, was held in Mankato, Feb. 20th and 21st. The Convention assembled on Saturday, the 20th, at two o'clock P. M. The President being absent, the meeting was called to order by Mr. T. C. Flowers, of Mankato. After a greeting song by Mrs. Logan, the meeting went into convention. Mrs. F. A. Logan, Missionary agent, then gave an interesting account of four months' Missionary labor, extending over some fifteen or more counties, with a full report of the success, showing a great amount of labor performed, organizing spiritual associations and Star Armies, a new order of Temperance societies for children, with a success in raising funds, beyond the most sanguine expectation of the Executive Board, all of which, together with many letters sent in to the Board from different parts of the State, earnestly recommending and desiring her continuance in the Missionary labor, fully satisfied all the members of the Board present, that she is eminently fitted and qualified to do a great and good work as Missionary agent. Mrs. Lolo Walsbrober then addressed the meeting under a powerful spirit influence, closing with a beautiful inspirational poem; and many others followed with short speeches, closing with a song by Mrs. Logan.

Evening session opened with song by Mrs. Logan, followed with a lecture by Mrs. Lolo Walsbrober, to which the audience listened with warm attention for more than an hour, after which, the angels gave some beautiful and stirring inspirations through Mrs. Logan, followed by some very interesting manifestations in controlling and developing a speaking medium, Mrs. George Gibbs. SUNDAY MORNING SESSION. Convention called to order by Mr. M. F. C. Flowers, at 10 o'clock, and was ably and eloquently addressed by Mrs. Lolo Walsbrober, concluding with a song by Mrs. Logan. Adjourned to meet at 9 o'clock P. M. AFTERNOON SESSION. Executive Board met for business. H. C. Train sent in his resignation as member of the Executive Board; accepted, and E. Pratt, of Garden City, was appointed to fill the vacancy. Members of the Board present: M. F. C. Flowers, A. B. Hyster, E. Pratt and D. Birdsell. The financial account and report was then audited and accepted, showing after all legal expenses for Missionary labor and contingent expenses were fully paid and satisfied, there still remains in funds and in subscriptions on Missionary funds yet unpaid, \$130. On motion, it was ordered that Mrs. F. A. Logan, be continued and employed as Missionary agent. On motion, ordered that the Society be authorized to employ Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, as Missionary agent. On motion, ordered that the Society be authorized to employ J. L. Potter, or some other competent man to act as State Missionary agent. On motion, ordered that the Treasurer pay Mrs. Lolo Walsbrober the sum of \$15 for lectures and pamphlets. On motion, ordered that the next quarterly meeting of the State Association meet on the 5th and 6th days of June next at Rochester, if the friends there will make the necessary arrangements for the meeting; after which, Mrs. Logan gave a very able discourse on the use of Spiritualism, to the general acceptance and satisfaction of a large and attentive audience. Meeting closed with song and benediction by Mrs. Logan.

The evening session opened with invocation by Mrs. Walsbrober and song by Mrs. Logan, followed by Mrs. Walsbrober with a lecture on the uses and benefits of Spiritualism, which was acknowledged by many to be one of the best discourses they had ever listened to, after which the spirits again controlled Mr. G. Gibbs, and after giving some of the most amusing manifestations, they gave through him some of the best inspirations given during the meeting. A conference meeting was continued until a late hour, in which M. T. C. Flowers, Mrs. Logan, D. Birdsell, George Gibbs, and others participated, with songs by Mrs. Logan and others. The meeting then adjourned. The most perfect harmony reigned during all the exercises and deliberations of the meeting, and we departed for our several homes, with grateful hearts to the angels for their glorious inspirations, given through these worthy and talented mediums. D. BIRDSELL, Secretary. The greatest marriage settlement in the world.—Uah!

Frontier Department.

E. V. WILSON.

Spiritualism in Buffalo, New York.

We spoke nine Sundays in Buffalo, during Dec., 1868, and January, 1869, giving eighteen lectures and spending two hours each Sunday in the Children's Lyceum...

We found the Society inharmorous and full of discord and but poorly attended, and in debt. We left them with a crowded house, growing interest and out of debt, but wanting in harmony.

There was at our first lecture in the city, but ninety persons; at our last, over five hundred. Every seat was filled, the platform covered, the standing room all occupied, and full five hundred people in a three-hundred Hall.

The first Lyceum we attended had sixty-three children present, the last one eighty-seven. We formed an adult group that was full every Sunday, and there were present many persons to witness the interesting exercises of the Lyceum.

Mr. Henry Fitzgerald is eminently qualified for the position of Conductor, and fills the office with credit to the Lyceum as well as to himself, and he has some good helpers in the cause as readers and guards. In fact, the Lyceum is a good one and well managed.

Mr. Fish is succeeded in his ministering to the Buffaloes, and may the angels help him in his labors with the people. The angels helped us in our labors in Buffalo and through them we were enabled to give many fine tests.

On the evening of Monday, February 1st, we gave a séance of which the KREWEK, published the enclosed, clipped from its columns. I will herewith send you a statement of the séance as taken down by my friends in Spirit Life.

NUMBER ONE.

A spirit calling himself Charles Edwards, bartender in a Hotel six years ago, stood by Mrs. S. and thanked her for her kind care and attention to him.

NUMBER TWO.

Mr. Gibson fully described, came and told how he committed suicide some years ago, pointing out may be know in life, saying, "The crime is forgiven, the offence not forgotten."

NUMBER THREE.

A spirit came who declined to give his name, saying, "Describe me, there are many here who know me." We then described him minutely, and the people said, "This is Judge Stevens, sometime ago, our neighbor, and formerly Mayor of our city."

NUMBER FOUR.

There came and stood by a lady, one calling her mother. The description was carefully given, and the woman said, weeping at the time, "It is my dear son."

NUMBER FIVE.

A man came, was fully described, and told us he was murdered in this city, fourteen years ago, and that the man who murdered him was in the Hall last night, but not present to-night. I do not wish him to be brought to trial. I am on his track, and he remembers his crime, and this hell of conscience is all that any needs here, or hereafter.

NUMBER SIX.

Two boys came, hand in hand, and told how they were drowned in the river, nine years ago, told of their death trials, and leaving words of cheer for those that had left behind.

NUMBER SEVEN.

A man fully described, standing by a stranger, showing us how he was killed, when and where.

NUMBER EIGHT.

A soldier stood by his old friend, told how he was killed, when and where.

NUMBER NINE.

The Voice of Phinebecks. Phinebecks says: It is not best that life should always be smooth. If you will observe, you will perceive life is full of reverses. Do not complain of your trials, for they are your greatest blessings.

If sorrow never visited man, he would spend his life in delicious dreams, until started by the cold hand of death. The Creator seems to have designed that humanity should be marked by vicissitudes. The obstacles that breaks the stream, makes music, and keeps its waters pure. The crushed plant yields sweetest fragrance. The rock reef, discloses its gems.

The human soul are emanations from God, like sparks from the smitten steel, for they are a part of it, and will return to the fountain from whence they came, to revolve as satellites around the great Ocean of Intelligence, which is beyond the comprehension of mortals.

To treat things which appertain to the spiritual with contempt, soils your moral nature, for they are all shadows of some great truth, that is beyond the vision of mortals. When once your mortal or spiritual nature is blackened, there is nothing on earth that will bleach the sullied snow of character.

Take my advice. Learn new ideas by conversing, for the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, and if you do not improve your opportunities, the recording Angel of memory will cause you many regrets.

Honorable Notice.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I send you a copy of complimentary invitation, as follows: Office of Rock Island County, Soldiers Monument Com.

Mr. Jacob Norris, Pres. and Members of the First Spiritual Society, Rock Island, Ill. You are respectfully invited to be present on the occasion of dedicating the Rock Island County Soldiers Monument, on the 9th day of April, 1869.

Exercises will commence at one o'clock, P. M. The monument is a fine one; on it are engraved over four hundred names of the Patriotic dead of Rock Island County, who gave their lives

do anything but simply read the Bible, we might as well close the discussion."

Resolved: That the Bible, King James' version, sustains Modern Spiritualism in its phases and teachings. The discussion to be carried on under parliamentary usages.

The facts of the case are simply these: Elder Grant left the authority covered by the resolution and quoted at random, without authority before him, what was not in the Bible. I raised a point of order. The point was this, that the Bible we were discussing, was an English Bible, accepted by Christians, and that he spoke the English language, hence, we were not discussing the Greek, Hebrew or Latin. Point of order sustained by the chairman.

Compare the notes from a condensed report of five night's discussion, with your notes carefully taken down, and Elder Grant's quotations from the Authorized Version.

Will the Elder come to time? We shall see. No random, running fire, Elder; but a square stand-up, mental contest over the old book, King James' version of the Bible, and when Christianity gets out another, then we will attend to it; but as an American people, speaking the English tongue, we're not warranted in going to the Greek to establish an English life.

A Talk With Spirits.

E. V. Wilson, an Illinoisan, who has for several weeks been lecturing before the Spiritistic Association of this city, concluded his labors in Lyceum Hall last evening. His subject was the Law of Influence, or Magnetism.

A spirit calling himself Charles Edwards, bartender in a Hotel six years ago, stood by Mrs. S. and thanked her for her kind care and attention to him. Mr. Gibson fully described, came and told how he committed suicide some years ago, pointing out may be know in life, saying, "The crime is forgiven, the offence not forgotten."

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that the Nation might live; and we desire to make the occasion of its dedication, a day long to be remembered.

CHARLES B. KNOX, Secretary. JAMES M. BEARDRETT, Chairman of Com.

It is truly gratifying, in the pressure of present hostility, to be able to report such honorable notice as the above invitation conveys; and let us not forget to credit to the said committee a noble and praiseworthy example of liberal, generous treatment of all religious bodies, irrespective of creed or order.

It is most refreshing to the American citizen to find these indications of a fellowship and fraternity, which proudly stands above the petty plane of sectarian and party strife, to meet at one common altar, where are shrouded in sacred memory our "illustrious dead."

M. J. WILCOXSON.

CHARLES Taylor, colored citizen of Oklahoma, was selected as a juror a few days ago, and on Wednesday, took his seat in the court room, and drew a large crowd to the court room. The case was one of a charge on the plaintiff was a colored man.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

ATLANTA, GA.—Lycium meets each Sabbath at 11 o'clock P. M. Conductor, H. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. M. A. B. Austin.

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

ATLANTA, GA.—The First Spiritual Society of Atlanta meets in the hall, 225 Broadway street, at 7 o'clock P. M. Conductor, W. M. Dunbar; Treasurer, C. H. Jones; Secretary, J. H. Jones; Guardian of Groups, J. H. Jones.

ATLANTA, GA.—The South South Spiritual Association holds meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock P. M. Conductor, H. N. Webster; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. M. A. B. Austin.

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